

THE CHILDREN of WEIHSIEN - 1943 - 1945



BOOK 2

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1943 — 1945

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© All the children of Weihsien, ex-prisoners of the Japanese during World War II in China.

Excerpts:

<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org>

	age in 1945
David Allen	11
Peter Bazire	14
David Beard	16
David Birch	13
Joyce Bradbury née Cooke	17
Ron Bridge	11
Mary Broughton née Hoyte	15
Brian Butcher	5
Kay Canning née Allan	3
Norman Cliff	20
Eddie Cooke	13
Anne de Jongh	14
Albert de Zutter	13
John de Zutter	15
Fred Dreggs	19
Judith Hamins	24
Emmanuel Hanquet	31
Alison Holmes	8
Estelle Horn née Cliff	16
Georgeanna Knisely née Reinbrecht	12
Janette Ley née Pander	7
Pamela Masters née Simmons	18
Stephen Metcalf	18
Raymond Moore	10
Leonard Mostaert	5
Audrey Horton née Nordmo	12
Stanley Nordmo	18
Leopold Pander	4
Natasha Petersen née Somoff	18
Teddy Pierson	10
Mary Previte née Taylor	13
Kathleen Rictor née Nordmo	15
Christine Sancton née Talbot	3
Alexander Strangman	16
Gay Stratford née Talbot	14
Peter Talbot	7
James Taylor III	16
Stanley Thompson	14
Sylvia Walker née Tchoo	7
George Watts	14
Dwight W Whipple	9

Children are often the innocent victims of the various and incomprehensible conflicts originated by "grown-ups." This is as true today as it was then -- all over the world.



Hospital and Guard Tower

I remember that we children ached, for the Japanese guards who had become our friends. Hara-kiri, someone told us, was the honorable way for a Japanese soldier to face defeat. Ceremonial suicide. The Chefoo boys who knew about these things demonstrated on their bellies where the cuts of the samurai sword would be made — a triangle of self-inflicted wounds, followed by a final thrust to the heart. I shuddered. The Japanese guard who gently lifted us girls up so gently into his guard tower and dropped us for delicious moments of freedom into the field beyond the wall — would he commit hara-kiri?"

*

I remember that behind barbed wire and electrified walls, the adults created school, athletic competition, lectures, dances, dramas, and concerts to keep hope alive. No wonder we, the children of Weih sien, remember Weih sien with nostalgia. That was the gift the grown ups gave us. They taught us to make games out of hardship. They preserved our childhoods.

*

I remember that Mr. Pryor of Education approached three Chefoo people — Reg. Bazire Gordon Welch (both teachers) and Norman Cliff (senior student) to resurrect the Tientsin Grammar School which had closed down. We used the church building and taught many young people, and it ran smoothly for the remaining period.

*

I remember that in those days, if you were sick, you were put to bed and kept there for a week or two. I remember a time, at about age 12, when I was kept in bed in our room even though I remember feeling OK. Someone got me something to read; it was a fat book called "The Family Mark Twain" published by Harper & Brothers in 1935, with ochre cloth-covered boards, a brown spine and about 1500 pages of a smooth crisp paper. (You can tell that I found a replacement copy ! It is a substantial volume that weighs almost 4 lbs. I wonder who brought it to Weih sien in their luggage !) How I loved that book ! I read more than half of it that week including Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn and Connecticut Yankee.

*

Yes, I remember that school: it started up in #2 Kitchen, where we tried to study with our eyes running from the fumes of the leeks the prep cooks were working on. When it got just about impossible for us to go on, we were moved to the Assembly Hall. I think you'll find a slew of us, Natasha Peterson among the crowd, who graduated from Weih sien's Tientsin Grammar School! A year or so after we got out of camp I got my grades from Cambridge University, but as I was already in the States, I never got to attend those hallowed halls. I'd love to learn the saga of how all our exam papers got to England and got graded.

*



I remember that in spite of the armed guard standing at the entrance of the camp, we forced the gate and rushed into the fields out of the camp in order to cheer and congratulate our rescuers.

Major Staiger was in charge of the team. He had already put his harness and parachute aside and was standing on top of a mound when we first saw him. This mound was a tomb. For centuries, the Chinese used to bury their ancestors in the fields and they built a mound to mark the place of the burial. The highest mound was assigned to the oldest ancestor.

*

I remember that I was only five when we got the American Red Cross parcels. Spam is still my comfort food. I am told that the word was coined from "sp" for spiced and "am" for ham. I remember some sort of problems with the distribution of the parcels, what was that all about?

*

I remember that soccer was a favourite game for me, although I was a very "average" player. I got lots of exercise running around after the ball, while true football "stars" like Kenneth Bell dominated the competition and scored most of the goals.

Cricket was only played a very little bit at the Prep School and I never did become a cricketer. With soccer, cricket was a compulsory sport in the Boys School but I only had a couple of months there from summer to November 5th, 1942 before we were all marched off to Temple Hill Internment Camp. After that no more cricket and very little soccer as I recall.

*

I remember these new words we have added to our vocabularies such as "spam" "prem" "mor" will bring back memories.

*

I remember that the concentration camp was a green dot amidst open fields. The Chefoo contingent arrived at Weihsien in "lorries" — open trucks. I remember the crowd of prisoners inside the gates watching us as our large contingent arrived. I can only guess their dismay at knowing this many new arrivals would be sharing their already crowded space.

*

I remember the canned meats and I particularly liked SPAM and still do, as a matter of fact. I once heard that that brand name is an acronym of "Specially Processed American Meat" You reckon that's correct? I did not like PREM which, as I recall, was a pate not unlike liverwurst you can buy today. It came in a metal tube with a diameter of around 30mm. I never heard of MOR. As I was 19 years old when we were liberated I believe my memory of those days is quite vivid.

*

I remember that the people from Tientsin went in three separate groups on the 23rd, 28th and 30th March 1943. They were passenger trains but third class coaches i.e. wooden slat seats. The journey was from Tientsin to Tsinan where a change of train took place.

On arrival to Weihsien it was open trucks to the camp.

*



I remember that the sister of George Wallis told me that the planes were American, that her brother had told her so. I believe that both she and I ran out the main gate. My heart still beats faster when I think of those moments.

*

I remember that the rest of that day seem to be clouded by the discomfort I felt when I ran outside the gate and got a lot of thorns in the soles of my bare feet!

*

I remember that we might all very well have been killed by our captors prior to their own suicides had events proceeded according to the typical enemy protocol.

*

I remember that we had a number of other games involving many kids participating at once with great gusto and enthusiasm. I can remember at the age of about 8 or 9 playing Robin Hood and his Merry Men. There was a great crowd of us in the playing field of the Prep School. And we were having a wonderful time — just racing around capturing the evil Sheriff of Nottingham and other scoundrels! No special rules to the game or anything, just innocent childish make believe! Another game I participated in, as I recall, was one in which we impersonated the ancient Greek gods of Mt. Olympus. I chose the role of Hercules I remember. I only recall playing "Greek gods" once however. Miss Carr had a friendly chat with me after the game. She quietly and kindly reminded me that these Greek gods we were impersonating were heathen gods. I had not even thought of it that way but realized at once that she was right. There's only one true God. So I never played that particular game again - although it had been fun.

*

I remember that we played softball a lot, and even some basketball, at Weihsien.

*

I remember leap frog and practicing semaphore. I also recall building fires in tiny "stoves" we had devised from tin cans -- but I'm not sure if that was during roll call. Perhaps that was part of a skill we needed to get a badge in Girl Guides.

*

I remember the Red Cross messages:
Number 1 - March 1945

No copy of this communication was retained but in brief it read as follows:-

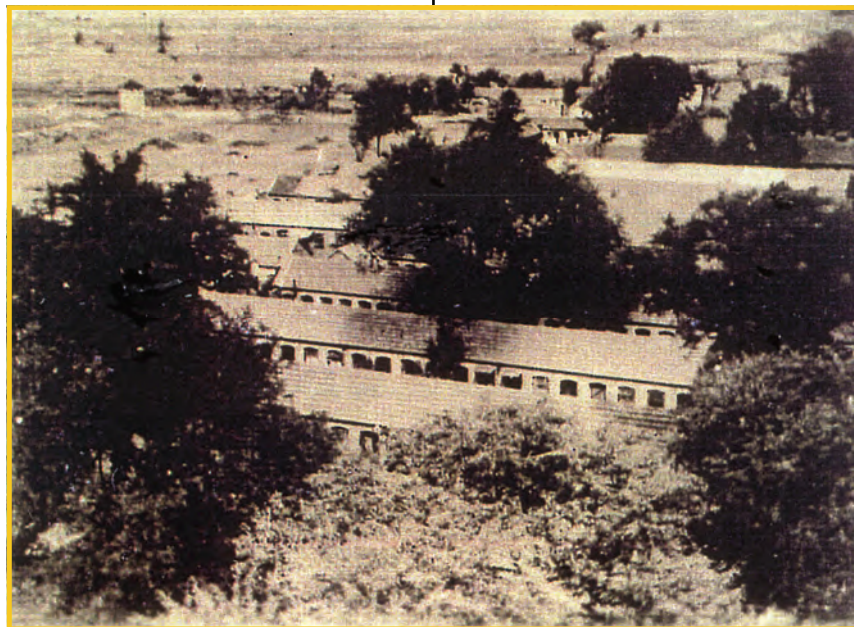
Have you been to the West and returned? Conditions in Camp little changed from time of your residence but wire increased although vigilance of guards less (stop). Although no indication of this at present could you, in the event of attempt being made to remove us from this Camp, cut communications?

Number 2 - March 1945 - Message unclear sent by O.D. Contents unknown

Number 2 - April 25th 1945

"Number 2 (stop) Acknowledge your number 3 - April 22nd (stop) Your

Number 2 not yet received but understand it adjacent awaiting opportunity deliver (stop) Thanks news and efforts Chungking (stop) Medical supplies in camp adequate six months therefore do not contact Egger presently (stop) Your reference money deposits not understood - please elucidate - (stop) Agree communication difficult, in future act only on code messages with chop (stop) Have been approached by local representative 8th Route who required report for Yen-an on (a) camp conditions, (b) details your escape, (c) feasibility removing us all to Yen-an (stop) Have replied to (a) in detail, (b) nil, (c) have explained impossibility but thank for offer assistance (stop) Use foregoing knowledge with utmost



discretion (stop) Camp conditions unchanged (stop) Advise if any time you foresee prospects Allied action this neighbourhood likely affect us (stop) Our Number 2 - April 25th 1945".

Number 3

"Your Number 4 received (stop) Post Box system working satisfactorily with carpenter (stop) Impossible us establish reliable alternative messengers so suggest you contact Police Office boy Han or shoe-repairer or other persons through carpenter (stop) Pass word arranged with carpenter for use with unknown contacts (stop) We are investigating possibility building radio receiving set and later transmitter for communication with you (stop) Following parts required:- 4 Type 606 tubes; 3 - Six-prong sockets; 2 fixed condensers .00025MFD; 1 Audio Transformer ratio 1/3; 1 Rheostat 10 ohms; 1 Fixed resistance - 2 Megohms; 2 sets of headphones; 8 dry bell batteries; - 1.5 volts (large cells) (stop) Can you send us these and do you consider project feasible.

Our No.3 - May 7th 1945

Number 4

"Your Number 3 received (stop) Our idea use radio only if Chinese contact out (stop) Recommend greatest caution using Egger; Japanese suspect him and we are not permitted near him; all parcels carefully examined and covered by permit Tsingtao Consulate (stop) Expect January/February comfort possibly May (stop) First Red enquiry (a) details nationality ages etc.

internees (b) details defence (stop) Replied (a) only (stop) Second inquiry more detailed questionnaire said emanate from Yen-an (a) treatment by guards living conditions etc. (b) details defences (c) details your escape (d) suggested possibility removing internees Yen-an. Replied (a) Treatment reasonable conditions fair (b) (c) ignored (d) thanked for offer but demonstrated impossibility by figures of old young and sick (stop). We have hedged and not committed ourselves this policy apparently successful as messenger subsequently indicated our reply satisfactory. We gather local representative relieved not required undertake removal (stop) Instruct your contacts confine conversations messages to de Jaegher or Tchou this business being handed exclusively by them plus Halton Howard McLaren. Our No.4 - May 14th"

Number 5

"Your No.6 received (stop) Carpenter contact arranged verbally (stop) Deaths 15 (stop) Medical supplies received (stop) If we are left to fend for ourselves do you plan finance and/or feed us (stop) No Eastern news now coming in therefore request keep us posted (stop) Learn 8th know your whereabouts and showing excessive interest you (stop) Tubes (details) (stop)

Number 5 - May 19th 1945"

Number 6

"Your Number 7 - 8th received. Medicines delivered by Egger officially

without query (stop) We confirm meat room contact Rations again reduced Joerg fully posted on recent visit (stop) Senior Japanese staff and guards now being changed (stop) Police nerry fear outside attack but generally friendly to internees.
Our 6 - July 8th"

Number 7

"Your number 9 received Will act accordingly
Our seven July 15th"

Number 8

"As no contact Chinese internees selling gold silver personal effects to guards via Tchoo Goyas etc. for cash Surplus proceeds resold to other internees for cheques at FRB\$250. to US\$1.00 Camp price gold \$210,000.00 Detail your proposition (stop) Indications new chief Police cooperative General treatment reasonable food inadequate breakfast bread water tiffin slim supper bread tea sometimes thin soup Heavy workers mothers feeling pinch Canteen supplies inadequate Can you finance or urge Red Cross Egger send in supplies which preferable to Comfort money (stop) No Chungking supplies required at present (stop) Your ten received.
Our eight July 24th"

Number 9.

Your 11 received Very sorry hear your misfortune Interested learn cause (stop) In your our interest strongly disapprove your proposition in view (1)

question American relations - see your number four (2) Prefer non committal policy for Camp (3) No contact Reds last three months would have to try contact through your messenger by Chinese letter which very dangerous (stop) Verbal message difficult probably impossible (4) Reds must discover representative is one of you and not from Camp thus suspecting double cross. As food etcetera situation here not yet desperate your immediate assistance not essential therefore can you with safety stay around quietly passing messages to from Egger Joerg and be available for final act Alternatively if situation too tough suggest you both contact Reds direct.

Your 12 received do not wish meddle with medicines or involve Egger (stop) Finance fairly plentiful presently (stop) May require few ounces against future contingencies Suggest delivery via neutral or walls. No urgency unless you breaking our contact
Our 9 - 30th July"

Number 1. - March 1945

No copy of the original message has been retained but it consisted merely of details of the code plus a statement that T. and H. had lost their chop.

Number 2

This message is referred to in their number 3 but had not been received up to 25th April 1945.

Number 3

"Have your code No.2 (stop) Your reply No.1 received. Carpenter's letter also received (stop) Can cut railway only temporarily but to prevent movement of Camp cooperation of Air Force necessary Matter referred to Chungking (stop) Philippines occupied now fighting Luchus. - Chinese advancing Honan Hupeh - Allies 50 East West of Berlin - Treatment civilians in Philippines ensures all possible help from Chungking for you (stop) Air shipment from Chungking includes money mail medicines for you - radio for us (stop) Medicines needed, if on hand, will be sent through Egger (he knows nothing) - deposits to accounts being made (stop) Communication difficult essential restrict contacts with Carpenter to our business only (stop) With 15th Tsung Tui, Chang I Hsien, April 22nd. Date and number letters."

Number 4

"Your No.2 received (stop) Have interviewed Carpenter with object speeding up communications (stop) Suggest you arrange place where he can pick up and deliver notes without waiting for suitable opportunity for personal contact (stop) Do not use him for contact with 8th Route or any other business (stop) Investigate and advise us of other possible means of contact as precautionary measure; payments to carpenter arranged here (stop) American government recently expressed strong disapproval of 8th Route (stop) Berlin occupied (stop)



No.4 - April 30th"

Number 3

"Your number 3 received (stop) We will find out if parts obtainable but we do not consider this enterprise worth the danger involved (stop) Advise when you receive small trial medicine parcel through Egger; we are also supplying him with money for all your Tsingtao purchases (stop) Please confirm that Comfort money will be resumed this month (stop) Give full particulars all correspondence with Reds (stop) Germany surrenders on eight, Mussolini and Hitler dead; Polish question: very serious situation between England/Russia.

Number 5 - May 11th"

Number 6

"Your No.4 received (stop) Tubes required unobtainable suggest another type (stop) If carpenter fails contact will be made over North wall to vineyard signal whistle time noon dates ending 1 and 6 (stop) Give number deaths since June in future give names of deaths (stop) For your attention Tchou buying saccharine and victrolas bring through carpenter.

Number 6 - May 15th 1945"

Number 7

"Your No.5 received (stop) How were medicines delivered (stop) Representative from Chungking now here discussing means of protecting and financing Camp We expect decision before end of June Your plans for radio strongly disapproved (stop) Ran-

goon Foochow recaptured Still fighting Luchu Islands Troops equipment moving from Europe to Pacific (stop) Suggest messages unless urgent be restricted to two or three times a month."

Number 7 - May 20th 1945"

No.8

"No reply received our Number 7. We are arranging contact in meat supply room Chinese with towel on left side of belt will give letter to foreigner with towel on head (stop) Please confirm through channel by which you receive this.

July 7th - No.8"

No.9

"Your six received. A contact will be made through meat room but keep this open also do not tell either of the other

Our nine July 12th"

No.10

"Your seven received understand Tchou selling gold Japs if we supply how much can you use Tsingtao price \$170,000. an ounce (stop) Report on present conditions reduction rations etc. Meat Room contact not settled but keep watching (stop) Advise if anything from Chungking that can be brought by

Egger (stop) Luchus finished landing anticipated either Japan or China

No.10 - July 20th"

No.11

"This area recently suffered heavy losses and possibilities of future help to you uncertain Our radio contact Chungking has been cut therefore one of us may go to Reds with object of going to Chungking (stop) Please contact Reds immediately and find out if they will send one of us as representative of Camp to Yen-an (stop) Do not indicate yet that the proposed representative is not in Camp Under no cir-

cumstances tell anyone that we are concerned as our position here as regards Reds is delicate.

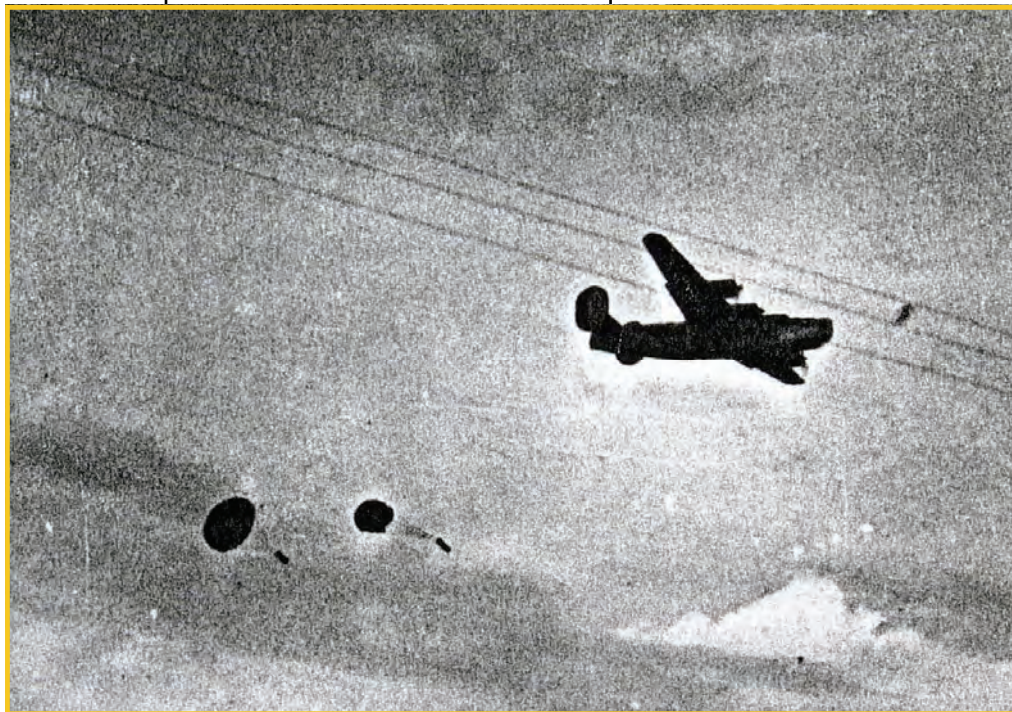
No.11 - July 24th"

No.12

"Your 12 received Meat room temporarily postponed (stop) Situation here slightly better but keep trying Red contact (stop) Our idea send in ointment through Egger Do you want (stop) Will see what can be done re food situation but since radio gone contact very slow.

Our 12 - July 27th"

*





I remember learning to tie and practicing all kinds of knots for our Brownie badges. I can still hum the music and do some of the exercises we practiced in THE DAILY DOZEN.

*

I don't remember celebrating Christmas in Weih sien.

I do however remember Christmas's in Kuling. They were always white Christmas's which may be part of the reason that I remember them. They were magical times and the snow and the silence were awesome to me. I remember that Santa used to come in late on Christmas Eve, after we were all asleep, and leave a stocking at the end of each bed, which we would discover the next morning — early! I remember that I received gifts, apart from the stocking which was mainly edible, of lengths of rope, pen knives etc. I can remember singing carols on Christmas Eve around the area to other European families. I can remember Christmas services — but not very clearly.

*

I remember and I am quite sure that I was not Norman's only errand boy, running around to the notice boards in the Camp! There were notice boards, incidentally, in several locations: one near the library (and the Discipline Committee offices of Mr McLaren and Mr Lawless), another by Kitchen One (where I took my meals). I'm sure that there was another by Kitchen Two. Others probably by the Men's Showers and by the Ladies' Showers.

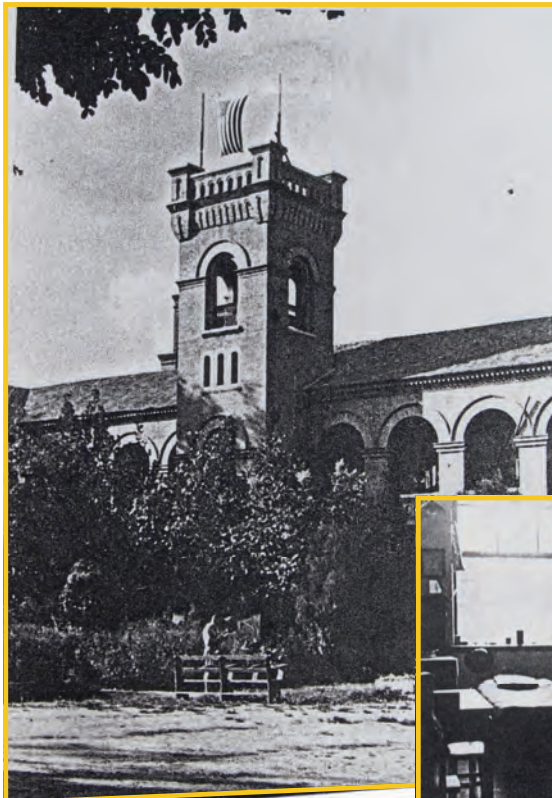
Another near the hospital (Block 61) where I lived in a young boys' dorm in the attic; etc, etc! Norman was very civic minded and was active in Cub Scouts leadership with Miss Evelyn Davie and others. I don't know if other boys felt as I did, but I felt "pretty important" fetching those week-old notices for "Cliff!" He was to the mind of a 12 and 13-year-old boy, one of the big fellows, a good chap whom a younger kid admired. He still is one whom I continue to admire!

*

I remember still another school, run by Miss Moore of the Peking American School. That is the school I attended. Sister Hiltrudis and other nuns taught at that school. It was conducted quite informally, but nevertheless effectively. We sat around a table in a room in Block 23

facing the area behind the building, and studied at our own pace with teachers readily available to help and instruct. I was 13 when we were liberated in 1945 and had already completed a year of high school according to the American system. Normally one would be 15 after a year of high school. I also remember earlier attending school in a more traditional classroom, though I don't remember which building that was in.

*



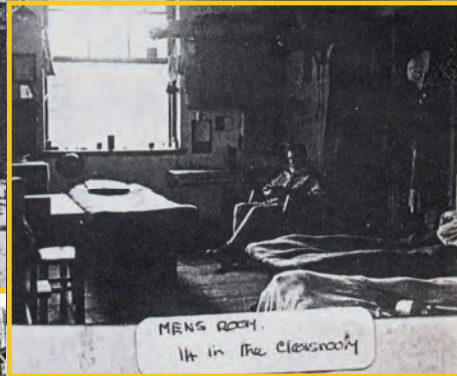
We played prisoner's base in the Chefoo School quad every night after supper in the summer. It's a gloried game of tag. Teams were anchored in bases on opposite sides of quad. You captured (tagged) the enemy by running out from your base and tagging them. You could capture a prisoner only if you were "fresher" than she was. Fresher meant that you had left your base later than your opponent. Prisoners lined up in the opposite base, waiting to be rescued (tagged) by a "fresh" member of their home team. The aim was to free your prisoners captured (tagged) by the opposing team. When it came to capturing (tagging) an enemy, the big dispute, of course, was who proved who was "freshest."

I don't recall playing prisoner's base after we were interned.

*

You've refreshed my memory with the rules for Prisoners' Base. I do recall playing it when I was a boy in the Prep School at Chefoo. That was simply "ages" ago now, well over sixty years ago in fact. All I can recall is that I was one of many youngsters under the age of eleven, all tearing about with great excitement in an exhilarating display of agility - either tagging or being tagged. It was great fun.

*



Does anyone know the rules for playing a game called "Prisoner's Base?" I know it was played by American kids in China because my mother mentions it in the diary she kept when she was a young teen ager.

*

As I remember playing it, it was group tag. There were two teams that were trying to catch each other. When caught, you had to go behind their base line as a prisoner. But if someone from your team could tear down the field and touch the caught ones, they were released. The aim was to get everyone as prisoners and so it was a pretty never ending game if you could release prisoners back into the general fray/. I was known as the 'little steam engine' as I chugged down the side to rescue the desperate prisoners! Ah me...the rescuing impulse is still strong!

*



I remember Tipton and Hummel's escape:

Did these fellows really accomplish anything worth while?

I seriously wonder if any good they may have done was not outweighed by the harm that came to us in the camp through their rather sensational escape!

They got a lot of "mileage" for themselves out of their adventure. And Laurie Tipton finally managed to get himself the post of US ambassador to China!

But what did they do for others that really amounted to anything?

There were sizeable inconveniences for the other prisoners. Many people had to be shifted to other quarters. I think relations with our captors were almost certainly put under a severe strain.

The civilian camp became more and more like a real 'concentration camp!' A massive barbed-wire entanglement was added to the perimeter of our quarters, quite a bit of Chinese farmland being lost to the farmers. And I wonder what more vicious recriminations were taken out against some of the Chinese people when the Japanese started looking for scapegoats. And I'm very sure the Japanese would not have been satisfied until they had made some unfortunate innocents suffer. After all 'face' is of high importance to the Japanese! And they were truly humiliated by this 'great escape' by these civilians in their charge!

We had until Tipton & Hummel's (to me) questionable accomplishment,

only had one roll call per day, a rather laid-back, relaxed count that took place around 9:00 am. After the escape, the roll calls become truly 'business-like' with one at 8:00 am and another at 5:00 pm! Sometimes we were re-counted. They were not taking chances. This never varied until the war was over!

What some among us today don't seem to realize is this. We were all CIVILIAN internees, and in our particular camp we were guarded by CIVILIAN police. I certainly did not think of these police as "the enemy!" Although of course I knew they were on the "other side!"

I remember that Major Staiger, (according to Mr. S.G. Martin in his book giving the history of the Chefoo School, was a very wise man. He enabled the Japanese commandant and thus his staff to save face. Major Staiger told the Commandant that the Commandant would still be in charge of security at the camp. The major required the Japanese to surrender their swords but not their honor! Mr. S.G. Martin commends the major for acting "wisely!"

I remember that Tipton and Hummel returned to the camp "full of pride" because of their escape. The American officer in charge of repatriation asked T&H, "Are you in the camp or not?" If you are in the camp, I am responsible to return you to wherever you want to go. If you're not in the camp (in other words you want to come and go

as you please), I have no responsibility for you. You can find your own way home!" They had to surrender their dignity and come back to live in the camp and abide by camp rules.

I remember that at the time (I was thirteen) and I regarded Tipton and Hummel as heroes.

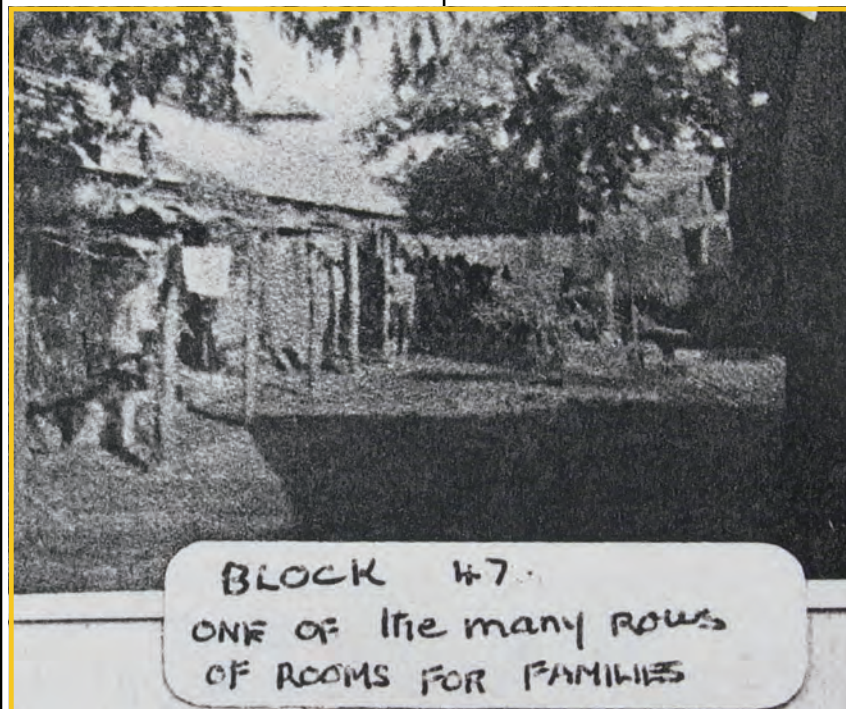
1. After their escape Tipton obtained from Chungking a radio set, which was dropped to him by air. This enabled them to send war news to us through the cess pool coolies.

2. I have produced a brochure entitled LOOKING BACK TO

WEIHSIEN in which there are copies of the correspondence between T&H and the camp committee, and between Chinese army leaders and the camp committee, who were anxious to save us from the Japs without doing anything drastic at the end. This we also owe to T&H.

3. The Jap guards were Consular Police.

4. Staiger did not treat the Japs in a way to save their face, but because he knew there was a civil war going on around us, and we needed the extra help of the Japs.



レンゴウグンホリョヘ ALLIED PRISONERS

The JAPANESE Government has surrendered. You will be evacuated by ALLIED NATIONS forces as soon as possible.

Until that time your present supplies will be augmented by air-drop of U.S. food, clothing and medicines. The first drop of these items will arrive within one (1) or two (2) hours.

Clothing will be dropped in standard packs for units of 50 or 500 men. Bundle markings, contents and allowances per man are as follows:

BUNDLE MARKINGS			BUNDLE MARKINGS		
50 MAN	500 MAN		50 MAN	500 MAN	
PACK	PACK	CONTENTS	PACK	PACK	CONTENTS
A	3	Drawers	2	B	10
A	1-2	Undershirt	2	A	11
B	22	Socks (pr)	2	C	31
A	4-6	Shirt	1	C	4-6
A	7-9	Trousers	1	C	4-6
C	23-30	Jacket, field	1	C	10
A	10	Belt, web, waist	1	B	31
A	11	Cap, M.G.T.	1	C	10
B	12-21	Shoes (pr)	1	B	32
A	1-2	Handkerchiefs	3	C	12-21
C	32-34	Towel	1		

There will be instructions with the food and medicine for their use and distribution.

DO NOT OVEREAT OR OVERMEDICATE **CAUTION** **FOLLOW DIRECTIONS**

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FEEDING 100 MEN

To feed 100 men for the first three (3) days, the following blocks (individual bundles dropped) will be assembled:

3 Blocks No. 1 (Each Contains)	1 Block No. 5 (Each Contains)	1 Block No. 3 (Each Contains)
2 Cases, Soup, Can	1 Case Soup, Dehd	1 Case Candy
1 Case Fruit Juice	1 Case Veg Puree	1 Case Gum
1 Case Accessory Pack	1 Case Bouillon	1 Case Cigarettes
	1 Case Hosp Supplies	1 Case Matches
	1 Case Vitamin Tablets	
3 Blocks No. 2 (Each Contains)	1 Block No. 7 (Each Contains)	1 Block No. 10 (Each Contains)
3 Cases "C" Rations	1 Case Nestafe	3 Cases Fruit
1 Case Hosp Supplies	1 Sack Sugar	2 Cases Juice
2 Cases Fruit	1 Case Milk	
	1 Case Cocoa	

I remember the "Allied Prisoners" flier (very aptly named as it was dropped from a plane). When these were dropped, one bundle, still tied, containing about a ream landed just outside our cell and smashed to smithereens a wooden tub we had. It grazed my Dad's arm and if it had hit his head the injury would have been quite serious.

*

I remember that Major Staiger accepted our cheers but very soon, wisely said: "Please gather next to this tomb, all the parachutes with their loads and also, bring here the men who had jumped with their white silk parachutes. About more or less an hour later, everything was ready and we hoisted the seven men on our shoulders as, of course, we wanted to honour them as our heroes. When we approached the walls of the camp, Staiger gave us the order to let them down so that they could encounter the captain of the camp and the guards who were watching us coming.

This was a wise measure, since the guards were all armed and our rescuers did not know at that moment what the Japanese's reaction would be in regard to this particular situation.

As I re-entered the camp on my own I met two friends who were standing alongside the wall ready to defend us in case of a violent Japanese reaction. They were Roy Chu and Wade. Both had an axe in their hands, and they had put their red arm-bands to be recognised. Only then, did I discover that a group of bachelors in the camp had organized a secret brigade to protect us from the Japanese, in case they would start their plan to exterminate us all.

Fortunately this did not happen. Everything went smoothly when the rescue team met the guards. Both groups received instructions not to fight and we would sleep in peace during the next two months that we had to stay in camp, allowing intelligence officers to screen the past history of every one of us and to finally be able to evacuate my group to Peking by a plane, a C-46, on October 17th, 1945.

*

レンゴウグンホリョヘ GEALLIEERDE GEVANGENEN

De Japanse Regeering heeft zich zelf overgegeven. Jullie willen zoo spoedig mogelijk worden uitgeleverd door de Geallieerde Natien.

Totdat oogenblik uwe behoeften zullen verder worden verhoogd door vlieg machines, die u voedsel, kleren en medicijnen zullen zenden vanuit de lucht.

Kleren zullen worden nedergezonden in standard pakketjes voor groepjes van 50 tot 500 man sterke. Individuele pakketjes, inhoud en behoeften per persoon zijn als volgt:

PAKKETTEN			PAKKETTEN		
50 MAN	500 MAN	INHOUD	50 MAN	500 MAN	INHOUD
A	3	Underbroeken	2	B	10
A	1-2	Hand	2	A	11
B	22	Sokken (pr)	2	C	31
A	4-6	Broekrom	1	C	4-6
A	7-9	Broekrom	1	C	4-6
C	23-30	Jas, veld	1	C	10
A	10	Band, lichaam	1	B	31
A	11	Kap, M.G.T.	1	C	10
B	12-21	Schoenen (pr)	1	B	32
A	1-2	Sakdoeken	3	C	12-21
C	32-34	Handdoek	1		

Daar zullen aanwijzingen zijn omtrent voedsel en medicijnen voor gebruik en distributie.

WAARSCHUWING

NIET KIET TE VEEL
SCHRIJFT KIET TE VEEL MEDICIJNEN

TOEG AANWIJZINGEN

AANWIJZINGEN VOOR TOEGING VAN 100 PERSOONEN

Om 100 mannen voor de eerste drie (3) dagen te voeden, de volgende pakketten (individuele uitgeworpen pakketjes) zullen worden verzameld:

3 Pakketten No. 1 (Inhoud van elk)	1 Pakket No. 5 (Inhoud van elk)	1 Pakket No. 3 (Inhoud van elk)
2 Kisten, Soup, Kanne	1 Kist Soup, Uitgedroogd	1 Kist Suikergoed
1 Kist, Fruit Sap	1 Kist Gemaakte Soep	1 Kist Gum
1 Kist, Toeschoorende artikelen	1 Kist Bouillon	1 Kist Cigaretten
	1 Kist Hospital Voorraad	1 Kist Liniere
	1 Kist Vitamin Tabletten	
3 Pakketten No. 2 (Inhoud van elk)	1 Pakket No. 7 (Inhoud van elk)	1 Pakket No. 10 (Inhoud van elk)
3 Kisten "C" Rantseem	1 Kist Gemaakte Coffie	3 Kisten Vruchten
1 Kist Hoop Voorraad	1 Zak Suiker	2 Kisten Sap
2 Kisten Vruchten	1 Kist Melk	
	1 Kist Cocoa	



We do have SO MUCH to be thankful for! Yes World War II was an extremely serious conflict, and we could easily have suffered far more seriously than we did. Had the tide of war turned against the Allies instead of the other way round, we might very likely

have either died or suffered dreadful indignities under a harsh and repressive regime. But things did NOT go that way. We were delivered, set free, brought home to be reunited with our families!

And yes, we have many GOOD memo-

ries of those Weihsien Camp days! Our elders really were wise and steady people, and we were greatly privileged to have them (and a loving, caring God) watching over us!!!

*

I remember Mr Kosaka, one of our Japanese Guards. He was educated at a university in the United States and felt a real bond with us westerners. He even believed that he was specially honoured by God to be in a responsible position over us when war broke out, so that he could care for us! At the Temple Hill camp, where Mr. Kosaka was our chief of police (or commandant), I recall him and his deputy actually having dinner with us in the building where many of us boys were housed. And I also recall a tennis match between some of our teachers and older boys where a couple of Japanese guards actually took part and played along with us. Real friendships developed, as with your friend Cole and his Japanese guard friend! So there was another side to this whole experience. Both Temple Hill and Weihsien were truly remarkable camps, and for that I am profoundly thankful!

*

I remember that the spirit of community was strong in Weihsien Camp, and people were only too pleased to reach out and help those with special needs such as the elderly. There must have been fear and uncertainty, but there were morale-building activities organized by community-minded intelligent adults who well knew what they were doing. Also, we had literally dozens of highly qualified medical doctors, and scores of well-educated missionaries and some outstanding teachers in the camp. I'm sorry if there were some elderly people who felt they were "forgotten" but I really don't think there was really any need to feel that way. Lots of help was available to those who reached out for it!

*

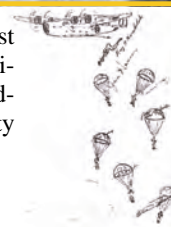


I remember that we were 1,400 prisoners interned in Weihsien and there are 1,400 perceptions of the Weihsien experience. I was marched off to internment camp in Chefoo when I was 9 years old. As a child, I

knew nothing of the rape of Nanking and Japanese atrocities in China. The grown ups knew. And that knowledge must have shaped their fears. For grown ups, the lack of privacy in Weihsien's adult dormitories must

have been the worst hell. For me, dormitory life was an endless pyjama party with 13 girls.

*



I remember the Japanese guards. When we were first interned in our own home in Tsingtao on December 8, 1941, guards were put at our gate. It was cold but my cousin Tom and I would go down to the gate and "play" with the guard(s). After we were acquainted he would take the bayonet off the end of his rifle, take out the shells, and give us his rifle and we would play "war." We would "shoot" him and he would fall down "dead." And he would laugh and laugh. We would go up to the house and get him some hot tea. We became good friends. And then in Weihsien we would play similarly with the guards. I remember Tom and would "sneak" up on them, knock off their caps and run as fast as we could to get away. They would chase us and laugh about the whole thing. On one occasion my little sister Julie, age three, walked out the main gate at Weihsien with her little Norwegian friend (I think her name was Astrid), and they were a ways down the road before they were noticed and a guard ran after them bringing them back into camp, one girl on each side all of them holding hands. Another memory of our "captors" was the baseball games where sometimes the camp played against the guards. My childhood memories of all of this (I was seven years old) are happy and adventurous. We were fortunate to be all together as a family; in fact, two families together in Block 1 next to the wall. We have adventurous tales of the black market over the wall, one time getting "caught" by one of the guards but nothing ever came of it. It's a story my father loves to tell!

*



I remember that Paul, my mother, my sister Joan and I lived in a second floor room in the hospital. It was a corner room looking out over the fields. There were people out there; they came from the village visible some distance away, and walked towards us to work in the fields, flipping the sweet-potato vines from one side to the other.

*

I remember our school days in the church/assembly hall. How difficult it must have been for our teachers. Mr. Foxlee was the headmaster, and the teachers from Tientsin Grammar School. In Tientsin, after December 1941, classes were held in several locations in private homes.

*

I remember that we went to Kitchen No 1, but seldom as a family. I helped my brother to build a stove in our room (home-made bricks (?) with an air path around a big biscuit-tin for an oven). We sometimes had meals in our room as a family, sometimes bringing food back from Kitchen no.1. My mother worked there on a food preparation crew. I swept the hospital steps every day for a while, and took a turn at pumping water for a while.

*

I remember that one of my strong memories of camp life was our parents telling us when we saw planes flying over the camp be sure to look for the star under the wings. That would be an American plane. But all we ever saw were planes with the rising sun under the wings.

*

I remember that not all guards were "saints" obviously! But thank God the ones to whom I was exposed were truly decent and exhibited courtesy and friendliness at times. I am thankful for my memories, none of which involve Japanese cruelty.

I do however recall that our headmaster, Mr. P.A. Bruce, was taken into custody for several weeks by the Japanese for questioning during the months immediately following "Pearl Harbour." Other leaders of the foreign (to the Japanese) community at Chefoo were taken into custody with Mr. Bruce at the Astor Hotel on Beach Road across from the seaside at Chefoo. I do know that one of these men did not survive that period of imprisonment.

All the men were released except a Mr. McMullen who was the editor of the English language newspaper in Chefoo. His widow was informed by the Japanese that he had died of typhoid during his detainment. I think that the cause of his death could very well have been the result of physical cruelty. I think that his body was cremated and the ashes returned to Mrs. McMullen. I was one of a small group of children from our school who accompanied one of our teachers when we walked to the McMullens' home where Mrs. McMullen gave us some toys such as teddy bears and so on to bring back to our school. I don't know whether Mrs. McMullen and her children were repatriated to Britain around that time. I think they may have been. Our visit to her home that day in early 1942 was a very sad one really.

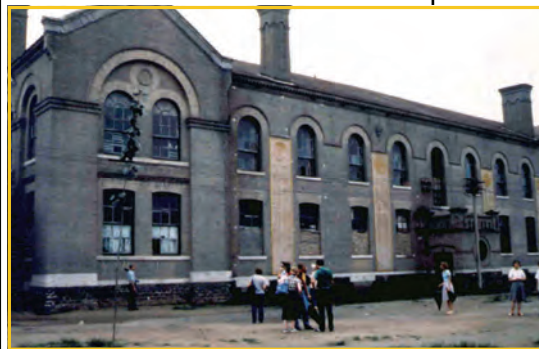
I am almost certain that such interrogations and brutality were carried out by the Japanese military and NOT by embassy guards who later guarded our Temple Hill camp. Mr. Kosaka, our "Chief of Police" at Temple Hill, was a true "gentleman" who actually considered that he was selected by divine Providence for his position of responsibility over us. He was protective and courteous.

Please don't get me wrong: I know that World War II in both Europe AND Asia was replete with many instances of horrible cruelty. And sad to say there were even instances of cruelty and murder by some members of the Allied military toward the Japanese. On the troop transport vessel taking some of us home to North America, were 800 United States Marines. One of them told me personally (I was thirteen at the time) that he had taken part in a murder of a number of Japanese soldiers who had surrendered. Then he and some of his marine friends proceeded to rape a couple of young women in the group of prisoners.

So, yes cruelty exists and has always existed. It's just that I saw none of it in our camps and want to make my voice heard on the positive side re. our Japanese captors. For the sake of fairness!

*

I remember going through the unimposing (back?) entrance to the administration area, I noted on my right, one of two former Japanese guard houses which I'd seen in 1986. Gone was much of the extensive open space I'd formerly seen in the area where Block 23 used to be. Also gone for good is the old hospital where I was quartered on the top floor, as well as the old water tower and pump room where I had slaved away to make the water gauge rise. On the other side of the school grounds I was shown a dilapidated building which they said is soon to be renovated. The stairway inside and the upper floorboards seemed sound, but I couldn't identify where it would have been during our camp days.



Block-23 in 1985 © David Beard

(February 2002)

I remember that immediately ahead of us was a large building which was obviously the main administrative building and on either side as we walked up the main entrance road, were two old buildings which were obviously origi-

nal buildings on the site. I placed them as two of the Japanese quarters



and somewhere just past them would have been the dividing wall that separated us from going into the Jap quarters. These two old buildings seemed to be in good nick. We found our way, with a little help,



to the headmaster's room. The man we met was actually the chief administrator as today is the first day of the Spring Festival Holiday - Chinese New Year - and the headmaster was not around. He was most helpful and knew what we were talking about and went out and brought in a copy for Frank and I of a handbook for the Eric Liddell Foundation. I was pleased to get a copy of this.

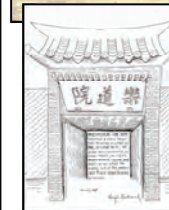
He then went on to say that Block 23 which is the building in which I lived for practically the whole time there, was exactly in the position of the

building we were now in. It had been knocked down in 1986 to make way for the present building. I was very sad about this as David's book mentioned that he returned in 1985 and the building was still there minus the bell tower. It would have been nice to see the rooms in which I lived during that time. But, as the man we were talking to said, we have to move on, so maybe there is some kind of closure in not being able to see it.

We were encouraged to walk around and see what we could see



so we went out the other side of the building and there was a large playing field and basketball courts and not much else to see. Still I was able to visualize the place as it has been and I got quite excited as I drew a picture for Frank of the camp as I remembered it. This is where the residential huts were. Here was the toilet and the cesspool. Up there was the main road and Kitchen No. 1 and the front gate



up there. We took a couple of pictures. The school has 4,000 pupils and has huge white tiled buildings to cater for such a large enrolment. We were approached by a very pleasant girl who had been a student and was now doing an English major in the Teachers College who introduced herself as Alice and spoke excellent English. She was visiting the college to catch up with one of her former teachers. Even though the school is big, it only takes up a part of the land on which the concentration camp stood. The man who was accompanying us told us that next door was a large hospital and that there was one of the old buildings still there.

But first we went to the back of the school and made for the place which used to be our front gate. The school faces exactly the opposite direction to the way the camp faced. It was not hard for me to find this and locate where the front gate would have been, and near to this was a rather attractive little garden which was under lock and



key and in which was a large stone tablet in memory of Eric Liddell set up by the Eric Liddell Foundation. The key was located for us and we went in and took some photos. There is something nice about him being remembered here in a place which has moved on and in some cases made deliberate attempts to erase the colonial and missionary past.

We were at a wall which looked down over a laneway which would have



been the road in front of the camp in the old days and we could see a huge concreted in drain (you might call it a creek or a river) which was the creek that used to run just a few meters in front of the camp. We made our way around and found the lane and walked down it. It was a real country lane

with people living out their lives there and, most obvious to us, was the fact that as in the majority of China, there



is no system of rubbish disposal so it was all dumped in stinking heaps outside their houses and on the river bank. We stood there and took some pictures while I described to Frank that none of those houses were there in 1945 when the Americans dropped by parachute to liberate the camp. A few meters in front of the camp was this creek and then there were open fields with the usual burial mounds scattered about. When the Americans landed by parachute they immediately drew their pistols and hid behind the burial mounds thinking that the Japs might resist their approach. The Japs didn't and in fact it was us internees who for the first time in a number of years, rushed out the gate and across the creek and went to welcome them. It was also in that area that most of the parachutes of food and other supplies were dropped over the next few weeks. It was a 10 year old's dream as loads of chewing

gum broke apart and tins of peaches were scattered about, some having broken open too.

Although there was no obvious sign of it I took pictures of the place where the front gate used to be and have no doubt of my accuracy in this. We then walked next door to the back entrance of the



current hospital property and immediately found the old hospital building which I remember so well where the

Boys and the Girls schools were housed during our internment. I spotted the front steps and the kitchen for the hospital patients. We wandered around taking pictures and came across a corner stone on the building which had the date 1924 on it and above that had been the name of the hospital, but during the Cultural Revolution some industrious Red Guard had come along with a stone chisel and hammer and chipped away at the name to obliterate any sign of the decadent westerners who had been here. However it was not hard to work out that he had chipped away the letters which spelt "SHADYSIDE

HOSPITAL" He had done the same with the Chinese characters giving the name of the hospital on the other side of the stone, but one of the ladies who was there with her children told us what the characters had been.

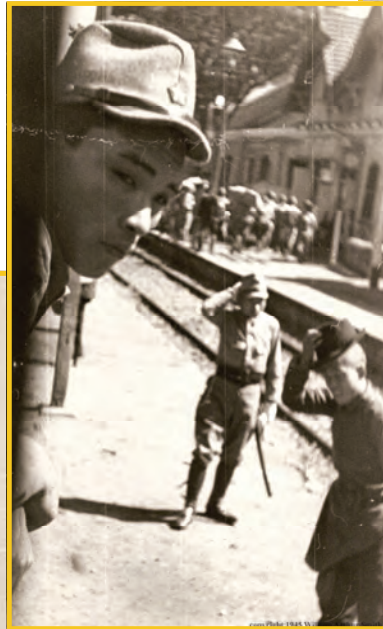
Also while we were talking there and Frank was entertaining a number of young children as it was a children's playground, a lady came along who told us that she had been in the building cleaning it and had found hidden in some high place some papers which included

a picture of a lady who was a nurse. She lived too far away to go and get them to show us, but it set our imaginations on fire. Who had hidden this stuff? Was it one of the people who nursed in the camp hospital? Maybe it was one of the boys or girls school children and the picture was of their mother? Why was it hidden and why was it not collected when the person left the camp?

It was a good day."

*





I remember that during our second winter in Weih sien, we, the 12 Fathers who remained in camp, were living in block 56.

We used to celebrate mass in the early morning, but that was before the Vatican council of 1965, authorizing all Christians to celebrate together. So at that time, we needed about an hour and a half for mass, before going to work. Consequently, we needed light around 6:30 a.m.

The electricity main switch was located in a cabin situated more or less fifty yards behind our block. Whilst observing the comings and goings of the Japanese guards, we noticed that one of them came to the main switch cabin early in the morning to enable the light for our quarters at 7 a.m.

Being in need of light before that hour, Father Palmers and I decided to help ourselves as the cabin-door was usually left half open. We'd put the switch "on" in order to give the light to the whole camp.

For a few weeks, that worked all right. One day, Father Palmers did it and the next day, it was my turn. Everything went smoothly till that early morning when I saw Father Palmers running and puffing, hurrying back to our block and telling us that the Japs were after him. In fact, they came a little later to our block, demanding the culprit.

Father Palmers was taken to the guard house at the entrance of the camp. The guards yelled at him and wanted to torture him. Father Palmers remained stoical. They put chopsticks between his fingers, and while pressing the whole hand, were furiously moving the chopsticks between the fingers.

After that, they took him to the jail where he remained for one or two days. Since that day, we never got any light before exactly seven a.m.

There were no more volunteers to have another try!

*

I remember that in any occupation, situation control is the greatest need to complete conquest. If we were not confined then we "possibly" would thwart their goal. The flip side to that was that to control us they would have to feed up and watch over us. The feeding had to be at the minimum so that we would not rise up and cause problems. I lost 7 pounds weight from age 10 - 11 when I should have gained 10 pounds. I went from 77 pounds to 70 pounds by the time I was 11.

*

I think the classical reason to confine civilian "enemy aliens" is so they cannot carry out activities that might be detrimental to the war effort from the point of view of the regime in power -- things like providing information, sabotage, etc. Putting all those people in an internment camp keeps all of them, including the highly competent with the most contacts, from doing much of anything effectively to impede the captors' prosecution of the war.

*

Apart from any other reason civilian prisoners are valuable assets for a combatant country. Especially as barter to swap for their own nationals from their enemy. I only became aware after the War that many internees from WeiHsien were exchanged for Japanese persons in the US at the generous rate of one to four Japanese.

*

I have no direct evidence regarding the swap ratio of Japanese to Americans, but I heard it was considerably higher than 4 to 1; actually, about twice that!

*





JAPANESE SENTRY IN GUARD TOWER, CIVILIAN INTERNMENT CENTER NEAR WEIHSIEN, SHANTUNG.

Do you remember the colour of the Japanese guard's uniform?

*

I remember the painting representing a Japanese guard on duty in the tower. He doesn't look accurate - I suspect the artist employed some artistic license. The individual looks like a regular army soldier - steel helmet, uniform, Arisaka rifle - instead of the dark, blue black consular guard uni-

form, with pistol and wooden holster.

*

I remember that the sentry picture was done by a war correspondent, not an internee. It certainly looks like the inside of the "ball field" watch tower. Ironically, it was the one "new" picture that I decided to use in the "slide show" for the program because it embodies so well the fact that this was a forced confinement,

backed up by guns. Could there ever have been a time when a soldier in this uniform would have been a sentry - maybe toward the end of the war - or is this image just historically wrong?

*

I'm presuming the image was published somewhere after the war. No doubt the American public would have recognized the Japanese soldier depicted, but a consular guard might

have seemed strange to them. The internees I've spoken with were adamant and certain that no regular army Japanese were allowed into camp.

*

Of course I accept your testimony as to who was and was not in the watchtower. Did the consular guards' uniforms have the same pattern - "riding" pants with sort of a ballooning top, with high boots — as is shown in this picture?

I noticed that the guard who appears in Cameron's drawing of the un-covered guard tower in the southeast corner has a similar style uniform, with what appears to be the same sort of cap as the picture we're discussing. This led me to think that it could have been accurate.

*

I remember the guards wearing faded khaki uniforms and wearing caps. Those on guard duty did, indeed, carry the regulation Japanese bolt-action rifle.

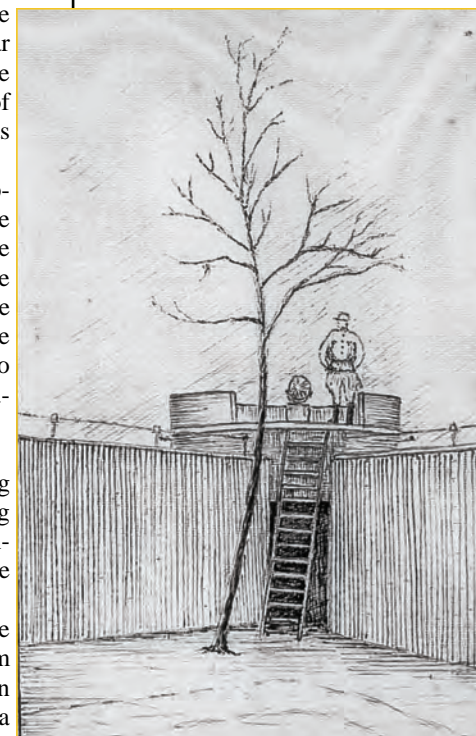
I don't remember anyone in the camp wearing a dark blue uniform or carrying a pistol in a wooden holster -- which would have been a Mauser. The officers carried a smaller side-arm in a shiny brown leather holster.

*

While I have not seen the painting in question, I should also say that I do not recall any of the guards wearing helmets in the camp. What I do remember is that the guards looked just

like the Japanese soldiers I saw in Tsingtao from 1938 on. If they were, indeed, "consular police," there was nothing in their appearance that distinguished them from the Japanese Imperial Army.

*



What I remember about the guards in Weihsien is that they wore hats, not like baseball hats, but rather a short brim in the front -- sort of like a Greek hat. I remember it because my cousin and I would sneak up behind them when they were sitting down and we would knock off their hats and then

run as fast as we could. They were good natured about it and would run after us, making a game of it.

*

Gee, you must have been a brave lad to mess around with the guards like that. How old were you at the time? Your name doesn't appear on my camp list, so, could you have been one of those luckier ones repatriated in September '43?

There was nothing good natured about the guards reaction the day I was hauled off to the guard house after being caught retrieving a soccer ball outside the camp wall. Granted the degree of the 'offence' was different and besides a tall lad of 15 or 16 years of age has to be taught some 'respect' ! (?) ! I guess.

They must have scared the daylights out of me, at the time, because I can remember every detail of it, today.

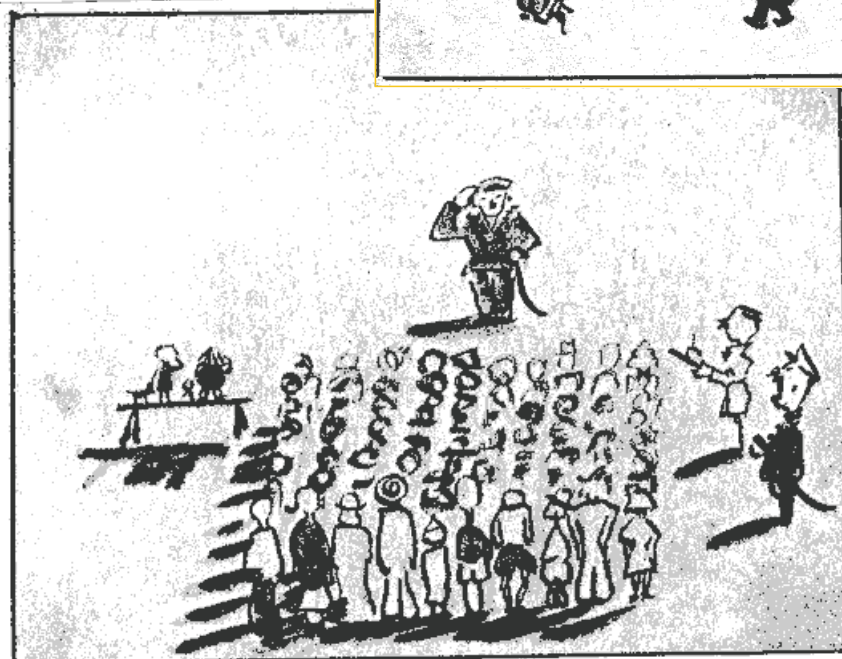
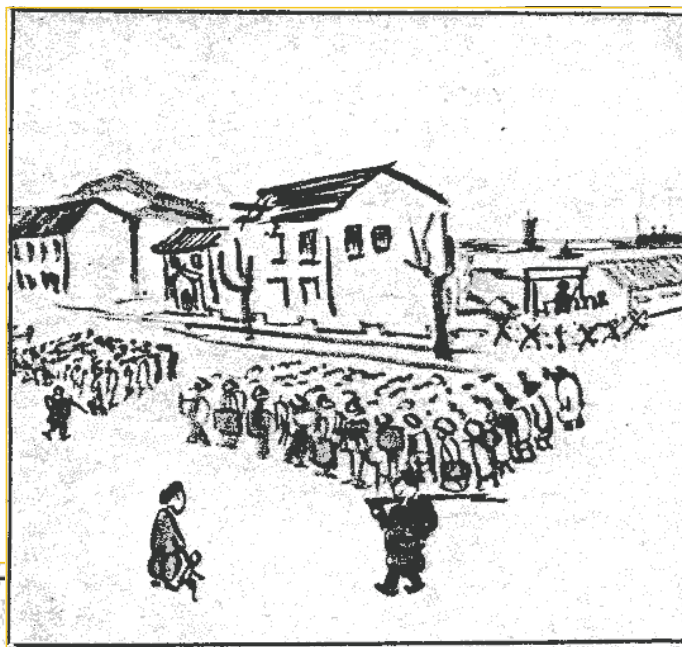
*

Then, some of you seem to have extraordinary memories for detail, such as the colour and shape of their uniforms and head gear worn etc. I agree khaki registers in my mind, as their predominant uniform colour but didn't the likes of Sgt. 'Boo shing dee' always appear wearing a uniform bordering on the colour black? Or was it his 'foreboding' image colouring my recall, there?

*

I was seven years old, and yes, we were repatriated in September 1943. The whole experience was a great adventure for "us kids," though our parents didn't think so. We were all to-

gether, actually two families since December 8 when Pearl Harbor was bombed put us under house arrest in Tsingtao; then to the hotel in town and eventually to Weih sien. We were together because we all gathered for the winter/Christmas break from school, etc. We were among the first to arrive and I remember going "scrounging" for stuff around the camp. We even went into the Japanese quarters because we didn't know we shouldn't. Our trip home was memorable, crossing the equator four times. It is amazing that we got on a boat in Shanghai (Tia Maru) and got off a



boat in New York (Gripsholm).

*

Sgt. "Booshindy" wore the regulation khaki or the alternate olive drab.

I have specific memories of him because I foolishly said his nickname when he came to our block for roll call one morning. He heard me and started yelling, wanting to know w h o s a i d "Booshindy." I was too scared to answer, so my older brother John, stepped forward and said he did

it. Booshindy yelled some more, and the incident ended without any serious consequences.

I don't remember any black uniforms.

*

Figment of imagination no one got out of camp except the escapees until after the liberation thereafter I can recall going out to retrieve a ball but it would have only occurred during the period Sept/Oct 1945.

*

Well, I am happy to report that at last we have some hard evidence for the authenticity of the painting of the Japanese guard.

One of the former internees I met in Weifang brought with him an article written by the artist who drew the

sketch - William A. Smith - which he had kept because it includes a sketch by Smith of him (the internee) in a lineup waiting for boiled water. The following is a quote from Smith's article:

"...Inside the gate conferences were held which resulted in the surrender of the camp. One of the conditions of the surrender was that the Japanese should continue to furnish sentries to guard the camp against any possible outside danger..."

"...I climbed the wooden ladder in one of the guard towers and when I got to the top I found a somewhat embarrassed Jap sentry. When I greeted him with "Konnicic-wa" he snapped to attention, saluted me and handed me his rifle. Naturally I was surprised, but I accepted the weapon, inspected it and handed it back to him. He again saluted and after returning his salute I descended the ladder, leaving him with the mutual "sayonaras." I felt that if it was as easy as that, I could certainly get him to pose for a sketch. The next day I made the painting of him in the tower which is reproduced on the third cover. That night I found a bottle of saki that he had left in my quarters as an expression of his gratitude."

I think this proves conclusively that the sketch is accurate, and argues for the correctness of memories of khaki uniforms by internees who were actually there.

As I mentioned before, if you look closely at Cameron's pencil sketches in Norman Cliff's collection on Leo-

pold's web site you will see a sketch of a guard in a guard tower with what appears to be exactly this type of uniform, which is another piece of contemporary documentary evidence arguing for its authenticity, Desmond's memory notwithstanding. (I'm attaching the sketch, though the resolution make it a little "sketchy".

The only irony in all this is that at the time William Smith's sketch was made, the guard was actually protecting the camp from "outsiders" (communist guerrillas were nearby) not preventing internees from escaping. That would also explain the helmet. If they were expecting possible trouble from armed guerrillas outside the camp, it is perfectly reasonable that they would have issued helmets to the guards. It's also perfectly reasonable to assume that helmets were a standard issue for tower guards all along, who had the dual role of preventing escape and protecting the camp from outside assault. The internees would not necessarily have seen them being worn, however, and they wouldn't have been worn by the ground-level guards that they had daily contact with.

By the way, the other sketches accompanying Smith's article show him to be an excellent representational artist. A sketch of one of the members of the OSS team is similar in style and quality to the one of the Japanese guard.

Your reasoning about memory's tricks is quite valid in a general way, but in this case the hard evidence is all on the other side. So the question be-

comes, how to explain Desmond's scoffing? Any theories?

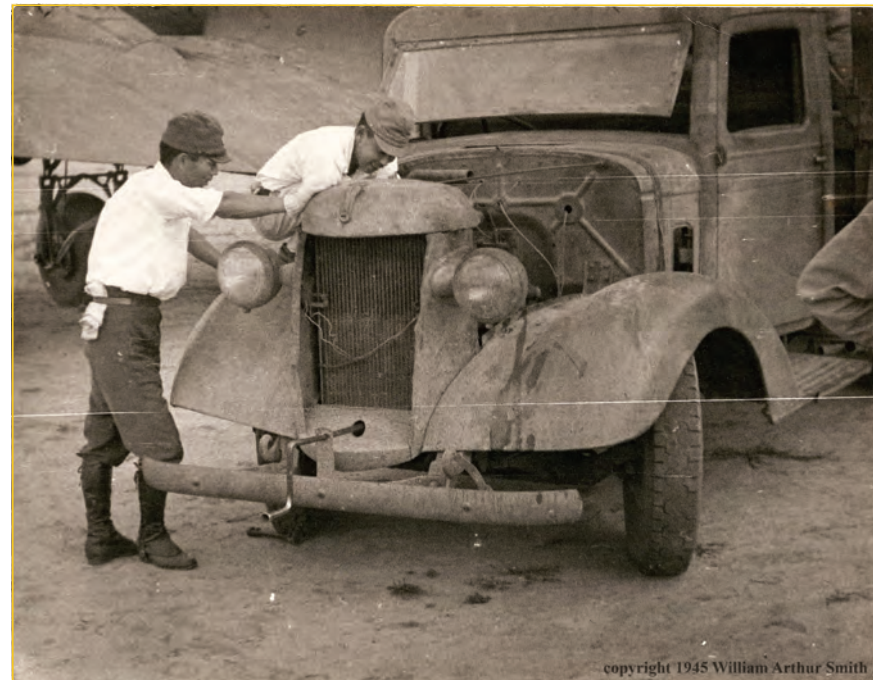
In conclusion, there does not seem to be any reasonable doubt left about the drawing's accuracy, which pleases me greatly because I will be able to continue using it in the "walking tour" slide in good conscience, though I may have to add a footnote at the end about when it was actually drawn.

I think this whole discussion is reminiscent of the History Channel series that goes by the lurid name of "Secrets of the Dead," but which is actually rather good at unravelling questions like this.

*

I have spoken to over 60 ex internees. Some of their memories are just plain wrong. More than one internee who was at Yangtzepoo swears that they were in that camp for over a year. When I tell them they are mistaken, and that it was only 2½ months, they vehemently argue with me, despite the fact that I have Japanese and American official documents and contemporaneous diary entries that show otherwise.

We have two internees who remember something very differently. Only one can be correct. Can we sift through the historical evidence to determine what really occurred?



copyright 1945 William Arthur Smith

I have never seen a photograph or drawing by an internee showing regular Japanese Army personnel in a camp. That in itself I think is evidence against them being there, though not conclusive. But why would all pictures depict consular guards, and none of regular Army?

I also suspect that Albert was very familiar with the sight of Japanese Army soldiers in the streets of Tsingtao, before and after Pearl Harbor. Over the years, after seeing them pictured in books, movies, and magazines, this would be the version of memory to be reinforced. But how often afterwards would he have seen images of consular guards? I would guess none. So over the years, the image of the regular Army soldier would have been constantly reinforced, and eventually supplant his memory of the Japanese guards in Weih sien. There is a term for this psychological phenomenon which I do not recall (supplanted memory?). But subjects truly believe their memories are accurate and can even pass a polygraph exam, because they really believe they are accurate and truthful.

Based on my research, and the historical record, I could be wrong, but that is how I would vote.

As for the machine guns, I suspect this is hyperbole. I don't think I have ever come across a contemporaneous account of machine guns in Weih sien, or any other camps. Who has recorded or stated that they were covered with machine guns when they entered the camp? Such an act should have en-

gendered a large body of documentary evidence in letters and diaries, and I have yet to see any of it. Again, I think it is the emblematic depiction of the post WW II "Stalag Escape" movies which have reinforced the archetype of the sentry in the watchtower with a machine gun. I don't think the Consular guard were issued with such weapons. In an incident at Lunghwa, after an internee near riot, Army soldiers were called into camp and brought a machine gun on a truck.

*

Would the consular guards have been manning the machine guns that other internees say were aimed at them from the watchtowers when they first arrived?

*

I wasn't there, but I am familiar with Japanese uniforms and arms of the 1932-1945 periods. The soldier has a steel helmet which was not part of the consular guards' uniform.

Perhaps the best I can do is give you this reply I had after showing the picture to an internee, who was there, as an adult, at the time:

His answer:

"Never seen or ever heard of that painting of the guard. If I had I would have scoffed at it, so far from reality. The guards in all the camps I was in were Consular Police who wore black uniforms and peak caps. The subject of this painting is a Japanese storm trooper in jack boots with a steel helmet strapped to his back. And aiming a rifle! As I remember the camp guards had side arms only which were



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German Mauser pistols whose wood holsters could double as rifle butts."

The OSS and/or the Army would have had a fit if they saw a uniformed Jap soldier entering the camp. Yes, the Consular Police were ordered to keep their arms to protect the camp from bandits etc. Some of the Brit diehards were disgusted with that.

Photos of consular guards are rare. I've found a number of photos taken by Japanese of camps during the war, but only the civilian administrators are pictured. Another photo depicts a guard in Lincoln Avenue, but regular army soldiers on recuperative leave were often used there, and in a few other camps.

I'm not sure which drawing or painting you are referring to by Cameron. I've seen colored drawing of Weih sien guard in an open watchtower, as well as several of them on the roll call field. But none are professionally done and because they are amateurish they don't help very much with the details.

*

I don't specifically remember the color of the uniforms, but I do have a memory of kids going outside the camp. My sister and a neighbor child (as I remember, Astrid by name and Norwegian) of about the same age (3), walked out the main gate one day, apparently unobserved. Someone must

have spotted them walking down the road because a guard was dispatched and brought them back hand in hand.

*

This is another example of the un-wisdom of making absolute categorical statements about the past - i.e., no one ever went outside the camp - when one can really only speak from one's own imperfect recollections one's own experiences, which may differ from others.

*



In 1943 I was 11 years old, and I was 13 when we were liberated. Any implication that I was not in the concentration camp is preposterous, as is the implication that I do not have specific memories of the appearance of the Japanese guards.

I have no documentary evidence as to whether our guards were regular army

or consular guards. I know for a fact that there were no dark blue uniforms on the Japanese guards in the concentration camp, and that the guards were dressed just like the regular army Japanese in Tsingtao that I saw daily from January 1938 onwards.

I saw no machine guns in the Weihsien compound, but again, my memory of Japanese guards carrying the same bolt-action rifles I saw in Tsingtao is specific and not some psychological chimera as was implied regarding my memory of the color of the uniforms in one of the previous messages.

*

There is a very simple explanation of the uniforms which is absolutely obvious they had "Winter uniforms" which were Blue and summer uniforms which were Khaki" A procedure which many military forces throughout the world have.

*

Nice try at conflict resolution. But there were no blue uniforms at Weihsien. Their winter uniforms were olive drab, probably wool.

*

I only remember olive drab also. Was there a sentry called Soapy San? Did he not beat one of the cesspool Chinese on his goitre?

*

Then as now, 64 years later, I would instantly recognize a Japanese storm trooper's get-up - greenish khaki jacket and pants, brown boots, chamber pot helmet.

In March 1943, as an adult aged 20, I

was sent to Pootung Internment Camp, Shanghai (closely packed British American Tobacco godowns long condemned for storing tobacco). The welcoming speech was given by the Commandant in civilian dress. It was immediately followed by one given by the Japanese responsible for maintaining discipline in the camp, Chief of Police "King Kong", a sumo wrestler type, his shoulders bursting out of his black Consular Police uniform. He shouted threats, saying we would be "shot to the death" if we made trouble. I was in Pootung for 194 days, and on each of those 194 days I lined up for roll call conducted by a black-uniformed sergeant, with a long sword in a shiny scabbard dangling from his belt, and two of his black-uniformed Consular Police underlings with our block monitor in attendance.

In September 1943, one hundred fortunate inmates, including myself, under escort of black-uniformed Consular Police, were transferred by ferry, truck and bus to Lunghwa Camp, where I was to spend the next 116 days. So, on 116 occasions twenty of us who had our bunks on the stage of the Assembly Hall lined up as if taking curtain call to be counted off by black-uniformed Consular Police. After confirmation that we were all present and correct, we had a ringside view of the lines in the auditorium being counted off. One day, right before our eyes, an internee who arrived late for roll call was beaten up severely by a black-uniformed sergeant.

In January 1944, two other internees

and myself were taken out of Lunghwa and driven to Shanghai's North Station to catch a train bound for Tsinanfu and Weihsien. At the station we joined 70 Italians who were going to be interned for the first time. About a dozen black-uniformed Consular Police stood guard over us for the two-and-a-half day journey.

How different, Weihsien! Fresh campagne air, trees galore, a maze of picturesque courtyards and moon gates and tingzis such as you would see in the Forbidden City. But one thing was exactly the same — the camp guards: black-uniformed Consular Police under a black-uniformed Chief of Police. I was in Weihsien for a total of 646 days, 580 of which were under Japanese rule, and the remaining 66, from August 17 to October 22 1945, under care of the Americans.

I lined up for roll call once a day for 146 of those 580 days, and following the Tipton/Hummel escape on June 9 1944, twice a day for 434 days. So I stood in line over a thousand times to be counted off by a Consular Police sergeant and his men in police black. But we did not always line up shoulder to shoulder. After I was moved from Room J Block 24 (where we were counted off in the pleasing courtyard with the picturesque tingzi) to Room 9 Block 23, we stood in the stairwell leading to the tower, one internee to a step. (Eric Liddell in Room 8 when not Block Monitor would have stood on one of the steps.) One particular roll call is indelibly carved in my memory. As the roll call bell rang

I saw Sergeant Bushingdi in the yard below berating people to get a move on. Mindlessly I shouted a Chinese curse at him. He saw me, but I dashed down to my place in the stairwell. Not knowing who the culprit was, he grabbed hold of David Clark, the 15 year old ward of Reverend Simms-Lee and began throttling him. I had no alternative but to present myself as the perpetrator. To this day I can see Bushingdi's toothy snarl, I can feel the vice like grip on my neck, and I can smell the nap of his black uniform. I was lucky the war was nearly over. My punishment was only several slaps to the face.

Weihsieners who have read the Duck Mission account will see how Mayor Staiger made a distinction between "Major Koyanagi Chief of Consular Police" and "Colonel Jimbo of the Japanese Army" (whom he gave short shrift). The account which names the seven brave paratroopers who liberated the camp makes no mention of William A Smith who obviously arrived with a later group. Therefore Smith's statement: "Inside the gate conferences were held which resulted in the surrender of the camp," (actually at the Commandant's HQ) is based on hearsay. His painting of a Japanese storm trooper is beautifully rendered, but the rendition is totally unlike any guard I ever saw in Weihsien, Pootung, or Lunghwa.

"Cameron's pencil sketch of a guard in a guard tower" deserves comment. That scene of the searchlight platform (not a guard tower) was the subject of

the art class in which Sandy Cameron participated. And in donating the sketch to the collection Weihsien Memories, he made the annotation: "A Beginner's Contribution." Another sketch of his in Weihsien Memories is of the basket court quadrangle in which he shows a priest reading his breviary and two internees forming coal briquettes. For none of the three did he fill in details of their dress. He left them in outline form just as his sketch of the guard on the search light platform is hardly more than outline. Sandy was an accountant at Hongkong Shanghai Bank, Tientsin, where my mother was secretary. He was a friend of the family before the war, in Weihsien, and in London afterwards. He often joked about his hobby of sketching which started in camp.

In that same art class doing that same scene of the searchlight platform that day were other neophyte artists. One, whose signature on the drawing is hard to decipher, shows the guard either in shadow or deliberately in black. But another, Nick Mihailoff, who named his watercolour "If I Had the Wings of an Angel," paints the guard's uniform in vivid blue/black.

But what settles the colour of uniform question in my mind, if by now that is still needed, is the illustration in Laurance Tipton's most excellent book, "Chinese Escapade". Opposite page 88 is a picture of a roll call in progress in what looks to me like Block 47 or 57. Those wearing white are painted in white, those in darker clothes painted in darker colour, and

those in black are painted in black. The black is not shadow. All figures are given the same treatment no matter which way they face. The Japanese sergeant with the dangling sword is painted in the BLACK UNIFORM of the Consular Police.

A last word before I close this already too lengthy email.

The men who occupied Room J Block 24, my first quarters in Weihsien, included among other 'oldies' from Tsingtao, Percy Whitting, a senior manager of British American Tobacco Co. Interested in my stay at Pootung and Lunghwa, we had long discussions about various BAT personnel in those camps, and we became good friends. Weihsienners from the Tsingtao intake will know that Percy was the camp leader when the Japanese interned Allied nationals at the Iltis Hydro. In Weihsien he was the first elected committee chairman. During the subsequent chair-

manship of Billy Christian and Ted McLaren he continued to serve as head of one committee or another. On February 7 1946 he wrote an account of internment in Tsingtao and Weihsien in which he says: "At Iltis Hydro

we were under the Japanese Army with a small detachment of soldiers and gendarmes." And just before the Tsingtao internees were transferred to Weihsien, he wrote: "When the Japanese Consul and Consular Police took over, things were different." I am adding this information to show that Tsingtao internees transferred from Iltis Hydro to Weihsien had been guarded by both the Japanese Army in khaki battledress and Consular Police in their black police uniforms.

*

I remember a couple of young guards in black uniforms up in the guard tower. I remember King-Kong and I remember that he also wore a black uniform, and I learned later that it designated that he, like the young guards, was a member of the consular guard and not an officer in the Imperial Japanese Army.

*



I remember that the Japanese uniforms were a dark green. I do remember that they had a gun over their shoulder and a pistol in a leather case on their belt. A long sword attached to their belt and a strap across their shoulder that contained the bullets for their guns. They had tall black boots and wore a cap the same color as their uniform. They seemed to patrol the camp all day and night.

My brother and I would play with marbles in the dirt, and often we would be so engrossed in the game that we never heard the guard and the next thing we would see among our marbles was a pair of black boots and we would look up to see the stern face of one of the many guards. He did not do anything to us but it would scare us and we would run away.

Once, a guard pointed his gun at us (I cannot remember the reason) and my brother firmly believed that if we both ran fast enough we could out run the bullets if he decided to shoot!

Let me know if any one else remembers the color of the Japanese uniforms.

*

I don't think there was ever any question that most, if not all, Weih sien guards wore dark blue or black uniforms. This is what one would expect, since all the written texts that discuss it agree that it was consular guards, not regular army, made up the compound's police force.

The Smith sketch of a sentry was done after liberation, and it's possible that things had changed (you know, "the



changing of the guard" - hah, hah), though his article states that the agreement between the American and Japanese was that they Japanese would "continue" to provide security to protect the compound from attack. Everything we know about Smith indicates that he was an accurate observer and reporter, but he doesn't deal with the question of whether the same guards were being used as before. Army troops may have replaced the consular guards under the new regime.

Several people who were there are certain that at some time least some of the sentry/guards had the kind of "green" uniform shown in Smith's sketch, and I for one am not willing to attribute that entirely to false mem-

ory. Several plausible explanations for the different memories have been offered. Possibly it was the post-liberation guards that are remembered by some. As you know, I used the Smith sketch in my "slide show" but also included a note at the end explaining its provenance and the referring to the dispute over whether it was representative of conditions before liberation or not.

*

I know for certain that the man we children called "King Kong" at Weih sien, the Chief of Police, or as some say 'commandant,' remained at Weih sien Camp during the weeks following the end of the war. I'm pretty sure that he still retained some authority (under the American troops) for making sure things were orderly.

The time I clearly recall this man, after the war was over, was a time when he was engaged in breaking up a commercial transaction (black market) that was taking place over the camp wall between camp residents and local Chinese people.

I was thirteen years old at the time.

*

I don't doubt you saw King Kong breaking up a black market transaction, but it would not have been after the camp was liberated because we didn't have a black market then. It wasn't necessary, as we could openly deal with our Chinese friends on the outside. And incidentally, King Kong was never referred to as the commandant as the latter gentleman was a Japanese civilian.

Funny how memory plays tricks on us every once in a while; mine lets me down quite often nowadays --

*

I spoke to Ferol Smith, the widow of the artist who painted the picture of the guard in the guard tower.

She told me the original painting, which she has, was done in color, and the uniform is a "very dark blue color."

*

That pretty much answers the question about Smith's portrait being representative of pre-liberation conditions. As for the questions about the helmet and rifle, one would hardly expect a sentry posted in a watchtower to defend against a possible enemy attack to be put there without a helmet and rifle, would one?

*

Try as I might to picture our guards at the Weih sien camp in blue and black, my mind refuses the image. So, on behalf of myself and all the others who remembered khaki and olive drab, I paraphrase the words of the little boy in "The Emperor's New Clothes": The Empire (in Weih sien) had no (blue-black) clothes!

I notice that those who insist our guards were "consular police" and that they had black or blue uniforms tend to be from Chefoo. It may be that in Chefoo when people were first interned there (if that's what happened) their guards were "consular police" with blue-black uniforms. However, that was not the case in the Tsingtao compound where the allies were in-

turned in October (not November, as is stated on Greg Leck's site) of 1942, and the Tsingtao group was also the first to arrive in Weih sien, early in March 1943.

During our stay in the Weih sien compound, I had a close encounter with "Sgt. Bushindi," and if anyone should remember him wearing a villainous black outfit, it ought to be me. However, he just looked like an ordinary Japanese Imperial Army sergeant to me.

Another message said "written accounts" refer to consular police, but I have yet to see any such credible accounts with regard to Weih sien. If they exist, I would like to be directed to them. I notice in the letter accompanying Norman Cliff's picture that the man refers to himself as a Japanese "soldier," not a policeman. Also, the letter is not dated, nor is there any information as to when and where the photograph was made.

I had never heard or seen the phrase "consular police" in relation to Weih sien before it cropped up in these e-mails several years ago. But regardless of which branch our guards belonged to, my memory does not include blue or black uniforms.

*

The guards in Tsingtao were regular Japanese Army, Navy or Marines not Consular Police

*

The situation in Weih sien after the war was that the US Army did not have the man power to protect the camp against the possibility of armed

attack from the guerrillas and that the Japanese guards retained their rifles to patrol the perimeter, this ploy was common also in the Netherlands East Indies where the British Army kept Japanese other ranks to guard camps from guerrilla attacks.

The authority for this was both memory and is substantiated by the reports issued by the US authorities at the time and now in NARA.

*

The guards in Weih sien were definitely consular police who had blue black uniforms but also wore Khaki as a summer hot weather uniform. The main army of occupation in China was the Japanese Army who only wore Khaki/Olive drab which is what most films think. For those of you that do not know just as the US employ US Marines to guard embassies abroad and the British very occasionally Royal Marines the Japanese had their own corps for such duties called Consular police. The Commandant at Weih sien had been the Japanese Consul in Honolulu before he was exchanged in the August 1942 exchanges.

The Camp at Weih sien was not under the control of the Japanese Army but under the control of the Greater South East Asia Co prosperity Sphere Ministry. (See Japanese surrender documents at the NARA or at UK Records)

The guards that we started with had been regular Consular police (some of whom had been "exchanged in 1942 as they came under diplomatic proto-

cols) but by 1944 they were conscripted into the Army and moved and the unfit for active service were employed by the Consular Police.

*



Fantastic ! ---- what an interesting discovery ---

Now we have the colour of the Japanese's uniform in the guard tower !!!

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/leifpeng/3021614675/in/set-1604960/>

Thanks for the link to your website (blog) and do keep us informed as to when the new photos of Weih sien will

be published in your blog. I would like to connect your blog to the Weih sien-paintings' ---- which link should I use? Wow! your dad is really a great artist!

*

I have consistently maintained that the Japanese guards wore olive green uniforms and were army, and not consular police. There was a civilian authority, and in one of the writings of an American missionary who was repatriated in September of 1943 is the statement that there was disagreement between the Japanese civilian and military authorities.

Further evidence that our guards were army can be found in Father Scanlan's writings in the chapter where he describes his transfer from Weih sien to Peking. There he says that the guards accompanying his group from Weih sien were angry because their prisoners were transferred to consular police in Peking rather than to army personnel, as they were.

*

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Let us settle this saga once and for all. I have had numerous examples during the past ten years when I have been establishing the names of those interned or who were military PoWS of

Japan that the only truly reliable source of information was contemporary records and documentation. Human Memory is selective and often blind in spots. Books written in the 1950's are accurate but there was a tendency to use pseudonyms there was then a dearth until the late 1980s and 1990 where quite clearly memory failure has occurred

In November 1943 a repatriated Canadian (ex Gripsholm) from Weihsien filed a report for the British Commonwealth Governments reported that the Camp Commandant had been the Japanese Vice Consul in Honolulu that is was of limited intelligence, incompetent and spoke no English but that the police officials were correct in their behaviour towards internees. (This is filed under CO.910/26 at the UK National Archives Kew).

In March 1944 The Swiss consul filed a report through the Swiss Consul General in Shanghai. This cites that the Commandant was Mr Tsukigawa who had been Vice Consul in Honolulu on 08Dec45. and had reported that he had had a very rough time and that was why the camp was in Shantung Province away from civilisation. He reported to the Japanese Consul General in Tsingtao where all major decisions were taken. The Japanese Staff of the Camp is given as 1 Commandant, 4 Heads of Departments, 3 Police Officers and a varying number of policemen between 30 and 40. The original of this document is Despatch NO 7500 filed at NARA (US National Archives)

In August 1945 the Japanese submitted documents to General MacArthur's staff during the discussions regarding the surrender. Among those is a list of all POW/Civilian Internee Camps with their controlling authority Weihsien is shown to be under the Department of Foreign Affairs (I have seen the copy in the UK National Archives Kew but I am sure the same document will be available in NARA.

In September 1945 the Duck Mission refers to the Japanese Consular Police authorities representing the Japanese Government. Due to lack of US Manpower the Japanese were to remain responsible for guarding the Camp walls. Major Staiger met the Chief of Consular Police Koyanagi... and then met Mr Izu of the Japanese Consular Service who was the Camp Commandant. at NARA (US National Archives) and also contained in Leopold's Web site. Having said that I have no doubt that by 1944 Japanese who were no longer fit for Combat duties were re-assigned to the Consular police as camp guards, but that did not mean to say that they were still in the Military.

The Japanese Consular Police Uniform was black serge (for temperate winters and cold climates) and they wore a khaki/green cotton summer uniform in the tropics and in the Temperate Summer months. I my dealing with the Japanese National Archives Weihsien which they had by different name as they could

not decipher the characters is in the Foreign Office Archives, other camps are under the Japanese Navy and Japanese Army and those in Japan under the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

*

The control of the Japanese guarding Weihsien was military, not consular. We had proof when my father Algonon F. Evans was dying in camp. My sister and her husband the Danish con-



sul tried repeatedly to get in to see him They were allowed in briefly by the commandant twice. The Japanese consul in Tientsin was a friend. He gave my sister a 3month pass to come to

Weihsien but informed them that he did not have jurisdiction of the military camp of Weihsien.

*

It is pretty obvious that 64 years later nobody is going to agree despite the overwhelming evidence both pictorial and documentary that it was Consular Police. The quote cited above is effectively correct as the jurisdiction was under the Tsingtao Consul General.

But I close matters by quoting yet another report from the debriefing of the Gripsholm evacuees in November 1943 "Discipline generally was under the control of a retired Japanese NCO who had under him 40 Japanese Consular police."

As far as I am concerned having examined the surrender documents, the contemporary camp documents including reports by the Swiss Consuls and International Red Cross raised at the time I am satisfied that they were Consular police in Weihsien. Incidentally having studied the broader picture of all Camps

Shanghai all ten camps under civil Control except Haiphong Road and Kiangwan where military control and all inmates even if civilian at beginning of the war considered military PoWS and granted rank of Sergeant. Hongkong initially military control transferred to civil in late 1942 reverted to military a year later.

Singapore military control
Burma military control
NEI military control except Celebes where Naval Control.

*

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I am curious as to whether you, were an inmate at the camp, or is all of your information from documents? I grew up in Tsingtao, which was occupied by the Japanese army in 1938, when I was 6 years old. The Japanese soldiers were in our view from then on. I was 10-plus when we were interned in Tsingtao and 13 when we were liberated. I never saw a black uniform at Weihsien, nor did I see a dark blue uniform as some have maintained. I cited the adult testimony of an American missionary lady who was repatriated and the passage in Father Scanlan's book in which he depicts the guards from Weihsien who accompanied his groups to Peking as being angry at having to give up their prisoners to consular police. My direct experience bolstered by that of these two adults is proof enough for me.

*

1 I am not just an interested academic, I was in Weihsien Block42/Room 6 until Sep 43 when we moved to Block 13 Rooms 10 & 11. I would also refer you to Leopold's web site.

2 When I said Black they could have been mid-night blue.

3 I have cited only a few official sources.

4 I leave you all with the thought of a quote from " Shantung Compound" written by Langdon Gilkey in 1966 when his memory would have been fresh although he uses pseudonyms for the Camp Inmates I quote:

" We were neither in Japan nor in "enemy" territory - we were in part of China which was occupied or

"puppet" territory, held by the Japanese since 1937, and so maintaining at least nominal diplomatic relations with Japan. Thus we were under the Consular Service rather than the Army or the Military police. As a result civilian diplomatic officials were in charge of us. OUR GUARDS WERE A PART OF THE CONSULAR GUARD RATHER THAN SOLDIERS IN THE REGULAR ARMY." It goes on to describe why Weihsien inmates were handled differently to



the "folks" in the Philippines East Indies or Singapore. (For those with a copy of Gilkey's Shantung Compound it is on page 42)

5 As at no source from written by inmates during and after the war, red cross reports and surrender documents does any mention made of the guards being Japanese army other than by contributors to this Topica Bulletin. I consider the case proven beyond any reasonable doubt.

*

Thank you for the information. You have some good sources to cite and so have I. I have no doubt that the consular service was technically in charge and that there was a civilian authority. But I equally have no doubt that the guards were military personnel.

*

Thank you for this interesting discussion. As you both, I was interned by the Japanese at the Civilian Assembly Center (read Concentration Camp) until the end of World War II. I was thirteen years and nine months of age in August 1945 when the American paratroopers dropped to us from the B24 Liberator plane.

As you mention, after some sixty-plus years our memories of those days are not as clear as they must have been even forty or fifty years ago. But there are a couple of things that I do remember clearly today.

One is that in the Chefoo School, we always referred to the head man over the Japanese guards as the CHIEF OF POLICE. Never as the commandant. But he may well have had to report to some fairly high-level official with the Japanese army. The reason I think this may have been the case is that I can still recall a little group of officers (the head man may have been a colonel) visiting our camp and stalking about doing some kind of an inspection which probably did not last more than a couple of hours and may have been largely for show. Since I was first interned at Chefoo, in 1942 and transferred with the Chefoo contingent to Weihsien in September 1943, I no longer am able to recall whether this military inspection took place at Chefoo or Weihsien.

I do clearly recall that the uniforms worn by the army 'brass' were of the khaki variety.

I do know that the uniforms worn by our camp guards were different in color. They were NOT khaki in my recollection as the army uniforms were. I've always seemed to recall them as a dark 'navy' blue color, but certainly they may have been black. I would respectfully suggest that I don't really think this really matters very much. It's sort of like the argument over which end of the boiled egg should be uppermost in the egg cup, the pointy end or the rounded end. In one of his books, Norman Cliff refers to the Japanese guards as consular police.

*

The reason for the rounded end of the egg pointing up is so that the spoon fits better into it.

*

Ha, ha!!! That's quite interesting! Hadn't heard that explanation before! I do however recall reading in "Gulliver's Travels" that quite a hubbub took place between two factions in one of the kingdoms. The row was all over the question of which end of the boiled egg should be broken in order to eat the egg.

Until now, I knew nothing of the real significance of preference of one end over the other!

*

I have had two careers in my life -- a journalist twice and, in between, a psychotherapist for 20 years. Both have helped me understand the human condition. I understand the urge to place oneself "above the fray," and take a bemused, superior position. I also understand the urge to truthful accuracy -- a trait I recognize and very much respect in you. Although the details of our internment hardly make any difference now (they can't affect how I relate to my children or grandchildren, for example), they are interesting to us -- we the survivors of what has been a turning point in our upbringing, especially those who underwent the experience for the full 35-36

months, in contrast to those who were repatriated in September of 1943. Those two additional winters in

Weih sien brought us to the brink of extinction and imposed two more years of not knowing what in heaven

or earth was to become of us. That last winter was especially brutal, with all our clothes outgrown and worn out, not enough coal to keep our heating stoves burning, and food supply deteriorating from its already inadequate level.

Like David, I was 13-plus when our seven rescuers dropped out of that B-24. I rushed out, barefoot and clad only in shorts, and I was not frightened by the sight of .45 caliber Tommy Guns pointed at us -- they were the "good guys," after all. I didn't know till a few years ago that the Japanese guards had orders to kill us all, and I'm glad they did not. I happen to think,

without definite proof, that they would not have done so, but then, I'm kind of an optimist. Anyway, here we are, as you said, 64 years (not quite) later. What does it matter what color uniforms the guards were wearing? Not a damn bit. But it matters to me that I saw Japanese army uniforms from the time I was six years old till the end of the concentration camp experience, and I saw no difference between those I saw in Tsingtao starting in January of 1938 until the end of our imprisonment in 1945. I never saw a black or dark blue uniform in Weih sien, and I have great difficulty picturing "King Kong" in anything but army olive drab.

In reply to David, the vast majority of Weih sien prisoners NEVER referred to the commandant as "police chief." I have noticed that it is only Chefoo kids (a small minority), and some Pe-king personnel who insist that we were guarded by "consular police." Both groups encountered "consular police" before they arrived at Weih sien, and I believe it is a well-known psychological phenomenon that we tend to see what we expect. I never heard of the term "consular police" in relation to the Japanese occupation and our experience at Weih sien before I read it on this site. Sgt. "Bushindi" sure as hell was not a diplomat.

So, snicker if you will, but you, a researcher, and I, a journalist, still care about accuracy. And I wish more people did.

*



I remember that the Jap officers who came to our house in Tsingtao immediately after Pearl Harbour (albeit one was Korean) wore dark coloured uniforms. They attached a sign to our house indicating we were 'British - enemy'.

Later we went to WeiHsien being the first group to arrive there and one of the last to leave after liberation.

My recollection of the guards there is that they wore khaki uniforms.

After some time in the camp my father was astonished to meet a former civilian business acquaintance of his from Tsingtao who had become the new Commandant of WeiHsien Camp. He was Koyonagi. I think I only saw him once later in the camp but I remember my father saying to my mother, "Guess who I met today, Koyonagi, he's the new commandant of the camp." My mother was surprised and they spoke about him as a business acquaintance of my father pre war in Tsingtao who suddenly appeared as the camp commander. Pop was manager of Jardine Matheson before the War in Tsingtao. He actually visited Pop and gave him eggs and watermelon. He was very friendly. Dad asked him not to bring any more food to us as it would not look good. Dad knew him as a businessman and not an Army officer and was very surprised to see him as an officer. The Chinese police in Tsingtao pre war wore black uniforms as I remember.

*

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ON THE GOOD SHIP TEIA MARU:

Have you only \$2 million to spend on your vacation trip? You can spend it all on the beautiful M.S. Teia Maru (formerly the Aramis)!

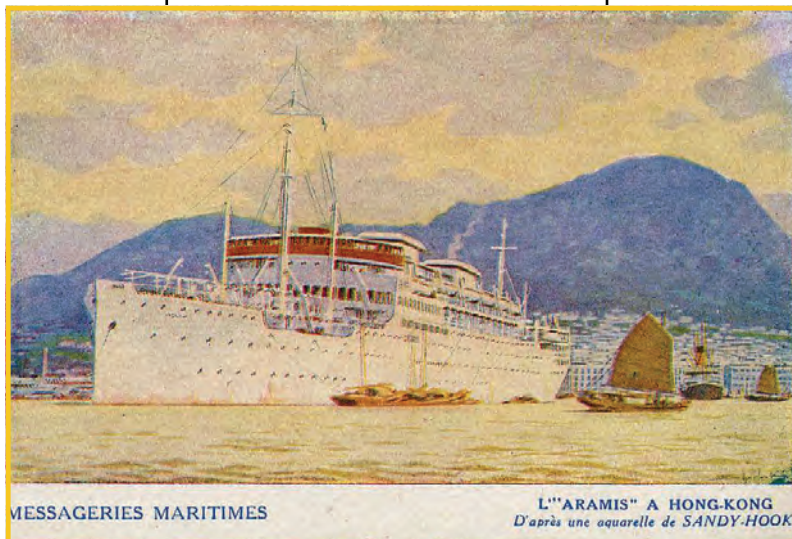
Let us help you plan your holiday. Why spend your days on an ordinary ship when you can spend four weeks on the Teia? Sail up the glorious Whangpu to Shanghai. See beautiful Hong Kong. Visit lovely San Fernando, pearl of the Orient. Steam up the Mekong to Saigon. See Singapore in the distance!

Why spend tedious hours sightseeing when you can sit in sulky boredom on such a floating palace, where the use of a deck chair costs but \$100 and your friends are all around you - and on you?

Have you never had a chance to meet the best people? Bible-thumping missionaries that you never knew existed; shake a murderer's hand; call the jail birds by their first names, and remember all the mugs you see are not mugs & some are priests.

See the movie you saw 15 years ago, if you are able to get near it. On the Teia it will seem new to you. Spend entrancing hours absorbing the Japanese propaganda so thoughtfully provided. Take long hours away on the

line for soda pop & you won't need to spend your money, as it will all be sold out before you get to the window. Stifle in the airy, spacious second-class dining salon, playing bridge in boiler-room temperature. Or one can have a cup of so-called coffee and a minute piece of cake for a mere \$15 & no, not for the whole party, but \$15 each! Where do you think you are, at the Ritz? Keep up your fighting spirit and get your deck chairs early!



You won't miss your boozy atmosphere, as your bed mates smell like a brewery. Are you afraid to sleep in the dark? There is no need to be, as 60 watt lights will shine in your eyes all night long on this grand ship Teia. Are you sleepless? Try the luxurious coffin-sized mattress, stuffed with wooden clothes-pegs as a bed on the hardest ball-room floor afloat. No

blankets needed — the other 250 bed-fellows will keep you warm.

Don't worry about clothes for the cruise — on the Teia it's smart to be shabby. Have you worried about packing on other ship lines? Travel by N.Y.K and avoid it all. You'll never unpack a thing on the Teia — there won't be enough space! To the sophisticated traveller washing and ironing present no problem whatever

aboard this luxury liner. Just throw your things overboard. Think of how glad the fish will be to chew your rags!

Have you ever been thirsty? Don't risk it. To ask for a second glass of water elicits nothing but a steward's vacant stare. Can't read the signs? Don't let an ignorance of French handicap you. The smell will guide you to where you want to go!

Rise with the lark, get ahead of the nuns and wash in a teaspoon of cold water in a basin with no stopper. Try our Japanese style bath once after the crew members have finished with theirs. Salt water, free of charge, provided for your teeth - both natural and false.

Do you want to reduce? Are you ashamed of that ugly rubber-tire bulge

of your waist line? Rise from the table feeling that you could repeat the meal. Do not eat between meals & it can't be done unless the boy first gets his \$100 from you. Does the sight of fruit in various ports make your mouth water? Forget about it — it is not for you. The Japanese police will chase the fruit boats away, and throw the fruit into the water in true co-prosperity fashion.

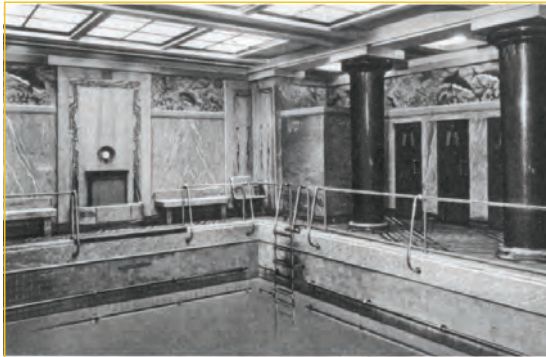
Try cold rice curry for a midnight snack - no spoons, just use your fingers or the handle of your tooth brush. The 60 watt lights will enable you to snare the dehydrated worms in the nick of time.

Don't worry about the correct tips — the boy will be sure to tell you how much he wants. No steward can get a job on the N.Y.K. luxury liners unless he has served an apprenticeship of ten years with Ali Baba and his forty thieves. Have you paid a \$10 cover charge and got no cover? You will on the Teia Maru!

On other lines you have never had occasion to use a life belt. On the Teia it is not so. You use it daily for a pillow and have it handy in case of ship wreck. Not less than ten other people will want the one you have, so be smart and get yours early.

Book early on this luxury liner, the gem of the N.Y.K. fleet. Travel exclusively by her and you will never have a moment's comfort from the internment camp 'till you leave the ship. And remember the Teia motto — "Nothing could be worse than this!"

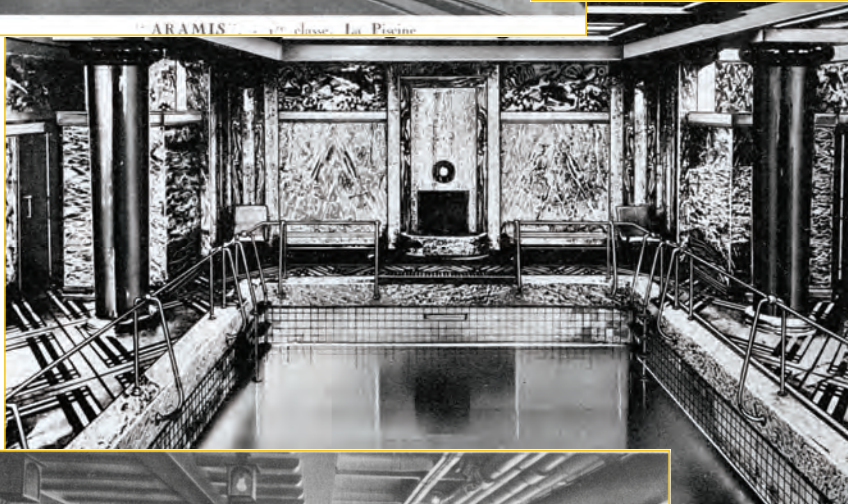
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“ ARAMIS ” - 1^{re} classe. La Piscine.



“ ARAMIS ” - 1^{re} classe. Le Salon de musique



“ ARAMIS ” - 1^{re} classe. Le Pont-Promenade

I remember that our little gang turned entrepreneurial on the Gripsholm leg of the trip, setting up a shoe-shine business. Unfortunately we lost a pair

or two along the way, and paying for them consumed whatever profit we might have made. Anyone recall anything like that?

On the Teia Maru I remember the Japanese

broke out a case or two of the English-language propaganda books they had aboard for the returning Japanese from America. One called "Singapore Assignment" was among them. I'm afraid the guards were not too happy when we kids tore out pages to make paper airplanes and sail them off the aft of the ship.

I also remember we explored down into the bowels of the Teia Maru and found the dark-
e n e d ,
s p o o k y (a n d
e m p t y)
swimming pool -- once an elegant place for a dip, I understand.

My family did experience one remarkable coincidence on the TM:

my mother and the two youngest siblings were assigned to a cabin right next to one we had occupied returning from a 1936 furlough in America, when it was still the French luxury liner Aramis.

Although my father and I had been assigned with the rest of the men & older boys to the wooden shelves in the hold, we were able to squeeze all five of us into the cabin together by having the two youngest double up in a bunk and my father sleeping on the floor between bunks.

*



Aramis in 1940

ATTENTION ALLIED PRISONERS

Allied Prisoners of War and Civilian Internees, these are your orders and/or instructions in case there is a capitulation of the Japanese forces:

1. You are to remain in your camp area until you receive further instructions from this headquarters.

2. Law and order will be maintained in the camp area.

3. In case of a Japanese surrender there will be allied occupational forces sent into your camp to care for your needs and eventual evacuation to your homes. You must help by remaining in the area in which we now know you are located.

4. Camp leaders are charged with these responsibilities.

5. The end is near. Do not be disheartened. We are thinking of you. Plans are under way to assist you at the earliest possible moment.

(Signed) **A. C. WEDEMEYER**
Lieutenant General, U. S. A.
Commanding

Oh I am so pleased to see this leaflet! I have remembered it vividly and so have been surprised that others have not been mentioning it, but in my memory I have conflated the pamphlets and the liberation on the same morning. I see us in the church having a singing lesson,

seeing the plane out of the window, running past the ineffectively protesting teacher, out on to the roll call field, seeing the pamphlets, then seeing the plane re-circle and finally the seven brightly coloured parachutes and rushing to the main gate. What tricks memory can play!

*

Your memory may not be faulty. This one came from Shanghai, and may have been dropped earlier. I think the last letter we had indicated that the US military wasn't certain exactly where Weihsien was located, and they may not have leafletted it at the same time as Shanghai. It's very possible - even likely - that they were dropped the same day as the parachutists.

*

I'm pretty sure we didn't have any of the Shanghai pamphlets dropped on us, which state "In case of Japanese surrender..." and "the end is near". I actually have one of those first leaflets that we in Weihsien had dropped on us and the first sentence reads "The JAPANESE Government has surrendered." So it must have been after the war had ended and certainly after those "magnificent seven" had landed! It goes on to tell us that the first drop of food and clothing "will arrive within (1) or (2) hours".

I clearly remember being in the hospital, which is still standing, having my lower lip dressed after I had split it a week earlier playing, looking out the window and seeing the B24 "Armoured Angel" with a pin up girl in a bathing suit painted on the side. The nurse dropped everything and ran out followed by me. I hightailed it back to my Block 2 and of course the rest is history.

*

When General Wang Yu-min, a local Chinese Guerrilla Commander, established secret contact with the Camp, McLaren and a small group of China 'experts' made plans to send two 'representatives', i.e. escapees, to the Guerilla H.Q. Two young Chinese-speaking internees — one British, one American — successfully escaped. McLaren waited till they'd had time to get clean away, then officially

'reported' the escape to the Commandant so as to safeguard the camp and preserve his own standing in Japanese eyes! The pair was never caught and from their guerrilla bases were able to send and receive messages to and from the Camp and establish radio contact with Chungking.

*

McLaren listened regularly to a secret radio within the camp, so when the War drew towards its close, he arranged with the two escapees that guerrilla forces would be ready — at a moment's notice — to protect the camp or to send in food supplies.

He also organized an 'underground' police force — of reliable, able-bodied internees — ready to take control of the Camp.

In fact liberation came from the air, with the dramatic descent of seven American parachutists — handpicked OSS men. The Commandant surrendered peacefully and McLaren's police took over the Camp gates. McLaren and his Council-of-Nine administered the camp in conjunction with the Americans.

The young American major and his gallant few were astounded to find such an efficient and well-run camp, in spite of three years of meagre, dwindling rations and other privations.

After the war, the Japanese Commandant, Mr. Izu, along with hundreds of other senior Japanese officers, Police Chiefs and Commandants throughout Southeast Asia, was charged with war crimes. McLaren, with his innate sense of honour, could not allow Mr. Izu, who had, in some ways, done his best for the Camp, to go undefended. He and others from Weihsien travelled to Tokyo, met General Douglas MacArthur, and testified on Mr. Izu's behalf. He was acquitted.

*



Consolidated B-24D "Liberator"
USAF Museum



B-29 Superfortress
CAF AirSho96



Eric Liddell became the most respected man in Camp. Everyone looked up to him. Everyone instinctively trusted this chivalrous; humour soft-spoken, canny Scot who combined all the skills of diplomacy with firmness, wisdom and magnanimity.

*

I remember: I learned to play table tennis (ping pong) at Weih sien too! Many are the games I played in Kitchen One with my special chum Stanley Thompson! I recall

playing with Stan. Stan and I were actually locked in deadly combat in this ping pong game when the US Army Air Force B24 Liberator bomber flew over the

camp and dropped those marvelous young airmen down to us by parachute on that memorable day in August 1945!

Of course, like everyone else on that memorable day, we dropped what we were doing and ran out to welcome our liberators!

*

I don't remember feeling hunger pangs at Weih sien, even though we were woefully undernourished! The reason I believe is that the human stomach adjusts in its capacity to the amount of food that is available.

*

I remember making noodles in Weih sien Camp.

It must have been about during the spring of 1944 that we tried to improve the diet of the prisoners. In a small room not far away from Kitchen 1, there was a machine looking like a big wrangler, that is to say a big wheel that moved two cylinders turning opposite each other. The cylinders were engraved with small circles. A fellow prisoner in charge of the Kitchen apparatuses had discovered that it might be a noodle-making machine, but how could we use it?

The first trial was unsuccessful: in a wooden box of approximately one square foot in size, we put flour and, working it with our hands and rolled up sleeves, we added water to the mixture, little by little. Then we tried to introduce the sticky agglomerate into the cylinders while one of us was turning at the wheel. Sorry, it adhered to the cylinders and nothing resembling to noodles came out of the process.

We tried again and again, adding less water and finally got small lumps of flour very light, just like flakes, that could be introduced lightly between the cylinders and finally we produced the desired noodles.

The team that operated was working from 9 to 12 every morning and had to provide noodles to the three kitchens, a different one every day. We were Reverends, or would be, and from the beginning, started an ecumenical work, I, being a Catholic priest and the others belonging to the American Board Mission. We became friends and called each other by our first name, i.e. Langdon, Robbins and Manu.

*

CONCERT
at the Assembly Hall
Friday & Saturday 3rd & 4th November 1944 at 7-45 p.m.

PROGRAMME

1. PIANO SOLO
Nocturne York Bowen
Soloist: *Eileen Bazire*

2. SOPRANO SONGS IN RUSSIAN
"Night" Tschaiikowsky
Aria from the opera "Snow White" Rimsky Korsakov
Soloist: *Cleo Faulkner*
AT THE PIANO: *Percy Gleed*

3. VIOLIN SOLOS
Indian Love Call Fritz arr. Kreisler
Torna a Surriento De Curtis
Soloist: *Vicente de Legaspi*
AT THE PIANO: *Frank Taylorson*

4. MONOLOGUE by *Harold Cook*
"Mr. Polly puts an end to things" H.G. Wells

I N T E R V A L

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN NORTH CHINA OF
"FAR HORIZON"
A CANTATA BASED ON CHINESE FOLK TUNES
Text by *Juanita E. Roos*
MUSIC BY *CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN*
With full CHORUS & ORCHESTRA conducted by
Leonard Stranks
Soloists: *Dorothy Pryor & Percy Gleed*

I remember Weihsien. It wasn't heaven but it was home, and lots of good things happened there!

*

I remember of a blazing hot day in the summer of 1944. Some of us children had been moved to Block 61 from Block 23 to take the place of some young men in their twenties who were moved from their dorms in the attic of the hospital (Block 61) where they had been able to command a clear view of the countryside surrounding the camp. I had lost my little garden patch over by Block 23, so I was trying to dig another patch by the wall over near the hospital, my new home. It was tough going! The ground was baked hard by the blazing sun, and I was hacking away at it with a big ungainly mattock and making very little headway. When all of a sudden I noticed a uniformed Japanese guard looking down at me. He had a kindly smile on his face, and he motioned to let me know he wanted to help me. I handed him my heavy mattock and he readily went to work. He was bigger and much stronger than I, and soon had my little patch of hard dirt all broken and cultivated. Then he smiled and gave me back the mattock and left. I continued to work with my garden patch and was able to plant flowers and vegetables in it. I was 12½ years old at the time. That was sixty years ago now, but I've never forgotten the friendliness and helpfulness of that Japanese guard. He was not the only one of our captors who showed us kindness in those days of internment!

*

I don't remember being offended by the reference to the rooms we occupied as "cells". We just pointed out that from our perspective the camp was not a penal institution! In fact, it was "home" for us during that time. A home that still holds many warm memories.

*

I'm sorry to have upset you by using the term cellblock for the blocks in Weihsien. I understand that they were originally built for bible students and were known as cells for that purpose (as in monasteries). I am pleased that you both have such fond memories of Weihsien and am fully aware that for many children, internment was an exciting adventure.

However, for the older people there, I am told, it was quite different. They were at the end of their working lives and they had just lost everything they had. They didn't know how they would survive when they left the camp. Or where they would go. And the novelty of camp life was for them, physical hardship. My great-grandmother's husband was so old and ill that he needed nursing care which, in the community spirit of the camp, somebody was kind enough to give.

*

I remember my mother telling me a story to the effect that after I was baptized (Protestantly, naturally), a nun, fearing for my soul, sneaked me away and baptized me as a Catholic. My mother, if I read her tone right, still remembered being upset at this.

*



I remember that there definitely was a large bell in the tower about Block 23. And it was rung every day at 12 o'clock noon so that people in the camp could set their watches - No quartz crystal accuracy in those days of old!

I think it was the responsibility of John Barling, a Chefoo grad, to ring the noon-hour bell each day. Barling was a boy who was convalescing from tuberculosis and had to avoid any heavier type of work. But he was conscientious and highly dependable and never missed in his bell ringing duties.

*

I remember that I was one of the wicked, wicked girls who loved the Saturday night dances.

No one sponsored them, they just happened. The camp was blessed with some great contemporary and jazz musicians who just had to have an opportunity to let off steam. The leader of the combo was Earl West, his singer and bass player was Jonesy (never did know his given name), and I've forgotten the name of the third black musician. Earl's

pianist died within a month or so of being in camp, as our hospital at that time wasn't able to perform necessary surgery to save him.

There was also The Two Pine-apples: George Kalani and George Alowa (darned if I can remember how they spelled their last names) who were guitar players. Kalani played conventional guitar, and Alowa Hawaiian guitar. There is a kinda cute story here, that never got

into "The Mushroom

Years." One evening, George Kalani, who had a very short fuse, smashed his guitar over George Alowa's head. I mean, it was totally wrecked and beyond repair. I forget who remembered that I came into camp with a huge concert guitar, which I played sometimes in the quiet of my cell. Anyhow, they told Kalani about it, and he came to me, all contrite, and asked if he could buy it off me. What could I say? Without his guitar playing, Saturday nights dances would never have been the

same ... so I sold it to him for 5 dollars American! After that, every time he got mad and started to swing at Alowa, someone would grab the guitar and shout, "HOLD IT!"

As to where we danced : In the winter months, and in rainy weather, the dances were held mostly in #2 Kitchen, steamy and stinking of leeks, but in good weather we danced wherever the ground was smooth and the band could set up. As the music was mostly loud and rambunctious, we always tried to steer clear of the classical concerts and lectures that were also being held in the different compounds.

*

I remember this about our Weihsien Hospital:

"The Japs had not made any arrangements for a hospital, but they were so proud of the fine one the prisoners created out of rubble that they took many pictures of it, which they sent all over the world as propaganda showing how well they were treating the prisoners."

*

I remember that the Chefoo School had an old-fashioned school bell that was rung by hand. It used to be rung for change of classes. It comes to my mind now because I recall Mr. GP Welch mentioning this bell at Brian Thompson's memorial service when he paid tribute to Brian for his faithfulness in attending to his duties in camp. He stated that shortly before the roll-call where Brian died he had been careful not to omit his responsibility of "ringing the bell."

*



What memories! I well recall making "coal balls" and "briquettes!" And I clearly recall doing my regular chore as a twelve and thirteen-year-old boy. My job was to pump water into the large water tank just outside the Ladies' Showers. Also how well I remember joining the long line-up for slack coal and carrying the heavy coal scuttle back to my dorm during the viciously cold winter months.

Somehow I seem to remember - please correct me if I am mis-

taken - that Mr Hubbard was a well-known authority on birds. When I was twelve or thirteen, I attended an evening lecture given in Kitchen One on birds of China. I think that Mr. Hubbard was the man who gave us this intensely interesting talk. If he was indeed the man whom I heard that evening, probably in 1944, he told us of his experiences in observing (up close) some fascinating breeds of birdlife! One that really caught my attention was the story of how he approached a very large bird which was most dangerous to come close to. He said this bird would attack if it felt threatened and that its sharp beak could penetrate right into a human being's lung. The bird may somehow have been held in a trap. I think Mr. Hubbard had to throw a dark blanket or tarpaulin over the bird so that he could rescue it.

*



I remember that we must all have been 'bird mad'! I tried raising a fledgling pigeon when we were in Block 23, but it didn't survive. Bird watching for the Scout badge is one of my happy Weihsien recollections.

There was an excellent site in the area back of the hospital marked 'playground', behind the basketball court, I think, where quite a high mound gave a clear view over the camp wall. I recall there were quite big trees there and I spotted a few golden orioles. Obviously the 'Hugh Hubbard ornithology spell' was cast wide.

*

I remember that from the third floor window of his dormitory, Jamie perched a hollow tree trunk behind a gutter and watched a family of sparrows nesting and raising their young. If he did it right, he could chew up bread from Kitchen Number One and get the fledgling sparrows to eat the mush out of the side of his mouth.

*

I remember:

"In the camp was an exchange shop started for barter purposes called "The White Elephant's Bell" after Helen Burton's "Camel's Bell" shop in Peking. Here a fur coat was exchanged for a can of jam, for instance, which shows the change of values one undergoes in a prison camp. After months of almost no sugar, the craving for something sweet becomes so great that almost anything would be given to attain some."

*

I remember that there was ONE big bell in Block-23's tower and ONE small bell in front of our Police's office that was just next to the administration building.

*



I remember that for us Chefoo students, dancing was considered very, very wicked -- which made it all the more delicious for us to watch clandestinely. Ah, the temptations of forbidden fruit! Who sponsored the

dances, where were they held, who provided the music? I seem to recall evening dances in the open area between Blocks 23 and 24 -- not far from the arbor vitae. In fact, we may have even hidden behind the arbor vitae to watch. At the age of 11 and 12, my hormones were not on fire, so we Chefoo children took part in debates in Kitchen Number 1 or worked on badges for Girl Guides, not dances. I can still sing Stephen Foster's "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," which I learned and sang for some kind of folk song badge.

I remember the fly catching job we younger kids had in Kitchen 1. Before the meals we would go in to the tables and swat flies and put them in bottles to be counted later. I remember killing 21 flies at one swat back of kitchen 1 and counting them into my bottle. Maybe your brother John might remember some of these details.

John slept in Building 23 Room 2 beside Val Nichols. Val was in the corner where they stored the Red Cross Boxes and John next to him. We would try to pull the empty boxes tied with string down on Miss Priestman or Miss Carr when they came to wake up Val who would pretend to be sleeping more soundly. Strictly kids stuff!

I remember the White Elephant Bell Exchange. It was just a short distance from Block 23 where we lived when we arrived in Weihsien.

I remember that my brother John said he won a prize of Rose Mille Pate for catching the most flies in the fly catching competition.

I remember that it was Norman who invented an amazing rat catching device.

I remember why the dances were held near blocks 23 and 24 -- I think they were the single men's and single women's blocks which makes sense.

I remember that classrooms that were NOT used for living purposes were very rare.

I remember that in Weihsien, all classes that I attended were held in bedrooms -- mostly in a girls' dorm in the hospital (Block 61).

I remember that there was one room in the attic of the hospital where Mr Bruce and other masters used to hold morning and evening prayers. Somehow I do not recall that this room doubled as a bedroom. It was more of an assembly hall. There were old-fashioned seats each equipped with a wide "desk-type" arm which could be used for taking notes. I never had any classes in this room but it's very likely that some of the older boys did.

I remember the dances:
I think I must have attended every dance. I am almost sure they were held in kitchen No. 1. The band consisted of "Westie" an African American and "Adams". (surname) who was also African American and very tall and very good looking. I think "Adams" married an internee in the camp, a very good looking young woman who had a very fair headed mother with spectacles and they had a baby in camp. I cannot connect this birth up with the list of "who was born" in the camp but I remember she had a baby.

My then boy friend Brian Clarke was also a stringed instrument player. Because he was in the band he could not dance with me so of course I danced with anybody who would ask me including Michael Calvert (is coming to re-union) and Lloyd Frankie (now deceased) and others. When the Americans liberated us the dances continued and I danced with a uniformed American and Brian dumped me. I wanted him back of course but he but he was cranky and said a resounding "NO".

I think all the Brandon brothers are deceased now. I remember some nicknames, "Muscles" Brandon who I believe is immortalized in a muscular statue somewhere around the World. There was also tuition for Highland dancing which I attended and loved. I forget the name of the tutor but it was a woman. My family and I lived in the only two story residence in a compound - No. 2 compound and the de

Zutter family lived above us. Also living in our compound was Tisha Metcalf, the Turner family, Tisha's stepfather Jerry Thomas and family. Also Levin family who had their first child Olga born there.

There was also an elderly couple Mr and Mrs Stephanides. Also my good friend Zartousha Sanosian (now Portnell).(Living in Georgia who told me recently she is unable to attend the re-union. She also told me she has passed on information about the re-union to.Dr Eugene Chan who was in the camp with his brother Professor Junior Chan who died in Hong Kong last year.)

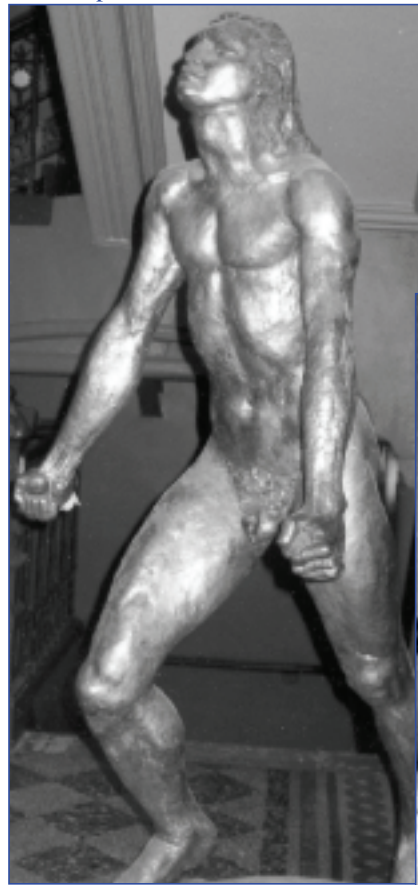
Block three housed a Dutch couple Mr and Mrs Schlager who were known to us as "Holy Rollers"

I distinctly remember while my father was stirring our watery "stew" in kitchen No. 1 a pigeon flew in through the window and dropped in to the large gwoh whereupon it was immediately fished out, plucked and brought to our room for my brother Eddie was very ill at the time. Dad always said that pigeon saved his life. I also remember my father was blackmarketeering with Mr de Zutter keeping watch but when the Japs came he forgot to say the warning phrase, "Well good night" and he left. Dad (Pop) heard the guards and ran back into the room with two bottles of bygar, plonked them on to our table and jumped into bed fully clothed. Mum gave him hell the next morning because had the Japs entered they would have found it. I remember my 10th

birthday wristlet watch was used for barter.

I remember one lady brought tinned foods into the camp with which she paid my mother to do her share of the peeling etc but when the tins ran out my mother refused to do her share so she had to do it herself.

When ex internees get to the camp during the re-union look for the insulator cups still on the walls from the



electrified wire. They were still there when I visited the camp with my husband and Stan and Jane in 1986.

*

I remember that in the room where I had my classes in the hospital, there was a central square table surrounded by four wooden forms. Two boys sat on each side of this table.

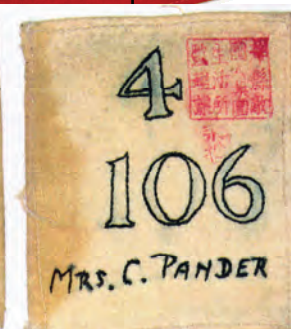
The room, as I said was really a girls' dorm, and the girls sat on their beds, mostly around the perimeter of the room.

*

I remember that living space at Weihsien was at a premium. It would have been an almost unaffordable luxury to have had class-room space which would have been exempt from bedroom use.

*





I remember that when I first arrived at Weih sien, some months before I was transferred to Block 61, I lived for a while in a large room in Block 23. Block 23, which contained the bell tower, was originally I believe a school building constructed by the Presbyterians who maintained a school for Chinese students in their mission compound.

Block 23 had at least four of these very large rooms and I'm sure they must have been classrooms originally.

We did have classes in these rooms but they were our bedrooms.

*

I remember that Kitchen#2 was a definitely a popular location for the dances! In fact Auld Lang Syne rang out there on one of those nights, so I presume it must have been New Years Eve (possibly 1944). Did we get a dispensation on the curfew that night?

*

I remember that another location for some of the dances was out in the open air, one was held where our roll call site was, in the vicinity of Blk50. There could have been others; I didn't attend all of them.

*

I remember that those of us who were not children of missionaries, went to school in the church building. Our teachers were those who had taught at Tientsin Grammar School. I imagine that it must have been difficult teaching under those conditions. All the classes were in the same building.

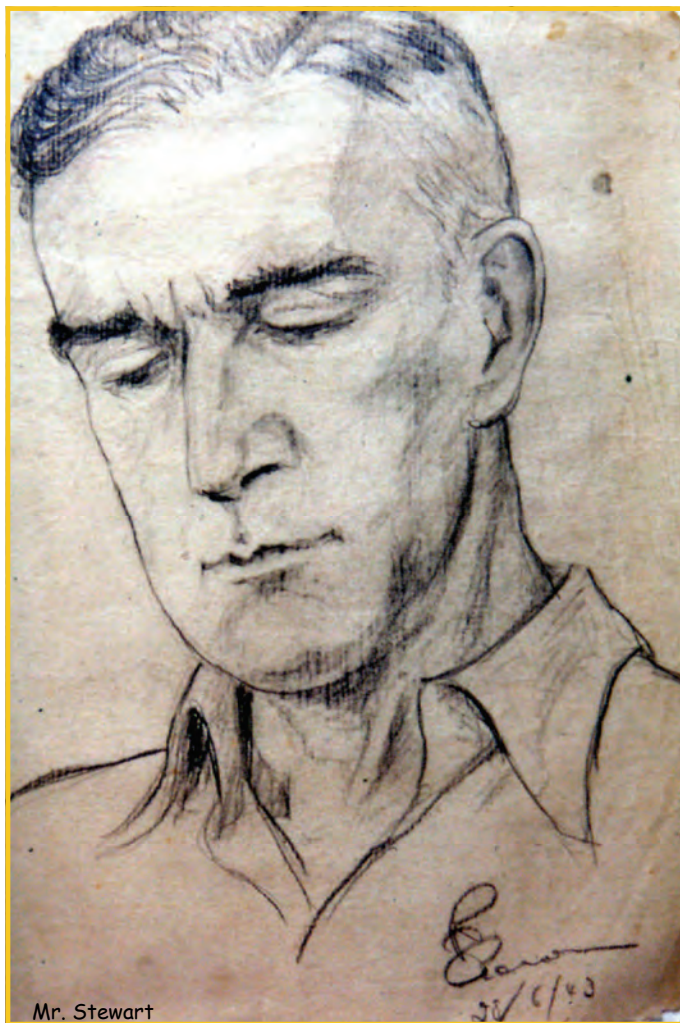
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I don't remember that the Chefoo School had any internal arrangement that permitted us to have separate rooms for living and for classroom use. It's so long ago that I do not clearly recall the beds in the room that we used for a "school room" (assembly hall); however it was one of the larger rooms and almost certainly had beds around the perimeter walls. I definitely remember that room as the one where we boys met evening and morning for Prayers (Chapel) led by the "Master On Duty."

*

I remember a dear lady friend of ours in the camp (who shall remain anonymous) who had bribed my mother with tinned goods to do her share of vegetable peelings had her name pinned on the board much to her humiliation and that of her family for pilfering vegetables that she had stuffed down the front of her dress after she had taken up her duties in the peeling section because she had no more 'tinned food bribes'. (That's a mouthful of words!).

*



I remember that some of the published maps have a scale that indicates that the camp was about 200 yards at its widest (East to West) and 150 yards North to South, not counting the "out of bounds" area. I don't know how accurate this is, but it was obviously not large in relation to the number of people confined within it.

*

I remember that Mr P A Bruce, in those days, was one of my main "heroes!" Another was a tall, grey-haired Britisher whom I only knew as "Mr Stewart!" Mr Stewart formed a sort of "cadet corps" with the boys in Roll Call area #6. We were the last area to be counted each day. So the guard doing the tally would not reach us till about forty to fifty minutes after the roll call began at the other side of the Camp.

Mr Stewart had us young teen-aged and late pre-teen boys doing drills for twenty or thirty minutes during which he would act as a sort of Cadet Officer barking out commands to us: "Right Dress," "Quick March," "Right Wheel," "Form Fours," "About Turn," "Attention," "Stand at Ease," "Stand Easy," until it was time for us to return to our Roll Call lines on the adjacent outdoor basketball court. Then he would line us up one last time and give us the command to "Dismiss." Anyone dawdling had to run several laps around the little parade square which was out of sight of the guard towers, or do several "push-ups."

We would have followed Mr Stewart anywhere I believe. And maybe that was the whole idea behind this drill; in case of an emergency rescue, we were a well-disciplined squad of youngsters who knew how to follow their leader and obey his commands.

I also knew Mr Stewart from my duties as a thirteen-year-old stationed at the hand pump by the Ladies' Showers. Mr Stewart served in the Boiler Room there.

*

I remember:

The Discipline Committee, headed up by Mr Ted McLaren, did have the authority to post notices on the Camp Bulletin Boards - which they did. Our camp was so well governed from within by our own leaders that I do not think a great deal of real crime occurred. But it must have been highly embarrassing for offenders against the Camp's internal code of conduct to find a brief notice naming the culprit and his offense neatly typed up and posted on several bulletin boards around the camp.

Mind you, there were a few instances of unofficial physical correction which did take place. I recall a very fat Latin American "crook" who was rumored to have been involved in "organized crime" in Tientsin before the war. Col. Stewart, a WWI English veteran who was in charge of the boiler room at the Ladies

Showers, where I pumped water as a twelve and thirteen-year-old, personally gave "Uncle Jacob" a black eye once for his unwillingness to cooperate by doing his share of camp physical labor. I'm quite certain the Discipline Committee, while not officially condoning Mr Stewart's action, nevertheless quietly overlooked the matter!

Mr Stewart was a real hero to us younger teen-age boys, having organized us into a sort of "cadet corps" where he drilled many of us rigorously during afternoon roll call while we waited for the Japanese guards to reach the hospital (Block 61) where the sixth and final stage of roll call was held.

School children, at least in the Chefoo School, were subject to correction occasionally by corporal punishment. I received the same a few times, once for cutting the top four feet off a towering spruce tree.

I "needed" this portion of the tree so that my roommates at the time (Jim Young, Kenneth Patchett, and Kenneth Bell) and I could have our own Christmas tree. Mr. Bruce (Pa) permitted us to keep the tree but gave me three strokes with his trusty cane. Corporal punishment was never excessive at Weihsien, and we younger lads tended to be quite proud of our "stripes" which we exhibited when taking our weekly shower at the Men's Showers!

*



inches per wall for 13 walls, then the houses were about 152 feet long. If the map is proportionately correct, and the rooms were 12 feet wide, then I measure the upper wide section of the compound as 874,000 square feet, and the lower, narrow section of the compound (not counting "Out of Bounds") as 351,588 square feet, for a total of 1,225,670 sq. ft., or 113,868 square meters. If the rooms were 9 ft. wide, the upper section would be 509,040 sq. ft.,

I really have to question your calculation of the Weihsien camp's surface of the whole compound as 83,200m². This to me is much too large. My own map of the camp which I have had for many years is on a scale of 50yds. This produces an area of around 32,000yds² or approx. 26,000m². If you look at the map in Norman Cliff's book "Looking Back 50 years to Weihsien" it is based on a scale of

100yds. and still lines up precisely with mine. So, how come your area is more than 3 times larger than ours? Something is wrong somewhere.

*

I don't know if we will ever know for sure how big the camp was. The only dimension I know for sure is that the distance between the bases in softball is 60 feet (not yards), and that we had

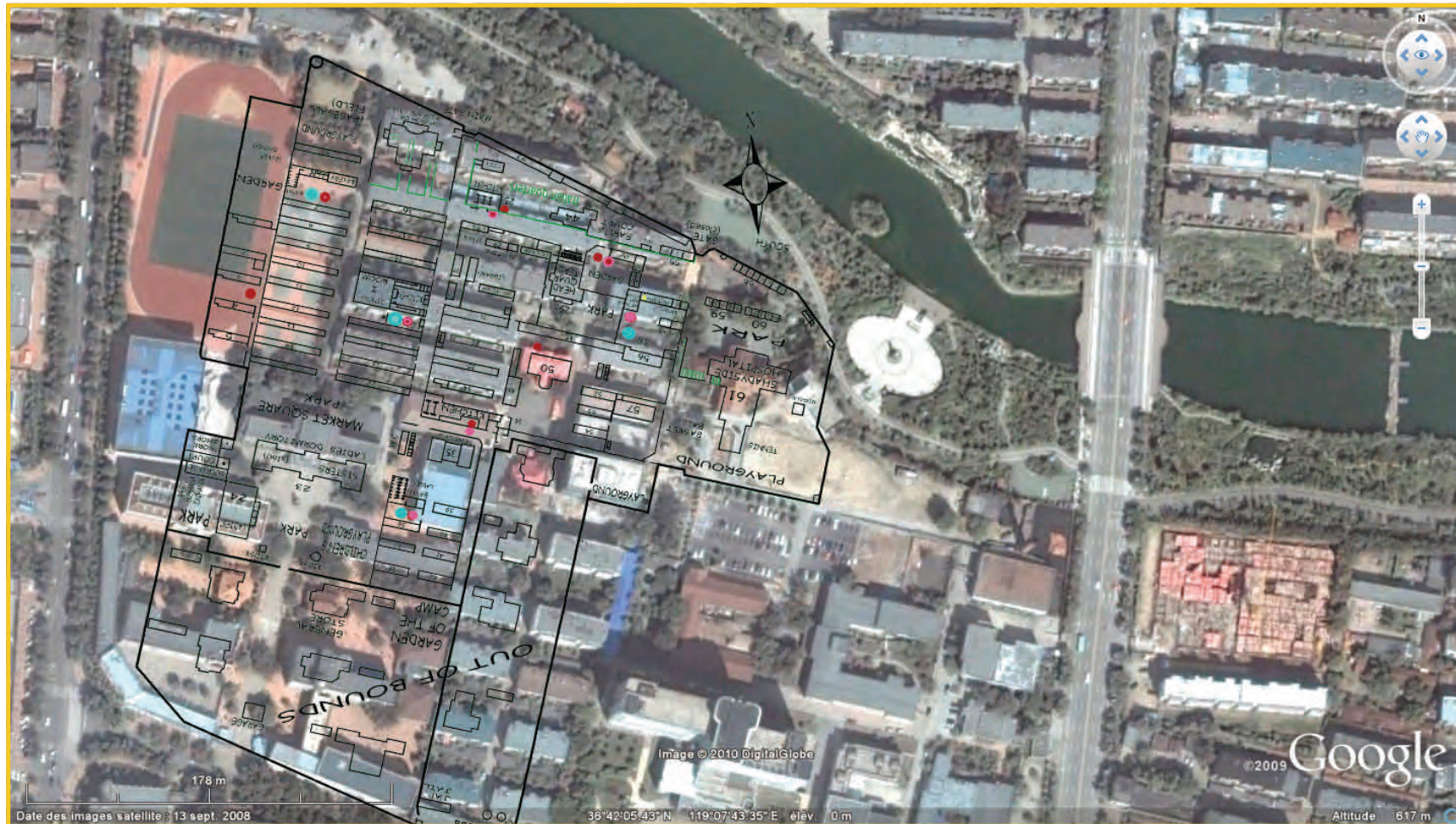
a regulation-size softball diamond in the camp. The distance beyond the diamond to the left field wall, by my memory, was at least 1-1/2 times 60 feet in playable space and a few feet more with trees next to the wall.

I believe the rooms in the row houses were 9x12 feet rather than 8x12. If the rooms were 12 feet wide and there were 12 rooms to a row house, and adding 6

and the lower section 203,500 sq. ft. for a total of 712,538 sq. ft. or 66,197 square meters. This is based on the row houses being 116 feet long.

So, I really don't know. I think Father Verhoeven's map would most probably be the most accurate, as he was an artist accustomed to looking at objects and drawing them in proportion.

*



Thanks to Google Earth:

The scale is at the bottom of the picture = 178m.

Superposed, is the map of a RC priest of what he could measure of the concentration camp in 1943.

So, — the approximate surface of this area was $\pm 49.000 \text{ m}^2$ for more than 1500 prisoners.

*

If you consider the size of the rooms in the hut blocks those are generally agreed to be 8 foot x 12 foot and there were 12 rooms in a Block add a bit for walls and each block was 33 yards long if you use the 50yd scale they are only about 26 thus I think the Gilkey Map which started it portrayed the camp as 80% of

actual size.

Another clue was the "Ball field" whilst it was too small to lay a Baseball pitch it did allow a Soft Ball for which I seem to recall the size of 30yds between bases that did not fill the Ball field which it would almost at using the "50yds" scale. I also recall

that it was not large enough to accommodate a Soccer field which is 120yards and it was around 90 yards long hence the need not to use the standard penalty area and goal area but have a combined one.

*



Just to put these two in context 150 x 200 yds is 30,000 sq yards and 20 acres is 96,800 sq yards. It could be that the latter is the whole compound and the former is the internees section if you go from the hut length which measuring Gilkey's and Michell Maps is 27 yards ie 80% of what they should be this would give an area of 46,875 sq yards which would about accord with the total area being 20 acres.

*

So what is our final estimate of the linear dimensions of the internees' living area, i.e., N to S and E to W? I've got a "100 yard" measure on the map I'm using and I wonder how accurate it might be.

*

By the way, the hut width that is usually quoted is 9 x 12, though that could also be an approximation.

*

When we think of the size of the camp, we must also remember that a portion of the full compound which used to be occupied by the mission-

sounds reasonable to me. Your family was only there for a very brief period while awaiting repatriation to the United States. I wonder whether perhaps your father may have been honestly mistaken in his rather vague estimate of the size of the camp.

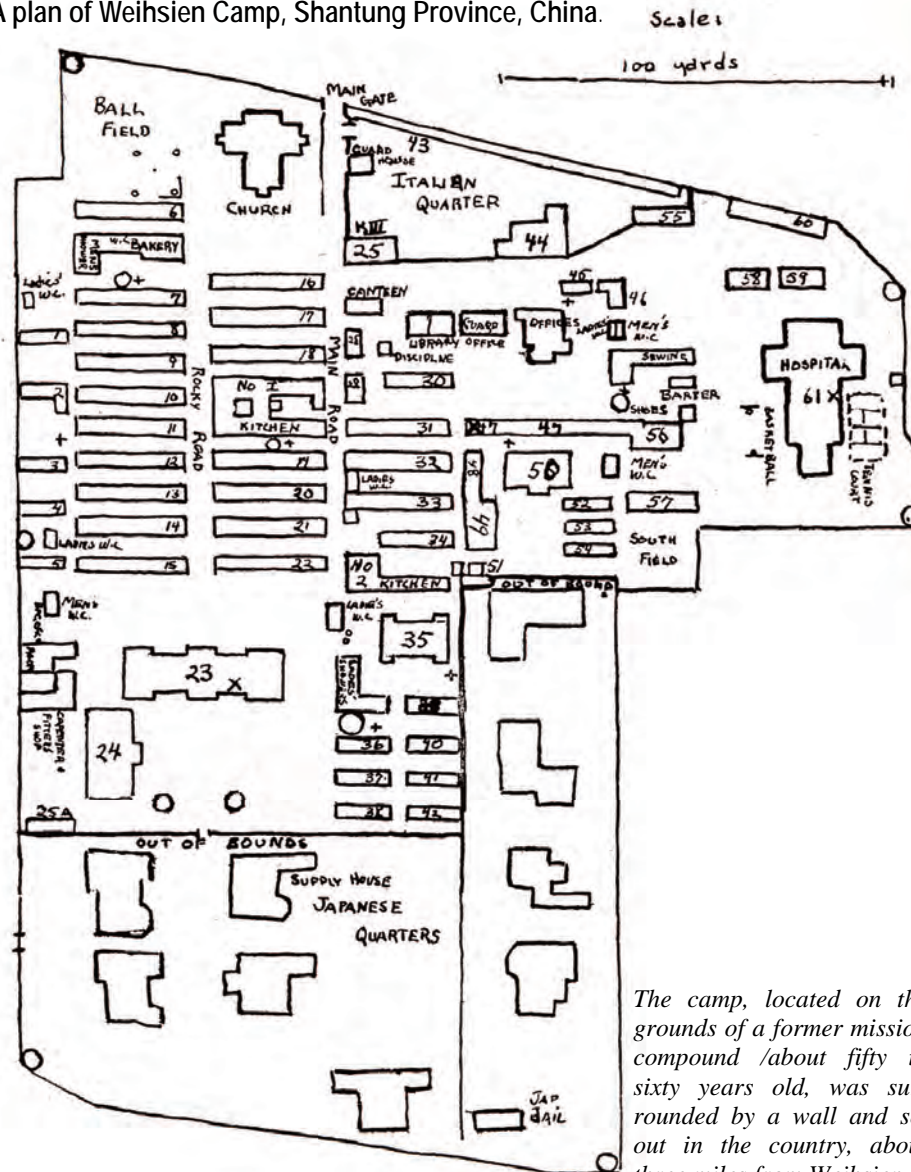
*

aries and their families was in our time appropriated for their own use by the Japanese. This was a spacious area with a very low density of human habitation.

*

I think the camp was much larger than just two football fields. I can recall mention of an area of about 24 acres. So the 20-acre area mentioned by Ron and others

A plan of Weihsien Camp, Shantung Province, China.



The camp, located on the grounds of a former mission compound /about fifty to sixty years old, was surrounded by a wall and set out in the country, about three miles from Weihsien, a

© Langdon Gilkey — Shantung Compound

city of 100,000 population.

Within the wall were two areas, one in which the Japanese lived, and the other in which the internees were quartered. The homes which the Japanese occupied were upper middle-class, pre-World War I models made of brick and which had been the missionaries' residences. The rest of the compound, the working mission, contained living space allocated to the 2,000 internees, as well as schools, a church built some time in the early twenties, a small ball field, an excellent and somewhat new hospital building, a bakery, and three kitchens. Families in the camp lived in rows of 9 by 12-foot rooms; the single people lived in dormitory rooms in the larger classroom buildings. The scale of the plan is accurate: the compound is only 200 yards at its widest point, and 150 yards long.

*

The camp's dimensions has been an interesting point for me, especially after seeing Gilkey's map, as it always seemed wider than 200 yards, to me.

If he produced it 'off his own bat', he did a mighty job and I agree there should be no reason to doubt the accuracy of his statement, though if you use his 100 yd. scale (4.5cms) and compare it to the width of the camp per his drawing, it measures 10.5 cms. So for a start, the camp must have been, at

least, over 250 yds wide.

The ball field in relation to Blk #6 is another interesting comparison. Ron Bridge came up with a figure for the soccer field length (90 yds) which seems 'spot on'. Those of us who took part in the sprint races in camp would remember the 100 yd. dash had to be shortened for lack of space and we still 'slammed into the left field wall trying to stop.

On Gilkey's map, Blk #6 takes up most of the length of the playing field, yet estimates of the length of the blocks has been mentioned as 33 yds long.

In my opinion something doesn't add up, there!

By the way, not all blocks had 12 rooms. Ours had 10 only.

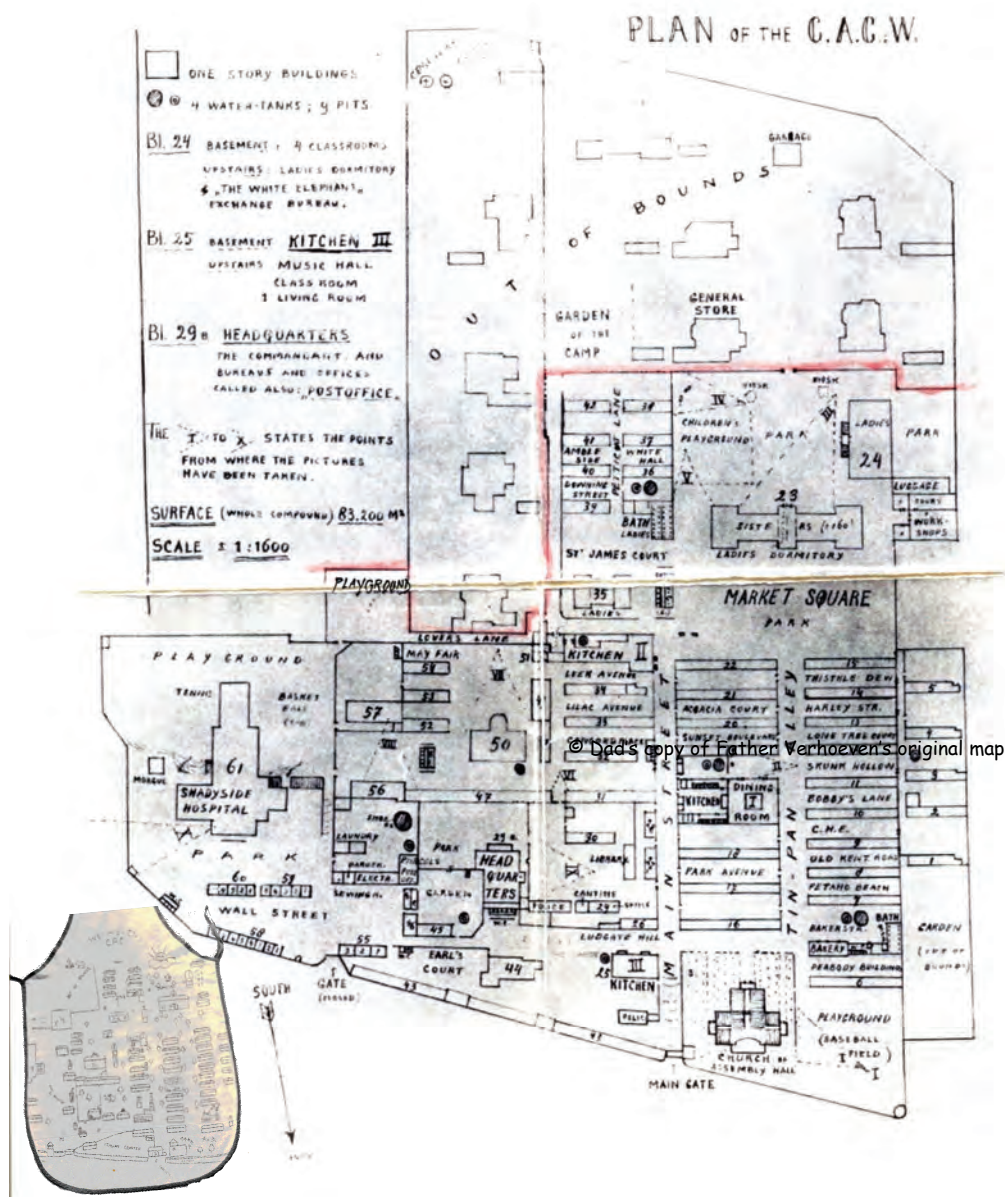
*

There were isolated occasions when people could get to the out of bounds area officially these were walking down the road to the cemetery when there was a funeral.

Secondly there was access at some times to the cows that were kept near the grave yard thus there would have been opportunity to assess the number and size of buildings.

Re the area I can look out over known 7 acre field and I would say that that it is nearer half the size of the internee section of Weihsien. The Scale distance that Fred mentions is the one on the side of the map who and when it was put on no one really knows.

*



Because his map makes each room 6foot by 9ft and actual pictures show them to be larger than this around the 9ft x 12ft. Also the ball field definitely held a soft ball diamond and out-field or a slightly shortened foot-ball field also races were never quite 100 yds. There is also definitely something wrong with the relationship of Block 6 and the Field. One only has to look at the paintings that are surfacing to show that this is so. I think that the maps are all based on Gilkey and that the wall did not cut in like he had it this shows from the aerial photos.

*

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*

Many thanks for your prompt reply about the distance I asked for, yours being 67yards(61.24m) using a lineal measurement of 49cms.

Your map must be enormous! i.e. 10 times larger than mine. My scale gives the distance as 61.75m and thus almost identical to yours. On my calculation, the total dimension of the camp, (excluding the Japanese quarters) is 28985m² but say 30,000m² (7 1/2 Acres) which I believe is getting close to reality. However, this is academic as we have yet to get the actual measurements of the hospital as the suggestion that has been made. I agree this is a good idea. Is it possible to get a further measurement of an existing ex-Japanese house to confirm the other one. I have heard there is such a building but I don't know if access will be available.

Speaking about the Japanese buildings, I am mystified. Was the entire map drawn up by somebody in our camp. If so, how did that person get access to the "out of bounds" area to measure the buildings so accurately? If drawn up before our "tenancy" how would the person know there would, in fact, be Japanese Quarters? Does somebody know?

*

I will do some work on it I am still not sure about the scale of the various sketch maps that we have seen over the years, Given that the rooms in the hutted rows were 12 ft x 8ft 10 inches that makes each block of 12 rooms 106 feet long without any walls we know the walls were 1 1/4 bricks wide i.e. 12 inches and for 12 rooms there would be 13 walls giving a total block length of 119 feet i.e. nearly 40 yards

from the scales quoted in the various books with maps the average seem to suggest that each block was only around 27 yards (80 feet) i.e. making each room just over 6 feet6 wide which we know is wrong. In summary I think that the superimposing is slewed and that it should extend to the left. That is a first assessment

*

I agree with you about the likelihood that the hand-drawn versions of the Weihsien maps are likely to be a little off in scale - very understandable if you can imagine how you would do it without any surveyor's instruments. My urban planner's instincts tell me that the outer boundaries then are likely to be reflected in street patterns now, and so I have superimposed my own guess as to the locations of the

perimeter walls on the attached image as red lines.

Actually, that it's a tribute to the original map-makers that they got it as close to exactly right as they did.

*

I totally agree with you I have done some playing around with a pair of dividers although not a town planner I was taught aerial reconnaissance 50 years ago and all my life have been in and out of maps and mapping.

I think that the west boundary of the camp coincided with the N/S road that is now there that the south boundary ran

along that road tree lined running south of eat interesting how the corner cut off is the same relative shapes the Camp wall. The blocks 50 and the hospital are correctly to scale but that the scale to the NW of the camp with the long blocks was at about 80% of the rest.

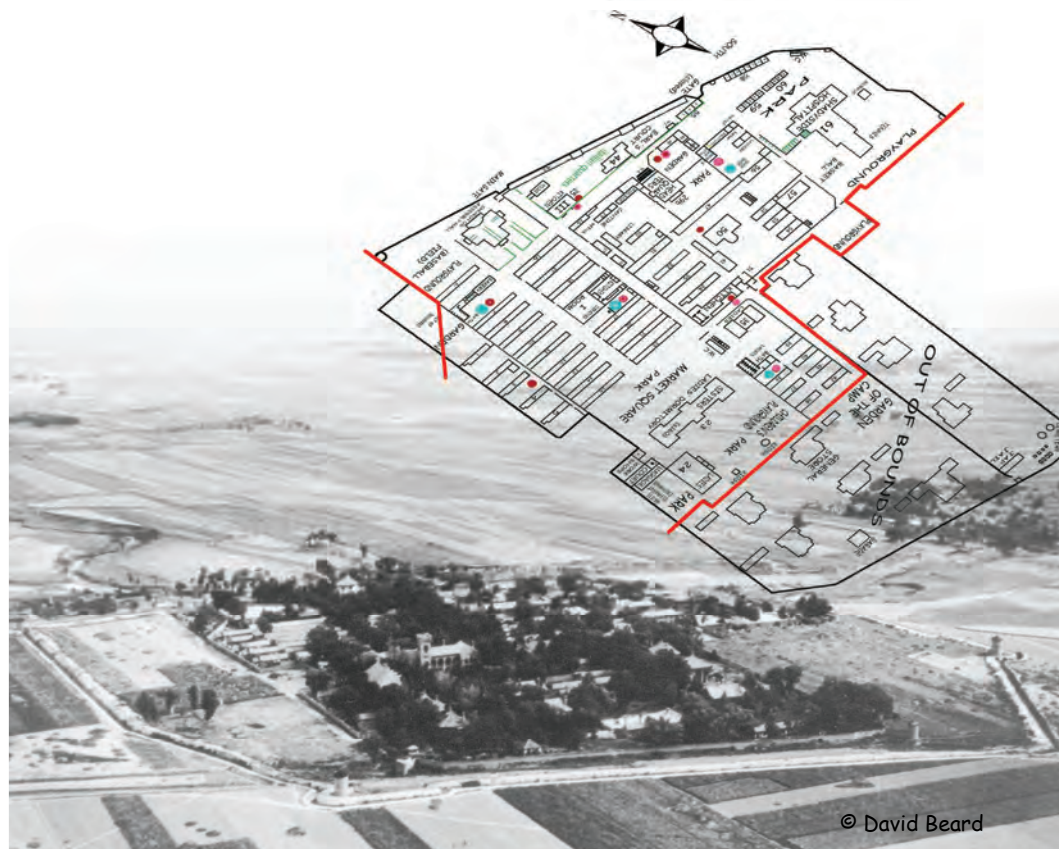
If this theory is correct the block with the Blue roof is on the site of the old Block 24 and 23.

AS you say town planning follows road lines and vice versa some of London is still defined by Roam Roads and given the situation between 1945 and 1980 it is unlikely a developer flatted the camp and id aplan building development and that it is far more likely that buildings fell down or were developed individually.

The other point about the sketch maps is the size of the field in the NW corner it was too small for baseball but OK for softball, that has a 30 yd diamond. I also seem to remembers that when soccer football was played the penalty and goal area was combined and that the whole field was 75% of an actual official soccer field which would make it 80 yards. I think that that has been cut off when the E/W road at the intersection with the N/S road (top left of map) was cut and that "Tin Pan Alley (also known as Rocky Road) was there by the side of what now looks like a running track and that the Main Street should be were the superimposed Tin Pan Alley now is.

We will get there in the end.

*



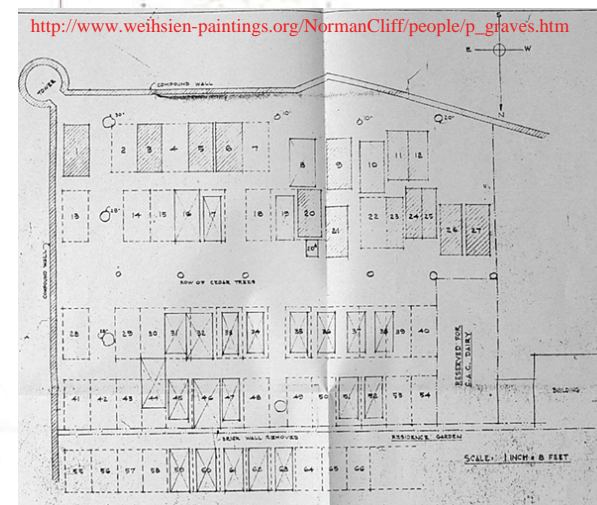
© David Beard

I'd say that the West boundary is correct because if you look at the aerial view taken by the B-29 in 1945 (sent to us by David Beard) the actual road - N/S orientation $\pm 182^\circ$) is just West of the river-curve . That actual road passes between our camp and the outer wall or ditch excavated by the Japanese after Tipton and Hummel's escape. One more detail: the exact position of Eric Liddel's grave (plot-59) can now be \pm located in the small garden behind (or in front) of a building built on our old cemetery.

We are getting there. I have got copies of the rest of those aerial shots of Weih sien. I will see if I can relate into bends in the river but the course of that might have changed. We are also not sure if the North on Fr Verhoven map is True or Magnetic and I need to establish variation circa 1944

I also have the very detailed survey map of the graveyard with all those that were buried within the walls, some outside in July. Aug45.

#





Of course many will remember Fr. Aloysius Scanlan who was put in the guard house for smuggling (for the benefits of the children etc) by the Japs and released after driving the commandant mad with his chanting of prayers. He was greeted by the Salvation Army band on his release together with many inmates and the black marketeering re-commenced the same night he was released. Another time Fr. Scanlan was accosted by two Jap guards at night when he had six dozen fresh eggs under his black gown and squatted when asked by the Japs what he was doing there after lights out and he replied, "Doodse tung" which means "Sore tummy:" and the guards left him because we all had some abdominal problems (even the Japs no doubt).

*

I remember my first job. When I turned 14 years. I was given a bucket and told to get hot water from the boiler room, and also given a brush and a bottle of Lysol. My uncle Bob Cooke had to teach me how to clean the toilets. I became very good at it. I am sure you will all remember the toilets. I remember if you don't!

*

I remember the young man who received a present of a dozen eggs for winning the rat catching competition but found they were all bad. I don't remember his name though!

*

The story of Fr. Scanlan's imprisonment is an interesting case of "oral history" embellishment. According to his own account, in his book, it was his singing of popular songs that bothered the Japanese, and not because it woke them up, but because prisoners in Japanese jails were required to keep silence, and they interpreted his singing as a sign of disrespect. He says the guards were very upset with him, but when the commandant came he was much more lenient, and instead of punishing him offered to let him out after 10 days instead of his full sentence of 14 days if he would stop. He noted the more gentle tone of the commandant and says that he learned later that he was a Catholic.

*

Talking about Aubrey Grandon, reminds me that apart from his great looks and physique, he was also a real mellow Irish tenor. I can still see him melting the hearts of the dear old ladies in camp with his rendition of "Mother McCrae." I'm not sure of the words, but I think the last verse went,

"I love the dear silver that shines in your hair, — The brow that's so furrowed and wrinkled with care, — I love those dear fingers so toil-worn for me, — God bless you and keep you, Mother McCrae..."

And when that last high note rang out, there was hardly a dry eye in the old Assembly Hall.

*



My main memories of Aubrey Grandon were of his remarkable "at bats" when he used to send the softball soaring away out over the wall of the camp in "left field," and yet I too recall him singing at a camp concert!

It was an outdoor concert in the beautiful park behind Block 23. And Aubrey Grandon sang a song only a couple of lines of which I can still remember. It went like this; maybe some of you even know the song:

*I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea
Way down Rio!*

Tra - la - la - la - la, Tra - la - la - la - la

For we're off to the Rio Grande!

No one had any difficulty hearing him - and yet we had no PA systems at Weihsien Camp!

I think everybody loved Aubrey Grandon at Weihsien!

*

I remember that for me, every day was an adventure; so different from my earlier life. I was so dumb; I didn't know enough to be scared. Sure I was hungry a lot, but my hunger was always taken care of by the wonderful bread from the bakery. I wonder if those hard-working men realized that they saved our lives over and over again with the great bread they baked!

I, for one, have to admit that those lean, mean days in Weihsien prepared me for anything life could toss my way, and taught me to enjoy even the simplest pleasures. I hope I don't sound smug. I don't mean to. I never got a chance to go through the hallowed halls of higher education, but I always tease and say I graduated from Weihsien -- the college of 'hard knocks.'

*

I remember the camp well. I did not see any beauty in the surroundings, nor can I forget the scorpions, bed bugs and a few rats. Freezing in winter and terribly hot in summer. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder but I do not think it is appropriate to depict it as a place of beautiful memories in the scenic sense. The people were beautiful of course. When I think of the camp my first memory is of always being hungry and waiting for that meal bell or whatever it was that called us to partake of the meager offerings. I also remember having to borrow a decent white dress and shoes for my graduation ceremony from Mrs. Wolfson and then having to give it back. So sad. I remember hearing the clanking of the Japanese swords and the ever present fear particularly during the incessant roll calls that we were about to be annihilated. I know my parents often warned us that this could be the end.

It did not happen of course but I was always afraid it would and I can remember thinking "I am too young to die. I don't want to die yet there are some many things I want to see and do" Was I alone in my thoughts?. I remember the ladle used to dish out our watery stew being very small. Was it the size of a small baked bean can? That is my memory. Am I correct? I know it did not fill my tummy. Sure we had some great times and it was sort of an adventure to start with but as I got older I began to realize what I had missed.

*



I remember that the Balianz family and the Sanosian family from Tsingtao started the bakery in the camp and with the help of others ran it successfully for the duration. They both previously had bakeries in Tsingtao and also made cakes and Russian piroshkis. Absolutely delicious! I went to school with Zartusha Sanosian who is still one of my best friends who is

married to Leo Portnell and lives in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

At first in the camp there was no yeast and the bread was pretty flat. Then I believe one of our young inmates, a pharmacist discovered how to make yeast out of sweet potato which thereafter made the bread very palatable. I can only remember two slices of bread per meal.

*

I'm pretty certain the young chemist was Gerry Lucker, who's folks had owned the Ford agency in Tientsin. He also went on to make sugar for us from some common commodity we had on hand, but for the life of me I can't remember what it was.

*



I remember that the basement of Block-24 was transformed into 4 classrooms!

*

I remember that when we were sent to Weihsien in '43, Japan was still all powerful and could have done as it pleased with us. After all we were the enemy and part of WW2!

Even when the tide turned for Japan, and she started getting the 'hell' beaten out of her, sustaining huge casualties both in the Pacific and Japanese mainland proper, we didn't 'cop' the back lash and still got supplied with some food and coal, to keep us going. Realising that, I've learnt to count my blessings. And with each passing year, any of the hardships we may have endured, seem more in significant. To me, anyway!

*

I Remember Armic Balianz who was brutally beaten several times in Tsingtao camp and Weihsien camp to the extent that he was brain damaged for the rest of his life. Simply because as a Japanese speaker he would not spy for the Japanese. Also the little beggar boy in our first camp who was plucked from the street and brutally mistreated by the Jap soldiers as an example to us to behave. I do not forget the Japanese withholding food and leaving it exposed to the elements until became rotten and then releasing it to us. The same with the horse that died which was allowed to become maggot ridden before releasing it. I have nothing to thank them for. They have not even deigned to apologise to us.

*

I remember that there was a general easing after the people left Weihsien in September 1943 and the Bridge family moved into the rooms vacated by the Hubbards after they left to catch the Gripsholm to USA via a few places.

*

A little further straightening is required because the Hubbards were not repatriated on the Gripsholm with the Wilders, so they must have moved out of their room when you moved into theirs. Maybe they swapped with your family so that you could have the two contiguous rooms - the one vacated by the Wilders and theirs - while they moved into yours, since there were only two of them. Do you remember your original room number?

*

I think I remember reading somewhere that the barbed wire was only electrified after the escape, when the outer guard towers and moat were also built — part of the general tightening of security — like the saying, "closing the barn door after the horse has left."

*

Regarding baseball (softball, really), as you may remember, while we were interned in Tsingtao, all the men playing softball were required to bat left-handed because the fence in the other direction was so close.

So when they started playing in Weihsien, many of them were confused about which side they could best use in batting.

*



very seriously undernourished nevertheless. Some of us suffered very greatly even though we may not have been conscious of hunger pangs during the war. I personally spent a year as a teenage patient in a "psych ward" a couple of years after the war, having

chological counseling. In spite of this I personally do not recall feeling "deprived" at the time of my internment. After all, I was no different from my fellow boarding school students. My meals and camp duties were the same as those of my contemporaries. Bread and water for breakfast became "bread porridge" (not a Japanese euphemism but a term coined by our own inmate leaders).

Thin "soup" with a few sickly veggies became (on the Kitchen One Menu Board) "H a s h , Mash, and Splash." My fellow students and I learned by the example of our teachers who were in loco parentis to us to "make light" of our woes which might other-

really full meals that some of my fellow students actually became "sick" initially following our liberation when they found themselves eating more than they could handle.

Camp Vegetation

The square, two sides of which were bordered by Blocks 23 and 24 were actually like quite a pleasing park. This is thanks to the Presbyterian missionaries (including old Dr Luce, father of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE founder Henry R Luce). The Presbyterians majored in education - both secular and Christian. Old Dr Luce, for example, was behind the "university movement" in China around the turn of the 19th to 20th centuries.

There were many species of beautiful shade trees at Weihsien. I remember the lovely mimosa trees. There were also many plane trees and of course locust (or acacia) trees with their beautiful fragrant blossoms.

In the same area were delightful flower gardens thanks to a diligent Englishwoman, Mrs Jowett who probably had one of the greenest thumbs I have ever known.

Mrs. Jowett had many ardent young disciples, one of whom was your humble servant when aged 12 and 13. I grew watermelons, beans, radishes, portulaca and lettuce, among other plants.

It's true we did suffer — but Weihsien had its many blessings and contains, by the grace of God many of my truly best boyhood memories.

*

I remember:

Compared to Dachau, Buchenwald, Auschwitz, and so on, Weihsien was a delightful place. When I have shown people pictures of the Weihsien inmates welcoming our liberators on August 17, 1945, my friends have remarked that it really does not appear as if we were starving.

However I believe that we really were

to drop out of my senior year in high school. My doctor who had great insight into these things said that I was "suffering from 'adreno-cortical starvation' which was the result of prolonged malnutrition in a Japanese concentration camp." My troubles were far from over when I was released from the hospital and I have voluntarily returned from time to time for psy-

wise have been unbearable.

Those of you with a background in medicine please correct me if I am wrong but I understand that the human stomach shrinks to accommodate the scanty meals provided during times of malnourishment so that we actually do NOT suffer from severe hunger pangs.

In fact so unaccustomed were we to



Let us remember:

Start by listing every major war time internment or concentration camp in the last century, while noting the conditions, treatment and everything else you care to think of, related to them.

Throw in those who have been kidnapped and held captive, terrorised with a gun to their head, blindfolded and chained to a wall for lengthy periods(no living being should have to endure), in places like Lebanon, etc....

Not forgetting the numbers that did not survive and whether they died of natural causes or not.

For those who need to go further, try this if you must. Rate all items on a 'good' to 'bad' scale of 1 to 10 (or vice versa), then arrange your list of camps in dimin-

ishing order and see what you come up with.

I can't help remembering the energy we expended, whether it was working and manning the PUMPS or PLAYING in our various sports, with the running, jumping and 'tug a war' of the Empire day games, as well, AND don't forget all THAT DANCING we did, and I can't help wondering???

How did we do all that on our empty stomachs?

(Were we in a holiday camp??? sponsored by the enemy!)

*

Your point would be well taken if we had been guarded by the Japanese Imperial Army. But, as you know, we were not. We were blessed by having a commandant who was a repatriated Japanese diplomat, and were guarded by Japanese consular guards, akin to the U.S. Marine Embassy Guard. That made a hell of a difference, and was why there were no reprisals taken when the tide turned against Japan. The reason we were 'supplied with some food and coal' was due to the commandant working his heinie off to find supplies for us and the guards.

We should never stop counting our blessings because at that time Japan was a bi-polar nation. The military were bestial; the civilians gracious and giving.

Before my book, "The Mushroom Years," went into its second printing, several interesting events came to light, which were covered in the Preface. Here is a quote toward the end of it:

"Incredibly, the most shocking revelation did not come until late 1999, when Japan's war files were finally opened under the Freedom of Information Act, and the Author found her cover art, designed to span her years of growing up in China, had become prophetic. She learned, to her profound horror, that the primary reason the United States had hurriedly dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima was that American intelligence had intercepted a directive from the Japanese high command to all prison camp commandants, ordering them to execute every military and civilian prisoner of war — and to leave no trace!

"This preface would not be complete without one delightful footnote. In early September 2001, Master's close friend and fellow historian, Dr. R. John Pritchard, called to tell her that at a recent embassy function in London he had met the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and in discussing "The Mushroom Years" with him, found that he had been a toddler of three when his father was the camp commandant at Weihsien. Pamela felt life had just come full circle, with Japanese civilians being honored for the good they did in World War II and she gave heartfelt thanks that [the commandant] had never had to carry out the dire directive of the Japanese military high command."

I repeat — let's never stop counting our blessings...!

*



This is a historical fact:

Go to Mr. Mansell's excellent web-site
---- click on this link:

http://www.mansell.com/pow_resources/Formosa/taiwandocs.html

August 1st, 1944

--- written orders were issued to all camp Commandants giving them instructions to eliminate all their prisoners when and as they wished ---- if an uprising occurred. "If" or "If not" --- who can prove the difference when everybody is dead!

On August 17, 1945 when the Americans liberated us --- we were very happy --- but now I think that the happiest person of all must have been our Japanese Commandant. Finally, ---

I'm beginning to think that he liked us --- specially the kids! It was a marvelous opportunity for him to hand over his sword to Colonel Staiger without loosing face. What I also learned

while building up my website is that, later on, when our Commandant was trialled by the Americans, Mr McLaren went to Japan to tell the truth and our Commandant was acquitted.



© William A. Smith — 1945

"After the war, the Japanese Commandant, Mr. Izu, along with hundreds of other senior Japanese officers, Police Chiefs and Commandants throughout

Southeast Asia, was charged with war crimes. McLaren, with his innate sense of honour, could not allow Mr. Izu, who had, in some ways, done his best for the Camp, to go undefended. He and others from Weihsien travelled to Tokyo, met General Douglas MacArthur, and testified on Mr. Izu's behalf. He was acquitted."

*



© William A. Smith — 1945

http://www.mansell.com/pow_resources/Formosa/taiwandocs.html

August 1st, 1944 --- written orders were issued to all camp Commandants giving them instructions to eliminate all their prisoners when and as they wished ---- if an uprising occurred. "If" or "If not" --- who can prove the difference when everybody is dead!

This order was given, but I don't believe it was interpreted in exactly the same way by every Japanese commander. From what I have read in Norman's documents <http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/history/DOCUMENTS/Letters/1943-0501Chungking.htm> the American Government was well aware of your situation. So although you didn't know it, a lot of pressure was possibly being brought to bear on the Japanese to look after you. It was all politics. If you note the document

<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/history/DOCUMENTS/Letters/1944-Nov1.htm>

do you think that the Japanese would have let this inspection take place if they thought they were going to dispose of all of you shortly after it took place?

*

We must have been in one of the best Japanese internment camps in the Far East. I

know that there really were some "horror camps," in places like Indonesia and Malaya, and no doubt elsewhere too.

We were truly blessed to be held in Weih sien!

Some months ago Norman Cliff mailed me a copy of his book, *Weih sien Fifty Years Later*. In it he relates the true story you have related about Mr McLaren — at his own expense — travelling to Tokyo where he testified on

behalf of our Commandant, Mr Izu, with the happy result that Mr Izu was acquitted of any war crimes, and released to live at peace.

And I fully agree with you that the Japanese who guarded us were genuinely fond of us children. I'm sure there were some exceptions, but mainly this was true. A memory I will treasure to my dying day is of the kindly Japanese guard who insisted I

hand over my pick-axe so that he could dig up and cultivate my little garden patch next to the camp wall



over by the hospital (Block 61). I'm sure that Mr Izu was MOST RELIEVED to be able to honorably hand over his sword to Major Staiger.

Apparently the Japanese official protocol, in the event of their nation losing the war, was to shoot all the prisoners before the Japanese committed suicide.

Although I'm not aware that this

was actually accomplished by the Japanese in any concentration camp. But it COULD have been done!

Thankfully, many of us have some very happy memories of life in Weih sien where we children, for the most part, were unaware of the uglier realities of the war.

*

I was wondering what ever happened

to the commandant. Fr. Scanlan's book says he wondered at his relatively friendly behaviour toward him, and afterward learned that he was, in fact, a Catholic.

*

The fact that Weih sien was, compared to many other camps, a remarkably humane detention centre, is I think no secret at all. We were as I have said

"blessed" to have been held there.

Much of the credit for our well-being goes to our own inmate camp leaders - not just one or two people either. We had a truly civilised society in our camp.

Our affairs were well structured and well organized. There was always something to do - whether organized sporting events such as softball, tennis, soccer, Sports Days with running, jumping, etc. - or chores such as keeping boiler rooms operational, fetching buckets of slack coal, making coal bricks or coal balls, pumping water, etc. And we were allowed to keep garden patches. Many books have been written, and



articles published, detailing the horrors of World War Two. Thanks to our own leaders (AND to people like Mr Kosaka and Mr Izu) Temple Hill and Weih sien were civilised and well-run places of humane internment. And the credit does NOT go in large measure to international politics. After all, politics certainly did NOT prevent atrocities from taking place elsewhere.

*

The Best Camp in the Far East was Bangkok if you consider conditions including outside catering it was small only under three hundred which had Thai Army guards and the Commandant was trained by the British Army at Sandhurst. It was also used to hide downed allied air-crew from the Japanese in the latter stages of the war.

But generally speaking the further from Tokyo the worse the Camp. Remember the Japanese had de facto taken North China in 1937.

The Japanese Camps is whole subject which one could talk/write about for hours.

I can confirm that the execution orders

were in all camps as soon as the US/Allies landed on the Japanese Home Islands. The Operation was called Olympic is well documented in the US National Archives and the expected



US/Allied casualties were in the order of 500,000 let alone how many million Japanese and that is the figure that Nagasaki and Hiroshima need to be balanced against let alone the lives of 130,830 US, 138,708 British Commonwealth Military plus 25,365

civilians held in the Far East other than the Dutch East Indies where 105,530 civilians were held.

*

The reason for my interest in the exchanges is because the Rabaul nurses were taken to Japan specifically as



pawns in the exchange process. As far as I can tell, during the opening days of the war the negotiation for the exchange process was handled by Japanese diplomats, not the military. They were trying to show how civilized they were and that they would treat western internees well hoping for reciprocating treatment for their countrymen held by the Allies.

If the order to murder all the prisoners was carried out in 1944 what would we have done with the large number of Japanese we held? I suggest that this may have been the question the Japanese asked themselves.

My research is complicated by the fact that when the exchange process was first started the American Government decided that the British would have to negotiate its own exchanges. The Japanese hadn't envisaged this and thought that they would be putting a number of Allied internees on a ship and in return they would receive the same number back.

They were smart nego-

tiators and played one Government against the other. So it got very bureaucratic and complicated for all parties concerned.

Donald how were your grandparents selected to go on the exchange? Was it because of their age?

As for the Rabaul nurses they were victims of politics and didn't make the only British exchange in August 1942. As the war went on their value in Japan decreased and they were a burden to Japanese until 1944 when they suddenly wanted back specific men that were held in Australia. The women themselves knew nothing of the politics till I started my research.

In Japanese controlled China between 1937 & 1941 Americans were neutrals.

The reason you were interned at all was probably a direct response to the intern-

ment of Japanese implemented in the United States. The special division and the state department worked hand in hand to look after the American internees in Japanese hands and negotiated the exchange process via the Swiss.

It was all politics.

*

The American repatriations were handled by the Special War Problems division of the US State Department.



They compiled eleven different categories of US civilians in the Far East and ranked them. Those chosen for repatriation were done so by their position on the list, via categories they were in.

I have gone through thousands of documents in Japanese, US, Canadian, British, Australian, New Zealand, and Hong Kong archives. I have to say that I think people are reading too much into the "kill the prisoners" order. What everyone is probably referring to, whether they know it or not, is a document captured on Formosa (Taiwan) at a POW camp. This is held by the US National Archives and is referred to on the Mansell website. There is no evidence that I am aware of that the order was given to all



camps, particularly civilian internee camps. If ANYONE has such evidence that such a document was transmitted to civilian camps I would love to see it. Yes, given the previous behavior of the Japanese, many internees fully believed they would be murdered. But that is not the same as an Imperial Rescript or standing order to all camps throughout the Empire to kill all prisoners.

Haiphong Road internees were transferred to Fengtai, outside Peking, in June of 1945. Just before the surrender, a group of guards planned on setting the building holding the internees on fire, and machine gunning the survivors as they ran out. Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed and the plan was thwarted. If there were official orders I doubt the plan would have been stopped. Instead, some renegades among the guards decided to murder the internees and the commandant and more responsible people stopped it. The decision to intern Allied citizens in China was not entirely in response to the US internment of Japanese, though it had some bearing. I have seen documents in the Japanese archives, written before Pearl Harbor, outlining the treatment of enemy nationals, industry, properties, etc.

*



Major Staiger

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I remember that George Wilder's diary provides a confirmation that the game that was played on the Weihsien ball field was mainly softball, not baseball, but see the entry for May 29 below. Wilder, who had himself been a star pitcher who once wrote that he would "rather play baseball than eat," was 70 years old by then, but served as umpire for some of the Weihsien ball games. The "Fathers" apparently had the best team in the camp. The following is a sample of his 1943 diary entries.

April 9 to 15

"Softball baseball is drawing crowds. Tientsin beat Peking (14 to 12) and Tsingtao, also winning return game in 11 innings, 10 - 7."

April 17

"A fine 11-inning game of softball was won by the Fathers (Catholic) over Tientsin, 4 - 2."

May 29

"Peking 5, Padres 2. Only the second defeat suffered by the Fathers. Seven men and hard ball with special ground rules; on a full-sized diamond. They use Japanese rubber balls and a regulation ball at times. Lost four of the former over the wall in the last game, but got others back."

Aug. 7

"Three ball games - 3 p.m., 4:30 p.m., and 6 p.m. The Major league begins a new round on Monday. The Saturday afternoon game - Padres 8 - Peking Tsingtao Combined 4 - was lost by errors. The Padres have a very fast air-tight infield, with Valerian Wendelen Schott, a great outfielder in as short stop in place of Kleine - the fastest thinker, thrower and runner in the camp, a short, stocky, good-natured padre."

*

I remember that after the OSS Duck Mission team landed, the Japanese guards were utilized to help guard the camp against marauding bandits, or communist units which were in the area. But no regular Japanese units were allowed into camp. In fact, there was an incident a few days later when regular Japanese troops at the Ershilipu airstrip prevented an American plane from landing, causing Major Staiger to blow up at the Japanese commandant.

*

I remember that upon our return from the field where we cheered the arrival of Major Staiger and his group on August 17, 1945 around 12 a.m., we approached the wall of the ball field; he came down of our shoulders and said:

"You stop here. Now, it is our turn to act."

He had orders to rescue the inmates of our camp and probably knew that the Japanese guards had to surrender but that was not so sure. So we let him go with the other paratroopers.

At that moment, I noticed two of our inmates (Roy Chu and Wade) standing on watch on the other side of the wall. One had a hatchet in his hand and the other a long kitchen knife hidden inside his jacket. Both of them had put on their sleeve the red armband that they had to wear in town before coming to camp.

Later, I asked them why they were on watch there and they told me that they were members of a small secret defence group who had mission to fight for our lives against the Japanese guards, in case they did not accept to surrender. I never asked for the details. I suppose that they disbanded since their group was no longer necessary.

*



I remember the relative merits of Protestant and Catholic clergy in the camp. I know that my grandfather, who was a liberal Protestant missionary/teacher, wrote of the "marvellous Fathers" he had encountered there.

*

I remember that the parachutes were red, bright yellow, green and white. Tsolik Balianz made me a blouse and skirt out of the red parachute. My first new clothing in 3 and a half years. The loudspeakers were strung on trees and perhaps some posts. I do remember the trees. I have very happy memories of hearing "Oh what a beautiful morning." Because I remember feeling how beautiful mornings were in our new found freedom.

*

I remember that quite early in our internment at Weih sien, there was a baseball game played with Japanese hard-rubber baseballs between the Japanese guards and a camp team on which the American priests - Father Wendolyn Kleine and others - played a prominent role. The camp team won by a large margin, as I recall, and the event was never repeated.

*

Weih sien had 1780 internees in June 1943 after the departure of the priest and nuns (226 persons), les Americains et les Canadiens and the influx of the Chefoo School dropped to 1453 There were 107 Italians as well.

*

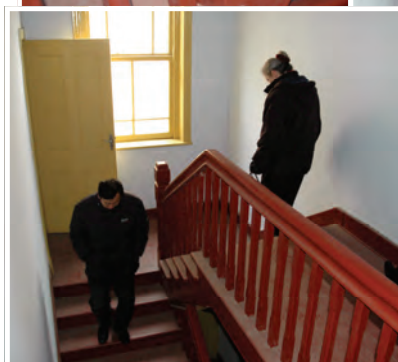
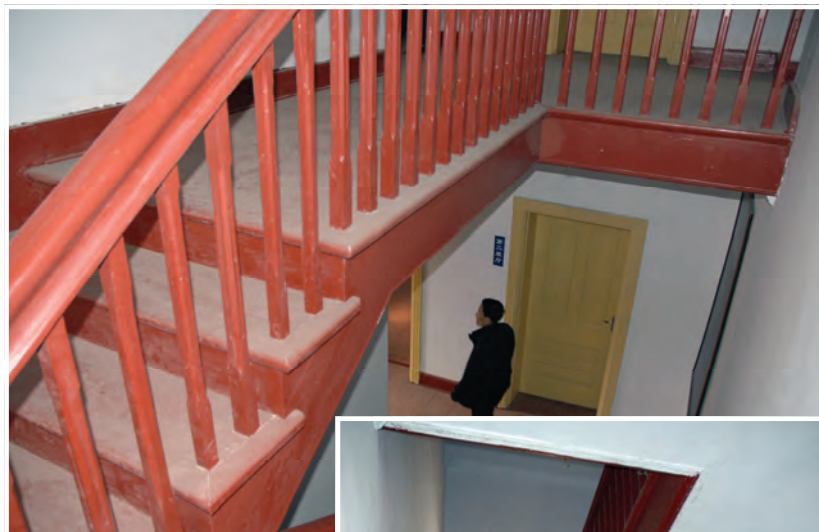
I remember that in my adult life I was transferred to Hong Kong to do business for my employer with the Japanese. Upon seeing my proficiency with chopsticks, they all asked where I had learned. I told them "In China" Then they asked me when I was there. Up until '47 said I.

Then there mental computers went into overdrive and they hesitantly asked me where I was during the war. In a Japanese Interment Camp says I. Well not one of the people there, all of whom were older than I confessed to being in the military. I have never met so many "agricultural and cultural experts! lol. Except for one chap who was a Kamikaze Pilot. He had gone through his funeral and then Japan surrendered. He admitted to this quite cheerfully.

*

I remember the Chinese coming in with the wooden tank cart to clean out the cesspools, but for the life of me I cannot remember anything about the toilets/latrines.

*



inside a Jap villa ...

No, I don't remember seeing any Chinese within view of the camp till the day of our liberation. Even from the limited vantage points within the camp, I can't recall even seeing any stand out villages within our view. Now, regardless of someone's recent "Figment of imagination" accusation, soft-balls and soccer balls regularly ending up on the 'other side' of the wall. Our sporting equipment was limited, so what ever went out of bounds had to be retrieved, one way or another. Retrievals during spectator games naturally were 'sanctioned', and I can't recall any Jap guards doubling as ball boys, for us. Maybe it was the fairies?

It was during one small group knock around session that my kick went over the wall and a bad choice was made.

At the time it seemed easier and quicker to go over, get it, and be back in a 'flash' before anyone could react.

While out there, I remember feeling secluded with the view from that area limited by a 'L' shaped wall to one side and a raised trench mound beyond.

Mean while the ball after all was only about 10 paces beyond the wall and I soon had it in my hands, but to my horror, and no figment of my imagination, so was a Jap guard rounding the corner tower and coming at me. With an angry guard manhandling me back to the guard house, sight seeing was definitely out of the question, now.

*

I remember that my Dad was assigned to the bakery and the story of his experience there is an incredible story. My memories are so vivid including my own run in with the guard during roll call one day.

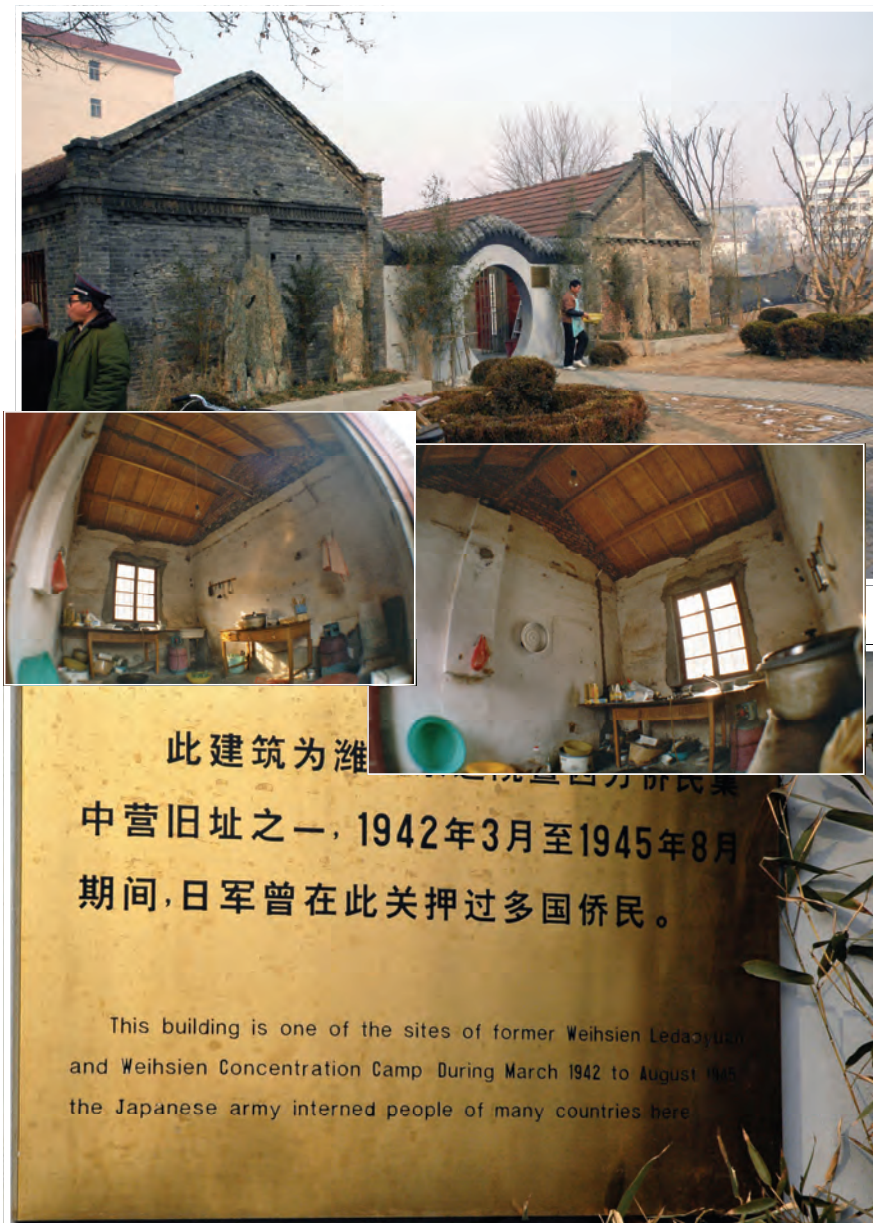
*



Imperial Japan didn't give a fig for all the Japanese in the United States, unless, of course, they could be recruited and used covertly to spy on the U.S. Any Japanese person with loyalty to this country was expendable. It was a tragedy for Japanese-Americans, but the Japanese hierarchy never lost any sleep over it.

Like Pearl Harbor — Japan didn't need an excuse for anything it did. We Westerners were underfoot, and could possibly be dangerous to their war effort if we were not contained in prison camps. Ergo, we were rounded up and put in camps.

*



I remember that Eric Liddell was my maths teacher in camp when I was 11 and 12 and he also taught me and my class to play basketball. He was very patient, kind and had a great sense of humor with us.

*

I remember that in Weihsien, Liddell recruited Stephen to help him on the camp's recreation committee. They worked side by side in repairing athletic equipment. Shortly before Liddell's death, Liddell gave Stephen his running shoes.

*

I remember the bull. I seem to recall a (cow or bull) that died and it was buried or burnt instead of being eaten. I seem to recall anthrax or something.

*

I remember the ... "soup of the gods"... hot water, scallions and the odd piece of bread.

*

I remember being hungry. Yes! In fact, there are times even today when I am always eating.

*

In Block 2 we had a one-hole toilet consisting of a small building with a door and a glassless window, a hole in the ground, a board with a strategically shaped hole in it, and flies, flies, flies.

*

I was a Chefoo boy and a Protestant so I was never close to the Roman Catholic priests and nuns. But I distinctly recall SISTER EUSTELLA! She was such a friendly person and had the sweetest smile!

*

I remember that the other sister was Sister Donatella. I was six years old when we entered Weihsien camp on March 20, 1943 and had my seventh birthday in July. I well remember both Sister Donatella and Sister Blanda who taught our age group. It was a wonderful foundation for my school years and I had no trouble integrating into both American and Canadian schools when we returned home. Seeing these names again brings back a flood of memories.

What would Weihsien have been like without the order and structure internec committees established inside those barrier walls topped with electrified wires?

Order and structure empower children and grownups to feel safe.

*

I too have never described the guards as "nice and friendly guys." I too witnessed the torture in the Tsingtao compound where a poor man was forced to hold a basin of scalding water above his head while his arms turned blue, and I knew about the beatings that Joyce recounts. I can remember some friendly gestures by occupying Japanese troops in Tsingtao before the attack on Pearl Harbor, but I also vividly remember four laughing Japanese soldiers in a car trying to run me down as I was crossing an intersection in Tsingtao walking home from school. Also, their treatment of the Chinese was generally atrocious.

*



Blocks 59 & 60

What does a child remember from almost three years of imprisonment in a Japanese concentration camp?

Yesterday, I remembered the gut-wrenching hunger, guard dogs, bayonet drills, prisoner numbers and badges, daily roll calls, bedbugs, flies, and unspeakable sanitation. Yesterday, I remembered the Japanese soldiers commandeering our school, marching us, shipping us, trucking us to internment camp.

Guards with unfettered power over 1,500 prisoners. Yesterday, I remembered my 5 1/2 years separated from my missionary parents, with warring armies keeping us apart.

But not on Liberation Day.

Today, a world away, we children (all senior citizens now) will stand in that place in China where we saw American liberators parachuting from the skies. We will gather in Weih sien, coming from the United States, Canada, England, Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong. We will stand where winds buffeted the parachutists as they drifted down beyond the barbed wire and the barrier walls. We will tumble our memories of six gorgeous, sun-bronzed Americans. Bless them!

Someone will remember the ragamuffin crowd of scrawny prisoners stampeding through the gates -- stum-

bling past Japanese guards -- into the open fields

Screaming, Dancing. Weeping. Hysterical with joy.

Teddy Pearson from Montreal will remember 21-year-old Peter Orlich, the team's radio operator, standing by a crumpled parachute in a field of corn stubble.

"I was the first to reach him," he will say. He will remember Orlich's brush-cut -- 1945 flattop -- and his glasses taped with pink "medical tape" around his temples. In 1945, the 10-year-old walked Orlich back to the camp, chattering with a hero.

My brother, Jamie, from Hong Kong -- imagine it! -- finding himself locked outside the camp. As the stampede dashed out to welcome the liberators, Jamie raced with his classmates through the wide-open gate, through the fields, running to explore the sleepy, farming town nearby. When they returned, after almost three years of being locked in, they found themselves locked out!

And, yes, someone will remember the Salvation Army Band playing a victory medley. The Salvation Army had guts. The band coupled hymns of the faith with the national anthems of America, China, England and Russia. "One of

those will rescue us," members said. Every Tuesday night, right outside the Japanese commandant's office, they practiced the medley. And on Liberation Day, up on a mound by the gates, they blasted away, "O say does that star spangled banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

A teenager in the band crumpled to the ground and wept. We were free.

Someone will surely remember the Juicy Fruit gum the Americans gave us children. They chewed it, then passed the sticky wads from mouth to mouth.

I remember tailing these gorgeous liberators around. My heart went flip-flop over every one of them. I wanted to touch their skin, to sit on their laps. We begged for souvenirs, begged for their autographs, their insignia, their buttons, pieces of parachute. We cut off chunks of their hair. We begged them to sing the songs of America. They taught us "You are my sunshine." Sixty years later, I can sing it still.

Only three of our heroes are alive today -- all 85 years old. They are too frail to join us in China. Jim Moore in Dallas, we will remember you, honor you, thank you again today, and Jim Hannon in Yucca Valley, Calif., and Tad Nagaki in Alliance, Neb. Just like today, our heroes came from all across America.

O, yes. America has heroes. I know their names.

*



I remember the Chinese coming in with the wooden tank cart to clean out the cesspools, but for the life of me I cannot remember anything about the toilets/latrines.

*

I remember the "spooky" corridor under the hospital wing. The first door, or rather opening, in the right wall led to the boiler room where I found Lloyd Francke when his legs gave out and he fell against the blistering boiler.

*

I remember that in the block that housed the bakery and showers, close to the ball field, there were toilets with regular toilet seats.



Those were the two places that I had much of anything to do with.

Perhaps others can recall where they most often did their business.

*

I vaguely remember sheets of rough paper.

How it was issued, or how much of it there was, escapes me. I am sure we weren't pulling up our pants over soggy bottoms, so there must have been something. I admit, I have never thought about that question before this.

*



There was a newspaper called the Peking Chronicle edited by Germans with Editorial comment controlled by the Japanese which was allowed into Weihsien I have excerpts i.e. cuttings from several editions including one illustrating the holiday atmosphere in Weihsien Camp dated 1943. The remainder of the paper has succumbed probably for the use that you describe.

*

I do remember the flies. We had a campaign on killing flies as I recall.

*

I remember Mr. Egger's very official report about Weihsien.

Toilets:

Three washrooms with cold water under 50 F are provided for the men, served by water laid on from the aforementioned towers. One similar washroom is provided for the ladies use. Accommodation of ladies wash room is insufficient as they take a long time for washing.

Bathing Facilities.

One set of shower baths is provided for men and one set for ladies; however, the shortage of water is such that it is impossible to provide more than 35 men and 25 ladies with baths during any one hour. The facilities provided and the equipment is good but the water supply is insufficient.

Showers cannot be opened before 1 p.m. due to water shortage and have to be closed at 6 p.m., so that about 360 people daily can have a shower bath only, or each person every five days,

while internees would like to have one every day.

Lavatories

These are of two types :

(a) Squat-bowl, draining into cess-pools.

(b) Chinese open latrines.

(a) There are 22 of these of which 18 - 20 are usually in working order.

They are "Chinese servant" type, no seat or even a grip being provided to aid squatting. Originally they were designed for flushing but owing to the bad material (all broken up within 3 days) they are now flushed by bucket by each user; women and children find this a difficult task. Used, dirty water is kept in an earthenware kang at each latrine for this purpose. The latrines are arranged in 4 groups of 4, 5, 5, 8 (ladies). They are not fly-screened. The 4 cesspools into which these latrines drain have no overflow mechanism.

They must be emptied daily by Chinese labor, using gasoline tins on pole carriers. When it rains emptying is difficult owing to the impassability of the roads. For one group voluntary Camp labour has made a temporary overflow pit.

For the others this is not possible since Authorities refuse up to now to cooperate in providing piping, etc.

(b) There are 40 of these in groups of 6, 5, 4, 2, 1. They are emptied once daily by Chinese labour. Only one (a 5 group) is fly-screened. No chloride of lime is provided. Ashes and slaked

lime are used. In twelve of them a commode is installed.

The Authorities have strictly forbidden and prevented their attempts to dig Army-type trench latrines and negotiations are still going on.

It is obvious from the condition of the Camp that it was not ready to receive the internees and that the Authorities had no idea of the scope of the undertaking they had started.

In and Out going mail service.

(a) No. of letters per month.

Incoming mail:

Inward mail has been most unsatisfactory and in many cases letters written about the middle of May by people in Tientsin and Peking have mentioned that as many as five or six letters had been written previously, none of which had been received in the camp. It would seem reasonably certain that approximately 75% of letters written to camp are not received. One letter which, according to the post office shop, reached the Weihsien office on June 12 -- held 53 days in Weihsien.

Outgoing mail:

Mail was received for dispatch weekly from March 24 to May 3 inclusive without restriction as to the number of letters or post cards per person or as to the length of contents except that letters were limited to one sheet of paper each -- any size and both sides might be used. Records were kept of letters and post cards handed in on April 12, 19, 26 and May 3, which totalled 2097.

From May 10 onwards all letters and postcards had to be typewritten or in block letters and it was decided to return to the senders all those previously accepted and not yet dispatched which did not comply with these requirements. The number so returned totalled 1374. On May 31 postcards only were accepted for dispatch and were restricted to one per internee ten years of age or over. 640 postcards were received on that date. On June 7 letters, which it was requested should be short, or postcards that were restricted to one per person ten years of age or over were accepted and totalled 581.

Some of the postcards accepted on May 31 and all of the letters and postcards accepted on June 7, not having left the camp on June 14, the reception of further mail has been suspended.

To the best of their knowledge no letters or postcards handed in at the Center for dispatch prior to the above dates had been received in Peking or Tsingtao up to May `2 or in Tientsin up to May 27.

The tentative arrangement which is to be tried is to allow each person over ten years of age one letter of not more than 150 words and three postcards of not more than 50 words every four weeks, one letter or postcard to be received by the camp post office on Mondays only.

DISCIPLINE

Committee elected by various groups of internees:

E. McLaren (Chairman) Tientsin
H. E. Olsen Tsingtao
P. J. Lawless Peking
Father Rutherford: Catholic Group

The Chief of Police (Nakanishi) and his assistant (Yoshinada) are educated men who so far have taken a not unreasonable attitude towards internees, and are persons who can be dealt with in a reasonable manner. The same thing, however, cannot be said for the rank and file of the police, who on occasions have been unnecessarily free in their use of their hands and who, typical of their type, have frequently taken it upon themselves to arrest, try, and punish their unfortunate charges,. So far here have been three cases in which "slapping" has been indulged in by the Police guards.

Mr. L. Porter -- age 62 -- American.

A trivial charge of bumping into a guard -- Arrested and taken to the police office, where without trial his face was slapped. A rather indefinite apology was obtained by the Chief of Police.

Miss A. Black -- age 38 -- British.

Slapped by the guard in the police office whilst the Chairman of the Discipline Committee was endeavouring to secure her release. No police officer was in the room at the time.

A. Lambert - age 16 -- British.

Arrested for attempting to purchase honey from a Chinese over the compound wall, and beaten by the guard who arrested him.

*



Do you remember why the Japanese detained us in Weih sien? "Japan built the concentration camp in retaliation of the restriction imposed by the United States on Japanese Americans' activities in the country. in order to retaliate the activities that the United States restrained American Japanese from activities in the United States."

*



One must be careful here, however. Sure, it seems obvious given the piles of documentation to accuse a "revisionist" of perfecting the craft. However, there are always bits and pieces in good journalism that find us somewhere in the middle of extremes. For example, imperial Japan might not have cared for the well-being of its citizens in America during the time of conquest, yet they may have ordered internment at various places around the globe to retaliate for America's attempt to incarcerate their own, as well as the sheer fact that they wanted those they could control outside the states to be incarcerated. Both could be the case. They are not mutually exclusive. Often it is the tendency and temptation for the amateur historian, in knee-jerk reaction to the revisionist, to claim opposites if only to correct grave error. Of course, there are obvious claims to be instantly disputed such as those engaging in

holocaust revision, i.e., it never occurred...silly claims based on idiocy. I am not sure of all the reasons why people were interned by the Japanese. One must consider the fact, however, that as ruthless as the Japanese were about the islands of the South Pacific and in their Pearl Harbor massacre, those they interned in various civilian camps were spared the brunt of the beast as, for example, the civilians in the seaside town

of Nanking were not.

*

I've gone through the Japanese National Archives and looked at policy vis a vis Allied civilians in China. Japan did not have a detailed policy in place regarding civilian internees. I have uncovered several documents, dating to the fall of 1941, giving some details as to their policy toward enemy nationals and their properties in China. So although not detailed, someone in the Gaimusho did give the matter some thought. The Army also drafted some papers on the subject.

There might be a problem with the language, but as we all know, the Japanese did not "build" Weih sien. You can't even say they converted the compound to an internment camp, because apart from looting the place, they did virtually nothing in the way of repairs or upkeep.

However, the Japanese apparently were quite sensitive about the treatment of their nationals in the US, as well as South America and Canada. (Both Japanese citizens, as well as US citizens of Japanese descent, were interned in the US.) I have several contemporaneous references to Japanese officials voicing their concern or disapproval of US policies in this regard. Whether this was true concern or simply a convenient excuse for many of the deprivations Allied internees underwent, I cannot say, though I suspect the latter is a good portion, if not all, of the answer.

*



I remember seeing the insulators for the electric wires on the wall when my husband and I visited in 1986.

*

Does any one recall if tennis tournaments were held in camp?

I did not remember playing either tennis or softball until running across a few short notes dated early August 1945. I had taken the Oxford exams and was no longer cramming, so often went down to the tennis court which was right by the hospital where my camp job was cleaning the wards and the clinic. Once through with the

job I along with 3 fellow 'graduates' would play doubles.

In one notation I helped Jimmy Bruce roll the court. In his memoir "Bird in the Fowler's Net" he mentioned that Langdon Gilkey had coached him in tennis, and commented that Langdon had been a star collegiate player in the States.

In one softball game I was on Porter's team playing against Palmer's team. I did not record the outcome.

*

I remember that my favorite cook I think was Mrs Warren. Somehow she found a way even in camp to produce the most mouth-watering shortbread! Mmmmm! I can taste it even now!

*

My main memory of Langdon Gilkey in Camp was of his responsibility as one of the cooks (or chefs). He was teamed up at Kitchen One with a young woman (I think she was a Miss Hinkley) and as I recall their meals were quite appetizing in comparison to some of the other cooks.

*

I don't recall tennis being played at Weihsien although I do remember some coaching going on. It seems to me that my classmate, Raymond Trickey, had an older brother and sister at Weihsien. The brother's name I think was Clifford. Was the sister's name Margaret? I've loaned out my copy of David Michell's book, A Boy's War, so I do not have access to my list of Chefoo School students. But Margaret (?) Trickey used to be coached in tennis by a very athletic and good-looking man with a dark tan complexion. I think he was also a gifted musician (trumpet?!). He and Margaret Trickey used to spend literally hours "going through the motions" without actually hitting a ball. But I'm sure there was also lots of actual play as well.

*

I do remember tennis being played was at Temple Hill in Chefoo. As an eleven-year-old I watched games being played their in front of the Prep School house. At Temple Hill, a far smaller camp than Weihsien, we had a remarkably intimate relationship with our Japanese guards. I distinctly recall Japanese guards playing against some of the older boys and staff members.

*



I remember that I learned how to play tennis in the camp and used to play often. I was about 14 at the time. I can remember Gilkey watching one time and showing me a different grip for my backhand. I used the new grip from then on.

*

I remember that we used to play with the tennis balls until there was almost no fuzz left. Because they became so light the ball trajectories became quite unpredictable. I also recall re-stringing tennis rackets and salvaging string from rackets that were no longer usable.

*

I remember that I learned how to play chess in the camp. I don't remember who it was that taught me. It wasn't my father or uncle, it was some other older gentleman who had a lot of patience with a seven year old! What I learned about chess still gives me a lot of pleasure today!

*

Not to change the focus too much, but the more I've thought about the overall area of the camp, the more I think that your father, Elden Whipple Sr's estimate of the size of the compound was probably closer to the actual size than I had really 'guessed' it to be.

*

I remember that the staircase on the right hand side of the sketch was drawn by a priest, Father Keymolen who was my drawing teacher as I was having trouble drawing the stairway on the left.



CONTEMPORARY DRAWING BY JOYCE COOKE (Redbury) of block 2.

*

My weekend job as a commissionaire at HMCS Discovery, the naval reserve base on Deadman's Island just off Stanley Park gave me pause for thought and comparison.

Deadman's Island is about six acres in size and can't be too different in area from Weih sien Civil Assembly Center.

*

I remember that my father once remarked to me that one of the striking things about the Weih sien camp was that when they (i.e. you) tried to enforce a version of a "if you slack off you get less" policy (as there must have been some goldbrickers) all spirit of community disappeared and that the spirit of community depended to some degree on the willingness of all to support those who did less.

*



I remember that when I was a little girl, my parents had told me that Aunt Martha (who is actually my dad's aunt) was under "house arrest" while in China. It wasn't until after Aunt Martha died (in 1981) that I learned that after being under house arrest for a while, she was sent to a Prisoner of War camp. I don't know if Mom & Dad didn't want to upset me when I was little or if maybe Dad's parents

didn't want to upset HIM when he was little. (He was a small child during WW II.) Maybe Dad didn't know the truth himself until recently.

*

I remember and I am so sorry our

Headmaster stopped the French lessons. He did his best but was rather over protective in other ways too. I have always said one of the joys of Weihsien was meeting and seeing so many different people from different walks of life. In fact over the last year in Camp my best friend was Gay and we spent many hours discussing what we believed, happily agreeing to differ in a few areas. I was 15 then.

*

I remember the "magnificent Fathers", both for their willingness to do the hardest jobs and for their prowess in baseball, which he greatly admired.

*

I remember that Weihsien had a very well-organized and run camp committee, as I'm sure you well know through all your research for your book. This committee was in turn broken down into other committees, one of which was Weihsien Camp's highly respected Discipline Committee. Any acts of violence would certainly have been reported to the Discipline Committee which was headed by a very fair, but firm, Scotsman named Mr McLaren. No one wanted to be reported to McLaren and so such incidents would have been few and far between.

*

I remember a tennis match between Japanese guards and some of the older Chefoo boys and/or masters at Temple Hill. It all seemed very normal and was certainly a pleasant thing to watch!

*

Also at Temple Hill, I clearly remember Mr Kosaka and his deputy being our guests for roast chicken at dinner time in the Boys School house. They seemed very appreciative of the hospitality of the Chefoo School staff. I even got to eat at the same table. I'm sure that the chickens were ones from our little flock that was cared for behind the house.

*

I remember that at aged twelve, I was honoured to be able to play the piano at a concert. It was a thrill; however, I do not know how great the performance was, since I was only able to practice on it twice beforehand.

*





1945

I remember, — It is probably fifteen years since I read Langdon Gilkey's book, 'Shantung Compound' so I do not remember it in detail however I do recall some things in it. As you said, he tried to hide the identities of individuals in the camp by changing their names. However, I definitely recall one

name he either forgot to change or simply did not think it mattered. That was the name of a highly-placed Japanese official named Watanabi. I clearly remember, after nearly 62 years, Mr Watanabi waving goodbye to us from a flat car on a railway siding as our train, loaded with just-released internees, pulled out of the railway station at Weihsien in September 1945 bound for Qingdao. When I read Shantung Compound, I recall thinking that Gilkey had a 'double standard' in his writing, treating the internees differently than our guards. Not a very big thing I suppose, but it didn't seem fair to me. On another note, I believe Gilkey was about 24 yrs old at the end of the war. He was one of the cooks in Kitchen One at

Weihsien. I don't recall any of the dishes he created but I do remember that I was always happy when he was on duty. That must mean that he was more imaginative than some of our other more 'prosaic' cooks. In their defense I'll

say that none of the cooks had a great deal to work with. But there was some real slop produced in that kitchen, more fit for swine than human beings. Gilkey somehow managed to do a better job than some. His associate chef was a 'Miss Hinckley.'

*

I remember Miss Talati practising the piano! She was one of the few people in camp who were privileged to play the few pianos there. She used to spend hours on end doing her scales, chords and arpeggios - I think on the piano at the camp church!

*

If I remember correctly, that lovely old piano in the Assembly Hall was a Steinway. What a lovely plug for such a venerable name in pianos!

*

If I remember well, the piano in the Assembly Hall was a Steinway concert grand, not an upright, like the one you photographed. I do believe that was the one that a Mr. Grimes, also a musician and piano player, used to play. It was housed in one of the administration buildings. I have to admit, memory is hazy on this.



*

I remember Mrs. Dean ---- she came twice a week in Block-56 --- she was a physiotherapist and came to help Father deJaegher who had problems with his legs ---

*



2005



2006



© Joyce Bradbury — Cooke



I remember being one of the first into camp. Do you recall the artistic little signs that were displayed at some of the wells?

The one I saw was over the covered well located near block 3 or 4. Warning against drinking it's water unboiled. I've never forgotten it because it was such a colourful work of art, consisting of an eye catching Walt Disney type painted character listing the wogs that could kill you. i.e: Cholera and others were named.

I came across it in one of

my first camp 'exploration' ventures, either day one or day two in camp, and never found out who the artist was or anyone who remember it.

*

I remember that laughing at ourselves, our guards and our circumstances was a key survival technique in the camp. There was a song about the monotony of bean sprouts on our menu day after day for a time; there was a song about Father Scanlan getting caught dealing for eggs with the Chinese farmers through a hole in the wall ("Oh they trapped me a Trappist last Wednesday, Now few are the eggs to be fried..." I wish I could remember more of it).

*

I still remembered a verse of "Tout Va Tres Bien, Madame La Marquise." That song was performed as a comedy skit in the concentration camp by two Belgian priests. Father "Gus," short and plump (this was early in the game, before malnutrition had taken its toll), played the Marquise calling home, singing in a falsetto voice, and a great big bearded priest played the butler whose role was to tell the Marquise that everything was fine ... except for a growing list of disasters revealed verse by verse. They had us in stitches. I know it must have made a big impression on me as an 11-year-old because although the whole thing was in French, I understood the gist of it and remembered the chorus.

*

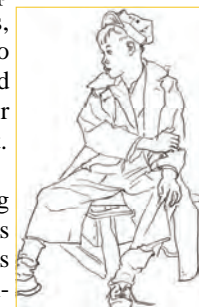
I remember that we did get some Red Cross packages but the Japanese opened them and took whatever they wanted out .then we got the meagre remainder. We also had visits from the Swiss consul. He was able to get an X-ray into camp

badly needed .One death I know of might have been saved had we received the machine earlier.

Mostly the poor man was just wasting his time and efforts.

Our commandant was not very friendly.

*



I remember that during the first 6 months of 1943 we had to organize ourselves the best we could. Various tasks were distributed amongst the prisoners having the abilities or the good will to help. With more than 2000 men, women and children, the compound was overcrowded. We were living one on top of the other in overcrowded rooms. The departure of the more or less 200 Fathers and Nuns during the summer of 1943, allowed us to re-arrange the prisoners in their housings. Only 11 priests and 4 nuns remained in the camp. All the others were sent to Peking where they were accommodated in two convents and at their costs. Until that date, in summer '43, we mostly stayed amongst ourselves and had only few contacts with our fellow prisoners. The occasional contacts we might have had occurred during our meal times, the inevitable queues, and during our chores.

By the end of that same summer there was a new departure of the American families going back to the States thanks to a prisoner-exchange agreement with the Japanese authorities. They were to be repatriated on board the neutral Swedish vessel, the "Gripsholm".

--- Then, at the beginning of winter arrived the Chefoo School, children and teachers. Much later on came a small group of Italians, mostly wealthy people from Shanghai whose

possessions and businesses were confiscated by the Japanese.

It took us about a year to get to know all the camp people a little better and to get thoroughly acquainted.

I already told you about my work in kitchen No.1 with Langdon Gilkey



http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/individuals/Hanquet/p_groupFathers.htm

and Robin Strong. Besides cooking, we found a noodle-machine and successfully tried to make noodles! It was only after that experience that we started using our christen names.

I also remember that we had to wait until the Chefoo School students moved to the upper floors of the hospital to get to know them better. We used to have a little chat with the elder students when they passed by our block on their way to the hospital dormitories. We were in block number

56, the house with two floors and an exterior staircase in the middle.

We, the 11 remaining priests had friendly conversations with them. From then on began our relationship with Norman Cliff, Stephen Metcalf, Brian Thompson and many others. As

a way to engage conversations, we started to teach them French, but that didn't last for long because their School Principal forbade the students to have further contacts with us. He felt responsible for them and feared they might lose their faith.

I must tell you that as young and healthy priests, we were very active in everyday camp-life. We often accepted the hardest chores. Many internees saw us as we were --- not as "Fathers" but as prisoners like all the others. This allowed us to build many a friendship. We were approached by many for all kinds of services such as participating in the Christmas choir conducted by Father Gyselinck or to appear in a show. I hope you remember that I played a Roman soldier in "Androcles and the

Lion" with Father Palmers.

We also helped the younger prisoners. Very early during our imprisonment and with the help of Mr. Coburn, we took the initiative in creating a scout troop. To do so, we changed all the exterior signs of recognition with any existing scout organizations, as these were severely forbidden by the Japanese.

A close collaboration took place around 1944 between the discipline and education committees to protect the younger ones against the potential dangers of life and to occupy more wisely their study and leisure time.

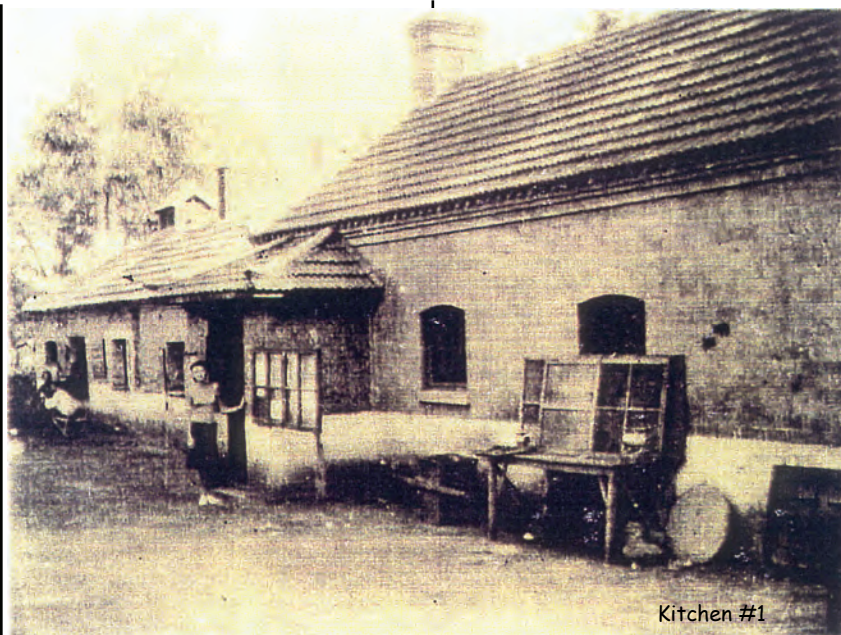
As for the liturgical celebrations we never had the slightest problem. The celebration schedules at the Assembly Hall on Sundays were shared between the Catholics, the Church of England and the different Protestant groups. The concerts and serenades played by the Salvation Army Band were appreciated by all.

Intellectually, contacts were made in educational classes, participating in teaching classical Chinese with Lucien Porter, ecumenical interactivities with Hugh Hubbard and many other subjects.

It is true that we haven't lost our time in Weihsien Camp and I have personally much improved my knowledge of the "human being" during these 32 months by a better understanding of the Protestants' way of thinking.

It helped me in having a more familiar and affectionate approach with all the Protestants I met with later in my life.

*



--remember J. Goyas. -- who was very active in the black-market business --

*

He is too kind in pointing out that Goyas was simply 'involved in the 'black-market' business'. Because in our Weihsien terminology, camp 'black-marketeering' was almost considered an honorable 'profession' but there was nothing honorable about our FAT 'friend' Goyas' activities there.

You see, even in camp he was not adverse to doing a bit of trading (solely for his own benefit) in jewellery, preferably of the golden variety. I've got no idea where his money came from, but no surprise, he always came out the winner in each of his lop sided deals.

But what Goyas was more notorious for in camp, and you may remember this, was his blatant avoidance of any work detail and shamelessly refusing to do his share of work in camp.

I'm sure Langdon Gilkey covered this episode in his book, and who better placed to report on the fat man's LAZY trait than the author of 'Shantung Compound', who just happened to be on the 'Work Detail Committee' himself, at the time.

Finally, it was also common knowledge the WDC discussed various options to try and force him into complying with his obligations but for one reason or another, it was all to no avail.

*

I clearly remember some of the younger children facetiously referring to Goyas as Uncle Jacob. I don't think anyone really had any sort of respect for the old slacker! I also recall hearing, way back in those far-off days, that when Jacob Goyas refused to do his share of work at the pump by the ladies' showers, Mr Stewart, whom we all respected greatly and who trained many of us boys in Block 61 in a sort of Weihsien Camp Cadet Corps, Mr Stewart was reputed to have given this rotund sluggard a well-deserved black eye! Whether it actually happened or was just part of camp legend, Goyas certainly had it coming!

*

I also remember stories about him lending people money in the camp on condition the borrower signed an IOU for redemption after the War ended. My girl friend told me (and she is still alive) that he had a pile of IOU's in his hand one day and he was counting them up. My mother remarked in the camp that he was disgusting. He was short, fat and with a tanned complexion. My father was wary of him because he was told that he was a spy for the Japanese. He was very affable when met walking around the camp but nobody trusted him.

*

I think Goyas, who was a Uruguayan merchant, was beaten up by two taipans in camp, after he refused to do his assigned duty rotation at manning a pump. Such beatings also occurred in other camps, though usually as the result of personal animosities.

*

I remember that I was thirteen years old when I manned that very pump at the ladies' showers'!

*

I remember that Uncle Jacob was a bit of a legend to us youngsters in the camp. Actually, he was quite friendly. But just don't try to enter into business dealings with him.

*

So far we've got this Ol' Uncle Jacob sporting a black eye and coming away with a fist full of IOUs, (according to reliable sources.) But my better judgement tells me it is most unlikely 'he' would have lent anyone hard cash for a 'pile' of IOUs, especially for redemption after the war. How much money could he have had?

*

My earlier statement was made on a first hand bases. You may remember we were all 'dying' for that extra little bit of 'grub' that our comfort money just couldn't cover and after hearing about this 'fella' who was actually dealing in a pawn shop type way, my mother called him in. For the sake of her growing teen age son, she had to turn up something of value, and all she had to part with, was one English Gold Sovereign.

What etches this incident so indelibly in my mind, is that I got back to our room just in time to catch him standing over my mother, pressuring her to show him what else she had in her 'steamer trunk'.

At the time, that was certainly no laughing matter but I've just pulled out my old camp list and had to have a bit

of a chuckle to see my notation "ROGUE" marked between his name and "44 M Uruguayan Merchant "

*

Wasn't Goyas the gentleman -- and I use the term loosely -- who was kicking himself in the butt because he had 7 passports to countries in Central and South America, and happened to show the wrong one to the Japanese, so ended up in camp? It's understandable, under those circumstances, why he felt he didn't have to raise a finger to help...! poor guy.

*

Regarding that scoundrel Goetz I have an extract from a letter that describes him as a Jew from Russia who had a Portuguese passport and who made no secret of being an informer for the Japanese. He also dealt in gems and openly criticised Armic Balianz causing the Japs to beat him up so badly that he bled from "neck to leg".



The JAPANESE Government has surrendered. **vacuated by ALLIED NA-**
TIONS forces as soon as possible.

Until that time your present supplies will be augmented by air-drop of U.S. food, clothing and medicines. The first drop of these items will arrive within one (1) or two (2) hours.

Clothing will be dropped in standard packs for units of 50 or 500 men. Bundle markings, contents and allowances per man are as follows:



I saw the human side in some of our guards in Weihsien. A few left me tender memories.

Remember my perspective.

Separated from my parents by warring armies, in Weihsien I was eleven and twelve years old, a student in the Chefoo School, cocooned and sheltered by teachers who took very seriously their role as our guardians. So my Weihsien memories are those of a child.

To the Japanese guards who missed their own families, our roll call district, with more than 100 children, was

their pride and joy. When visiting Japanese officials monitored the camp, our roll call was the highlight of the show -- little foreign devils with prep school manners, standing with eyes front, spines stiff at attention, numbering off in Japanese: *Ichii...nee...san... she... go...*

I thought about it once when I was young, how curious it was that children watching enemy bayonet drills at dusk could know no fear. In Chefoo, we had watched those drills -- Japanese soldiers practicing how to kill in close range combat. What I did fear,

though, were the Weihsien guards' Alsatian police dogs. I hated the dogs. You could play with the guards, but never with their dogs. The dogs were trained to kill.

Housed on the second floor of the hospital, we girls often played close to the Japanese guard tower which was positioned atop the wall near the hospital. We played in the underground air raid shelter not a stone's throw from the guard tower. With some of the Japanese guards we had a game. We would «accidentally» throw our ball over the wall then rush in desperation to the guard tower and its ever-

present Japanese guard. He would lift us over the wall and let us frisk in freedom until we found the missing ball. This would have become a ritual -- but our teachers found out.

In 1945 when the "bamboo radio" said that Japan was on the run, for grown-ups the prospect of an Allied victory was tinged with terror. Does a defeated army rape and kill its prisoners? We girls worried about the Japanese guards who had become our friends. Someone told us that *hari kiri* was the honourable way for a Japanese soldier to face defeat. Cere-

monial suicide. The older Chefoo boys who knew about these things demonstrated on their bellies where the cuts of the Samurai sword would be made -- a triangle of self-inflicted wounds followed by a final thrust to the heart.

It made me shudder. The Japanese guard who lifted us so gently into the guard tower and dropped us into the field beyond the wall -- would he commit *hari kiri*?

Norman Cliff, who has captured so much of Weihsien internment history for us, writes in **COURTYARD OF THE HAPPY WAY** about the Japanese commandant Kosaka who oversaw our first internment camp in Chefoo: "This immaculately dressed man, with a kindly face, impeccable manners and a good command of English, stands out in my memory as unique and superior to any Japanese officials with whom we dealt up to that time and subsequently. He never raised his voice in anger and always approached us with courtesy which removed all fear and tension of those difficult days. He would inquire after our health and wellbeing, and showed a special concern for the older missionaries.

"We gathered that Kosaka had come under the influence of Christian missionaries in Japan and was a Christian himself, and regarded himself as having been divinely placed in the largely missionary camp to soften the hard blows of the war for his fellow Christians."

*



I remember that I was in my late teens in camp. Only one time did I see anything like sympathy from the guards. Had broken my leg, in a cast, getting late so was trying to hurry, boyfriend on my left helping, guard came up on my right, placed hand on my shoulder, I slid around in front of Steve so he was between us. The guard then pointed to my cast. Coming up to us with rifle, affixed with bayonet did not give me a "friendly" feeling. He made friendly noises then left. We hurried home before curfew. The guard

seemed to be about our age. I stayed away from them as much as I could.

*

I remember that after Tipton and Hummel escaped from Weihsien Camp, many of the Chefoo youngsters from the Boys and Girls Schools were moved from Block 23 over to the hospital (Block 61). I think Tipton and Hummel had once lived in the attic atop the hospital where their room commanded a sweeping view of the farmland beyond the camp walls. The Japanese wanted to be sure, following

the escape, that the enterprising young men of the camp would no longer have such strategically located quarters. Unaware at the time of that reasoning, my friends and I, all about Mary's age, were relocated to the hospital attic with its marvellous over-the-wall view. Apart from a brief stay opposite the Chalkleys' quarters on the hospital second floor, Jack Graham, Raymond Trickey, Torje Torjesen, Kenneth Bell, Kenneth Patchett, Jim Young and I, and some others, found our home in the attic until the

end of the war!

But moving away from Block 23 held one major disadvantage for me personally. You see, a number of us youngsters, me included, had had small flower and vegetable gardens in the park out behind Block 23. We planted the gardens, weeded and watered them and were fully responsible for tending them ourselves. I recall that my younger brother, John, shared a garden with Robert Clow. They were in the Prep School and remained in Block 23 until war's end. Of course

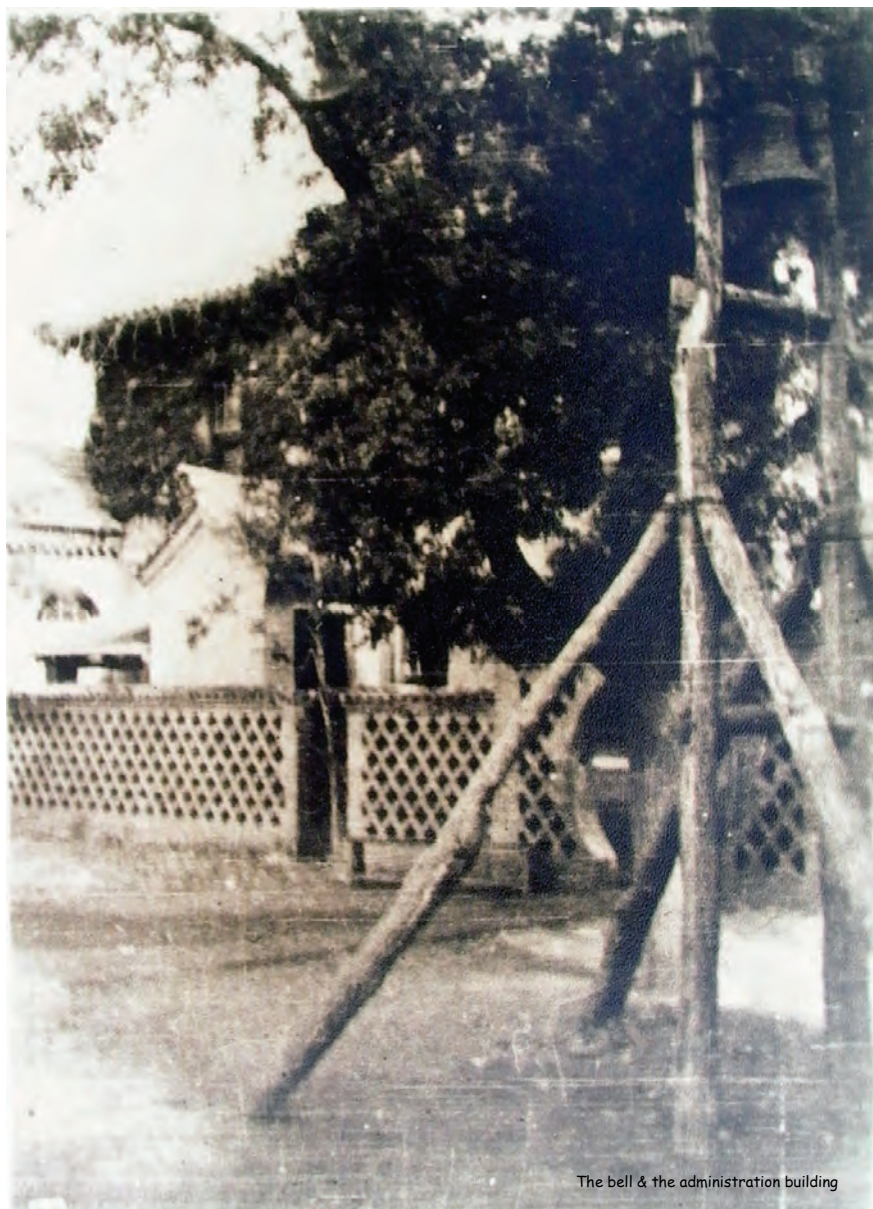
those of us in the Boys' School lost our gardens when we had to move. Block 61 and Block 23 were too far apart for us to walk all that way to attend to our horticulture.

Some months passed and I was determined to replace my garden. So I borrowed a Chinese hoe (a big, bulky, heavy tool) from someone. I had my eye on a suitable patch of soil next to the camp wall. But it needed to be cultivated. Well, the soil proved to be rock-hard clay - parched by the blistering Weihsien summer sun. I bravely wielded my heavy hoe (or mattock) and began bashing away with it at the unyielding baked clay! About twelve years old, I was a bit undersized from malnutrition, and I s'pose I wasn't making much headway, if any!

At this moment a Japanese guard, probably either waiting to go on sentry duty at the nearby tower, or maybe just off his shift, approached me. He gave me a very friendly smile and gestured to me indicating he would like me to pass him my mattock! I quickly realized that he wanted to help me, and of course I handed him the heavy tool. Well, that friendly guard went to work on what was an impossible task for me. He dug up the entire patch and did not quit till he had pulverized the chunky clay into workable soil.

I have never forgotten that very friendly gesture and I shall always be grateful for the memory of that good man and his kindness to twelve-year-old David.

*



The bell & the administration building

I remember Goopy (Mr Martin) one of my most respected teachers of all time, told several of us boys one day that a Japanese guard whom he had recently befriended actually gave him a cigarette as a little gesture of appreciation. Goopy said, "Of course, I did not tell him that I don't smoke, but I will keep that cigarette as a reminder of this man's kindness."

*

I don't remember if a piano of any shape or form could have been squeezed into any of those rooms in OUR Block 22.

Earlier in our stay, I had the lone of a piano accordion for 2 weeks BUT I didn't think it had been that 'noticeable'!

I shouldn't have got carried away with 'Roll Out the Barrel', like I did! That must've given the game away!

*

I did not realize that the piano was a Steinway, the Prince of Pianos, Wow!!! But I do remember listening to it being played many times. Do you remember Mr Percy Gleed? He was an outstanding pianist and often accompanied Sunday services. Miss Talati spent countless hours making the piano speak eloquently and sing impressively!

I also remember Mr Elden Whipple Sr, Dwight's father playing that piano just before so many of the Americans were repatriated! Wonderful memories! I hope the piano received a good home after the war. A Steinway should last

for generations if it is well maintained!

*

I remember that the piano in the Assembly Hall/Church was a grand, a really big piano! I know there were several other pianos in the camp. I believe Block 22 had one.

*

I remember that everybody was excited and that I couldn't settle down. We, of course dug into our stores more than usual. After morning roll-call, about 9:30 we heard a plane. Everybody rushed out and we found out that it was American. Occasionally foreign (sic) planes had flown over but this was the first to fly low. It came from S-W. It flew E. of the camp and we could see the star. It had 4 engines and was a B-24. We all waved and cheered although they told us after that they didn't see us. It came over again and flew from S-N over the camp very low, about 40 feet. It almost touched the trees. Then it circled around and flew N-S, but what thrilled us all was that it dropped parachute troops. Seven in all.

*





I remember this first letter home:

Dear all of you,

How are you after nearly four years? I have had one Red Cross letter in three years and nine months, and I am afraid most of mine never left this camp. I am afraid you must wait for the story of these years until I get out as work is almost night and day now as two of us are sorting and packing for the boys. We have used curtains, mattress covers, table cloths, anything we could lay our hands on to cut out and make clothes they can wear when they travel home. We have lost everything, and so has the school, except for our dirty bedding. The bed bugs have been at their worst during this hot weather, and I am afraid our boxes will all have to be fumigated. At last the war is over. We heard it whispered by a Chinese, but we did not believe it because we have been hearing it at least once a week anyway. Last Friday, on August 17th, an American B24 flew over. We all knew it was

not a Japanese plane because it flew lower and lower, backwards and forwards and so low it blew our hats off. We shouted and cheered and laughed and cried. You can have no idea what this meant to us. One of the children ran to me and said, AOOh, Mrs. Lack,

will Mummy know they are flying over us? 'A yes' I said, Aby this evening it will be broadcast all over the world. Our children have been wonderful and it has not been easy for them. We have had no beds for over three years and have hardly been able to keep clean with just one piece of soap a month. Mr. Bruce, Mrs. Houghton and the boys have taken on the washing of sheets for the past eight months as we were all breaking down under it. Four of us did it most of the time until I was ill last summer, then we started a squad arrangement, Mrs. Houghton, Miss Williams, Mrs. Henderson and I do the minor wash, but others relieve us for the last basket, and the sheets are done by the team I mentioned above. Mending and finding clothes and bug fighting fill the rest of the time. Now we look forward to beds, clean beds, and a meal set at a table.

To get back to August 17th. After the

American plane had flown back and forth over us for about 10 minutes, it suddenly rose to about 600 feet and to our surprise, seven men parachuted down, followed by 25 loads of supplies. What a sight! It was nearly more than we could bear. Men dashed to the West Wall and over they went. Then we all broke bounds, men, women and children ran past the Japanese guard and out through the gate while the guard stood helpless. After the men had parachuted down, they said they flew low because they thought they might be fired on, and also they had to be sure it was the right place as nobody was quite sure where the camp was. The first thing the Major told us was that we must go back inside again as peace had not yet been signed, and it was still dangerous. We are all quiet again now and do not expect to move yet. The sick will leave by plane first, possibly this week, including one of our CIM boys.

We had a Victory supper yesterday outside on the playing field, where each had a tomato and an apple - a real feast as we had all been longing for some fresh fruit. The Chinese have been sending in food too, so we are almost overwhelmed. When we ran outside the gates on the day the Americans arrived, the Chinese were shocked at all the bare feet, and some of them picked up the children to carry them to the camp. The men and the boys were all shirtless too, so gifts of vests have been coming in from Chinese outside. I think the dear souls thought we had no clothes at all. Chinese Christians keep

coming to the gate to bring us food, but after the lean fare of the past years, we find we cannot eat so much now that we have it. I was sick on Victory Day after eating an apple, but we will get used to it.

This is a sample of the menu we have been used to:

Breakfast - bread and water

Lunch - stew and tea

Dinner - Soup and water.

Two slices of bread and clear tea once a day, no milk at all, a small amount of sugar till May of this year and since then none at all. The little children and babies had a little milk. We have had one Red Cross parcel since coming here, though the airmen tell us America sent one every month.

*

My mother comments on this letter as follows:

"This letter from Mrs. Lack was the first real news we had of the conditions Raymond had lived under for the past three years at least, and we marvelled that he looked as well as he did. Unpacking his trunk, I was amused and moved to find one pair of pyjamas - one of the pairs I had sent him to school with five years before. They had been added to a number of times as he grew, and the material was very thin and well patched. A note from one of the staff apologised that the colour of the pyjamas and the few sheets she had sent back were such a dirty gray, but they had had to wash everything without soap, so it was impossible to get things really clean."

*



<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/groups/p-scouts.htm>



I remember that some of the children had grown more than a foot since our parents first sent us off to the Chefoo School. Providing clothes for growing children was going to take a GIANT miracle. But hadn't the Lord promised: "If God so clothe the grass of the field shall He not much more clothe you?" Clothes and shoes for us little ones was easy. We grew into hand-me-downs.

We patched then patched the patches. But clothing for the older boys posed a serious problem. It was the winter of 1944-'45. They were facing the third winter of the war — with no winter trousers — until Mrs. Lack, one of our teachers, had her dream. In the dream, she was going from mattress to mattress looking for dark blankets that could be made into winter slacks.

Blankets for trousers. Of course! Why hadn't she thought of it before?

In the dinner queue — where hunger heightened contentiousness — the skeptics started in on Mrs. Lack.

"Trousers of our blankets?"

"Blankets, my dear, aren't made of woven fabric. The seats will be out the first time the boys sit down."

How could they understand that if God had told Mrs. Lack to make trousers out of blankets, He would make His business to keep the seats in?

But just then, a kindly old stranger interrupted. "I used to be a tailor in Tientsin," he told Mrs. Lack. "I'm old and not much good these days, but maybe I could help you cut them out."

By early December when the thermometer dipped to 17 degrees, the trousers -- hand tailored -- were ready. Temperatures reached 3 below zero that winter. At the end of April, when the last snows were melting, the first boy came to Mrs. Lack.

"May I wear my khaki shorts now?" he asked.

"It's a bit cold now, isn't it?"

"But the seat is splitting in my trousers," he said with an uncomfortable blush.

After five winter months, the first seat had given way.

*



I remember being in class. Hearing the plane, so different to the sound of the rare Japanese planes that flew over. We all rushed outside looking up. As it circled we ran in circles under it. Then it started to climb higher, thinking it was going away we stopped and wailed, only to find to our



joy there were soon parachutes gently floating down with men attached. So we rushed to the gate and carried on through for the first time ever. I confess I didn't go very far as there were so many prickles attacking my bare feet. I was certainly part of the

reception back at the gateway. Then we followed with the crowd to stand outside the Headquarters building where Major Stieger spoke to us all. It wasn't long before we learnt 'You are my sunshine' and every morning at 6am they played over loud speakers 'Oh what a beautiful morning, Oh what a wonderful day' regardless of the weather.

*

I remember seeing the B-24 fly over and the crates and drums falling from the bombays and the 'chutes never opening. Then I remember the 7 jumped from the B-24. The parachutes came down so evenly spaced. They were like steps in a staircase. Somehow everyone ran out of the gates. Being small and fast

— 10 years old -- I was way ahead of everyone. I was barefoot and wore shorts. I ran to the nearest parachute that I saw land and came upon this man in uniform who had his glasses taped to his temples. He was already disconnected from his 'chute when I arrived. We were in a field of stubble — maybe gaoliang. Anyhow, he pointed to some Chinese writing which was printed on his uniform.

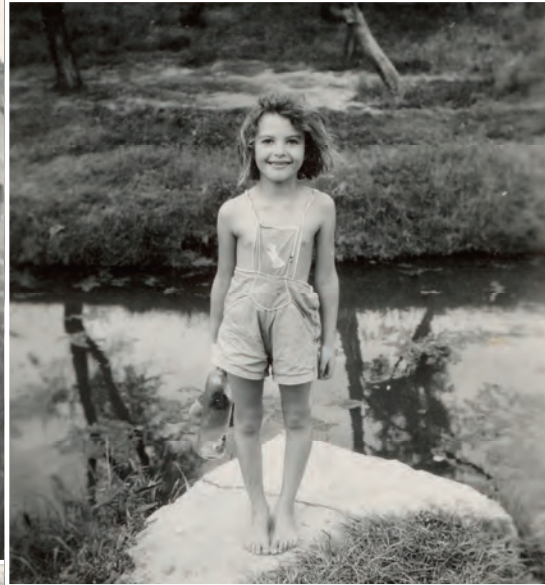
I said to him "I'm sorry, Sir, I don't know how to read Chinese".

He was amazed. "You speak English?"

"I'm from the camp, Sir", I said. "We burst the gates". Then the adults showed up, and I was pushed aside.

*





I remember that it was a bright day --- it must have been a cloudless blue sky over Weih sien. I was 4-years old wandering all alone on a grassless slope of dirty brown soil. I was next to a big rock -- as big as myself. I felt lost --- completely lost. Grown-ups running all over the place. In my memory, I remember that all was silent --- very silent. Somebody picks me up --- .

--- And then I wake up in the middle of the night. I had this dream for many -- many years and finally found out that it was the day that the Americans liberated us on 17th August 1945.

... I don't have that nightmare anymore but the image is indelibly printed in my neurones. Two years ago, when we visited Weifang and the old Weih sien hospital I think I recognized the brown dirty slope going downwards towards the river. Alone and with my digital camera I started walking upstream towards what had been the Weih sien main gate and walls beyond the compound. I think that I found the same spot as to where I was -- 62 years ago. I was then politely and firmly invited by our host, to rejoin our group of visitors waiting near the hospital grounds.

Once again, I woke up ————

*

How lovely to read your message! We have all written our memories (probably more than once) over the lifetime of the website but I think this is the first time I have heard yours, and love the way it speaks to what gets written on our nerve endings, in our souls, in our subconscious. Those early happenings reverberate through our lives at all sorts of levels. Our visit to Weih sien was interesting, delighted recognition and exploration, until the moment we were standing in the middle school (the site of Block 23) looking out of the office window and seeing home. It was actually not block 15 which had been pulled down, but the block behind it, but instantly my sister and I were in tears, shaking with having been transported back in time, seeing the castor oil plants that Ma (Heather Martin) had planted outside the door, seeing through our tears the bright blue of the morning glories, seeing the little outdoor stove. And yes, we too stood on the field and looked up into the sky and re-peopled it with tiny figures dangling below great colourful parachutes. We are made up of memories that we recreate in dreams, in visions, in work, and I'm sure that given such richness of experience we are furnished with material that once we recognize it, once we wake up to it at different levels, once we understand it, it and we are able to become part of a larger world. I, too, have had my China dreams that I no longer need to keep pulling me back but have released me to embrace the future with greater delight. But I still honour August 17th, often with a Hershey bar (which I never eat any other time, too sickly sweet) and my thoughts go to all who were a part of that day, liberators, camp inhabitants, Chinese neighbours.

*





I remember:

"One morning in August 1945 there was suddenly an air of excitement in the camp.

'Quick, come outside', called an internee, 'people are all getting together and looking at something'.

Sure enough the sound of a plane became louder as it neared the camp!

Everyone had by now stopped work and was looking at the sky. To our wonder and joy a man parachuted down followed by six others, landing near the front gate. I shall never forget that moment. The thrill of knowing that the war was over, the knowledge that we were no longer prisoners, the thought of reunion with our loved ones, the sudden excitement was almost too much for some of us. I had an indescribable feeling in the pit of my stomach, never before or since experienced.

We all rushed out through the main gate, watched by a gaping guard to greet the airmen. One of them had been a prefect at Chefoo and was recognised at once by staff and former school mates.

Other planes dropped leaflets and tinned foods which many of us were unable to take; even fruit juice was too rich for me as we never had any fruit in camp rations. Delicious food was now served in the kitchens, but I begged to be allowed to eat in the diet kitchen where the fare was much the same as usual.

Services of thanksgiving were held in the church, full of praise and thanksgiving and joy."

*

I remember that we were warned early of the risks of 'taking an unboiled drink' from those deadly wells!.....So, what did I do to quench my thirst on some of those hot days?

During some of those pumping sessions or through the non-stop exertions of the soccer or hockey games..... I 'ran on dry' there, obviously?

There weren't many taps with running water 'dotted' around the compound, either.....so, where did we wash our hands through the day? Did we use soap? I'm damned if I can remember!

Why didn't I also (or even more of us) think of recording some of the (at least) notable happenings in our daily 'camp' existence? We would have had many more accurate stories to add to our interesting "Days of Internment" saga!

*



I remember... It was August 16. Our dear friend Arthur Wright, a scholar of Asian culture, noticed that the Japanese guards were at attention listening to the Commandant, in a posture that indicated to him that an imperial decree was being read. Arthur suspected that something very important was happening. So, the four of us, Arthur, his wife Mary (a scholar in her own right), my husband Boris, and I, de-

cided to see if the Swiss Consul was going to arrive — a possible scenario if the War was over. We grabbed chairs and decided to sit at the Heavenly Gate awaiting news. We were there for hours, until late afternoon. We decided to celebrate the end of the War and our liberation that evening. I went to cook dinner for the four of us. To garnish the contents of a can of salmon, I decided to make mayonnaise.

During this rather laborious process, I heard the announcement that we were to gather on the field as the Commandant had an announcement. As I didn't want to ruin the mayonnaise, I stayed in my compound while everyone gathered in the field. My husband reported that the Commandant said, "There are rumors that the War is over. I will neither confirm nor deny it." And did we celebrate that night!

The next day, while cleaning our room, my husband suddenly rushed in and said that an American plane was flying overhead. I didn't want to interrupt my task, but my husband started screaming that parachutists were dropping, so I ran with the rest of the crowd to the gate, which was open — so we ran to

the field towards the Americans. One of them, Moore, recognized my husband from when they attended the University of California at Berkeley together. It was an unexpected class reunion.

*

I remember both Mr and Mrs Huebener. Mrs Huebener was Miss Evelyn G Davey was one of the prep school teachers at Chefoo and

Weih sien. So she was one of my teachers for possibly my full four years in the prep school. She was a great friend of Miss Monica Priestman.

I believe that Mr Huebener, then a very eligible bachelor, began courting Miss Davey, a wonderfully cheerful and talented woman who was the main cub scout leader in the Chefoo School. At Chefoo I was a most enthusiastic 9-yr-old member of her pack! I won't reminisce more, right here and now, about our activities, because I want to keep to the point you have in mind. But I have happy memories, nearly seventy years later, of the fun we had as cubs with Miss Davey.

I remember that in the first stage of our repatriation from Weih sien to our home country, my little brother John and I actually shared a room with Mr Huebener and Jim Murray in the Edgewater Hotel. I recall Mr Huebener's keen sense of humor. John and I had been caught by one of the male teachers, up on the roof of the hotel where he was satisfied that we were "up to no good!" We were sent to our room with no supper and given the gloomy notice that on the following morning, we would be paraded before Captain Crockett of the Royal Marines who presumably would put the fear of death into us. Mr Huebener thought this was a great joke, and suggested, with tongue in cheek, that we stuff a notebook into the seat of our pants, presumably for protection from the impending doom.

*



I remember:

Aug 5th McLaren tells Dr JW Price exciting news re the Ruski's joining in *against Japan* - Terrible Heat

Aug 6th Martenellis fell from a tree — died that evening from terrible injuries (*added from RonB's Memory I was standing six feet away when he hit the ground on the main road*)

Aug 7th Funeral of Martinellis - awful heat day & night Dr Grice's glamour girls very bad - Phyllis Parkin

worst of all

Aug 8th Mrs Lawless died of paratyphoid after 7 weeks in Hospital. She was buried next day — first in the new cemetery outside the compound walls.

Aug 10th McLaren tried a interview with Watanabe who did not wish to see him — ran away hotly pursued by McLaren — finally fled

out the front gate where McLaren couldn't follow. Awful heat — worst of the whole summer — dripping day and night — heat in huts 97F (*RonB 36C*) at night.

Aug 14th The Committee have emergency meeting very exciting news received — put up notice saying that "There is reason to believe that the war is over "

Aug 15th Vio says the Emperor of Japan has proclaimed "For the first time in 2600 years Japan has had to ask for Peace terms from four powers"

Aug 16th Nothing but rumours + everyone very excited.

Aug 17th At 10 am great excitement an American plane comes over — flying very low - then 7 men dropped by parachute in the Kaoliang filed — then the plane circled again + dropped lots of gear by parachute we all ran out of front gate — terrific excitement — afternoon fixed up places for them to sleep medical sergt. in hospital, others in Commandants office etc Major Staggers (*sic*) held meeting with Committee + Japs. Chinese boy of 14 injured by parcel falling on head parachute did not open — very bad fractured skull — carried to Hospital — the Lieut. injured shoulder in falling — all landed prepared to fight - came out of the kaoliang towards us with loaded pistols etc

*



http://www.weih sien-paintings.org/BrianButcher/2007Weifang/p_01.htm

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I remember my thirteenth birthday and that my little brother John gave me a chrysalis for a present — we savoured the very little things more than many of today's kids savour their lavish and expensive gifts I

believe!

*

I remember:

"With the collapse of the Japanese, the food situation became serious for a few days. Supplies of bare necessities were sufficient only for two to three days at the time of the Japanese surrender. Major Staiger radioed his Headquarters for assistance and within a couple of days a B-24 flew over the camp to drop sheaves of handbills worded to the effect that sup-

plies were on the way. Within half an hour we heard the ponderous drone of heavily laden planes. Ten B-29s circled overhead and, as their bellies opened, tons of supplies were dropped, filling the sky with yellow, green, red, blue and white parachutes.

Some failed to open and steel drums hurtled through the air and, bursting on contact with the earth, sent up cascades of Californian peaches and cream, tomato soup, corned beef hash, cigarettes, candy and chewing-gum. At least 30 per cent of the first drop was wasted. This continued on and off for several days, until the church, resembling a warehouse, was stacked high with clothes, boots, food, smokes, medical supplies and books — everything that the Stores Officer on Okinawa (from where the planes had come) thought might conceivably be needed.

To cope with the demand for fresh fruit, vegetables and eggs, an open-air market was soon established outside the front gate by the river, where dozens of stalls were set up. People were still short of money, however, and most of the business was carried on by barter. Old clothes that were hardly fit to wear, boots and shoes with gaping holes, women's hats, were all exchanged for eggs, milk, or maybe a fried chicken or a bottle of the local brandy. Never had there been such eating, a craving of two and a half years' standing was satiated. There were casualties, but all admitted that it was worth it!"

*

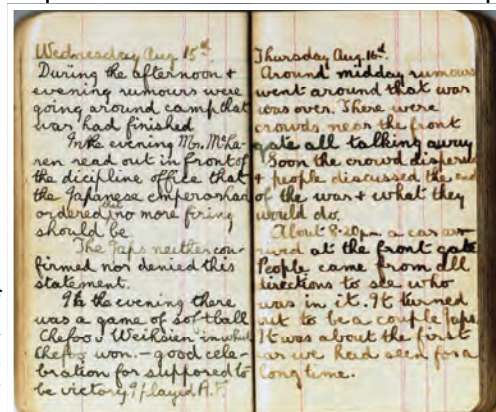
I remember that everybody was exited and that I couldn't settle down. We, of course dug into our stores more than usual. After morning roll-call, about 9:30 we heard a plane. Everybody rushed out and we found out that it was American. Occasionally foreign (sic) planes had flown over but this was the first to fly low. It came from S-W. It flew E. of the camp and we could see the star. It had 4 engines and was a B-24. We all waved and cheered although they told us after that they didn't see us. It came over again and flew from S-N over the camp very low, about 40 feet. It almost touched the trees. Then it circled around and flew N-S, but what thrilled us all was that it dropped parachute troops. Seven in all.

Major Staiger
Lieut. J. Moore (Chefoo senior)
Lieut. Hannen
Sgt. Ray Hanchulack
Cpl. Tad Nagaki (naturalised Jap-American)
Cpl. Peter Orlick
Edward Wong. (Chinese)

I remember that we all rushed out of camp to help them in. They dropped in dull white silk parachutes. All they had to do was to turn a thing and press it and they were released from the parachute. They hid behind grave mounds because when they had started out war hadn't finished. It was a mistake what we had heard on Thursday. We yelled in English to them and they realised that they were safe then showed themselves. I was one of the first to come across. E.

Wong. They had .45 colts by their hips and .32 up near their left shoulders. We were half a mile from camp amongst kao-liang and millet. The plane was 600 ft. up when they dropped. The plane zoomed over again and in its bomb racks it had big metal containers about 4' high and over a foot wide slightly rounded at each end. We carried them to a general dump by a grave. They were dropped with parachutes. The plane came again and dropped a few more and after that circled once more and went for ever that day.

We then went in search for the supply containers. Some weren't found for



quite a time. We had 4 men to a container and another carried the parachute. The brought out the reserve gang cart out and dumped a good deal of the stuff on that. I thought the whole thing was over when Hoyte III asked me to come with him. A feeble minded police tried to stop us but we

told him that were doing good work so he let us go on. We carried a big basket affair which contained radio parts. We ran all the way.

The band was playing and they had brought my trumpet. Since we children were not allowed out again I played in the band. The Chungking troops were outside our front gate when the P. troops landed to protect them and us.

The major was about the last to come of everybody, and was carried by a couple of men. Everybody cheered.

The Americans went to the Administration building in Moon Gate and talked with the big-shots of the camp. E. Wong talked to us through the window. He was in Peking 7 years ago but escaped from school and went to high school and then joined up. It was the first time he had jumped from an airplane. He is called "Shorty" because of his height (about 5')

When the soldiers came out children flocked towards them, especially Nagaki. He is always seen walking around with children.

These parachute troops were picked men. When they landed they didn't know, whether Japs or communists, who were numerous, would attack



them for the war isn't over yet. They were brave men. The Japs were feeling funk'd (sic) (The word 'funk'd' was used widely by some of us then. Meaning 'afraid', scared) and couldn't stop us so the Americans came in safe. Some invalids were told to prepare 1 suit-case — no more than 50 lbs. in case they would go that day. They didn't.

*

I remember:

Saturday, August 18th,

People young and old were asking that

Americans to write their names in their autograph albums or suchlike books.

I forgot to say that on Friday evening the sewing room made letters out of the parachute "O.K. TO LAND" for the airdrome which is about 5 miles South of us.

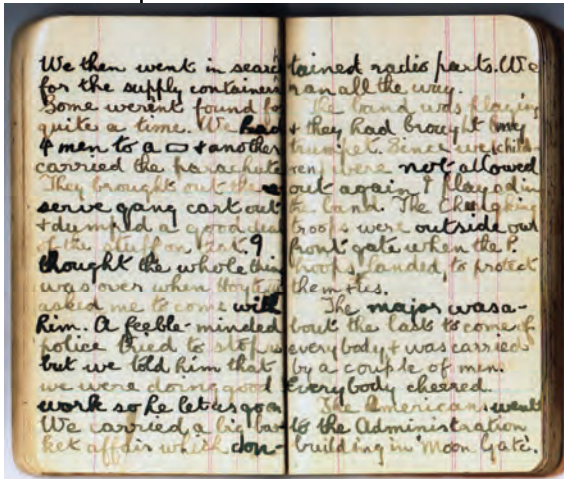
Also the U.V. and L.V. (Lower & Upper 5th forms (aged 14 & 15)) had to be messengers for the camp police who wore red arm-bands with C.P. in black. We wore green scarves on our left arms.

First of all we did from 2-6 p.m.. There weren't many messages to carry.

- Saturday (continued)

There were 3 messengers (sic) at H.Q. (S.W. room of 25) & 2 at the gate. The hours were permanent — 9.30 — 11.30; 11.30 — 1.00; 1.00 — 3.00; 3.00 — 5.00 from then on. I was on from 1 — 3 at the gate. I was told in the morning that A. Hummel & Tipton were expected that day. I saw horses the other side of the river coming down the path. I guessed that they were T + H. (Tipton and Hummel). The horses' tails were different colour from the main body. A Chinese told us that they were. When they came in sight again they were walking with a Chinese officer between them. Tipton

was in canary khaki & Hummel in blue trousers & white shirt. The camp came down to the front gate to see



them especially D. Candlin who is H's girl friend. They went to H.Q. & the Adm. Building & talked there.

A wretched Jap plane was on the airfield so when the B-24 came that afternoon, it couldn't land. As well the Japs had some men with rifles on the base. The major was very heated with the Japs.

I was up the Hospital tower when the B-24 came. Tad, a nervy little chap stood on the top railing of the parapet & held on the roof. Immediately he saw the plane in the distance, he said that it was a B-24. The plane flew low over the camp a few times & the last time it flew very close to the tower — we had a good view. In the evening I played the violin duet with Pat. Evenden. — Youth concert.

Sunday, August 19th

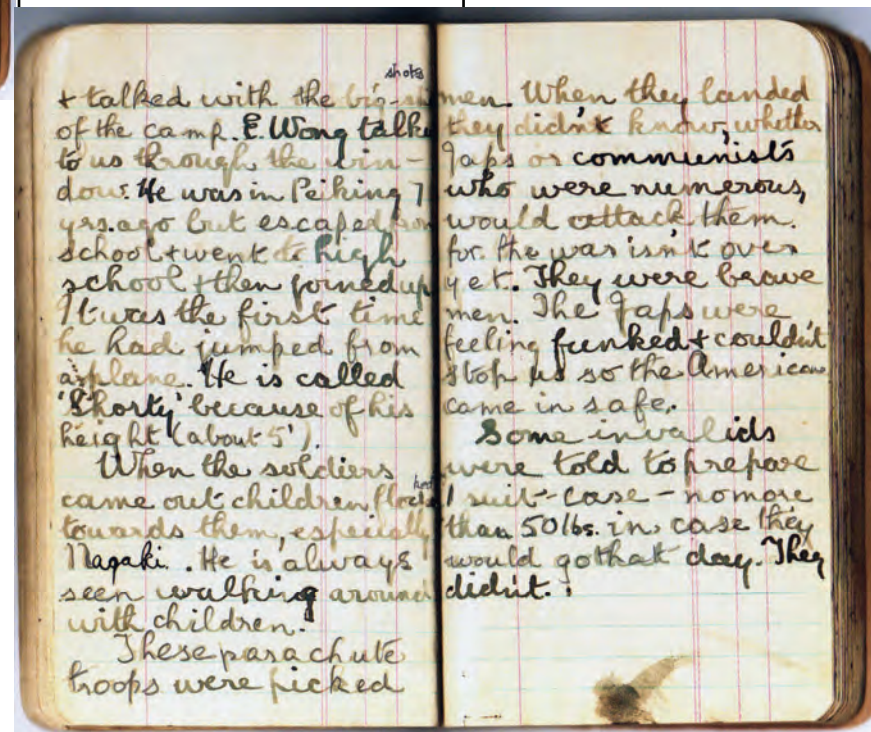
Nothing much.

There was a church parade in the morning, all scouts, guides, rangers, rovers (not cubs & brownies) taking part. Also all ex-soldiers & volunteers etc.... had seats reserved. They marched down main road while the band played. I came late 'cause of band but had a seat reserved. It was an Anglican service in which all clergy (6) & the bishop took part. Mr. Mc. Douall led the sermon. He read the whole thing. All the ex-service men wore their medals — some had at least 10. At the end we lined up outside the church & were dismissed. J. Moore &

a couple of other soldiers came at the end & the people gathered around them & talked.

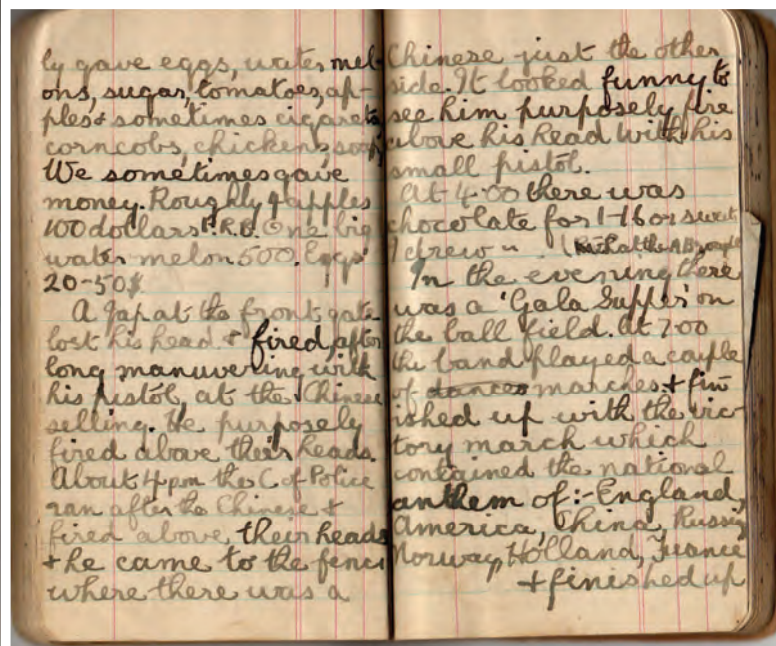
In the afternoon about 4.30. a plane came over & looked dark & also didn't look like the B-24 so people thought it was a Jap. People thought it funny for the Americans to go down to the field the other side of the river where there was a white cross, but the Americans knew it to be a C-47. It had its wheels down — 2 engines & an ordinary tail. — Nothing much for the rest of the day. When on duty a Jap found a hand grenade & threw it into the river.

*



I remember:
Monday, August 20th
The rumour was that about 20 Americans were in Weih sien & that 7 planes were to arrive that day. The last rumour didn't happen. The 20 odd Americans came about 11.00 in a truck — a mission for release work in Korea but were turned back. The story was they were sent to Korea & landed on an airdrome near a camp on Saturday. The Japs were very pleasant in the afternoon but on Sunday morning broke some of their previous promises & the L. Col. got heated with them & the Japs got heated back. The Japs trained two tank's guns on the house of the Americans but the American's walked to their plane as if they were allowed to — all were dead funk'd as they walked. The plane was only a transport they went about 180 m.p.h. They were funk'd because of (a) suicide Jap planes (b) they had no life belts for the sea. Luckily they got away safely & landed at 6.00 p.m. on Sunab. They had a photographing outfit & took several pictures. Each man had a crowd around him & signed their names for people. The car on the main road went backwards & forwards with

people inside (children) & outside up main road. The highest man was Lieut. Colonel Bird



May I say that all this time since the first batch came & had fixed up the wireless set, bulletins were posted up on the walls outside kitchens for the public to read. It was called 'The Zoom'. Also Mr. Egger has been in & out. Marketing is going over the wall all the time. We gave tins & old clothing mainly & they mainly gave eggs, water melons, sugar, tomatoes, apples & sometimes cigarettes, corn cobs, chickens, soap. We sometimes gave money. Roughly

4 apples = 100 dollars P.R.B. One big water melon 500. Eggs 20-50\$. A Jap at the front gate lost his head & fired, after long maneuvering (sic) with his pistol, at the Chinese selling. He purposely fired above their heads. About 4 p.m. the C of Police ran after the Chinese & fired above their heads & he came to the fence where there was a Chinese just the other side. It looked funny to see him purposely fire above his head with his small pistol. At 4.00 there was chocolate for 1 - 16 or sweets. I drew chocolate.

In the evening there was a "Gala Supper" on the ball field. At 7.00 the band played a couple of marches & finished up with the victory march which contained the national anthem of :- England, America, China, Russia, Norway, Holland, France & finished up with the English one in 4/4 time instead of 3/4. Then the orchestra played which was too soft for outside. There were two big flags E + A on the catcher's net with a "V" of bulbs. Also a few Swiss e.t.c. here & then Ada Foxlee & Gillian Hall danced a Hungarian dance which the A's photo-

graphed. The photo is about "X". Then there was a ball-room dancing alternated with a 'hula' dance by Betty Lambert, 'tap' dance by Sheila Black, by Mrs. Baliane, Russian folk song; song by Mrs. Prior; Mr. Gleed sang. Once after a dance Mr. Adams played his clarinet in & out of the dancers very beautifully. The dance ended at 11.00 p.m. when the room lights went out. The street lights stayed on for ages. Some of the band including Mr. Adams played on until 3.00 a.m. At the supper there was a terrific stink of bigar. P.S. In the afternoon about 4.30 the C-47 flew low over the camp a few times just for thrill. Some people were funk'd because it flew so low. It dipped its wings. I remember Tuesday 21st: In the evening, the B-24 flew low over the camp. I remember Wednesday 22nd About 7.00 the C-47 flew over the camp low once & then flew away to SIAN. We were told that the men might come back in a few days. About 10 were left in Weih sien. The marketing was stopped during the morning. When on duty we sat on the turret & talked all the time. Only about 4 messages were run in the whole time. When a garbage box was carried out we had to drive the Chinese urchins away. During the afternoon I would go to the moongate & talk with the Americans. The jump on Friday was Sgt Ray N Hanchulak's 23rd jump. The major's

10th. E Wong's 1st. You sit down & get shoved out. The order of the paratroops is as follows:-

- 1) Major Staiger
- 2) Tad Nagaki,
- 3) Sgt. Ray Hanchulak,
- 4)
- 5) E. Wong,
- 6)
- 7)

Sgt. Ray told us that he had 5 weeks training. He has jumped in enemy territory many times. In the evening M. Staiger came out and sang a few songs. He always forgot the words ½ way through. It was about the first time he has ever talked with the children — too buisy (sic). About 8.15 the radio was placed on the veranda for the public to listen to.

At 8.40 we held a court of honour about the 10 knives we were given. The Weihsien troops were given 8 & a compass & mouth organ. We had a good wrist compass. The knives were beauties. U.S.A.

Thursday 23rd

The 3 schools — Chefoo — Weihsien — American school were photographed with a small Kodak camera — 2 photos each.

In the evening there was a softball England v America. After the first innings 3 Ams. came, J. Moore (R.F.), P. Orlick (S.S.) & Tad Nagaki (C.). Tad is in my mind the best catcher in camp. I was told he couldn't peg fast 'cause he strained a muscle but he was as quick as anything, getting some which meant a quick spring. He was

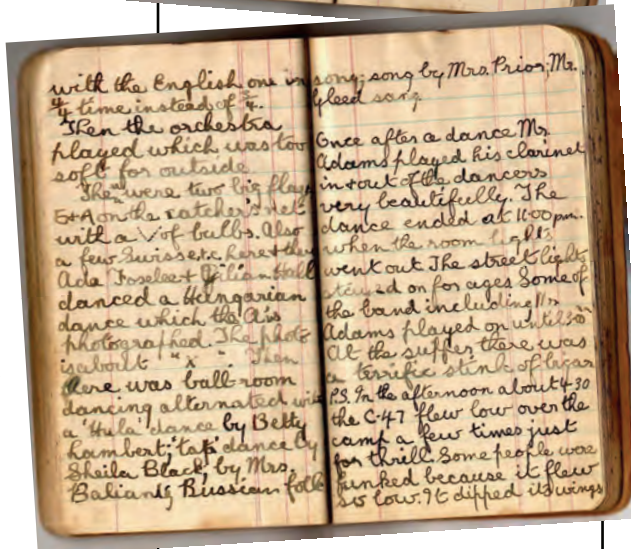
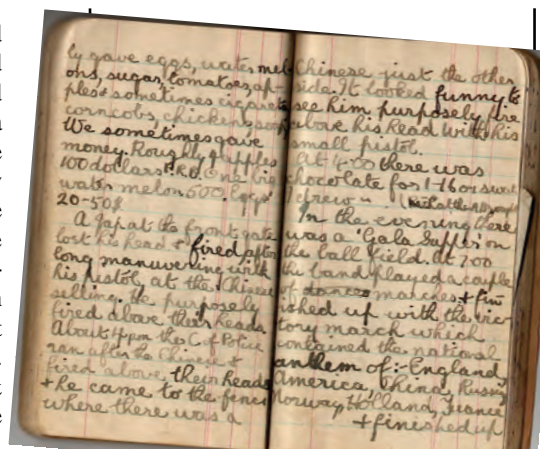
very springy although he played in boots. He did some good hard hits. P. Orlick made a very good S.S. He had a hardball peg, a flick of the rist (sic). He made about the most hits — a very well placed bunt down 1st. He also squirmed bases. J Moore has hardly ever played before — being brought up in an English school. He made a good hard hit at the pitcher — a cricket drive. The ball went over 2nd base & he got 1 base. He also did some good work at R.F. Am-Radio in moongate. A bulletin is posted up every morning.

The market was opened from 10.30 - 11.30 & 3-4. Only for adults. It was by the fence near the river. Also private marketing was going on N.E. of the hos. + at 23. (not allowed)

There were about 15 Chinese soldiers & an officer doing something outside the gate. We brought food and tea to them. Their job was to look after the market. They had 1945 rifles but they looked local — some were cracked.

I remember Friday 24th:
Nothing except some odd rumours which didn't happen.

I remember Saturday 25th:
In the morning a radio message came



to say that Tad Nagaki was to be sergeant instead of corporal.

When we went on duty as on previous days, we saw a Jap talking to the Chinese soldiers. This time a funny (sic) tall Chinese was teaching the J. bayoneting. Chinese go in for a lot of funny

style. We got their food for them as usual.

We heard a rumour when on duty that a plane had left SIAN at noon & was expected between 4.30 & 5.30. I was about the first to see it coming in the West. I told the other people on the ball field tower & we yelled & in a few minutes the whole camp was gathering on the field. The plane flew from N to S over the field N of our camp & landed parachutes of supplies.

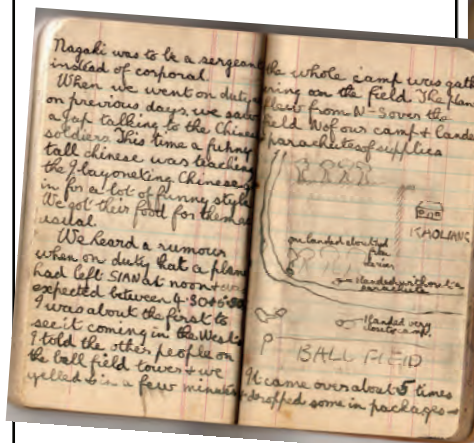
It came over about 5 times & dropped some in packages — sections tied together & some containers.

The last time it flew over & dropped no parachutes & we knew it had finished — it circled there as usual but before reaching the field — it turned W & dipped its wings twice & went forever.

May I say that when the plane first was seen the major who was on the field with the other men, fired first a green then a yellow 'Very' light. Also he made some green then yellow thick smoke.

There were 14 drops in all. Some of the usual long packages & some boxes containing chocolate & cigarettes. The long containers had tin goods such as sliced bacon — roast beef — steamed fruit cake (3¾ ozs net) — all these tins are different from the parcels we had months ago. The tins were of green khaki colour. The plane is called the "Armoured Angel"

I remember Sunday, August 26th, Chocolate was given to everybody in camp — ration D greased on the outside. For the regular drawers of cigarettes 6½ packets each. Nothing much

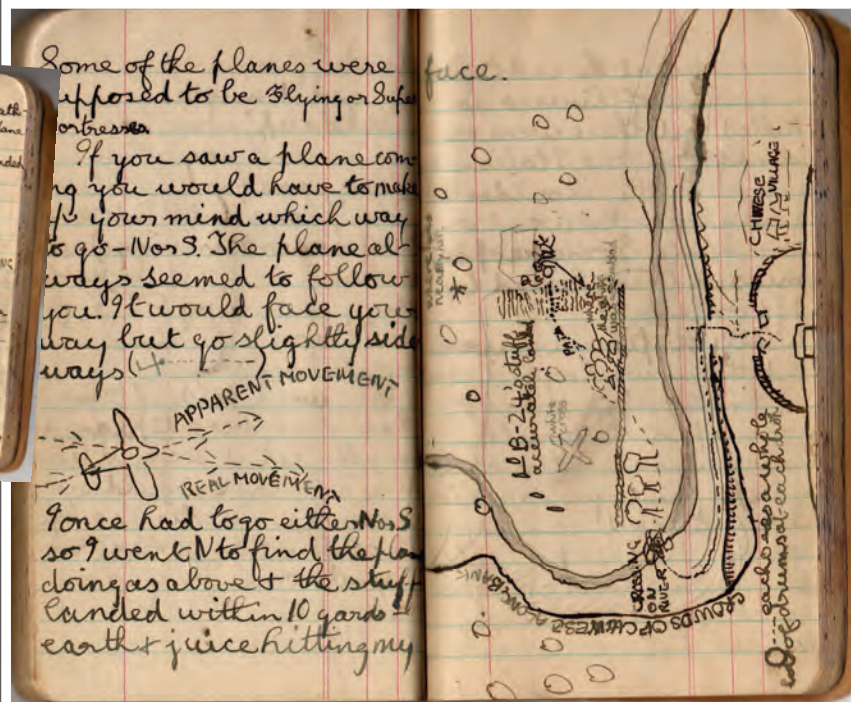


the rest of the day. A note was type written to Major Staiger in thanks for the knives. All 10 of us signed below.

Monday, August 27th

The time is changed to Big Ben time. At 7.00 (which used to be 8.00) we heard and saw a plane coming towards us. It looked longer and more sleek than the usual B-24. It was a B-29. When it flew low & close it looked very slick. It had an ordinary tail not like the B-24 which had a double one. In a few minutes a second one arrived. The first to arrive had an "A" on the top fin of the tail. The second didn't. After about 10 minutes a third appeared like the first. They circled around & eventually held a wireless conversation with our Ams in camp

here. I forget to say that the first one dropped pamphlets at about 7.30 & again at about 7.40. They landed at the



ball field.

At about 9.15 the plane dropped some white parachutes. I noticed that some didn't have parachutes. My father said that he would do my 9.30-10.00 pumping so I went out of the camp with a lot of other men & boys & helped roll the stuff along. It was terribly damaged — tins of fruit salad just half empty so we helped ourselves. On the pamphlets it said that supplies would be dropped in an hour or two. I

saw a few planes appearing over the East horizon.

I had to go back & get some buckets

"Heads up" was what people would say when a plane came from E-W low. The planes (which had 1°W.SUPPLIES under their wings) made circles E-W-S-E-N-W-west always over us. It was really dangerous. We were told afterwards that there were 12 planes in all but it seemed like only 7. A plane would circle around a few times & drop its stuff & then go & another would come. They came from OKONAWA (sic) except the 'Armoured Angel'.

Some of the planes were supposed to be Flying or Super Fortresses.

If you saw a plane coming you would have to make up your mind which way to go — N or S. The plane always seemed to follow you. It would face your way but go slightly side ways. I once had to go either N or S so I went N to find the plane doing as above & the stuff landed within 10 yards earth & juice hitting my face.

I expected to find a number of Chinese & us killed but there were evidently none. One Italian was grazed on the shoulder but was alright & went on working. Some people missed being killed by 3 foot or less.

All the time we were out there, we hogged away at tinned fruit salad & at tinned peach & milk.

There was also tinned grape fruit juice which was the most wanted for thirst. Also people helped themselves to packages of chocolate & chewing gum. They swiped enough to keep them going for the rest of the day. The men took cigarettes.

Around 10.30 I was on guard at the

for broken tins. In the meantime the B-24s came over.

When I went out again I found that it was very dangerous. They would land big drums about 2'x4' & some larger ones about 2 times the length - also clothing & medical supplies.

The stuff might land within 10 yards of you — nearly get killed.

The B-29s couldn't go slower than 200 m.p.h. so the stuff came down at a great angle.

house where there was a temporary dump. There was a drum with only about 6" of cocoa in the bottom.

Then I went & helped roll the drums to the dump. When a plane came over we would say 'all clear' because the flaps were shut. But when it got over us the flaps would open & the stuff would crash down the other side of the river. It wasn't a very pleasant to see the huge drums crash amongst the Chinese although I found out after that one or two were slightly hurt.

When the planes went at about 11, I went the other side of the field on the N side where the stream bends.

There I took off my shoes & waded across (the water only came up just above my knees) the river (about 15 ft wide) & helped chuck bust tins into a drum.

I had a good fillup of grape fruit juice which was wanted by my body. The Chinese were given the empty tins, but some that I kicked, I found full so I took them away.

Then everything was carried to the main dump.

From there Luxon & I carried stuff on a crate without sides. It was awkward crossing the river because there was hardly enough room for two couples to cross at a time. We stopped at 12.45 for dinner but before that the last load we carried was a whole lot of soap & a bag of caps on top. We had a half time rest. People passing by helped themselves to the caps so we did.

At 1.30 I went to the front gate but found that they didn't need any more

work. But I wanted to go out for the thrill so I managed to squirm with a cart & we carried in about 5 small drums. The work was finished by



about 2.30.

Then we had to move the stuff from outside the church to inside.

About 4.00 I was going to get a shower when I was asked to haul the reserve gang cart to the church for carrying medical supplies. They stank abominably. We finished at about 4.30. Then I had a long wanted shower.

Late in the afternoon a couple of C-47s landed at the airport & about 7.00 p.m. supplies were brought in by truck. Sugar & C-Ration.

Tuesday August 28th

Some chocolate was given out.

A C-47 landed in the afternoon & landed a bit of supplies.

In the morning from 8.30 - 9.00 12 people were taken away by car to the airport & the planes zoomed over about 9.30.

Wednesday August 29th

Tins were given out - our family (four, 4) 4 tins breakfast, 4 tins Campbell's Asparagus soup (2), Campbell's Chicken soup (2), 1 Big tin fruit salad, 1 Big tin Apricot, 2 Big tins fruit juice (Grape fruit). We opened a Supper & a juice.

Thursday August 30th

Theo's birthday.

A plane, which Tad said was a Jap, flew over about 12.00.

Boots were tried on at KI for your size; 7, 7½, 8, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½. Then you went in a queue & registered your size. I first took 8 then decided to take 9.

In the afternoon they were given out from 3 - 4.30. Soon after they began giving out, 9 and over were allowed to go to the head of the long queue & get theirs first.

I found after that mine were slightly narrow so (I had 9D) I changed for 9E. I found in my boots a tin of Dubbing (sic) which I rubbed in. You can't polish after D unless you get a smooth surface & rub all over. I only want mine for rough use so I'm not going to. I polished my black ones & wore them in the evening. Most people are wearing their boots. I'm not wearing them till the colder weather.

Friday August 31st

In the morning some 20 GI's came by

truck. They had come from the airport where they had landed in two C-47s.

There were amongst them Col. Weinburg - Cpt. Ashwood for entertainment. There were some very dark ones amongst them. One gave me a bullet .42. I was talking to them outside 35 where they had dumped their equipment. A lorry went to the airport for the supplies which mainly consisted of coffee.

There were games etc. & a cinema & films. Also magazines & a small library of books.

Some of the sick or next to go went in the morning e.g. Mrs. Legaspe, Hopegills etc.

Saturday September 1st

At 5.00 p.m. Col. Weinburg gave a short talk on the ball field to 15 & upward on what their purpose of coming here. Evacuation within 60 days - entertainment. He said that the very sick would go by air to SIAN & further & the rest of us would go to some port probably Shanghai or Tsingtao. Then Cpt. Ashwood read out a list of the stuff he had bought for entertainment. In the evening was a sing song for youth in the church led by Cpt. Ashwood.

Sunday September 2nd

About 8.50 a.m. when playing in the band, we heard a drone & saw a plane coming. It was a B-29 with the engines & tail tip painted red. The wings looked very far back. The plane had a very clear drone & flew with grace. When the band quit I got my father to do my 9 - 9.30 pumping.

By this time a second & a third appeared. I ran upstairs & found no school prayers. I put on my stockings & boots & went to the towers S-E of the hospital. While in the hospital putting on my boots I heard a crash & I thought that the plane had hit a chimney but it turned out only to be one of the things it dropped without parachute landed on the wire (telegraph). One loose tin went through the hospital screen window of the ladies ward. I was up the tower when a plane (there were about 5 by this time) coming low for us. One plane had already dropped a bit of stuff in camp so we took shelter under the tower & as I jumped from the wall I banged my teeth & nose against S. Houghton. My teeth bled for a while but I soon got over it. Then I jumped over the wall & went through the wire & helped out in the fields. There was a lot of broken chocolate & fruit to eat as last time. It was very dangerous when the plane came because of the broken ones or ones which have no parachute. They had a very pretty colour scheme. Yellow crome (sic), blue, green (light & dark), red.

It wasn't so dangerous as last time; they had no drums, just the cardboard boxes strapped together. There were no medical or clothing. Just food.

I was sent back for tea which was taken over by the girls. I went to the front gate but they said no boys were wanted yet until the planes had gone so I walked back & went out through the tower S-E of the Hospital.

I went about ½ mile S.E. of the camp

& then crossed the river & went to the field which had PW on it in white silk & black edges. There was as much chocolate as you wanted (broken). I went for a long walk by the river. A mile or more. I saw no white man around so I turned back in case of Balu (communists) who were thick in this part. I never realised in what danger I was in until I got amongst my own people again because these Balu would quite likely take people as hostages.

I then helped carry the stuff to the general dump. There were a lot of Chinese boys & men helping. They, having lived a coolie life, could carry much more than us. The stuff was assembled on the S side of the field by about 12.15. One man I had an argument said it would take at least 2 days to get the stuff in although I didn't think so. It was scattered in the same place as before & even on the E & S.E. side of our camp.

We carried the stuff from the main dump to the church & the parachutes to the moongate.

Mr. Waters gave chocolate to the children who happened to be near the church. I got a good lot.

The ladies opened the broken fruit tins & we had it for supper. The services had to be in 35 because the church was full of stuff.

September 3rd Monday,
Nothing much.

September 4th Tuesday,
Parachute souvenirs (sic) were given out after the words, 'DROP

HERE' had been made.

September 5th Wednesday,
September 6th Thursday,
We are now allowed to walk around camp in market hours (10.00 – 11.30 a.m. + 3.00 – 4.00 p.m.) a few hundred yards from the outer boundaries all the way round.

Friday September 7th
In the afternoon Trickey and I went for a walk. We went north then went to a village and then followed the steam home.

Saturday September 8th
The second day the planes came was 6 days after the first so people think that today, being 6 days from the first, the planes might come.

Trickey, I and Candlin went for a walk around camp keeping about 400 yards off. When we had almost completed our circle, about 11.20, we heard and saw a B-29 coming over the camp. We were told before we left that if they came we would have to come in so we did.

I hung around the gate until a good deal of the stuff was dropped. There



were a lot of American soldiers guarding the stuff. When the planes had finished, we went out & brought the stuff in. There was very little bust but people opened fruit tins.

In the afternoon another B-29 came over and dropped some stuff & then another one came about 20 mins. after the first one left.

It was darkly painted underneath. It also dropped & I helped bring in the stuff. We got some chocolate & ½ tin of grapefruit for it.

A small 1-engine Jap plane flew over – very small compared with the B-29's. These B-29's were from the Marians.

Sunday September 9th
In the afternoon 1 B-29 came over & dropped its parachutes about 2 ½ miles from camp to the N.E. People ran out there & came back by cart to the S of the camp & then west & then came down the main road. Only 2 didn't have parachutes.

I was sent, before the plane dropped the second lot, to get a red & a yellow parachute. But the plane dropped the second lot before we had finished spreading the yellow parachute out in the field.

A C-47 came in the afternoon.

Monday September 10th
J. Taylor left in the morning at about 8.30. Also 2 preps, D. Allan & P. Grant. 6 in all. I watched the plane from the tower go away.

Tuesday September 11th
In the morning at about 10.00 G. An-

draws & I went down stream but at about 10.45 we heard a plane & decided to go to the airport. We went by the main road & came back through the fields. We came to the beginning of the runaway but there was no plane so we came back.

We jumped the ditch W. of 24 & jumped over the wall by the carpenters house. Then we went to the Voyce's for a drink of cold water.

I missed a practice.

I remember Dwight's 7th Birthday at Weihsien Concentration Camp (Shantung, China).

His presents were:— tooth brush, soap box, cake of toilet soap (Jap.), Rubber ball, Belt (Daddy made from briefcase strap!), Bottle of Ink, Dark glasses, 3 Bottles pop. Favours at the party -- Palm-leaf fans! Home-made ice-cream -- the first in 4 months! (Fish was served for supper, so Daddy got ice & made ice-cream in the Connelly's freezer. It was all unexpected.

Additional note: Mrs. Mungeam - small towel & 6 candies; Astrid Danielsen - pencil & candies, Scovil family - Box of colored pencils, McNeil children - Rubber ball, Auntie Lillian - 12 cookies, Uncle Ralph - 10 candies."

So my 7th birthday was well recognized and is still memorable. We were repatriated a couple of months later in September and after two months at sea arrived back in the USA on December 1, 1943, New York, and then on to our family home in Bellingham, Washington the week before Christmas.

I remember that Ronnie Masters and I walked south to a little "secret" airstrip a few miles from camp. It took a bit of finding. There were 2 or 3 small Japanese fighter planes and a few pretty tough looking Japanese pilots. We had the nerve to climb up in turns and look into a cockpit. Ronnie, who could speak Japanese, said to me, "Peter, they are discussing whether to shoot us. Come down and we must walk calmly to the woods." (More or less those words.) When out of sight, we ran some way to distance ourselves from them. I vividly remember the sense of relief when our camp came into view.

September 24th Monday
Raining.

We were told that we wouldn't go because the trucks couldn't take us on account of the roads being extremely muddy from yesterday's dust kicked up. Had to rest to make up for lost sleep (we had to get up at 5.00 am to be in time for breakfast).

September 25th 1945

Got up at 4.45. Prayers at 5.00. Went down to watch the trucks being loaded with group 1. Collected my luggage & after breakfast went down to the front gate to wait my turn. Said good-bye to odd friends including S.A. officers. Got on truck & being Group 3 we only had to wait about 20 mins before train started. Train started about 9.15. Saw Jessie Andrew & a few others in the fields by the train. Saw the hidden airfield on the South. Stopped at () for water. Passed through Fangtze. We

went about 25 m.p.h. at first & then about 30 – 35 m.p.h. We stopped at about 2 other stations. At each station the Chinese cheered. For dinner we had a 'K' ration. At 2.40 we saw the sea for the first time in 2 yrs. We arrived in

Tsingtao at 3.00. We had to go slowly over some bridges which had previously been blown up by the communists. We passed over about 3 rivers. When we arrived British sailors stood on guard and a marine band played. (There were also Yanks on guard). Because we were the last to get on we were the last to get off which meant that we didn't get off until after dark.

We went in a jeep, the first we had seen. We went at about 45 m.p.h. When we arrived at Edgewater Mansions we were told which room we

were in & what sitting. We had a very good supper after which was a dance. My room with 9 others was on the top floor 420. Each room has a small verandah (sic).

September 26th 1945,



Swam in the morning. First time for 3 yrs. Capt. Bethel of the Bermuda came & gave the British a short talk. Went to the movie in the evening. September 27th 1945, An American battle cruiser + 2 destroyers came into the bay. Had a swim & rowed in a small boat which leaked. At 6.00 the Mayor of

Tsingtao gave us a talk in the hotel. He hoped that we would get on O.K. etc. a gave us a million dollars + a handkerchief with his name on it. He also promised entertainments. He first

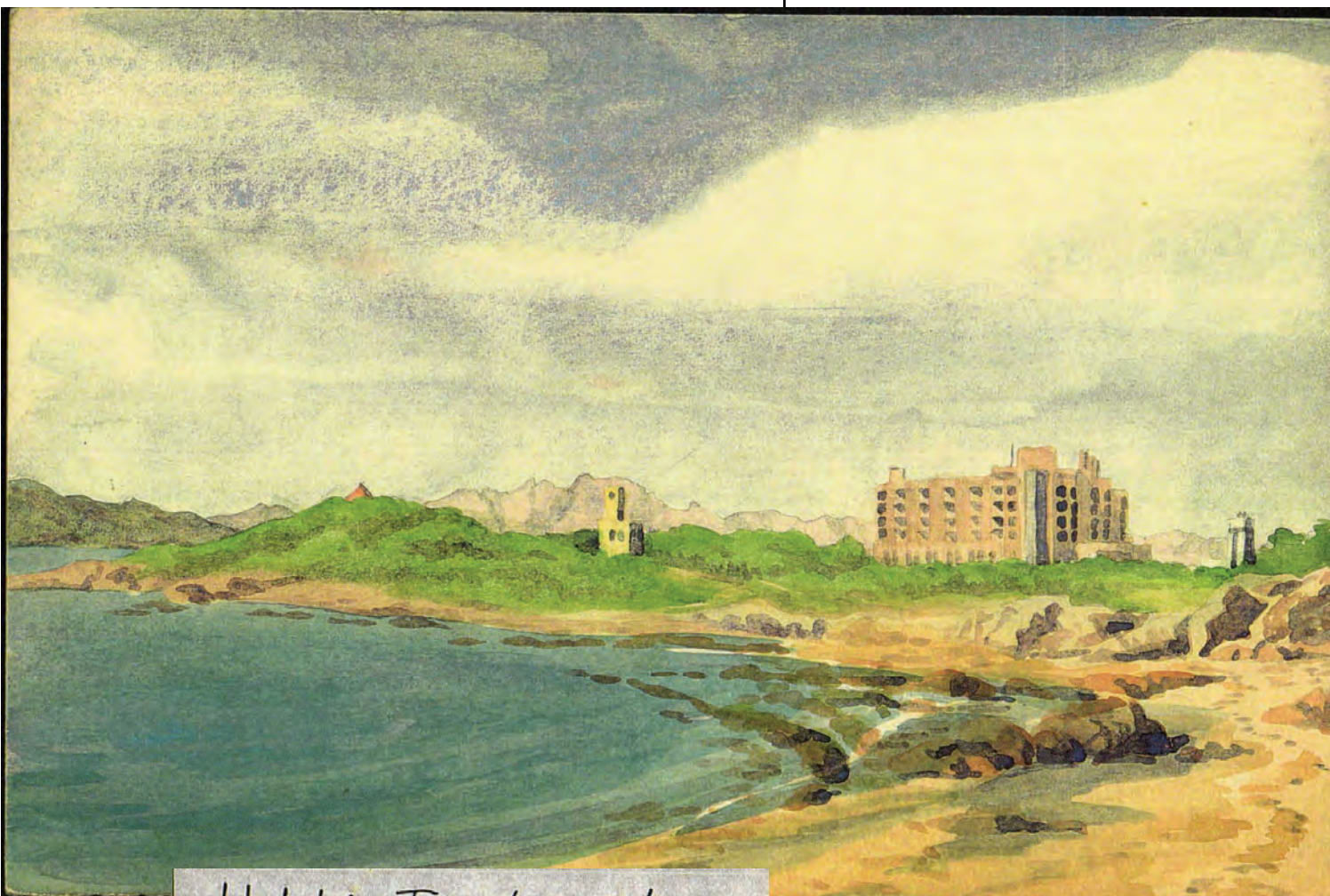
read this from a piece of paper in Chinese & then another Chinese interpreted it into English.

September 28th 1945,
In the afternoon went to the Bermuda & a sailor took Tramp & I over & looked over all the guns after which we had tea & then left. It was good fun. Saw movie in the evening, a Mexican murder yarn.

September 29th 1945,
We had a car lent to us, a modern Dodge in which we went to Iltis huk in. It was a very nice peninsular, well wooded. Dr Itel gave us petrol. We visited Dr. Itel who had 2 very nice dogs & a few cats. The Alaska's band (B.C.) played for a dance (played very well but too loud).

P.S. In the morning from 6 - 7 about 90 Yank fighters buzzed over, some very low & again at mid-day.

September 30th 1945,
Went to church in our car. A German church with a pipe organ. Hymns too slow. Raining most of the day.



Hotel in Tsingtao where
internees were taken the
day after they left Weihsieh

October 1st 1945,
Rainy.

Went to Kokusal opera most of which was uninteresting. There was one part in which a small Chinese acrobat did things such as standing on his hands then feet etc. very quickly. The British sailors & a marine band came &

some Yank sailors most of which thought it very funny. I was in a bus & a Chinese got out to crank up & the bus in front backed & hurt him badly on the hand & stomach.

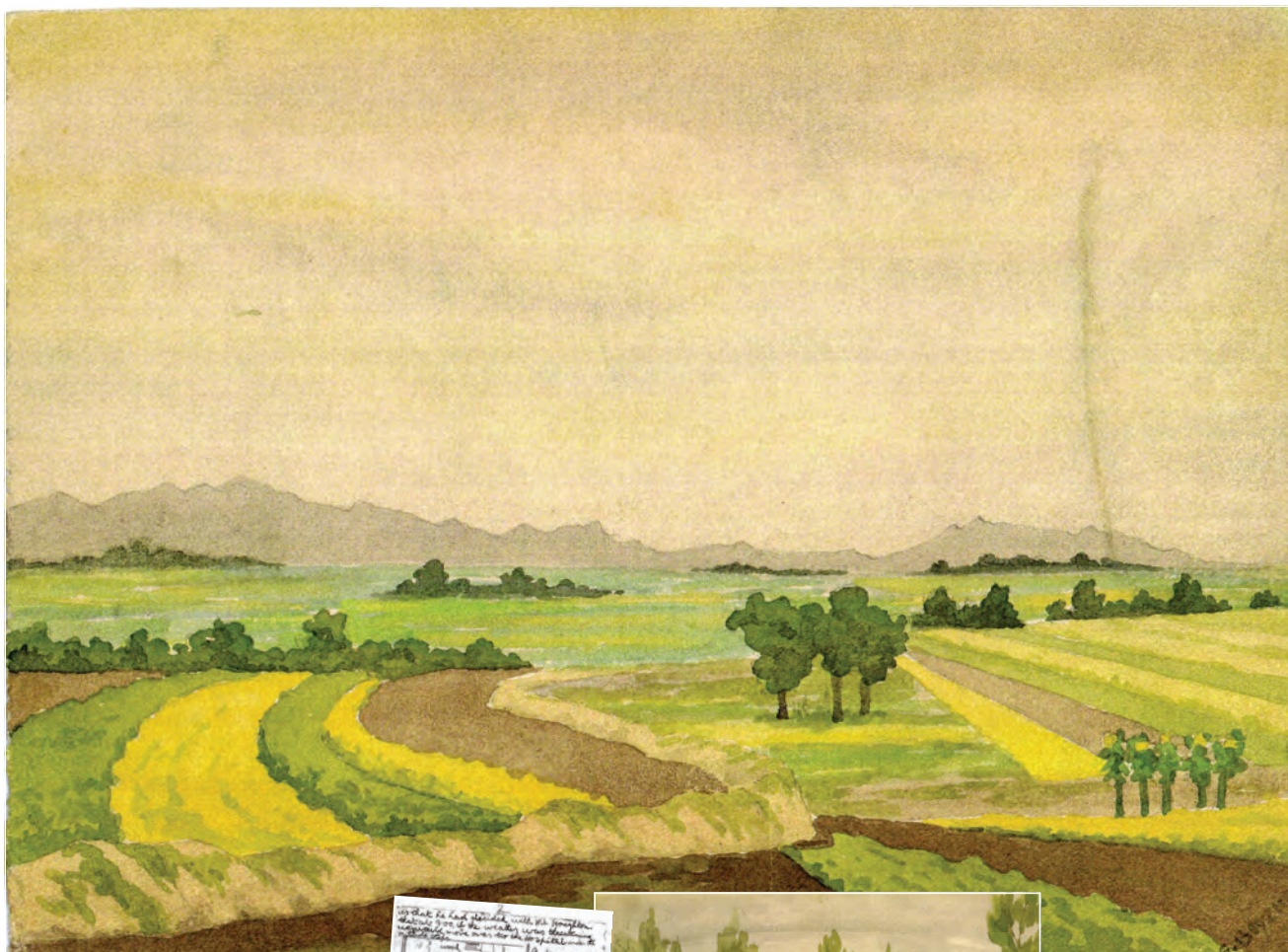
October 2nd 1945,
Went to Iltis huk in our car. Good day; Enjoyed ourselves at the wood on the huk & on the rocks. The water made a deep boom as it went up a cave. In the evening, band from the U.S.S. Alaska played for dance.

October 3rd 1945,
Went in car.

October 4th 1945,
Went to Iltis huk & played a game in which we had to get to the enemy's den. Our side won. We sit at a table & get extra's. Movies in the evening. Listened to music at Itel's.

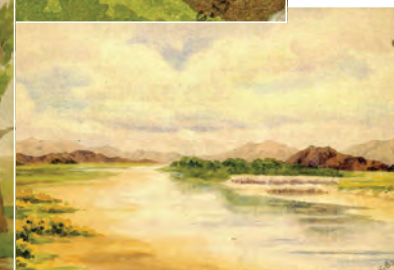
October 5th 1945,
Col. Weinburg told us that transport were expected on the 7th . Pup went to Hospital with Typhoid. Went to movies.

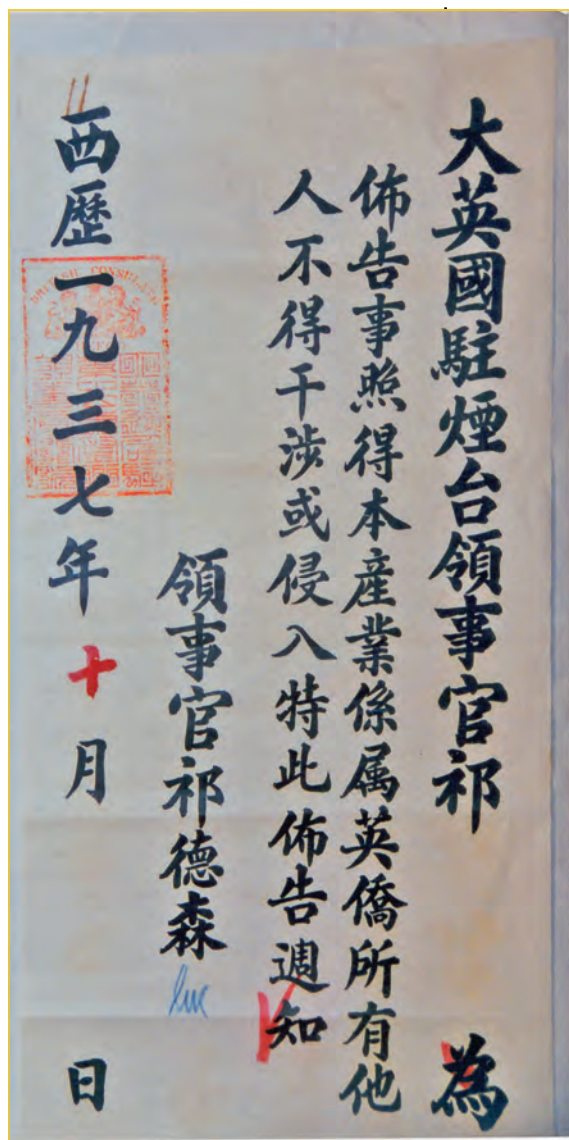
October 6th 1945,
Went in car to Iltis huk. Met Yim. G. B. & D. S. riding on wrong side of road on bicycles. Planes flying around.



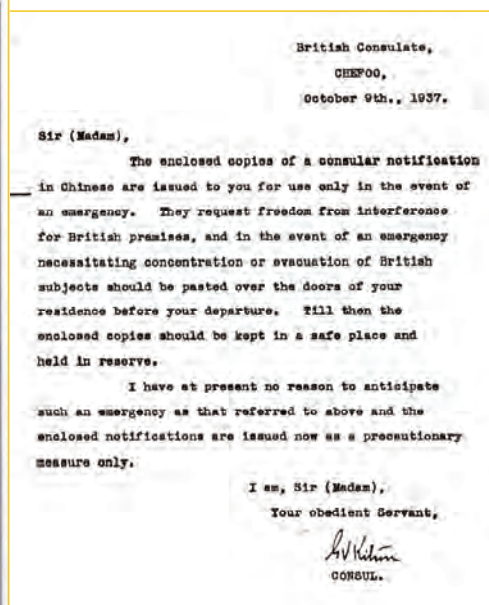
Swam as usual. Got in a boat & rowed around with some pieces of wood.

*





"Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of VJ Day and the Liberation of



Weihsien Civil Assembly Centre held at Weifang on 17 August 1995"

Ex-internee guests were Theo Bazire (died 2002), Estelle Cowley (nee Cliff) and Neil Yorkston. Also present were Estelle's husband Ronald Cowley and two of Neil's daughters: Ruth and Anne. There was an impressive banquet at which speeches were made by all three ex-internees and by Mrs Wang Xiujuan Vice Mayor of Weifanf Municipal People's Govern-

ment. Here is PART of Theo's speech: "I wonder if you might permit me just

a brief reminiscence to conclude my speech

As schoolchildren in the internment camp, we were studying for our school-leaving examinations but, of course, our teachers had no communication with England and could not obtain copies of the official examination papers for 1945. However, The teachers had brought into the camp copies of the examination question papers of previous years from which

they were able to devise examination question papers for us comprised of genuine questions. When the war was over, our headmaster took these question papers and our written answers to the university in England and explained the circumstances. The university accepted his explanations and marked the papers in the normal way. That was how we three obtained our school-leaving qualifications and were therefore allowed to proceed with our university courses.

"In Weihsien camp, however, we did not have the apparatus necessary for the practical aspects of Physics and Chemistry, so our science studies had to be restricted to Biology. To complete our studies of Biology, we had to

know how frogs grow and what makes them 'work'; to achieve that, we had to dissect frogs to find out. The problem was that we hadn't any frogs. But then came the answer: the skies opened up down came the rain and up came the frogs - but in the stream outside the camp. So we went to the Japanese and explained that we wanted to go and collect frogs in order to cut them up. They thought this was unnecessarily barbaric but, nevertheless, gave us permission to do so. I was one of the frog-collectors. Eventually we set off - outside the camp. All was going well until, at one point, we had to cross the stream. The Japanese guard had polished his boots and didn't want to get them dirty, so he handed me his rifle, jumped over the stream and beckoned me to follow. I had no wish to cause trouble, so I waded across --through the cool water--holding the rifle over my head. When I got to the other side I handed the rifle back to the guard--with a grin. When we had finished collecting frogs, we had a lovely swim watched by all our jealous friends on the top floor of the hospital block. Some weeks later, when the Americans, including an Old Boy of our school, arrived by parachute, the laugh was on us because, while the rest of the school was out in the fields gorging on the treasures dropped by parachute, we were indoors doing our final, frantic revision and sitting our examinations. However, it was all worthwhile in the end because we were all successful."

*



CAPT BETHAL, 4TH REGT, INF
+ MREGG, RED CROSS, PAP



TSINGTAO

I remember that I was also on that train with my family and remember it well. I have a photo from an old book showing the train arriving at Tsingtao with British sailors and a boy who I believe to be my brother leaning out of a window. I also have some rather poor copies of photographs of the train's arrival that I will try and send via Leopold Pander for his usual

kind attention.

Peter mentions a 'very good supper' at the Edgewater Mansions Hotel, probably the best Hotel in Tsingtao at the time. Actually it was a sumptuous banquet, real butter and including steak (I think) and vegetables served on real china plates. We had white table cloths and white cotton serviettes. Served by hotel dining room staff wearing long white cotton gowns. Very professional. I particularly remember the silver, or silver plated cutlery, butter knives, dessert spoons, soup spoons properly laid.

I shall never forget this most wonderful occasion when we were reminded what life was like before our incarceration.

This was, as far as I know, arranged and paid for by United States Military Authorities and it was a wonderful welcome home.

During this time we were wearing our usual clothing, mainly consisting of US Military garments obtained in camp. I still have my signed authority to wear US military clothing subsequently obtained in Tsingtao. Whilst a local tailor made me an overcoat from a US Navy blanket I did not obtain any civilian clothing until we were told by the US Red Cross we could go to a godown

where donated clothing had arrived from the USA. We could select whatever we needed. There were dresses, underwear, shoes etc.

I felt like the cat's whiskers as by then I was regaining weight and was almost 18 years of age. Thereafter I was always well dressed as some Red Cross Nurses with whom I was working gave me their civilian clothes as they were returning to the USA.

*

I remember that on Liberation Day, someone "in charge" was to speak to prisoners about our future. If that person was wearing a sling on his arm, it would have been 1st Lt. Jim Hannon. Hannon wore a sling. Hannon told me several times that Chinese interpreter Eddie Wang froze with terror when Wang was supposed to jump from the plane. So Hannon says he had to push or encourage Eddie Wang to jump. Hannon, who was well trained in parachute jumps, told me that a good parachute drop depends on the initial jump. Hannon said that he was so occupied in getting Eddie Wang to jump, that he himself didn't get a good start. As a result, he injured his shoulder in his landing. His arm was in a sling. The men jumped when the plane was flying at 500 feet, barely space to get a parachute open, so it's amazing more of them weren't injured.

Tad Nagaki says that the men dropped, carrying nothing but a fire arm.. Other parachutes that dropped that day provided them supplies like food.

*

I remember Helen Burton:

Born in 1917 in North Dakota, her father and brother both rose in state politics. She wanted to venture off to exotic places. She wound up in Peiping looking for secretarial work and it turns out she was a bit of an artist and entrepreneur.

It was not long that she started her shop with candy, clothing, art and gifts of her design that she arranged to be made by locals.

People from all over the world stopped by and signed her guest book. Others did a lot more: drawing, painting and writing poetry. There are photos and holiday cards, too.

She was very much the socialite and people would often stay with her in



1b. The "White Elephant" where sugar was exchanged for shoes, sheets for shirts etc.

the city or at her summer home in the hills outside the city.

She never married, but did adopt 4 Chinese girls who helped her run the shop.

When the Japanese overtook Peiping, she was captured and wound up in Weihsien.

There she was involved with a barter site that has been called The White Camel Bell or The White Elephant Bell. There was no money but I suspect her entrepreneurial spirit and her fearless willingness to bargain gave her the courage to set this up.

<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/NoticeBoard/Oukaze/p-Inventory.htm>

http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/ChSancton/paintings/p_ElephanExchange.htm

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I remember that there was a rumour around Weihsien after the Americans and Canadians left in late August early September 1943 that there would be another exchange and that would be for the British. It was just that: a rumour. I have done extensive research into the subject at the UK National Archives Kew and can find no trace that it was ever organised or trying to be organised. One reason why it could not be organised in any case was that whilst there were from know records at the time 16856 British civilians in Japanese Camps there were no Japanese in any British Camp so the question of a swap never arose. Indeed when the diplomatic exchange was made on the Kamakura and Tatatu Marus they had to scrape the barrel to get enough

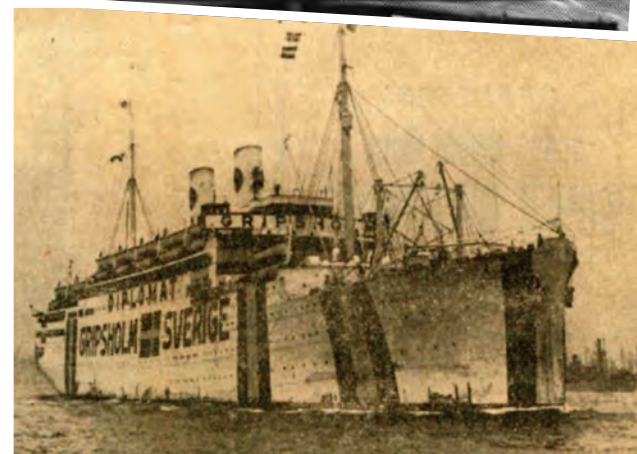
Japanese civilians living in Britain and the British Commonwealth to equate to the large number of diplomatic and quasi diplomatic staff of British and Commonwealth origin who had been captured. Incidentally, subsequent recent research done personally, from the contemporary nominal rolls (done 1942-1945) has shown 19,250 UK British, 712 Australian, 621 Canadian, 12 Maltese (Mostly nuns) 173 New Zealand 45 South African 11 West African and 8 West Indian a total of 20833. Of these 1,039 died in Captivity and there were a further 391 deaths of British subjects who through age infirmity or whatever were not interned but living in Japanese occupied territory.

Back to Weihsien — I have a copy of the Swiss Government records of the British inmates of Weihsien Camp and the entry on one sheet for Eric Liddell is: LIDDELL Rev Eric Henry born Tientsin (Tianjin) 16Jan1902 passport no C41820

issued Tientsin 16Jan37 — no mention of a 'wife' — formerly resided in Tientsin. — Never applied for evacuation — received Cross parcel — died 21Feb1945.

The other document lists the same basic data but adds Missionary employed by London Missionary Society Shanghai and that employer in the home country was London Missionary Society London England.

*



I remember:

June 8th 6 o'clock pm to June 9th 9pm

In the afternoon at 2.30-3.30 we chopped wood. We had a good deal of surplus wood which was very dry. We borrowed Birch's axe , but during the journey we didn't use it. Having packed the big haversack (J. Clark's) with 2 blankets and the axe handle which was loose, and the small one (Ru Hoyte's) with billy-cans, towel etc. and matches, salt, tooth brushes, a miniture (sic) book of psalms, peanut oil, raw food, spoon etc. mugs, we left the building at about 6.00. We emptied the kit out of the haversacks on to the mattresses which we had brought at about 3.30. We had forgotten the watch so J. Taylor went & fetched J. Graham's while I lit the fire 6.05. I put a billy can of water on which, when almost boiling, I put in another billy can. J. Taylor returned with the watch at 6.10 and we fried leeks in a billy can. J.T's food was cooked already so we ate that with some fried bread which was fried after the leeks. The weather was uncertain – a haze all over. There was a pleasant breeze blowing which came from W.S.W. We did not have to carry our kit with us in the evening 5 rounds. At about 7.00 we were ready to leave Mr.

Warren's block & he informed us that he had decided with Mr. Houghton that at 9.00, if the weather was threatening we would move over to the Hospital under the outside steps.

The round was from 23 to church –



<http://www.weih sien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/groups/p-ScoutsCubs.htm>

down Italian lane – to power house – to S. Field – to L. Showers & back to 23.

5 rounds between 7.00 & 9.00 p.m.

1st round.

The sun was a white haze. C. Trickey was at Mr. Hubbard's who was banging some tins together. Trickey had probably seen something interesting. The Kitchen I boiler room stokers were at the showers & the kitchen workers were packing up. Mr. Dalli-

more was stoking at boiler I. D. Clark was pumping. The guage was 2'6". The Houghtons' aluminium drinking water jug was at the pump. Swifts and Azure winged Magpies were about the only birds around. Occaisionly (sic) a

shrike would call harshly. The church door was locked.

The sky S.W. was comparatively heavy. In the N.E. it was slightly blue. There was a game of soft-ball on – Sadler v Sonny. Sadler was leading by 6-0. Mr Avery was pumping. There were little children playing on Italian lane. An azure was trying to peck at another while flying. Charlie Hope-Gill was watering Mr. Marshall's garden. Stedeford was pumping 7 – 7.30 at the Hospital pump. The gauge was 4'11". Miss Craggs was teaching Mr. Beasley the violin in the barber's room. There were a few little black insects plaguing my leg. The S. Field was empty. There was the usual evening gossiping in block 50 yard. At the ladies showers, Mr. Girling was stoking and Mr. David pumping very slowly. There was a small queue for distilled water which was flowing very slowly. I noticed the walls were still very warm from the day's heat. At 7.30 when we were leaving, Mr. Girling told Mr. David that he was going to

fill the boiler. The gauge was 6" from overflow. Mr. Churchill was smoking a long Chinese pipe. We noticed an azure's nest in a silver poplar N.E. of 24. We also heard & saw an oriole.

There were lots of sparrows by the sisters' room.

P.S. There was a man sketching in pencil the K2 Boiler room & that arch way.

2nd Round

D. Clark was still pumping. The softball game was still going on. Mr Lawless was going to the church being a ticket seller at the back. Chalkey pumping at the Hospital tower weather-vein (sic) said S.E. wind. Hoyte 4 & Welch were fitting a tennis ball back & forth on the S. Field. Miss Talatti was walking around the S. Field. 6.45 Mr. David was still pumping at the Ladies showers. The sketches had finished just as we came around 35.

K.2 stokers had just finished. There was second oriole with the first.

3rd round

D. Clark still pumping.

7.46. A man came for distilled water at Boiler I. The next day's bakers were coming to set yeast. The softball game finished 16-0 Sadler-

Sonny. Jessu playing chess in Italian room. The wind as we came down Italian lane was due E., but it was always changing. On a whole it kept to S.E.

7.55. There was a service in the Iso.

Ward. I was informed by George Andrews that there were two tennis leagues for over 18 & under. Miss Craggs had just finished from the violin lesson. J. Hoyte was climbing over the Jap-S.E. wall having hit a tennis ball over but he hadn't found it.

Mr David was still pumping 8.00. The

fire. One person came for drinking water. Mr. David told her by mistake that it was not drinkable, but that it was the steam from the boiler condensing : so she asked Mr. Girling who said it was perfectly drinkable. The baby rooks came out of their nests & cawed slightly more shrilly than

other in a tree 20 or 30 yds off. The sky was very yellow around the setting region. There were doves cooing but very few birds out.

4th Round

The sun set at about 8.12. The K.I. workers had finished and were coming back from their showers.

At 8.15 there were people gambling in K.1. Bazire I pumping 8 – 8.30. The guage (sic) was 2' 8". Dr. Hoch's shift were well into their work.

8.20. The lights came on at 8.22. The Jap guard in the corner of the softball field was sitting on a stump leaning on his rifle. 'Death takes a holiday' began at 8.25. Ru Hoyte was running to pump at the Bakery. D. Parry was talking to the Italians. There were a few slightly reddish clouds low down N.E. Cool breeze blowing. R. Candlin was running up to fetch Mr. Makiloff. When we were at the bottom of the road Candlin was running back and told us that he was too buisy (sic) to come since he was in the show.

P.S. (I forgot to mention that the lights were off at the school).

Mr. Stoker & Mr. Faers were talking to Mr. & Mrs. Allan. Amos was pumping 8.30 – 9.00 at the Hospital. The guage (sic) was 5' 0".

At 8.35 the wind was S.S.E. Mr.



<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/groups/p-ScoutsGuides.htm>

board with 'no hot water' was still up. The guage (sic) was 4" from overflow, but by the time we finished at that place, there were only 2" to go. There was very little water in the well. Mr. Girling had just finished drawing the

their parents. We saw the rovers going to their meeting in uniform. People were playing tennicoît (sic) behind 23. A pied woodpecker flew from W-E behind 23.

At 8.10 an oriole was answering an-

Girling who had been stoking at Boiler II had had a shower because he was clean & was going to Mr. Houghton. The Jap guard was sitting on the turret wall. The 57 residents were gossiping S. of 57. There were no people on the S. Field.

8.38. A cat was running around the Zimmermans back yard. The rovers were in S.E. room of 35.

At 8.42 the Boiler II was closed up & the guage (sic) was 3" from overflow. The bats were beginning to fly around. I hoped that they would kill off some of the insects that were plaguing my leg. Miss. Ragiere was sketching Miss Melo & Mrs. Cox who were sitting on the 8 steps of 23. There were gamblers in K2. The kitchen was empty. The better 'Death - Holiday' was on K.2 notice board. People were watering their gardens.

5th Round

8.50, people were still gambling in K1. Father Ghyselinck was reading in K1.

8.52 the bakers were still mixing dough—some had finished & were having showers. Mr Huebener was fetching hot water for the bakery. Stoker banking fire at Boiler 1. 9.00, Mr Harle emptying yeast dregs

(sic). Wind died down.

9.58 Amos finished pumping. Guides singing songs in 61. Jap guard still sitting in old position on turret. The Rovers were singing as if they were board(sic). Insects-moths were flying around the lights. 9.05 finished.



<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/groups/p-guides.htm>

We then went back to Mr Warren & since it looked like rain, we moved our mattresses under the hospital SW steps & our kit. We were careful with the peanut oil. The lights went out at

10.15. These are the constellations and stars that were up at 10.15 from camp-site. There was only the SW section of the sky visible.: Straight above, Bootes, a star Arcturus. Hydra in the south, a star Alphard. Leo in the SW fairly high up a star Regulus. Castor & Pollux just setting in W. Virgo in the

S, a star Spica. Since we were where the two wings of the hospital met, there was very little sky visible.

We woke up in the night & it was absolutely (sic) clear but by the morning

it had clouded over again. We woke up at 5.00 but went to sleep & woke up at 5.30. Mr Warren came to see how we were getting on. We then set out for 23.

5 rounds between 5.30 & 7.30.

1st Round.

5.55 shreddy clouds. E. one haze. Heard orioles & doves. Irwin & Marques on KI. 5.59. Irwin stirring (sic) sweetened porridge.

2 or 3 people in hot water queue. Clearing up on the N sky - clouds yellow - sun somewhere near.

Dallimore stoking still at Boiler I. Lester pumping Bakery.

6.00. Mr. Calvert sieving (sic) cinders. Guage (sic) 1'5". Weighing out dough into pans for baking - Hoch's shift. Field empty. No guard to be seen. Pat Beatty practicing in the church.

6.08. Oriole heard in church yard. Gentle breeze E.S.E. Red legged falcon whistling in big Italian poplar. Bird pumping at the Hos. Pump.

6.10. Lots of sparrows in hedges by sewing room. Bell 3 asking John Man about his exercises which are very

funny to watch.

6.12. I. Chan & Father Hanquet playing tennis. Oriole made a noise like a person whistling high to low 'tu. Baby rook flew over Garland Smith lighting

brick stove fire. People going for tea.
6.15. Orioles in 23 trees. Red-foot gliding over. Girling stoking & Boiler 2. Sun rising.
P.S. Bongo Jones & Rich sleeping out. Rich's bed collapsed.

2nd Round

Dick Burge's rooks on perch in KI.
6.20. 2 men sweeping KI with tea leaves. Some vegetable workers at work. Heard the Shrikes.
6.25., Steele doing exercises on the field. Jimmy doing exercises in the Hos. Pump area
6.27. Jap guard walking around. Wind changed to S.S.E. getting stronger.
6.29. 2 orioles on top of poplar ½ way up cow lane. We rested on the W.35 steps.
6.35. Torjesen I & Candlin going to pump. Torjesen getting hot & drinking water. Manning Railton doing exercises on mat.

3rd Round

6.39. Bakers eating perks. L. At-tree's team having practice
6.40. J. Pyke hitting out to them. Heard female cuckoo. Overhead no clouds
6.46. Quiet morning. Hos. Tank, 5' 1". No pumper. R. Masters & G. Bell carrying (sic) out mattresses (sic)
6.48. thorough clean out of their room. Sun just appeared over Hos. onto S. Field. - We rest at 35. Drongo on cowlane wall. S. David carrying (sic) water to K2. Ladies doing vege-

tables at 6.52.
Boiler 2 queue just started 6.54.
3 or 4 swifts flying around. Baby sparrows in 35 eaves. Wheat ripening. Clouds standing out against blue sky very clearly.
7.00. A Burmese red turtle dove flew over from West fields with a twig in mouth.



<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/groups/p-CubsChefoo.htm>

4th Round

K.I. vegetable workers picking wor... out of baskets. There was a small queue for hot water. The magpie in K.I. yard was cocking its head as if looking at some object up in the air. The softball practice finished at 7.05.

D. Carter pumping at Bakery. There was a long queue 20 odd. S.E. wind 7.10. At the Hospital pump Mr. David pumping extremely slowly. The guards at the tennis court changed at 7.17. We rested at 35 as usual. We changed the watch. Mr. Foxlee practicing at 35. S. David still getting water. Usual happenings at K.2. Mr.

house. Hos. Weather vein (sic) swinging from S.E. to S.S.E & back. Mr. David loafing. Guage (sic) 4' 10 ½ ". Jap sitting on turret. Mr. Foxlee finished & Mr. Gleed practicing (sic). Stedeford pumping at Boiler 2 from 7.30. - 8.00. Huebener finished his early morning bakery work.
7.39. finish

(The watch stopped & was moved forwards so we ended a bit late.)

From there we went & got our jug & cooked our breakfast by the bushes N.E. of the hospital. Taylor lit the fire while I got my breakfast. Then he got his. We boiled the potatoes (four) for 15 mins. We then fried them + some bread. We had a little fried bread + potatoes but kept most of it for afterwards. We fried some crusts broken up. Mr. Warren visited us twice. We had another billy can on the fire for hot water. When we had finished frying we had nearly a full milk tin of fried stuff. We washed up our plates etc. & the billy cans with ash & water. The roll call bell went so we took our kit upstairs & after roll call divided out the fried potatoes & bread. We brought up the two mattresses which we had borrowed from Sadler II. Then we got down to this account.

Finished Sunday 6 o'clock p.m.

#

Lane & Jonsey chopping wood.

5th Round

Bakers cleaning bin at 7.26 - making buns. Guage (sic) 2' 2". There were groups of flies here & there. A red-foot was whistling in a tree by guard

I remember:

The Weihsien Symphony Orchestra – 1943-45, and other music

By Peter Bazire,

In September 1943 the Chefoo contingent arrived in Weihsien. We soon heard the Salvation Army band playing, and later that month some of us went to a concert given by the Weihsien Symphony orchestra. Boy, what an experience! In Chefoo we had a school orchestra that played simple, light classic pieces. But here in Weihsien was an orchestra of a much higher standard, and with a good range of instruments.

The only work I remembered that September was the first movement of Beethoven's 1st piano concerto. That music lived with me during camp and afterwards. To this day if I occasionally hear

the concerto on the radio, memories of 1943 come flooding back.

The W. S. O. did not play very often. For one thing, the only music available was some musical "scores" (i.e. the conductor's part), from which the individual parts were written out in camp. The S. A. band had a book of marches for each player, with lots of marches in the book.

The S. A. band provided what brass instruments were needed for the orchestra. Other internees had brought in flutes, clarinets, but no oboes or bassoons (if my memory is correct). There were violins, violas and cellos, but no double basses. Altogether there were twenty-something instruments; enough to make a pleasing sound, even if small in number compared with a full symphony orchestra of 60 to 80 players.



Curtis Grimes was probably the solo pianist in this September 1943 concert. Curtis Grimes was repatriated to the USA in September 1943.

Earlier in 1943 there was a concert in which a number of nuns played in that first orchestra. Later, the nuns were moved to Peking (now Beijing).

In the last few years I have made a few phone calls to Nelma (Stranks) Davies, who lives in Australia. She is the daughter of Brigadier Stranks who conducted the band and later the W.S.O. Nelma is 90! She told me that Curtis Grimes had played a piano concerto, probably one of Tchaikovsky's, where the orchestral part was played on another piano.

I am attaching some posters my mother made of concerts and recitals. You will see the W.S.O. playing for the cantata "Far Horizon" on 3rd and 4th November 1944, and for the cantata "Crucifixion" on 25th and 26th March 1945.

In July 1945 the W.S.O. gave a concert which had a profound effect on me. The main work was Mozart's piano concerto n° 20 in D minor, K466. Nelma (Stranks) Davies was the soloist. She had been taught the piano in Peking before the war by Curtis Grimes. This concerto remains one of my all-time favourite pieces of music. I played 2nd trumpet, not a demanding part. (50 years later I played in the same work in the Bath Symphony Orchestra, this time in the 2nd violins.) Nelma told me that at a previous concert she had played the first two movements of the Mozart concerto. She posted me a copy of the poster for the July 1945 concert, and on the back of it my mother had made a provision for the orchestra mem-

bers to sign:

1st violins:

Vicente de Legaspi

Eileen Avery

Can't read the name !!

Gladys Craggs

Mathilde Bono

2nd violins

Wentworth Prentice

John Barling

Angela Bono

Alice Wiloughby

Monica Priestman

John Hayes

Violas

Eileen Bazire

Stephen Shaw

'Cellos

Arnold Scott (bishop)

Ernest Shaw

Robin Hoyte

1st Cornet

Fred Buist

2nd cornet (trumpet)

Peter Bazire

Trombone

Major Ollie Wellbourn

Eb Bass

Major Len Evenden

Flute

George Foxlee

1st Clarinet

Mary Scott

2nd Clarinet

Theo Bazire

THE
RELIGIOUS DRAMATIC GROUP
PRESENTS:

JOHN MARK

A Play in Three Acts

SCENE: Lower room of the house of Mary, mother of John Mark in Jerusalem

ACT I The Day of the Crucifixion

SCENE 1 Morning

SCENE 2 Night (A Blackout in this Scene indicates the passage of two hours)

ACT II Late Afternoon of the Day of the Crucifixion

ACT III Evening of the Day of the Resurrection

CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

JOHN MARK	Frank Burne
MARY, his mother	Jessie MacDougall
SIMON PETER	Lucius Porter
JOHN	Marcy Dilmanson
AZRIEL ben SHALLUM	A. J. D. Britland
HANAN ben REUBEN	Fred Buist
MARY, the MADONNA	Marjory Davys

PRODUCED BY Marie Regier & Harold Cook

MUSIC DIRECTED BY Eileen Bazire & Percy Gleed

STAGE MANAGER Anne Burnett

assisted by Gene Huebener, Stephen Shaw & Dennis Carter

FRIDAY & SATURDAY March 30th & 31st 1945

7.15 P.M. DOORS OPEN 6.45 P.M.

Sometimes when I visited my parents in their room, I saw my mother drawing music lines on plain paper, and copying music from an orchestral "score" for individual players, or for some recitals, e.g. for singers. If an orchestral work included oboes and bassoons, of which were none in camp, she would adapt these parts for e.g. flute and clarinet. Singers in camp would write out their parts for choral works, e.g. "Messiah".

Let me turn now to music practising, and choir and orchestra rehearsals. I know next to nothing about this, except that my mother happened to keep a week's practicing schedule for October 16th – 21st (probably 1944). This gives an indication of the range of musicians. You may remember names better than I do. Percy Gleed was an accomplished musician. He had a fine baritone voice, and could play "by ear" to a very high standard. Some time after the war he was working in Nairobi, and took his turn playing the organ in the cathedral. Later in London he and my mother often played duets on two anos in her home. Shireen Talati was a talented pianist.

I think the above practicing schedule took place in church. There was a second piano in some other large room. Nelma said that one was a grand piano. One came from Peking and the other from Tientsin. Nelma sent me a photo of her and her parents turning up at the Japanese Legation in Peking on March 23rd 1943. They were told that they could only take what they could carry into the internment camp.

You will see a viola (her father's instrument) strapped to her back. It was this viola that my mother played in the orchestra. Nelma adds, "My mother's Chinese basket of food was too heavy for her to lift so Dad fastened an old roller skate underneath so that she could trundle it along. Dad had his heavy cases strapped onto a very primitive wheel-barrow which he had made with two poles and a wheel. We had to walk with our burdens to the station (about a mile?) with our Japanese guards."

I include this photo as an attachment. (click on this link for the photos) http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/PeterBazire/WSO/p_WSO-01.htm

I also include 6 posters of other concerts, where some of you may recall some of the names of musicians. I remember the leader of the orchestra, Vincente de Legaspi: a musician to his fingertips. It was said in camp that he had been the finest trumpet in the Far-East, before he had lung trouble. Lopez Sarreal was a trumpeter I admired. I remember him playing Celest' Aida (Verdi) at a concert, but cannot recall other items.

A long time after the war my mother wrote an account of her life. Here are a few excerpts from Weihsien.

There was one music job and somehow I got it. I had to arrange concerts and assign practice and rehearsal periods in the church which was also used for concerts, and another large room which, like the church, had a piano."

"I walked into camp carrying my

FAR HORIZON

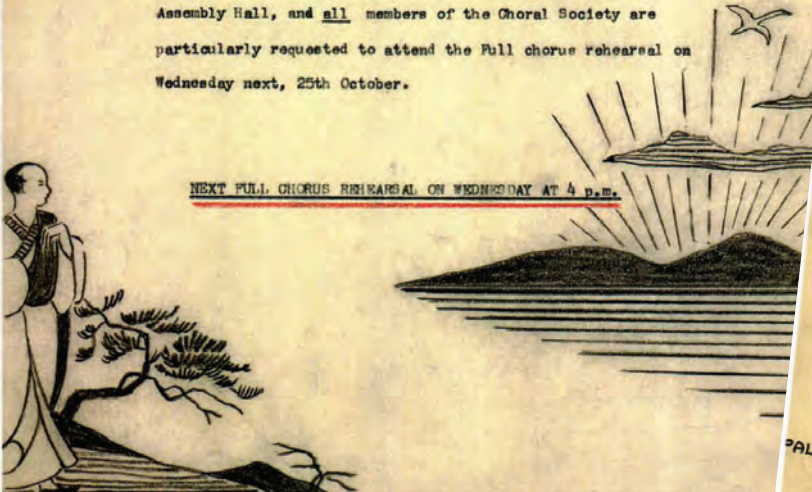
"FAR HORIZON"

REHEARSALS FOR THIS CANTATA WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:-

Tuesday,	24th October	Semichorus only
Wednesday,	25th "	Full chorus
Thursday,	26th "	Orchestra only
Monday,	30th "	Orchestra & chorus
Wednesday,	1st November	Orchestra & chorus
Thursday,	2nd "	Final rehearsal

All of these rehearsals will be at 4 p.m. in the Assembly Hall, and all members of the Choral Society are particularly requested to attend the Full chorus rehearsal on Wednesday next, 25th October.

NEXT FULL CHORUS REHEARSAL ON WEDNESDAY AT 4 p.m.



'cello and a suitcase Orchestral scores had been brought in from Peking. I was able to adapt these as orchestration had been part of my B. Mus. Course. This had not included the euphonium played by a Salvation Army major. To this day I forget whether the music sounds a third lower or higher than written. During a rehearsal of a Haydn G. minor symphony something sounded terribly wrong. The conductor, Brigadier Stranks, was very musical and played the violin beautifully. I put down my viola and walked up to the rostrum. "I

think there is something wrong with the euphonium part," I said. "Where are we?" looking at the score in front of the Brigadier. "I haven't a clue, dear," said he and continued conducting. I had to write out the euphonium part."

"A fine coloratura singer, Jacqueline de Saint Hubert, nearly always wanted a flute obligato. George Foxlee obliged. I enjoyed writing the part."

"The Brigadier's daughter Nelma played the piano beautifully for Mozart's D minor concerto which I had orchestrated. Shireen Talati, a gold medallist from the Royal Academy, gave piano recitals. Other instrumentalists played solos. I did most of the accompanying including playing for the choir who performed 'the Messiah', 'Hiawatha' and the other oratorios and cantatas. I probably had more music than if I had just been a housewife in England. Such privations as we had were well worth it."

Do any of you have memories of the dance band? In my post-war Weihsen diary, Monday 20th August, I referred to the "Gala Super". After this there was dancing. I go on, "Once after a dance Mr Adams played his clarinet in and out of the dancers very beautifully." So there was Mr Adams on clarinet. Lopez Sarreal played the trumpet. Mr Jones (aka 'Jonesy') was a bass player, but did he have his double bass in

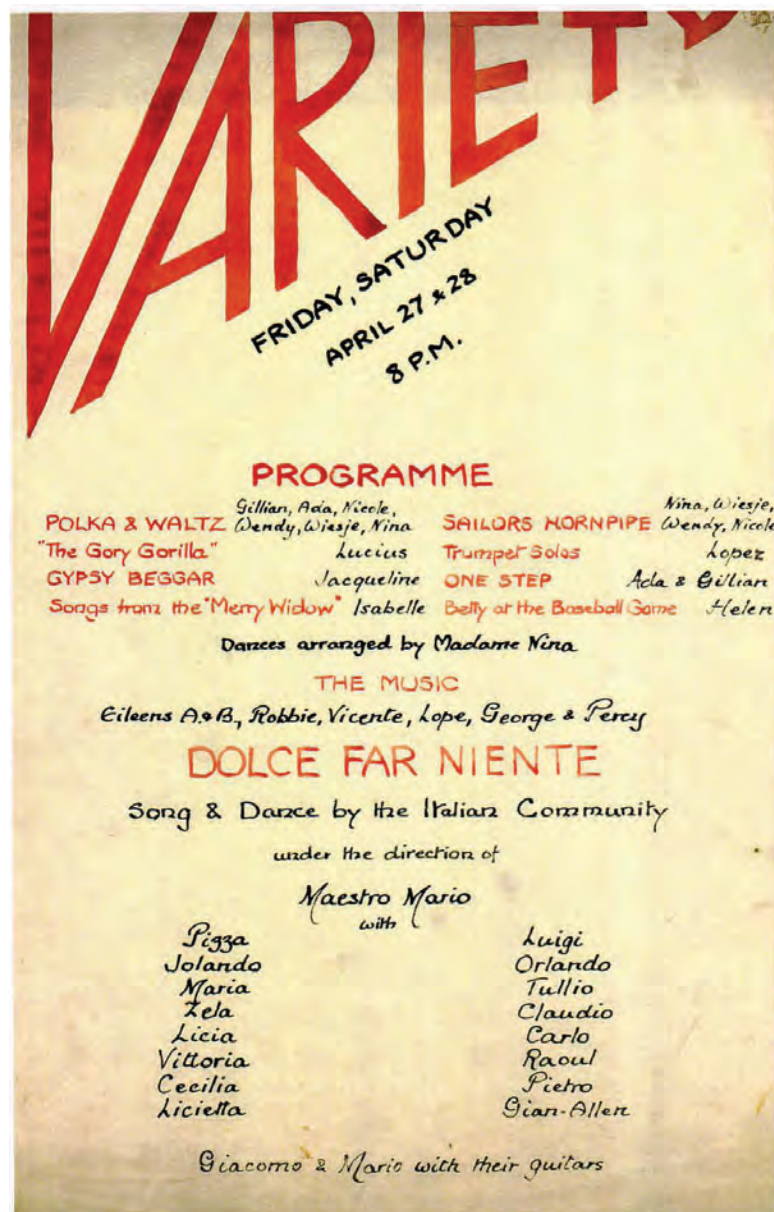
"CRUCIFIXION"

A Sacred Cantata
by
Sir John Stainer

Soloists: *Leonard Stranks*
Alan K. Murray

with Choir & Orchestra conducted by
Percy S. Gleed

ASSEMBLY HALL
PALM SUNDAY & MONDAY 25th/26th MARCH 1945 7.45 P.M.



camp? There was at least one guitarist. Any further help, please?

* * *

A footnote:

Before coming to Weih sien, we in Chefoo were interned for 10 months. My mother later wrote about our experiences there, including:

"The sound post in my 'cello had come loose and I was unable to mend it. I don't know what made me take the problem to the Japanese guard, but he kindly managed to fix the sound post firmly into its natural habitat from whence it never strayed again."

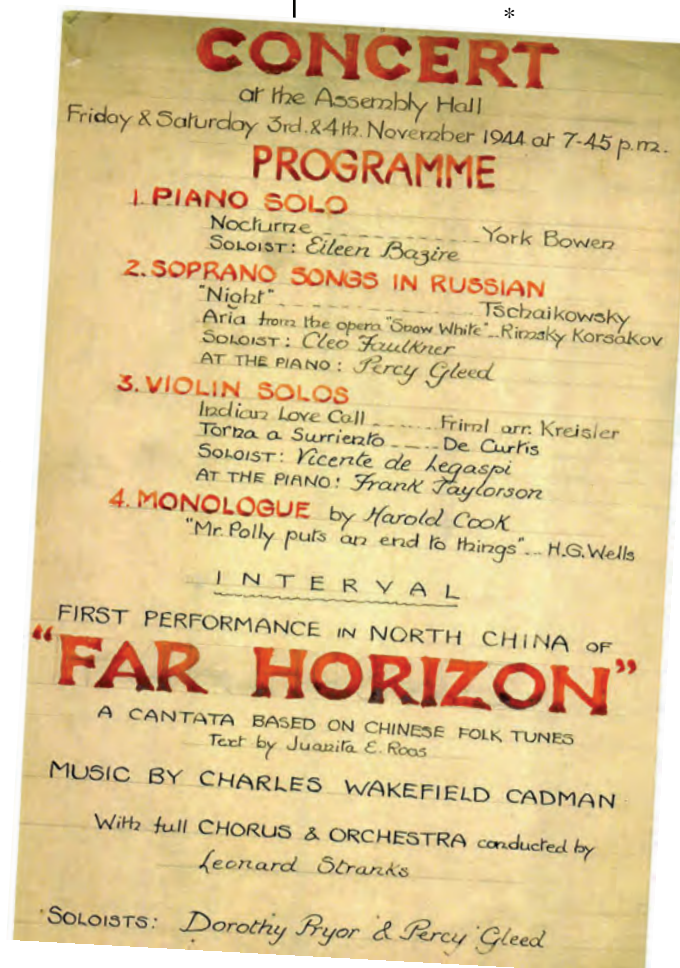
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I believe I can help. There were two guitarists known as "The Two Pineapples": George Kalani and George Alawa. In happier times they'd played at the Lido Ballroom. Kalani had a ballistic temper, and one time he got so mad at Alawa (who played Hawaiian guitar as it was known in those days) he

broke his own guitar over George's head. That was dumb, as now Kalani had no guitar. Then someone remembered I had a huge concert guitar that I hardly ever got to play, so Kalani, all contrite, came over and begged me to sell him mine. I did -- for \$5 American.

*



Tad is the only living member of the American members on the Duck Mission.

Tad says that six of the seven members billeted in the Japanese commandant's office. That office was located near the section where the Italians stayed. He said they slept on cots that were in that building. He recalls that the building was a two-story building with several rooms. This is the same building where on Liberation Day, Major Staiger took over the camp from the Japanese commandant. Staiger headed the team. So Major Staiger, Jim Moore, Jim Hannon, Tad Nagaki, Peter Orlich, and Eddie Wang stayed there.

Tad says that Raymond Hanchulak, the medic on the Duck Mission, stayed in the hospital and helped there as much as he could.

Tad Nagaki says that three of the team left Weihhsien first -- Jim Moore, Raymond Hanchulak, and Tad Nagaki -- to go to Tsingtao (now Qingdao) to set up an OSS base there. They were followed by Major Staiger and Peter Orlich. At age 21, Pete, the team's youngest member, was radio operator on the mission. Jim Hannon stayed later to help with repatriation of prisoners.

*

I remember that I was proud to be a Girl Guide in Weihhsien. It was a novel experience as my family had always lived in mining districts where I had only one or two playmates.

I do have a few memories: Mrs Lawless was our Leader. She was Swiss, and I remember learning "La haut sur la montagne il est un vieux chalet." A round which was not particularly appropriate

in the circumstances. Still, we sang it with gusto.

We worked hard at earning badges. The one I remember best was Invalid Care. Much attention given to drawing the ideal sickroom, with attention given to the placement of windows. Again, purely an academic exercise.

To our sorrow, Guider Lawless died of



<http://www.weihhsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/groups/p-GuidesChefoo.htm>

typhus fever in the camp, and my last view of her was through the window of the morgue. It was a great shock.

*

I remember that we were interned in our own home, Tsingtao, actually it belonged to the CIM (now OMF) and was known as the Scott house -- we, the Whipples (six of us) and the Waltons (four of them and one added later born on December 10, 1942) and several other CIM folk. It was a large house (photo attached) and we were under house arrest beginning on Dec. 8, 1941. We could leave for a portion of

the day (wearing armbands) and I remember going to town with our parents and extended family, and going to the beach a few blocks down the hill to swim during the warmer months. We were "herded" into the Iltis Hydro Hotel in the Fall of 1942 for about a five month stay. All six of us Whipples were in one room and I think that was

the norm for families. I remember seeing a Chinese boy beaten by the Japanese, tied to a pole with orange peels stuffed in his mouth. I also remember a piano in the dining area where I had my first "feel" for piano. It

continues

still. Then we were taken to Weihhsien where we entered the Civilian Assembly Center on March 20, 1943; we remember that date because it was our mother's birthday. We were there for six months before repatriation on the Teia Maru and Gripsholm. I had my seventh birthday in Weihhsien and my memories are still vivid of our time spent there and for us kids the whole thing was a great adventure (a tribute to our parents and other adults). Fortunately, our family was all together for the entire time because of the school break at Chefoo; our extended family students arrived in

Tsingtao on December 1, 1941 just a week before Pearl Harbor and our house arrest and subsequent internment camp experiences. It is amazing that a number of us are still in touch through this Topica website. I do remember the Reinbrecht (sp?) name as do my siblings, Elden, Jr. and Lorna. Our little sister, Julie, was two years old when the war broke out in 1941. The Walton children are Bobbie, Tom and Lindie (born in Tsingtao, 1942). Lorna and I were born in Kuling, now Lushan in the mountains just south of the Yangtse River, Kiangsi Province. My wife and I visited that beautiful place a few years ago and we were royally welcomed, given gifts and the key to the city. They were overjoyed that we would come back to visit my birthplace. Quick anecdote of that visit: We were taken to lunch in what they told us was one of the finest hotels in the city/village -- and by the way, they said, it used to be the community hospital (the very place where I was born!).

*

I remember spending time with you all in the Scott House in Iltus Huk. I have a picture of us all dressed up in mom and Dad's clothes. I also remember one of the girls being slathered with white stuff. There had been a huge jellyfish in the water, circled her body - not a happy camper. I also remember being nasty. You all were allowed two things on your toast. We had no restrictions and so we ate butter, peanut butter AND jam on our toast - not nice children???? Funny the things you remember and awful how much we forget.

*

I remember that we were in Kiaohsien. The only Americans in the village of thousands. We were put under house arrest the morning, Monday Dec 8th early. Swedish Baptist missionaries would come over and talk from our apartment on the 2nd floor and they would give us news, not better off than we were, just free in a nation at war.

Then in Feb we were told we were going back on a ship. They took us into Tsingtao on the train; we lived with other missionaries there. Ship never materialized. Sometime in the summer or Fall we were put into a small hotel with everyone else. All Allies, and set up the camp like Weihsien. A committee and we had classes with teachers and made our meals with food brought in. We were allowed to take two suitcases from our home and every time we were moved they checked us to make certain we didn't have anything else. I still travel lite, but we were getting lighter and lighter.

Then we were bussed to the train when we left for Weihsien. I think we were the first to get there. It was really a mess. No humiliation like yours, just kept moving us till we got to Weihsien.

*

My family's home was right at the rear of the hotel in which you were incarcerated in Tsingtao and was named the Iltis Hydro Hotel. About two hundred of us were forced to go there and I remember your family there including your sister Janet, very well. Do you

remember one breakfast time when the Japs tormented a beggar boy by chaining him to a tree with a dog chain and collar and stuffing his mouth with orange peel, as set out in my book "Forgiven But Not Forgotten" that can be read on the WeiHsien site in its entirety. From the hotel we were given one hour to go to our homes and pack after which we were transported by

to the big green gate at the front of the hotel for our family. The quality of food very sharply deteriorated when we arrived at WeiHsien of course.

*

I should have known the name of the hotel, but did not remember it. You were probably closer to Janet's age. I remember your saying how often you were clean up to your wrists because



truck and train to WeiHsien. Did you have to sit on tatami mats on the floor during the train trip as we did? My family was not told where we were going, or for how long. While at the Iltis Hydro Hotel we were waited upon by Chinese servants who served our meals and I remember our Russian friends Katie Maevsky and family occasionally bringing Russian delicacies

you did dishes after meals. Thanks so much for that information. Keep informing me. I do not remember tatami, but I don't remember much about the trip. I remember the beggar boy being beaten — poured hot water in him? Were we the first people in Weihsien — those of us from Tsingtao.

*

I remember that when we came from Tianjin and surrounding areas, we were greeted by nuns who were already there.

*

I remember that we certainly were the first internees to arrive in WeiHsien. In fact we had to try and tidy it up for the next batches. The boiling water was on a chair that a servant had to continuously hold over his head with the Japanese telling us if we misbehaved we would have to do the same. I remember the servant straining to keep holding the chair with the boiling water above his head and his arm veins were bulging with the effort.

*

I remember that Miss Carr, the principal of our elementary school told me (in 1985), "I would pray to God at night that when the Japanese lined us up along the death trenches and started shooting us that God would let me be one of the first to be shot."

Never! Not in my wildest imagination had I envisioned such a scene.

Yet look at photos of the hospital taken from outside the camp and you can see trenches beyond the camp walls.

*

I remember that Stephen said, "I told God that **if He would get me out of this place alive**, I would give my life to God's service in Japan."

It **NEVER** occurred to me that I might not get out of Weihsien alive. Never!

*

I remember that the Japanese appeared on the doorstep of our Chefoo School the day after they attacked Pearl Harbor.

Japanese gunboats had been in Chefoo harbor long before that -- bombarding Chinese guerrillas in the hills behind the city.

But the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, a Japanese Shinto priest conducted a ceremony on the ball field of our school, saying that this school now belonged to the Great Emperor of Japan. Then the Japanese came through the school, pasting paper seals on furniture and equipment, saying this all now belonged to the Great Emperor of Japan. Japanese guards with face guards and padded chests started practicing bayonet drills by the front gate of the school. We were school children watching Japanese guards practicing how to kill. Because the guards always shouted "YAH" as they charged at each other with their bayonets, we called it "**YAH practice**." . If we left the school

compound, we had to wear arm bands with a big capital letter indicating our nationality -- **B** for British, **A** for American. In 1942, the Japanese commandeered the school for a military base and marched us across the city in a long, snaking line of children and teachers. Up at the head of the line, one of our teachers began singing

from Psalm 46 and we joined in -- "*God is our refuge and strength, therefore we will not fear.*"

Chinese friends stood beside the road and wept.

The Japanese interned us -- crammed us -- into two small Presbyterian mis-

Temple Hill. Our teachers worked miracles. There in Temple Hill, our Brownie troop learned to tie knots -- reef, bowline, round-turn-and-two-half-hitches. I remember learning proper way to bandage a sprained ankle or injured knee. And, bless my



<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/groups/p-ScoutsGuidesChefoo.htm>

sionary compounds in the Temple Hill section of Chefoo (Yantai). We slept on the floor; one child's bedding almost overlapping the next. In a residence designed for one family, about 70 of us younger children were crammed together. Crowding in Weihsien was NOTHING compared to the cramped quarters we suffered in

soul -- yes, doing a good deed every day! Can you believe it?

We had the good fortune to arrive in Weihsien in September 1943 after earlier groups had cleaned the place up.

*

I remember that people say I suffered so. I say I was too young to know,

Mommie and Daddy were taking care of me. And in Weihsien, everyone was in the same boat, but I cannot imagine, maybe some now, what Mom and Dad were going through. My poor Mom, when they came to put us under house arrest, Dad was not home

and they wanted our telephones and radios. Well, we had none that caused trouble for awhile, till they believed us. Dad was at Tsimo, another mission station and didn't come home till Feb. Poor Mom! But I know my sister three years older than I and her age youth were angry and upset. I had a class, not home schooled in camp and I thought it was wonderful. My sister remembers things very differently. I was born in 1933.

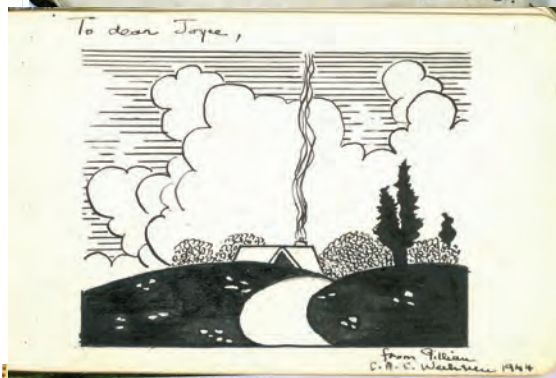
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I think we who were children in Weihsien have a very different perspective on the Weihsien experience -- perhaps because we were shielded from the horrors that grown-ups knew about the war and what the Japanese had done in places like Nanking -- the Rape of Nanking. Grown-ups in Weihsien knew that the

Japanese could do the same to us as their captives.

We children didn't have those images in our heads. We even played with some of the guards who were stationed in the guard tower near the hospital where we stayed.

*



I remember that Weihsien was a good experience for me. I was 8-12. Good education, best friend whom I am still in touch with. Great programs. Miss Rudd, taught us elementary children Greek alphabet and silly Latin jokes as we studied. The one I still know and laugh at is on a Latin verb test a student wrote - slippo, slippery, falli, bum-pus. The teacher wrote back. Failo, faiere, fluckus, suspendus. We had good times there and no I never thought about how long it was, and how terrible. We were protected. My sister who was three years older still talks in terms of how her life was affected and how awful it was. Age is very important. I cannot imagine being separated from parents for 5 or more years, but have known some. I don't feel like such a naive little kid!

walks.

I do not remember where all the books came from, but those of us from Tientsin were asked to take one medical supply item and one book in our meagre allowance. I believe most of us did that. After we got organized in camp we pooled the books and made the library. After my father died and my mother got so sick mother was taken off vegetables at the kitchen and given the library for while When she was stronger some else got it.

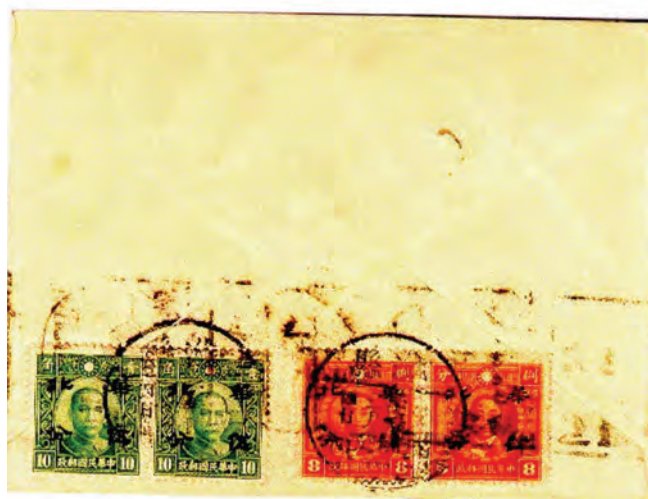
I remember that the books came from Tsingtao and arrived at the camp on donkey carts sometime in the midsummer of '43. I don't know if some good soul rounded them up for us, or if they came from a library, but I am certain that Mr. Egger of the International Red Cross was the person who saw that they arrived safely at Weihsien.

I don't remember where the library was???? I have no clue, but there was a one, because I remember reading a lot!!!! Most of Charles Dickens and Sir

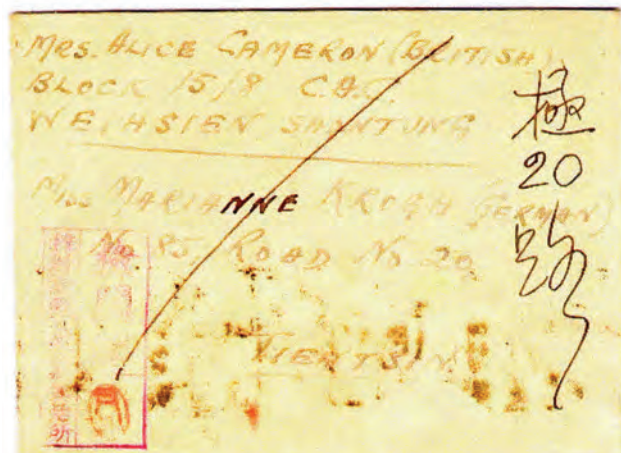
Walter Scott. And the books smelled very British. I am a Librarian and have always smelled books - You can tell where they were published by the smell!!!! Where was the library?

I remember that the library was near the Guard Office and the Camp Commandants Office it is clearly marked on the map in Langdon Gilkey's Shantung Compound page 147. I seem to recall that the post office was adjacent to it which would be logical as censorship prevailed hence it would be near the Japanese Offices. Having said that I think that the library initially was in what became the White Elephant Store behind block 24.

I remember that the library was in a small room, fairly near the hospital, not near the kitchens or rows of barrack rooms most of us lived in by twos or threes If I remember right, the room was bigger than the regular living quarter rooms It had a smallish table and a chair the rest was books on shelves. If you can recall where the Japs erected long tables to go through any packages that arrived from outside for an internee, they were in front of the library, the tables were removed after the guards had taken everything out of the packages they wanted and kept for themselves. Pushed the remainder over to the recipients. Usually not much left. After my fathers Masonic funeral our boxes were often just pushed over to me and I took them to mother. I used the room a lot.



Rare envelope cover
1943 - 1945
Weihsien Civil Assembly Centre
Shandong, CHINA



I remember: ...

As a grown-up thinking about my Weihsien experience, I am profoundly moved by the triumphs of the human spirit in such a place. Yes, I've read a few reports of Weihsien internees who gave up or who soured. But the stories that grab me are the triumphs. Look at the art that flourished in Weihsien. Think of the athletic events. I remember a Nazarene missionary, Mary Scott, who had been a tomboy growing up in a family of boys in the state of Indiana. Mary Scott rounded up us young Chefoo girls in the South field near Block 57 and taught us how to throw a softball. Chefoo School had given us a British education with games like cricket and tennis. We had no clue about softball. I remember one of the Catholic priests -- I think it was Father Palmer -- walking around the camp day after day teaching French to Elizabeth Harle. Look on Leopold's Weihsien web site at the astonishing range of posters drawn and posted by Chefoo teacher, Eileen Bazire, announcing lectures and concerts. Concerts and plays and debates in an internment camp? Yes, in Kitchen Number 1 we were eating glop out of empty tin cans, but we also attended concerts and plays in the church. Do you remember "**The Crucifixion**" at Easter time? Do you re-

member "**Androcles and the Lion**" ? To costume 10 Roman guards with armor and helmets, stage hands soldered together tin cans from the Red Cross food parcels. It boggles the mind. Who ever heard of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in such a place? I earned a Girl Guide badge for folk singing in Weihsien and practiced my semaphore and Morse code during roll calls. Our teachers would not let us give up. They inspected us every day -- Were we clean, were we neat, did we have our mending done? Every weekday they scheduled us in something called "session" when we had to mend holes in our socks or tears in our clothes. They insisted that we behave with good manners. We scrubbed the concrete around our beds every morning. Yes, we might be prisoners on the outside, they said, but we were not prisoners on the inside. We battled the bedbugs in a Saturday ritual in the summertime. Even the Battle of the Bedbugs was a triumph. Even making coal balls was a game. For more than three decades in one of my careers, I administered a residential program with thousands of delinquent teen-aged boys and girls, and discovered along the way that I had shaped my program with high expectation and structure, structure, structure that our teachers

had used to shape us and that had made us feel safe in Weihsien. Those gifts anchor children. They anchored me. I give my eternal gratitude to such grown ups who shaped me in Weihsien -- and for ever.

*

I believe that is why I look back on Weihsien with joy - I believe it moulded me by the adults who taught me and the adults who kept us entertained beautifully and we did not feel like we lacked - we all ate the glop so what difference did it make. I didn't feel needy or forlorn because there were so many people building us up and keeping us going. Thank you so much for making us remember and see this and as you said, thanks so much to Leopold for all the memories jarred back as we communicate with each other.

*





When I phoned last night to check up on how Tad's recuperating from his fall, I asked him about it again. He said his weapon had been "modified" with an extended barrel and a rifle stock so he could fire it either from the hip or the shoulder. It fired .45 bullets. He said they called them T o m m y

guns -- like the gangsters used to use -- capable either for shooting rapid fire or shooting off a burst of three at a time. He said he had used the weapon in Burma when he was with the OSS Nisei unit there behind Japanese lines.

After he said that, he paused and said he wasn't certain if that was the weapon he had carried when he parachuted. He said he might have carried a .45 pistol. Time plays tricks on our memories.

Tad said each member of the team chose his own preferred style of weapon for the parachute jump.

*

The most common submachine gun carried by U.S. forces in World War II was the Thompson .45 caliber submachine gun. As Tad said, it was called the "Tommy gun." It fired .45 caliber pistol bullets. When I ran out to the field to greet our rescuers I distinctly remember submachine guns in the hands of at least two of the rescuers. It was a daunting sight, as these guns were in the ready firing position. I was 13 years old at the time, and already knew about "Tommy guns" from gangster movies before the war.

*

I remember:

Tad discussed again a fascinating dispute that hasn't been discussed here very much. This was a **WHO'S IN CHARGE?** dispute.

He said that a few days after Major Staiger and the DUCK Mission team had taken charge of the Weihsien camp, Colonel Byrd flew in with his team. Byrd and his team had apparently failed in liberating the camp to which they had been assigned. (Tad wasn't sure which camp Byrd was supposed to liberate.) So Byrd flew to Weihsien and wanted to take over leadership of affairs there -- maybe a

move to cover his anatomy for his failed mission.

Tad said Major Staiger would have none of this. The DUCK team had done its job and they were not turning Weihsien over to Byrd. Major Staiger contacted headquarters about the dispute. Headquarters supported Major Staiger and ordered Byrd and his team out.

I've heard a member of the DUCK team say that Byrd should have been court martialed for failing in his team's rescue mission.

Major Staiger eventually turned the Weihsien camp over to Colonel Weinberg, who, Tad says, was assigned to handle evacuation of internees.

Jim Moore, Nagaki, Ray Hanchulak, and Major Staiger moved on to Tsingtao (today spelled Qingdao) to set up an OSS base there.

*

I remember she told me that when we left Chefoo, there were no restrictions on what could be taken for the community, and she packed up the contents of the hospital, every dressing and even empty bottles, which delighted the Weihsien doctors when the boxes arrived.

*

I remember that Miss Evelyn Davey, now Huebner chuckled when I told her that there had been quite a discussion about color of guard uniform. Without hesitation she said they were khaki--green --usual color of uniforms.

*



Do you remember how many radios did internees have in Weihsien? I know the Japanese suspected that internees had at least one radio and searched for it.

Top-secret information like this, of course, was hidden from almost everybody and certainly youngsters like us -- and from snitches in the

camp. I remember that wartime news filtered down to us Chefoo School students in the form of infrequent briefings that provided information that must have come first either from a radio or from news smuggled in by escapees, Hummel and Tipton, via the Chinese "honey pot" men.

Long after the war, Jackie Graham, a Chefoo School classmate, told me of his being assigned to sneak into a building in the Japanese quarters to steal a radio tube from a radio there. Someone must have done some serious spy work to know where that radio was in off-limits Japanese quarters. To avoid suspicion, I believe Jackie swapped the good radio tube with a dud and even made sure the replacement looked dusty. I believe Jackie was assigned to this skullduggery by someone on the Weihsien internee ruling council. Jackie was a spunky youngster ideal for a project like this.

If someone needed a radio tube, it must have been for a radio that internees had..

*

I remember that the only person I knew who had access to a radio was Bobby Grandon, famous for ringing the bell in the bell tower building (#23) on VE Day. If you recall, he rang the bell around eleven pm at night and guards rushed through the compounds and we were all hauled out for a freezing roll call.

*

I did not know whilst I was in the camp about any radios. I only knew the honey pot men dropped messages in silk or paper usually hidden in their nostrils but their information mainly related to the advances made by the communist fighters. That was enough

to frighten everybody. I do not remember who rang the bell late at night but it signalled us to go quickly to the ballfield to be counted. Winter and summer in sometimes atrocious weather.

A few years ago Bob and I visited Armic Bariantz' wife Armen, known as Tsolik in her Bali restaurant in San Francisco. I think Armic was still alive and in a terrible state from the treatment and beatings he had received from the Japs both at the Iltris Hydro and in WeiHsien.

As a matter of fact she gave me a letter in her handwriting detailing a vicious beating they inflicted on him in **the presence** of Tsolik **WHILST SHE WAS ACTUALLY GIVING BIRTH** in the camp hospital demanding to know whether he was going to name the baby Douglas (or Arthur) after the Supreme Allied Commander, General Douglas MacArthur. Despite his beating Tsolik answered, "I cant tell you because the baby is only half born and I do not know whether it is going to be a boy or girl"

At the time of our visit to Tsolik she told me that her husband Armic had secreted a radio receiver under the altar in the Church in the camp and that he used to listen to it during the Sunday services.

I have always wondered why, if there were radios in the camp we did not know of the atomic bombs and impending capitulation. Maybe it is true the committee knew but did not allow it to be spread amongst the internees. I certainly wasnt told maybe because I was only 17 2/12 years old at capitulation.

*



I remember a story that my aunt, Marjory Broomhall, headmistress of CIMGS, told me years later. She said the Japanese (a Jap officer?) came to an internee who was known to be good radio technician, and asked him to repair his radio. The man found the fault easily and fixed it. But he said to the owner that he needed a certain part, with a long name, and drew the supposed part on a piece of paper. The Jap spent the rest of the war hunting for the spare part, while the internee enjoyed the use of the radio. I know no names.

Has it occurred to you how ironic the situation, that the people who became calculator suppliers to the world, took an hour to reconcile their figures at each roll call?

I was in the matric class — little me and seven or eight boys. Our classroom was in the hospital attic, where the boys' dorm was. The teacher put a map on the flipchart, hand drawn I guess, showing us the pincer movement of the Allies on Berlin - the Russians from the north and the US and Britain from the West. Suddenly there was a clomp of heavy boots on the wooden stairs, and the flipchart quickly changed. By the time the Jap officer entered the room we were studying mathematics.

And suddenly it was all over. Pa Bruce came to talk to us, recommending that we do our exams straight away. Nothing would be lost if we failed, but if we passed we would not have to go back to school for two more years 'at home'. (They had saved the half-year Oxford papers since the war started, in case they were sunk on the way out.) We agreed. He gave us a week to swot, and then we wrote - in the sweltering August heat, with the scissor-grinders buzzing in the trees, and the food parcels falling from the rumbling skies outside the window! We got our results the following April. Pa had taken the two sets of papers written in camp, to Oxford himself. Chefoo's reputation saved the day. Most of us passed, in spite of all the upheavals along the way.

I particularly remember Mr Koyanagi, Commandant. I remember he inspected the inmates during a roll call very early in our incarceration. He was wearing full dark coloured Japanese Officer's uniform. When he saw my father (Edmund Cooke) he said to him, "Cooke! What are you doing here?" and my pop said, "We are your prisoners now" They then had a conversation about their business associations in Tsingtao before the war and pop told us he had no idea Koyanagi was connected to the Japanese army. The next day Koyanagi brought water melon and fresh eggs to our rooms for us. Pop told him that because we were prisoners he could not accept the gift and asked him to take

them away. He said it would not look good to the other prisoners. Koyanagi tried to get pop to accept them but he was adamant and he took them with him. I was present when they met and also I noticed other prisoners nearby were astonished my father had had business dealings with our commandant before the war. My father was Manager of Jardine Matheson in Tsingtao before the war.

*

Yes, I remember that Miss Henderson was on the staff of the Chefoo Schools. I wondered why I could not remember what she taught us, The reason is obviously that she was the housekeeper, and not a teacher.

Let me just say that the staff were to be much admired, because they had all applied to be missionaries, and then were sent to teach or look after foreign children instead. They took their calling very seriously, and were a wonderful example of Christian living to us as we grew. BUT more than that, when things grew dangerous, and all our foundations were moved, they SO continued in serene assurance of their faith, that we were very seldom afraid. We children did not know what COULD happen to us, but THEY DID. The control of our lives and movements was taken out of the hands of those given responsibility for us, and were in the hands of ruthless enemies. But they sang with us: God is still on the throne, and we believed it too. The debt we owe them is incalculable.

*

I remember August 17, 1945 and this day was like most other days in our internment camp at Weihsien, north China. I was 11 years old and had gathered with the other children in our school for a singing lesson in the community church.

The hot weather was rather soporific and our singing was lacklustre. However, we were brought to our feet by the sound of a plane roaring over the church roof and we knew straight away it was not a Japanese aircraft. As it roared over for the second time, we tumbled out on to the ball field and saw it turn to come in again for the third time. It was indeed an American B24. As we waved and shouted the belly of the craft opened up and out fell seven airmen whose parachutes billowed as they floated to the ground and we could see that they would land in the bean fields outside the walls.

With one accord we rushed for the gate, which the Japanese guards were trying to close. We slipped through and, rather like a covey of partridges, disappeared among the beanstalks in search of our rescuers, who were crouched with drawn pistols fearing an attack from Japanese guards. They were met instead by a mob of children!

We escorted them into the camp, passing the guards who had barricaded themselves into the sentry box. Then ensued a time of celebration with thanksgiving services in the church, speeches, parties, chocolate and chewing gum. Peace at last, seeing parents

again, and going home to England to start a new life.

One of the airmen said that when he saw us shouting and waving on the field he jumped out without his parachute and it was thrown after him — my hero, Pete Orlich.

*



I remember Pete Orlich. At age 21, he was radio operator and the youngest member on the rescue team. Pete desperately wanted to be chosen for the rescue team, but feared he would be excluded because he wore glasses. So

when candidates were moving through the medical screenings, he took off his glasses and memorized the letters on the eye chart by listening to the men in front of him calling out the letters. To keep his glasses from flying off his head during his parachute drop from the B-24

(The Armored Angel),

Pete taped his glasses to his head with pink medical tape.

*

I remember I was the first to reach (American rescuer) Peter Orlich. He had a brush cut (flat top!) when I first saw him. He did not have his cap and he had his glasses taped with pink 'medical' as opposed to Scotch tape around his temples. I remember this very clearly. He was standing (as I remember) in a field of stubble, (Kaoliang?) I remember him assuming I was a Chinese, maybe I looked like one? when he saw me, barefoot and only wearing shorts. Who knows, but he pointed to some printing in Chinese on

his shirt or jacket or vest. There was printing all over in different languages. There was also the stars and stripes. I said to him in my impeccable English, "Excuse me, sir, but I don't read Chinese." He then asked me if I was from

the camp, and how did I get out, so I told him the gates were opened. Then he wanted to know where his fellow jumpers were. I walked him back to the camp, and as we got closer I got pre-empted by some adults :-)

*

Yes, I remember that we played tennis, and we even had some tournaments, but we played with bald tennis balls and cracked rackets and had to tie pieces of cat-gut together with knots around to restrung rackets.

*

I remember the gaoliang for breakfast and the "stew" -- which was no more than a thin soup -- and hot water for lunch and supper, and the fact that all but those who worked in the kitchens were underweight and malnourished (I was assigned by Dr. Chang to eat in the hospital for two weeks because of my emaciated condition). I concede that the Japanese were looking to the future, as she reports, and that they treated us at Weihsien better than they treated people at many other camps, but there was also some unnecessary meanness, as Joyce Cooke Bradbury reports -- dumping the meat supply on the ground and not allowing our people to deal with it until it started to spoil, etc. I'm sure we are all grateful that our guards were told there might be a reckoning after the war and that they should avoid atrocities -- which they did. But the conditions at Weihsien in no way resembled those at a vacation resort.

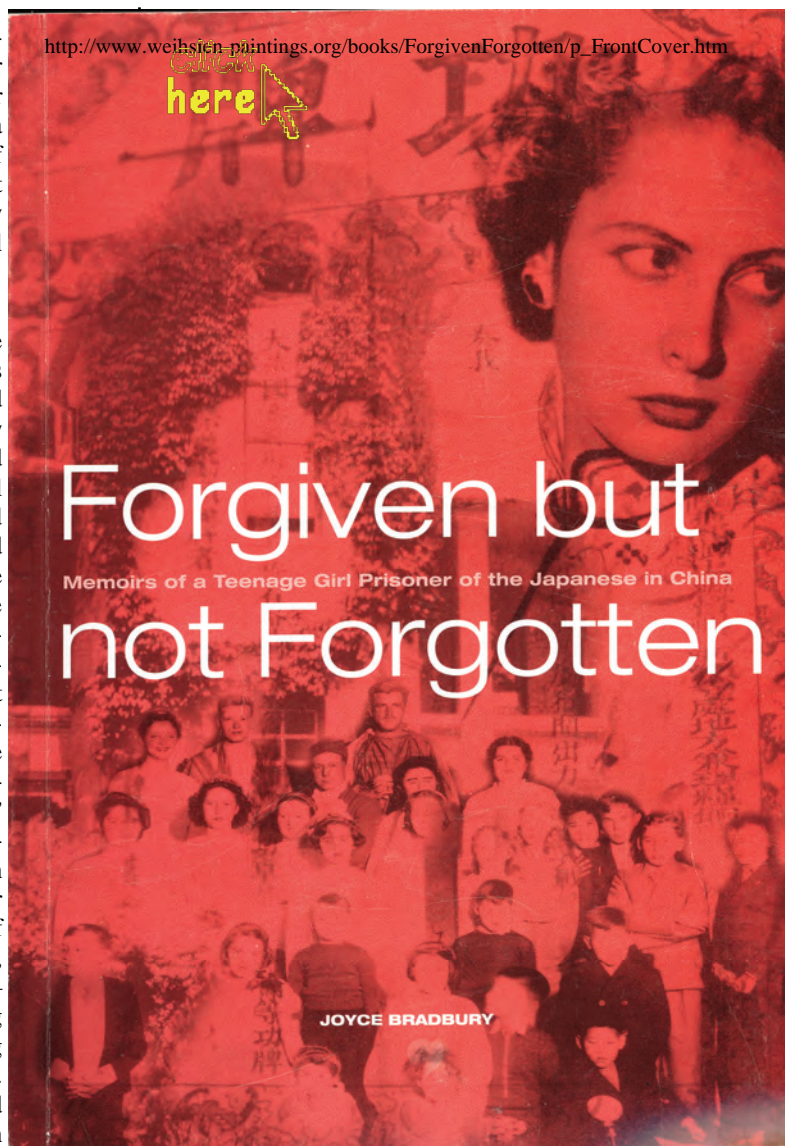
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I remember that Miss Evelyn Davey, now Huebner chuckled when I told her that there had been quite a discussion about color of guard uniform. Without hesitation she said they were khaki--green --usual color of uniforms.

*

I remember that one of the predictable routines was school. Yes, school would go on -- even in the shadow of guard towers. So would Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, Cub Scouts and Brownies. We practiced semaphore and Morse Code during daily roll calls. We practiced tying knots -- reef, bowline, round-turn-two-half-hitches. Scout leaders like Stanley Houghton and Guide leaders like Inez Phare, Brownie leaders like "Brown Owl" Evelyn Davey expected students to work on badges. In the shadow of the barrier walls and under the eyes of uniformed Japanese guards, we worked on badges -- reading badges, hiking badges, folk singing badges, naturalist badges. Yes, and do a good deed every day -- even when your hands are freezing from making coal balls to fuel the

http://www.weihshien-paintings.org/books/ForgivenForgotten/p_FrontCover.htm



stoves or your knife or thumb nail is bloody from the Saturday "battle-

with the bedbugs." Girl Guides were expected to embroider badges for the Boy Scouts.

*

I remember that we girls were not involved in the bird-watching like the boys, but there came a day when we were invited. Hubbard had obtained permission to go into the out-of-bounds area, where the Japanese officers' houses were, to show a special bird, and we were invited to come along too.

The special bird was a golden oriole, and as we silently crept up on it, it was singing in a tree high above us. This was my first encounter with wild birds, and I didn't especially remember the song, but decades later, when my family

were in the foothills of the great Dra-

kensberg mountains in Natal, South Africa, I recognised the song! There in the main street of this little village was an oriole!

It reminded me of those few minutes of freedom enjoyed so long ago, and of the adults who went out of their way to lift our spirits above the hardships of everyday life. We owe them a lot.

*

My friend, Raymond Trickey, and I headed straight out the main gate of the camp where a crowd was already surging past the Japanese guard house. Trickey and I carried a fairly small bucket of water over the little bridge that spanned the Wei River, a mere trickle of a creek in mid-August. It was Raymond Trickey's idea and I was delighted to join him. We carried out little bucket of water out to the edge of a gaoliang field where we met a tall, blond American paratrooper. We asked him, "Are you thirsty sir?" And with a big, friendly smile he looked down at us and said, "You bet, boys!" Then he lifted out bucket up to his lips and quaffed a generous libation of our little offering. I'm sure he did it just to "make our day!" And that he certainly did! Raymond and I then trailed along behind our hero as he strode along the way we had come and entered the camp's main gate! By this time, the welcoming band made up of internees was already playing rousing music to greet our wonderful liberators!

*

I remember that one of the stories that he told was an incident in the kitchen when some of the boys who were helping out suddenly dumped a sack of potatoes into boiling water without sorting these out first. Unfortunately, the sack was also filled with rats who were then boiled along with the potatoes. The camp doctor then advised them just to throw the rats and the water away and to re-boil the potatoes using another kettle of water.

*

I remember that another incident also occurred in the kitchen which involved horse meat. Part of the meat was already rotten but since food was scarce, the doctor just ordered my grandfather to slice away the rotten part and just to make sure that the rest of the meat is boiled thoroughly.

*

I remember that there was also an incident inside the camp that involved the water tanks. My grandfather told one of the doctors that some of the boys took a swim in one of the water tanks. Again, the doctor advised him to make sure that the drinking water is thoroughly boiled to make it safe.

*

I remember of another story that was recalled by my aunt was those of the Trappist monks. These were the monks who supposed to have vows of silence, but according to the story, these monks were the ones

"negotiating" with the people on the other side of the fence for black market items.

*

I remember of another story that my aunt told me was that my grandfather

also attempted to escape along with 2 Caucasians. However, on the day of the escape, the Caucasians did not bring my grandfather along. After the war, the two escapees again met with my grandfather. They said that they

eventually realized that if they brought my grandfather along, they would have been caught because while my grandfather has Chinese features, he does not speak any Chinese dialect and that would have been a giveaway.





bunk where there was a window could see all the parachutes piled up on the verandah. Should I tell you this I got a licking from my mother when a friend came in telling Mum that I was out and about giving all the kids balloons !!!!! They turned out to be condoms which Dad had brought with him. Of course Dad got a terrific ribbing about bringing these important items instead of say food... and poor Mum was so embarrassed. I

I remember that my father put up a tiny Dutch flag on the top of our little summer house on the patch of land in front of our rooms on Aug. 31 for Queensday (Wilhelmina) and that a Jap. guard noticed it and asked what country the flag represented and why. When he had heard the answer the flag had to be removed immediately.

This summerhouse was an octagonal construction of wooden beams or

tree branches, with a straw matting along one side and I remember that on terribly hot nights my sister Wies and I would sleep there under mosquito nets. It might have been cooler but I remember hearing all kinds of creepy noises and I was really scared and didn't sleep very well after all!

*

Oh! yes, to answer to your question: I was 4 years old when we were liberated in 1945. I hardly remember anything from those days. All rubbed out of my memory I guess !

*

I was a bit older than you so remember a fair bit.... Two of us kids got polio in camp, the other was a boy. I also remember being in the hospital with chicken pox . Our room backed onto the moon gate and as I had the top

also remember in our little room, Dad and George Wallis making "hooch" with some sort of drip apparatus out of sweet potatoes or whatever peels they could get. George apparently got pretty tight one night and started climbing a lamppost and serenading Trudy, his girlfriend !!! Also remember being bitten by a scorpion after night roll call.... the things one remembers !!!

*



I remember our very last day in Weih sien: October 19, 1945. We were in this truck, all standing up with our meagre luggage besides us. Whilst leaving the camp and passing in front of the guard house, ... I remember my dad telling me to have a last good look because we would never be seeing this place again.

"Never". I also remember the plane trip back to Tientsin. I was sick !! In the photo (just above) you can see my little sister Mary-Lou Pander, born in camp. The GIs are helping my mother to board the plane and my dad, with his hat and heavy winter coat is having a good laugh. I am the little boy with the skinny legs just

next to him. My sister Janette must already be in the plane excitedly running all over the place. I do not recognize the other people on the photo.

*

I remember my uncle, describing my grandparents homcoming after the 1943 repatriation, had written the following:

"Among our 1943 Xmas presents was a small, blue and white granite-ware bowl which Mother ate from throughout her time in the Concentration Camp and in the bowl was a card with the following:

Beautiful Stew

(to the tune of Lewis Carroll's "Beautiful Soup")

*"Beautiful stew, so thin but hot,
Waiting in the steaming pot,
Who would not give all else in lieu
Of a big bowlful of beautiful
stew?" (repeat)*

Chorus:

*"Beautiful stew, beautiful stew -
Stew of old Weih sien,
Beautiful, beautiful stew."*

*





I remember that in the Weih sien winter when the Japanese finally issued iron, pot bellied stoves, Marjorie and I were partnered as LSD team mates in the rotation for lighting the fire in our dormitory stove in the mornings. Our *Marjorie Harrison / Mary Taylor* team set the record for the most times of getting the fire so hot it turned the stove red hot -- no easy feat with coal dust.

*

Yes, I remember that awash in a cess-pool of every kind of misery, Weih sien was, nonetheless, for us a series of daily triumphs -- earthy victories over bedbugs and rats and flies.

*

I remember that like every other Weih sien problem, coal dust had its dark side and its light side. You could take your pick. You could grump yourself miserable about having only coal dust to burn, or when you were breaking the ice in the water bucket in morning to wash your face, you could count your blessings that you had anything at all to fuel the stove.

*

I remember that we younger girls made a game of carrying the coal buckets, In a

long human chain -- girl, bucket, girl, bucket, girl, bucket, girl -- we hauled the coal dust from the Japanese quarters of the camp back to our dormitory chanting all the way, "*Many hands make light work.*". Then in the biting cold, with frost cracked fingers, we shaped coal balls out of coal dust and clay -- two shovels of coal dust, one shovel of clay, and as few splashes of water. Grown ups swapped coal ball recipes. Winter sunshine made coal balls dry enough for burning.

*

I remember that in the summer, if you had bedbugs, you launched the Battle of the Bedbugs each Saturday. With knife or thumb nail, you attacked each seam of your blanket or pillow, killing all the bugs or eggs in your path. If you panic at the summer's plague of flies, you organize the school children into competing teams of fly-killers.. My younger brother, **John**, -- with 3,500 neatly-counted flies in a bottle -- won top prize, a can of *Rose Mille pate*, food sent by the Red Cross.

*

I remember that if you shuddered at the rats scampering over you at night, you

set up a Rat Catching Competition with concentration camp Pied Pipers clubbing rats, trapping rats, drowning rats in basins, throwing them in the bakery fires, Our Chefoo School won that competition, too, with Norman Cliff and his team bringing in 68 dead rats -- 30 on the last day. O, glorious victory! The nearest competitor had only 56.

*

I remember that grey winter day, when a bedraggled procession of children in threadbare, outgrown overcoats followed the coffin of our beloved "Uncle Eric" to the small camp graveyard. Our legs were bare in the bitter cold; our woollen stockings were the first things to wear out, and trousers were not part of our wardrobe in those days. We had unravelled the good parts of the stockings and knitted them into ankle socks with Pick-up-Sticks. Our shoes were cracked from walking in the mud and slush.

As we followed the pall bearers on the frozen ground, one of them my brother Norman Cliff, the cheap pine coffin creaked and groaned: would it hold together until they reached the grave? It

did, and no one else knew of their distress. Norman had played his trombone in the brass band that played outside the hospital the previous Sunday afternoon. Eric had sent a note out to them requesting that they play for him "Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side". He was suffering blinding headaches from the tumour growing in his brain. He had a baby daughter in Canada he had never seen. His beloved family was far away across the Pacific Ocean. He needed consolation. This godly man knew where to find it.

What a privilege was ours to know him and to escort him on his final journey! The best efforts of later visitors to locate the site were unsuccessful, and when we went back for the 60th anniversary in 2005, the area had been built over with a shopping centre. But the red marble memorial stone, which has been moved more than once, engraved and shipped out from Scotland, is still there inside the old camp area. The Chinese city authorities are talking of rebuilding the museum, so the memories will go on even after we are gone.

*



Remember? We all had chores. Our sister, Kathleen Taylor, scrubbed clothes, Jamie pumped long shifts at the water tower and carried garbage. John made coal balls. Before and after school, I mopped my square of floor in the dormitory, mended clothes, stoked the fire, and carried coal dust.

Like every other Weihsien problem, coal dust had its dark side and its bright side. You could take your pick. You could grump yourself miserable about having only coal dust to burn or, when you were breaking the ice in the water bucket in the morning to wash your face, you could count your blessings that you had anything at all to fuel the stove.

We younger girls made a game of carrying the coal buckets. In a long human chain -- girl, bucket, girl, bucket. girl, bucket girl -- we hauled the coal dust from the Japanese quarters of the camp back to our dormitory in the hospital, chanting all the way, "Many hands make light work." Then, in the biting cold, with frost-cracked fingers, we shaped coal balls out of coal dust and clay -- two shovels of coal dust, one shovel of clay and a few dashes of water. Grown-ups swapped coal ball recipes. Winter sunshine made coal balls dry enough for burning. Marjorie Harrison and I were partners. In the LSD, Marjorie and I held the record for making the stove glow red-hot.

*

I remember much of my life in camp, viewed by a 4 to 7 year old girl. All my memories are of a personal kind, or would only be a repeat of all that has already been said.

Of course the children in Weihsien lived through very exceptional times, experiences were diverse, felt and understood differently through our varying ages.

Perhaps most of us still have a time-warped-short-cut to camp, a sort of "Madeleine de Proust", a colour, sight or smell, an object an event, like peanut butter for me, as I loved tasting the sticky mush as my mother ground peanuts brought in from "outside" I remember the small room, the four-squared window, the light flowing through, the wooden door, and my baby sister in her cot! She was born in

camp... Well....

I very much liked Desmond Powers' book as well as Pamela Masters' ... others too, have you read "Tientsin" by David C. Hulme ? (cf amazon) As an adult I've tried to find all I could about the Pacific War, other experiences lived by children in other camps. We were very "lucky" in Weihsien to have been held in Northern China-Japanese Territory, and kept by consular police as well as the military. In my memory KingKong Bushido was a laugh, a kind of bogey man. Of course the Japanese were our captors and we felt that very well! But many were very kind in a personal way. After all we were all stuck in the middle of nowhere with the Chinese civil war surrounding us. I only felt the danger of our situation through my parents' angst.

Perhaps a good psychiatrist will one day come up with a good idea: studying the extraordinary resilience of Allied children in all of the Concentration Camps of the Pacific WWII.

Being back in Tientsin wasn't easy at all, we were helped by French friends who had declared themselves "Vichyists" I had my first real meal at their house: plates, knives, forks, spoons to the right, napkins (!!) Some kind of crinkly green stuff (salad) bathed in oil, uneatable, rabbit meat, what's a rabbit? I found out and pushed my plate away.

We could at last go home to our apartment in the Belgian Bank, at a corner

of Victoria Road next to the Leopold Building. Our boy Tchen welcomed us back, I don't remember if our Catholic amah Therese was still there. Our apartment was just empty space, everything had been taken away, no tables, chairs, piano, curtains... the fleeing Japanese?...

So we, as so many others, started our life all over again.



© This photo was taken in 1908 by Eric Gustafson's grand father ---
View from Block 23, looking ± North towards block 15 (left) and Block 22 (right)
Market Square in the foreground and Tin-Pan Alley heading to the Church/Assembly Hall.
The first two rooms of Block 22 (the block at the right just behind the trees ...) are where the de Jongh family lived during WWII

I remember of a typical winter's day in camp:

For the boys of my age the day usually began with half an hour's pumping. This was not at all strenuous but rather a nuisance if it meant getting up early and, unless a pair of good gloves were available, one's fingers were liable to get extremely cold. Still it got half the work over for the day. When the pumper returned from his work, he would usually find a fire lit. If not, the trou-

ble would probably be due to bad coal, damp wood or insufficient paper. But nevertheless the fire was always ablaze by breakfast.

Breakfast, consisting of cereal if it was to be had and some bread with tea or hot water, was served out at two mass kitchens where we queued up and sat at crude but comparatively new tables. Then half an hour after breakfast school commenced. We sat on benches...five to a bench. There were

three benches in the middle of a dormitory where nine of us slept. The benches were all right (sic) except when it came to Latin when a grammar book, text book and exercise book were needed, it being rather awkward to get all three in a convenient position. It was not until the latter period of camp that school was resumed in the afternoon but even at that it was only one or two lessons.

But by this time the fire would proba-

bly be out or very low but still the heat would remain for some hours.

At about half past three someone would fetch the coal for the room. Once a week the turn would come around for the distribution of wood when it was collected with the coal. This supply usually did not last the week and more had to be scrounged around the camp. The coal was sifted and the little lump remaining was used for the next day's lighting...the dust made into coal balls.

Then until supper we played hockey on a field about twice the size of a tennis court. The sticks varied from some that were as good as new to some that had to be mended after every other game. For those in the football and hockey leagues, there would be a game about twice a week on the ball field.

After supper we did our homework some of which was supervised. At any time from after school until half past nine, we had to do another half hour's pumping.

For the rest of the evening we played games or sat around on beds under dismal lights discussing the masters or any topic that cropped up. Because of the bad lights making reading a strain on the eyes, we had to go to bed early. While we were going to bed, the person who's (sic) turn it was to light the fire on the following day, would clear out the ashes and lay it ready to light. Some evenings were given up to entertainments.

*



This photo was taken in 1908 by Eric Gustafson's grand father ---
Looking at Block-23 and Block-24 (left)

I sure do remember the Weihsien latrines. Cleaning them was one of my mothers jobs Of course she was a teacher, but I do not believe she taught in Weihsien. She was assigned to the menial jobs and helped look after my grandparents.

I turned 15 in June 1945 and that was when you got a camp job. Believe it or not I was very keen to have a job. Mine was washing dishes!

Now my parents and sisters are gone it is fun to get your reminiscing.

I worked at Kitchen 2. It was the summer of 1945 and 2 or 3 of us had a bowl of water on a table outside - I don't think there was any soap in it and we had a kind of dish mop and people lined up to have their dishes washed in greasy water. I was so proud of having a job I guess like a 15 year old getting a job at MacDonalds today. I know I was getting very interested in boys like my classmates were and we always knew when the boys we liked were on pumping duty. We liked the Weihsien boys

rather than the Chefoo ones and the Chefoo boys liked the Weihsien girls. I remember we would walk around the camp hoping to see the boy you liked. I actually had a Weihsien boyfriend who went to England after camp and we wrote to each other for a while. His parents were Tientsin business people. The ball games were a big part of our lives and we had a girls team and we played against the younger boys. We hung out at all the ball games and for myself I think I was in an adolescent

dream world rather than being aware of the danger around us. When I read Anna Franks book I could relate to her. I think I was happier then than when I was trying to adjust to a Toronto high school after the war. I realized that apart from science, we were way ahead in other subjects. 3 of us Chefoo girls went to High school in Toronto together which was good in one way but not so good for assimilating, and I made that adjustment in nurses training rather than high school. On our liberation day, I was babysitting Angela Cox. She was

about 2 and we were in the same 57 block and she had been born in camp. She was very cute and smart and I just loved her and all that liberation day I carried her everywhere including being at the gate to meet our heroes. I was so thrilled to meet her at the 60th celebrations in Weihsien. She wondered why I was babysitting while we were being liberated but I know I loved doing it and her mother was probably wondering and worrying what happened to Angela

Now of course one memory leads to another and I am thinking of the night that we got the news of VE Day and Bobby Grandon (one of my sisters boyfriends) rang the Bell in Block 23 in the middle of the night to celebrate and we were all called out in the dark for roll call. Mrs Graham our neighbour in block 57 said we were all being taken out to be shot and it was pretty scary when all the search lights were on and the guards were pushing us around as they were trying to count us The story was that instead of anyone missing, they counted extras Apparently the bell being run was a signal to the garrison in town that the guards needed help to deal with us prisoners.

Sorry to run on, and maybe my facts may not all be correct but it is how I remember them. Always enjoy hearing from you and it is interesting the different perspective of a 13 and 15 year old.

*



This photo was taken in 1908 by Eric Gustafson's grand father ---
The boundary wall ---

I remember hanging up and taking down laundry that was frozen and with our frozen hands. And yes, our job was to hang up the washing and I have vivid memories of sheets frozen solid on the line". What a fight it was to get them off the line and folded into the basket! Our fingers went blue with cold

*

I remember having heard the story and wonder if it is true, ... about a coolie coming in with the news in his mouth and then a guard came along and he swallowed it and castor oil came to the rescue—I read that somewhere—and wonder if it really happened.

*

Born in 1941, I have absolutely no memories of the camp! I guess that I played all day long and certainly not with my parents. They are completely non existent ! (in my memory)

Mom used to say (in her old days – about a year before she died), – and this is true: "They told us not to give too much love to our children because you never knew what could happen" . She never said who "THEY" was ... and I know (now) that the constant terror of the grown-ups at all times in those days was of a mass massacre by the Japs – any day ... any time They had the power and the machine guns !!!!!!! ... some of those guys were real nasty but at that time, nobody – in camp -- knew that our "Commandant" was a civilized fellow !!!!

*

. How has Weih sien affected you - from then to this day?

In the beginning ... up to \pm 12 years old ... I had frequent nightmares. Always the same "film" !! Finally, I got used to the story and woke up before the end. Took me a long time to connect it to "Weihsien" ... because I never told anybody about it ... found it out by myself ! Later, during my normal "life", ... we never spoke about Weih sien as if it had never existed ! Dad hated the Japs! ... always re-

fused to do any business with them! My little sister, born in camp always wanted to know more about those two and a half years imprisonment. I know that she questioned my parents a lot, but she died before she could even begin writing her "book". No notes ... no recordings ! What do I remember? Honestly !? ... the very last day, October 19, 1945 ... we were leaving the camp on the back of a lorry and my dad told me to have a good look because we would never see this place again ! Ever !!!!!!! ... and then on the plane back to Tientsin ... a C47 ... quite a bumpy voyage ... I was sick ... the GIs laughed at me and one nice guy gave me a little stuffed puppy ... gosh ... I can't forget that ! My parents left the toy puppy in Tientsin when we left for Shanghai !!!!

I can't explain ! I could stand in the middle of nowhere ... stare at a tree top or anything else and not noticing the "time" passing by ... my mind would drift away ... I could sleep awake ! Who can explain that ? It still happens to me now !

Only very recently, when one of those French fellows was liberated after three years imprisonment by Al-Qaida in Africa, he answered to a question: "What do you remember of those past three years?" He answered: "Nothing" !!!!! He explained that he got himself into a sort of cocoon and isolated himself from the outer world ! Natural preservation? Instinct ? Now, that he was liberated, he could start living again. Tilt ! Same for me !! ... I remember what happened AFTER camp but before that: nothing! The word "Weihsien" only came back 14 years ago ... when I stopped my "professional life". I purchased a computer and got to learn how the Internet worked. Took me quite a time to find out that WeiHsien was not written the same way as Weishien (French spelling) ... the "H" is not at the same place. I found the Topica chat list that was just beginning and lurked quite a long time ... and then I participated a bit ! Then, fortuitely, I found Father Hanquet (90 years old) or, rather, he found me. He told me stories about Weih sien and I started a website ... I had all to learn ... about Weih sien !!!!

*

I remember the general exodus of the priests and nuns. I do remember hearing that they were from so many countries that the kitchen squad conversed in Latin!

*



This photo was taken in 1908 by Eric Gustafson's grand father ---
The boundary wall ---

I remember that I hung up the washing at Temple Hill exactly as you describe, but when we got to Weihsien, I was promoted to doing the washing. We had a room in the basement of the Hospital, with a double row of, I think, concrete sinks. My brother Norman was stoking the fire for the hot water in an adjoining room, and carrying it through by the bucket. We had cold water taps laid on.

I was scrubbing the grey sheets on a rippling "board" which was moulded into the sink. Our soap consisted of a jug of jelly, made from a cake of soap, which had been smuggled in by Mr Egger of the Swiss Red Cross, under the seat of his car. Boiling water was

added to dissolve it and make it go further, and we were allowed a handful every so often. I made a vain attempt to scrub off the blood marks from the bug bites.

This is what I was doing on that Friday morning in August 1945, when we heard the plane flying low over the camp. The sweat was dripping off my nose and chin. It was the anniversary of Brian Thompson's electrocution, and we had been wondering in the dormitory what we could do for Mrs Thompson, to show we remembered. Her room was across the corridor from ours, in a wing of the Hospital. We overlooked the little temple-shaped

morgue, which has become a summer-house in the present lovely water park memorial garden.

Of course everything was forgotten at the sound of that roaring rumble. We dropped what we were doing and ran outside. We followed the direction of the plane, and on its second run we turned around just in time to see the bomb doors open and seven parachutes emerge.

My brother had been earlier instructed to dash for his trombone and head for the gate. The band had been practicing the parts for the allied national anthems, unrecognizable without the top melody, for just such an occasion.

As we reached the gate, there was Norman on the earth bank on the left, playing "The Stars and Stripes." The guard at the right hand guardhouse was totally perplexed. What was he supposed to do? A river of prisoners was pouring through the gate! We headed for the gaoliang field. You know the rest. I've got sidetracked!

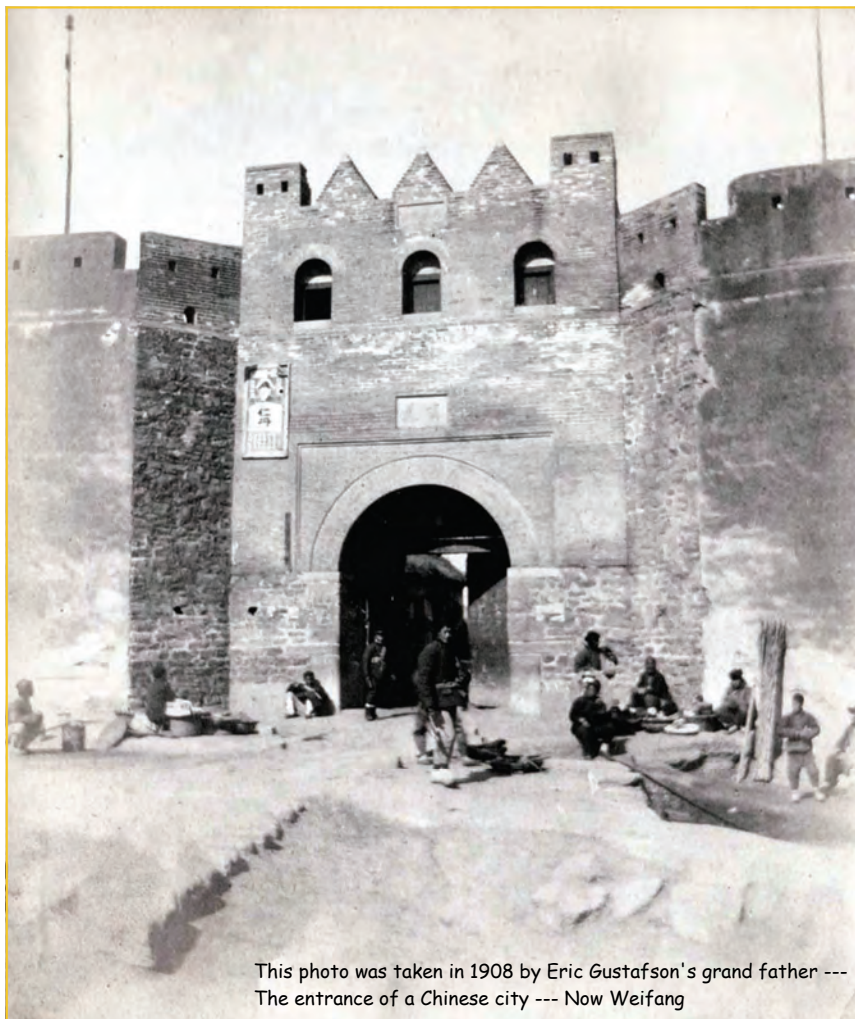
*

The other job I did was washing-up at No 1 Kitchen. We had a rubber scraper to scrape around the enamel basin when the grease got too thick, as there was no soap for this. But we had plenty of hot water, brought as usual by the boys. The diners queued with their dirty dishes, and handed them to us when they reached the head of the queue. The grease was added to a scrap bucket on the earth beside us. It was usually curry coloured, as this had been added to mask the flavour of the doubtful meat.

Of course the dishes were an odd assortment of shapes. We envied those who had the purpose-built tier of three enamel dishes and lids with a long handle to carry them, which could be bought at the White Elephant. We had no money for such luxuries. There were soap dishes and mugs, bowls of every kind, including tins from the rare Red Cross parcels. Plastic had not yet been invented.

Finally: "Last call for dishes" we sang out a few times, before emptying our basins on the ground, which in summer was sometimes a quagmire of mud, and our feet respondingly bare. The mud squigged between our toes as we walked back to our digs. That reminds me of the day we had a "plague of frogs" - tiny little frogs hopping all over the ground, and themselves squiggling with the mud as we walked. How the mind wanders!

*



I remember Brian Thompson's death—if you were there—at the roll call, which I assume you were—did he act on a dare? and the one who dared him—did it affect the person? Then later I read on Weihsien site that a soldier had

turned the switch on when he was not supposed to do so—and his family in Japan offered an apology—and forget the rest of the situation. my sister Kathleen said she heard that scream in her mind for years—do you remember

Brian's scream when he was electrocuted? I was in block 3- .so not there.

*

I remembered the greasy dishes we gave you and the curry. I have a question as I have plastic cover on my badge—so where did I get that? I don't think that was put on later as a safety pin through it as for wearing. So much I do not remember of what went on

*

I remember that was there that dreadful day, on the tennis courts outside the back of the hospital, where we sat for an hour morning and evening. We dropped our knitting and stood to attention when the guard appeared and quickly shuffled into straight lines. We numbered off in Japanese as the guard walked slowly by. Then he went off to HQ to hand in his tally. My grandmother Alice Broomhall stayed in bed, and occasionally the guards paid her a visit.

We waited for the various totals to be added up - no Japanese calculators in those days. We girls had little camp stools we sat on, but the boys kicked a ball around, and soon got bored. It had been raining and there were puddles on the uneven ground. The first fellow to touch the sagging wire, which lit the searchlight at the corner guard post, was Neil Yorkston.

Neil, who lost both his brothers in the forces, is very hurt that the story has gone around that he made a dare. He points out that at the official enquiry, held the next day by all interested parties, but without the Japanese, he gave

his witness statement. You can see all this if you search for Brian Thompson on the website. There is indeed a reference to the power being on earlier than sunset, but no explanation was found, as the committee did not feel they could interrogate the Japanese.

It was because Brian was taller than the other boys who were touching the live wire, that his hand contracted and held the wire firmly. His mother dashed towards he as he lay shaking on the ground with the wire still in his hand, his face turning grey before us. Someone grabbed Mrs Thompson before she could touch him, and they knocked the wire out of his grip with a wooden deckchair. We watched the window of the room in the hospital where they were trying in vain to resuscitate him for a long time. I don't remember any cry.

So you also still have your roll call number badge? Yes the plastic cover came with it, with a hole punched where we should thread the safety pin. Norman shows his on the page under his name. It's very grubby! We girls washed ours, only to find the number faded. So we embroidered over the number, and when that faded coloured it with ink. I wore it to Buckingham Palace, when I was picked out of the hat to "lunch with the Queen" in 2005, the 60th anniversary year of the end of the war. The marquee in the garden was so big, I didn't even see the colour of her hat (!) but my badge attracted many questions.

*



This photo was taken in 1908 by Eric Gustafson's grand father ---
Teachers' villas ---

I Remember : My sister Lelia took the exams in April with your Kathleen and the others. They should have finished school in June 1944, but our year in Temple Hill was a loss of education, because the Boys School and most men masters were in a separate house from the Girls School and most of the lady teachers. I remember we sat around the lounge of the Irwin's house, on cabin trunks covered with blankets against the walls, doing chores: peeling potatoes, string-

ing beans or making sanitary towels with cotton wool and tissue paper etc., while Miss Inez Phare read to us from the classics. So that we had some able-bodied men we also had the Chalkleys and the Welches and my brother Norman with us. The men were father figures to us teenagers.

But even before Temple Hill we were deprived of schooling. "Pearl Harbor" occurred in December 1941, and slowly the compound was taken over by the Japanese. Soon we were

unable to go to the Co-Ed for classes, and confined to the old GS and BS buildings. The winter was very cold, and we hovered around the radiators in our small common-rooms. We amused ourselves learning to knit: then to turn a heel in a sock, make fingers on gloves and do Fair Isle with two or more colours. Wool was only 2 or 3-ply in those days, so we used Pick-up Sticks for needles. We got chilblains from putting our frozen hands or feet on the hot pipes.

So when we arrived in Weih sien and our classes were together, we made an attempt to study properly again. But of course we all had camp chores to do there too. The boys were pumping water in shifts. I washed dishes at Kitchen 1, and on Fridays scrubbed bed linen in the Hospital basement laundry. Our lessons were in one of the boys' dormitories. Do you notice that our class consisted of eight boys and me. All my chums left Chefoo, one by one. Some didn't come back after holidays in Tientsin or Shanghai.

Some parents had made their way to Shanghai, hoping for a ship. Some girls were in the exchange between Weih sien and Shanghai scholars, escorted only by Japanese guards, and my best friend Barbara Lester caught the last ship to everyone's envy. But they were still on the way to Manila on 8th Dec. and were caught there, and interned at Santo Tomas. Incidentally Mr Lester was also a roommate of Eric Liddell.

We were liberated on that unforgettable day, 17th August 1945. The staff had planned for us to do our Matric exams in October. Since the escape of Hummell and Tipton the whole school had moved to the upper floors of the hospital in place of the single men. Our girls were on the second floor, and the boys in the attic. I don't know where the big classroom was overlooking the grounds, but our headmaster, P A ("Pa") Bruce came to talk to us. He said that soon we would all be dispersing to our home countries, and when we got there we would have to do two more years' schooling. But if we did our exams in a week's time, we might be able to finish now. If



This photo was taken in 1908 by Eric Gustafson's grand father ---
Church / Assembly Hall

we failed, nothing was lost, but if we passed, a great deal would be gained.

Were we willing to try? We agreed.

The cicadas, which we called, supposedly after the Chinese idiom, "scissor grinders", were buzzing non-stop in the trees. The temperature was at least 100F (or about 40C) The US planes were dropping food parcels outside the walls, and roaring overhead. The US soldiers were trying to "orientate us" about the outside world, and tell us how they won the war, and we were swotting! On Sunday there

were no drops, so I could safely go out and sit under a tree at the side of the little brook outside the front gate (the one they have turned into a wonderful water park of remembrance.) We were not allowed to study anything but Scripture on Sundays, so I was trying to remember the routes of St Paul's three missionary journeys.

Finally the day came and we started our exams in the same big room. Two subjects a day, I guess. People have wondered where the exam papers came from. I assume that they were the papers of the other half-

year, which we would have received from Oxford for practice papers. I know when the war started the teachers realized that ships could be sunk on their way to us, so they had reserved extras. (Schools start their academic year at different times.) The teachers marked the papers, and gave us tentative results, but "Pa" took the three sets personally to Oxford, who accepted them, not least because

Chefoo had always been a prime school, sometimes described as the best school east of Suez.

My parents had been bombed out of their mission station in Honan, and made their way to Chungking and then Kunming. The British Army was sending supplies to Chiang Kai Shek from India over "The Hump", the Himalayas, and returning empty. They invited any British to go back with them. My parents went, limited to 15 lbs luggage between them. They sailed from Bombay to Durban, hoping we would be on a ship, whose exchanges

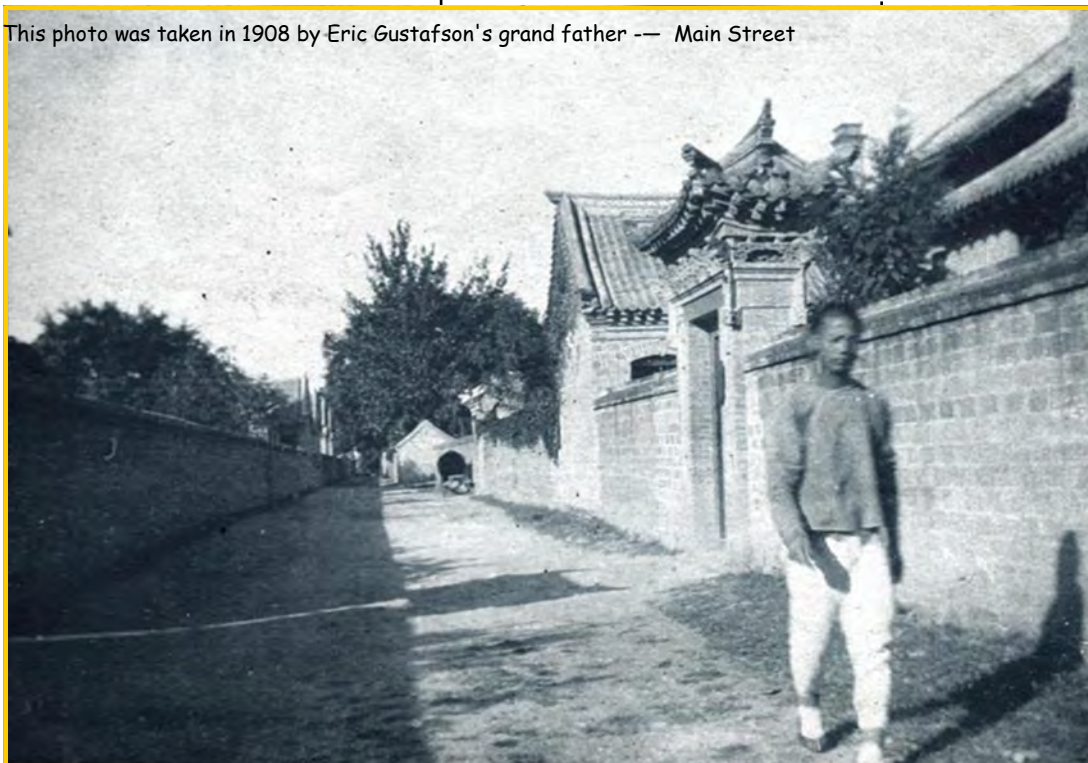
took place in Lorenzo Marques nearby. We arrived "home" three days before the end of 1945. We got our results in May 1946. Lelia and I both passed, and were able to go on to tertiary education.

Your mention of the potbellied stove we sat around to do our homework brings another story to mind. At first I was in the junior dorm with you all, and later joined my sister and the seniors at the other end of the passage. While sitting around the stove, we were taking turns making the poker red-hot and burning our names on the lighting firewood the boys had chopped. Then it was Mary Hoyte's turn. She burned an "M" as expected and then an "O" - for MOTHER. A short while later they heard that their Mother had died a month before.

And then a story about John Hoyte. In 1938, just before Lelia got meningitis, our parents came to Chefoo and we stayed in "Moore's Fort", a house looking down on the back door of the compound and the field where "Ze-rubber-ball", the rotund laundryman hung our washing. The Hoyte's and their six children were in the house next door. At times the Japanese were doing rifle practice below us on the field, and my mother was horrified to see little John, lying next to the soldiers on the ground with his pop-gun! Mrs Hoyte was quite unperturbed; "The Japanese are fond of children"! Do you remember that John?

*

This photo was taken in 1908 by Eric Gustafson's grand father -- Main Street



qu'à manger.

*

While the Red Cross finds the food "good" and that the Belgian Government wondered whether to grant a "extra" to its nationals interned, here is the daily diet of an internment camp, described by an anonymous Belgian (probably from Kaiping mines):
Morning: kind of gray dust dissolved in water, Sunday, holiday, water with a little rice in it, no salt or sugar

Noon: "stew" a little fishy, a mixture of lemon grass, turnips, water dishes, peel potatoes and sometimes vague pieces of buffalo, still earth and sand - 1 or 2 table-spoons rice

Alors que la Croix-Rouge juge la nourriture "bonne" et que le gouvernement belge se demande s'il faut accorder "un extra" à ses ressortissants internés, voici le menu quotidien d'un camp d'internement, décrit par un Belge anonyme (sans doute des mines de Kaiping):

Matin: espèce de poussière grise delayée dans de l'eau; le dimanche, congé, de l'eau avec un peu de riz dedans; pas de sel ni sucre

Midi: "stew": une petite louche, mélange de citronnelle, navet, eau de vaisselle, épluchures de pomme de terre et quelquefois quelques vagues morceaux de buffle, toujours de la terre et du sable - 1 ou 2 cuillères à soupe de riz

Soir: haricots rouges ou farine de maïs à l'eau - une louche. Du pain que je n'ai jamais pu digérer

MENU DES DERNIERS MOIS

Matin: rien

Midi: un petit morceau de tripe pourrie et verte et une cuillère de riz

Soir: un jour sur deux, haricots rouges comme je donnais à ma vache aux mines, l'autre jour rien, le tout sale, ignoble, plein de bois et de vers de terre. Ils n'avaient que l'eau du fleuve bouillie, dans laquelle il y avait autant à boire

Evening: red beans or corn flour with water - a ladle. Bread that I never could digest

MENU OF THE LAST MONTHS in Camp:

Morning: nothing

Lunch: a small piece of rotten tripe and green and a spoon rice

Dinner: every other day, red beans as I gave in the mine to my cow, the other day nothing, all dirty, disgusting, full of wood and earth-worms. They had only boiled water from the river, where there was much drinking as eating.

(Tramania, Op. Ct., page 16)

*

Je me souviens du ... "Pot Parade". Aucun interné ne pouvait sortir de sa cahute après l'extinction des feux, 10h du soir; force était donc aux internés de faire leurs besoins nocturnes dans un pot, ou deux pots dans le cas d'une famille nombreuse comme la nôtre. On allait vider les pots, le matin évidemment, dans des fosses "ad hoc" à ciel ouvert et si tu t'imagines que sur 1.600 internés nous étions au moins 500 à faire la même chose, au même moment et qu'il n'y avait qu'un nombre limité de ces fosses à... souvent remplies à plein bord, tu te rendras compte de la jolie procession ! Au début, on était assez honteux de se balader le, ou les pots, à la main; les dames, les jeunes filles et les vieux messieurs surtout, mais petit à petit on s'est habitué. Certains "le" portaient avec aisance, d'autres négligemment, d'autres encore le bras tendu en avant ou recouvert d'un linge; certains allaient vite, ou allaient lentement, avec prudence pour ne rien renverser, d'autres chahutaient ou bien sifflaient pour se donner une contenance. Mais tous, nous avons participé, journellement, au "Pot Parade". Et c'est ainsi, autour de la fosse à..., que le mari de l'infirmière qui était de service, lorsque Clava était à l'hôpital, m'a annoncé la naissance de Marylou. Il était 6h du matin et il venait d'avoir la nouvelle par sa femme qui rentrait de son service. Nous sommes évidemment restés près du trou parfumé, le pot à la main, pour tailler une petite bavette de quelques minutes ! On trouvait ça tout naturel. Ne raconte jamais cette histoire à Marylou lorsqu'elle sera grande car elle ne me pardonnerait pas; c'est déjà assez que la pauvre soit née en prison.

*



This photo was taken in 1942 by Eric Gustafson's grand father.
From the tower of Block 23

I remember having to shower with all the women in a big room. The shower heads were sticking out of the ceiling just as they were in the German Camp gas chambers. Luckily we didn't know about that.--

*

I remember carrying a pail of soybean tea from kitchen #2 every day for us to drink and having the bread porridge with bits of orange rind that was soaked all night, for breakfast.

*

I remember that my mother stood all afternoon ladling out soup with Sister

Saint Francis as her helper.

*

I remember trying to run all around the inside of the Camp walls for Liddell's "Olympics" and coming in last.-

*

I remember playing hopscotch and jump rope with the DeJongs.

*

I remember watching the boys playing "capture the flag in the market square till dusk.

*

I remember that it was after two or three days of heavy rainfall. We were

up to our ankles in standing rain water. What caused the jubilation was the fact that the perimeter wall crumbled in what was left field (in baseball terms) of the playground/general roll-call field, and that happened on July 4, Independence Day. The significance of our prison wall crumbling on that day was immediately apparent to all of us. Unlike the night-time roll-call on the occasion of Germany's surrender the next spring, there were not dozens of half-drunk armed guards present and it was full daylight.

*

I do remember being really scared the time we were called at night of VE Day. It was my sisters boy friend who rang the bell. I was extra scared when our neighbour in block 57 said we were all being taken out to be shot. We had to file through the guards who had the searchlights on us and they were mad. We heard that the end result of counting us that no one was missing but they were a couple extra!

*

I remember that most memorable general roll call in my memory. It was fraught with tension, as we were summoned to the playing field for a general roll call at 1 a.m. That was in retaliation for a prisoner having climbed to the tower that housed the bell and ringing it

at midnight in celebration of the news that Germany had surrendered. In my memory, there was no frivolity during the entire, seemingly endless, experience that was marked by such things as drunk Japanese guards "counting" people by pointing their pistols at them instead of their fingers. I was four months short of my 13th birthday that day, and my memory of that incident is vivid.

*

I remember an instance in the Tsingtao internment camp when I was 10 years old. I was in the common dining room in the former Iltis Hydro Hotel where there was also a piano. I was going through some of my music on the piano, and I started playing "America," which is the same music as "God Save the King." A British subject (male) hissed at me, "Are you crazy? Stop playing that!" That would have been in November of 1942, long before things turned sour for the Japanese, yet that full-grown British man, father of one of my peers, was terrified of what the Japanese might do if I continued playing that tune. Imagine the reaction of half-drunk, armed Japanese military personnel if "God Save the King," played by a Salvation Army brass band, had burst out in the tension of that ball-field! It is much more likely, if that incident happened at all, that someone conflated the incident I described above with something that happened in Chefoo before the Chefoo school was brought to Weih sien.

*



I remember that my late mother collected parachute materiel & made cushion covers once back in Tientsin - they weren't taken when we left in 1956 but do recall the red & yellow colours. The material indeed was very strong.

*

I remember that I was also in Weihsien Camp, a schoolgirl of 16. The first parachutes came down on Friday, 17th August 1945. The colour, shown in the sample that you have, was a non-descript, perhaps camouflaged – it would fall into 8 foot sorghum, gaoliang to us. The tassels waving at the top would be beige from above. On Saturday the 18th there was another drop, this time of red parachutes, their loads consisting of basic radio equipment and other essentials for the pioneer soldiers.

They had seen a small airport near the camp, and the American soldiers quietly went to investigate it. Was it guarded all day? How many planes took off in a day? The answer was that it was seldom used, and unguarded. They went to our headmistress, and asked if there were some teenage girls who could do some sewing for them.

Could we cut the red silk (Nylon just beginning, and no other artificial yarn in those days) into strips and make a message. We were recruited for this job.

We cut the material into strip about 18 inches wide, and pinned them onto strong paper making the words “OK TO LAND”. This notice was pegged across the small airport, and some GIs were deputised to guard the field. We were so proud that we could actually do something to help the war effort. BUT there was a little problem! We had been brought up to do no work on Sunday, “the Sabbath”! It took us some discussion while we were sewing, to decide that this was life-saving, urgent work, and we were satisfied.

*

Nationality	Dob	Sex	Surname	Initial	Nationality	Dob
British	30.08.23	F	Olsen	O E	Norwegian	<1914>
British	28.03.44	F	Ore	Anna Alexandrovna	British	30.08.06
British	08.09.03	F	Ore	Nicholas	Russian	16.11.30
British	19.04.15	F	Ouwkerk	Alewander K	British	06.11.98
British	04.03.37	F	Ouwkerk	Leonard Cornelius Marie	British	27.01.01
British	06.06.38	F	Ouwkerk	Leo V	British	02.09.30
British	15.05.91	F	Ouwkerk	Eugène	Belgian	1892
British	07.02.99	F	Overtan	H	American	<1898>
British	24.04.23	F	Overwalle van	Maurits	Belgian	1911
British	10.03.25	F	Owen-Hughes	Pauline	British	08.01.10
British	22.01.29	F	Owen-Hughes	Dolores	British	24.02.30
British	05.04.38	F	Owen-Hughes	Nadia Spence	British	<1908>
British	19.09.94	F	Ozario	Ivonne	British	19.08.40
British	27.01.03	F	Painter	John Francis	British	12.09.09
British	17.08.40	F	Painter	Lotte Elfride	British	24.09.18
British	02.09.43	F	Painter	F J	British	1943
British	02.09.21	F	Painter	Rosemary D	British	12.08.40
British	25.09.11	F	Paizis	A (George)	British	12.09.09
British	1897	F	Paizis	Louis	British	24.09.18
Belgian	25.03.89	F	Paleman	Albert J A	British	1943
Belgian	27.12.90	F	Pander	Leopold (Pierre) Femand	British	12.08.40
British	30.05.51	F	Pander	Clavdia	British	12.09.09
British	08.04.17	F	Pander	Joanne Marie Apne	British	24.09.18
British	12.11.34	F	Pander	Leopold François Leon	British	1943
Australian	25.07.73	F	Pander	Marie Louise Guisane	British	12.08.40
British	1897	F	Pander	Gethemander Theodoca	British	12.09.09
British	28.11.1927	F	Pappadaniel	Charles Sirachan	British	24.09.18
Dutch	15.01.1930	F	Park	Myrtle Welcome	British	1943
Norwegian	21.08.1933	F	Parker	David Charles	British	12.08.40
Norwegian	04.12.86	F	Parkin	John	British	12.09.09
British	16.05.86	F	Parkin	William George	British	24.09.18
British	08.11.03	F	Parkin	Phyllis Christine L	British	1943
British	08.01.12	F	Parkin	Elizabeth Diane	British	12.08.40
American	1898	F	Parkin	Phyllis Rosamund	British	12.09.09
Belgian	1897	F	Parkin	Godfrey Herbert	British	24.09.18
Belgian	1897	F	Parkin	Zoys "Helen"	British	1943
British	00.12.36	F	Parkin	Elena "Helen"	British	12.08.40
British	<1907>	F	Parkin	Kenneth John	British	12.09.09
		F	Parkin	Betty N	British	24.09.18
		F	Parkin	Barry N	British	1943
		F	Parkin	Thomas Edward	British	12.08.40
		F	Parkin	Stephanie N	British	12.09.09
		F	Parkin	M	British	24.09.18
		F	Parkin	Agatha	British	1943
		F	Parkin	Constance William	British	12.08.40
		F	Parkin	Paul T L	British	12.09.09



I remember :

My father having to cook for the internees, with no raw material or ingredients, except potato peel, occasional pork bones, occasional vegetable....

He would serve the "soup" out of a large tin barrel that stood on a fire. How painful it would be for him to serve this awful food to the hungry and disappointed people waiting in line....

And I remember the little tomato patch my father had in front of our hut, and how he used to do the washing for us on a wooden board in a bucket....

And my mother going through pregnancy in the camp – with so little nourishment – and giving birth to my brother Fred in the hospital.

I remembered a lot suddenly and missed my parents so much.

*
August, 2017 ...



The city in 1908 -- Wei or Fang Ze -- Weih sien in 1945 now Weifang.

I remember so well the internment at Irwin House, Temple Hill, Chefoo. We knew all letters were censored. So interesting that the military authorities were concerned with all these details of how we were being treated. The Prep girls were in the attic, our mattresses, 36 of them, spread touching each other all over the floor. We had Mr. Chalkley and the Mr. Welch there to act as father figures, with their wives. Norman was there carrying water and slops, and some of our teachers.

They describe the meals as cafeteria style. All our trunks were around the walls of the Irwin's lounge, each cov-

ered with a blanket. This was our work room, dining room and school-room. We peeled potatoes, stringed beans and made sanitary towels, with Miss Phare reading classics to us while we worked. I seem to remember that Mrs. Warren did the cooking, not mentioned in the letter. We didn't know the people in the attached house, but I remember that Aunt Marjory Broomhall took a Belgian lady who had two children, under her wing, because she talked French to her, and she was not a believer.

We also had a pig to fatten up for Christmas, and his name was Nonny

for Anonymous, because we couldn't decide what to call him. The letter says we were well, but can you imagine when we all got dysentery! I remember us all grating apples, sitting on the mattresses. We had a commode up there, and every few minutes made use of it. They called Norman when it was full! there was a cess-pit at the bottom of the garden, and because there were so many growing girls, it's contents were always bright red.

There were two Rouse families in Chefoo, the Arthur Rouses and the Albert Rouses, and they both had daughters at Chefoo School. Albert

was a widower, and Miss Ruth Dobson was our school nurse. I remember that she had a scripture verse up on the wall of her dispensary, "He took a towel", referring to our Lord before in His humility he washed His disciples' feet. When we had a cold at school (before internment) she would give us a rag with eucalyptus oil on it to clear our sinuses. This would be exchanged every day for a new one as long as we had the cold. We had a donkey - I've just realized he was in place of a man and his lawn-mower! - and we used to say good morning to him on the way to school. One day Noddy ate my rag! Oh dear, what must I do? On the way back from school there it was on the ground, but a bright green!

*

I remember that at Temple Hill Albert courted Miss Dobson by walking with her around the veranda of the house. Mr. Stocker was the rector of St Andrews Anglican Church on Settlement Hill. The writer supposes he will marry them. He probably did, but with moving to Weih sien it must have been a quick and quiet wedding we heard nothing about. There were two people who made their mark on Temple Hill, Fathers Van Damm and Van Dyke. They dug up a section of the entrance drive to form a vegetable garden for us all. We had been told that the Lord said: Call no man thy father, so we mustn't use that title. But this was the beginning of our and our teachers exposure to the big, wide world, and

soon their rule was forgotten. Fr Van Dyke was a descendant of the artist, and when at Easter we were singing *Olivet to Calvary*, he begged to join us, and accompanied us superbly on his violin.

*

I remember planting a few seeds in that tiny garden — working on some kind of gardening badge for Brownies. Imagine it! *Earning badges for Brownies in a Japanese concentration camp!* God bless every one of those sainted teachers! I remember writing in my Brownie diary that someone had “kindly” (sarcasm of a ten year-old) stepped on my tiny garden patch. I wonder what ever happened to that diary.

*

I remember that two of my most vivid Temple Hill memories were my terror of those huge geese attacking me and the attack I had of hay fever. My nose just **POURED!** I don’t think I’ve ever had such an attack of hay fever since then. Certainly, no Kleenex tissues in Temple Hill camp!! Growing geese at Temple Hill must have been — like growing the pig — to supplement our diet.

*

Since we’re now in our 80s, we can tell about the commode bucket for you teenage girls always being blood red. I was in the Prep School then. Until I was reunited with our parents in 1945 at age 13, I was clue-

less about menstrual periods. When we got to Weihsien, one of our thirteen girls in the Lower School Dormitory (LSD) started her periods, but teachers kept this a very big secret — like it was, perhaps, a wicked thing. None of the rest of us knew. I didn’t learn about this part of becoming a woman until after I was repatriated in 1945. I guess it was my big sister, Kathleen, who educated me. Kathleen, you know, was “wicked” in Weihsien. She and Douglas Findlay had actually **KISSED**, so one of the bishops was considering whether or not Kathleen should marry Douglas right there in the camp! Douglas, you know, was from Tientsin, not from Chefoo.

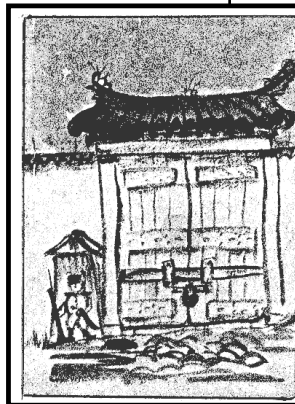
(Let me assure you that Kathleen got over her “wickedness.” She died of Lupus in 1942 while she was studying in Asbury Theological Seminary, preparing to go with her husband as missionaries to Africa.)

Doctors in the camp surely knew that poor nutrition affected the teeth of growing children and the delay of menses in young women. Remember eating

powdered egg shells to preserve our teeth and our bones with that pure calcium?

*

I remember that our rescuers had no idea whether or not our Japanese captors knew that the war was over. They absolutely did know that they might be parachuting to their death.



I remember that Major Stanley Staiger told me that he had two choices that day. (Major Staiger led the mission.). He could direct the pilot to land their airplane on the tiny airstrip not far from the camp. Or he could direct the team to parachute -- even on that windy day. He chose the latter, because he believed there might be more loss of life if the Japanese were to attack the airplane on the airstrip or if the airstrip were sabotaged in some way. Major Staiger ordered the team to parachute at about 400 feet -- frighteningly low -- because that would give the Japanese less space and time to shoot the team as they floated to the ground.

Men of another of the August 17 teams sent to liberate Japanese concentration camps in east Asia came within inches of being executed by the Japanese. That team returned to Si-An without liberating the camp they were assigned to liberate.

Member of our team told me, they thought that the leader of that team should have been court marshaled.

Mr. Wang has said he did not know until the rescue team headed to Weihsien that day that they were on their way to liberate a Japanese-held internment camp. He had never before jumped from a plane. He has told me that the automatic opening of the parachute saved his life. He said the jump momentarily made him unconscious, but the jerk of the parachute's opening jolted him awake.

Eddie Wang was a 20-year-old, college sophomore, studying physics. He had dropped out of college to fight the Japanese. Imagine it! The youngest and the shortest member of this team.

*

I remember at least one of our classmates getting the news that either her father or mother had died.

*

I was a child in Weihsien. We played during roll call time when we had a long, boring wait for the Japanese to come to our section to count us. Our roll call section was the open space-- a basketball court, I think - near what we used as the entrance to the hospital building. I remember leapfrog. I also remember practicing semaphore for a Girl Guide badge.

Who else ground peanuts into peanut

butter? I think our room mate, Marjorie Harrison, once got the tip of her finger caught in the hand operated grinder. That was in the space behind Block 23 when we first arrived in Weihsien.

A few years ago, I attended the powerfully/moving memorial service for Marjorie in Lancaster, PA. She had been a missionary. At the luncheon that followed that service, I lugged her brother, Jimmie, up and we sang together -- LOUDLY -- Chefoo songs. Didn't you love it, Jimmie? What did we sing? God is our refuge? That made me so happy with memories that I wanted to hug the world.

Not during roll call in Weihsien, but in free time, a Church of the Nazarene missionary from the United States, Mary Scott, took upon herself the education of us British-educated girls in the correct way for throwing a softball. We gathered in the small court just beyond the basketball court. We girls had never played softball. Mary Scott was a tomboy, who had grown up in a large family of boys in the USA, a skilled softball player, so much so that she was the only lady in Weihsien ever invited to fill in for someone on the men's softball teams -- I guess when team members were short on energy. Mary Scott was a tiny ball of energy.

Do yourself a favor and try to buy yourself her book, Kept in Safe-

guard. She has a good chapter about Weihsien.

Years later, in Dayton, Ohio, I met Mary Scott at the home of my brother, John, and his wife, Beth. I think Mary Scott was there to speak at their church. For sure Mary Scott was an angel!

What games did you play at roll call of how did you fill the waiting time? Tell us.

*

I remember that our Chefoo group arrived in Weihsien in September 1943, so we overlapped for a week or two with the Americans who were evacuated on the Gripsholm.

I've read of accounts written by internees who arrived in Weihsien in 1942 when the entire compound was in shambles. I believe it had been over run by Chinese and Japanese troops. Circumstances for the first-arriving prisoners must have been horrendous.

These internees did an amazing job of cleaning up the place and making it livable -- but crowded.

*

I remember being hungry much of the time, but never starving. Our Chefoo School was not nearly as crowded in Weihsien as we were in Temple Hill, Chefoo, in 1942 and 1943 when the Japanese commandeered our school to turn it into military base.

We had not one inch between our mattresses on the floor.

Through all of this, our Christian missionary teachers protected us with comfortingly predictable rituals that made us feel safe. Of course, we were



used to dormitory life in our school compound, so dormitory life in these camps was not such a shock for us children from Chefoo.

*

I remember :

I was also in Weihsien Camp, a schoolgirl of 16. The first parachutes came down on Friday, 17th August 1945. The colour, was non-descript, perhaps camouflaged -- they would fall into 8 foot sorghum, gaoliang to us. The tassels waving at the top of the

gaoliang cobs would be beige from above. On Saturday the 18th there was another drop, this time of red parachutes, their loads consisting of basic radio equipment and other essentials for the pioneer soldiers.

I remember that they had seen a small airport near the camp, and the American soldiers quietly went to investigate it. Was it guarded all day? How many planes took off in a day? The answer was that it was seldom used, and unguarded. They went to our headmistress, and asked if there were some teenage girls who could do some sewing for them. Could we cut the red silk (nylon was just beginning, and there were no other artificial yarns in those days) into strips and make a message. We were recruited for this job.

We cut the material into strips about 18 inches wide, and pinned them onto strong paper making the words:

"OK TO LAND".

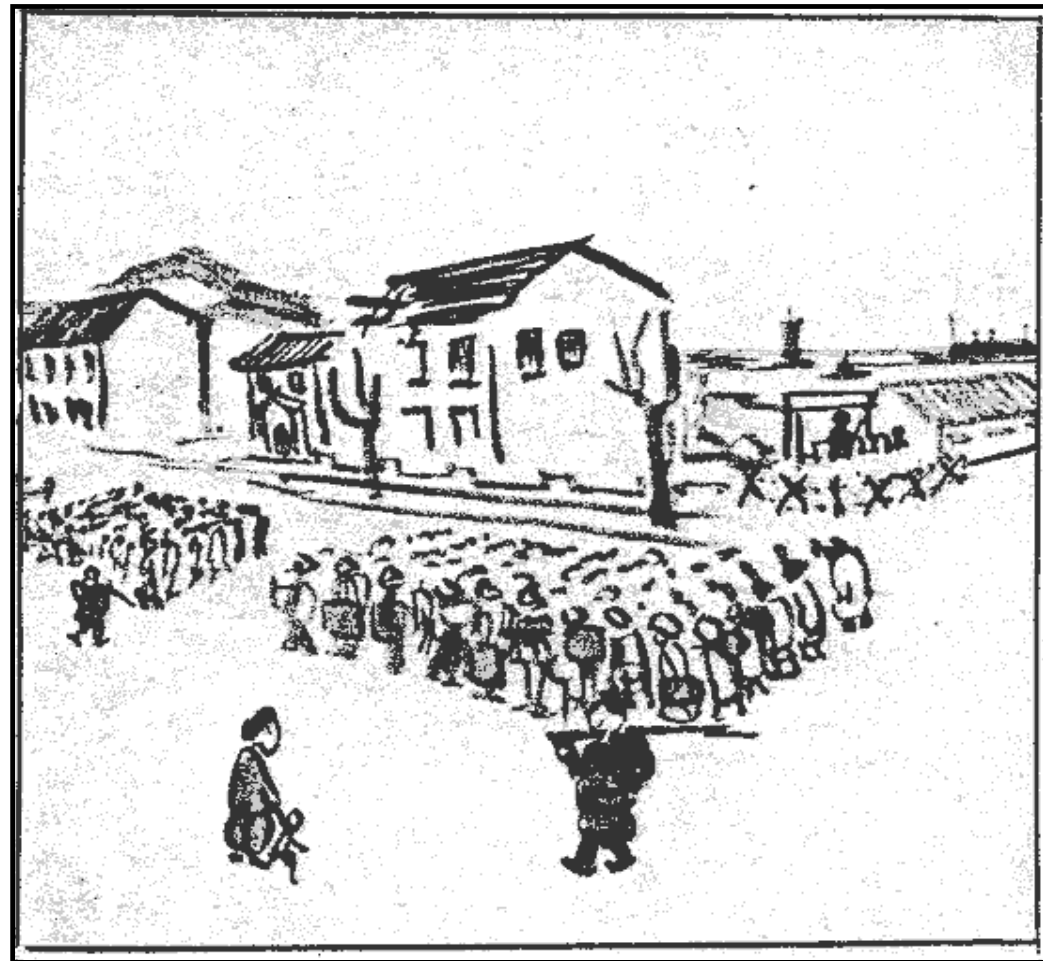
This notice was pegged across the ground of the small airport, and some GIs were deputised to guard the field. We were so proud that we could actually do something to help the war effort. BUT there was a little problem! We had been brought up to do no work on Sunday, "the Sabbath"! It took us some discussion while we were sewing, to decide that this was life-saving, urgent work, and our consciences were clear.

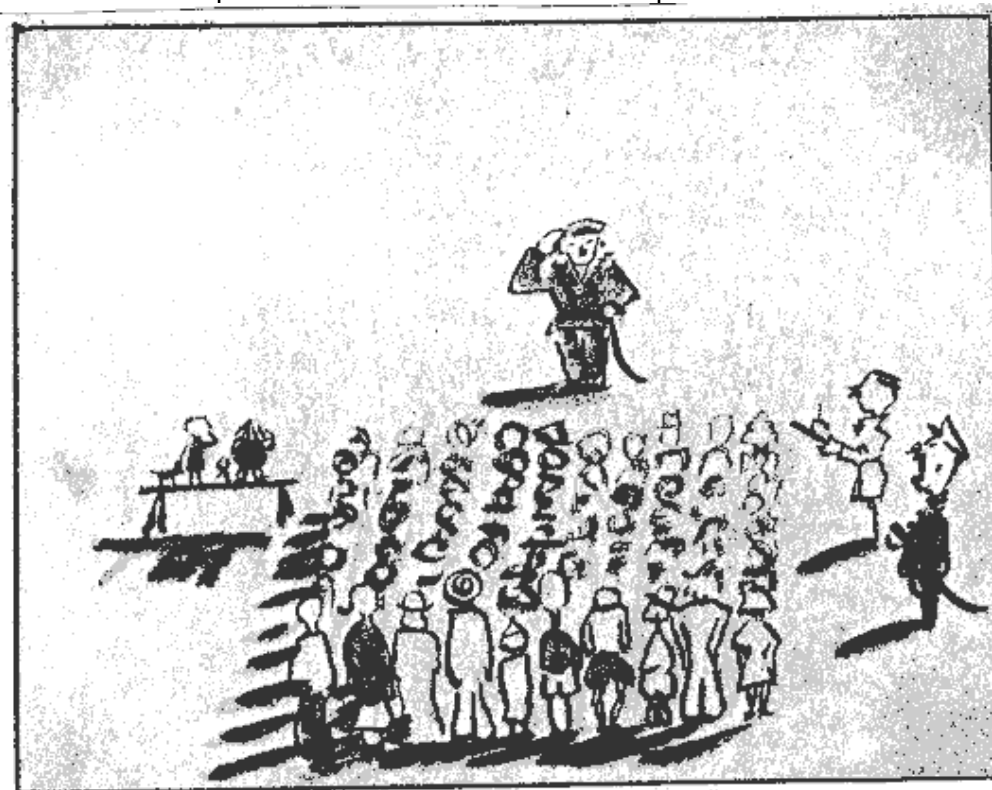
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I remember that midnight roll call very well. We girls (I was 15) had to put on our dressing gowns and pin on our ID cloth badges, and go down to the area outside the hospital. We were housed on the first floor (US second floor) and the boys were in the attic. This was our normal roll call "field" - it was a former double tennis court. We lined up for ages, and then had to individually go between two guards with their weapons crossed.

There were two frightening things: 1) the Japanese always had their bayonets attached to their rifles, and 2) we were taller than they were, so we had to stoop down between the bayonets while they checked our names from our ID badges against the camp list. This was in the light of the corner searchlight which had been turned around to face inward, instead of outward. My badge said Miss E Cliff. I wore it to a garden party at Buckingham Palace at the 50th anniversary in 1995.

*







August 6th, 2015 ...
Well it is once again time **to remember** Hiroshima and Nagasaki. These were terrible losses of life. The entire world remembers these bombings. However, I was 10 years old in 1945. Unlike many 10 year olds, I was in a Japanese Prisoner of war camp in China. If it had not been for Hiroshima and Nagasaki, I may well have died in that camp. No one talks about the Japanese atrocities in China, the massacres in Nanjing. No one talks about the Japanese Korean and Dutch Comfort women. No one talks about the slave labour in Indonesia and

Malaysia and Hong Kong. No one talks about the killings in the Philippines. No one talks about Unit 731 where experiments were made on live human bodies ... What is even more amazing is that no one talks about the help the USA gave Japan to rebuild its economy after the war, thereby enabling it to leap ahead of the "victors"! Every one talks about the horrors of the A bomb. Well world, listen up. If it had not been for Pearl harbour, the A bomb may never have been used. Frankly, as I near my 80th birthday, I am fed up listening to the twaddle about

the A bomb. I am grateful that the USA dropped the bomb. I am grateful for our liberation by the USA on August 17th, 1945. I am grateful to the Chinese city of Weifang, which will have celebrated our liberation twice. Once in 2005 and again this year on August 17th.

I have seen the Imperial Shinto Priests go to Tojo's tomb in the Yakusuni Shrine in 1975, years after this war criminal had been executed.

Let me be clear. Japanese people are people like any others. However, the

Japanese Government has never, ever admitted its culpability in any war atrocities any time any where during the Sino Japanese war, and World War two.

Their Supreme Court said as much when they denied the claim for compensation launched by surviving prisoners of war.

So forgive me if I am a little bitter. Isn't it time to show the other side of the page?

*Ted . **

THE CHILDREN:

		age in 1945
David	Allen	11
Peter	Bazire	14
David	Beard	16
David	Birch	13
Joyce	Bradbury née Cooke	17
Ron	Bridge	11
Mary	Broughton née Hoyte	15
Brian	Butcher	5
Kay	Canning née Allan	3
Norman	Cliff	20
Eddie	Cooke	13
Anne	de Jongh	14
Albert	de Zutter	13
John	de Zutter	15
Fred	Dreggs	19
Judith	Hamins	24
Emmanuel	Hanquet	31
Alison	Holmes	8
Estelle	Horn née Cliff	16
Georgeanna	Knisely née Reinbrecht	12
Janette	Ley née Pander	7
Pamela	Masters née Simmons	18
Stephen	Metcalf	18
Raymond	Moore	10
Leonard	Mostaert	5
Audrey	Horton née Nordmo	12
Stanley	Nordmo	18
Leopold	Pander	4
Natasha	Petersen née Samoff	18
Teddy	Pierson	10
Mary	Provito née Taylor	13
Kathleen	Richter née Nordmo	15
Christine	Sancton née Talbot	3
Alexander	Strangman	16
Gay	Stratford née Talbot	14
Peter	Talbot	7
James	Taylor III	16
Stanley	Thompson	14
Sylvia	Walker née Tchou	7
George	Watts	14
Dwight W	Whipple	9

& THE NEXT GENERATIONS

Hugh	Hubbard's daughter:	Gladys Swift
Grace	Hope-Gill's grand daughter:	Laura Hope-Gill
Gertrude	Wilder's grand son:	Donald Menzi
Jacqueline	de Saint Hubert's niece:	Anne de Saint Hubert
Lilla	Casey's great grand daughter:	Frances Osborne
Myrtle	Sharp's daughter:	Theresa Granger
	Old China Hand & Historian:	Greg Leck
	Historian	Rod Miller
William	A. Smith's daughter:	Kim Smith

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