





*I remember that I had a dream.*

World War II was over. I had this nightmare that came back to me, night after night — always the same dream and just before I wake up, I see myself bare footed, almost naked in the middle of a light brown dirty slope, surrounded by big dark grey stones, under a blue sky without clouds and the sun shining bright.

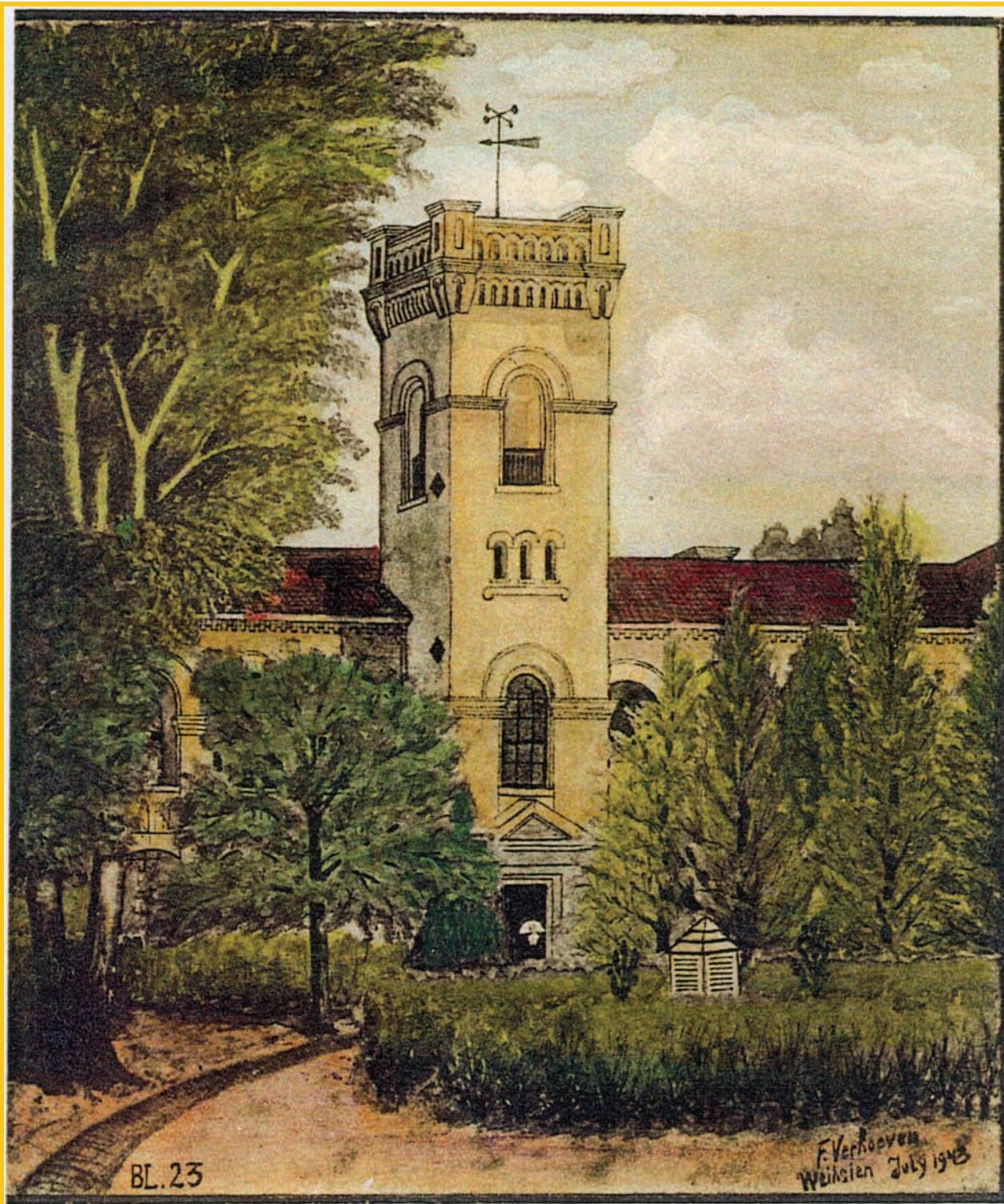
People running all over the place.

Collective hysteria.

I don't understand what is going on. I am completely panicked. Somebody picks me up — that is when I wake up.

It happened in Weih sien one hot summer day of 1945! We were on the point of being liberated

*Impression  
abg. 19. 1945  
Weih sien  
S. A. Fantecff*



I remember using slates and chalk for some subjects and activities such as maths, but we also had a few notebooks which we used until we got to the end of the book, then we turned the book upside down and wrote between the lines. There was a pot belly stove in the middle of the room, but fuel was difficult to get. We were able to scrounge coal dust and, learning from others in the camp, we mixed the dust with dirt and water, then formed them into briquettes. They didn't burn very well, but had to do.

\*

It was basically 'social gardening'. I can't remember who else was involved, apart from the teenage White Russian girl from N.E. China. We enjoyed messing around with seeds and plants, trying to get things to grow.

There was some sort of thatched enclosure nearby, in which we took breaks from gardening if the sun was too hot, as it was quite often. Jim Taylor has informed me that some of our school staff, keeping an eagle eye, it seems, on our activities, were concerned lest there was some sort of hanky-panky going on in there at these times! Can anyone else better describe the 'thatched enclosure'?

\*

I Remember eating gao liang and lu dou for breakfast in Kitchen #1?

\*

I remember that day, when, lying on my mattress in mid-morning, I heard the drone of an airplane far above the camp. Racing to the window, I watched it sweep lower, slowly lower, and then circle again. It was a giant plane, and it was emblazoned with the American star. Americans were waving at us from the windows of the plane! Beyond the treetops, its belly opened, and I gaped in wonder as giant parachutes drifted slowly to the ground.

\*

I remember that when we were in the camp - emaciated from the small amount of food which we were allowed - my dad used to climb the outside of the tower that the Japs used to sleep in. He would climb onto the roof, in a hole and quietly wring the necks of a pigeon or two. He would then drop them over the side to my mother who caught them in her apron. I am still amazed that he would risk so much to feed us kids.

\*



*I remember* the garden patches out that way, as I often visited my Dad who did the book binding. Don't tell me you never got a wiff of that horrible fish glue he used? Just before you came to 58 and 59, there was the women's sewing room, if memory serves correctly, and Dad's stinky little workshop was either attached to it, or very close by. Incidentally, I thought the vegetable gardens looked great. Of course, it could have been because anything green and edible looked great to me in those days!

\*

*I Remember* when we lived on gao liang (broom corn) and lu dou for breakfast? (Can you believe I've found lu dou here in a health food store?) Lunch in KITCHEN #1 was always stew, stew, stew. "S.O.S" we called it: Same Old Stew. I remember one day when the menu board listed T.T. Soup for lunch. TT Soup turned out to be turnip top soup.

\*

*I remember* — the Menu Board on which the cooks used their creative writing skills to describe the coming meal in the most exotic terms. You would think that you were in the grandest hotel in the land. What was actually served was bread porridge for breakfast, watery stew in the middle of the day, and whatever was left over for the evening meal.

\*

*I remember* the endless pursuit of bed bugs. These were pandemic and their total destruction was a constant fantasy. They seemed to hide in the cracks in the wall plaster during the day, and then when these warm bodies were comfortably settled in their beds on the floor, over would trot this army of bed bugs and proceed to graze all night on the ready supply of blood that was available. If you squashed them in the night, they left streaks of blood on your sheets and a strong and distinctive smell behind them. During the day we would use boiling water and pour it into any available crack, and use other means to block up cracks, but if we were at all successful it was hard to see the results of our efforts.

\*

*I remember* our dormitory in Block 23. That's where our teachers made us stand while they spooned powdered egg shells onto our tongues. *I remember* gagging and coughing and trying to wheeze the grit out. Remember? Oh, horrors! Prisoner doctors made everyone save egg shells (from eggs bartered through the black market) and grind the shells up for us children to eat as pure calcium.

\*

*I remember* playing a version of basketball outside the hospital (Block 61) with my good friend Torje Torjeson.

\*



*I remember* the accident that killed one of the boys in our Chefoo Boys' School. He had been with the others for the morning roll call near the hospital where they lived, and had jumped up to touch a low electric wire that had been loosened in the wind – possibly as a dare. Unfortunately it was very much alive and he was electrocuted.

\*

*I remember* getting up before daylight and going to the ash piles to look for clinkers, coal that had not burnt completely?

*I remember* walking up one of the main streets of the camp and seeing the very spot where a young man had fallen from a tree and been killed just the day before.

\*

*I remember* helping the cooks of Kitchen 2 --- it was hard work, but fun. Cooking in the Diet Kitchen taught me to cook without a recipe. Laundry duty at the hospital was horrible - bloody sheets etc., and not enough soap. My hands were red and rough for the duration of my laundry duty. I believe that the most unpleasant duty was to wash out and to disinfect the latrine. I smoked my first cigarette up at the bell tower. I enjoyed school, but am amazed that our teachers were able to hold classes and teach us.

*I remember* mainly the things that broke the monotony. A couple of times we got Red Cross parcels and the main item of interest to me was the powdered milk that we could have. It was only a tablespoonful, but I still remember the beautiful taste of that powder mixed with a little water and eaten a lick at a time from the spoon. I also remember when we actually got pieces of meat you could recognize as meat. It was – I was told later – horse or donkey or some such animal. My fellow Prepites were not very impressed and so I was able to enjoy some extra pieces on that occasion. I think we may have had peanut butter sometime in those three years, because I remember walking around to the little yard behind Kitchen One and finding a man with a meat grinder, carefully grinding peanuts into peanut butter. I talked to him for a while, hoping that I might be lucky enough to get a lick, but it wasn't to be my lucky day.

\*

*I remember* that we were all in groups of six or eight and we collected can labels from the cans that came in packages or from the trash the Japanese soldiers threw out, which could still be the cans from packages to the internees. The group I was in had collected 650 labels by the time we were liberated. Perhaps, after the drops if we had continued to collect them we would have made 5000, huh?

\*

I remember using soap to brush my teeth.

\*

I remember once being fed horse meat and later told it came from a horse that had died of illness. 'She said they closed their eyes and ate what they were given,' Rachel Anthony said. 'They needed their nourishment, no matter how it tasted.'

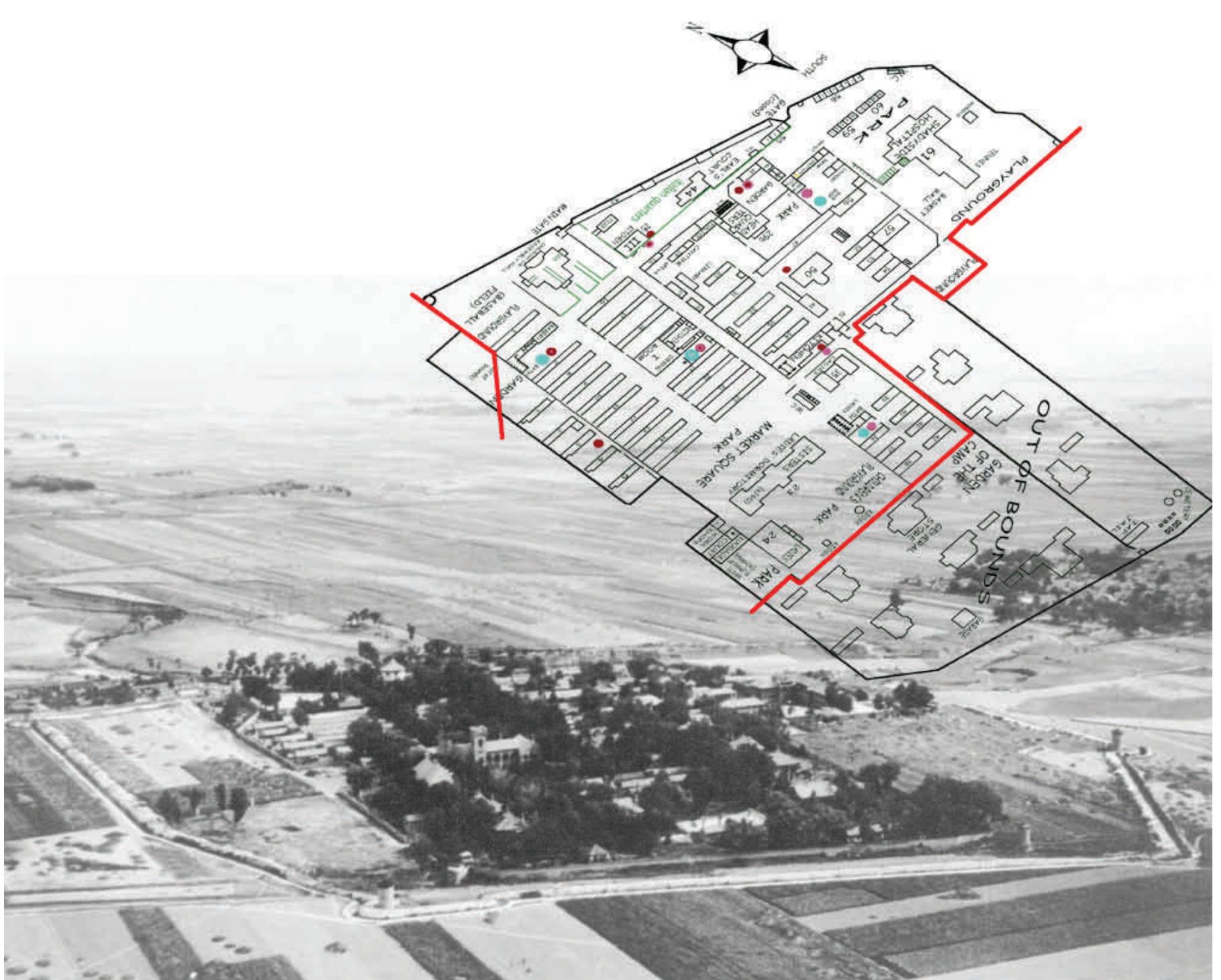
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I remember the first night in Weihsien. Some slept on tatamies (?) some on the floor. I know that I was not with my father that night, and cried myself to sleep.

\*

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.

\*





*I remember* scrounging for partially broken furniture that had been piled up somewhere in the compound. The early spring was very cold, and I kept my head under the blanket. For a very short time, my father and I supplemented our camp diet with tinned food that we had brought. Unfortunately, our supply soon ran out.

\*

*I remember* learning how to play baseball (softball) in which we boys were coached by our well-loved master, S. Gordon Martin! The day that I caught a high flyball and heard Goopy shout Attaboy David is forever etched in my memory!

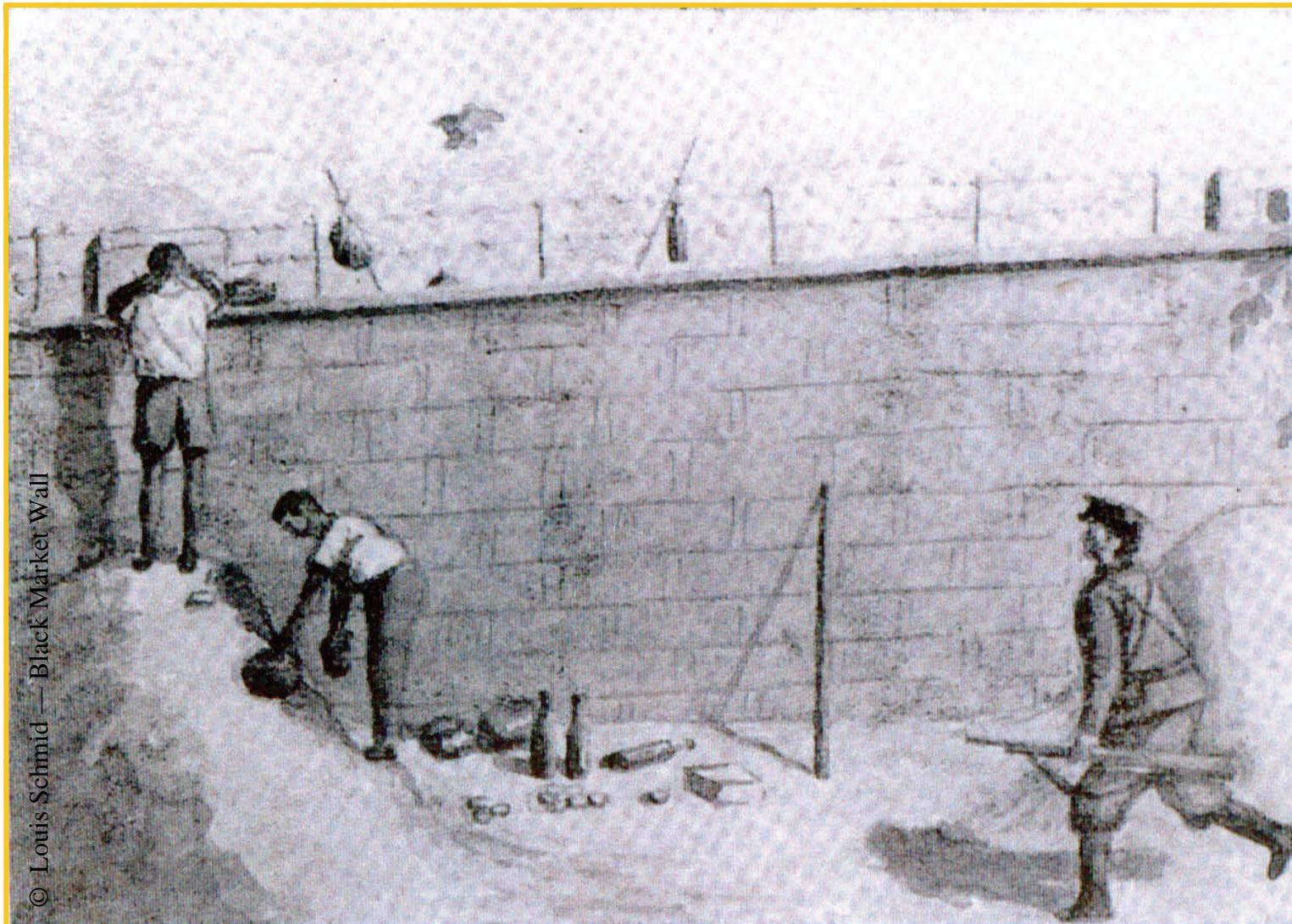
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*I remember* - that Mr Hubbard was a well-known authority on birds. When I was twelve or thirteen, I attended an evening lecture given in Kitchen One on birds of China. I think that Mr Hubbard was the man who gave us this intensely interesting talk. 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*, there was also ——— The Two Pineapples: 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 rambunctuous, we always tried to steer clear of the classical concerts and lectures that were also being held in the different compounds.

\*



© Louis Schmid — Black Market Wall

I remember, "Pineapple," the musician I recall very clearly, was a renowned softball umpire! He was quite a loveable fellow, and in spite of semi starvation at Weih sien quite a rollypoly lad! I remember him mercifully calling the batter "OUT" in many a softball game in Camp! He'd roll around behind the catcher and holler:

O - U - T ! ! !

--- And chuck his hand back with the thumb extended over his shoulder!

\*

I 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, planked 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 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 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.

\*

I remember a very well-muscled young man, probably about ten years older than I (so he'd have been in his mid-twenties) named Aubrey Grandon. He was an amazing softball player and I can remember him batting some remarkable home runs by sending the ball right over the camp wall. I sort of hero-worshipped Aubrey G. To me he was "larger than life!"

\*

I remember going to classes in a room facing south in Block 24 with Mrs. Moore of the Peking American School and Sister Hiltrudis of St. Joseph School in Tsingtao.

\*

I remember that room as the one where we boys met evening and morning for Prayers (Chapel) led by the "Master On Duty."

\*



I remember the boy (me) who raised a brood of 4 Peregrine falcon chicks, in camp, to full fledged adulthood? Yes, by begging for definite discards of meat to feed them from K1, no less.

\*

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.

\*

I remember the Saturday night dances.

\*

I remember the table also held a large bowl where Mr Bruce kept a quantity of pieces of stale bread which we could help ourselves to in order to fill our bellies when we were hungry between the skimpy camp meals. I remember that I regularly availed myself of the snacks of stale, dry bread.

\*

I remember Sister Donatilla and Father Keymolen who taught us French. Some of our classess were in the dining room and others under a tree where we sat on a bench and on the ground in the Summer.

\*

I remember FrAloysius 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.

\*

I, too, remember being hungry.

\*

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.

\*

The only night I can remember that Auld Lang Syne was sung, was at the last dance in camp, in October of '45 -- and we didn't have a curfew anymore!

Lord, it's funny how often I think of that last dance, and that old favorite, when New Year's Eve comes around...

\*

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.

\*

I remember having to borrow a decent white dress and shoes for my graduation ceremony from Mrs. Wolfson and then having to give it back.

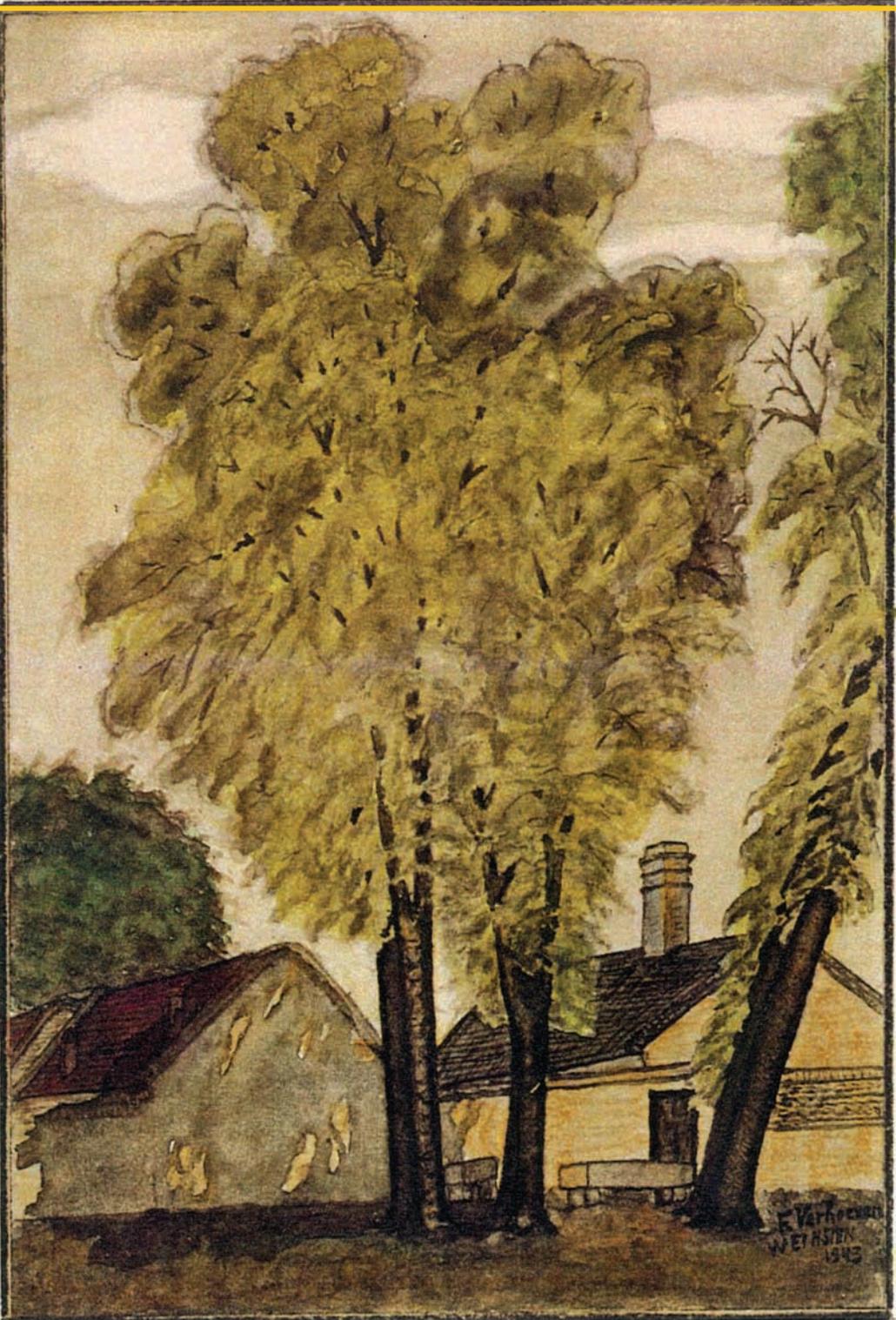
\*

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 remember two slices of bread per meal.

\*



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.

\*

I Remember how hot Weihsien got in the summer?

\*

I Remember King Kong! Not complimentary nicknames — but certainly nicknames that helped us to see our imprisonment with some humour.

\*

I Remember the dizzy euphoria you felt on August 17, 1945, when these angels dropped out of the sky into the fields beyond those barrier walls?

\*

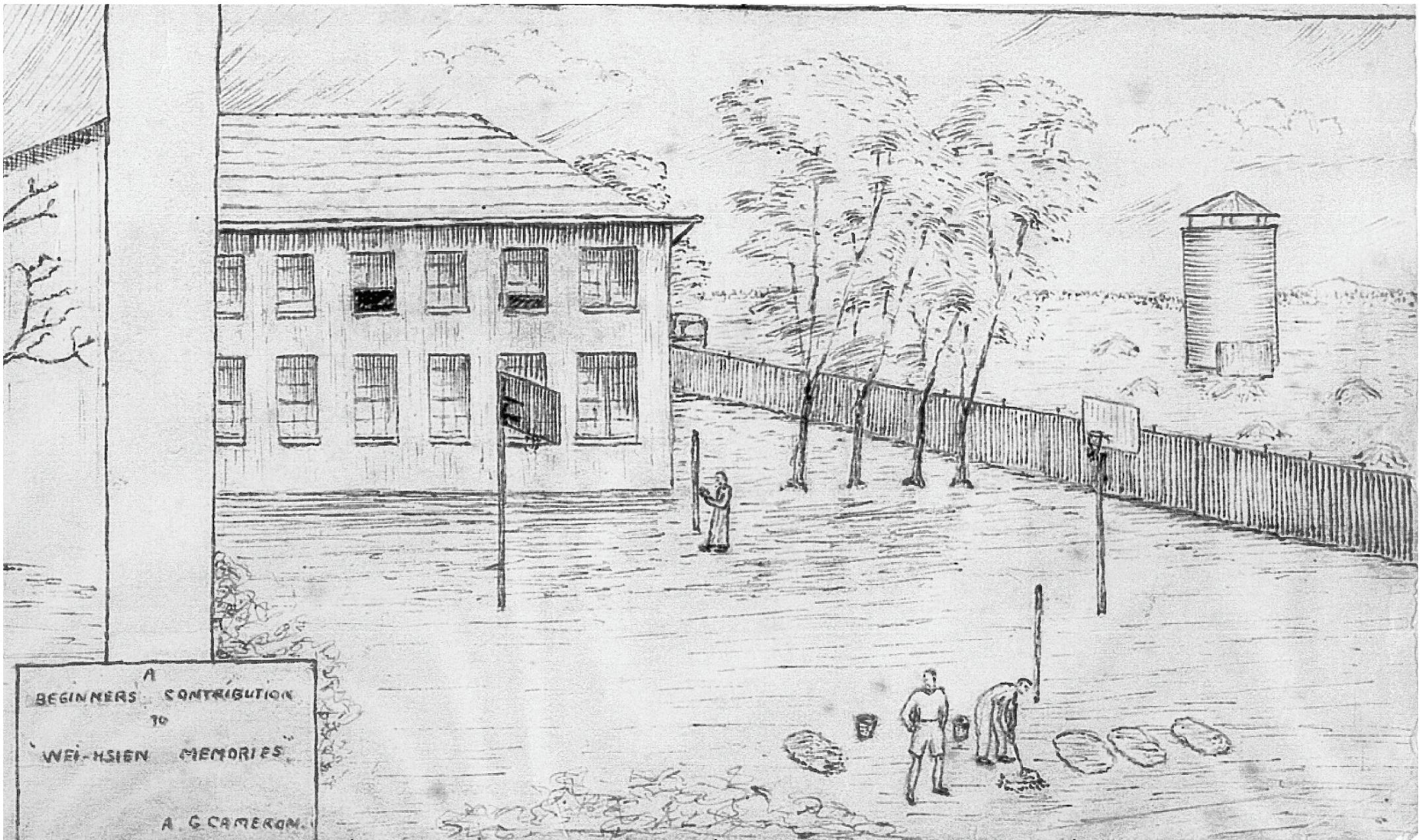
I remember that boat trip to Weihsien as I put my foot out through the railings of the boat and one of my shoes dropped off, good leather shoes, imagine!

\*



Crape Myrtle  
Weihsien July 17

© Mrs. Wilder



I remember tennis being played 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.

\*

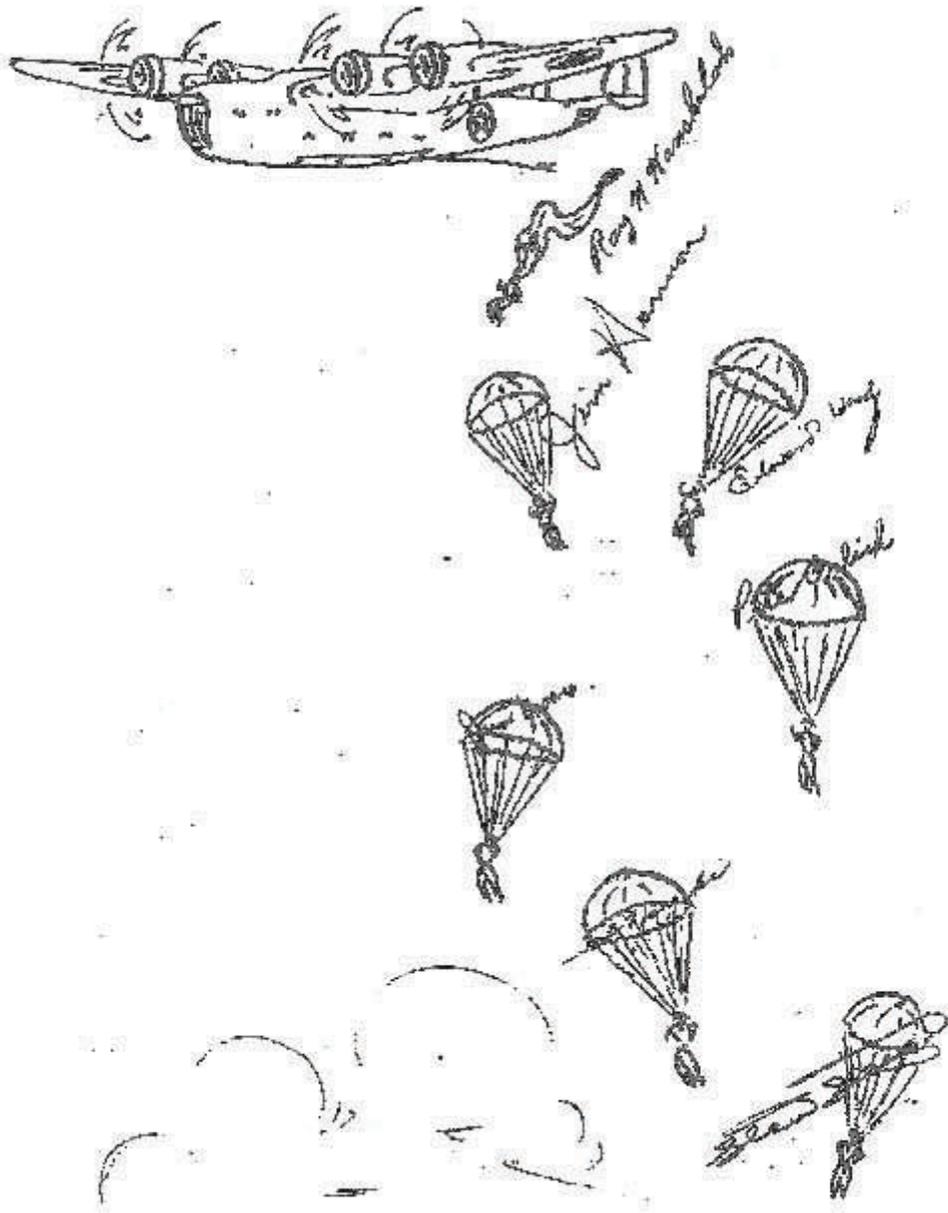
I remember "yellow" jaundice. I'm alleged to have had "yellow" jaundice in the camp. That's one of my memories of the Chefoo Lower School Dormitory (LSD) in Block

23. And because of it I, too, have never been allowed to give blood.

\*

I remember giving Douglas's mother one of my chocolate bars from the Red Cross.

\*



I remember that August 17 was a windy day.

\*

I remember vividly the pantomimes that were put on and I remember the electrician's daughter was the fairy and she was all lit up with lights. I also remember when the American planes flew over to liberate us. I was very scared as they seem to touch the roofs of our little huts — and there was so much confusion (at least in my eyes) as everyone was running around. I remember running out of the camp — the guards just standing there as everyone ran out of the compound.

\*

I remember every evening Léopold and I were given a glass of milk and a spoon of cod-liver oil, both tasted horrible! but I very well understood the importance of the ritual and of course if I swallowed all with good grace and a smile, well so then did my baby brother! I too remember being sent to the hospital dining room and being taken care of by a Mrs. Dyer who tried to make me swallow food I never knew existed with a thing called a fork, I was most interested but couldn't keep anything down, it was such a pity, I was sent back home! we were liberated just in time, only later did I learn that I became anorexic through lack of eating (not of food) our parents were too busy with our new baby sister...

\*

I too remember the bed bugs but does anyone else remember all the scorpions inside the mosquito nets?

\*

My memory of the flight from Weihsien is mainly of lounging around in the plane on a heap of used parachutes that were being transported with us - rather we were being transported with them! I don't remember the movie itself, but I have fond memories of sitting in an outdoor picture theatre to watch it. I seem to remember seeing some cartoons for the first time and have been a Disney cartoon fan ever since. I have also been a Coca Cola fan ever since, as I remember one of the airmen taking me to a machine that served glasses of Coca Cola on tap. I loved it - still do. I can still remember the smell of toothpaste as I watched the airmen performing their ablutions.

\*

I remember the day well, I was actually casing the Japanese compound for what I could pilfer from there that night. I saw this glimmering sight of an airplane and I knew immediately that it was our salvation. It was beautiful! I immediately ran to the north gate and just about made in the rush to get out to the field and bring back those wonderful GI to the camp.

\*

"Do you remember where you were on December 7, 1941?"

\*

CARO AMICO CHRISTIANO  
PERAMANTER DEDITUM.

P. MARCELLO

羅縣紀念  
1947



I 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?

\*

I remember the makeshift stoves prisoners built inside these rooms? Our teachers -- Miss Carr, Miss Stark, Miss Lucia -- constructed a stove for cooking right in the middle of the LSD dormitory.

\*

I remember that eggs also supplied egg shells -- for calcium. As decent food diminished and threatened our health, I remember the Chefoo teachers lining us up at the door of the dormitory and spooning powdered eggshells onto our tongues -- a primitive calcium supplement. Horrible! Horrible! It felt like chewing sand.

\*

I remember that we heard that one of the parachutists had been slightly injured, and wondered if he had known that the kao liang was 12 feet tall when he made a landing. I remember hearing that one the guys had his 45 out as he listened to the noises converging on him and only put it away when a crowd of jubilant kids burst through the kao liang."

\*

I remember standing at the top of the outside staircase leading up to the room where our family of four had spent the last 2-1/2 years in that Japanese prison camp in China, and seeing the sun sparkle off the aluminium body of this unknown airplane as it turned in the distance and started back toward us, dropping altitude. It grew larger and larger and the roar of its engines grew stronger and stronger, until finally it was almost directly overhead and we saw the insignia on its wings.

\*

I remember our sitting on heaps of used parachutes all the way from Weih sien to Sian? I had carried on board with me that day a small bundle of treasures which I intended to drop out of the airplane window to my Chefoo dorm mates below.

Wrong!

\*

I remember the concerts and plays such as Androcles and the Lion which had been put on. With all the executive talent in camp, it was no wonder that the place was so well managed by the internees.

\*

I remember the many meetings that went on for hours, but I couldn't understand a word of it.

\*

I remember Sgt Bu Shing!

\*

I remember the team of heroes who risked their lives to rescue us in 1945.

\*



I remember picking alfalfa with some girl and as we were laughing facing the setting sun, a Japanese guard went by and was so angry with us for laughing, rattled his sword and came to slap us on our faces.

\*

I remember the smell of bedbugs sizzling in candle flames?

\*

I remember with pleasure your Dad's cornet playing - as I'm sure does everyone who was in Weihsien CAC - wherever there was music, there was Capt. Buist. I confess that I was especially fascinated by the way he drew air in at the side of his mouth while playing!

\*

I remember Mrs. Eileen Bazire, one of our Chefoo teachers. Mrs. Bazire was a musician and artist. Among her duties, she made magnificent drawings and watercolor posters announcing cultural events in the camp — concerts, lectures.

\*

I remember our teachers reading Les Misérables to us.

\*

I remember the one egg a week ration each had the shell crushed between two spoons and fed to children — I was one.

\*

I remember the roll-call in the middle of the night after some of the internees escaped and we all had to stand outside our hut and be counted!

\*

I remember the azaleas in bloom along the contour paths.

\*

I remember the roll-call in the middle of the night after some of the internees escaped and we all had to stand outside our hut and to be counted!

\*

I remember the Girl of the Limberlost because there was a scene where there were pink and gold water lilies in a bedroom with pink and gold counterpane and someone said Very French! and when-ever I see pink and gold together I mutter under my breath Very French.

\*

I remember joining a line-up outside Kitchen #1 (I think it was), and receiving an informal welcome to Weihsien from friendly camp 'veterans.'

\*

I too, still remember the words of "God Bless America" and remember how we were saved in Wei-Hsien.

\*

I remember the tower that the Japs lived in and their dogs, which I imagine to be Alsatians

\*

I remember almost nothing other than what I have been told. Unfortunately my parents didn't talk a lot about the camp so I have been left with a thirsty appetite for information.

\*

I remember Dr Robinson who looked after inmates in the camp.

\*

I remember the wall and the ditch outside.

\*

I remember him taking me into the tower and showing me his sword and also letting me play with his dog. One day he gave me two eggs.

\*

I remember that I had never seen an egg before and I was probably not yet three years old. I took the eggs back to our room and when my mum saw me she was so excited that I threw them onto the floor and ran over for a cuddle. My mum told me that she scraped them off the ground, complete with the earth and dust and cooked them anyway.

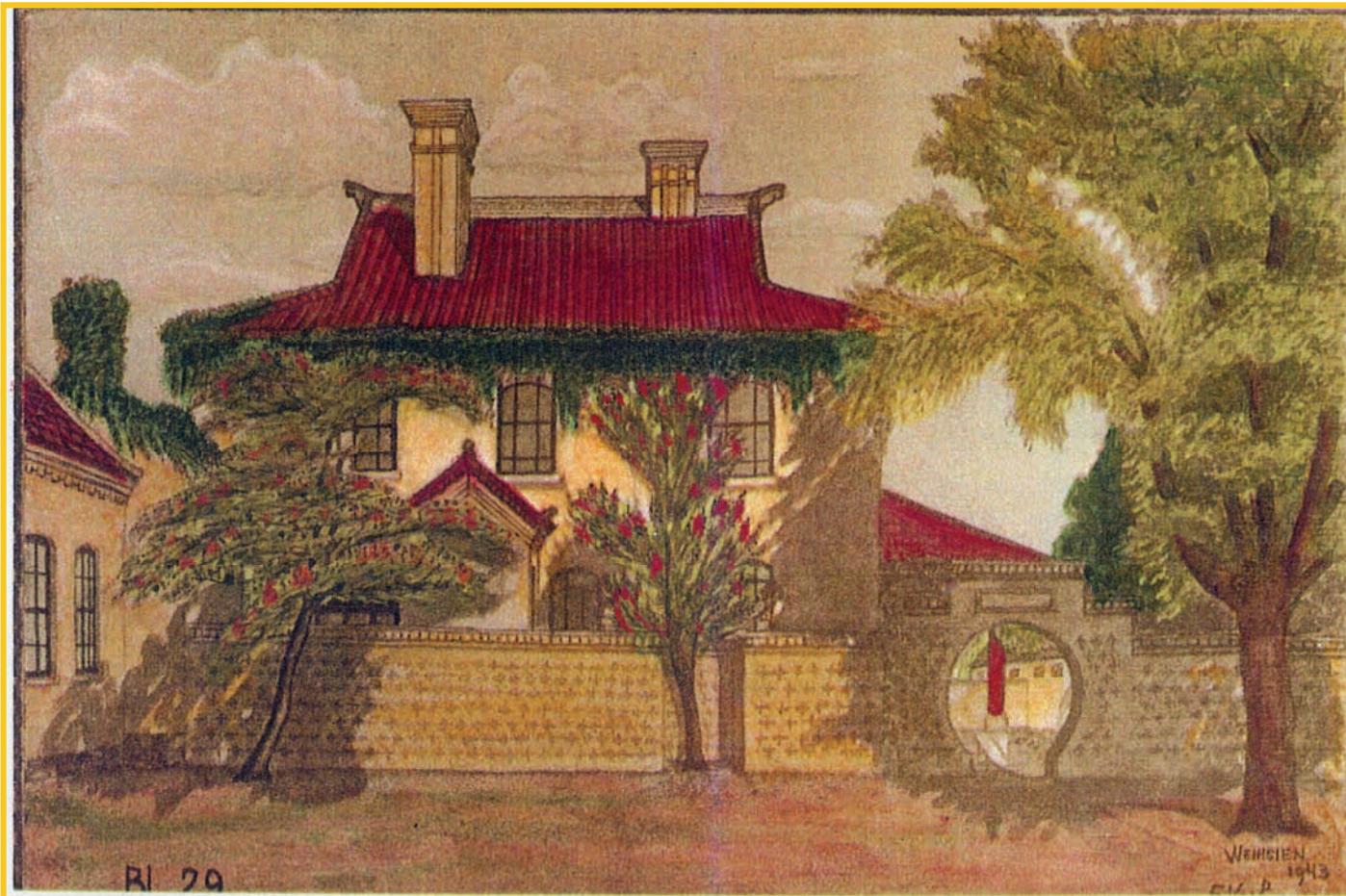
\*

I remember when our Chefoo teachers stopped us from calling one of the Japanese guards "Cherry Beak"

\*

I remember the Dutch woman who hoarded loads of goodies in her room.

\*



I remember the cess pit kid! I only have a small section of parachutes but I do have one signed by the original seven that landed.

\*

I remember the tunnels at Weihsien. I remember playing in them.

\*

I remember being in the Hospital under quarantine because I had the Chicken Pox and all the kids sending me a get well card.

\*

I remember eating dandelion greens. I had broken out in hives, and the doctor told me to eat as many greens as possible. The greens were not particularly tasty, but it was better than the rash. I do remember not being full, and eating a lot of bread, but I do not remember near starving. I was one of the servers, dishwashers, and special help to the cooks. Many did not want the greens, and we had much left over.

\*

I remember having warts on my hands in our Weihsien days

\*

I remember Roy and George used to make a potent brew from sweet potatoes

\*

I remember my mother massaging me with hot blankets

\*

I remember sleeping with China's millions -- bedbugs.

\*

I fondly remember the outdoor dances.

\*

I remember vividly walking around for hours with this horrible mass in my mouth which would not go down as egg shells are just soluble in water and just sit there waiting for little bite to go down slowly through their own initiative. It was truly terrible.

\*

I remember that I sat next to Frennie Dhunjishah (block 42), and that classes were held at the first floor south end. Every morning all activity stopped by the screams of a pupil being dragged along by his mother to attend school. He screamed very loudly and we could hear him coming from a long way away.

\*

I well remember enjoying dried-out bread (a bit like Melba toast or rusks) that Mr. Bruce kept in a bowl for us boys who lived in the attic of Block 61 (the fine old Presbyterian hospital overlooking the Wei River valley).

\*

I remember getting periodic news briefings in the camp

\*



20. The Church

Wilder

I remember my grandmother talking about grinding up eggshells for calcium, but I believe she said (or else I imagined) that they were mixed with food, or baked in bread.

\*

I remember the acrid smell and sizzle as they (the bedbugs) dropped into the flame of the match)

\*

I remember our chief of police. His name — he was known a little disrespectfully as "King Kong" by some.

\*

I remember that although we were hungry at times, we never starved as so many others did in Japanese and German camps.

\*

I remember that we were served leek soup, corn flour and waster custard (didn't we call that blanc mange?), dry bread and tea that day.

\*

I remember having a pretend sword fight with Alec Lane, one of us with the sword and the other with the scabbard ! This guard also let one boy over the wall to retrieve any ball that would mysteriously land on the other side of the wall.

\*

I remember standing and facing the wall, when I heard the sound of the Aeroplanes that dropped our saviours. Being so close to the window to look out, I had this wonderful view of the parachutes coming down.

\*

I remember Mary Scott? When men in the softball league fizzled, too weak to finish a game (the Priests Padres, Peking Fathers and the Tientsin Tigers), they would let Mary Scott come in to play — the only woman ever allowed as a softball substitute, as I recall.

\*

I guess we all remember the egg shells. Our family ground them up and put them in our "porridge" along with orange peels, I think. The egg shells were a little gritty but with the mixture, not too bad.

\*

I remember the washboards.

\*



# 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

I remember the food that we had been given before the war.

\*

I remember coming down in the corn field and all the people running out there.

\*

I remember the air drops of supplies and trying to keep the people out of the way from getting hit."

\*

I don't remember anything of Weihsien (or so little).

\*

"I remember my amazement. We didn't know what was in the camp. I expected (P.O.W.) soldiers. What we found in the camp — civilians and children."

\*

I remember some women running onto the fields and wrapping themselves around the men who were landing.

\*

I remember that the toilets were the only place visited by the Chinese coolies with their wooden buckets.

\*

I remember that a very kind gentleman came to our room and built a small stove from bricks, with an empty kerosene tin as an oven.

\*

I remember how the Japanese counted and counted and counted us over and over again at roll call when they discovered that two men had escaped.

\*

I remember you as a dark-haired shy little boy.

\*

I remember the peanut oil lamps but I only recall using them after lights out at 10pm.

\*

I remember studying by that dim light after 10pm cramming for my final school exam late 1944.

\*

I remember well lighting the Chefoo School Lower School Dormitory (LSD) in hospital with the peanut oil lamps

\*

I remember an old gramophone playing Harry Lauder Roamin' in the Gloamin.

\*

I remember their pasting paper seals with Japanese writing on the desks, chairs, equipment, saying that all of it now belonged to the Emperor of Japan.

\*



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I remember after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese bringing a Shinto priest onto the ball field of the Chefoo School and doing a ceremony that said that our school now belonged to the great Emperor of Japan.

\*

I remember the arm bands they made us wear — with "A" for American and "B" for British.

\*

I remember it says in there about Weihsien that supplies were few and many people began starving to death. I remember the supplies being few etc. and our limited diet. etc.

\*

I remember how good those pancakes tasted in comparison to the regular fare of camp food.

\*

I remember the last Christmas [1944, I guess]. There were no Red Cross packages, no money and nothing to buy, so we all decided to get into our trunks, yes, the same ones we had put our clothes, books and treasures into the night before we walked to concentration camp.

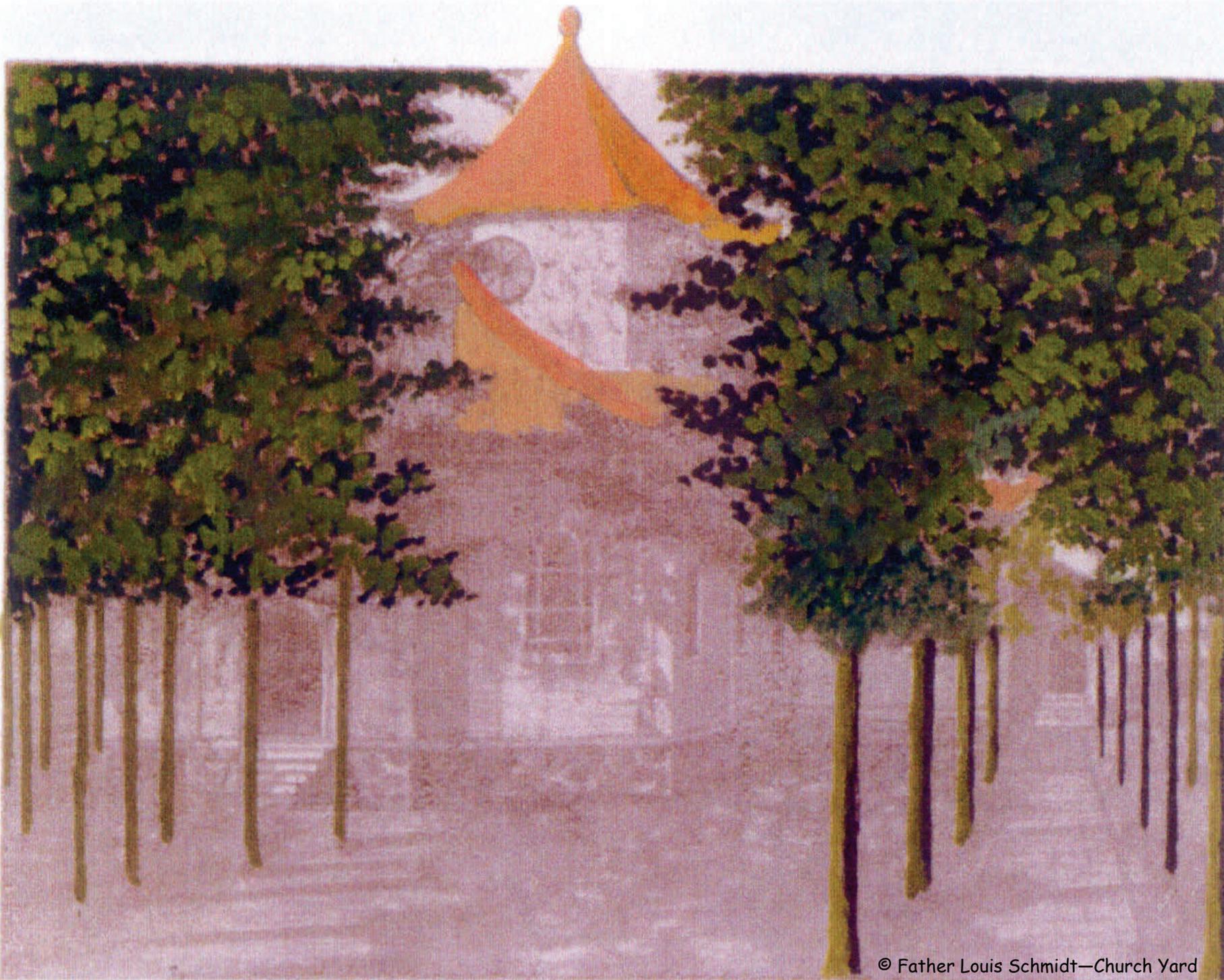
\*

I remember what we children called "YAH" practice, when they suited up with padded body armor and face masks and practiced bayonet attacks.

\*

I remember a quotation from Hitler ""What good fortune for governments that the people do not think.""

\*



© Father Louis Schmidt—Church Yard

I remember being hungry. We kids used to argue over the crust of the bread because that filled us up better. Our Dad (now almost 98 years old) lost about a lot of weight, as did most adults, I imagine.

\*

I remember the kindness to us of two American Free Methodist missionaries -- we called them Aunt Kate and Aunt Neva -- who were in Weihsien when we arrived with the Chefoo Schools. They had served with my parents in Kaifeng, Honan province. I'm not sure how this all fits together.

They were repatriated a few days after we arrived.

\*

. As a six-year-old I remember witnessing a brutal beating of a Chinese boy by the Japanese. The boy was tied to a post, his mouth stuffed full so he could not cry. The memory still haunts me. War is not nice.

\*



© Mrs. Eileen Bazire— Weihhsien Camp, Main Gate

I remember our school classes were under the trees in the church yard.

\*

Remember - Japan had occupied the coastal plain of China in 1937 so the whole matter was in an area where they had total control. The Shanghai Camps opened with Haiphong Road for those considered a Threat to Japan in Nov 1942 ( There had been a number of key Allied personnel held in Bridge House Goal Shanghai and the former US Barracks Tientsin from immediately after Pearl Harbour, but by January 1942 the few engineers still under arrest were moved the former Masonic Hall on Race Course Rd Tianjin,) with the bulk of the 8800 inmates going into camps during the second half of March 1943. Contrast these facts with what happened where there was fighting.

Hongkong where Stanley Camp opened on 5th Jan 1942 ( it had fallen on 25 Dec 41 and Singapore where Changi opened on 5th March 1942 ( Singapore surrendered on 14th Feb 42.

\*

I remember how good those pancakes tasted in comparison to the regular fare of camp food.

\*

I remember the great baseball players - Haazi Rumpf (sp) Aubrey Grandon and others.

\*

I remember my mother used to make bread pudding pancakes with the bread and water pudding from breakfast.

\*

I remember the ' roly polly ' ump. And I think he was one of our Hawaiian band members

\*

After the war ended I remember, in Shanghai, our parents running after us kids, with a bottle of cod-liver-oil in one hand and a little spoon in the other trying to make us swallow our daily ration of this stinky sticky stuff. After that, Janette and I making a dash towards the bathroom to spit it all out into the sink and turning the water tap so our parents wouldn't see it. !! Many years later, our Mother often reminded us that, when the camp days were over, our Father said, "Never more should his children be hungry again".

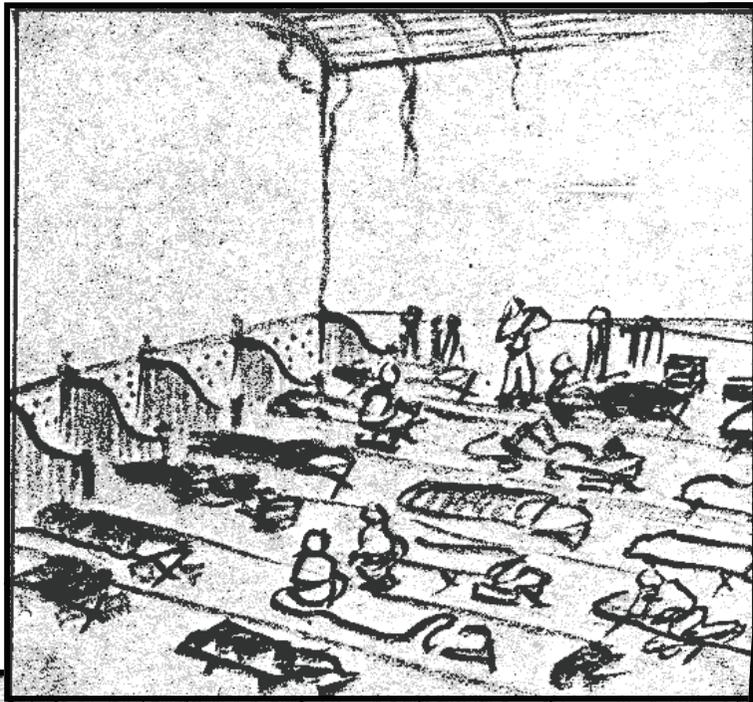
\*

I remember Mrs. Kerridge who helped me make newer clothing out of old clothes. Shoes were a problem. In warm weather many of the younger internees went barefooted. Most of us did not iron. The clothes hanging out to dry were usually smoothed out by the wind.

\*

I remember we slept in the hold of the ship, crammed in like sardines. The lorries trucking us to Weihhsien were almost a relief.

\*



I do not remember hearing the adults voicing their fears etc. We went to school, joined the many and various clubs and classes, tried to keep up with the difficult task of washing with little soap and in cold water, making coal balls for the winter, working at various tasks given to us, etc.

\*

I am sure that the older ones knew what was happening, and what terrible things could occur.

\*

We were very lucky that we had doctors, teachers, and dedicated leaders.

\*

When I first came to the States, I tried to talk about Weih sien, but soon realised that people reacted to me very strangely, they seemed to want me to break down.

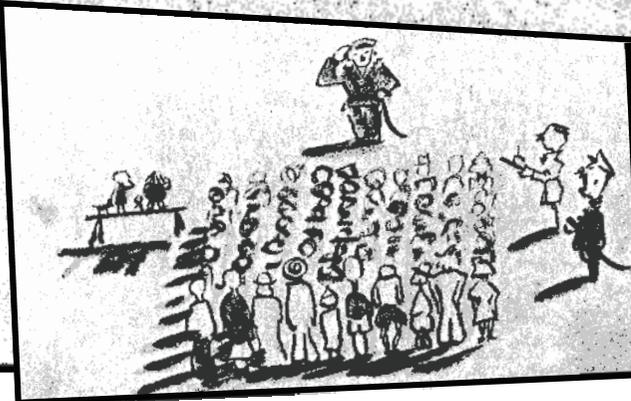
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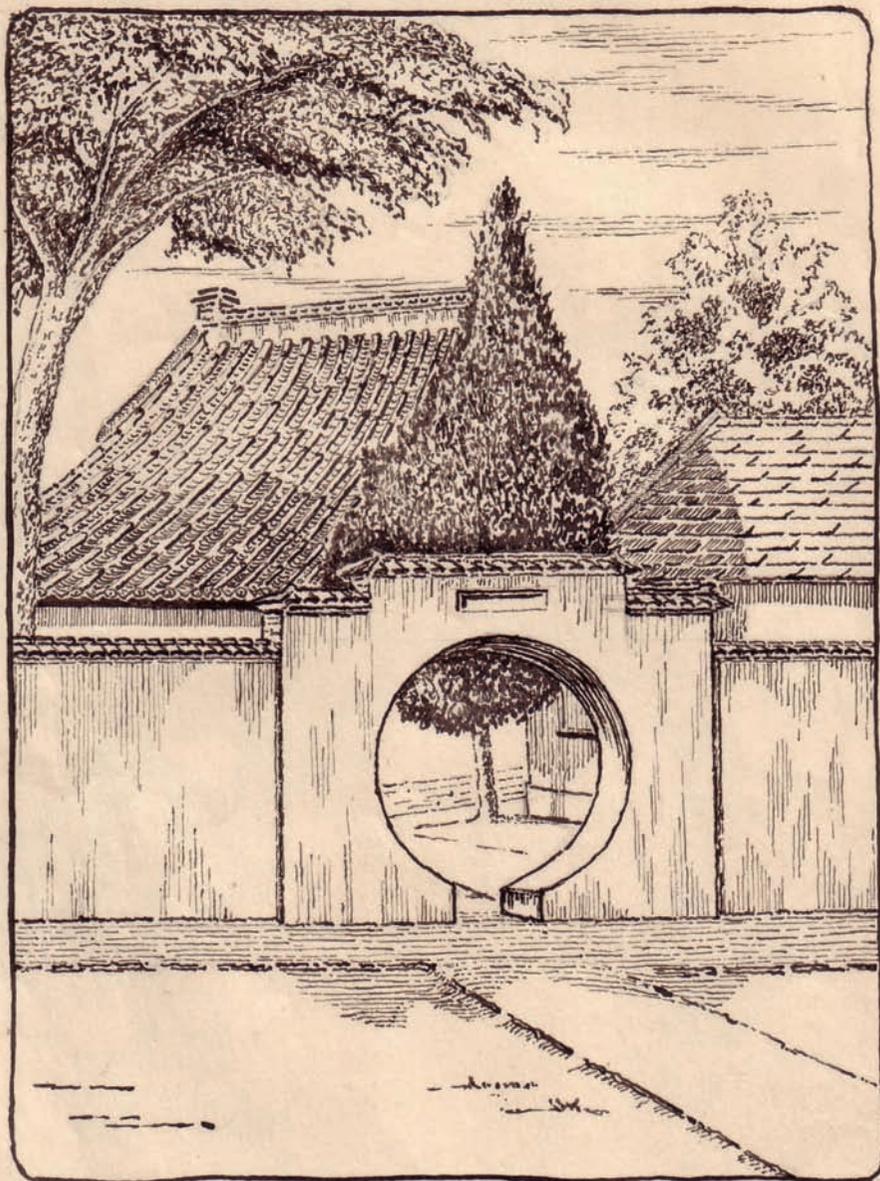
After almost three years in Japanese concentration camps and after 5 ½ years of not seeing Daddy and Mummy, what does a hungry, 74-lb., 11-year-old remember of liberators? I remember the B-29s brought candy and chewing gum. I stuffed about five sticks of gum into my mouth all at one time and chewed them all day until my jaws ached and then saved the wad so I could chew it all again.

\*

I remember bushes certainly by Block 23 and trees lining the main drive and down by where the Quakers lived, but it all looks so incredibly pastoral when we remember the hardpan ground where we had roll call daily.

\*





The Moon Gate,  
Weihsien, June, 1944.

J.S. Joud

I remember that Elena Howell was quite younger than her husband. They were always very pleasant with everyone. I also remember that after Mr. Howell died, Blanche Kloosterboer and I did the Weejee (?) Board calling on his spirit. We asked that his spirit move a rug that was on the floor to prove that it was present. We "saw" the rug move, and ran out the room, scared to death. Al Voyce lived on the same block, and was the interpreter for the Japanese guards. I believe that he lives in Hawaii. He was older and probably remembers more about the Howells than I.

\*

Mr. Whipple was a good pianist, and I remember him, even today, playing the piano in the large church on Sunday at Weihsien Camp.

\*

I, too, have been remembering the "snacks" bought from street vendors. Does anyone remember the wonderful designs of "poured" melted sugar and flavour onto a metal surface. As I remember, it seemed to take just a short time before the wonderful crunchy beautiful design became hard, and was ready to eat.

I am sure that if we now bought and ate any of the "snacks" we would become quite sick. In China, we had cast iron stomachs, that helped us not get ill both in Weihsien and on the outside.

I still love the wonderful smells of the foods being cooked and displayed in the China towns of the U.S.

\*

I remember our school days in the church/assembly hall.

\*

The Japanese showed their cruelty when they severely beat up Armic Balianz in Tsingtao Iltis Hydro Camp, I believe because he, as a fluent Japanese language speaker refused to spy for them. I saw his terribly bloodied and bruised body when he was brought back from the beating. His wife asked my mother to lend her some cushions to help ease his pain. I remember he was beaten up about three times again after arriving in Weihsien. He did survive the war and a few years ago I discussed his mistreatment with his wife Tsolik in San Francisco. I also saw a Chinese beggar boy being used for Kendo target practice. There were other instances of cruelty at the Iltis Hydro. I do not know whether the guards responsible for these atrocities were ex-consular guards. Like many others I had been in Japanese custody from Pearl Harbour day to one month after we were liberated in Weihsien

\*

I remember Miss Evelyn Davies (now Huebner) of Chefoo-- said she taught kindergarten in Weihsien.

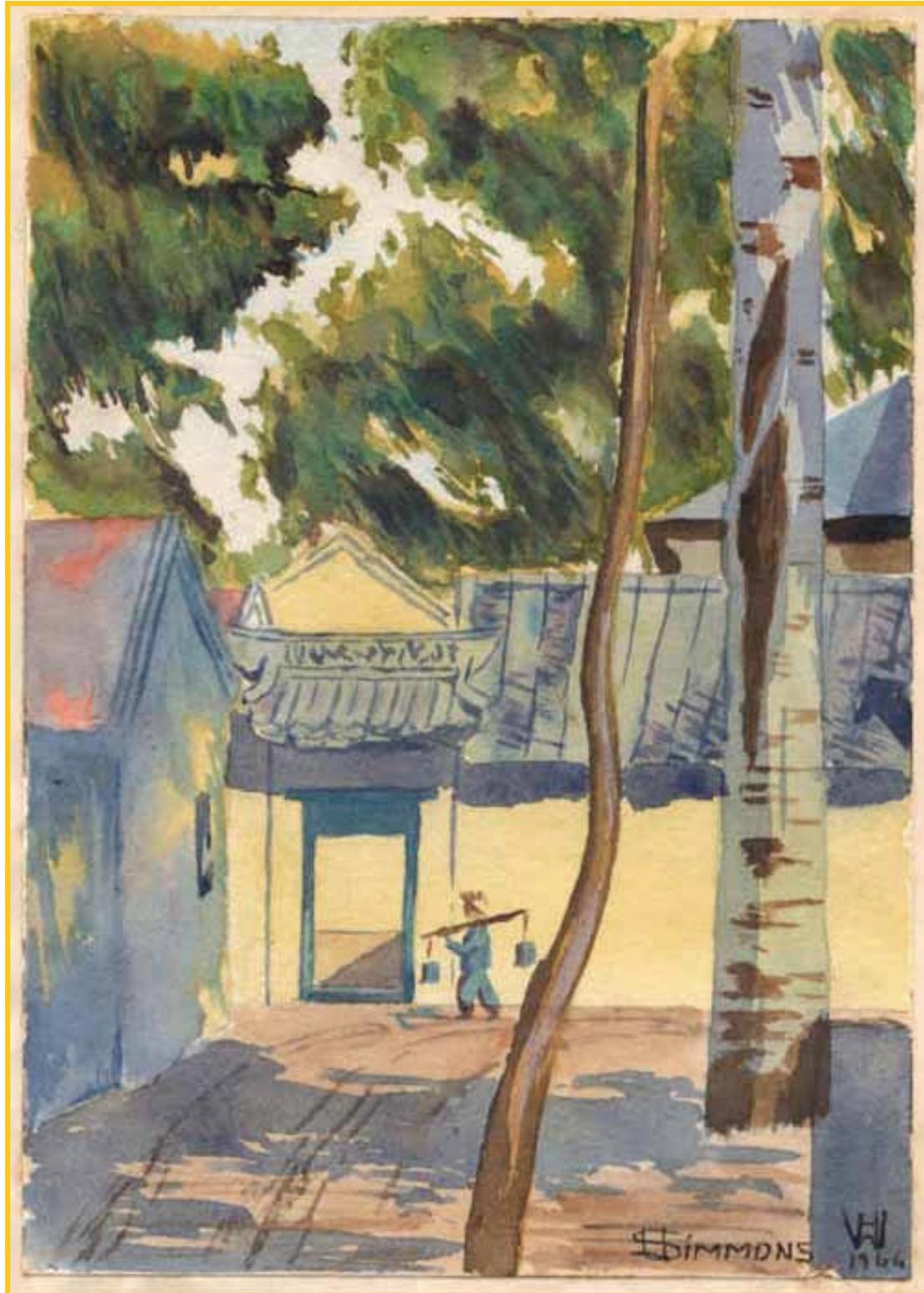
\*

If I remember correctly she said these were happy and contented students.-- something to that effect. It didn't matter that they didn't have the toys etc.

\*

I thought she said they were the happiest children she had taught.

\*



I well remember that no rice was issued to us in Wei-Hsien. I also remember trying to masticate the sorghum and my mother entreating me to try harder to swallow it because it was all we had. It was almost impossible to chew. The peanuts which were ground into a paste by the inmates were very nourishing and I have been told since that peanuts undoubtedly saved the health of a lot of children as they are very nourishing. Today, many children cannot eat peanuts due to allergies, including my own 38 year old son but I do not remember anyone in the camp being so afflicted. My main memories of worms (maggots) were when the Jap Officer's horse died and we were forced to eat it after the Japs left it to rot and become infested and then telling us we would get nothing else until it was eaten. My father showed us how to pick out the floating maggots as we were eating. It was made into a watery stew although I remember getting a small morsel which tasted lovely at the time. At that time we had not had meat for a long while.

\*

Weihsien! Oh, my sakes! All I remember is retching, retching, retching into the sea -- and more retching, more retching, and more retching. Whether it's true or not, I always say that we hit the tail end of typhoon on that trip.

\*

I do remember that night. We were told that there had been an escape....however...we did not know who they were. I remember it being so very cold.....I also felt very apprehensive at the situation...wondering what was going to happen next. As for the roll call...it seemed like it would never end that night.

\*

I remember Gerry Thomas's show in which his stepdaughter Tisha and I participated. It was called "Professor Thomas and his Stewdents" (sic) In it I remember singing a solo 'Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow' ! and a duet with Tisha, "September in the rain" as we sat on the grand piano which was in the church. I do not remember anyone asking for an encore! I met Tisha in London about three years ago and we had gaotse and gorged ourselves in a Chinese Restaurant.

\*

I remember --- the Chinese honey pot men coming with their buckets to empty the night soil from the latrines and cesspools next to the ladies toilet. Didn't a little boy fall into one of those cesspools?

\*

I remember the marvellous Tong-shee (malt syrup) that was spread on our sandwiches, along with creamy peanut butter made from locally grown Shantung peanuts!

\*



CONTEMPORARY DRAWING BY JOYCE COOKE (Bradbury) of block 2, WEIHSIEN C.A.C.

I remember a B-29 flying over so low in the fields with that never forgotten rumbling roar. People were talking about flying angels, well no, --- the wings weren't right, --- it was a bird --- but was it a bird? Could a feathery bird become a silver angel? I remember feeling a bit funny and quite scared. Of course, just a little later I and my friends ran around yelling: Plane! Plane!

\*

I remember my little brother Leopold often played with Billy, same age, real daredevils! As time went by they grew quite wild, no one minded too much, they couldn't go very far off as the walls kept them "in" --- till liberation day when the gates opened wide and let them "out"! The men had to bring them back by the scruff of the neck, but I bet they had a good taste of being finally free!

\*

I remember that behind the headquarters' house there was a small park.

That was (and still is in my memory) a very peaceful place. I fell in love with the moon gate.

\*

I remember that a young Japanese guard with his bayonet kept watch at the end of Lovers Lane. His duty was to stop anyone from straying into this out-of-bounds lane. Our bunch of kids must have taunted him, --- he went mad with his bayonet. We were very frightened.

\*

I remember your father, John McLorn, in Temple Hill camp. He was tall and well spoken.

\*

Miss Davey was wonderful, I remember her as a young smiling dark-haired woman full of energy. She had a

"big girl" to help her out who wasn't always present nor always the same. When we weren't using pencils or reading, Miss Davey had us play vocabulary and counting games ("I spy with my little eye...") she read stories out loud and we lis-

tened in rapture, we learnt poems (Wordsworth's Daffodils) sang songs (Swallow tell me why you fly) played round games outside, just at the bottom of the hospital steps, learnt to skip, hop, jump, run... most of all learnt to relate to one another...

\*

I remember my dad cutting thin slices of spam for us after the laborious opening of the metal box which contained it.

\*

I remember August 1945

.....

\*



I will remember the ship, which carried us from Chefoo to Qingdao. And I recall that its name was the 'Kyodo Maru 28.' I remember trying to get to sleep on a woven straw mat on a sloping covered deck floor about one level below the main deck. I don't remember having any blanket to keep me warm. I was twelve and a half at the time. But it was all a great adventure. In those days most of us children did not know enough to feel any fear of what might happen to us. I did not know until recently that all of us were in very real peril, at the end of the war, of being shot as the last act of



the Japanese before taking their own lives. Truly God, and our wise teachers and other staff, were good to us. Interestingly, a vessel which might have been a 'twin' of the Kyodo Maru 28 was exhibited in Vancouver at EXPO 86, when this 'world's fair' was held in our city here. I had the opportunity

to board this Japanese vessel in the summer of 1986 and to walk in the very 'hold' which corresponded to the one where I'd passed a restless night or two back in 1943.1943! Nostalgia time! Sixty years ago this very year!

Do you remember that at the beginning, before they were sent to another location, we had 5 bishops in the camp?

I would like to know if anyone remembers me. My job was pumping water at Kitchen #1. I was also a Boy Scout and a hockey player. I attended school and did my share of stealing from the Japanese compound, particularly books from one of their mansions.

. 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.

I, too, have been remembering the "snacks" bought from street vendors. Does anyone remember the wonderful designs of "poured" melted sugar and flavour onto a metal surface. As I remember, it seemed to take just a short time before the wonderful crunchy beautiful design became hard, and was ready to eat. I am sure that if we now bought and ate any of the "snacks" we would become quite sick. In China, we had cast iron stomachs, that helped us not get ill both in Weih sien and on the outside. I still love the wonderful smells of the foods being cooked and displayed in the China towns of the U.S.

On one occasion my little sister Julie, age three, walked out the main gate at Weih sien 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.

I remember Weih sien with nostalgia. That was the gift the grown ups gave us. They thought us to make games out of hardship. They preserved our childhoods. I hope all of you have read Langdon Gilkey's SHANTUNG COMPOUND, Harper and Row, 1966, still in print after almost 40 years.

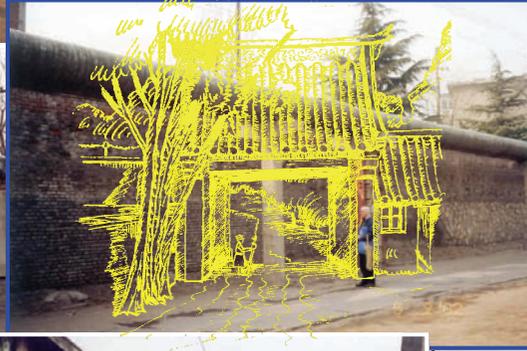
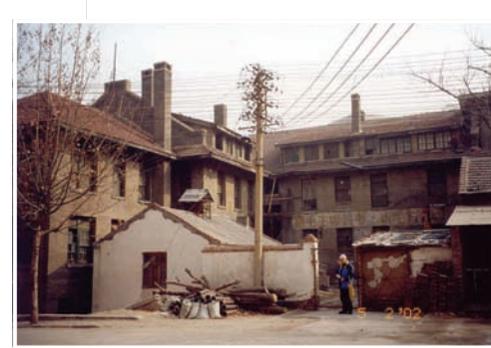
I remember Tom and I would "sneak" up on them, knock off their caps and run as fast as we could to get away. They would chase us and laugh about the whole thing.

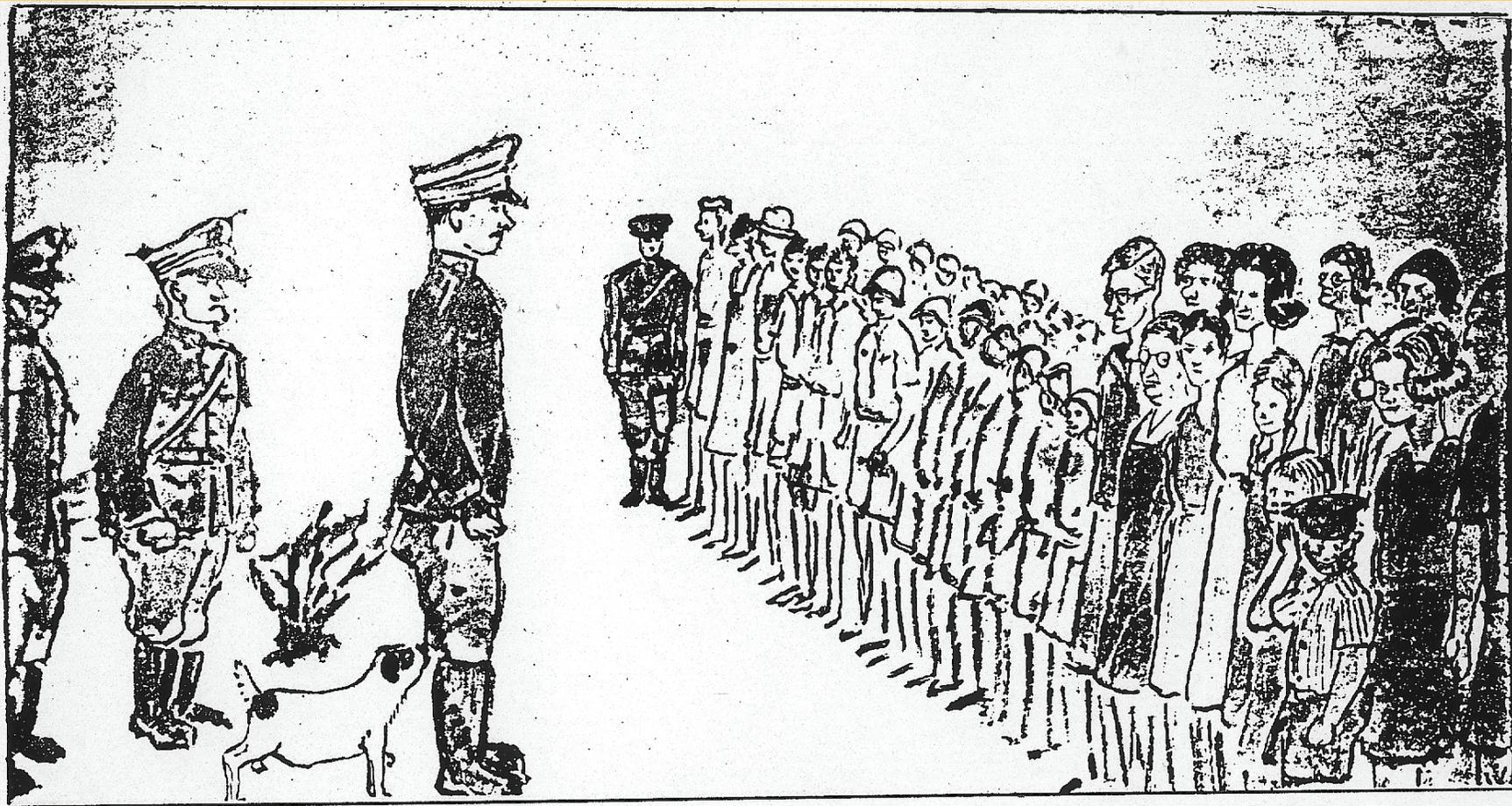
I remember, .... this is the route we took from our Lower School Dormitory (LSD) to dine at Kitchen Number One . This

is where Mrs. Bazire's concert or lecture announcements were posted -- or -- HORRORS! -- do you remember the notices posted when we were to get inoculations? I get goose bumps remembering.

I'm not that old that I can't remember how it was for us, who had the 'privilege' of being INTERNED by the Japanese.

My childhood memories of all of this (I was seven years old) are happy and adventurous.





I remember --- roll calls. Standing in pairs, we Chefoo children always numbered off in Japanese --- ichi, nee, san, shee, guo, rogo, shichi, hatchi, koo, joo. Waiting for the Japanese guards to come to count us. Sometimes we played leap frog. Sometimes practiced semaphore and Morse Code for our Brownie and Girl Guide badges. I remember that awful evening when Brian Thompson touched the electric wire during roll call -- a grown up beating the wire with a deck chair to dislodge Brian's hand clutching the wire. Brian died.

\*

I remember another occasion, we sneaked to that tree. We had to creep along the ground so as not to be seen. We loved staying hidden in the branches -- until the Japanese commandant came along with a book to read and sat under the tree. Of course we had to stay put. However, after about 30 or 40 minutes, we knew we were in trouble because afternoon roll call was approaching. We dropped from the branches. With hardly a glance from the commandant, we dashed away as fast as we could. He must have had a benign disposition, because no one pursued us.

\*

Who can remember all the delightful diversions we used to fill the long waits at roll call time in Weihsien?

\*

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

\*

I remember that I saw Brian Thomas catch an electric wire during the daily roll call. He died electrocuted.

\*

I REMEMBER PRACTICING THE SEMAPHORE AT ANY TIME OF DAY...ANOTHER MEMORY WHEN YOU MENTIONED THE LITTLE STOVES WAS THE STOVES WE HAD IN OUR BUILDING .....I REMEMBER THAT WE WOULD SIT ON THE STOVE TO KEEP IT WARM AND WOULD HAVE A GOOD LAUGH. I AM NOT SURE THAT WE HAD A SONG ABOUT THAT OR NOT. WE DID MAKE UP SILLY SONGS ALOT. I DO NOT REMEMBER THE DIVERSIONS THAT WE HAD DURING ROLL CALL...MY MIND IS BLANK WHEN IT COMES TO THAT

\*

I remember rushing out of the church to the roll call ground/ baseball field and being delighted to see those leaflets which were then followed by the seven men with their brightly coloured parachutes.

\*

I remember ringing the hand bell from time to time to wake the camp for morning roll call. I remember the roll calls..ichi, ni san, chi, etc.

\*

Langdon Gilkey's response to seeing Gertrude Wilder's paintings was amazement that she found so much beauty in a place that he remembers as cramped, crowded, dusty and dirty. Of course, that's what artists do. Many people have spoken of the constant hunger due to inadequate food, the heat and discomfort of standing in the sun for constant roll-calls, bedbugs, etc.

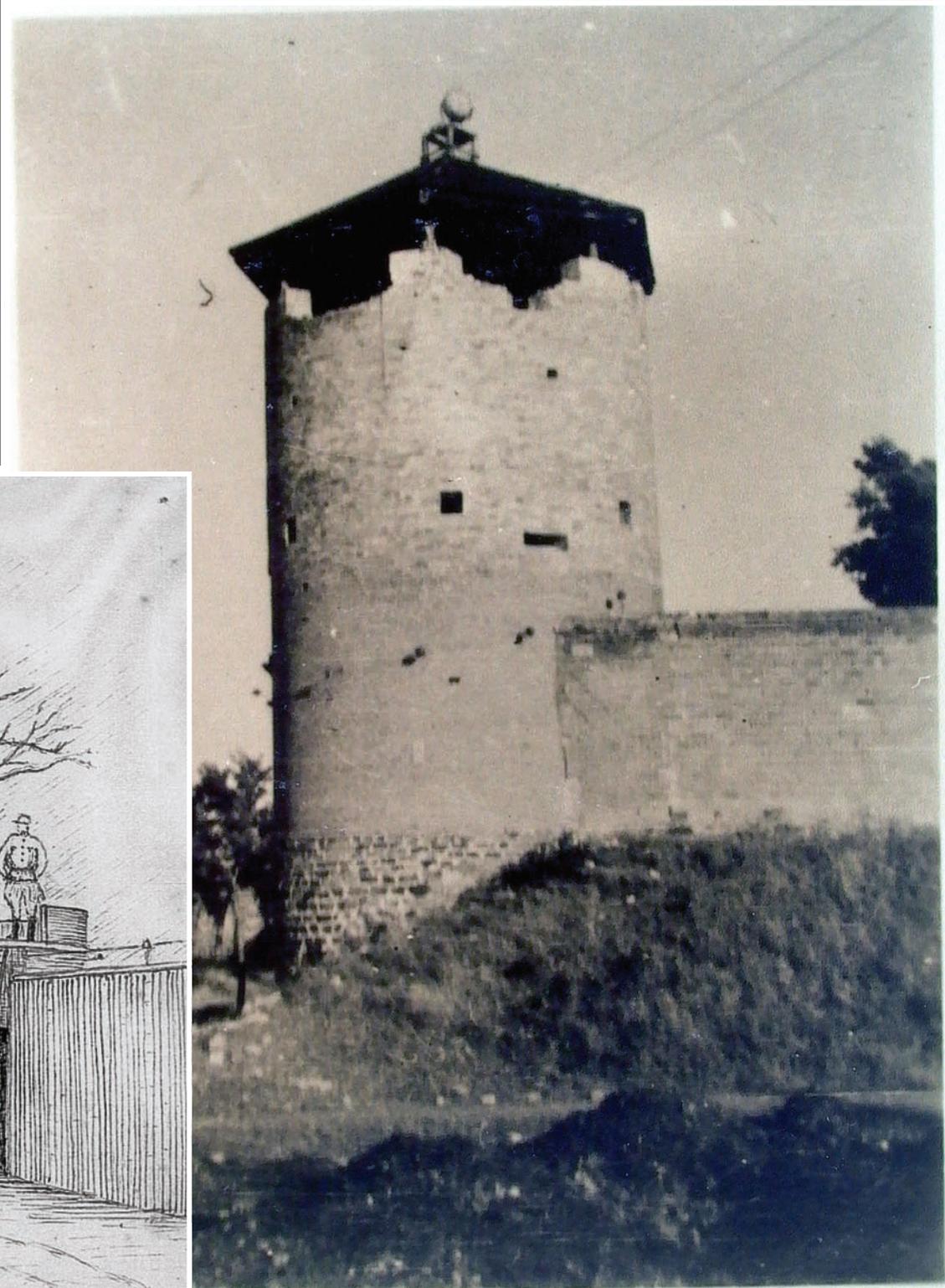
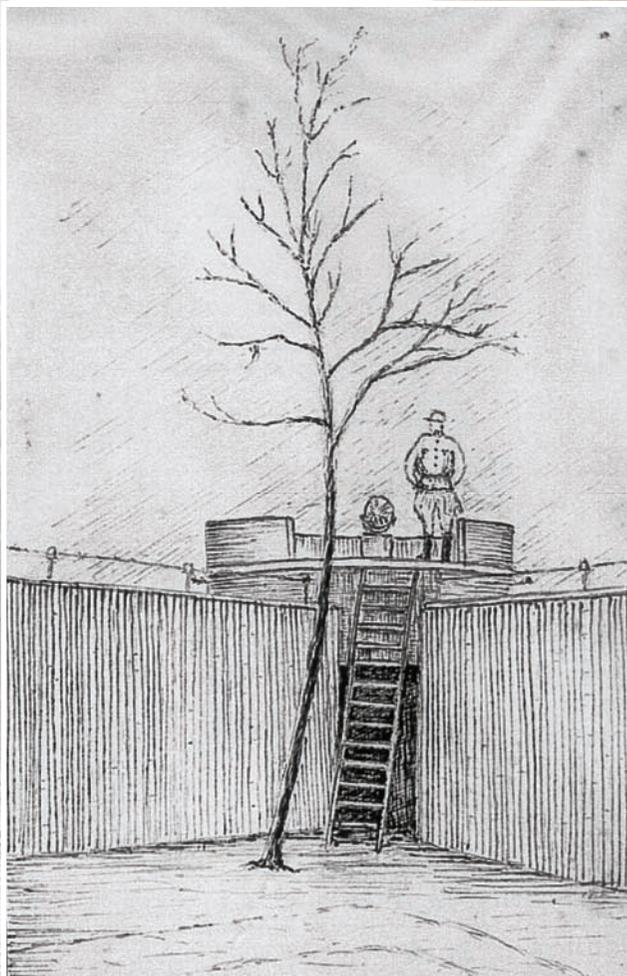
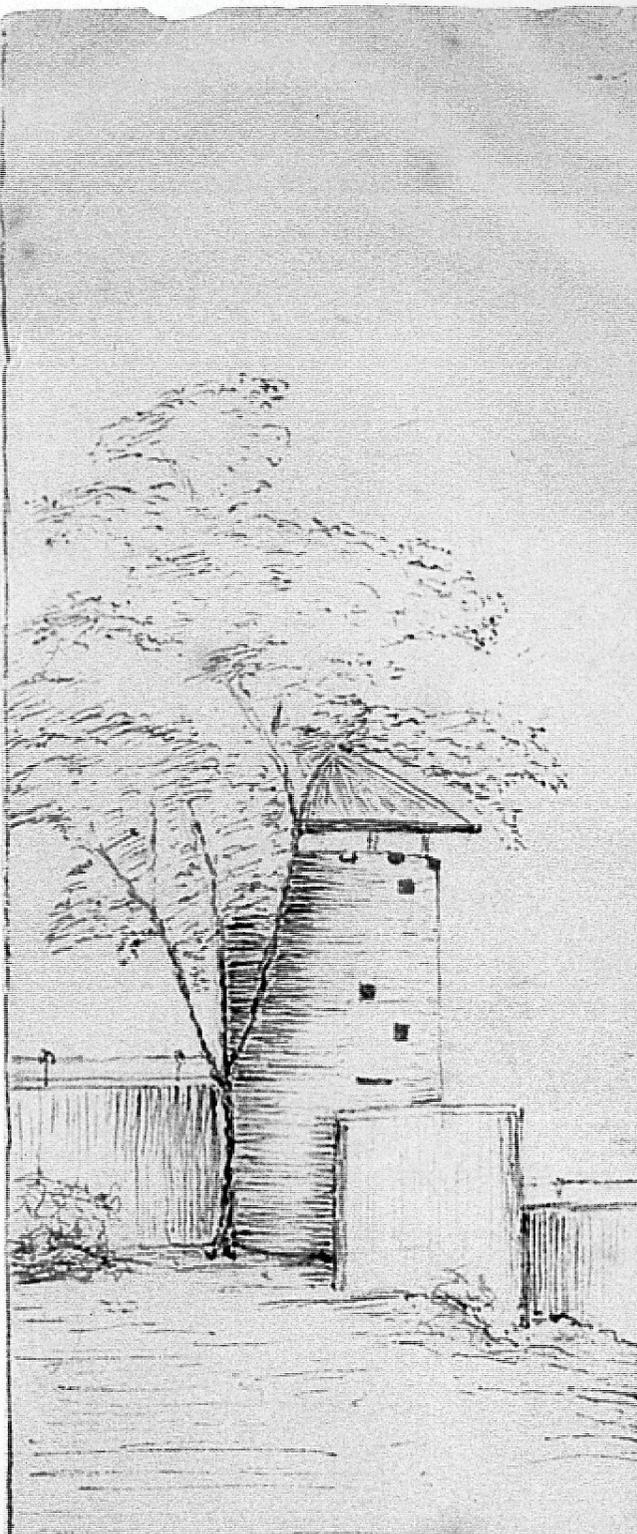
\*

I remember that once I begged for, and got, a precious piece of white chalk from the Japanese guards' blackboard. Next time I was aggressively shooed away. No third time.

\*

I remember the park very well but never stayed long, --- it was too close to the Japanese side of the camp.

\*





I remember that when I went through my "begging" stage, I begged sugar from the Catholic Fathers. They were very kind and patient. I most remember a very ancient Father, he sat in the sun, small and withered, all wrinkles and smiles, with a black Chinese cap on his head and with a long, very long and pointed white beard. He looked at me in wonder. I was very sorry when almost all the Fathers left.

\*

I remember that one night I was watching out for the Japanese guards while CB was stealing a whole bag of sugar from the Japanese storehouse. We smuggled the sugar in small bags to the families for the children.

\*

I remember that I went with Father Palmers, on the early dark winter mornings to switch on the current without anybody's permission. The Japanese finally caught Father Palmers red-handed. He was punished for that.

\*

I remember that during a whole winter I had to chop wood from very hard roots to provide wood for burning in the hospital's kitchen.

\*

I remember that I watched Langdon Gilkey play tennis.

\*

I remember --- summer evenings when the men played softball -Tientsin Tigers, Peking Panthers, and the Priests Padres. The only woman allowed to play was Mary Scott --- but only as a substitute when a man dropped out from exhaustion.

\*

I remember that it was here that I lived (block 56) with 5 other Samist fathers and other priests. We were berthed on the ground floor. Other young bachelors also lived here from the summer of 1943 to October 1945. I still remember Tipton and Porter.

\*

I remember --- on September 10, my sisters and brother -- Kathleen, Mary, John -- and I left through The Gate to be flown to a U. S. air base in Xian for a reunion with our parents the next day -- September 11, 1945. We had not seen our parents for 5 1/2 years.

\*

I remember one day when two of us sneaked into the Japanese quarters to climb trees. It was such a thrill to climb a tree. We hadn't done it in a long, long time. But this tree had a bull tied to it. We'd been up in the tree for a while and the bull seemed docile, so we took turns sitting on it. That bull died a few days later.

\*



6. The hospital gate - closed  
and barb wired.

Wilder

I remember that on the night of their escape, I waited for Tipton and Hummel --- We were, however, very anxious to avoid any mishaps, and had previously arranged with them for a recuperation procedure if ever they missed the "contact" at the scheduled location. That is why, between 6 and 7 in the morning, the following day, I had to be waiting for them near the boundary limits not very far away from our bloc n°56 at a place, behind the wall that was invisible from the watch towers. I hid myself just behind the morgue ready with a thick strong rope. If ever I heard the cry of the owl, I had to thrust the rope over the wall to help them back into the compound. ""

\*

I remember two of us were catapulting pigeons on the roof of the church. A Japanese guard shouted at us and gave chase. I ran between two blocks where four people were outside playing cards. I don't know how, but they knew I was being chased. They pulled me down under their table and between their legs. For about five minutes I was surrounded by four pairs of shins. When it was all clear, I crawled out and slunk away.

\*

I remember when Chefusian Alvin Desterhaft was to be repatriated, he gave his trumpet to me. I taught myself to play it and then joined the Salvation Army Band. We practiced once a week and played marches and hymn tunes a couple of times a week. On a bitterly cold day in February, my lips were chapped and I couldn't wear gloves because the trumpet valves are to close to play with gloves on. The Salvation Army Band gathered outside the hospital window to play for Eric Liddell -- Finlandia -- "Be still my soul, the Lord is on thy side." I think Eric died the next day. I have that trumpet still.

\*

I remember that it was behind this part of the wall that I waited for Tipton and Hummel's probable return --- should their escape had gone wrong. Fortunately, they succeeded and I put the ladder and rope away before the Japanese guards saw anything.

\*

I remember that I watched the children queue for their ration of eggshells.

\*

I remember that it was in June 1943, that I listened to a De Scheut Father play the accordion while others were singing.

\*



Crape Myrtle  
Wehsien July 19



I remember how we were liberated by a team of seven "angels" composed of 5 Americans, 1 Nisei and a young Chinese who served as an interpreter and who parachute-jumped for the first time on this particular mission.

\*

I remember being quite awed by the strength and range of Jacqueline's soprano voice. It was rumored that she could actually crack a glass tumbler with her high notes.

\*

I don't remember many of the children's names, but I did have Margaret MacMillan, Mickey Paternoster, a Janette, and a Gillian Pryor, and Andrew (Cess Pool) Kelly.

\*

I remember some sort of problems with the distribution of the Red Cross parcels, what was that all about?

\*

I remember that it was on March 29, 1943 --- I was 4 and ½ years old. When we arrived, the people of our convoy were lined up along the walls of the future base-ball field. I remember that we were anxiously waiting for the first roll-call --- just on this spot. There were swings and a jungle-jim on the playground. A few days later the Japanese had them taken away. I then realised: all was not well in this world.

\*



I remember my dad cutting thin slices of spam for us after the laborious opening of the metal box which contained it.

\*

I remember "My" tree, full of catkins that first spring. Sometimes, looking up, there was a flash of golden oriole wings, and looking west, I watched the sun set way beyond the wall. Once, a mushroom grew on it's trunk. Mr Churchill ATE it, Daddy didn't dare!

\*

I remember Block-22, where we lived. Zandy played the accordion on his doorstep next to ours. My best friend was Francis, my age. Mr. Shadick was surrounded by Chinese books. Mr Churchill wrung a chicken's neck, he said he was going to EAT it! Margaret had curly-russet hair ---

\*

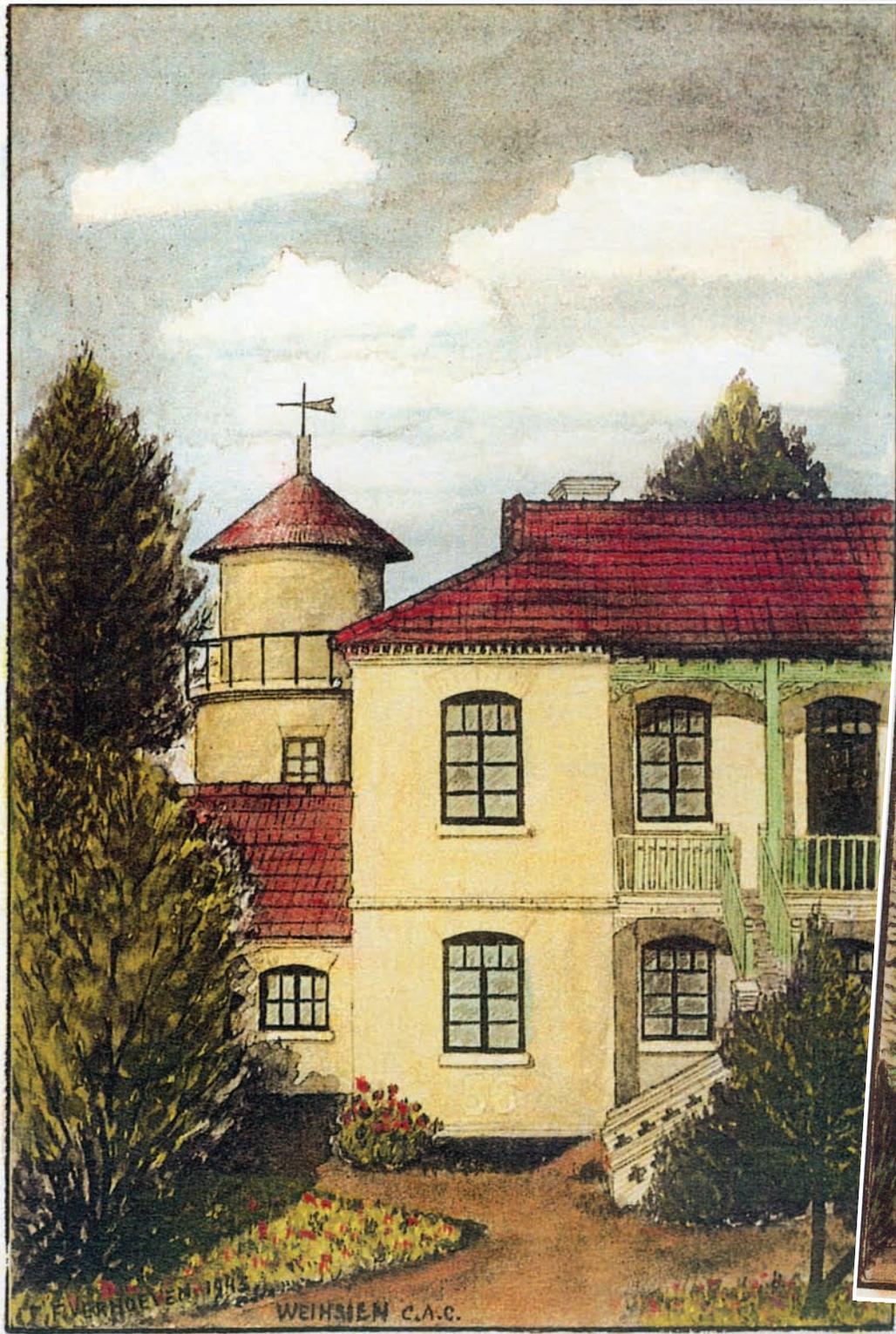
I remember Summer 1943. Hollyhocks. A forest of hollyhocks double my height! A year later there weren't any left.

\*

I remember that in the mornings I sometimes wandered into the bakery, a favourite place with a yummy smell, and if I thought that no one was looking, I could put my finger into the huge vat full of dough and lick my finger clean. (Today, I'm sure the bakers looked the other way!)

\*





I remember Market Square was a permanent playground for marbles, knife throwing, rope-jumping, follow-the-leader, hopscotch = nothing as precious as a heavy flat stone! I don't remember playing with India-rubber balls.

\*

I remember the basket ball field where our kindergarten teachers taught us singing and skipping games.

\*

I remember that one day in my wanderings; I met my Daddy pumping water. He was almost bare, and his skin was very wet.

\*

I remember that the trees in Lover's Lane were full of magpies. I remember being with a bunch of kids running after wild geese flying south, very high in the sky in their autumn "V" formations. We yelled "geese! geese!" frantically only to find ourselves stopped by some silly wall. No way out. Just up, up and AWAY.

\*



I remember my heroine: --- Dolly, a lady who played base-ball with the men! And of course I remember Eric Liddell, on game-days. We little kids trailed him around, the bigger kids had all kinds of races and the men played tug-of-war.

\*

I clearly remember being taken with my family and others by open truck to Tsingtao Railway and then on the floor of carriages without seats but with tatami mats on the floor. On arrival at WeiHsien, as Ron says, on to open trucks to the camp.

\*

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 my half hour shifts pumping water at three pumping stations - sometimes at the bakery, sometimes near the shoe repair shop near the hospital, and sometimes near the ladies' toilets next to Block 36.

\*

I do remember always being hungry. My memories were of "soup of the gods"...hot water, scallions and the odd piece of bread.

\*

I remember when Mama became very fat with my sister-to-be Marylou, she sat down with a big hat to shade her from the summer sun, and chopped vegetables at a table outside Kitchen No.1, with a lot of other ladies.

\*

Many of us will also remember at least one Japanese guard who went out of his way to be kind.

\*

I remember Chefoo Christmas mainly because my parents arranged for my Auntie Jessie (Moore - soon to marry David Bentley-Taylor) to buy me a bicycle. It was, as I remember it, a full size one and I used to ride it with some difficulty around the "quad" in the Prep School. It was quickly commandeered by the Japanese at Christmas 1941.

\*



© William A. Smith — The Hot Water Queue



I remember --- in the room on the first floor where girls in our Lower School Dormitory (LSD) lived. Our Chefoo teachers cooked scrambled eggs for us on a small stove they had built in the center of the room. Before we left the dormitory in the morning, they spooned ground eggshells into our mouths --- pure calcium, the doctors said. But it tasted like gravel. We would try to blow and cough it off our tongues.

\*

I remember --- each of us 13 girls in the hospital's Lower School Dormitory (LSD) scrubbed her patch of floor each day. I remember playing two songs on a hand crank gramophone --- Roamin in the Gloamin Harry Lauder and Go to Sleep My Dusky Baby.

\*

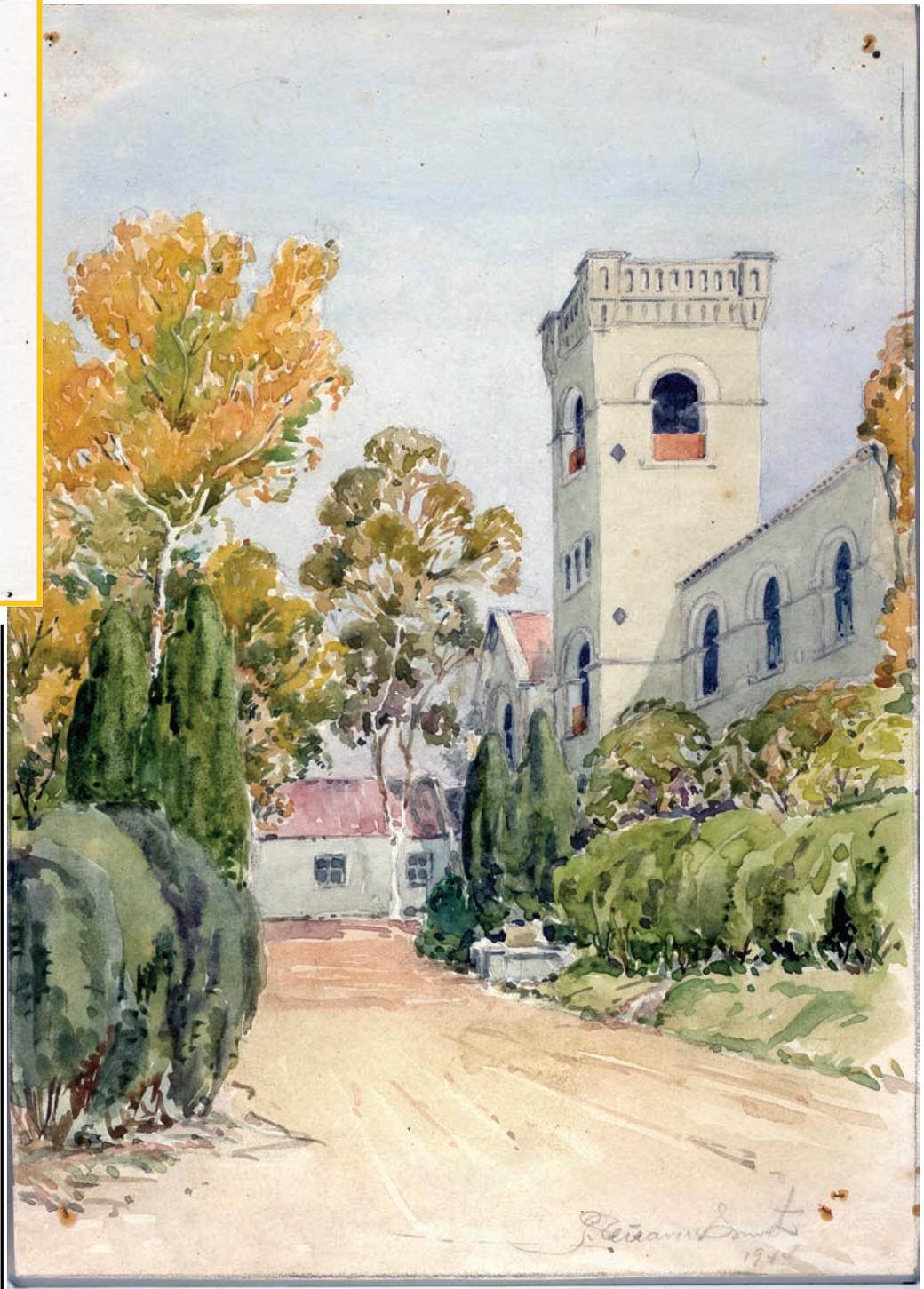
I remember --- when we Chefoo girls made a game of carrying coal buckets from the Japanese quarters --- girl, bucket, girl, bucket, girl --- we hauled the coal dust from the Japanese quarters back to the dormitory in the hospital, chanting all the way, many hands make light work.

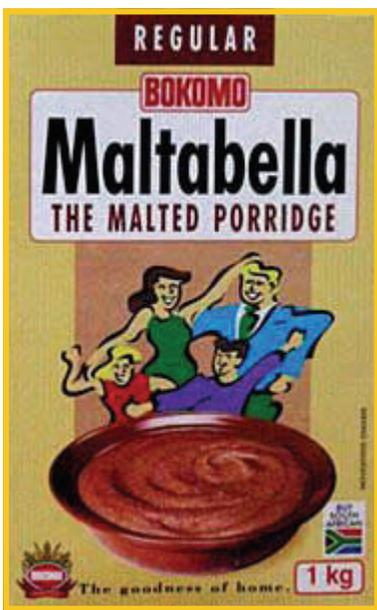
Then, in the biting cold, with frost cracked fingers, we shaped coal balls out of coal dust and clay. Grown-ups swapped coal ball recipes. Winter sunshine baked the coal balls dry enough for burning.

\*

I remember --- the Battle of the Bedbugs every Saturday in the summer. With knife or thumb nails we children squished bedbugs or bedbug eggs in every crack and cranny of the steamer trunks we slept on and in every seam of our poogai and pillows.

\*





*Remember gao-liang? It grew tall in the fields beyond the barbed wire and those barrier walls. And, yes, we ate it -- boiled animal grain.*

\*

Her package arrived in New Jersey from England by Royal Mail. Inside the insulated wrapping, a yellow cardboard box said "Maltabella, The Malted Porridge." The package showed a happy family gazing adoringly at a bowlful of something reddish-brown that looked like -- gao-liang!

Remember gao-liang? It grew tall in the fields beyond the barbed wire and those barrier walls. And, yes, we ate it -- boiled animal grain.

"Maltabella porridge has been a trusted favourite with South

African families for over half a century," said a notice on the newly-arrived package. It also said "tasty breakfast."

It looked like -- gao-liang.

"Maltabella brings home the good rich flavour of malted grain sorghum..." the package said.

I knew it! Gao-liang!

Bless my soul! Cooking instructions told me how to cook it the convenient way -- by microwave. No one made gao-liang by microwave in Weih sien. Remember the giant metal guos heated over coal dust fires? And no one served it with milk and sugar -- the way I served myself today. But it flooded me with memories.

I remember marching with young girls from the Chefoo Lower School Dormitory into Kitchen Number One carrying my spoon and my white, chipped enamel bowl.

I was one of the lucky ones. Lots of folks ate out of empty tin cans with the lid fashioned into a handle. I had a bowl. At the breakfast serving line, someone would ladle me a scoop of gao-liang gruel -- sometimes cooked smooth, sometimes cooked un-ground and rough.

I didn't like gao-liang. But I liked hunger less. So while our Chefoo teachers were watching someone else at those wooden tables, I'd let a classmate spoon her gao-liang into my white enamel bowl. And I'd eat it -- just as I ate the green lu dou bean gruel -- which I hated even more.

At a very proper reception last month at our Weih sien celebration, I found myself sitting on a couch, side by side with the mayor of Weifang in a roomful of government dignitaries all dressed in very proper suits and ties.

What do you talk about in a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity like that -- one American woman in a roomful of important Chinese leaders?

I said thank you, of course, for their exquisite generosity that had brought a whole group of us from around the world to Weifang as their guests. I talked of my wonder at the tiny, country town called Weih sien 60 years ago -- turned now into a thriving, beautifully-landscaped metropolis called Weifang.

I talked about Chinese students competing successfully in American universities with the

best-of-our-best. I talked of Chinese friends eating Thanksgiving dinner turkey at our house in New Jersey for more than twenty years and our eating a Chinese New Year's feast at their house every year.

And I talked about -- gao-liang.

I put my hand on the sleeve of the Mayor. "Do people in Weifang still eat gao-liang?" I asked him. I had switched too quickly from the sublime to the ridiculous. He needed the translator to repeat my question.

I laughed as I told them the story of how watery gao-liang gruel helped keep us alive in Weih sien.

Do we eat gao-liang today? Well, not gao-liang like that, the Mayor replied. Today, people of Weifang eat gao-liang -- as dessert!

A few minutes later, I was ushered into our reunion's opening banquet.

Amidst all of the elegance of the tables and the exquisite bounty -- course after course of this sumptuous Chinese

feast, I saw on a plate by each of our wine glasses an unfamiliar, cupcake-shaped, reddish-brown -- uh -- lump.

"Gao-liang," my host said.

For my pleasure and to satisfy a childhood memory, they had rushed out and bought gao-liang -- the 2005 version. I felt overwhelmed with wonder -- as I did throughout our visit. What unexpected thoughtfulness!

And, my! How gao-liang has changed! In pure delight, I walked it around from table to table of former internees. It was my evening's "show-and-tell."

Try as I might to like that delicacy on the elegant China plate at that opening-night banquet just a month ago, and try as I might to like the steaming Maltabella porridge in my breakfast bowl today, my memories of long ago get in the way. Every bite is seasoned with memories of crowded wooden benches and wooden tables in Kitchen Number One and hungry children struggling to stomach -- gao-liang gruel. #

\*



I remember Henrietta de Jongh:

In the seventies she wasn't married, she was very close to her brother Frans who wasn't married either at that time, she had a job in psychology and social work, (thanks to Weihsien experiences I suppose).

I very much loved the de Jongh family in Weihsien, Frans was my age, and I too have splendid memories, above all of Mrs. de Jongh who kept her family together with such art and grace, and FED them all every noon and evening, God knows how she did it, and what she fed them but they had to be present, they all said grace, and relished what they ate! My first pangs of jealousy were felt at just those precise moments!!!

Mr de Jongh was a stamp collector, I suppose he had to leave all behind, so in camp he collected cigarette boxes and match boxes and put their cardboard pictures in homemade albums, I remember them being all so beautifully arranged!

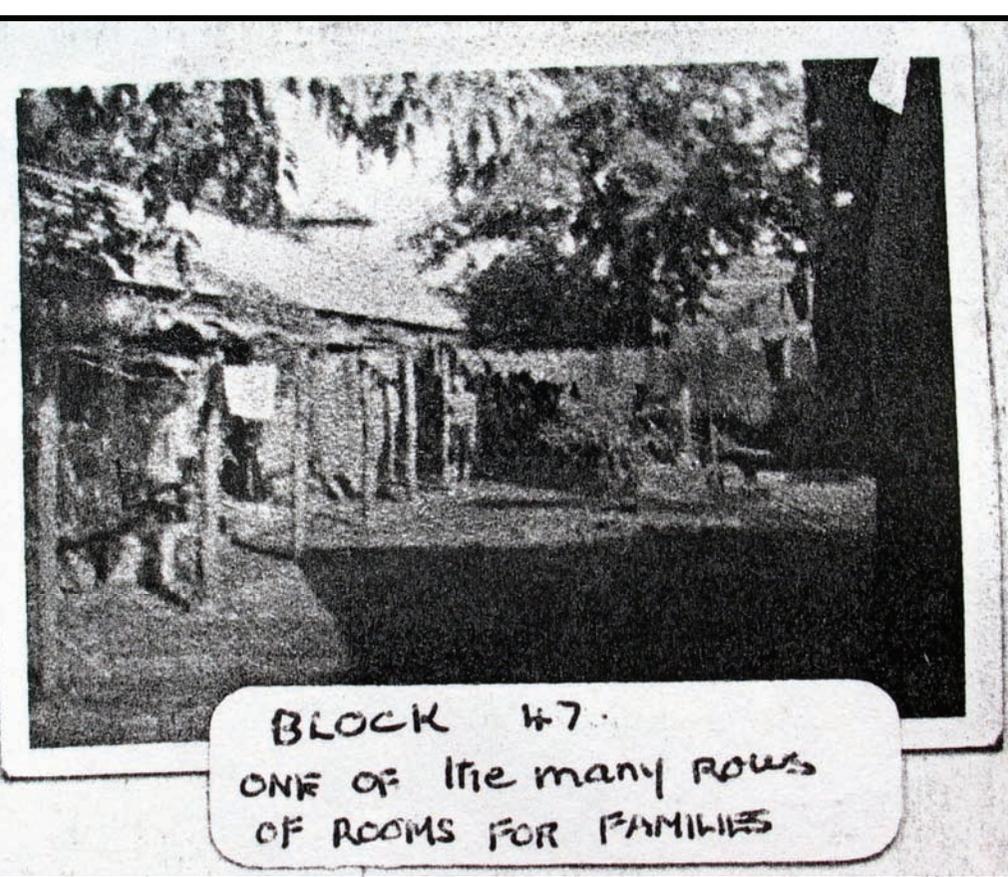
Mrs de Jongh and Mummy had bought plenty of soap to camp, and Daddy had a whole bottle of precious glycerine

(for our throat-sores, mixed with a drop of iodine) so we spent an afternoon making soap bubbles, glycerine to make the bubbles last, I don't remember how we made the pipes, (paper?) but I very well remember the frothy bowl into which we plunged our pipes, then blew ever so softly to get the bubbles going, growing, glowing, ah all those colours! till they were gently set free and up they went... well the sky was blue, the air very warm so they floated higher still than the acacia trees, we couldn't even see them burst so high up they were, I remember thinking they're so beautiful they don't even have to go over the Wall!

\*

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 my Dad acting in Androcles and the Lion. And Fr. de Jaeger (was it?) being the lions roar.

\*

Gosh the bed bugs. I remember being sent to get the boiling water, carrying it and spilling it all over...yes! Then getting myself painted blue with Gentian Violet.

\*

I remember Androcles and the Lion, my dad was the christian who was willing to do anything to avoid being killed by the lion. I was so upset. Either getting ready for my first communion, or just had it.

\*

I remember my dad with the swarming of bees in the hospital.

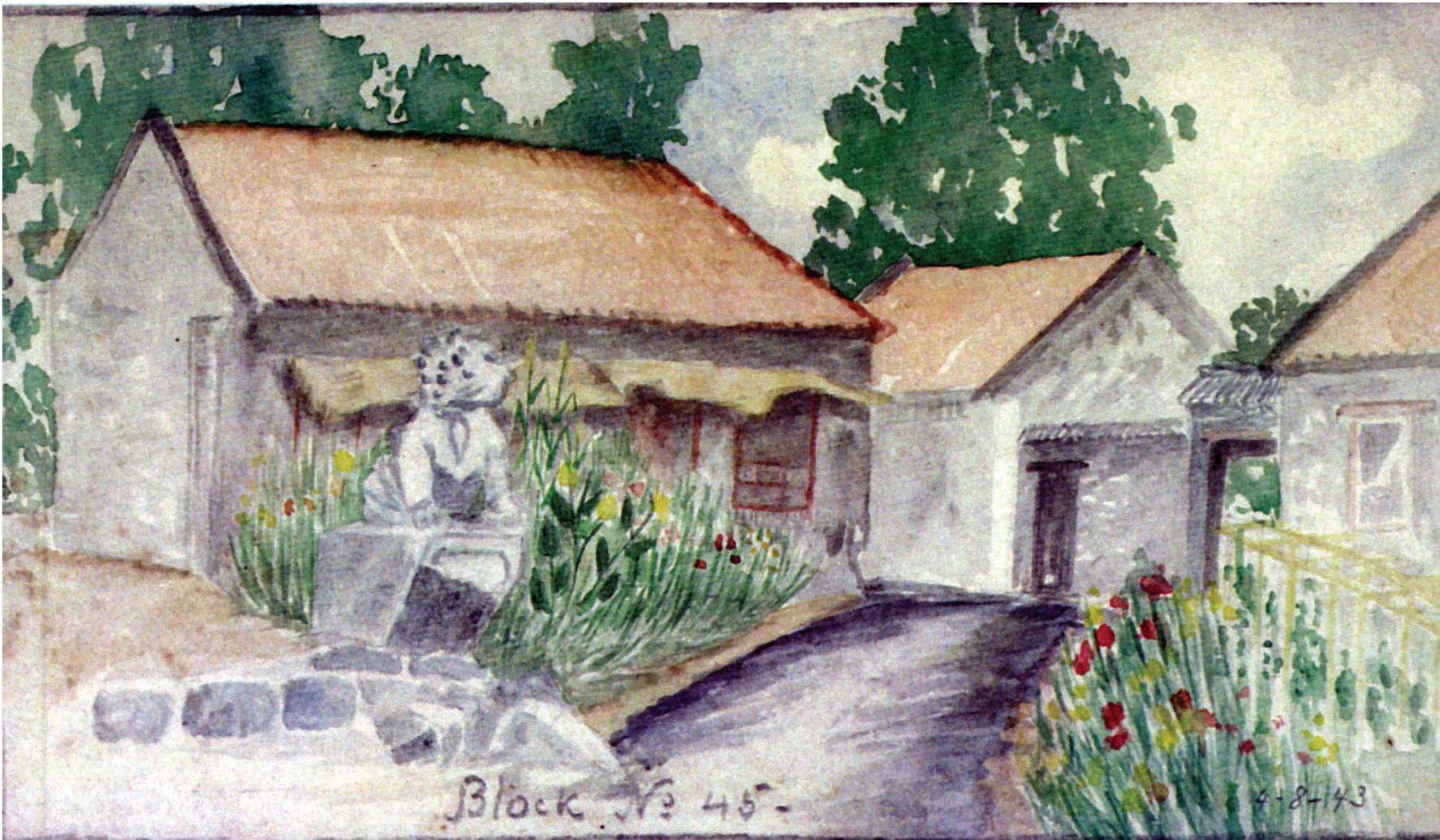
\*

I remember walking on the corrugated tin roofs of the Japanese compound with (Leo? Leon?) older than I, and our feet were burning on the heat and we caught two fledgling pigeons for food. he cooked them and I brought half back to my family. I cannot remember who he was except that he was (Russian?).

\*

I remember, Sister Eustella(?) was that her name? She played softball, was an American, and was a nun.

\*



Carol Orlich, Peter Orlich's widow, phoned me today from New York -- bubbling with delight at the printouts of these memories about Pete that I've been mailing to her. She said that Pete wasn't supposed to be parachuting because he wore glasses. But he wanted to be on the rescue team. So when he lined up to be tested with other volunteers, he slipped his glasses into his pocket and listened carefully to the men in front of him reading the letters from the eye chart. He memorized the letters so he could pass the eye exam. On his first practice parachute drop, his glasses flew over his forehead and he couldn't see. So for the drop into Weihsien, he taped his glasses to his head.

I remember the counting. Three times a day, a.m. I also remember meeting with Japanese later on in 1973 who asked me how come I could use chopsticks so well. When I told them I was in China and had been in a Concentration camp, none would admit to being in the military. Ah well we did business anyway.

\*

I remember stealing coal from the Japanese compound with my late brother Mickey. We had our pockets full of coal and were walking just outside and he threw an Acacia tree seed pod up into the air. Wouldn't you know it, it hit a guard and he came around the trees and took Mickey into the guard house. I ran like a scalded cat...with my coal. My Dad had to go and get Mickey and apologise for him. It took all afternoon.

\*

I also remember going in the Japanese compound in summer walking on the corrugated tin roofs with bare feet and it was so hot. I was with someone whose name now escapes me. An older boy and we were after pigeons to eat. He caught one and we cooked it later.

\*

I remember being hungry.

\*

I remember the horror of eating powdered egg shells and how they didn't get wet in your mouth.

\*

I remember the B29s flying over and the crates and drums falling from the bombays and the 'chutes never opening. I remember when the 7 jumped from the B24 and we ran out of the gates.

\*

\*



I remember my Dad, Frank dancing a pas de deux with Betty Lambert. I remember my Mom, Ruby, playing soft ball complete with chatter.

\*

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?

\*

I remember the Japanese withholding food and leaving it exposed to the elements until became rotten and then releasing it to us.

\*

I remember 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 Joyce and I together raised a little ball of yellow fuzz to a full grown pigeon by chewing up bread and allowing it to put its beak and sometimes even its whole head into our mouth to feed. We named it "Peter" and painted the name on the underside of its outspread wing. Peter was very tame-too tame in fact- and would come when called by anybody and finished up, we believe, as someone's meal!

\*



© Father Louis Schmidt

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 CAN REMEMBER PRACTICING THE SEMAPHORE. I ALSO REMEMBER THE TINY STOVES.....I REMEMBER THAT WE LAUGHED ABOUT SITTING ON THE STOVE TO KEEP THE STOVE WARM.....

\*

I was in our compound when I heard the Liberator and I clearly remember reading the name on it which was "Armoured Angel" which indeed it was.

\*

I well remember Mr McLaren and his little notices on the Camp's bulletin boards; although I did not know the man personally.

\*

Another thing I remember about our liberation is from my father who told me he saw Tad Nagaki walk up to the Japanese guard at the main gate, slap him on the shoulder and say, "Now what do you think of your Nagasaki?" The guard did not reply. I do not know whether the guard had heard of Nagasaki at that time. I know I had not heard of Hiroshima either. I now know that there was a hidden radio receiver in the altar of the church which begs the question "Did anyone in the camp know before the Liberator came that the war had ended and that an atomic bomb had been dropped?"

\*

I still have trouble remembering how we celebrated Christmas in camp.

\*

Does anyone remember the Christmas pudding the cooks in Kitchen Number One made? They must have hoarded the sugar. After our steady and dwindling diet of boiled lu-doh and gaoliang, the pudding almost made me sick. Much too rich. I kept it on a shelf in the dormitory until it gathered dust.

\*

I am sure most of you will remember Langdon in WeiHsien as a lovely man, always friendly and helpful.

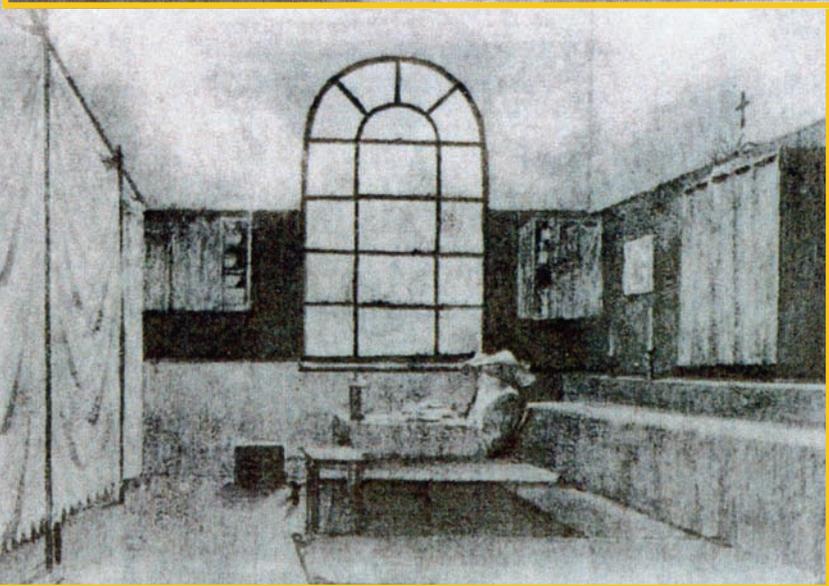
\*

I remember a lot about Temple Hill, but cannot remember celebrating Christmas there. And when I came to try and remember Christmas's in Weihsien, my mind is a blank.

\*

I remember that one of those courageous Cesspool coolies paid for his valor with his life. He was shot! What about his poor widow and children? The enemy may have made life difficult for them!

\*





I remember --- I hated the dogs. You could play with the Japanese guards, but never their dogs. The dogs were trained to kill. I wondered, how did a guard get to be friends with a killer dog? I remember the screaming terror of the night the Alsatian dog killed Miss Broomhall's kitten, Victoria Snowball. Tucked under my mosquito net, I heard a terrified, yowling, shriek rip the stillness, clashing with a guttural barking muffled by the tiny ball of fur between those bloody teeth. I buried my head in terror and stuffed the pillow around my ears. They cleaned the mess by morning --- perhaps our teachers, perhaps our brothers. Miss Broomhall, always sensible and very proper, walked a little slower after that. In all my days in Wehsien, that is the only time I remember being afraid.

\*

I remember Kitty telling about what a problem it was feeding her baby on the train leaving Wehsien to go on the Gripsholm. I suppose the baby was you!

\*

I don't remember any other animals in the compound, except on one occasion when a rabid dog came in the gate and ran wildly around the place.

\*

I do not remember any teacher putting their arm around me or showing any kind of physical affection to me.

\*

I remember --- we girls ground peanuts into peanut butter, using a hand-crank grinder. Marjorie Harrison ground the tip of her finger into the grinder. Our teacher bought the peanuts with Comfort money.

\*

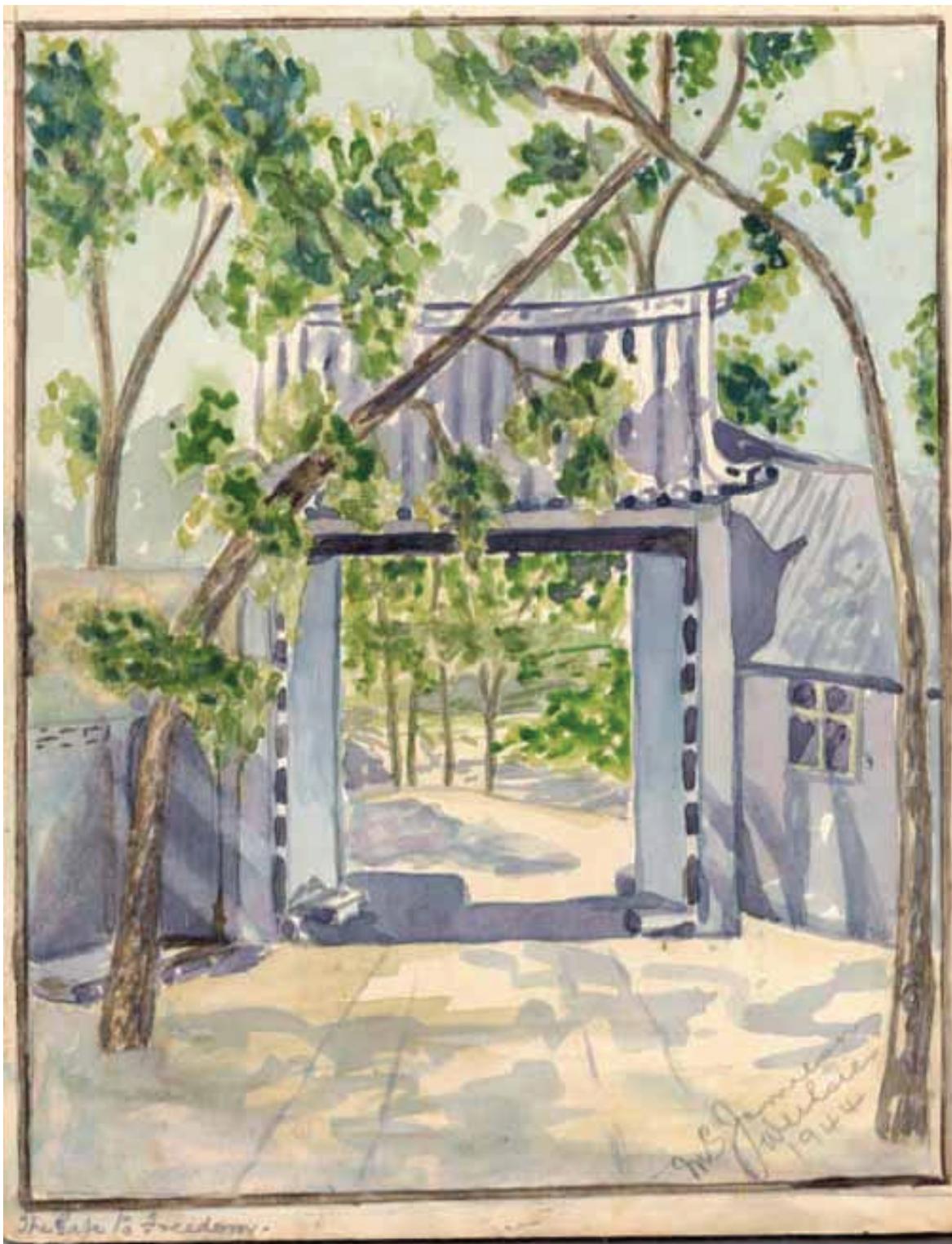
I remember the hole that we slept in ....we kept the lights on because of all the bugs.....I remember feeling very crowded....

I also remember the roll call on deck each day.....

\*

She remembered once being fed horse meat and later told it came from a horse that had died of illness. 'She said they closed their eyes and ate what they were given.

\*



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!

\*

I remember 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 DO REMEMBER THE GAME PRISONER'S BASE. ALSO THE GAME SEVENS WITH THE BALL....

\*

I remember some nicknames, "Muscles" Brandon who I believe is immortalized in a muscular statue somewhere around the World.

\*

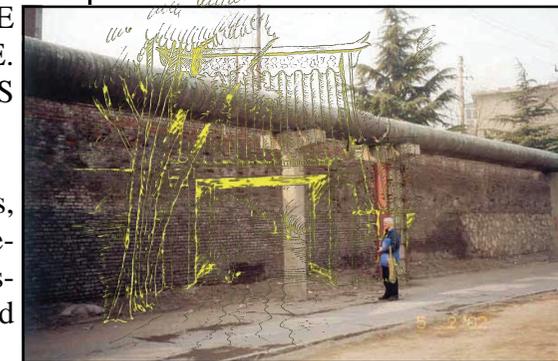
I remember that I was in the care of two female teachers from the Chefoo School, a boarding school for missionaries' children, and I don't remember having any great emotions of grief at the parting. This is just the way life was. That's how I faced the next five years.

\*

**The US Flying Tigers** will be remembered forever for their valuable help to China, and their valiant and heroic deeds.

\*

I remember when we were visiting the camp in 1986 I had difficulty finding some places because there seemed to be many more buildings than originally and as the newer buildings were built in the same style it was difficult to orientate myself. Is it possible to indicate the camp's dimensions? We did find the church and hospital of course but the present (1986) main gate was quite close to the hospital. I think the original main gate had disappeared.



THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM  
(with annotations to the original photo for the above title)



8. In the hospital yard

Trudger

I remember --- boys and girls of the Chefoo Schools singing Christmas carols in one of the bedrooms upstairs.

\*

I remember --- the frequent S. O. S. sign on the menu board. Our teachers told us S. O. S. meant Same Old Stew.

\*

I remember --- Nazarene missionary Mary Scott teaching us girls how to play softball. In my book, Mary Scott ranks high on my list of those I call the Weihsien spirit team.

\*

I remember --- writing our letters to Daddy and Mummy --- 100 words printed in block capitals to make reading easy for the Japanese censor. Few of those letters reached home until after we arrived home.

\*

I still remember those trails of bedbug bites across my arm or chest or leg.

\*

I remember --- our two-girl teams of stokers lighting the fire in our little stove that warmed our Chefoo Schools' Lower School Dormitory. Marjorie Harrison and I won the daily rivalry of who stoked the fire to turn the sides of our stove red hot most often. With coal dust and coal balls for fuel, this didn't happen often.

\*

I remember --- we girls would throw our ball over the wall on purpose then signal desperately to the Japanese guard in the tower that we HAD to get over the wall to find the ball. (Balls were VERY scarce.) The guard would hoist us up and drop us over the wall for delicious moments of freedom while we searched for the ball. Someone tattled. When our Chefoo teachers found out, they stopped our ball-over-the-wall escapades.

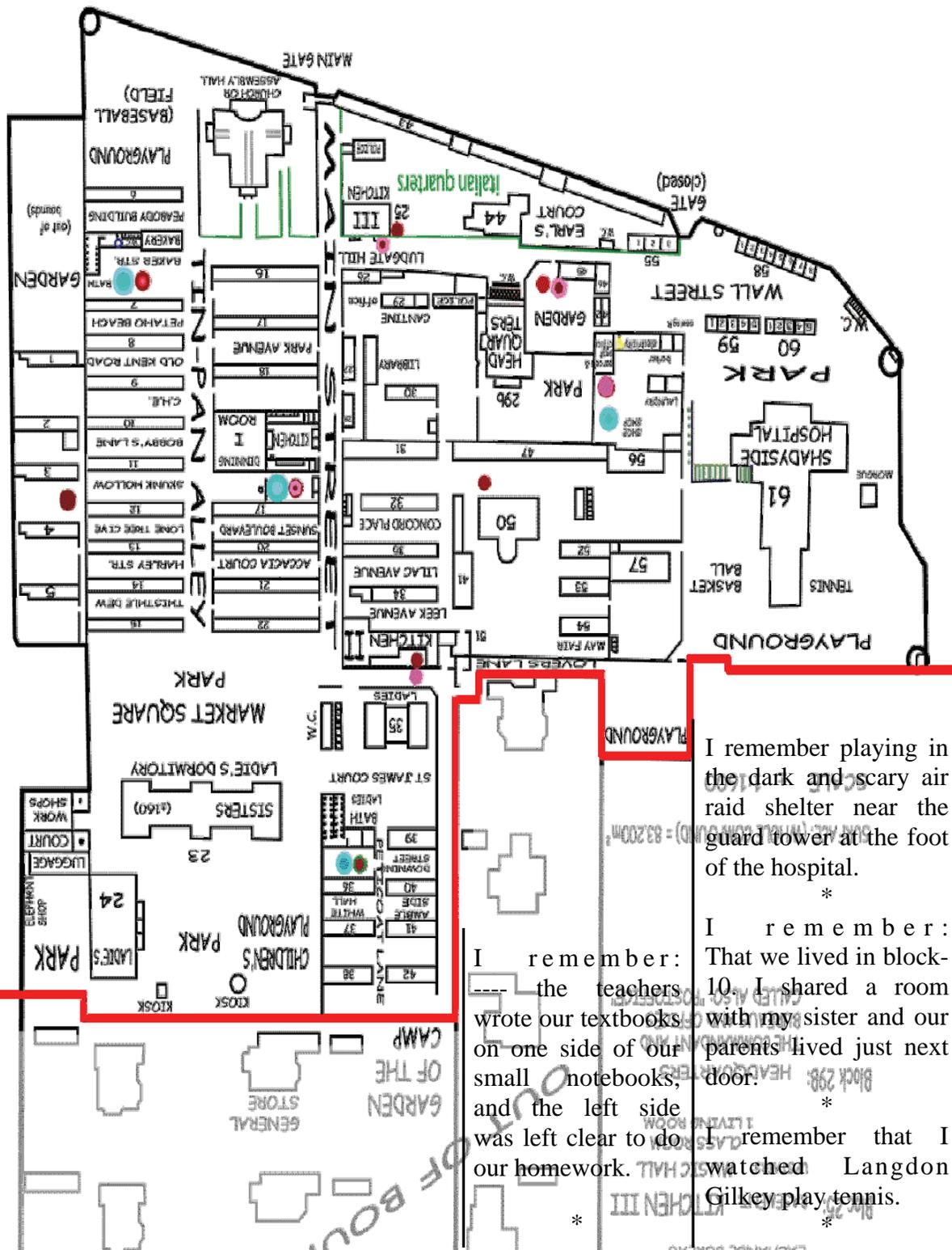
\*

I remember our Chefoo teachers lining us up for inspection every day: Were we clean? Were we neat? Did we have our mending done? On weekdays, our teachers scheduled us for "session" -- a time for mending holes in our socks or clothes. Where did they get the thread to mend our clothes? For sure, even in internment camp, our patches were always proud. No Chefoo student was allowed to look like a ragamuffin.

\*

I remember --- the Chefoo Schools arrived in Weihsien on my eleventh birthday, 1943.

\*



I remember :  
 ---- standing arounding #1 kitchen, when Father Scanlan got out of solitary confinement for black marketing. We all sang For He's A Jolly Good Fellow. He had been let out after a couple of days (instead of two weeks) because he sang outloud every morning when he woke up EARLY, and he was right under the guards house.

I remember :  
 ---- sitting in the church for class. We would line up in a pew, smartest at the left, and Miss Rudd would be facing us in the pew ahead. She would quizz us on the lesson, if the one answering missed, they would go to the bottom of the line and the rest would move up - we loved it. Especially, if Wies de Jongh or, I think Eddie Cooke, failed to answer correctly. They were the smartest, when they went to the bottom of the line, we had a chance. Never took them very long to get back up!!!!

I remember that I was a cook here. I started at the bottom rung of the ladder to become "chef". That lasted for 6 months in 1944.

I remember the "Swat the flies" campaign. Wasn't the first prize a rat's skull with curved fangs.

I remember :  
 ---- the American Salvation Army band playing God Bless America while they brought the 1st paratroopers into camp on the men's shoulders. The British thought they were playing God Save the King.

I remember :  
 ---- Eric Liddell (of Chariots of Fire fame) teaching us basketball on the same basketball field. He was an amazing, patient man. He turned us into good, competitive sportsmen - and women.

I remember :  
 ---- standing on the basketball field outside a window, while people worked on one of the CIM boys who had jumped up and grabbed a hanging wire. They tried for hours, but never brought him back. A sad day.

I remember :  
 sitting on the outside wall at the baseball field, the second time paratroopers dropped. We had put up parachutes as a backstop for the homeplate. All of a sudden, canisters started to drop where we were sitting, because they thought that was the place to aim the parachutes. Luckily, someone figured it out before anyone was hurt and rushed to tear the parachutes down.

I remember playing in the dark and scary air raid shelter near the guard tower at the foot of the hospital.

I remember :  
 ---- the teachers 10. I shared a room with my sister and our parents lived just next door.

I remember :  
 ---- the teachers wrote our textbooks, on one side of our small notebooks, and the left side was left clear to do our homework. I remember that I watched Langdon Gilkey play tennis.



I remember that a couple of times a nanny goat found its way into our Block 2 from the Japanese quarters. We attempted to milk it without success-someone else had beaten us to it!

\*

I remember the 3 Grandon brothers-"Muscles"(Aubrey), "Suicide"(Joe) and "Oxford"(Bobby). "Muscles" I've heard used to pose on a beach in Florida and tell people he was a Native American.

\*

I remember 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 can also remember being in the Cubs, then graduating to the Scouts in the Eagle Patrol, of which I was the flag bearer, because my mother made the flag- a red eagles head on a white background!

\*



I still remember the horror when our senior Chefoo classmate was accidentally electrocuted as we waited for roll call on the basketball court.

\*

I remember that I enjoyed playing soccer, softball, tennis-quoits, running, and participating in Boy Scouts.

\*

I remember that I was standing on Main Street on a warm summer afternoon when I heard Aliosha falling down from a big tree. He killed himself.

\*

I remember that I was on watch on Tin Pan Alley near Kitchen No 1. It was on a late evening in June 1944 when Hummel and Tipton escaped from the Weihsien Concentration Camp.

\*

I remember, --- some of us Chefoo boys became "Camp Rangers" responsible for cleaning the grounds. That job gave us the added "privilege" each day of carrying our stretcher box loaded with leaves and trash out through The Gate to dump the refuse on the river bank beyond the barrier wall.

\*



'black market flourished

W. Miller

I remember --- that is was here, behind the closed gate at a particular place behind the wall and relatively out-of-view from the Japanese guards that Father Scanlan made his blackmarket business with the local Chinese. Mostly eggs!

\*

I remember that during our stay in the Weihsien 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.

\*

I remember --- on August 17, 1945, internees poured through The Gate to welcome six American liberators and to carry them in triumph to accept the surrender of the Japanese commanding officer. Three or four of us Chefoo boys sneaked away from that triumphant procession and dashed into Weihsien (village), where we found the Catholic Mission. I'll never forget the welcome we were given. And I'll never forget that when we got back to The Gate, we found ourselves LOCKED OUT!

\*

I remember that is was from the West part of the wall between blocks 1 & 2 that Tipton and Humel disapeard into the night ---

\*

I remember When my grandpa, Herbert Taylor, nearly died of pneumonia, I moved to Block 60 (In de laminose) to care for him.

\*

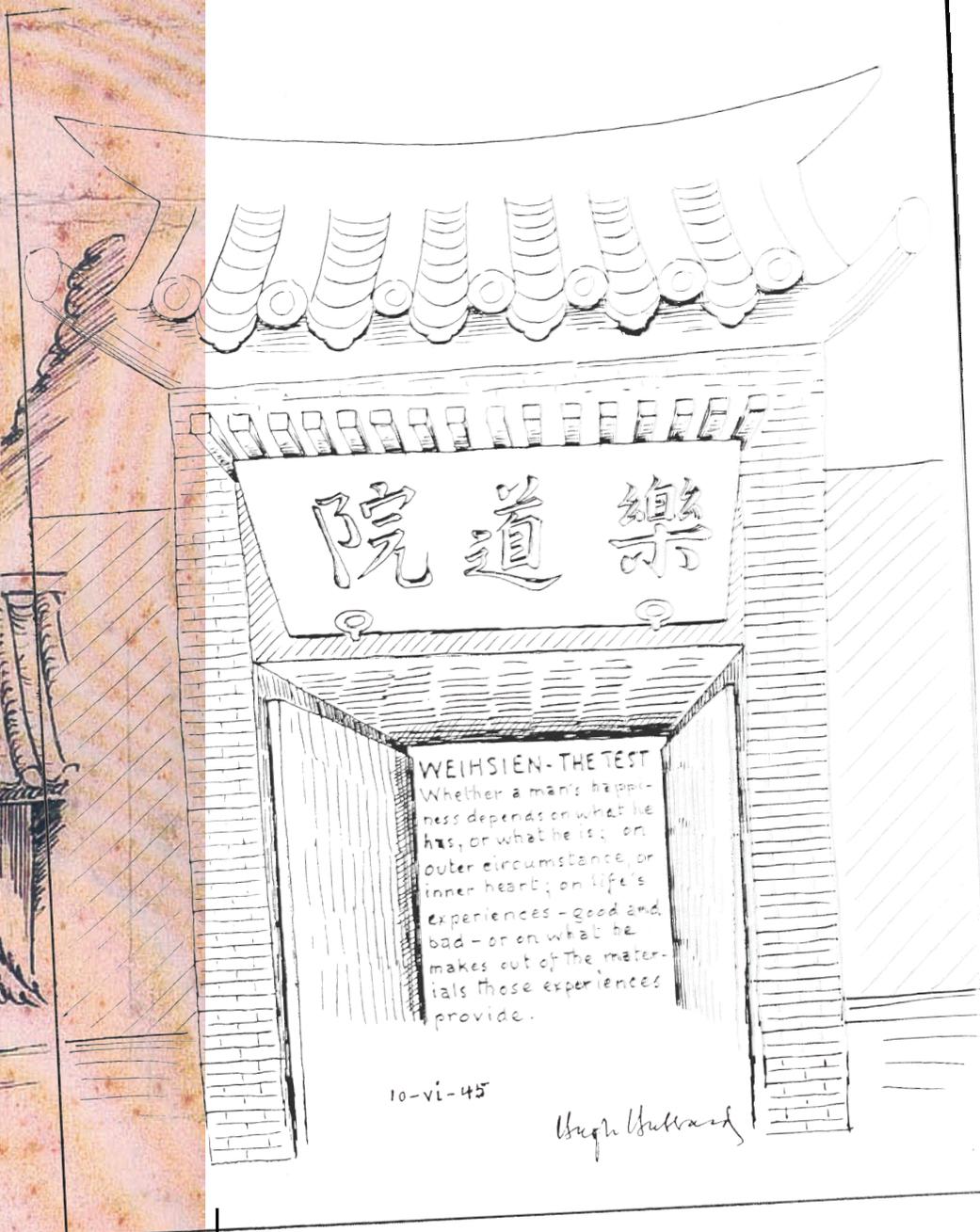
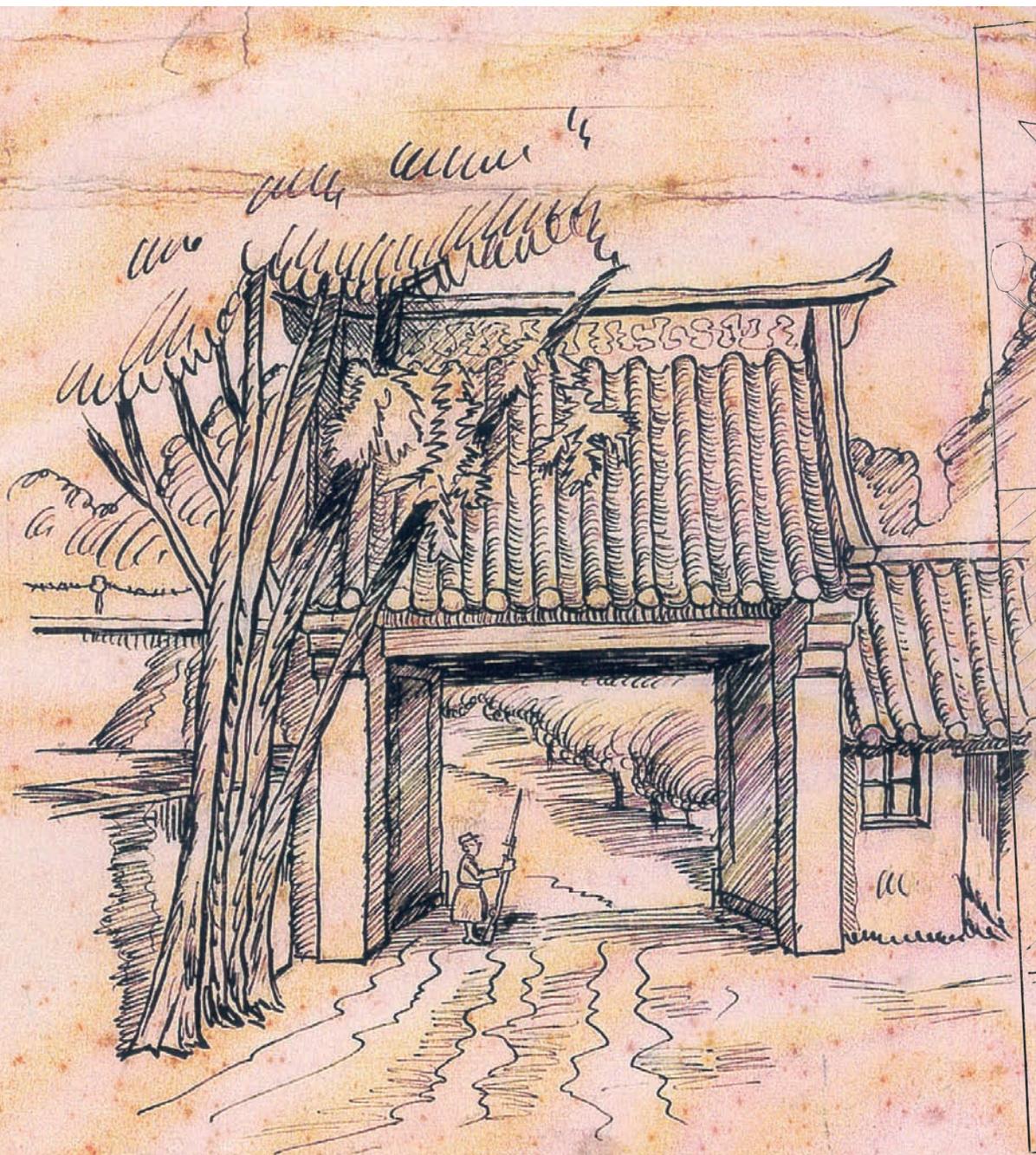
I remember the gaoliang as being full grown on August 17 and giving the parachutists trouble with knowing where the ground was. I carried a machine gun tripod back to camp.

\*



9. Little siferm out of bounds.

W. Miller



THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM

(With acknowledgments to  
Mr. Travers Smith for  
the above title)

to Weihsein Camp

I remember the gate with its three large Chinese characters: Le Dao Yuan - "Campus of The Joyous Way." In September, 1943, our Chefoo contingent stepped off the lorries and poured through that gate to a rousing welcome and into an unknown future.

\*



© Christine Sancton — The Children's playground

I remember that I camped in the children's playground under a tent (found in the attic) with more or less ten boy scouts. I remember that it was in September 1945.

\*

I remember--- I lost my prisoner-number badge on that same basketball court. You could NEVER be caught without your prisoner-number badge. So my sister Kathleen helped me make a fake one. Roll call became a daily terror. Would the Japanese discover my fake badge? Many days later, I picked up a filthy piece of cloth and discovered it was my badge. Imagine my relief!

\*

I remember I was standing with Major Staiger when he saw the misdirected chutes going down. He pulled his pistol and went off toward the village. Later a couple of wagons came back with all the stuff loaded on them. Those chutes were red as I remember.

\*

I remember having my first communion and getting a little lacy paper card and an armlet hand painted.

\*

I remember bed bugs and pouring boiling water on the beds, and getting scalded and being painted blue. Oh the embarrassment in the showers.

\*

I also remember raising a dove in our room. I kept it on a shelf in the corner and it would eat from my mouth. Ended up eating it.

\*

I remember Mrs De Jong, mother of the lovely Henrietta, lol., who also fried cheese sandwiches when the Red Cross parcels came in.

\*



I remember Mrs Howard as being always dressed in black but who made donuts outside her room which was next to ours.

\*

I remember when I was batting that day and the bases were full. I hit one that scored two players.

\*

I remember one of the Japanese used to give me Judo lessons in the guard house near the church. One of the Japanese high ups put a stop to that.

\*

I remember that I watched Langdon Gilkey play tennis.

\*

The Weih sien Dramatic Club  
presents  
A Non-Stop Vaudeville

**RED, WHITE & BLUE**

**PROGRAMME**

INTRODUCTION	Lane Simpson & 2 Georges
PAGE FROM HISTORY	Geoff Gardner
HULA	Angela Lambert
IGNORANCE IS BLISS	Winnie Trovford Thomas
WALTZ	Jacqueline de St. Hubert
SONG	Geoff Gardner
PETTING IN THE PARK IN THREE	Marie Lambert, Geoff Gardner
SHADES OF HAWAII	2 Georges
FRENCH CAN CAN	Angela Lambert
DUOLOGUE	Winnie Trovford Thomas, Geoff Gardner
RHUMBA	Jacqueline de St. Hubert, Geoff Gardner
AMPILED FROM THE FRENCH	Winnie Trovford Thomas, Geoff Gardner
FINALE	Lane Simpson & 2 Georges

NOTE  
ADULTS ONLY  
MINORS UNDER SIXTEEN NOT ADMITTED

© Jacqueline de Saint-Hubert



I remember September 10, the day six of us Chefoo children were flown out of the camp from the air strip beyond the walls -- Raymond Moore, David Allen, and four Taylors -- Kathleen, Jamie, John, and me. We were only the second planeload out. For how many weeks the B-24s and the B-29s had been dropping food and clothing into the camp. It seemed so easy. So onto the plane I carried my own tiny relief and memory package to drop to the girls who for almost three years had been my dorm mates in the Lower School Dormitory. Sorrow of sorrows! When the plane got into the air,

Weih sien shrank to a tiny, unreachable target beneath us and I don't think the airplane windows opened. I curled up and went to sleep on a heap of used parachutes piled on the floor of the plan. When the plane touched down in Sian, the men at the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) base served us ice cream and cake and showed us a Humphrey Bogart movie I think it was "Casablanca." Kathleen and I slept that night in an officer's tent -- unaccompanied by bed-bugs. The next night -- 9/11 -- we were home. We hadn't seen our parents for 5 1/2 years.

\*

I remember when the Japanese discovered that the men housed in the third floor of the hospital were signalling messages to Chinese beyond the wall. They moved the men out and moved us Chefoo boys in. I perched a hollow tree trunk behind a rain gutter on the hospital roof and watched a family of sparrows nesting and raising their young. If I did it right, I could chew up bread from Kitchen Number One and get the fledgling sparrows to eat the mush right out the side of my mouth.

\*



I remember that Block 23 had been a classroom building with a bell tower. I remember in the beginning of our Weih sien days that some of us Chefoo boys were assigned dormitory space on the second floor. Our steamer trunks became our beds and our seats, because that dormitory was also our classroom.

\*



I remember a few days after liberation in 1945, Ronnie Masters and I made our way to a secret airfield -- a small landing strip -- a few miles south of the camp. We'd heard of the strip, and find it we did. On the strip, we saw two or three small Japanese fighter planes with their pilots nearby. I don't know how we had the nerve to climb up

and look in the cockpit, but we did. Ronnie could speak Japanese because he was 1/2 Japanese. He said to me, "Peter, they're talking about shooting us. So move away from the plane. Don't rush, but move on into the woods."

The pilots looked pretty tough and hard-faced. It was a relief to get out of their sight and range.

\*

# 傳單

日軍快護回日本領事和僑民來  
 日本軍是軍規嚴正保護良民  
 官員必要維持公安  
 良民務須安居樂業  
 日僑回到就市面興旺的了  
 各戶掛日本國旗



The Japanese Army is coming soon to protect Japanese civilians living in China. The Japanese Army is an army of strict discipline, protecting good citizens. Civil servants must seek to maintain peace and order. Members of the community must live together peacefully and happily. With the return of Japanese businessmen to China, the businesses will prosper once more. Every house must fly a Japanese flag to welcome the Japanese.

JAPANESE ARMY HEADQUARTERS



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 preempted by some adults.

\*



I remember --- on August 17, 1945, internees poured through The Gate to welcome six American liberators and to carry them in triumph to accept the surrender of the Japanese commanding officer.

I remember hearing that one of the guys had his 45 out as he listened to the noises converging on him and only put it away when a crowd of jubilant kids burst through the kao liang.

\*

\*

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:

I Remember the dizzy euphoria you felt on August 17, 1945, when these angels dropped out of the sky into the fields beyond those barrier walls?

\*

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

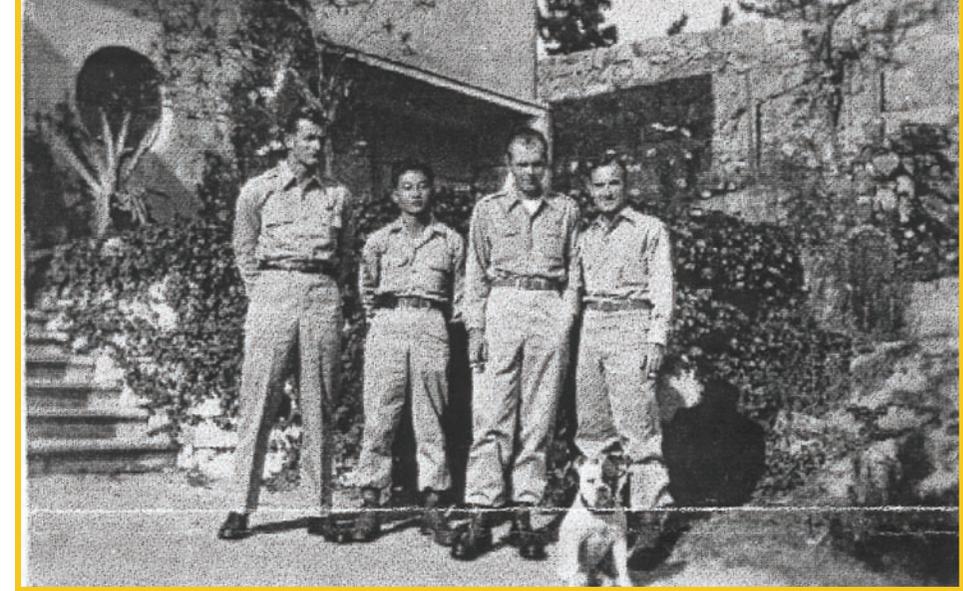
I remember --- on August 17, 1945, internees poured through The Gate to welcome six American liberators and to carry them in triumph to accept the surrender of the Japanese commanding officer.

\*

\*

I remember that August 17 was a windy day.

\*





I remember climbing into the attic of Block 23 to see the pigeon nests or to catch a baby pigeon to make it our pet. One of the prisoners, Hugh Hubbard, nurtured a whole generation of budding ornithologists in Weihsien. Hugh Hubbard was one of my heroes in the camp. I still have my bird watching diary from Weihsien.

\*

I remember Sometimes I was assigned to scrub sheets in the laundry located in the basement of the hospital.

\*

I remember that Main Road was lined by acacia trees. Main Road took us past the church, past rows of tiny internee dorms, past Kitchen Number One to Block 23. High in the trees along Main Road, we scrounged dead branches for firewood. I remember too well the death of Aliosha Marinellis. I was in the branches on one side of Main Road, and Marinellis was in the branches on the other. He was high in a tree, holding on to a branch above him and jumping to break off the dead branch under his feet. I saw the dead branch snap under his feet. I saw the branch he was holding snap. And I saw him crash to the ground. He never regained consciousness. Dr. Howie told us later that a few days before this accident, he had talked to Marinellis about how uncertain life is and how important faith in Christ is.

\*

I remember my parents referring to the camp at Weihsien as being about the size of two football fields.

\*

I remember having trouble walking later on when we were out there under the welded-together barrels parachuting down from the B29s when we were being supplied from Saipan. In that case it was the puncture vine seeds that inflicted terrible pain on our bare feet as we ran to get away from what we supposed was the trajectory of the barrels. Looking up in the air and not at the ground, we would run right into a patch of puncture vine. The pain was awful and we would have to pick the spiky seeds out of our feet and then try to find a way out of the patch without picking up more.

\*

The only color I remember of the chutes was dark green. But that was a long time ago and details like that may be wrong. I remember the B29 chutes being made into landing markers for future runs and that an adjacent village made some of their own and confused the pilots enough that they dumped their loads there, instead of on our markers.

\*

# WEIHSIEN GLEE SINGERS

## 1<sup>ST</sup> CONCERT

ASSEMBLY HALL

FRIDAY/SATURDAY 29/30 OCTOBER 8 P.M.

### PROGRAMME

#### 1. TWO 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY MADRIGALS

- (1) "COME AGAIN, SWEET LOVE"
- (2) "DOWN IN A FLOW'RY VALE"

JOHN DOWLAND  
CONSTANTIUS VESTA

#### 2. TWO PART SONGS FOR MALE VOICES

- (1) "MASSA DEAR"
- (2) "THE GOSLINGS"

ANTONIN DVORAK  
FREDERICK BRIDGE

#### 3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS BY MISS RUTH GREENING

- (1) VARIATIONS IN E FLAT
- (2) NOCTURNE IN G

MENDELSSOHN  
CHOPIN

#### 4. TWO MODERN MADRIGALS FOR FEMALE VOICES

- (1) "SNOW"
- (2) "FLY, SINGING BIRD"

} EDWARD ELGAR

#### 5. TWO GLEES

- (1) "MORNING"
- (2) SONG OF AUTOLYCUS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "WINTER'S TALE"  
"SONG OF THE PEDLAR"

OLEY SPEAKS  
LEE WILLIAMS

VIOLIN OBLIGATO IN NO 4 MBEILEEN AVERY AND DR J.B. ROBINSON

ACCOMPANIST MISS NELMA STRANKS

CONDUCTOR PERCY S. GLEED

## WEEKLY LECTURE

ARRANGED BY THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

## DUTCH PAINTING



ILLUSTRATED ON THE SCREEN

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27 at 2:15 PM in the ASSEMBLY HALL LECTURER: G. G. PINKER

I remember flying from the camp back to Tientsin in C46 or C45. It had steel seats along the fuselage with dimpled seats in it. I think the windows were oval with a little hole cut out in the centre.

All the luggage was strapped down along the centre of the plane so that we could not see the people on the other side. I remember watching the wall of luggage looming overhead when the plane banked. What a thrill for a 10 year old.



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.

\*

I remember the cricket fights. We'd catch male crickets (3 tails-the females had 2) put two of them in a tin or jar and anger them by tickling their tails with a "tickler" made from a paspalum like weed. There were never any casualties, just a lot of aggressive posturing.

\*

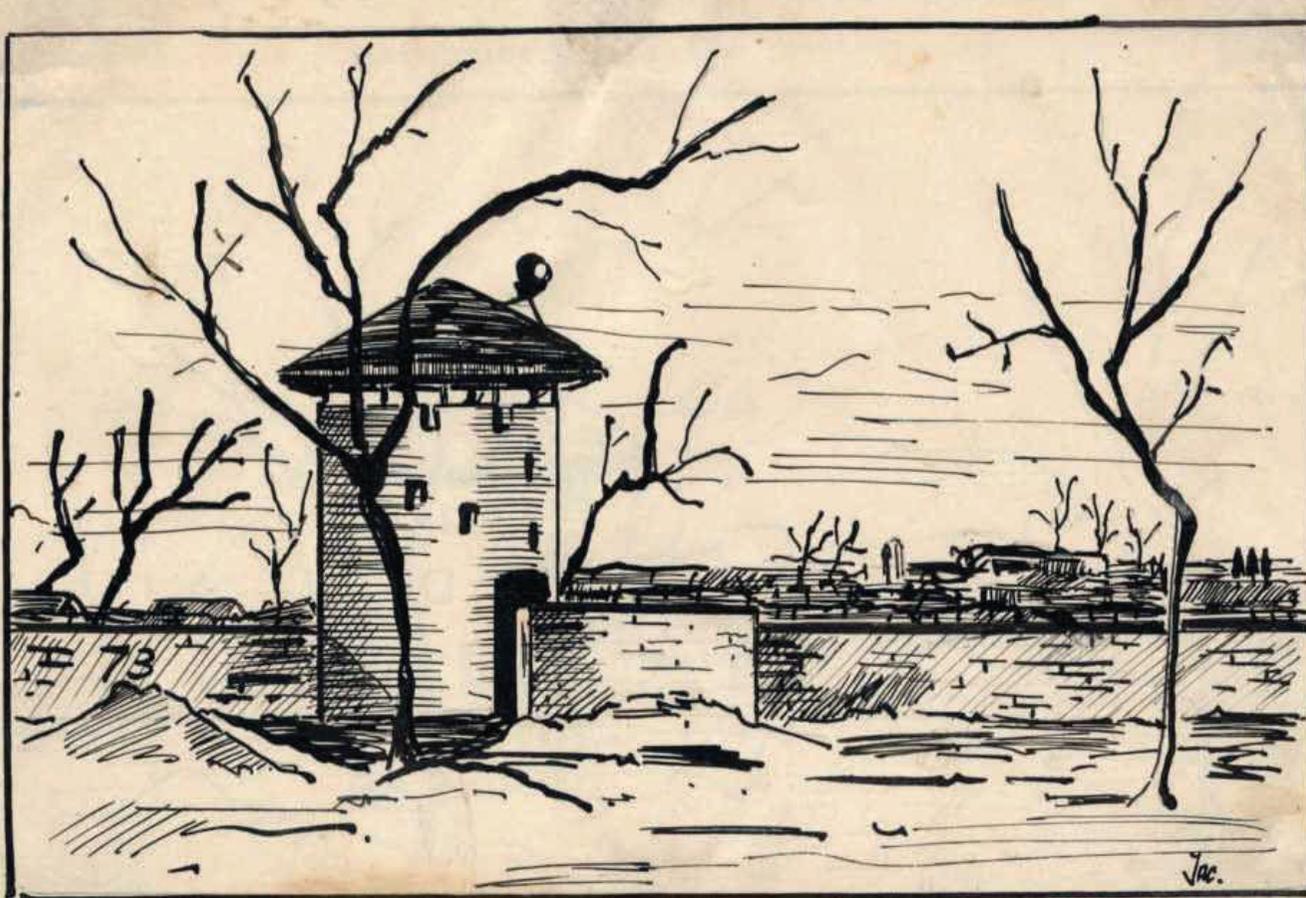
Compared to Dachau, Buchenwald, Auschwitz, and so on, Weihsien was a delightful place. When I have shown people pictures of the Weihsien inmates welcoming our liberators on August 17, 1945, my friends have remarked that it really does not appear as if we were starving.

\*

Yes, I remember Androcles and the Lion. Yes, o, yes! I remember eating powdered egg shells! And, yes, O horrors! I remember the bed bugs. In our dorm, we didn't douse them with boiling water. We attacked them with knives and thumb nails every summer Saturday in what we called the "Battle of the Bedbugs."

\*

\*



© Jacqueline de Saint-Hubert

Gosh the bed bugs. I can remember being sent to get the boiling water, carrying it and spilling it all over...yes! Then getting myself painted blue with Gentian Violet.

\*

I Remember how the Chinese were treated around the camp!

\*

I can't remember the year (was it 1945?), but I do remember that on the 4th of July American Independence Day, part of the right field wall of the ball park collapsed following some heavy rain, then on the 14th, Bastille Day, a further section fell!

\*

I definitely remember the wall crumbling on the fourth of July and, like you, I don't know whether it was 1944 or 1945. I remember we were wading in water half-way up to our knees, and sailing little wooden boats we had carved out of little blocks of wood.

\*

I remember about the time the sentry outside the Main Gate was the victim of a home made tin can grenade thrown by a villager? I believe the perpetrator escaped and the sentry recovered.

\*

I remember lunch - we were allowed whatever we wanted on our bread and you could only have peanut butter, jam or butter only two at a time????

\*

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

\*

I remember the camp guards had side arms only which were German Mauser pistols whose wood holsters could double as rifle butts.

\*

I remember that Sergeant Bushindi was so called because it means "no can do" which was his constant answer to every request.

\*

I remember about the guards in Weih sien 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.

\*

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.

\*

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

\*



© Jacqueline de Saint-Hubert

I remember going "scrounging" for stuff around the camp. We even went into the Japanese quarters because we didn't know we shouldn't.

\*

Yes, I remember where I was. With my best friend, it was her birthday and we were grinding peanuts, making peanut butter! And yes, we ran out to the ball field and then on. Still the most exciting day in my life!!!!

\*

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.

\*

I remember Father Palmer and the older Harle sister from the Chefoo group taking walks around the basketball (ROLL CALL) court near the hospital -- while she practiced French conversation.

\*

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.

\*

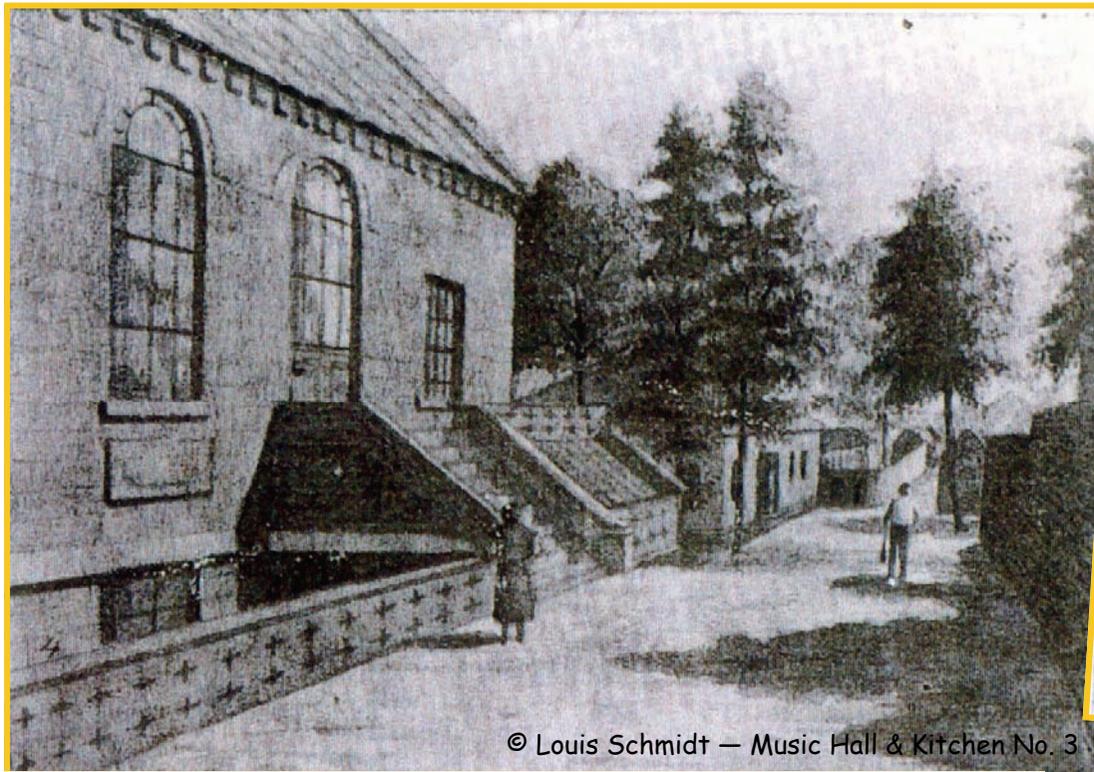
I for one have never described the guards either at Tsingtao or WeiHsien as "Nice and helpful guys" They were our captors from start to finish and acted accordingly. I acknowledge they may not have been as bad as other camps, particularly military prisoners of war camps. However at Tsingtao civilian assembly centre I saw them force a hotel servant to hold a container of very hot water hot water balanced on a chair over his head for an extended period and also saw them torture a Chinese boy, not a prisoner, aged about 8 years by chaining him to a tree and then assailing him with bamboo rods, aiming for the target of orange peel forced into his mouth. His copious tears were a sight I will always remember and ample evidence of his suffering.

At Tsingtao and WeiHsien assembly centre the Japs badly beat up one internee, an Armenian who spoke fluent Japanese. At Tsingtao the Japanese guards demanded to know the whereabouts of his money but despite the beating he refused to tell them. He was returned to his wife 'beaten so badly that he bled from neck to legs'.

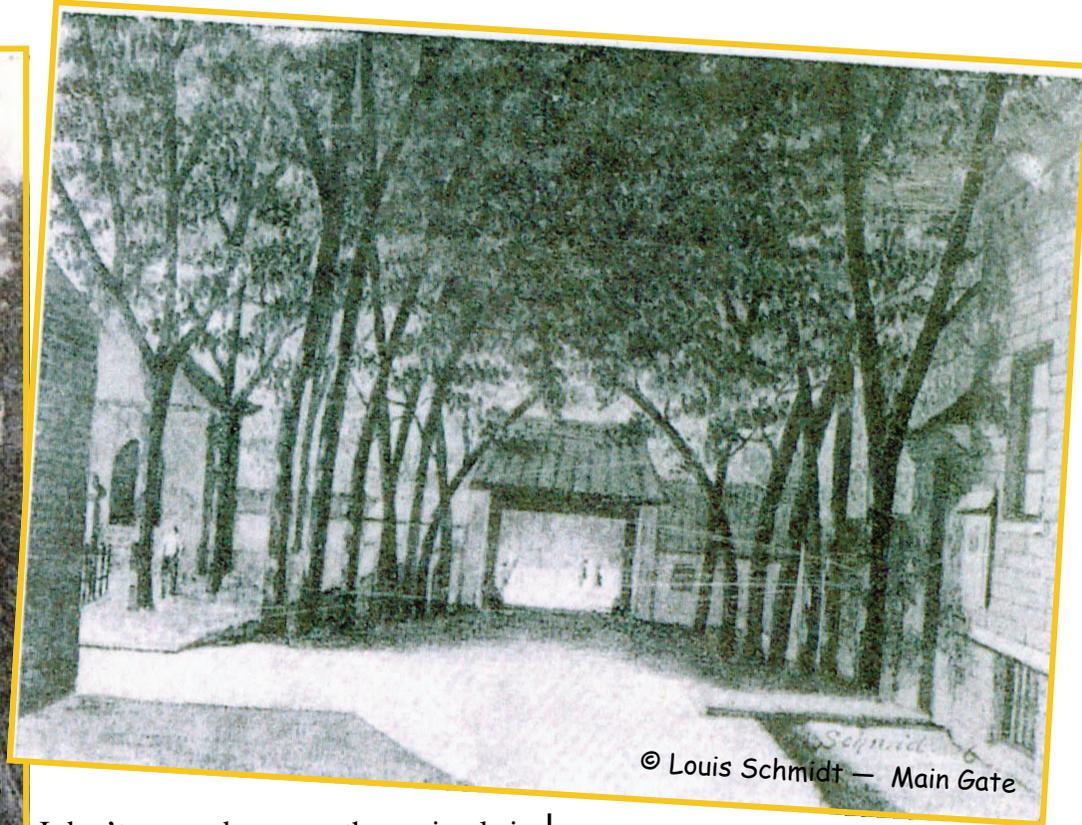
At WeiHsien whilst his wife was actually giving birth to their child ".....the Japanese guards barged right into delivery room and demanded the name of the child to transmit to Tokyo. (He) replied that until the child was actually born he couldn't tell whether it was a boy or a girl.....(he) told them that if it was a boy, he would name him Arthur in honor of General McArthur. This enraged the guards and they beat him in front of my eyes...."

They beat him up three times.

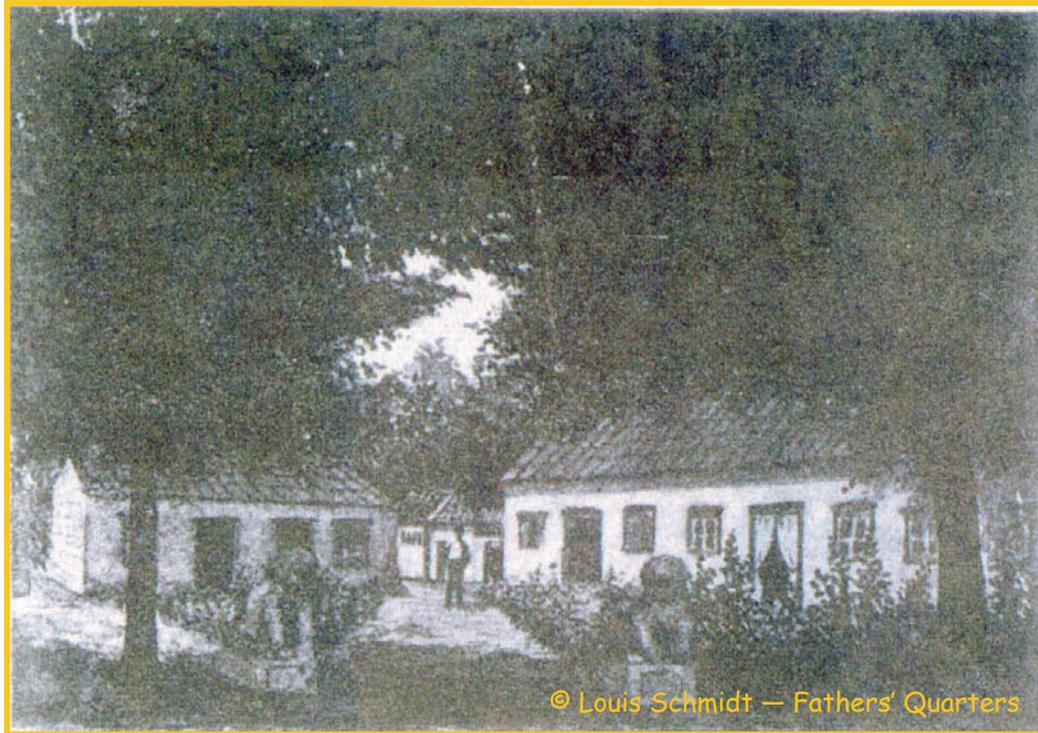
\*



© Louis Schmidt — Music Hall & Kitchen No. 3



© Louis Schmidt — Main Gate



© Louis Schmidt — Fathers' Quarters

I don't remember any other animals in the compound, except on one occasion when a rabid dog came in the gate and ran wildly around the place. There was a fair bit of open space inside the walls, and so it was hard to capture the animal. The Japanese guards threw missiles such as half bricks at it, and at least one of them found its target, making the dog even more demented. I think it eventually found the gate and ran outside into the town. Goodness knows with what awful results.

\*

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.

\*

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.

\*

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 shot!

\*

I remember Sisters Donnatella and Blanda well. Sister Donnatella was very pretty.

\*



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.

\*

I remember you as the one with the falcon chicks.

\*

I remember the snow on the trees as icicles which tingled in the breeze. I also remember it was very cold despite the coal balls. I had no blankets because they were left at home and slept under overcoats and anything else we could find.

\*

I remember the play with Professor Thomas and I too have all the signatures in my autograph book. In fact I sang a duet sitting at a piano with Tisha Metcalf (Gerry Thomas' step-daughter) singing "September In The Rain" and also managed a solo "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me A Bow Wow" (Maybe it is a good thing recorders weren't available in those days).

\*

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.

\*

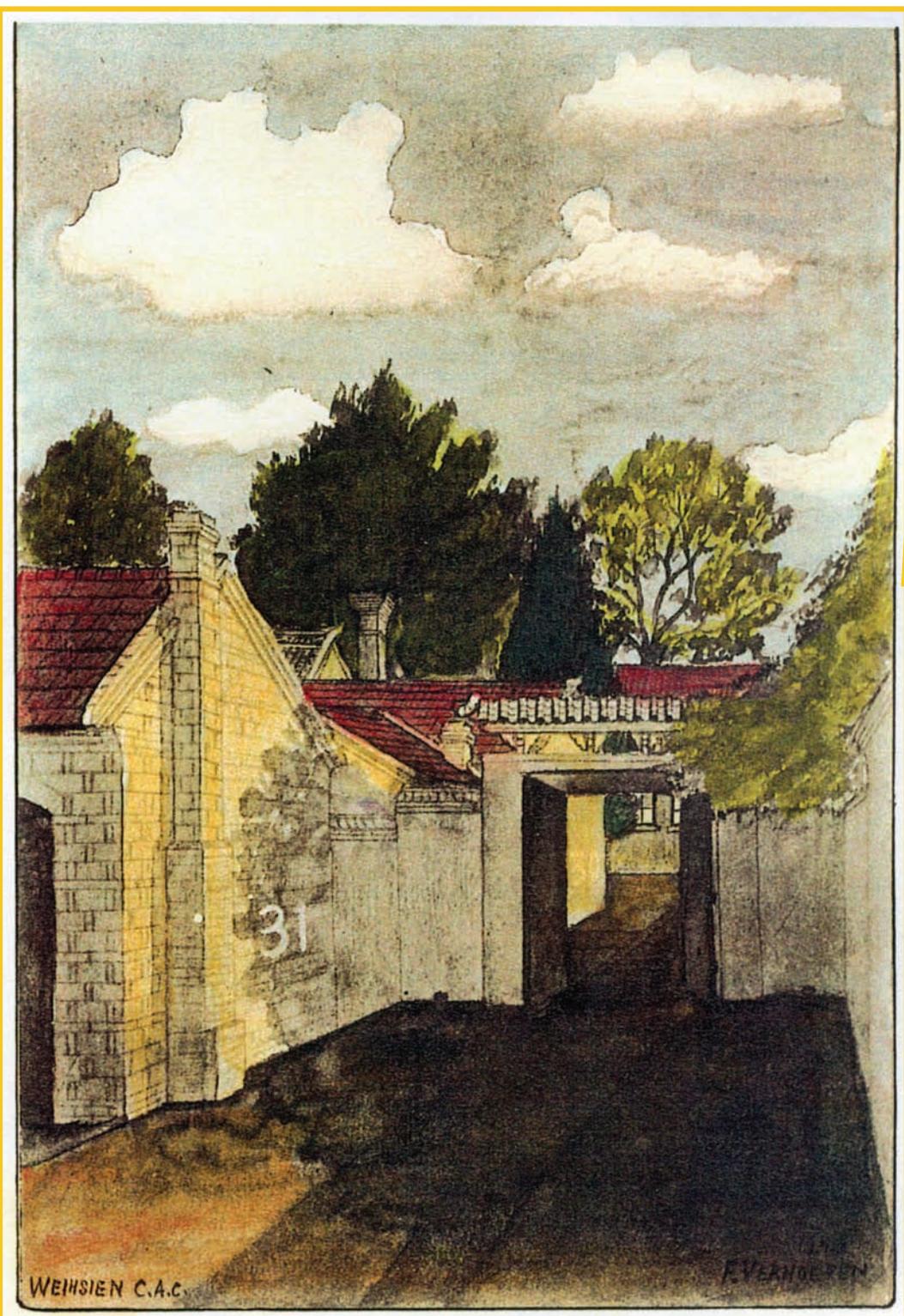
I can remember the Chinese coming in with the wooden tank cart to clean out the cesspools, but for the life of me I cannot remember anything about the toilets/latrines.

\*

I 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.

\*





I remember that my most vivid memory was of being constantly hungry-- not a nice feeling!!

\*

I remember we were grinding peanuts into peanut butter when the plane came over on the 17th of Aug, 45!!!

\*

Someone will remember the ragamuffin crowd of scrawny prisoners stampeding through the gates -- stumbling past Japanese guards -- into the open fields.

\*

Does anyone remember snow at Wehsien? I remember the bitter cold.

\*

I remember that I played a Roman soldier in "Androcles and the Lion" with Father Palmers.

\*

I remember that flight back to Tientsin. I was sick and felt awfully miserable. The

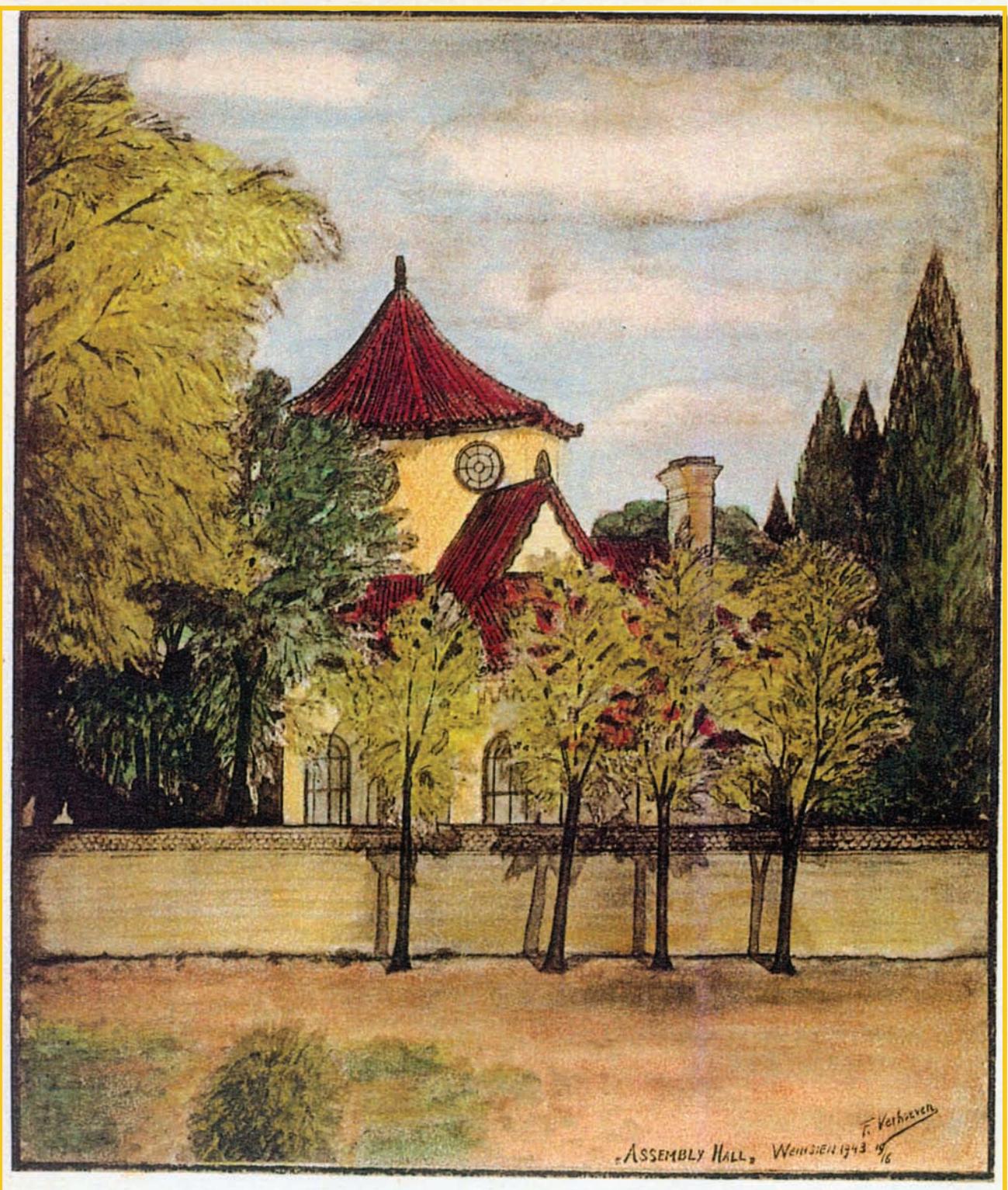


American soldiers tried to cheer me up.

\*

The children if I remember correctly were qualified to be issued with an egg a day each.

\*



I still remembered the event quite well, right down to the little girl cutting off some of my hair for a souvenir.”

\*

I remember we were all 'dying' for that extra little bit of 'grub' that our comfort money just couldn't cover.

\*

..... why do we remember certain things?

\*

I remember, but not sure, maybe one of your relatives have helped supplying foods and drugs to the camp.

\*

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 Weih sien in September 1945 bound for Qingdao.

\*

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.

\*

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.

\*

Do you remember Mr Percy Glead? 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!

\*

I remember it well as a seven year old.

\*

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 well remember the cold winters, and how we cornet/trumpet players could not wear gloves as the valves were too close together. Our hands and lips were chapped but it did not occur to us to stop playing.

\*

I remember the Salvation Army band playing God bless America and the British singing God save the King.

\*

I remember the American Salvation Army band playing God Bless America while they brought the 1st paratroopers into camp on the men's shoulders. The British thought they were playing God Save the King. What excitement!

\*

I remember I pitched for the Chefoo School boy team against the Weihsien boys. Once a week, we played. But the BIG contests were the regular games between the men of Kitchen #1 and Kitchen # 2.

One day when our Chefoo boys were playing Weihsien, I heard one of the Kitchen # 2 players say, "This guy Peter Bazire should pitch for us.

My modesty has held me back from mentioning this for 60 years.

\*

I remember the 300 priests we had there for the first six months or so did so much for the overall spirit and morale in the camp, and while Father Hanquet was no comedian, he made a substantial contribution to our welfare with his activism, his optimism and positive, can-do attitude.

\*

I clearly remember being in the hospital, which is still standing, having my lower lip dressed after I had split it a week earlier had split it a week earlier 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.

\*

I also remember we explored down into the bowels of the Teia Maru and found the darkened, spooky (and empty) swimming pool -- once an elegant place for a dip, I understand.

\*

I remember the colorful parachutes red, yellow and blue, coming down and everybody screaming once again when they started realizing that they were people.

\*

I remember precisely the same scene. Being with Wies and looking at her birthday presents, when the planes flew low that day.

\*

I remember Sunlight soap (one cake per month, correct me if I am wrong about the quantity issued) for everything but I used Lysol to clean the lavatories which was my first job when I turned 14.

\*

I 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.

\*



Yes I vaguely remember it. I remember thinking afterwards that I didn't grow out of my shoes, or wear them out. Of course we kept them for the bitter winters. I have been hearing recently from other internees how their feet were deformed because they had no other shoes, and had to force them on.

\*

I remember seeing the B-24 fly over and the crates and drums falling from the bomb bays 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.

\*

I remember that for every Canadian released to Canada a Japanese resident in Canada was exchanged and the same thing happened with the US. In the first exchange in August 1942 which was largely diplomatic and quasi diplomatic staff through Lourenco Marques the numbers were not so precise as it was a diplomatic "thing".

\*

I remember your saying how often you were clean up to your wrists because you did dishes after meals.

\*

I remember walking to Kitchen One in the rain, and squelching through the mud, and there were tiny frogs in it. Do you remember 'the plague of frogs'?

\*

I remember going barefoot in the summer and almost burning our feet on the ground that was baking hot in the summer sun.

\*

I don't remember clearly where in the camp the sports equipment was stored. It may have been outside the lower side of the hospital.

\*

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.

\*



5. The hospital water tower

*Wilder*



17. Village west of compound

I remember Chefoo classrooms, would grieve to see forty boys, and a few girls seated on lockers in a two chien room in the servants' quarters without blackboard, desk, or convenience for writing,--but the room has been whitewashed. A stove and the south aspect keep it warm, and teaching goes ahead. At present the teaching is admittedly a makeshift affair, at least for the senior school; we hope we shall do better after Christmas.

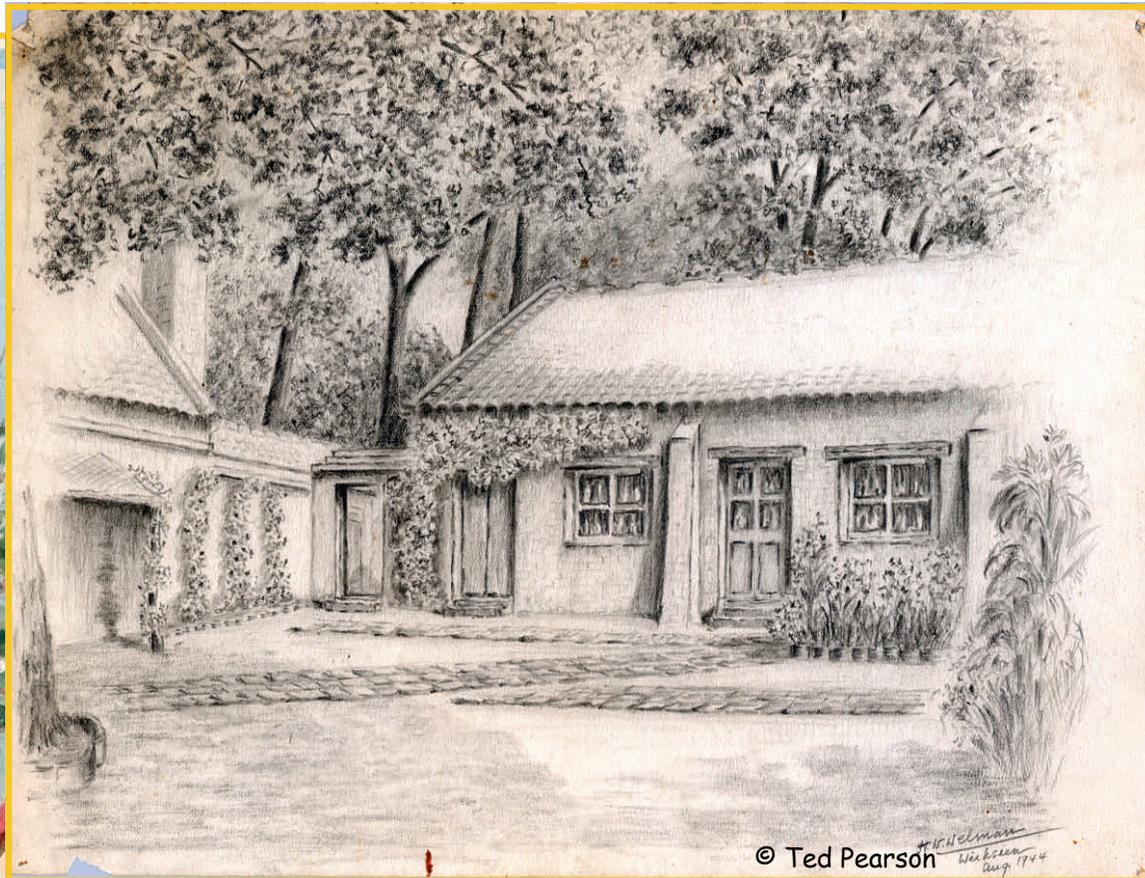
\*

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?

\*

Remember, most of us Chefoo School children were separated from our parents for 5 or 6 years -- some even more. So our teachers were our protectors. Miss Carr, the principal of our elementary school told me, "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."

\*



I remember, 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).

\*

Many of you will remember that after the rest of the American liberation team left Weihsien to establish an Office of Strategic Services (OSS) base in Tsingtao in 1945, Jim Hannon stayed in Weihsien to coordinate the evacuation of prisoners. That evacuation was complicated by warring Chinese factions blowing up the railroad between Weihsien and Tsingtao.

\*

I remember practicing our semaphore and Morse Code while waiting for roll call on the quad outside the hospital in Weihsien. I can still sing Stephen Foster's "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" (OLD FOLKS AT HOME) which I learned for my Girl Guide folk music badge in Weihsien.

\*

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.

\*

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 remember that Pete -- at age 21 and the youngest member of the team -- was the darling of many Weih sien ladies.

\*



© William A. Smith

I remember "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.

\*

Funny the things you remember and awful how much we forget.

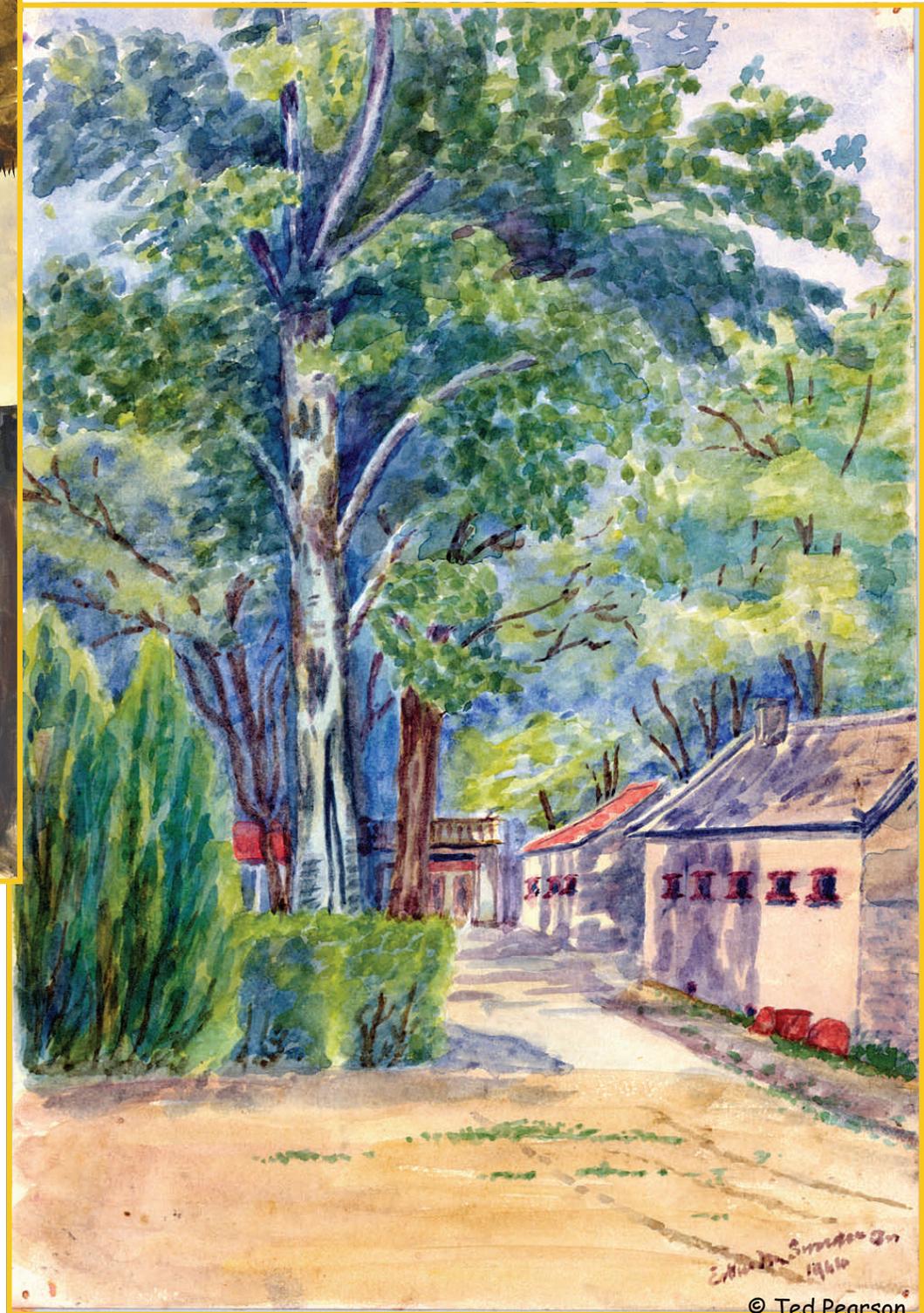
\*

I remember a Nazarene missionary, Mary Scott, who had been a tomboy growing up in a family of boys in the state of Indiana.

\*

I remember that we had the good fortune to arrive in Weih sien in September 1943 after earlier groups had cleaned the place up.

\*



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1. The front gate

Wilder



Catalpa guineensis  
Weihsien  
1943

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 learning the proper way to bandage a sprained ankle or injured knee. And, bless my soul -- yes, doing a good deed every day! Can you believe it?

\*

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.

\*

I remember, some of the rescuers carried .45 caliber submachine guns, and I wonder if that's what you are referring to when you say "a .45 made into a machine gun?"

\*

I seem to remember that Didi Sayles (sp?) had a radio or had access to one. I remember his name because I am called Didi (little brother in Chinese) by my family.

\*

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.

\*

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.

\*

"I don't remember a lot of what happened; I've talked to my older sister about much of it. It was a horrible experience. I never talked to my father about it, which I regret. Years later, my father suffered a nervous breakdown that I believe was caused by being in the camp for so long."

\*

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.

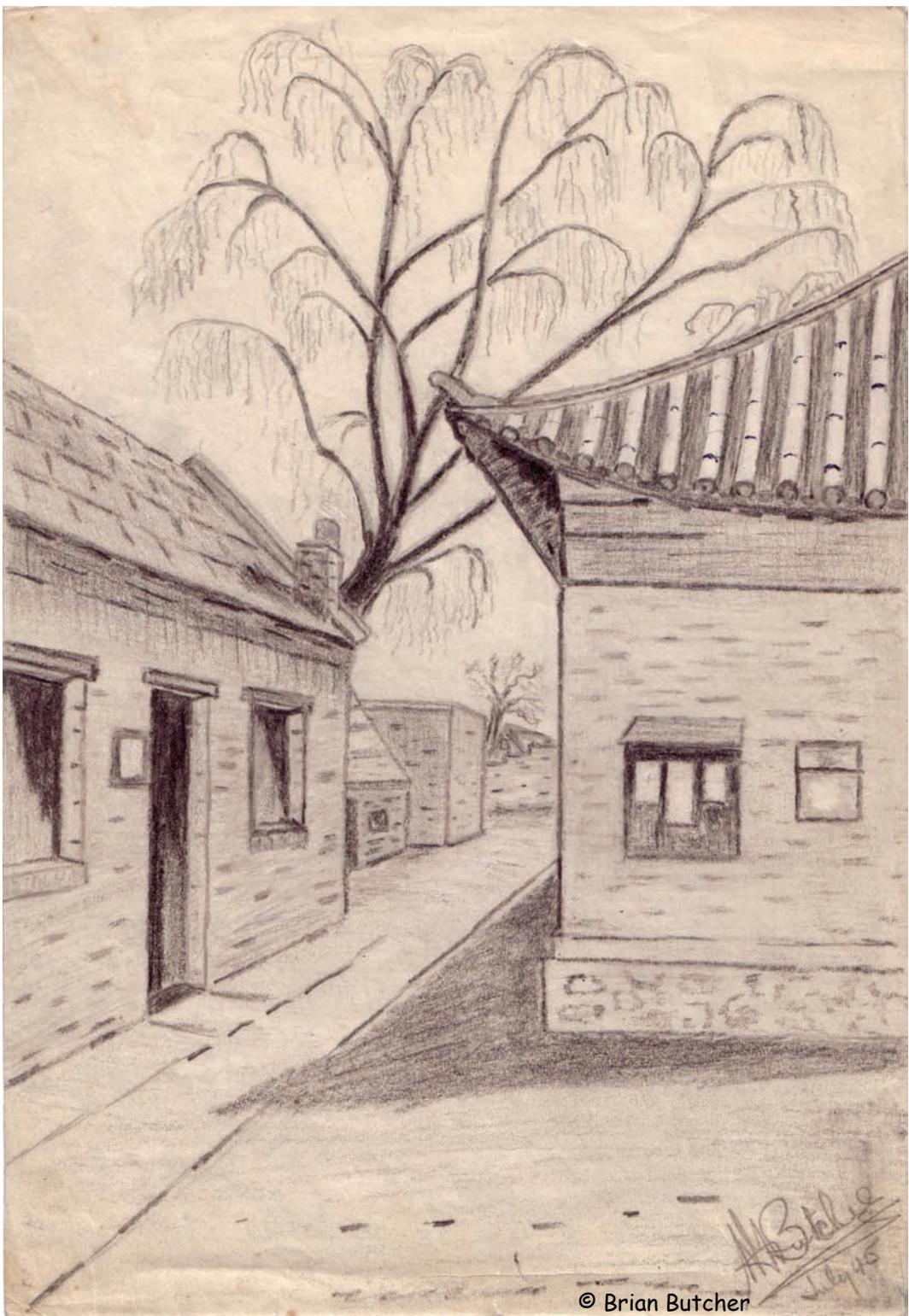
\*

I distinctly remember sub-machine 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 spending time with you all in the Scott House in Iltus Huk.

\*



© Brian Butcher

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.

\*

I well remember often hearing a distinctive bird sound in Chefoo (Yantai) but never seeing the birds. It was not until we moved to Weihsien in Sept '43 that I saw them: golden orioles! Here they would fly from branch to branch or tree. A beautiful sight. I mentioned them in my "Scout 1st Class Journey"

\*

All I remember is wanting to sit on the laps of these heroes, to be near them, to touch them. They were my favorite version of "You are my Sunshine."

\*

I remember being fascinated by his description of helicopters (which he pronounced: HEE-licopters). Then there was the big tall, handsome blond paratrooper whom I and Raymond Trickey met at the edge of a gaoliang field striding toward the camp and who accepted a drink of water from us and made us feel really SPECIAL!

\*

I remember a very hot summer day, people at their various tasks, listless yet hopeful, waiting, we knew the war was over, then suddenly a plane, yes American, then the parachutes! Grown-ups were yelling, cheering, crying we're free, we're free! We weren't forgotten after all! And everyone rushed through the gates to welcome our American Angels! After more than two years behind walls my world wet topsyturvy. I had to dare to go 'out of bounds,' discover the feel of the wind on my face, make my legs run on unknown ground, learn to eat again. No more roll-call rituals. I had yet to come to terms with the word Freedom,"

\*

I remember the importance of having feet: they grew!

When I looked down I could finally wiggle my toes, the top of my shoes were cut away. Two months later heels became a problem.

Mama found a pair of shoes from another family, they didn't fit. No more shoes.

Lucky it was summer 1943, I ran around bare feet as did all the kids, but I don't remember what happened in winter.

\*

I remember when I wasn't hungry anymore. I wasn't eating anymore, just couldn't.

I was sent to the diet kitchen (at the hospital?) I sat at a long table with other people, Mrs. Dyer helped me.

I had a real plate heaped with vegetables, light green and watery. I couldn't keep anything down. Everyone was very kind, but I could see it on their faces: what a waste!

Soon after the war ended.

\*



I remember the nuns; they made great donuts or at least donut holes.

\*

I remember the funeral of the lad who jumped to touch the electric wire? I was not meant to go, but crept in behind others, climbing a tree to see what was going on.

\*

I remember that there was an underground tunnel on the east side of the camp...there are pictures in my mind but no clear context.

\*

I remember the wonderful taste of corn after liberation.

\*

Dying is easy. When desires are thwarted, life becomes meaningless. It's easy to reject life and the pain it brings than to live. One has to overcome the philosophy of "I mean nothing, ... there is nothing, ... nothing matters, I live only to die" Hope is the strongest character trait for survival.

\*

I remember when I was 5 and a half, I had this obsession for birds. It didn't have anything to do with that nice man who knew everything about birds (as I found out later), I was too little.

\*

I remember Mr. Turner saying that the camp experience included 'slow starvation. Within a very few years, I realized that he had been correct in his remark. In 1948 I began receiving hospital care that a remarkable medical doctor, Leslie Arthur Patterson, MD, attributed to what he termed **ADRENAL CORTICAL STARVATION** resulting from prolonged malnutrition in a Japanese camp during World War Two. Dr. Patterson was, I believe, a remarkably knowledgeable medical practitioner. He was a 'disciple' of a Dr. John Gregory who practiced medicine in California, USA. He even took my file with him down to California to confer with Dr. Gregory. Dr. Patterson had a very large part in enabling me to have sufficient self confidence to walk out of a Provincial mental hospital with my sanity intact.

\*

I remember one hot summer day Daddy rushed into our room saying: Quick where can I hide this? Mama calmly took the piece of paper, folded it and hid it behind the icon high up in a corner. The Japanese never came; anyway they would never have dared to look up there.

\*



I remember the recipe for barbed wire mentality:

2 cups of forgiveness	Make it in prayer to God
2 spoons of hope	Need daily dose to survive
2 cups of loyalty	Hope dies without loyalty
4 cups of love	"We're all in this together"
1 barrel of laughter	Removes the sting of hatred
1 spoon of friendship	Support system for the weak
4 quarts of faith	Looks at possibilities not problems.

Take love and loyalty, mix thoroughly with faith.  
 Blend with tenderness, kindness and understanding.  
 Add friendship and hope.  
 Sprinkle abundantly with laughter.  
 Bake it with sunshine (gratefulness).  
 Serve daily in generous helpings.

\*

I remember that first summer; I was almost 5 years old. Everyone was settling down, I explored the camp and found the nuns in Block 23, they were fun, and they giggled a lot. Sister Eustella was very bossy; she wanted me to become a nun, so she dressed me up and marched me to my parents' room. I had those white wings on my head and couldn't look left or right, and felt horribly stiff. Sister Eustella said: "Look how sweet, she wants to become a nun!" My parents were FURIOUS, I was never, ever, to go to visit the nuns again!

\*

I remember 1,700 men, women & children from Peiping, Tientsin CIC39 (Tsingtao), and CIC40 (Chefoo), and 400 Catholic Fathers and Sisters in American mission Hospital. Rows of student rooms were used by the Married couples and children. Classrooms were used for single men. Food was prepared in large cauldrons in a central kitchen; the food rations were adequate. The internees ran a children's school, dramatic society. In Sept 1943: 300 Americans were exchanged.

\*

I remember that Goopy Martin used to read to a considerable group of us at bed time. I remember him reading Charles Reade's The Cloister and the Hearth. It was a ripping yarn, and I was transfixed! (I didn't realize until later that it was all about Gerard agonizing about taking up the religious life). While Gerard and Denys were waiting for the horrifying "Abbott" to come up the stairs, I'm quite sure that I was slack-jawed and wide-eyed ! (seeing us all in this state was no doubt part of Goopy's reward !) I know that those evenings contributed to our lifelong love of books; and it put the phrase "Courage, mon ami ! - le diable est mort !" into my head where it seems to be firmly stuck !

\*

Remember: There is no training for being a prisoner of war.

\*

I remember that I was stirring our daily stew ration with a long wooden ladle in an enormous cauldron on top of a vigorously burning fire in Kitchen # 1. I didn't notice that I was too close to the hot flames and, inadvertently, my pants were on fire. It took ages to extinguish my flaming trousers. Badly burnt between my legs, I was immediately admitted at the hospital and stayed there quite a while. After that, the chores in Kitchen # 1 were over for me. Another prisoner had replaced me there and I was chosen for another "job". I chopped wood for the Hospital's furnaces. It was hard work because the "wood" was mostly of roots from big dead trees.

\*

I remember that we, as kids, adapted to the situation, but the teachers were doing the real work of human beings, they were evolving their consciousness (not just adapting it) in response to the situation, acting as mediators to shape the context for us all.

\*

I remember :  
IT WAS A HOT August day.. From our second-story room we could look over the 10-foot brick wall topped by electrified wire into the field of grain outside the compound. That day Aug. 17, 1945 there were no peasants in coolie hats tending their crops.

We heard the drone of an airplane engine. The Japanese had a two-seater bi-plane that they flew in the area occasionally, so the sound of the engine aroused no immediate interest.

But the sound persisted, and, as we listened more carefully, we realized it was different more powerful than the putt-putt of the single-engine bi-plane.

I remember standing at the top of the outside staircase leading up to the room where our family of four had spent the last 2-1/2 years in that Japanese prison camp in China, and seeing the sun sparkle off the aluminum body of this unknown airplane as it turned in the distance and started back toward us, dropping altitude. It grew larger and larger and the roar of its engines grew stronger and stronger, until finally it was almost directly overhead and we saw the insignia on its wings.

"IT'S AMERICAN! It's American!" we shouted to one another, needing one another's assurance after all that time of uncertainty about our fate and the progress of the war.

Every one of the 1,500 civilian prisoners who could walk must have come out to see this airplane, this symbol of hope and a power that perhaps could match or surpass the power of the Japanese Imperial Army of Occupation that had ruled in China for the last eight years of our lives.

Having made a low flight over the center of the walled compound, the silver bird which, we were told later, was a B-24 circled back and gained altitude. As I stood at the top of the outside staircase, shirtless, barefooted, my spindly legs brown from the sun sticking out from my khaki shorts, I saw the silver bird out over the field again, this time going from right to left. I was afraid it was leaving.

Then objects began dropping out of the plane and parachutes began to open, and I could see arms and legs moving!

Without further thought, I and hundreds of other prisoners rushed toward the main gate of the concentration camp and hurtled past the startled Japanese guards standing there with bayonets on rifles. We turned left on the dirt road and then pounded into the fields, heedless of the brambles and stones and thorns under bare feet.

The seven Americans were crouched down, .45-caliber Tommy-guns held ready when we reached them. It must have been a strange experience for them and perhaps a great relief to be rushed by a ragamuffin crowd of under-

nourished men, women and children instead of an armed enemy.

Those six army officers and men and one naval officer were carried triumphantly on the shoulders of the men of the camp back through the main gate. The American contingent was led by a major, to match the Japanese major who was in command of the prison camp at Weih sien. American intelligence about the camp was supplied by two young men in their 20s who had escaped and joined Chinese Nationalist forces close by. One of those men Arthur Hummel later became the American ambassador to Beijing, appointed to that post by President Ronald Reagan.

In the commandant's office just inside the camp gate there was a short, tense confrontation between the two majors. Following the American major's demand that the Japanese major surrender, they eyed one another for a few seconds before the Japanese commandant unbuckled his sword and laid it on the desk. The American major then requested that the Japanese forces (which numbered about 70) function as a security guard against the Communist forces, which they did until a company of American Rangers was flown in several days later. THE DAY OF OUR LIBERATION was August 17. We found out that Japan had surrendered on August 14. The Allied Command had been worried that with the end of the war, the Chinese communists might want to make hostages of the Americans, British, Belgians, Canadians, Australians and Dutch inmates of the

camp, and so had wanted to take over the camp as quickly as possible. The navy officer was a young man who had been born in China of American parents and had studied at the Chefoo school. Boarders and teachers at the school had been brought to the camp as a group.

We found out, also, that America had dropped two bombs on two Japanese cities Hiroshima and Nagasaki and that those bombs had destroyed those cities. We hadn't even known about the so-called "block-busters," much less about bombs that could annihilate an entire city and its people.

The atomic attacks brought an abrupt halt to World War II in the Pacific. How many lives were spared by averting the need to invade Japan will continue to be a matter of speculation. I choose to think that from their point of view President Harry S. Truman and his advisors did what they thought best under the circumstances, and that it took time for the world to come to an acute realization of the horrendous potential of nuclear warfare.

Unfortunately, during the last 50 years, the world has amassed tens of thousands of nuclear warheads, multiplying the potential for disaster and the need for responsible action to abate the threat.

Meanwhile, we have perhaps come closer to a realization of the unacceptability of all war as a means of settling

disputes. We are reminded once again in the situation in Bosnia that there can be no war without atrocities, and that serial injustices accumulate into horrors of massive proportions just as surely as nuclear attack.

In retrospect, the experiences of a boy in a Japanese internment camp during World War II pale by comparison to the harsh injustices that rob life and hope from children in so many poor countries today. That fact makes all the more urgent the pleas of our popes and our bishops that we urgently apply ourselves to the task of building peace through systems of economic and political justice.

It was a commitment to fairness and justice that helped sustain life in the prison camp despite worsening scarcity of food, fuel and clothing through two bitterly cold winters. That commitment and a spirit of community which taught us to laugh and sing about camp conditions and to help one another was largely attributable to the 300 Catholic missionary priests who shared our fate for the first six months. Most of them were then repatriated in a prisoner exchange, but some 15 volunteered to stay with us for the duration.

There were impressive Protestant missionaries too. Among them was Eric Liddell (pronounced LID-ul), the Olympic champion portrayed in the movie, "Chariots of Fire," who died of a brain tumor in the camp. He coached us kids and refereed our games and repaired field hockey sticks, among other things. I think



God for the priceless gift the example of those missionaries gave me. For a boy in his 11th, 12th and 13th years it was a practical lesson in the life-giving power of Christianity. Nevertheless, the reality is that another winter of even more severe scarcity would have spelled the end

for many. The war ended none too soon for us.

I have considered myself free and blessed ever since that liberation day of Aug. 17, 1945. But my own freedom is not enough. I thank God for America and for the spirit of freedom and equality which

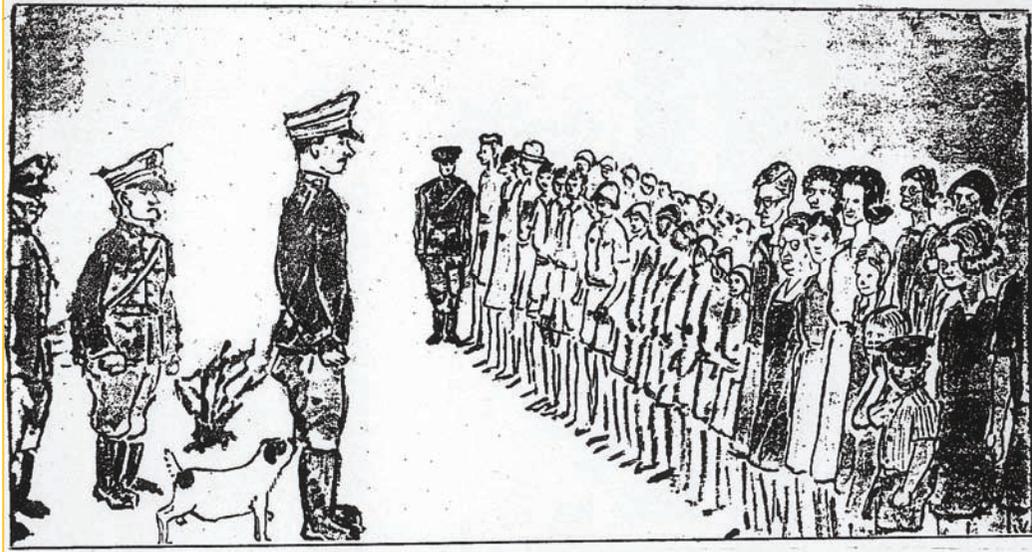
continue to flow through it like a strong undercurrent to the distortions of greed and self-indulgence that often beset us. I believe we can and must take responsibility for one another both within our borders and on a world-wide scale.

\*

I remember :

Early the next morning we were called out to the front of the building where we had to learn to count in Japanese, so that we could respond clearly as we numbered off for Roll Call. "Ichi, nee, san, she, gwo, rocku,

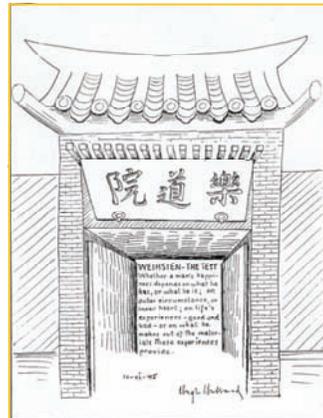
in the compound, except on one occasion when a rabid dog came in the gate and ran wildly around the place. There was a fair bit of open space inside the walls, and so it was hard to capture the animal. The Japanese guards threw missiles such as half bricks at it, and at least one of them



shichi, hachi, ku, ju." For the next three or four years we were called out for roll call at eight o'clock every morning. The residents of each building gathered in a suitable spot outside in two rows and numbered off. The two Jap guards then consulted their list to check that we were all present and accounted for. They then had to compile an aggregate figure after all the guards had reported their results. Only when this final figure satisfied the camp commandant were we able to go on with our day's activities.

I don't remember any other animals

found its target, making the dog even more demented. I think it eventually found the gate and ran outside into the town. Goodness knows with what awful results.



The Chinese style of gateway had three Chinese characters written across the top of it and later I learned that

they said, "Courtyard of the Happy Way", for this had been another Presbyterian Mission Centre. It was about 200 metres by 150 metres in size and included a church, hospital, rows of



small rooms to house the Bible School students, larger buildings for classrooms and staff houses for the American missionaries, teachers and doctors.

We drove through the gate and up the incline with what seemed like hundreds of internees standing on either side of the road to witness our arrival. We stopped, with the church



and a playing field on our right. We were unloaded and gathered on the playing field while a camp leader read out the instructions about the camp

to us and then we were assigned sleeping quarters. We were now a small part of the 2,000 or so people who had been interned in this Concentration Camp called Weihsien.

That room was our home for the first couple of weeks, and in that time two or three of us got "jaundice" as it was then called. There is something appealing about being sick in a boarding school. We were away from our parents and the teachers were mostly



spinster missionaries who, having been called by God to work amongst the heathen in China, were then allocated, because of their training, to teach and live with a challenging bunch of missionaries' children. In all the time that I was in the Chefoo School I do not remember any teacher putting their arm around me or showing any kind of physical affection to me. Except once. That was while we were still in Chefoo and I woke up about 10 or 11 o'clock one night from a nightmare. I must have called out and was obviously upset when a teacher came in to the darkened dormitory and sat on the

side of my bed, put her arm around me and hugged me better. That hug stands out in my memory.

So being sick was another way of getting some kind of personal attention. I was taken out of my fold up camp stretcher and placed in a large double bed that stood at one end of the room. My skin had gone yellow. I was quickly nauseated by anything that was or looked like it was greasy. I had no energy. I was quarantined from the other children – as far as that was possible in the confined quarters of a prison camp. But I had, from time to time, the undivided attention and care of some of the teachers.

Soon after this our small Prep School was allocated more permanent quarters where we stayed for the rest of the War. It was in Block 23 and was on the ground floor. I imagine that it was a teacher's flat in a former life. Block 23 was a large building with a bell tower in the centre. The front of



the building had a long stone flagged verandah along its full length, and one end of this verandah led to a

door which gave access to our quarters.

When you walked in the door you found yourself in a tiny hallway with a door straight ahead. This led into the teachers bedroom. By that stage in the school's evolution we were down to three female teachers, Miss Carr,



Miss Stark, and Miss Woodward. If you turned left in the small hallway, there were two more doors. The door on the left was the girls' room. There were five girls left in the Prep School, and in the last room there were nine boys.

The boys' room was a much larger room than the other two. We did not have beds but slept on mattresses on the floor. My bed was just inside the door. Every morning we had to make our beds and roll up the mattresses against the wall because this was the class room and living room during the day. Our trunks were placed in the centre of the room and we sat on these for classes. In that sense life went on as normal, but there were

few supplies and we had to use the books which we had been able to bring in with us. Apart from that the teachers were probably most creative in trying to give us as normal an education as possible during those years.

I remember using slates and chalk for some subjects and activities such as maths, but we also had a few notebooks which we used until we got to the end of the book, then we turned the book upside down and wrote between the lines. There was a pot belly stove in the middle of the room, but fuel was difficult to get. We were able to scrounge coal dust and, learning from others in the camp, we mixed the dust with dirt and water, then formed them into briquettes. They didn't burn very well, but had to do.

One of the activities I will always remember was the endless pursuit of bed bugs. These were pandemic and their total destruction was a constant



fantasy. They seemed to hide in the cracks in the wall plaster during the day, and then when these warm bodies were comfortably settled in their beds on the floor, over would trot this army of bed bugs and proceed to graze all night on the ready supply of blood that was available. If you squashed them in the night, they left streaks of blood on

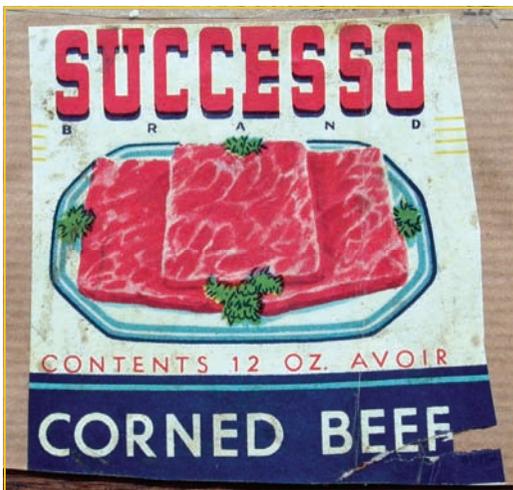
your sheets and a strong and distinctive smell behind them. During the day we would use boiling water and pour it into any available crack, and use other means to block up cracks, but if we were at all successful it was hard to see the results of our efforts.

Along one wall of our room was a long bench which held basins and other items for our ablutions. We were able to buy soap from the Japanese, but no toothpaste, so for years I got used to cleaning my teeth with soap. I can still hear the teachers asking us if we had washed our ankles, behind our ears and between our legs. One teacher seemed to find a need to inspect the appendages between these latter items to see that they were clean.

We did not have access to much in the way of medical supplies or vitamin supplements. When the medical powers that be figured that we were all deficient in calcium, we collected egg shells, which were dried and powdered. A teaspoonful of this dry, choking powder was swallowed each day for a period. At another stage I was deemed to be anemic and in need of iron. This was supplied by the simple means of collecting rust from old metal and grinding it into a powder and administering it to me in the same way.

Day to day life inside a prison compound became normal after a while. We played marbles – "alleys" – in the

dust outside, and also hopscotch. I collected labels off food cans that had been thrown away in people's rubbish



bins. It was amazing how many people must have brought in canned food with them. We used some of the larger cans to make small ovens by lining them with mud and cooking minute scones, although I think 'scones' is a rather grand name for what actually resulted from this effort. But like a lot of things that children do, the fun experienced during the effort made it well worthwhile, regardless of the result.

There were four kitchen/dining room complexes scattered around the camp. One was in the basement of the hospital and was a diet kitchen. The other three were numbered one to three and internees were allocated to one of these for their meals. We went to Kitchen One. I don't remember the meals much, probably because they were not very memorable.

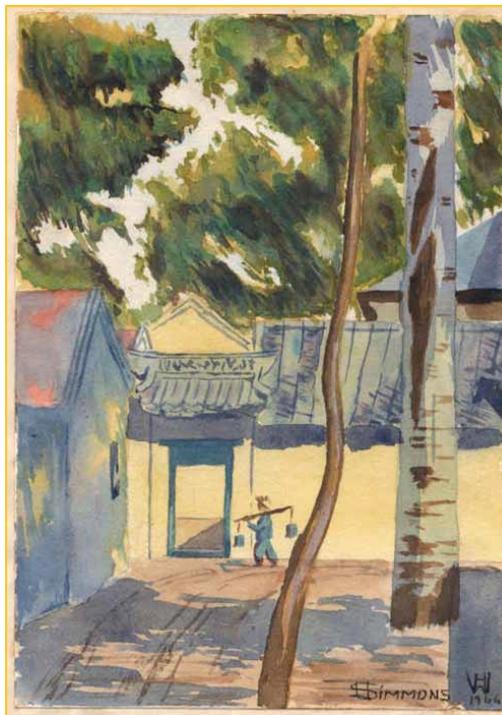
What was memorable was the Menu Board on which the cooks used their creative writing skills to describe the coming meal in the most exotic terms. You would think that you were in the grandest hotel in the land. What was actually served was bread porridge for breakfast, watery stew in the middle of the day, and whatever was left over for the evening meal.



I remember mainly the things that broke the monotony. A couple of times we got Red Cross parcels and the main item of interest to me was the powdered milk that we could have. It was only a tablespoonful, but I still remember the beautiful taste of that powder mixed with a little water and eaten a lick at a time from the spoon. I also remember when we actually got pieces of meat you could recognize as meat. It was – I was told later – horse or donkey or some such animal. My fellow Prepites were not very impressed and so I was able to enjoy some extra pieces on that occasion. I think we may have had peanut butter sometime in those three years, because I remember walking around

to the little yard behind Kitchen One and finding a man with a meat grinder, carefully grinding peanuts into peanut butter. I talked to him for a while, hoping that I might be lucky enough to get a lick, but it wasn't to be my lucky day.

After breakfast, our teachers felt that we needed to be taught how to be regular, so we were sent off to the communal toilets to empty our bowels. This we did faithfully, and when we returned to our rooms, we would be asked by the teacher on duty, "Did you go?" and if we replied that we had not been able to "go", then we were told to "Go and try again",



which we did, usually with positive results. These toilets were emptied

into a cesspool which was accessed each day by some Chinese farmers who took the contents in wooden buckets carried on a pole across their shoulders – "honey buckets" we called them - to their fields to fertilize the vegetable crops. It always seemed to me to be an excellent and natural recycling process. One of the children in the camp fell in to one of these cesspools due to some tragic mischance. He survived, and the worst long term result of his accident was that he was from then on known as "Cesspool Kelly".

Talk about tragic mischance's reminds me of some deaths we had in the camp. I remember walking up one of the main streets of the camp and seeing the very spot where a young man had fallen from a tree and been killed just the day before. Bringing death closer to home, was the accident that



Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Thompson and their family. Their eldest son Brian, right, was accidentally electrocuted during roll-call in 1944. He was 17.

killed one of the boys in our Chefoo Boys' School. He had been with the others for the morning roll call near

the hospital where they lived, and had jumped up to touch a low electric wire that had been loosened in the wind – possibly as a dare. Unfortunately it was very much alive and he was electrocuted.

To an eight or nine year old death was fascinating, repelling and scary all at the same time. When one of the nuns



died, she was laid out in the small building that served as a morgue not far from the hospital. I found my way there one day, and as no one was around, I climbed in the broken window and stood and looked at her for quite a while. Later they had an official viewing of the body, and I queued up with the rest and had another look.

Eric Liddell the Olympic runner of “Chariots of Fire” fame was in our camp. He spoke at one of our Chefoo church services and told us about the famous episode when he would not run in an Olympic race because it was to be held on a Sunday. He was a truly great man and in my young mind was

a true hero. Unfortunately he also died in the camp of a brain tumour, just months before the end of the War. In 2002, my brother Frank and I went to Weifang, as the town is now called. It is a city of some millions of people and is internationally famous as the world kite centre. We found the old camp site which is now the No. 2 Middle School and the only buildings still standing were a couple of the houses where the Japanese had been quartered and the hospital. But in a position just behind where the church used to be and next to the former front gate was an “Eric Liddell Memorial Garden”, which was locked up behind a wall and we were able to



get access to it and take some pictures.

One night during our internment we were woken up and called out to a roll call as someone had rung the bell which graced the top of our building. We were kept outside until the Japanese were satisfied that no one had escaped. But on another occasion a couple of men did escape over the

wall and joined with Government forces outside the camp until the end of the war. They were able to keep the Chinese Government in Chongqing up to date with information about the camp. At the end of the War they came back in with the American liberators and told us some of their adventures.

Inevitably the end of the War came. There had been gossip about the War being over, but no one knew for sure



what was happening. At times we had seen planes flying very high overhead, and people wondered in the last few days whether they might be American planes. Then on 17 August 1945, about 9:30 am, a plane was heard to circle the camp. I rushed out to see what was happening and could see this front silhouette of a B24 bomber coming towards us at a low altitude. It was coming straight at us with its round body and two engines either side joined by the slim shape of the wings. and then we saw parachutes falling from it. It flew so low that we could see that it was aptly named

“The Flying Angel”. We knew this was it.



This was the most exciting day of my life. I was 10½ years old and for the first time since December 1941, a month before my 7th birthday, I was going to be free. Seven parachutes floated to the ground outside the camp. There was no doubt about what we had to do. We had to be there to welcome them. It seemed like the whole camp, all 1500 of us, rushed down the incline to the entrance and through the gate, past the Japanese guards who were still standing there with their rifles and bayonets, but obviously unsure how to react. What did it matter. Out in the fields we found the 7 Americans who became instant heroes. They were carried in on the shoulders of some of the men and soon had things sorted out peacefully with the Japanese. From now on they were in charge, and we were free.

By the end of the War, our caloric intake was very low, and so it was with

great excitement that over the next few days tonnes of supplies were dropped by parachute just outside



the camp. Because the loads were too heavy for the parachutes, many of the drums broke open and the canned peaches and chewing gum were scattered over the ground. At least those were the two items that I noticed and gorged myself on with some dire results. There must have been other items such as army field rations, because, later we were issued with packets of field rations and, on opening mine up I found not only chocolate and biscuits, but also cigarettes. I had only seen these in the mouths of

strangers as none of the missionaries smoked. So I couldn't resist this forbidden fruit and escaped to one of the guard towers, now unmanned, and climbed up the stairs and sat in a corner and tried my first cigarette. I don't think I suffered very much because I did not know anything about drawback at that time.

We followed the Americans around wherever they went, and on one of these "hero sessions", I was jumping over a bench and my arm got caught between the back rails. "Ouch!" However, such was my excitement and awe at being in the orbit of this newly discovered star, that I ignored it for the rest of the day. In bed that night I began to feel the pain, and late that evening I was taken to the hospital, where they were able to ascertain that I had a greenstick fracture of the Radius and my arm was placed in a plaster cast.

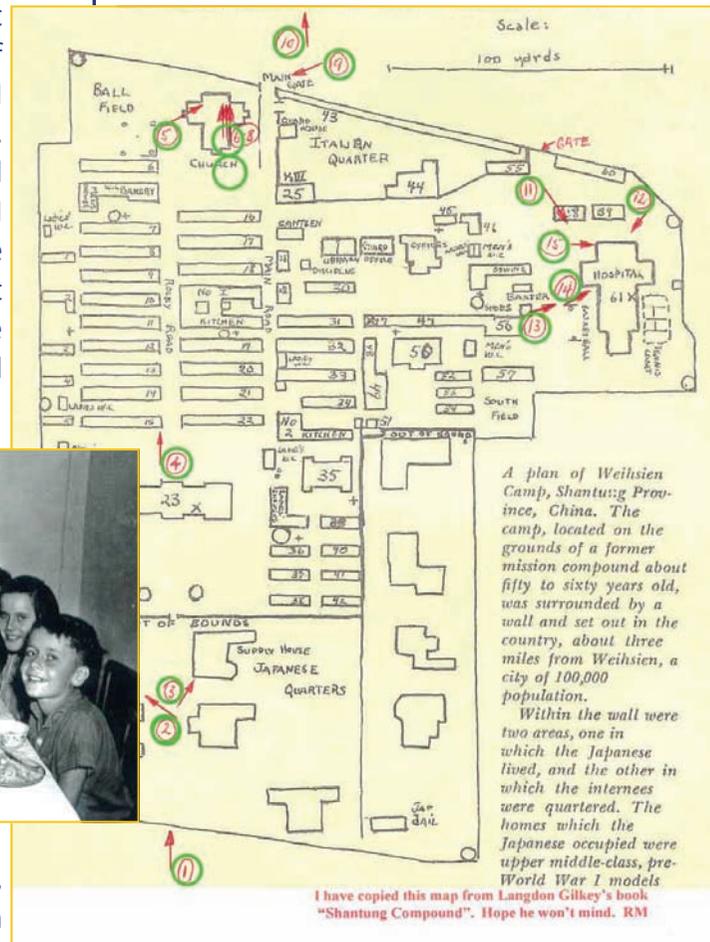


So it was that a few days later, six of us whose parents lived in

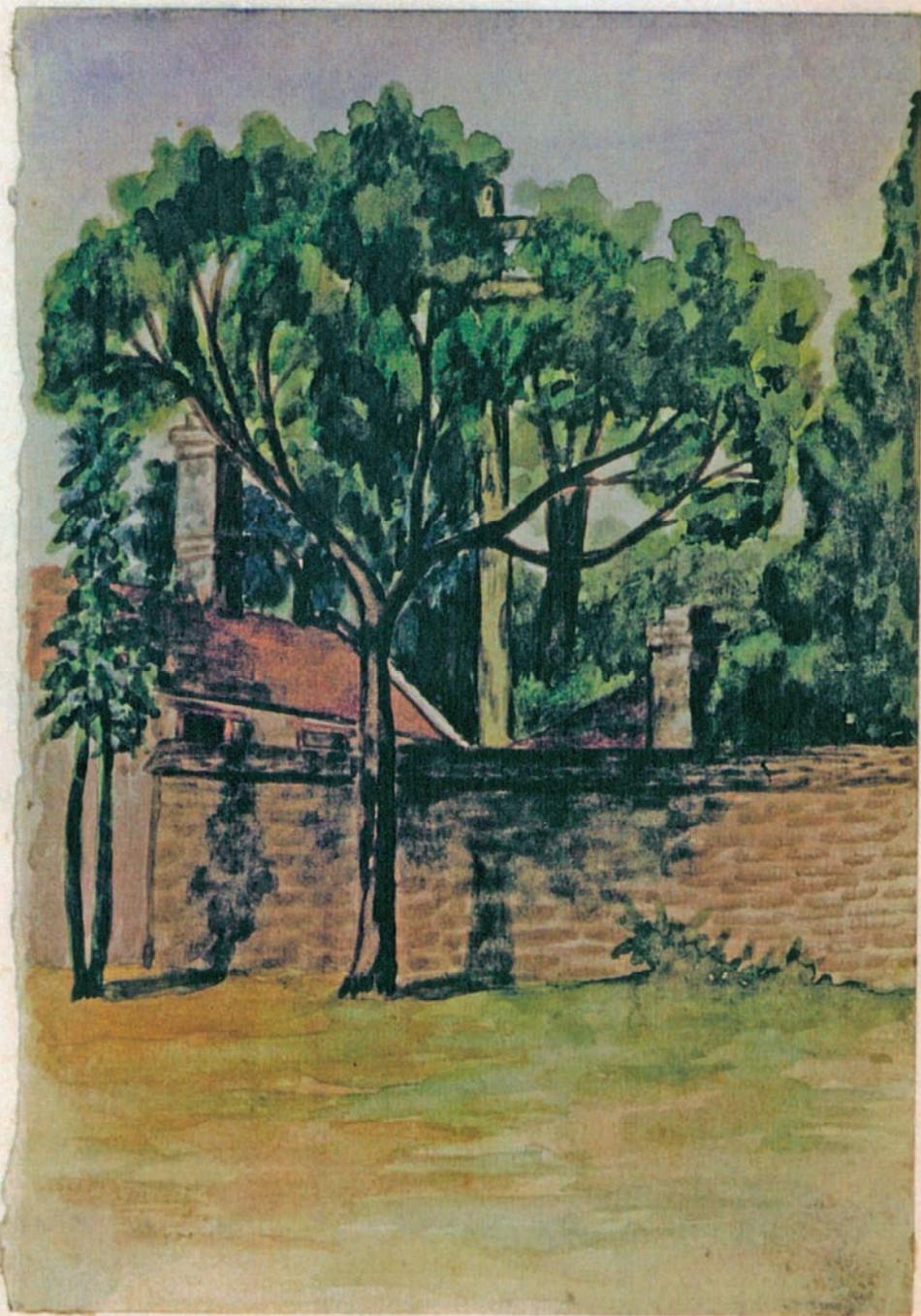
the west of China, were flown out in a bomber which was stacked full of parachutes which had been used in the supply drop. As there were no seats of any kind on board, we spent the trip lolling about on parachutes in comfort, but me with my arm in plaster – a wounded warrior.

We were free at last.

\*







13. A corner in the compound *Wilder*



18. Our 9x12 living quarters

I remember Father Hanquet telling me that when the Italians were herded into Weih sien after Italy's surrender the Japs isolated them from the rest of the camp. On the first night he jumped over the separation wall with Father Palmers to meet the Italians – prisoners just as we were. Whilst chatting friendly with the Tallati's they received a cup of excellent hot coffee. Due to their strict Weih sien diet, it was ages since they hadn't drank coffee, neither of them slept that night!

\*

I remember that Torje used to get me away from books — I did a lot of reading — and got me really enthused playing what might be called "sand-lot basketball." That is, we'd chase around bouncing the basketball and trying to get it away from each other and into the basket on that clay court outside Block 61. That of course was by the hospital. And those of us who lived latterly in the hospital building had our roll call twice a day in that location.

\*



I remember pig weed.

I was weeding my garden today, pulling up pig weed. Pig weed always makes me think of Weihsien. Late in the war, our Chefoo Schools teachers taught us to identify and pick pigweed and burdock. We ate it boiled -- sort of like spinach. It has a very iron-y taste. We were weed eaters!

\*

I remember that no matter what, our Chefoo Schools teachers insisted on good manners. There is no such thing, they said, as one set of manners for people in the outside world and another set for the concentration camp. You could be eating the most awful-looking glop out of a tin can or a soap dish, but you were to be as refined as the two princesses in Buckingham Palace. Sit up straight. Don't stuff food in your mouth. Don't talk with your mouth full. Keep your voice down. And don't complain.

\*

I remember the bell.

It appears that the bell up on Block 23 bell tower would have been used by the Japanese guards as a call for assistance in an emergency - hence their palpable anger when the bell was rung by pranksters on VJ Day.

\*

I remember that when eggs were available, they were cooked as scrambled eggs on makeshift stoves in our rooms. I suppose the fuel was coal or coal dust or coal balls.

\*

I remember the egg shells crushed into powder for "calcium". We used to cough out and wheeze out as much of the powdered eggshell as we could. I was fascinated to see Weihsien reports in the National Archives verifying our eating egg shells - "very poor quality." When our family took a memory trip to Weihsien, I made my daughter take a memory picture of me with my tongue out on that very spot by the door of the dormitory.

\*



I remember that my dad lost his spoon. He was very, very upset about it. It was the only spoon we had and it was used to make coal balls out of coal dust.

\*

I remember the hospital and the nearby water tower, where I had pumped zillions of gallons of water. It still stood, as did the former Japanese guard quarters which in 1986 was Weifang No 2 Middle School building.

\*

I remember Douglas Finlay, 6' 6 1/2". He was one of Weihsien's superstar athletes. He and Eric Liddell used to compete. When I tracked Douglas down in Canada a year or two ago, Douglas told me that he had been racing on the ball field when this young gazelle of a girl came running after him. It was my sister Kathleen. To the horror of our Chefoo teachers, they fell in love. Chefoo School students were not supposed to fall in love with non-Chefoo School people. Come to think of it, Chefoo School students probably weren't supposed to fall in love.

\*

I remember that we heard that one of the parachutists had been slightly injured, and wondered if he had known that the kao liang was 12 feet tall when he made a landing.

\*



I remember that rescuer Jim Hannon told me that Eddie Wang, the Chinese interpreter, froze when his turn came to jump from the B-24 bomber that morning. Jim says he had to push Eddie Wang out of the plane. As a result, Jim says, he himself got a bad start on his own jump and injured his shoulder in the drop. Jim was an experienced parachuter. Indeed, he had trained troops in parachuting. Jim knew all about prison camps. He, himself, had been captured by the Germans and held in German POW camps in Europe in 1944 and had escaped.

Before they set out from Sian that morning, Jim Hannon, who was in a group called the Air-Ground Assistance Service, advised the team that seven men would be no match for whatever Japanese forces would meet them on the ground. He says the team had at first planned to come heavily armed. He says he felt that would invite disaster. As a result, each

man parachuted, carrying only one side weapon apiece.

Major Staiger says they used faster-opening British parachutes. He ordered the drop at about 400 feet -- astonishingly low -- to leave less space and time for the Japanese to shoot at them as the team drifted to the ground.

Jim Moore, who was the son of Southern Baptist missionaries to China, had attended and graduated the Chefoo School in the 1930s. He told me that the first person he asked to see when he got inside the walls of the camp was "Pa" Bruce, the headmaster of the Chefoo Schools.

\*

I remember that Douglas had lived in the Hospital until the escape of Hummel and Tipton. After the escape, the Japanese moved all those young adult men -- and Douglas -- from the Hospital where they could see too easily over the camp wall and transplanted them to Block 23.

\*



© William A. Smith

I Remember August 15, the day the Emperor surrendered. For all of us it's good to remember that there is a flip side to our happy celebration. Japan honors this date in quite a different way...

\*

I remember that we all had to wear armbands in those early days of the war: "A" for American, "B" for British. When our teachers and the Japanese weren't looking, the American children turned the "A" upside down, chalked out the crossbar and proudly wore a "V."

\*

I remember the ringing of the assembly bell would summon us to our assigned roll-call "district". Then would come the strict lineups, with our prisoner numbers pinned to our chests, and the numbering off when the uniformed guards counted us, and then the delays while the guards tallied the totals from all six roll-call districts. And finally, the all-clear bell.

\*



I remember how I found the six Americans that liberated us: It happened in 1997 ---

This Friday, August 25, I'll be speaking in Houston, Texas, to the evening banquet of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association National Convention. It was this veterans' group that got me started on my successful search for our six Americans that liberated us.

Our liberator, Jim Moore, and his wife will also be there at the banquet. So I shall publicly honor Jim again. I'll tell them this miracle story of our rescue and of my tracking down these heroes.

In May 1997, when I was running for election to the New Jersey state legislature, my two running mates asked me to substitute for them at a banquet of an All-East Coast of the USA reunion of a group called the China-Burma-India Veterans Association. They wanted me to present a proclamation from the New Jersey Senate and General Assembly to honor these veterans for their World War II service to America. This banquet was to be held in a hotel ten minutes from my home. Imagine it! As soon as I heard the name of the group, a lightbulb went on in my head. China-Burma-India -- our rescuers might be at that reunion! From my treasures, I dug out their

names and carried the list to the banquet that Saturday night.

When my turn came on the program, I read the proclamation from the Legislature. And then I told them, "I know it was not an accident that I was invited to substitute tonight for Senator Adler and Assemblyman Greenwald."

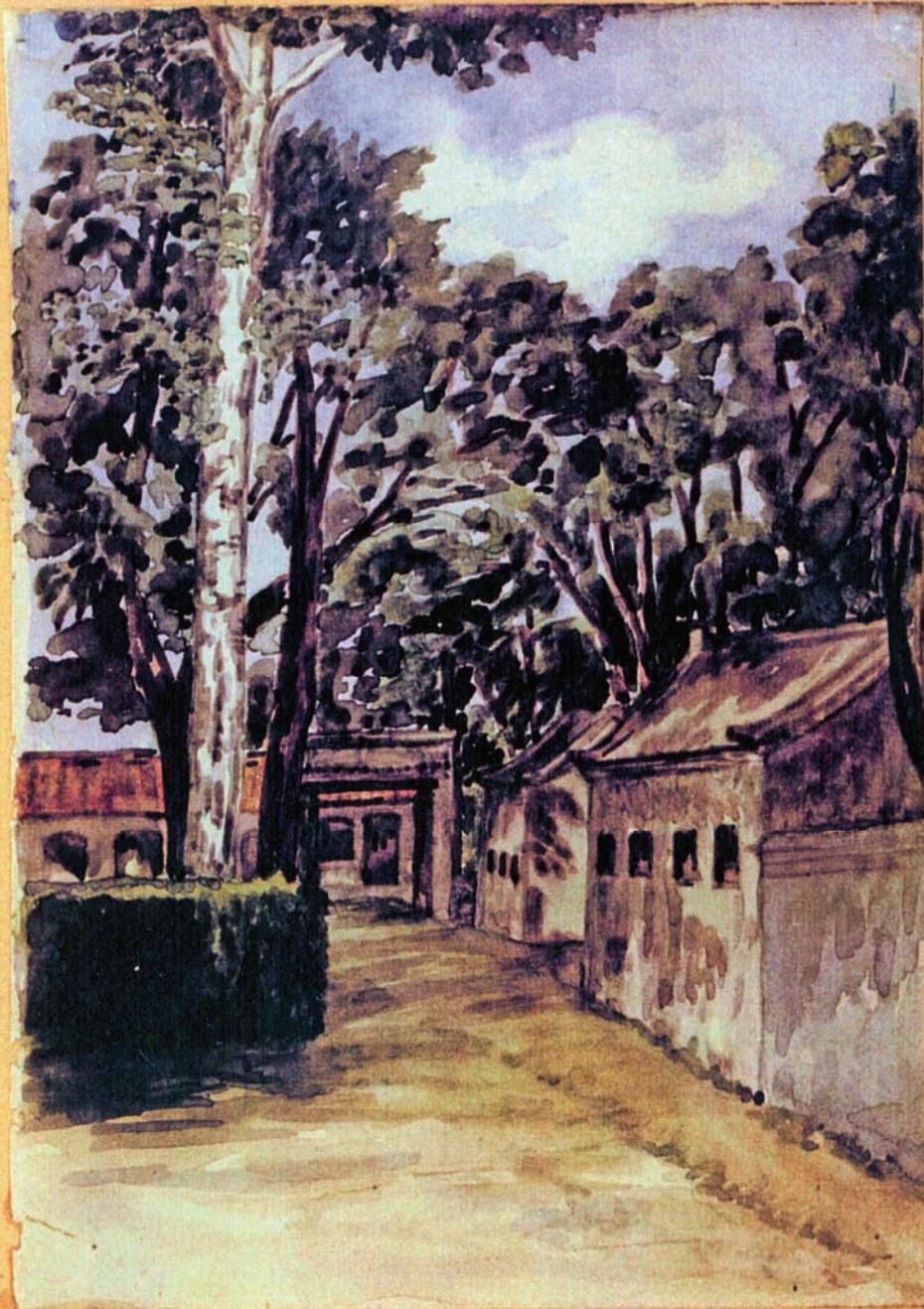
I briefly told the story from the eyes of a twelve-year-old -- of Americans parachuting from the sky to liberate the camp. "I've brought their names," I said. And I read the names to a very hushed room.

"Is any one of my heroes here tonight?"

I was greeted with silence and with old-timers weeping.

But after the banquet they embraced me. They told me I must write an article in the CBIVA "Sound-Off" Magazine to say that I was searching for these heroes -- to list their names, to list my own name, address, and phone number.

May 1997: That was the start. The first break came in September. By December I had found them all. Saying thank you by telephone and letter didn't feel quite enough, so I criss-crossed America to visit each one. I visited the last one this February in California. Believe me, it's been as much a gift to me as a gift to them.



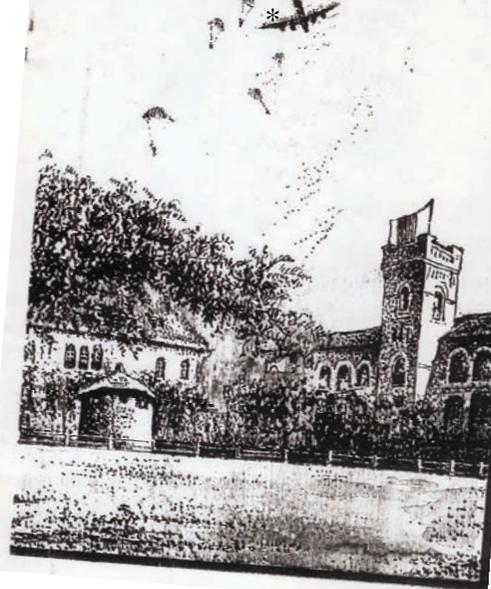
12. South end of  
"main street."

Wilder

I remember that the photo was definitely the drop of a number of two 55gall drums welded together containing peaches, Navy pea soup or whatever. They are being dropped from a B29 Super fortress.

The film was probably obtained from the photographers or film that was left by them as major re-supply did not start until 27th August although there were isolated drops before that date. The photographers were part of Col Bird's group that diverted into Weih sien on 20th August three days after the Staiger drop. They had been on a mission to Korea but failed and ran short of fuel and diverted to the airfield near Weih sien. The party contained both a press representative and a photographer. It is known that he took photos in the camp. They also took out their aircraft the following day for a low fly past on the Tuesday 21st August.

The Col Bird group left on Wed 22nd August 1945, on departure they did a low pass over the Camp. The same day that Lt Hannon gave a talk on prison camps of Italy and Germany.

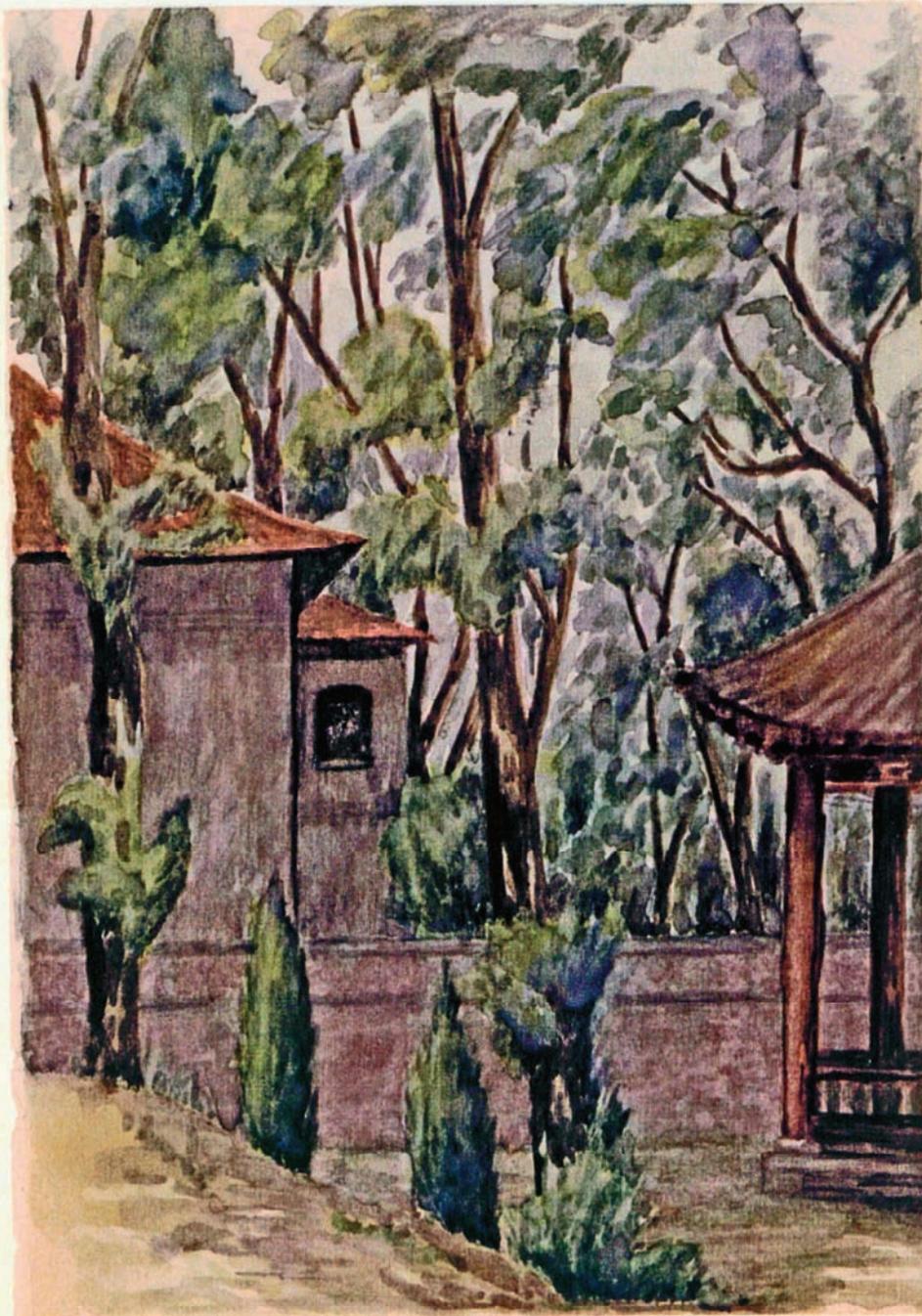


I remember the morning of December. 8, 1941. We awoke to find Japanese soldiers stationed at every gate of our school. They had posted notices on the entrances: Under the control of the Naval Forces of Great Japan. Their Shinto priests took over our ball field and performed some kind of rite and - just like that! - the whole school belonged to the Emperor. Then they posted pieces of paper with Japanese writing on our desks and chairs and pianos and beds saying this all belonged to the Great Emperor of Japan.

There was reason enough for panic. When we opened the school doors, Japanese soldiers with fixed bayonets blocked the entrance. Our headmaster was locked in solitary confinement. Beyond our gates, the Chinese were starving. Thieves often invaded the school compound at night, and, to our teachers' horror, one morning we came downstairs to find that all the girls' best overcoats had been stolen. After that, the schoolmasters took turns patrolling the grounds after dark, and our prep school principal, Miss Ailsa Carr, and another teacher, Miss Beatrice Stark, started sleeping with hockey sticks next to their beds.

The Japanese Army is coming soon to protect Japanese civilians living in China. The Japanese Army is an army of strict discipline, protecting good citizens. Civil servants must seek to maintain peace and order. Members of the community must live together peacefully and happily. With the return of Japanese businessmen to China, the businesses will prosper once more. Every house must fly a Japanese flag to welcome the Japanese.

**JAPANESE ARMY HEADQUARTERS**



14. A bit of one of the residences and the "Tingze." Out of bounds.

Wilder

I Remember August 15, the day the Emperor surrendered. For all of us it's good to remember that there is a flip side to our happy celebration. Japan honors this date in quite a different way...



Yasukuni Shrine

I received this message from Gil Hair, executive director of The Center for Internee Rights, and it shows there is still a pot simmering on the back burner, and that we'd better take the time to see if we can't turn down the heat under it. Gill wrote --

"It is that time of the year when Japanese officials make their annual pilgrimage to the Yasukuni Shrine in Tokyo. This event always raises the level of indignation on the part of Japan's WWII victims and survivors, for it exemplifies once more the dual standard that exists between what the world tolerates on the Part of the WWII Axis nations -- Germany and Japan.

"The Yasukuni Shrine is where the Japanese WWII war criminals are interred and revered. Do you think the world would tolerate a cathedral in Germany dedicated to the Nazis and the Nazi

WWII war criminals? I don't think so, and rightfully so.

"Having visited the Yasukuni Shrine three time, I'm always amazed at the special building at the shrine containing the artefacts and history of the war criminals and the glowing commentary of the Shinto priests on how the Japanese war criminals killed and butchered their enemies. It reflects again the attitude of the Japanese that there is pride, not shame, in what was done. It further reflects the growing element of the ultra-nationalists in Japan and its support by many members of the Japanese government. This is the opposite in Germany, where the Neo-Nazi movement is strongly opposed by the German government. Isn't it time to end this dual standard of morality and to hold Japan and Germany to the same standards?"

An article in The Japan Times, dated August 9, entitled "Eight Ministers Plan to Visit Yasukuni Shrine," listed the eight members of Prime Minister Yoshiro Mori's cabinet who were going to make the pilgrimage. Mori, at that time, had not made up his mind to go with the group, or go separately...

I am amazed at the complete dedication of Gil Hair -- who spent his war years in SantoTomas in the Philippines -- for his unending battle to see we receive an apology and reparations from Japan. Possibly, that is the only way we'll be able to cool the pot that is still slowly simmering on the back of the range...

\*



21. Our noon bell.

Wilden

I remember so well when the Japanese came and marched us away from our school. It was November 1942. Wearing military uniforms, the Japanese soldiers led us off to our first concentration camp, three miles across town. A straggling line of perhaps 200 children, proper Victorian teachers and God-fearing missionaries, we went marching into the unknown, singing from the Psalms. "God is our refuge and strength .... Therefore will we not fear... Along the street, our Chinese friends stood weeping.

\*

I remember that we always sang to keep our spirits up. We made up songs for everything. :

*We might have been shipped to Timbuktu.*

*We might have been shipped to Kalamazoo.*

*It's not repatriation,*

*Nor is it yet stagnation*

*It's only con-cen-tration in Chefoo.*

We'd hit the high note at the end and then giggle. I can sing it still.

\*

I remember that first Easter in camp, when Easter Mass was celebrated in the assembly centre. These five bishops stood in a line facing hundreds of priests, nuns and lay people. The ancient hymns soared, Gregorian chant resounded and echoed from wall to wall expressing the faith and hope even in this place. It was unforgettable.

We lived in block 6, right next to the hall, and during the numerous services, I heard and came to love all manner of hymns. Sunday evening ended with the Salvation Army's rousing sing song at 10pm.

\*

I remember that I was on the top floor of the camp hospital along with fellow students, when one of us heard a faint burred humming sound. As this grew louder, our first thought was that it was just another Japanese plane. We crowded to the window and realized that the drone of the plane was unfamiliar to us, and hoped against hope that it was an American plane.

As the plane circled over the camp, we were thrilled to see the American markings and then witness the heart stopping descent of the parachutes.

One analyst concluded that the parachutes were actually deployed with attached dummies in order to draw enemy fire. Should this have occurred, then the plane would have returned to its base without completing the mission. Fortunately for all of us, the 7 heroes risking their very lives on our behalf gloriously fulfilled their mission. We joined in the stampede to and through the gate, to welcome our liberators. As I recall there were no casualties. The leaders in our camp had prepared for the possibility of such a wild chaotic exuberant exodus from the compound on the day of actual liberation by creating their own police unit with the members sporting a red armband. Their immediate task was to get the women and children back into the camp and allow only the able bodied men to recover the support supplies that had been air dropped by the rescue plane. Without their efforts, we might still be roaming the countryside.

\*



I remember coal dust. The Japanese issued only 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, 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 splashes of water.

Grown-ups swapped coal ball recipes. Winter sunshine made the coal balls dry enough for burning.

\*

I remember the ball games that took place right under our window. For the evening games of baseball, I used to stand tiptoe on a bed to watch these exciting games. The priests were enthusiastic players. The Dutch priests were new to the game but en-

tered into the spirit calling 'lope lope' (run run) to encourage the black robed men as they ran with full beards flying ...

\*

I remember the whisper that passed from mouth to mouth one day at roll call: "Hummel and Tipton have escaped!"

My heart pounded against my ribs. I grabbed Podgey Edwards and started jumping up and down. I tried to recall what Hummel and Tipton looked like. Shaved bald and tanned brown like Chinese, someone said: Chinese clothes. But how in the world, I wondered, did they get over the electrified wire atop the camp wall without getting killed?

Our teachers and the older boys were more subdued. Escape would mean instant reprisals.

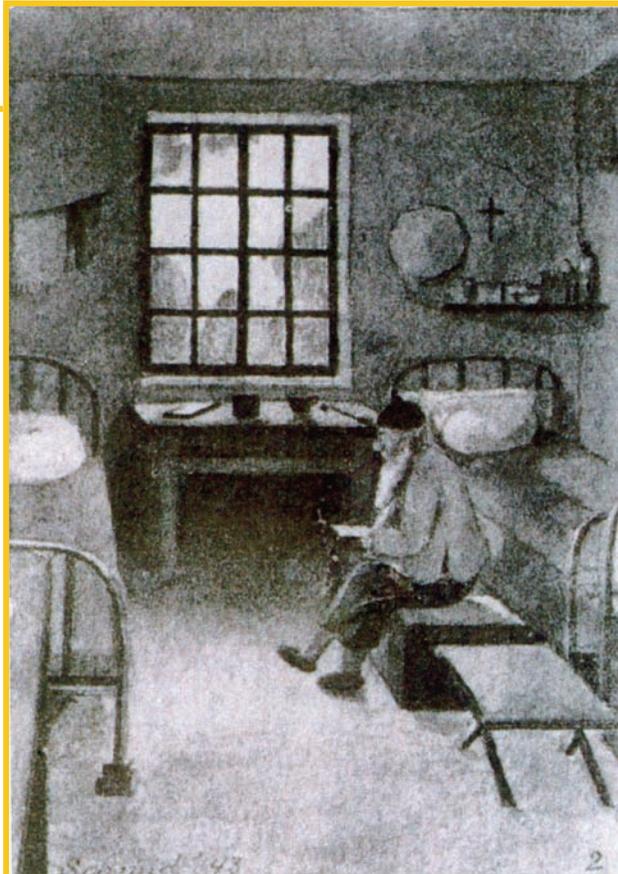
Roll call that day dragged on and on. With Hummel and Tipton missing, the guards' count failed to tally, and when the Japanese realized what was wrong the commandant unleashed the police dogs. And Japanese soldiers promptly arrested the nine remaining roommates from the bachelor dormitory and locked them up in the church for days of ugly interrogation. But nothing worked. Hummel and Tipton were gone.

Roll call was never the same after that. Instead of one, we now had two roll calls a day. Japanese guards cursed and shouted. They counted and recounted us each time. They also dug a monstrous trench beyond the wall, 10 feet deep and five feet wide, and beyond that they strung a tangle of electrified wire. No one would ever escape again.

\*



© Father Louis Schmidt



I remember the ringing of the assembly bell would summon us to our assigned roll-call "district. Then would come the strict line-ups, with our prisoner numbers pinned to our chests, and the numbering off when the uniformed guards counted us, and then the delays while the guards tallied the totals from all six roll-call districts. And finally, the all-clear bell.

To the Japanese soldiers who missed their own families, our district, with more than 100 children, was their pride and joy. And 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: Ichi ... nee .. . san...she...go....

Delays to the all-clear bell often dragged on and on. In summer we wilted in the insufferable heat; in winter we froze in the snow. We turned these ugly routines of war into games. While the Japanese tallied the prisoner count, we played marbles, or leapfrog, or practiced semaphore and Morse Code for our Brownie, Girl Guide and Boy Scout badges.

\*

I still remember how our teachers taught us exactly what to expect.

Structure. Structure. Structure. It was like a little voice inside saying, "Oh, I know what's going to happen next." They marched us off to breakfast for a splash of steaming gao liang gruel (animal feed, even by Chinese standards). They trooped us back to our dormitory, mug and spoon in hand, to scrub the floor. We grouped for morning prayers, and sang:

*God is still on the throne;*

*And He will remember His own ...*

*His promise is true;*

*He will not forget you.*

*God is still on the throne.*

We lined up for inspection. Were we clean? Were we neat? Did we have our mending done? We settled down on our steamer-trunk beds for school: English, Latin, French, history, Bible. School must go on.

Structure. It was our security blanket.

\*

...I remember that the boy who spread the word made it clear as he ran through the kitchen yard screaming in an almost insane excitement, 'An American plane, and headed straight for us.' We all flung our stirring paddles down beside the cauldrons in the kitchen; left the carrots unchopped on the tables, and tore after the boys to the ball field. At this point the excitement was too great for any of us to contain. Suddenly I realized that for some seconds I had been running around in circles, waving my hands in the air and shouting at the top of my lungs. This plane was OUR plane. It was sent here to tell US.

To tell us the war was over. The plane's underside suddenly opened. Out of it floated seven men in parachutes. The height of the incredible!

Without pausing even a second to consider the danger, we poured like some gushing human torrent down the short road. The avalanche hit the front gate, burst it open and streamed past the guards. Some of the more rational internees were trying to fold the parachutes. Most of us, however, were far too 'high' for the task. We just stood there adoring, or ran about shouting and dancing..."

\*

I remember that we were crammed into the camp like sardines. There were four family-size houses, each one bulging with 60 to 70 people.

\*



I remember Jim Moore's story, one that not even a skilled novelist could match. Jim is the son of Southern Baptist missionaries to China who attended and graduated from our very own Chefoo School. He returned to America in 1937, graduated from Hardin-Simmons University and joined the FBI. Jim read about the capture of his/our school in the Chefoo School's alumni magazine -- that his teachers and little brothers and sisters of his classmates had been marched into concentration camp. He read of classmates dying in the war. FBI members were deferred from military service. But Jim resigned from the FBI, joined the Navy and the Office of Strategic Services -- which was looking for people who could speak Chinese -- and was in Kunming, training 15- and 16-year-old Chinese paratroopers-in-training when the OSS started pulling together these hastily-constituted teams to liberate the civilian internment camps. Jim volunteered to join the team that liberated Weih sien.

\*

I remember the private reunions I had with our liberators. They said: "Real heroes don't think of themselves as heroes." Our rescuers didn't. In fact, they get down right embarrassed when I call them heroes. They usually say something like, "I only did what any other American would have done."

\*

I remember our evacuation from Weih sien. Now listen to this. At this very minute I have a picture on my refrigerator! Imagine it. Douglas Finlay sent it to me last year -- a snapshot of David Allen, Raymond Moore, and four Taylor children -- Kathleen, Jamie, John, and me (Mary) -- at Sian the night we flew out of Weih sien in early September 1945. We six Chefoo children were the second planeload flown out of Weih sien. Yes, yes, yes, remember our sitting on heaps of used parachutes all the way from Weih sien to Sian? I had carried on board with me that day a small bundle of treasures which I intended to drop out of the airplane window to my Chefoo dorm mates below. Wrong!

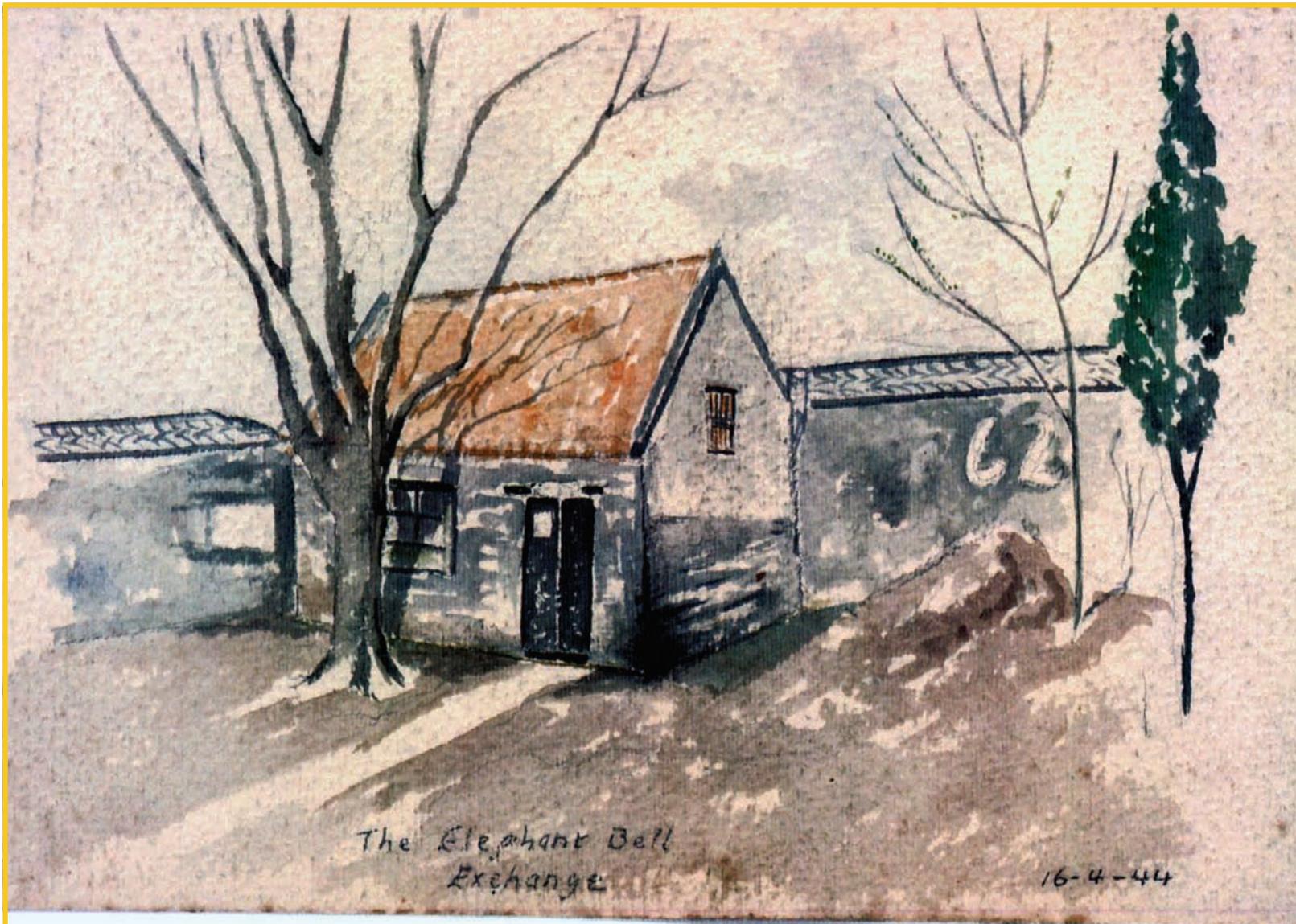
In the picture on my refrigerator, we six children are feasting on cake with an O.S.S. officer in Sian.



\*

I remember that our own rescue team had a few tense moments when they got inside the camp. One of our liberators, Jim Moore, says the Japanese at Weih sien said that the Americans should have brought official papers notifying the Japanese of their assignment.

\*



I remember that although I was as thrilled as anyone else when these guys dropped from the sky, I never connected with any of them personally. I was a shy 13 year old. My friend and classmate David Birch tells me that he and I were playing ping pong in Kitchen #1 when the sound of an airplane drew us outside. When we

got to the front gates they were open and we went out. I followed the kids ahead of us at a run. That's when I was stopped by a weed patch. I don't know what they are called but they grow prostrate along the ground and produce lots of tiny little thorny tetrahedral stars that always have one thorn facing the sky. I was of course bare-

foot! I lifted one foot and saw perhaps 20 thorns up to the hilt in my calluses. I knew there must be a similar number in the other foot. I wanted very much to sit down and pull them out, but that would only have put another 50 of them in my bum. I walked on the thorns for 15 or 20 steps till I got out of the patch, sat down, pulled all the

blankety-blank things out of my feet and took myself home to treat my bleeding soles. As you can see, this little experience has completely colored my memory of Liberation Day !

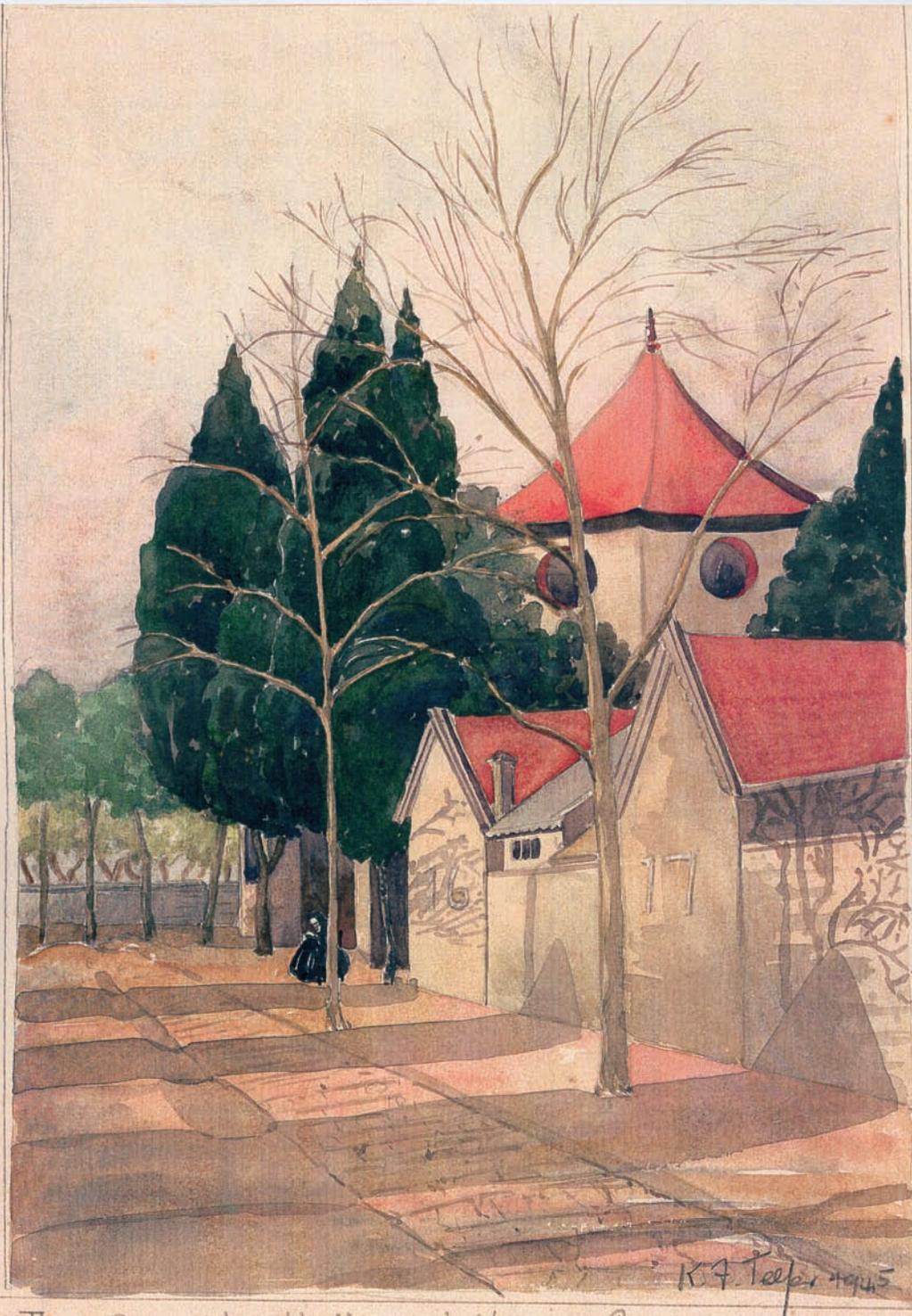
\*

I remember that all you Chefoo students stayed mostly between yourselves. I never experienced religious prejudice until our family was interned, first in Tsingtao in October 1942, and then in Weihsien in March 1943. My Tsingtao camp experience was that a 10-year-old girl who was the daughter of American missionaries was forbidden to play with me because I was a Catholic boy (also 10). And, of course, in Weihsien, there were many Evangelical missionaries who looked down on Catholics or considered them outright evil. However, there were many positive spiritual experiences at Weihsien, and those outweighed the negative ones.

\*

I remember August 17, 1945. There is not a single August 17th that comes without my rejoicing at the memory of being in the church having a singing lesson and hearing someone say It's not a Jap plane and then all of us taking off out of the church past a weakly protesting teacher, dashing on to the field, picking up those pamphlets and then seeing the seven men and the rainbow of parachutes, running out, bare feet ignoring mighty prickles and running, running to greet those heroes.

\*



The Assembly Hall - Weihstien Camp.

I remember the LIVING ARRANGEMENTS:

There were 10 of us boys crammed in a classroom 12 ft long x 10 ft wide. All the mattresses had been rolled up against the wall where the bedbugs lived. This gave up 2 to 3 ft of walking space because in the middle of the room were steamer trunks (our seats). In the opposite corner from the door to our room were Red Cross boxes stacked over by John Taylor's side.

Starting from the door and going around the room were: Raymond Moore, David Allen, Robert Clow, John Birch, (?), on the other side, Philip Paulson, Paul Grant, (?), John Taylor, Val Nichols. I will have to confer with John Taylor, and Paul Grant, and maybe we can figure it out together. We were all about 10 - 11 years of age.

In the room next to us were the girls of approximately the same age. I couldn't remember one of their names, but I think there were 8 of them. I wasn't interested at that time. We were housed in Building 23 which had the bell tower.

There are other memories of roll call ... learning to number off in Japanese ... learning the caws of rooks in the trees and what they meant ... making snowballs and snowballing the guards ... (this was a kids game, no adults allowed)... making coal balls for our little KLIM (Milk spelled backwards) cans, which we mudded and made into stoves ... walking through the tunnel underground by the hospital, ... running long distance

... races through the camp ... reddened buttocks from mouthing off to teachers, generously applied by Mr Martin with hand, shoe, ... yellow jaundice and the utter distaste for the smell or taste of food, that was when we were in Building 23 before getting moved into Building 24, ... roll call late in the evening after 2 men escaped from the camp and the bell was rung. We were outside a long time for that one... Sneaking out the window of our classroom, and getting caught by Miss Priestman on her prayer rounds.

\*

I remember that I told them everything I could about Eddie "Cheng-Han" Wang, who was the Chinese interpreter on the mission to liberate Weihstien. He's the only one of the rescue team whom I have not tracked down. I'm still looking. They guessed that if Mr. Wang was fluent in English, he would most likely be in the USA now.

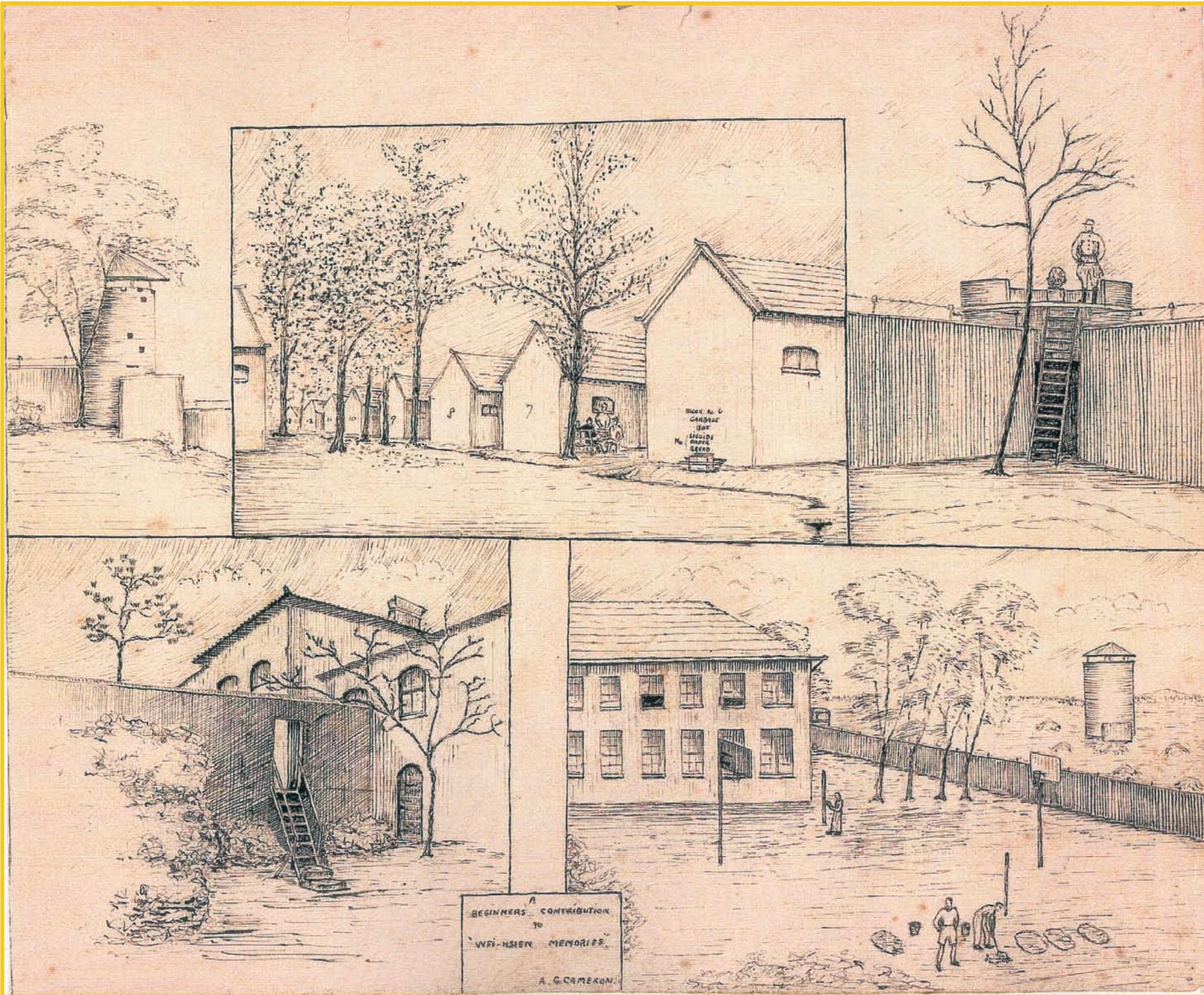
\*

I remember that one of my shoes dropped off, good leather shoes, imagine!, and mum had to make me a cloth shoe in blue and white cloth for me to limp into Weihstien where we went through a moongate and had a welcoming tea.

\*

I remember that I had to return the rosary and was kept away from the nuns though some bad boy and I stood under their window and sang rude songs just to show that we weren't going to get caught by their wicked religion...

\*



I remember the night of the escape which stands clear in mind with the midnight roll call, and those horrid great Alsatians with their permanganate streaks on them prowling around us. How did ma do it? She managed to give us all a square of chocolate to eat as we waited on the field under search lights with trucks bustling in with guards bristling with guns.

\*

I remember that the highlight of the culinary year was Christmas Dinner when the menu skipped such staples as beet and turnip tops and eggplant in exchange for pork, peas and other vegetables, finishing with Christmas pudding and Christmas cake or stolen incorporating walnuts, Chinese dates and grated orange peel.

\*



I remember celebrating Christmas in Weihsien, buying small presents at the White Elephant, besides creating gifts out of wood, cloth and paper. I remember the games and parties as well as joint Christmas services in the camp church.

Norman was part of a group which went from block to block on Christmas Eve singing carols. They would conclude with :

*"We wish you a merry Christmas,  
We wish you a merry Christmas ;  
We wish you a merry Christmas and a  
Happy New Year,  
And hope it won't be here.!"*

\*

I remember that Pa made our tiny room habitable for us by giving each of us a painting on the wall above our bunk beds that just belonged to us. Richard had a tiger and I had a copy of a picture by Ma Yuan of some venerable sage rocking quietly in his boat, paddle just touching the water, surrounded by bamboos. I have a copy of it in my bedroom now and it has always felt like an icon of place.

\*

I remember so many pictures, the Japanese dentist, that gritty eggshell on a spoon, making coal balls, planting our castor oil beans and morning glory seeds, listening to the nuns singing downstairs in Block 23 and having my parents horrified to find me lying in bed playing with a 'necklace' the nuns had given me and crooning songs to the Virgin Mary...oh rags of Popery!

\*

I remember of one inmate who was always having his apple stolen by guards decided to fix them. He took the urine from a sick patient and injected it in near the stem of the apple and placed it under his pillow as usual. When the guard ate the apple he became very sick and was taken off that watch. That solved that problem.

\*

I remember the year our Chefoo teachers presented us with small lap slates and chalk for Christmas? I have no idea where they got the money or the slates. But that gift of lap slates rescued us from having to use and erase and re-use and erase and re-use the cheap notebooks we used to write all of our lessons. As I recall, we each got only one notebook a month and used and re-used until we erased holes in the pages.

\*

I remember of this occupation therapy from a doctor: Capture bugs and lice, and slip them into Japanese soldier's huts in vast quantities. In camp there was always an abundance of ants, fleas, lice and bedbugs. No insect was loathed more than the bedbug.

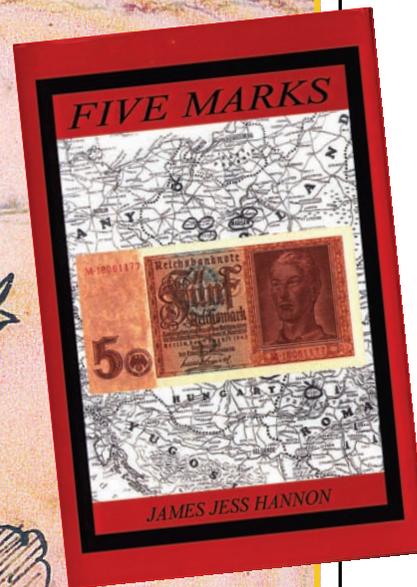
\*

I remember that toys were made from stones, sticks, string bottles, empty tin cans, pieces of glass, acorns, grass.

\*



THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM



I remember that Lt. Jim Hannon had lectured in Weih sien on POW camps in Italy and Germany. Lt. Hannon had been captured in Italy in 1944 and was held in several POW camps. He has described to me how he escaped and walked across Europe until he bumped into US troops. After a de-briefing in Washington, he was sent to China in a group called the Air Ground Aid Service (AGAS) -- a group that specialized in rescuing downed pilots. The other members of our team were all in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) - - which was affectionately called Oh, So Secret or Oh, So Social -- because some of the OSS were from Ivy League schools. On our rescue team, Jim Moore was the only college graduate (Harden Simmons University in Texas). Major Staiger was snatched out of University of Oregon after his third year. He never finished college.

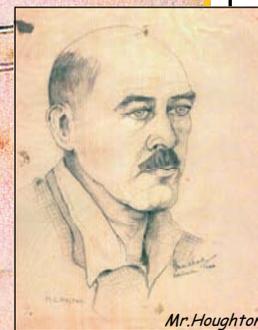
\*

I remember, when a cluster of us boys in the attic, where we lived, gathered around another wonderful man who had a lasting impact for good, we asked this much-respected schoolmaster of ours, "What would happen if the Japanese won the war?"

I clearly recall today Mr. Houghton's confident reply, "The Japanese won't win the war." "But what would happen IF they won the war?" we persisted. "The Japanese WONT win the war," repeated Mr. Houghton. "But JUST SUPPOSE they DID win the war!" (We weren't ready to give up.) "Mr. Houghton's quiet reply to this third query was a simple repeat of his first two replies:

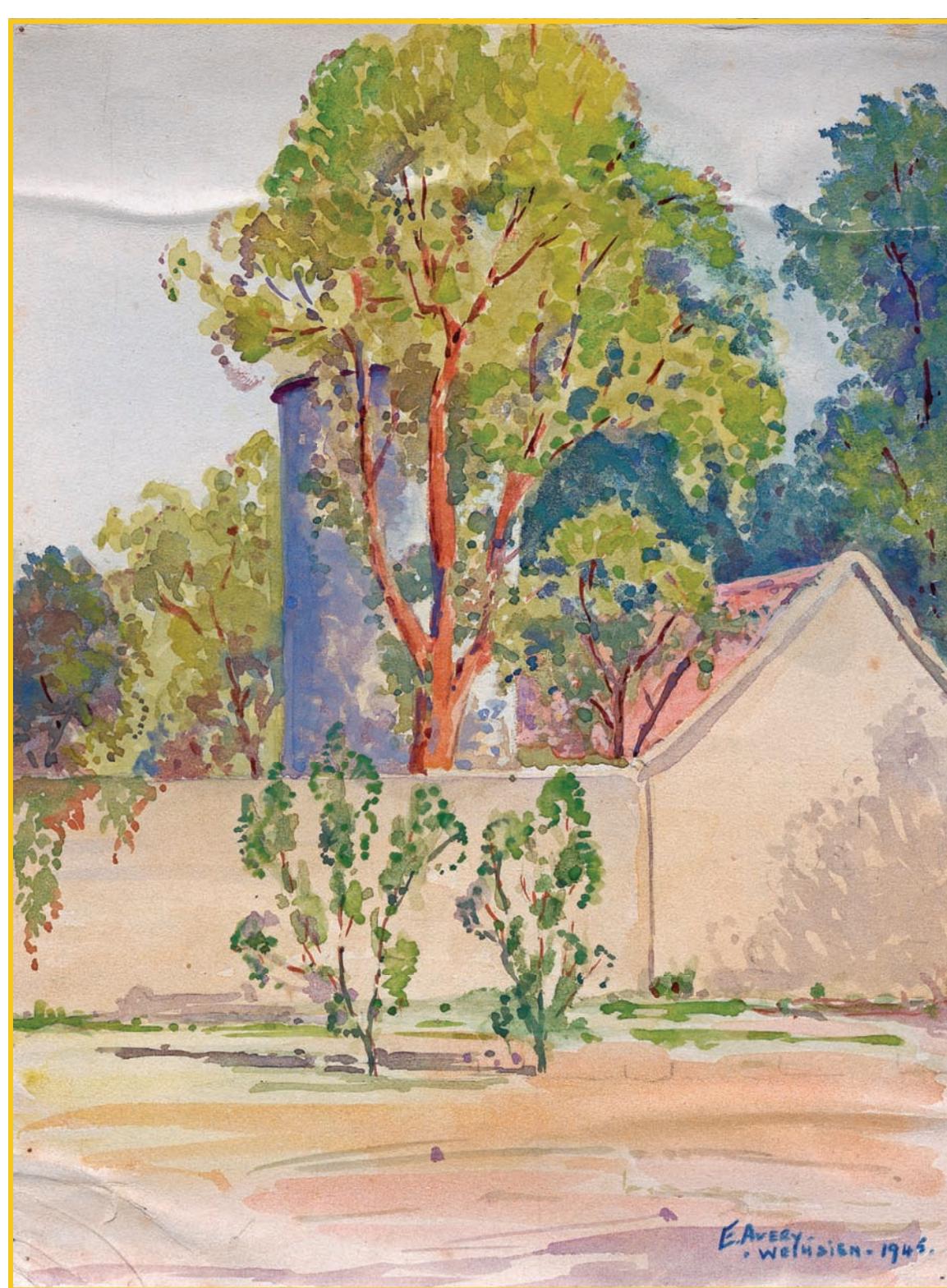
Quietly but firmly, "THE JAPANESE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR!"

I believe that all of us went to bed that night in that two-large-room attic apartment in the comfy old house on the hill comfortably convinced that the Allies were going to win the war!



Mr. Houghton

\*



I remember that our liberators told a strange story about Colonel Byrd. The Byrd team had been assigned to liberate another civilian camp, but failed in its mission. Our liberators told me that Colonel Byrd then came into Weihsien and wanted to take over the camp from Major Staiger. Sort of a save-face move. Major Staiger would have none of it. Weihsien was his.

\*

I remember Miss B. M. Stark whose birthday did indeed coincide with mine. She exhibited infinite patience while tutoring me so I could catch up to the rest of my class in the Prep. School.

\*

I remember that some of my happiest boyhood memories are of those days in internment.

\*

I Remember Sgt Bu Shing! Remember King Kong? Not complimentary nicknames - but certainly nicknames that helped us to see our imprisonment with some humour.

\*

I remember that Winston Churchill is supposed to have said, *"The difficult can be done at once. The impossible will take a little longer."*

\*



I remember that very first Hershey bar. Pa always used to say; *"Et haec olim meminisse iuvabit"* (Some day we shall be glad to remember even this). How true!

\*

I remember that they were fascinated at my piece of parachute silk, embroidered with the rescue scene -- the B-24 bomber, the seven parachutes dropping from the plane, and the camp's church steeple below. Each member of the rescue team autographed the silk next to his parachute embroidered on the scene.

Members, of the audience passed the embroidered silk from hand to hand. I had brought the embroidery along as my "show-and-tell." The widow of Peter Orlich, the youngest of the rescue team, gave me this treasure after I tracked her down in 1997. She and I are still trying to find out who embroidered this amazing memento. A woman in the camp gave it to Peter Orlich as a goodbye gift when Peter left for Qingdao in late August 1945. Pete Orlich's widow says she thinks Peter said a White Russian woman gave it to him. Does anyone know anything about this embroidery? In addition to the embroidery, I have a pattern of the picture on the embroidery. That makes me think that other women may have embroidered this scene, using this same pattern.

\*



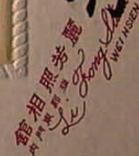
Prisoner artist's sketch of Duck Team parachutists autographed by the seven liberators. Nagaki was the second jumper.

厲文禮敬贈



雷震遠司鐸

惠存



through his use of the hairbrush or hand on the bottom of a bare seat in Weih sien (for lipping off to the teachers).

I remember him challenging us to read through the chapter on the Prussian wars in Europe and graphically portraying the leading characters, places, events, dates and if possible the reasons. I chose the use of waterfalls to show the turbulent times, main characters and split in alliances at that time. That must have been back in about 1949 - 1950.

I remember him using the easel, plus the Chinese ink pen, draw, and paste technique. He illustrated the spiritual armor in Eph. 6 worn by a Christian. He would paint magically on paper the different pieces of armor, cut them out, and then paste them on the soldier. Our attention was glued to his great artistry and lesson. We were too busy watching him create this fighting soldier, than to make rabbits out our handkerchiefs or to catch flies with a little spit in the palm of our hands.

His teaching was like a graphical flowchart of today. He was years ahead of his time, tying in truth to a simple flowchart.

Mr Martin, taught like the apostle Paul, and Mr Stanley Houghton taught like the apostle John. Stanley Houghton, understood the separation and loneliness caused by separation from parents, and responded with understanding and compassion.

I remember there was a kind of a feud between the adults. The Japanese were not involved. Protestants vs. Catholics. Such a pity for the children.

\*

I remember the walls and the barbed wires. The birds flew over and away. Where?.....

\*

I remember my Mother once said lucky she had her diamond ring to trade for fruit at the Black Market.

\*

I remember Gordon Martin. He was an outstanding teacher, through use of object lessons, in the morning church services; through his paper, ink, and pen drawings; through his graphical portrayals of European History;

\*



I remember that in Chefoo we had played all the proper -- very proper -- British games: tenni quoit, cricket, tennis, hockey, prisoners' base. In Weihsien, with its postage stamp field too small for baseball, Mary Scott introduced us to the joys of softball. A Nazarene missionary from America's heartlands, a lively English teacher from Hammond High, Mary Scott grew up the only girl in a family of seven brothers. They blistered her hands with hardball in the back yards and sandlots of Hammond, Indiana. This 5'2" dynamo could play like a pro. But the starvation diet was taking its toll. In the summer league games, when the Peking Panthers or the Tientsin Tigers ran out of men with enough stamina to finish a game, they called Mary Scott from the bench. It was unheard of in the 1940's -- a woman coming in to save the faltering male line up.

\*

I have many memories - strangely most of them happy as our parents protected us from all that was not pleasant. I do remember vividly the pantomimes that were put on and I remember the electrician's daughter was the fairy and she was all lit up with lights. I also remember when the American planes flew over to liberate us. I was very scared as they seem to touch the roofs of our little huts -- and there was so much confusion (at least in my eyes) as everyone was running around. I remember running out of the camp -- the guards just standing there as everyone ran out of the compound.

\*

I remember I was ill in bed with a high fever, still in my little cot. Winter. Mama said: No roll-call, she's not to go out in this freezing weather. So they waited outside, and I waited inside. All of a sudden King Kong was towering over my cot, grunting, spitting and rather mad, demanding explanations. Well, I don't know what happened, but next morning I was outside for roll-call.

\*

I remember that Mrs. Bazire told me that at first she was permitted to post her paintings at will around the camp. Later, the Japanese made a rule that no posters were to be posted until they had first been reviewed and approved by them. Those which had been approved were marked with a small Japanese "chop" or seal.

\*

I remember that for a brilliant run in cricket, we would clap politely or call demurely across the lawn, 'Well played, Sir!' But in Weihsien, when the Tientsin Tigers were whopping the Peking Panthers or the Priests' Padres in the softball games on summer evenings, we whooped, we hollered, we flipped hand springs, and slapped each other on the back. Our teachers shuddered. Alas! Exposed to the troubling new world in this prison camp melting pot, we might escape the war without falling prey to the triple threat of sin, sex, and sophistication, but from our first taste of softball it was clear that we would never escape the taint of American enthusiasm.

\*



I remember beautiful summer evenings when Zandy played the accordion on his doorstep.

\*

I remember that one person wrote: 'Whatever subject Mr. Martin taught became interesting and memorable'.

\*

I remember that the Chefoo group arrived in Weih sien less than two weeks before the US internees left for their trip back to the States on the M/S Gripsholm.

\*

I remember the egg shell programme. One egg a week ration each had the shell crushed between two spoons and fed to children - I was one.

\*

I remember Mrs. Wilder's paintings: These are just gems! I am surprised at how green it all looks, the cosiness of the views, the big trees by the church....my strongest memories are of the bare field outside the church, and of the alfalfa we picked on the rolling ground above the air raid shelter near the morgue. What a gift parcel it is, with the maps, diary excerpts and all. How different it looks with the student blocks having little gates into their courtyards. We were in block fifteen, looking straight out at block 23. That was where we made our coal balls, grew our castor oil plants, and the morning glories.

\*

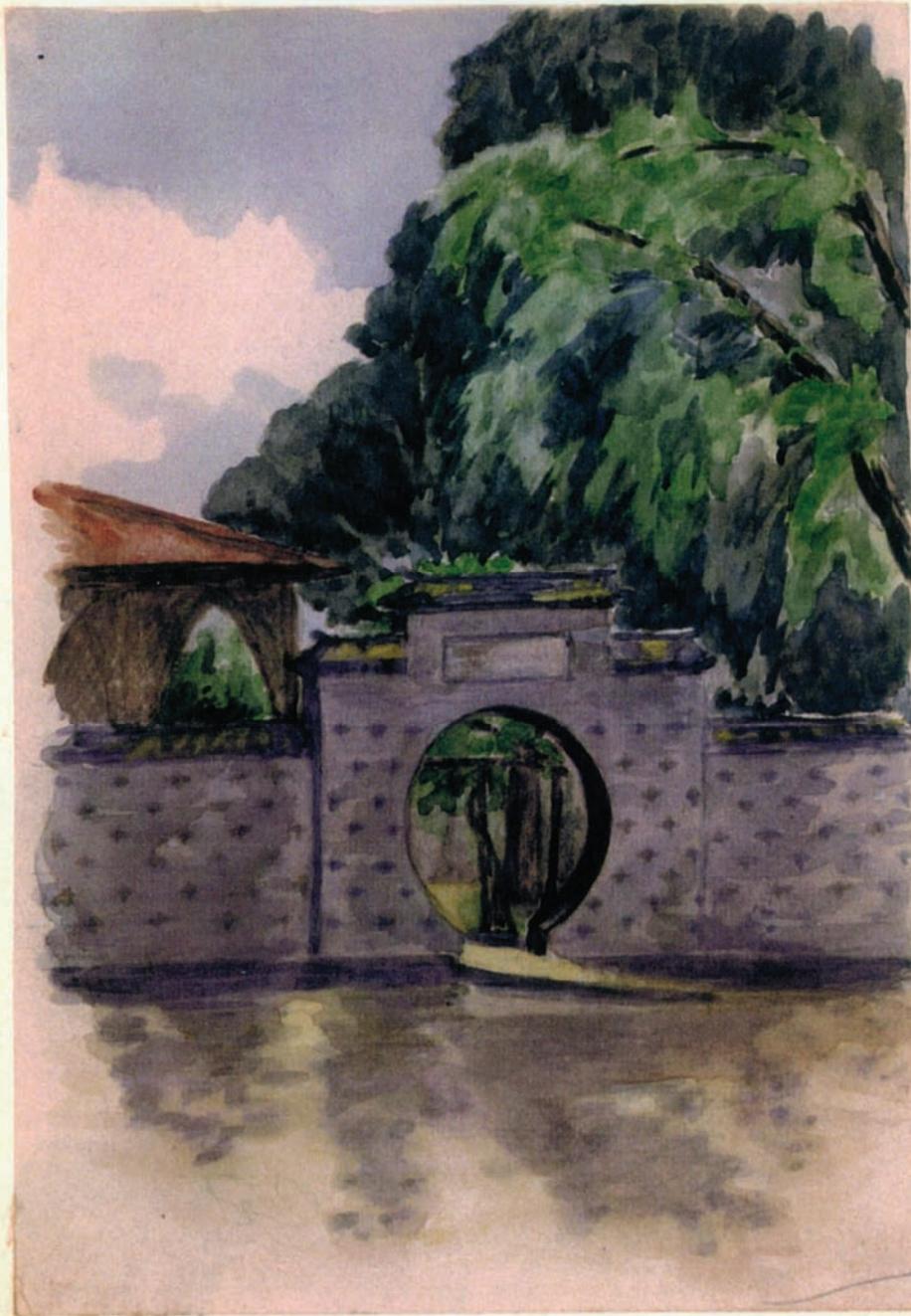
I still recall my first meal at Weih sien Camp. I remember joining a line-up outside Kitchen #1 (I think it was), and receiving an informal welcome to Weih sien from friendly camp 'veterans.'

Interestingly, nearly all my recollections of Weih sien are pleasant. These include school classes conducted in bedrooms; chores such as pumping water into a water tower by the Ladies' Showers; making coal balls and 'briquettes' with mixtures of slack coal and mud which we dried in the sun; queuing up in great long lines to fill our coal buckets with coal from a huge heap in the Japanese quarters; concerts in some of which I and my classmates took part in choral singing; baseball games, and so on and so on and a lot more. Of course, the rescue by the U. S. airmen is a particularly vivid and treasured memory.

\*

I remember my GOING HOME FROM WEIHSIEN. It was an adventure. Six Chefoo children -- Kathleen, Jamie, Mary, and John Taylor, David Allen, and Raymond Moore-- were flown from Weih sien to an American Office of Strategic Services base in Sian, Shensi province, September 10, 1945, in the second plane load of prisoners repatriated from the camp.

\*



4. The moon gate  
Wilda

I remember that some of us -- me included -- had contracted trachoma -- so we were banned from getting into the USA until we were treated and pronounced clear of this dreaded eye disease.

\*

I remember that we were on a similar ship. I disremember its name, but it was not the ARAWAK. It had once been a frozen mutton transport ship from Australia to England. We also slept in hammocks and had a supply of ancient dusty chocolate bars. Out of Hong Kong the South China Sea was like a mirror. We stopped in Singapore and Colombo but were not allowed off the ship. We watched in fascination as we passed through the Suez Canal. Near Malta we had some high seas, but soon we were crossing the Bay of Biscay and docked in Liverpool in late December 1945. I would have guessed that we were 6 weeks out of Hong Kong.

\*

Yes, I remember the SS Arawa, and the journey from Hong Kong to London. It took 4 or 5 weeks. I remember that we travelled via the Suez Canal. There was an awful storm in the Mediterranean, which probably slowed us down a bit, but we had good weather in the Bay of Biscay.

To keep us safe and occupied, the staff continued to teach us. We owe them a tremendous debt for all they did for us, both in camp and afterwards, as I hardly need tell you. On the ship, some of us shared cabins, but many slept in hammocks.

\*

I remember a very personal story. I met America's heroes a long, long time ago. I fell in love with America 56 years ago. August 17, 1945. I will never forget that day. They were spilling from the belly of a B-24 bomber. Six American heroes risking their lives for people they didn't even know. For three years I had been a child prisoner in a Japanese concentration camp in China. For 5 1/2 years I had not seen my missionary parents. And now American heroes were dropping from the skies. We turned these liberators into gods. We wanted their buttons. We wanted their insignia. We cut off souvenir pieces of their hair. Oh, yes, yes, yes! We sang, too. God bless America.

\*

I remember this Dutch woman who hoarded loads of goodies in her room? At the end of it all other prisoners found loads of stuff stored - stuff which could perhaps be of help to those families with starving kids. Mum used to tell the story of the time when she saw three potatoes lying in the gutter. Carefully checking that no Jap was watching she sat beside them and surreptitiously sneaked them into her pocket. Can you believe it — but this Dutch woman (who was by herself and had no kids to feed) saw what was happening and told my mother that unless she gave her two of them she would report it to the Japs. Oh well, I suppose it takes all sorts to make a world. I doubt that she is still alive — but if she is I hope that she gets to read this, and feels suitably ashamed of herself!

\*



A Japanese-American sergeant watches a backyard cook

I remember that Granny only spoke of the camp during her final year, 1989, when a brain tumor seemed to lift the censor that had kept her memories silent. Up to that point, whenever I asked her questions she replied that I should focus on being happy and clean (she was a consummate hand washer. . .)

\*

I remember:

It is incredible to think that we, in a prisoner of war camp in China under the control of the Japanese, could have letters from the outside world. Especially surprising were those from my uncle Arthur Jones in Stalag VIII B, a German prisoner of War Camp through the good auspices of the Red Cross.

\*

I remember that our first home was in Block 6 and had two rooms as we were a family of five. This was near the ball field. My father was a baker in the No. 3 kitchen where my mother peeled vegetables. Our neighbours were: Wallises, Dreggs, Joneses, Carters, Barnes, Marshes and the Simmies. For 15 months we shared accommodation with Marie and (Dr) Robbie Robinson and their two children.

\*

I remember that I was 9 months old when we went into the camp. Mr father and mother, May and Fred and the whole family - mum, dad my sisters Kath (6yrs old), my sister Beryl (3 yrs old, and little me - were all together for the duration. I have only vague memories of life in Weihsien although a few years ago I went to a reunion in England and saw several photos of the camp, and I was so pleased to see that my memories were actually true and not just imagined. I can remember the wall and the ditch outside. I also remember the tower that the Japs lived in and their dogs, which I imagine to be Alsations (can anybody confirm that?). I still have a scar on my chin which I managed to get when we kids were out collecting frogs. I was holding a tin can to put them in when my sister Kath slipped and fell onto me. I managed to stick my chin into the jagged edge of the tin can. My war wound!!!!

\*

I remember that my father was in kitchen No 1 as a cook. He was also a blackmarketeer. My job when I turned 14 was cleaning out toilets in the camp near the showers.

\*



A former "taipan" named Blackadder

I remember Aug 17<sup>th</sup> 1945: V I Day (Victory over Internment.)

On Wednesday we heard that the war was over by our underground canary.

News was also passed by coolies trading cigarettes with internees.

On Thursday we were showered with pamphlets telling us what to expect.

On Friday the Jr. Boys were down on the playfield not far from the main gate. We were either playing soccer or watching a game, when we heard the sound of an airplane. Looking over the barbed-wire fence which carried high voltage electricity we expected to see a single engine Japanese plane. Instead, to our surprise we saw a four engine B-24 circle once, determine the wind direction and then make an Immelman manoeuvre and come back over the fields outside the camp. Slowly 7 men parachuted out of the plane. Before any had touched the ground we were running full tilt for the front gate. They were opening as we arrived and we headed out in mass. There were about 1700 people in that camp.

Our feet were hardened to the ground but not the puncture weeds and their barbs. As soon as we left the motor road we found them. Some of the Chinese field workers, seeing us take the stickers out of our feet, volunteered to take us piggy back to the motor road. They were so glad to be free of Japanese oppression. We walked so proudly beside the American GI's, so glad to be free at last.

Within 2 days we had B-29 bombers flying outside the camp and dropping food and clothing supplies. The sky was filled with parachutes, plane after plane coming and dumping food, clothing and pamphlets. It was an exciting time.

On Monday the American GI's handed out sweets and chocolates. The first meal of split pea soup tasted awful good, but made an abrupt return. I could not retain rich food for up to 3 weeks after that. They started giving us vitamins etc from packages dropped from the B-29's. That evening the Jr. boys and Senior Boys and Girls gave a gymnastic display. The GI's gave some of the kids penknives as gifts, or pieces of ripped parachutes.

We salvaged the tin cans from the food drops and traded them for tomatoes, corn, apples, pears and crab-apples. Only the adult men and women were allowed to go outside the camp to make trades, but the kids would trade over the wall.

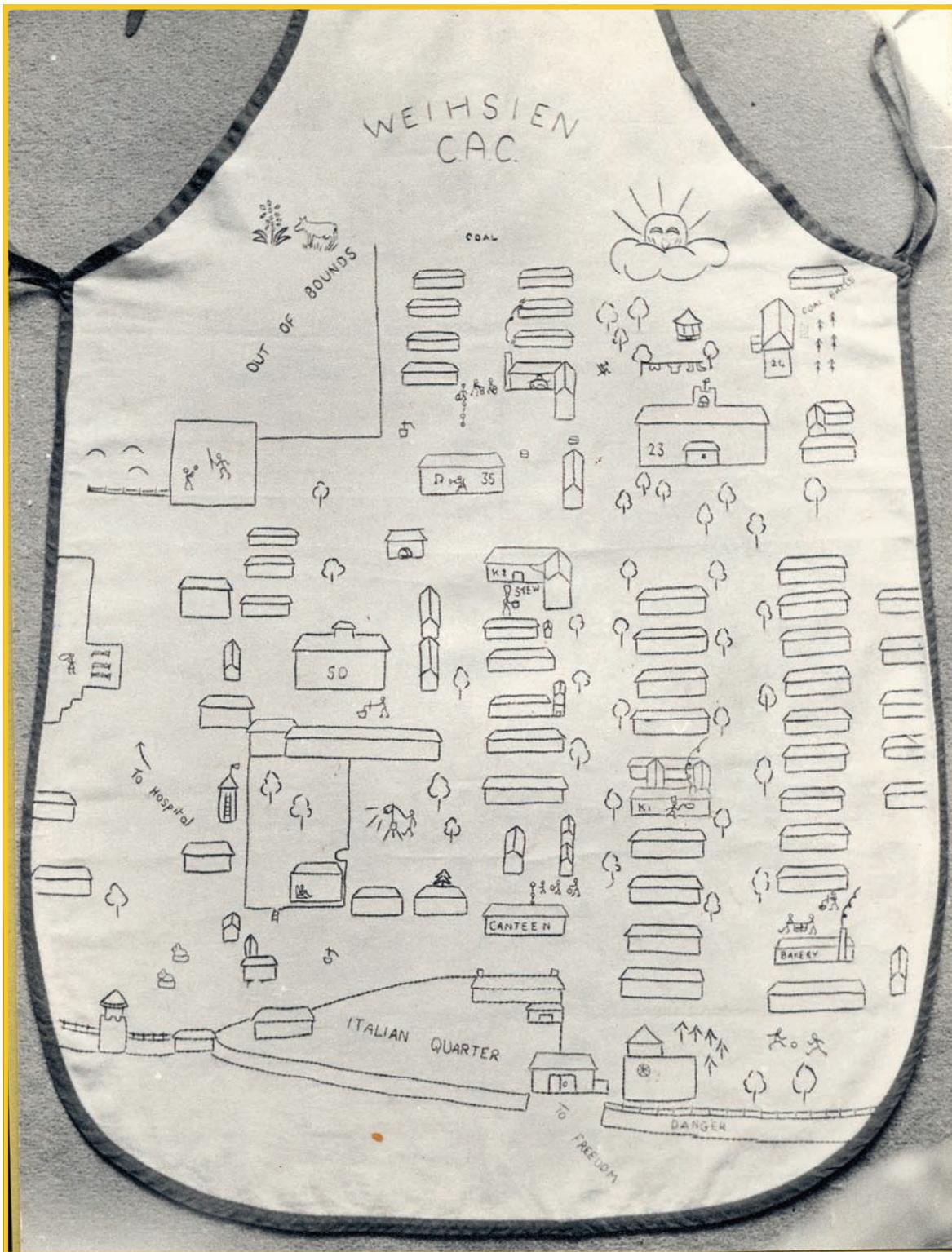
The electric barbed-wire fence turned off. The apples we got in trade we made into stewed apples.

The stoves we cooked on were made from KLIM cans (milk spelled backwards. The cans were mudded inside and wires placed through them and a door for proper ventilation.

Adults were selling old clothes and anything that was sailable for fresh fruit. Everyone had a craving for fresh fruit.

Within 2 weeks John Taylor, Raymond Moore and I were taken by bus out to the Weihsien airport and climbed into a C-46 Cargo plane. We flew to Sian, and from there on I flew on to Kunming on a B-17 bomber called "The Home-sick Angel."

The last letter was written from Weihsien Aug 25, 1945 and received in Mitu, Yunnan on Oct 11, 1945. Now you know why missionary kids didn't go home to see their folks at Christmas time. Transportation was too slow and distances too far and a war was on. I didn't see my folks from Sept 1940 - Sept 1945.



I remember that getting to Weihsien was a great adventure for all of us. When I had finished with schooling at the camp one of my jobs was at the bakery. Your father was the leader of one of the bakery teams and I was in his team together with Ken Marshall, Tony Lambert and someone else whose name I have forgotten. We always maintained that "Sid Talbot's Team made the best bread in camp!!"

\*

I remember that my mother always felt that the things she had learnt to do in Camp like cleaning, washing, baking, budgeting etc all helped her in her new life as a widow in post war England. She had been brought up in China, and always had had servants. Actually she turned out to be a great cook!

\*

I remember that there was one Jap who took a liking to me. Apparently he was homesick and had a son back in Japan of my age. I can remember him taking me into the tower and showing me his sword and also letting me play with his dog. One day he gave me two eggs. Now I remember that I had never seen an egg before and I was probably not yet three years old. I took the eggs back to out room and when my mum saw me she was so excited that I threw them onto the floor and ran over for a cuddle. My mum told me that she scraped them off the ground, complete with the earth and dust and cooked them anyway.

\*

I remember that my dad was into the black market as well whilst we were in the camp. If anybody wanted something special they would give him the money or a piece of jewellery, etc., and dad would push it up his nose with a written note saying what was to be delivered. When the Chinese rubbish collectors turned up at the Camp my dad would be there waiting for them - along with the Jap guards.

He would catch the eye of the bin man who was into the scheme and then, under the eye of the Jap guard, he would put one finger to his nostril and blow hard. Of course the money and note would spray out into the bin (along with other disgusting things!) and the guard would always look away - disgusted. The bin man then picked up the bin and left. The next time the trash men arrived the man would always put one bin in a particular place, and when it was safe dad would open the bin and inside, attached to the lid, would be the purchases. All this, of course, under the threat of terrible consequences if he was discovered.

\*

Sometimes it felt as if we were such a closed little world...and that's one of the reasons Weihsien was so great...we started seeing what the 'real world' was like, warts and all.

\*



22. Westsien suburbs.

Out of bounds.

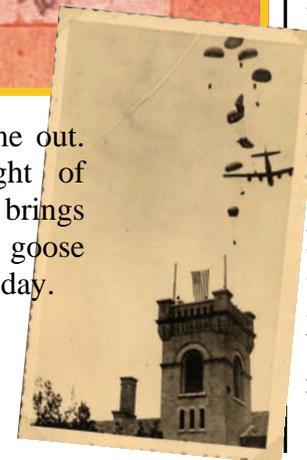
I remember Roy Tchoo: He was, after all, a most interesting and enterprising internee, full of ability, as reported by Des Power in the end chapters of his book, 'Little Foreign Devil'. Who else would have had a loaded

camera on hand, ready to capture for posterity, that moment the first plane, the big 'silvery' B24 Liberator came thundering out of the clear blue sky, that morning. Then swooping in low over the camp on it's second pass to unload it's welcome

cargo of 7 'gung-ho' paratroopers onto the 'gao-liang fields, outside the camp. Reliving the moment as I stood in a clearing in front of block 22, open mouthed then screaming with excitement as the ear-splitting din from those 4 big engines

drowned me out. The thought of which still brings on the goose pimples, today.

\*



I remember this kind lady and me taking up a position facing the big block No. 23, with paper and board on our lap. I remember watching how she began her sketch. I'd like to think it was Gertrude Wilder. I can't imagine who else it could have been and don't remember her there in 44 or 45. There was a huge exodus from camp at the latter end of our first year. Besides the repatriation of half (?) of the Americans, 700 of the catholic nuns and priests left us as well. Taking with them our most entertaining and charismatic group: the flamboyant, softball playing padres. My sporting rolls models, which never lost a game and now THEY were gone. At the time this had a bad effect on my morale, at being left behind, if you know what I mean. At least, now there was more room in camp.

\*

I remember the lad in grubby working overalls. He was my stoking shift partner, Nick. Due to our difficulty to light the hospital diet kitchen fires, we were required to make an early start, 3:30 am no less. As a 15 year old, it was both exciting and eerie making my way across a sleeping camp, from block 22, hoping I would not run into a Jap guard in the dark.

\*



Over the Wall. Nov. 22 1944.

I remember the adventure of 'the great escape'. Where together with Fr. de Jaegher, the Belgium priest, and Roy's fluency in Chinese the key to the outside connection which ultimately enabled Arthur Hummel and Larry Tipton to "go over the wall" on that memorable night and to 'freedom'. In it's own way, it was a helluva risky affair that caused quite a stir and huge embarrassment for the Japanese authorities. It's a shame so little ever came to light on it. Finally as our time in camp drew to a close, Roy's skills were called upon again to negotiate our safe passage out by rail. But it is history now; most of us had to be flown out on US C47s.

\*

I remember visiting James Hannon in January 2000. It was the end of a very personal pilgrimage for me. It's a goosebumps story, how I tracked down our heroes by telephone. Then I wanted to thank each one of them or their widows face to face. So I criss-crossed the continent to visit each one of them. My visit with Jim Hannon was the last of those reunions.

\*



I remember that I raced for the entry gates and was swept off my feet by the pandemonium. Prisoners ran in circles and pounded the skies with their fists. They wept, cursed, hugged, and danced. They cheered themselves hoarse. Wave after wave of prisoners swept me past the guards and into the fields beyond the camp.

A mile away we found them — seven young Americans — standing with their weapons ready, surrounded by fields of ripening broom corn

Advancing toward them came a tidal wave of prisoners, intoxicated with joy.

Free in the open fields. Ragtag, barefoot, hollow with hunger. They hoisted the paratroopers' leader onto their shoulders and carried him back toward the camp in triumph.

In the distance, from a mound by the gate, the music of "Happy Days Are Here Again" drifted out into the fields. It was the Salvation Army band blasting its joyful Victory Medley. When they got to "The Star-Spangled Banner," the crowd hushed.

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave, o'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

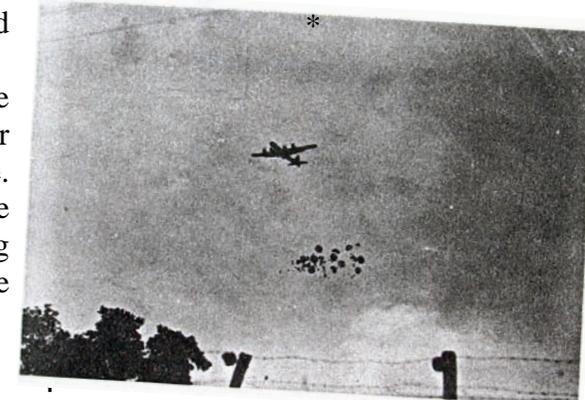
From up on his throne of shoulders, the young, sun-bronzed American major struggled down to a standing salute. And up on the mound by the gate, one of the musicians in the band, a young American trombonist, crumpled to the ground and wept...#

\*

I remember:

We would win the war, of course, and when we did, we would need a Victory March. So on Tuesday evenings — all so clandestinely, in a small room next to the shoe repair shop — the Salvation Army band practiced a newly-created Victory Medley. It was a joyful mix of all the Allied national anthems.

Because the Japanese were suspicious of this "army" with its officers, uniforms and military regalia, the Salvation Army in China had changed its Chinese name from "Save the World Army" to "Save the World Church." The Salvation Army had guts. Right under the nose of the Japanese — omitting the melodies so the authorities wouldn't recognize the tunes — Brig. Stranks and his 15 brass instruments practiced their parts of the victory medley each week, sandwiching it between triumphant hymns of the church — "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Rise Up, O Men of God," and "Battle Hymn of the Republic." We would be ready for any victor — American, English, Chinese, Russian — or God. And victory would surely come.



I remember this incident that took place in August 1995 when a small group of weihsieners returned to Weihsien to celebrate 50 years since Liberation. Their picture was shown on the local TV, and their story told. A Chinese, whose home had been in Weihsien, saw the photo and listened to the narrative.

His attention was immediately arrested. In the group was "a lady with blue eyes and blond hair. Her gestures and facial expression seemed so familiar to me." Could she be Marina "the pale, thin and weak little girl of 50 years ago?"

In his article in the Chinese press he says, "That night I could not sleep. I recalled that all the foreigners in north China had been imprisoned here...To me it was a horrible and mysterious Hell?"

He remembered that after Liberation the electric wires had been removed, and how the prisoners were now free. They eagerly bartered their worn out clothes for vegetables and tomatoes.

With a package of 15 tomatoes Ju went to join in the bartering on a low wall on the east side of the camp. A young girl of his age "with blond hair and a pair of large blue eyes, and a pale thin face" put her "purple coat and a pair of yellow pointed leather shoes" into a bamboo basket which was pulled up the wall, and he on his part put his 15 tomatoes into the basket; and he added an egg which he had brought for his lunch.

Marina disappeared to her room. Meanwhile an elderly lady, who spoke Chinese and was also bartering, told the youth all about her. She was 14 years old and American. Her parents had been missionaries in Shijiazhuang, and prior to internment her father had been killed by the Japanese. Her mother was ill, and no doubt was being given the egg.

Marina returned to the wall with a xylophone which she herself had made, and passed it to the Chinese to

express her gratitude. "This moved me deeply as I love music very much".

Mr Ju was convinced that the lady on the TV was Marina of 1945. This was in fact my sister Estelle, who was not the Marina of earlier days.

\*

The Chefoo Matric. girls in 1945. I am on the right, talking to SYLVIA (WELCH) LONG. The dress I am wearing was made out of the school curtains.





I remember:

Pa  
Stanman  
Chuckles  
Boomph  
Goopy  
Carr-Carr  
Willowbutt  
Woody  
Lassy  
Starky

These were all monikers given to staff members who were invariably people of sterling character and great dedication to their calling. They loved us. I believe they truly did, without exception.

\*

I remember cesspool Kelly: ... I'm wondering if he was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Baltau(sp?) an American couple. Or was his surname Kelly?

Yes, I think it was. Wasn't he the youngster who before the war was over actually fell into one of those cesspools from which laborers from the nearby countryside used to cart the 'night soil' (human excrement out to the surrounding farmers' fields? Daniel was fortunately rescued from drowning in the cesspool. What dreams he may have had!

\*

In the year 2002:

I remember that I lay the lilies on the edge of the football field. According to maps, my grandparents' quarters were closer to the near end of the field, but for some reason I felt drawn to the far edge, as though something of importance had happened there. Forgive my spookiness, but it was all rather spooky. Also, from that place, looking back over my shoulder, I could see the whole section and felt a sense of entirety, that the lilies were not just for my family, as I'd planned, but for everyone who had been there, who had helped and witnessed each other's survival. This is a story that belongs to all of us, and as I knelt at the lilies to say a prayer, I felt comforted by hope and time which moves us forward and through all terrible things.

While writing that I figured out I was on the West edge of the section.

Perhaps I was drawn to the West edge because our families were from the West and for innumerable reasons found themselves caught in the East, and suffered with the East, and later, for the most part, returned to the West. I'm not sure, but it's possible. All I know is that was

the space that spoke most deeply to me. I lay five golden lilies. Four for each member of my family that was there, and one for all of you and the peace I hope you have all found in your lives and memories.



\*



15. Entrance to residence  
compound. Out of bounds,

Wilder

I remember this one story Dad liked to tell:

In the early days of July 1944, when Mom was at the hospital, waiting for our little sister Marylou, Dad had to take care of the two other kids. I reckon, it wasn't easy for him, but he did it anyway and one evening, after having given us our bath (with all that precious water he had to pump out of the well), and clean us as never before, I went out to play with my friend Billy.

Where?

In the coal dump!!

We must have had a gorgeous time, because when I returned "home" for bedtime, Dad almost had an attack. I was so black and dirty that he had to give me a bath all over again. Furious, he was.

\*

Isn't it great remembering? I remember having warts on my hands in our Weih sien days -- over a hundred warts in all on the backs (not palms) of both my hands. Some of them were quite large for a little boy of seven. At first, a doctor started burning them with some kind of acid. It was very painful and my parents made them stop. Then, some kind of natural doctor (homeopath?) gave my parents a small bottle of white pills and told them to give them to me each day -- for about a week or ten days, I think. In a month the warts were completely gone -- all of them. And they have never reappeared. Whether it was the white pills or the continuation of time, I will never know. But I would love to know what was in those pills!

\*

I remember Roy and George used to make a potent brew from sweet potatoes and occasionally George would sip a little too much!!! They would get together in our little room and I used to sleep on a bunk at the top and they had this weird contraption which used to drip the alcohol out a drop at a time.

\*

I remember that in many of the camps lice and bedbugs were a problem. An ex internee of Haiphong Road told me they used to go to sleep with the leaves of a certain plant stuffed under the covers. The leaves were reputedly effective in repelling bedbugs.

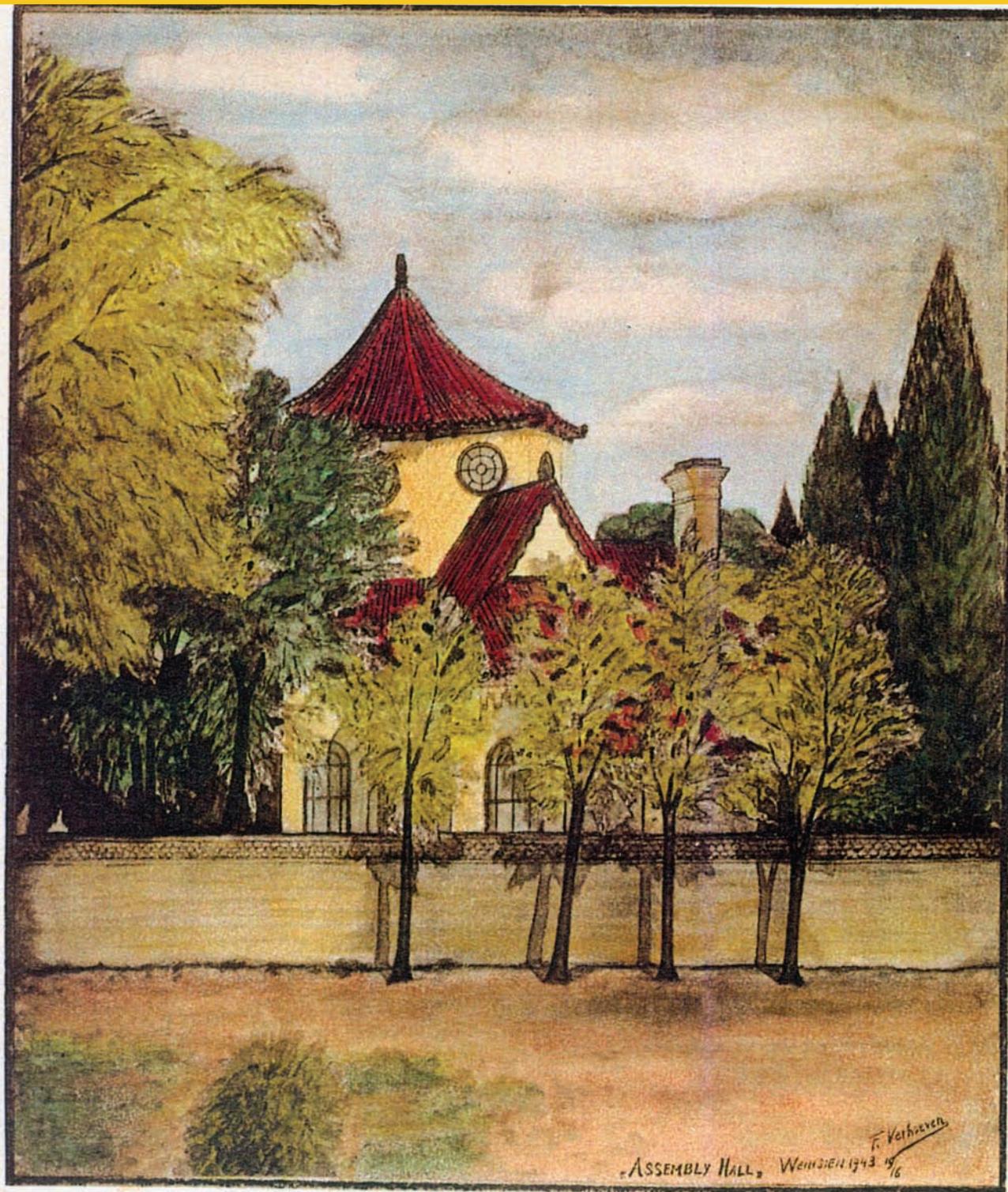
\*

"Does anyone remember the rules for tip cat? I have such a vague picture in my head of this game...the cone shaped 'ball' and a flipping of it into the air...but I would love to hear from someone who either has an excellent memory of a game played sixty years ago...or someone who has been playing it ever since! Thanks "

\*

I remember that my grandmother never fully recovered from her time at Weih sien, either spiritually or physically. And my father, who was 2 at the time of entry and 5 upon departure, bears the scars of the aftermath. I wanted to go there to lay the lilies to close the chapter at last. I found the experience healing, although in Qingdao a few days later found myself very sad. It is such a quiet part of history we all share ... and yet one so full of tales, dreams, stories, and effects.

\*



I remember that one of the good things about Weih sien, for me, was that our school's leaders had an opportunity to mingle with other enlightened educators from the schools in Tientsin and Peking, for example. I think in retrospect that this must have been wonderfully refreshing to our masters. In the two years or so I was at Weih sien, I only recall receiving one caning, and it was administered quite lightly really... It was for sawing off the top of a great spruce tree on a bit of a sort of 'dare'. That was the year Kenneth Bell, Jim Young, Kenneth Patchett and I actually had a Christmas tree in our room for Christmas week.

\*

I remember that after Weih sien we went back to the tiny world of Kuling....but my goodness it was beautiful. I am so glad for all the variations of experience we had.....and are still having. It was a glorious moment, that liberation, and I am sure that is one reason why I am here in the States....but my life and meaning are not dependent on that one day in August.

\*

Remember?

*"Ooooh! - What a beautiful morning,"*

*"Ooooh! - What a wonderful day..."*

Father Hanquet (+90) explained how, after the 17th of August 1945, we slowly returned to civilization and how, every morning we all had to listen to this song bawling out of a network of loudspeakers hooked in every possible place in the entire camp perimeter. He (Father Hanquet) sang the whole song with a loud and perfect voice, twinkling eyes and a large smile on his face ...

\*

I remember that one prominent Weih sien prisoner has told me how one of the Weih sien liberators — a married man — stole his sweetheart from him in those post liberation days.

\*

Does anybody remember the tunnels at Weih sien? I remember playing in them. We lived in block one near the ball field and one tunnel started in the outfield and ended up by the hospital. We never knew what they were for -- maybe a hiding place in case of a raid? In any case, my memories are of a lot of fun down there, hiding and scaring whoever else would come along!

\*



2. A unique gateway.  
Courtyard where Venching  
people lived.

Wilder

I remember pigweed:

Pigweed grows tall between my tomato and zucchini plants. Even my green beans can't choke it out. Each plant floods me with memories of World War II, so I pull the pigweeds out reluctantly.

Pigweed and dock helped save us in 1945.

Kathleen, Jamie, Johnny and I were children of Free Methodist missionaries. We and all our classmates and teachers had been taken prisoner in the early years of World War II when Japanese soldiers commandeered our boarding school on the east coast of China. For almost three years, we had been interned in the Weihsien Concentration Camp, separated from our missionary parents by warring armies. Food supply dwindled as the war dragged on. If you wanted to be optimistic, you could guess that the Allies were winning and that you were going hungry because the Japanese weren't about to share their army's dwindling food with Allied prisoners. Our missionary teachers shielded us from the debates among camp cynics over which would come first, starvation or liberation.

An average man needs about 4,800 calories a day to fuel heavy labor, about 3,600 for ordinary work. Concentration camp doctors guessed that the daily food ration was down to 1,200 calories. Although no one said so out loud, the prisoners were slowly starving. The signs were obvious - emaciation, exhaustion, apathy.

Adolescent girls were growing up with no menstrual cycle. That's when our teachers sent us foraging for pig weed and dock. They braised the weeds into food that tasted like spinach.

How did they know about eating weeds?

Was it wisdom passed down from grand mom to mom? Was it hunger on the prowl? Did they know that most of our common weeds carry more nutrients than our garden crops?

Today, from your computer, you can get recipes for pigweed as a side dish with butter, vinegar, or lemon juice. For sure, we didn't have butter, vinegar, or lemon juice in Weihsien.

These days, I usually throw away the pigweeds. They're bright green snapshots in my imaginary photo album of the war. They remind me too much of concentration camp. But I do allow my Crows Woods garden to grow a bumper crop of purslane weeds each year. I started letting them grow after I heard that trendy Philadelphia chefs serve purslane in salads in their chi-chi dining spots. So I snip the weeds into my salad bowl.

I learned to eat weeds a long, long time ago. #

\*

I remember that Peter Orlich was the radio operator of the liberation team, only 21 years old the day he helped liberate the camp. Many girls in the camp were in love with him. He was young and unattached -- not that marital status mattered.

\*

I remember that my grandmother told me of "handkerchief gardens" in which she tried to grow tomatoes from the seeds she pulled in the kitchen. At one point she was certain her boys would die without vitamin C and must have shared her concern as the next day three full ripe tomatoes appeared on her step with no note or name of their giver attached. Tomatoes, ever since I heard this story, are special to me.

\*



3. Crepe myrtle tree

Wilder

I remember that some children in Weih sien had teeth growing in without enamel.

That's when our teachers discovered egg shell as a calcium supplement to our dwindling diet. On the advice of camp doctors, they washed and baked and ground the shells into a gritty powder and spooned it into our spluttering mouths each day in the dormitory. We gagged and choked and exhaled, hoping the grit would blow away before we had to swallow. But it never did. So we gnashed our teeth on the powdered shells — pure calcium.

\*

I remember how most of the Chefoo School got switched from being housed in Block 23 to the hospital? Single, adult men had been housed in the hospital until the escape of Hummel and Tipton, June, 1944. Located near the camp wall, the hospital had a clear view of the fields beyond the camp, and the Japanese accused the adult men of signaling over the wall to Chinese guerrillas, perhaps to facilitate the escape. That's when the Japanese switched the single, adult men away from the hospital — too close to the outside wall — to Block 23 in the middle of the camp. They moved the Chefoo School children out of Block 23 to dormitories in the hospital. I guess they thought children and teenagers would be less likely to spy over the wall.

\*

I remember this "coal hill" north west of the hospital where many boys of my age, me included, used to scratch around to find some useful lumps of semi-burnt coal to take home to our parents, as fuel was very scarce.

\*

Remember:

I have a bit more on diet from my granny's notes, here reproduced:

"Gao-Liang flour was a hard grain used to make bread, filling but hard to digest". Millet.

"No cereal", only leftover bread soaked overnight and heated the following morning.

"No Experience" (she is referring to her own cooking skills) no hot plate.

Preparers were begged to cut down on water in the vegetables so people could use a fork."

Granny told me a story once about how she and some other cooks wrote up a menu card and posted it on the wall of the dining hall. On it were listed such delights as duck a l'orange, champagne, etc. They did this so everyone "could have a wish and a laugh". When the commandant saw it, he tore it down.

\*

I remember having to swallow (?) ground up egg shells. These were ground up to a fine powder and a table spoon full was given to the unhappy recipients with a smile of encouragement. I remember vividly walking around for hours with this horrible mass in my mouth which would not go down as egg shells are just soluble in water and just sit there waiting for little bite to go down slowly through their own initiative. It was truly terrible.

\*

I remember, we also used to play in the hospital grounds, near the air raid shelters, and what went on in those dark scary tunnels was hard to believe.

\*



7. Corner of the hospital,  
Wilber

I clearly remember taking the chalky, white powder, by teaspoon and washing it down with piping hot tea from my enamel mug. All the boys at my table, and adjoining ones (just a few feet from where my brother John sat at the prep school table with his classmates, boys and girls. The prepites as I recall ate certain greens, such as home-grown alfalfa, and so on, grown by Miss Pearl Young, et al).

Although it may sound a little like Dickens's Mrs. Squeers administering brimstone and treacle, it quite honestly wasn't that bad. Perhaps there was some of the powdered eggshell in our bread from time to time. I well remember enjoying dried-out bread (a bit like Melba toast or rusks) that Mr. Bruce kept in a bowl for us boys who lived in the attic of Block 61 (the fine old Presbyterian hospital overlooking the Wei River valley).

\*

I remember that every Saturday in the summer was Battle of the Bedbugs time. It was a survival ritual. With knives or thumbnails we attacked every corner, every crack in those steamer trunks (it was them or us). We attacked every seam in sheets or pillows to crush hidden bugs or bedbug eggs. Some of us had mosquito nets that were streaked with blood where we had killed these blood-gorged bugs.

\*

I remember that the Bedbugs and China of those years went together. In camp we placed the bed legs into tin cans filled with water. The bedbugs drowned.

\*

I remember that I had just turned 19 in September of 1945. I fondly remember the outdoor dances. I remember going with George Wallis and Roy and Lily Tchoo. These dances were quite festive and quite a treat for us. I, too, do not remember about instruments being 'taken away' or members being punished. The Japs were quite lenient. We sang both American and British 'national & patriotic' songs and had many presentations of song and dance. Betty, Desmond's half sister with her Hula dancing was a great success.

\*

I remember that we also used to know when a certain guard was on duty at that sentry tower at the south east corner of the hospital grounds. This guard was very kind to us children, and would let us play with his sword, and remember having a pretend sword fight with Alec Lane, one of us with the sword and the other with the scabbard! This guard also let one boy over the wall to retrieve any ball that would mysteriously land on the other side of the wall. I never did get over, but some of the bigger and more athletic boys did spend a few precious minutes on the other side.

\*

I remember that we lived in block 53, which was the main way to the hospital area by those from the west of the camp and was right past our door. The Hospital was my home territory, as well as the South Field, where I ran around with Alec Lane (block 33) who always seemed to have got me into mischief.

\*

It's so interesting to me to see all these grandchildren wanting to know about the lives of their grandparents. What a source of information Ron Bridge is....he will know exactly where every one lived and have precise details in a way that few others of us can furnish. The memories handed down or still held by some of us seem very similar...the food, the glory of release, playing in the air raid shelters or dancing... That's why I really appreciate Pam Masters book as it has love and despair and teenage hopes, showing a strong inner life amidst the monotony. Do you think people escaped into books? Did anyone discover a strong calling because of the circumstances? I just love the Wilder pictures, and this was obviously a talent she had developed before camp. Did any one find that they became an artist BECAUSE of the time on their hands? Were there whittlers? Were there play writes? Or did all the ingenuity go into day to day living? Who created beauty? I know my mother insisted on flowers as well as beans in the garden. My father painted pictures on the walls above our beds so that each of us had a spot we could call our own. And I still have in my bedroom the picture that Ma Yuan made (?) 800 years ago of an old fisherman asleep on his autumn river, the boat rocking gently and the paddle just touching the water. Chien Lung loved this picture 200 years ago and fifty years ago it brought sweet dreams to me. And on bedbugs I remember the acrid smell

and sizzle as they dropped into the flame of the match) I know that my father's story telling and ability to draw were heightened by camp. Did anyone become aflame with religion and find their lives changed? I guess what I am asking is for stories or evidence of this crucible bringing out refinement and change. We young were living life as though there was nothing else, and indeed there wasn't. But for teenagers and older, what did this experience do? Are the stories of quiet endurance and learned team work or are there others? I am thinking a lot about freedom these days and wanting to connect it to the core principles upon which it moves. Has freedom a definable character or is it a description of a state of being? And the same with confinement. What did confinement do to our sense of beauty, of purpose, relationship, intellect, idealism, structure? Did we find freedom in those areas? I would so enjoy hearing anyone musings on my ramblings! I like the idea of troops of people going back to Weifang....though it is so different from the days we were there. Each year we read of people going and yet another building being gone....and so they should be and the space utilized well.....but I will not forget the powerful experience of standing from the vantage point of Block 23 (then a middle school) to look out on to the scene of my childhood.

\*





copyright 1945 William Arthur Smith

I remember that regarding to our peculiar diet in the camp, my father and uncle licked the walls to get calcium into their bodies.

\*

I remember sleeping with China's millions — bed-bugs. We children in the Chefoo School slept on steamer trunks — three trunks, side by side, topped with a poo-gai -- because we had no beds. The bed-bugs infested every nook and cranny of those trunks, hiding out during daylight and marauding at night.

\*

I remember that when the B-24 Liberator dropped those seven paratroopers down to us, Stanley Thompson and I were playing a game of table tennis in Kitchen One. I was thirteen going on fourteen at the time.

\*

I remember the Jazz band. Earl West (guitar) and Wayne Adams (Clarinet,) both African/Americans made up the group. We called 'it' the Hawaiian band. And I can still hear their popular rendition of "The Sheikh of Araby"!

No they were not on tour but just part of many foreign musicians working in China, as far as I know. I never heard about any instruments being 'taken away' or 'members being punished'. The Japs were pretty 'good' to us, really, in my opinion. The Salvation Army had their full quota of instruments of course. There were one or two piano accordions around as well. I had one loaned to me for a couple of weeks, as a trial. ---

\*

I remember that Mom did a lot of washing in Weih sien.

She always did a lot of washing.

First; the steaming hot boiling water in an enormous kettle on the stove. She stirred everything with a broom-stick. Then the washing board - scrub, scrub, scrub - with lots of soap. Finally rinsing, with a great quantity of water - that came out of the tap.

---- In Weih sien, the water had to be pumped first .. by muscles !!!!

When she passed away, in 1992, besides the washing board, there was a stock of "Sunlight Soap" in the cellar of the apartment building, where we lived.

--- At least a hundred bricks! (Ready for the next war!!!)

\*



Water's way  
Weihhsien.

Marchant  
1942

I remember that little was wasted in that Shandong compound in those days. And, if we were about to waste anything . . . such as, for example, boiled turnips - the stringy, rather woody variety, sometimes served as a sort of gooey mash, the coolies who carried out the slops from the garbage pile out behind the kitchen, would salvage it - possibly for use by people even hungrier than we were. Their own people in a nearby village.

\*

I remember that although I was only eleven, two things have stayed with me from that experience. One was the sense that I witnessed a whole community of unlikely mix rise above their circumstance. The greatness of the human spirit is amazing. The other was the Christian witness of the nuns and priests. Their joy in service; the way they took on any task willingly impressed me. It was a glimpse of how things should be- and can be.

\*

I remember that Hugh Hubbard ranked near the top of Weihhsien's "spirit team" — right up there with Eric Liddell and Mary Scott. Through those Weihhsien years, he inspired countless children and teenagers by teaching them the lore of birds and in leading them on bird watching tours of the camp. I think my brother Jamie still has his Weihhsien bird watching diary.

\*

I remember that another victim of the dreaded cesspool was father Keymolen, a catholic priest. He was a short, small man with an unfortunately misshapen back. Nature called during the night and he was on his way when he fell in. A Jap guard pulled him out when he heard him calling for help.

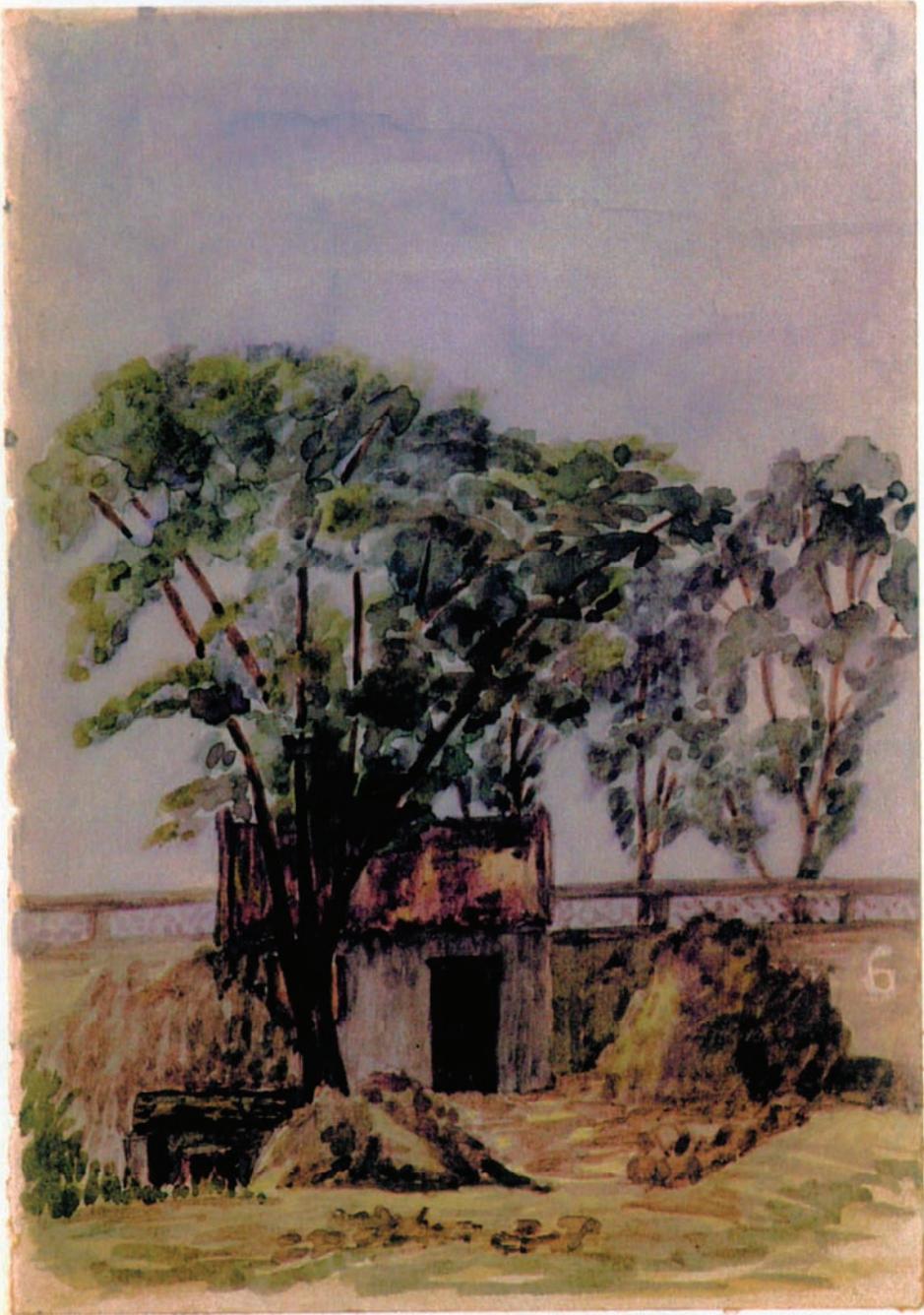
\*

I remember this one memory that came back to me just before we were sent to Weihhsien. The Japs (I make no apology) had closed down the Grammar School and had forbidden anyone studying in any other language but Japanese. Our house was confiscated as well as the car (this really hurt my father as it was a Lanchester) and we had to live in a garage on Tyne St. The pupils of the Grammar School were farmed out into various private houses and taught clandestinely. I have a birthday card given to me on my birthday 14th March. This was signed by all the class as well as the teacher in 1943, at 133 Singapore Rd. (just behind the Min Yuan field). The list, written by the children themselves is as follows.

Sylvia Churchill, Jimmy Quinn, Monica Morris, Lucy Oakes, Johnny Robinson, Daphnia Parking, Johnny Hoch, Jane Murray, Anthony Potter and our teacher FAH.Kelly

I have always wondered what became of all these children.

\*



16. The "White Elephant" where sugar was exchanged for shoes, sheets for shirts etc.

Wilder

I remember the soap. I, too, never throw out the last slippery sliver of a bar of soap. I ALWAYS glue it to the new bar. Even when I stay in a hotel, I bring home the used hotel soap to use at home. My bathroom vanity cupboard boasts my never-ending supply of used hotel soap. When my sister-in-law told me about my brother John's soap-saving habits, I realized how Weih sien and wartime survival skills still shape us.

\*

I am like you. I cannot waste food - even the crumbs go to the native birds of Australia which visit us every day. (White cockatoos, Lorekeets, Noisy miners, crested pigeons, Rosellas, Mountain lowrys and Galahs and Magpies and a few others. Aren't we lucky to have such beautiful birds visiting us of their own free will?

\*

I remember our chief of police, any one recall his name — he was known a little disrespectfully as "King Kong" by some. Anyway, our chief of police who still had responsibility, delegated to him by the American administration officer, would understandably become quite frustrated. He'd try to stop this wretched over-the-wall bartering, running up and hollering at the offenders who rapidly dispersed, only to return when poor ole "King Kong" went off on his rounds.

\*

I remember that after the paratroopers had come, along with tons and tons of American Red Cross food parcels, quite a bit of 'black marketing' took place over the wall of the camp.

\*

I remember that empty "PREM" tins could be converted rapidly into shiny new tin lamps, and other useful objects. Meanwhile the supplier from our side of the wall would come away with a few hens' eggs. Some of the young people who lived in the camp were really pretty good bargainers, as of course the men and boys were who lived on the other side, the OUTside.

\*

I remember that I first went to a Chinese language School held in block 51, right up against the Japanese compound wall, Almost facing block 50, and behind the two big mulberry trees. The building was small and contrary to the other blocks was built in a very Chinese manner. It was quite empty except for some desks and that is where we learned Chinese.

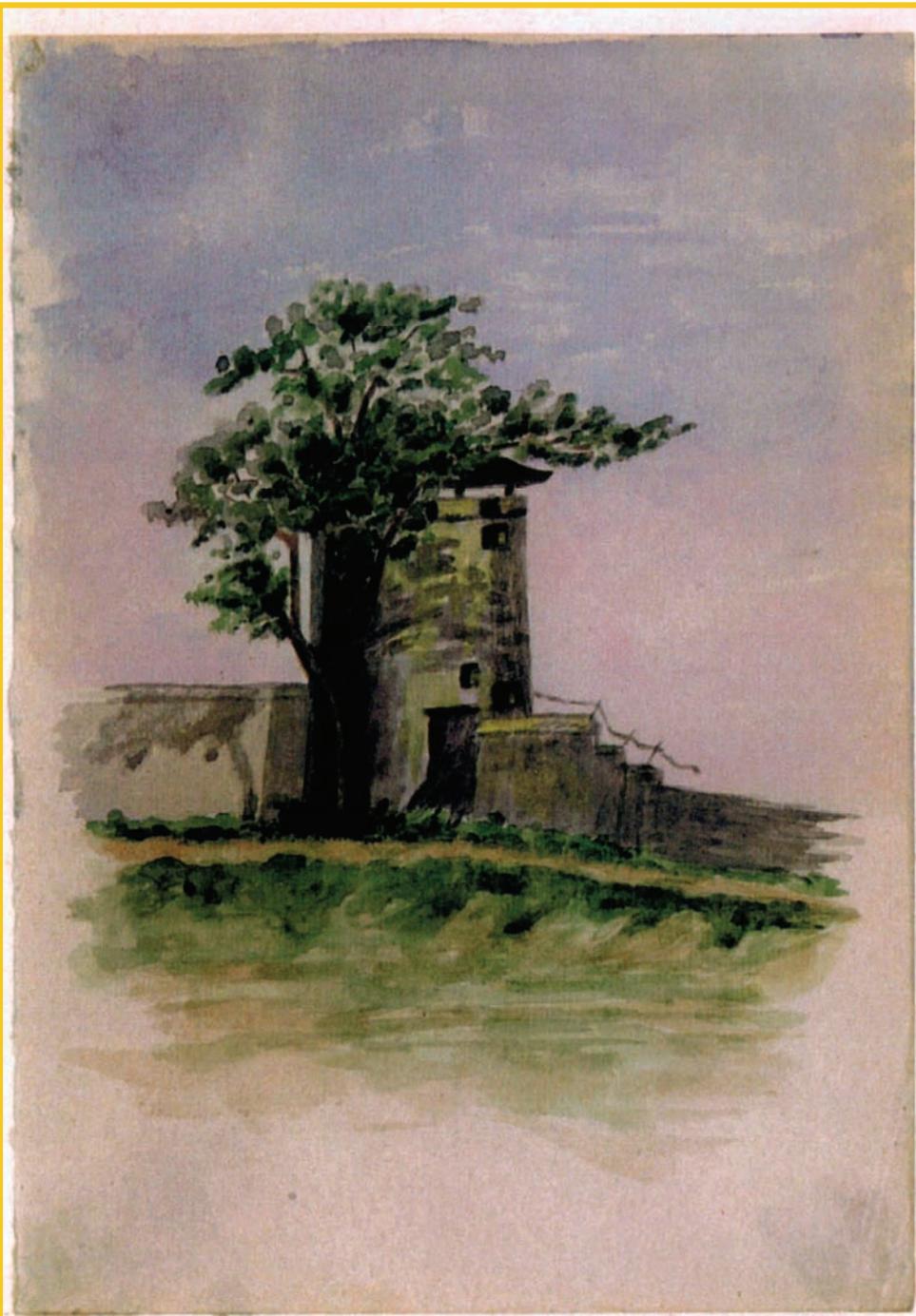
\*

I remember the first time I saw them - (the U.S. troop soldiers) - in the showers it was a great disappointment to me. They were so extremely white, (as compared to our weather beaten skins) they had no terrible wounds, scars or blood running down. What sort of soldiers could they be?

\*

I remember the washboards. In fact, one time my mother was washing clothes in our block one area when a chicken was thrown over the wall from outside. She was so surprised that she pushed it into the washtub with the clothes in case guards were nearby. I think of Weih sien every time I open a new loaf of bread. Us kids used to fight over the crusts (heels, end pieces) because we thought they filled us up more. Our kids today throw away the crusts.

\*



19. Watch tower built by Japanese  
at corner of athletic field. Wilder

I remember that I went to school in the church, either I was promoted or kicked out of the previous one. In the Church for possibly some misdemeanor, I remember standing and facing the wall, when I heard the sound of the Aeroplanes that dropped our saviours. Being so close to the window to look out, I had this wonderful view of the parachutes coming down.

\*

I remember soon after your group arrived, a few of you boys set up 2 sets of stumps either side of a make believe Wicket and proceeded to have a game of Cricket. We watched with amusement until challenged into 'having a go '! The bowling action beat us and it stopped us ' taking you on at your game'.

Well, to cut a long story short, you all started playing 'Softball ' forming your own team. It wasn't long after, you fellas started challenging us at our game, taking-on the rest of the camp boys and much to our embarrassment — beat us.

As I remember it, the Chefoo boys, apart from the softball games, kept pretty much to themselves. Guess that's why we didn't get to know too many of you. There was one tall Chefoo boy who didn't mind openly fraternizing with 'one of ours'

\*

I remember getting periodic news briefings in the camp? We children always thought this news came via the "bamboo radio," which was not a real radio at all, but only the messages sneaked into camp from escapees Hummel and Tipton via the "honey-pot men" to the camp's inner circle. (These "honey-pot men" who carried out the night soil from the cesspools were among the few Chinese ever allowed into the camp.) But according to Jack Graham, prisoners did have a real radio.

\*

I remember Jack Graham, and this Weih sien adventure of smuggling himself into the Japanese quarters and successfully filching a good radio tube from a radio there in the Japanese quarters. Jack says he took out the good tube and replaced it with a burned out tube. This stolen tube successfully brought to life the prisoners' illicit radio. Jack says he was picked for the spy work by top level Weih sien insiders because he was a bit of a bad boy. Jack himself told me this spine tingling story. What a cloak and dagger yarn! Jack even described "covering his tracks" by putting dust on the tube he left in the Japanese radio.

\*

You Weih sien softball buffs, do you remember Mary Scott? When men in the softball league fizzled, too weak to finish a game (the Priests Padres, Peking Panthers and the Tientsin Tigers), they would let Mary Scott come in to play — the only woman ever allowed as a softball substitute, as I recall. Mary Scott was a 5-foot ball of fire, a Church of the Nazarene missionary from around Chicago, I think. As the only girl in a large family of boys, she grew up a tomboy and played wonderful softball. It was Mary Scott who took it upon herself to teach us Chefoo School girls from the Lower School Dormitory (LSD) how to play softball. For hours in the south field bounded by Block 57 and the outside wall, she taught us how to throw a softball.

\*



11. A watch tower

Wilder

I remember, for instance, throughout my childhood and adolescence, my father moved us from our homes approximately once every three years, the duration of his time in the camp. I have "inherited" the habit of leaving every three years, and this year will break it by remaining in a job for a fourth year. Also, the notion of "suffering" in my childhood was constantly compared to "real suffering," i.e. having to lick plaster from the walls to get calcium.

\*

I remember that Blanche Kloosterboer and I stole bricks from the low internal walls. George Wallis and his room-mate built Russian peasant style brick stoves for us and themselves. These kept the heat in the room. Blanche and I decided that we needed roofing tiles for the top of the stove, and the only place we could get them was in the Japanese compound. This was out of bounds. I still remember being excited and very much afraid at the same time. We were in luck! We were not caught. Naturally neither her mother nor my father knew of our plans.

\*

I remember that the amount of food was cut every time the Japs lost a battle or a battleship. By the end, the food left a lot to be desired, and the portions were small. But we all must remember that although we were hungry at times, we never starved as so many others did in Japanese and German camps. In the beginning many had tinned food to supplement the camp diet, but that did not last long. We later fondly remembered the food that we had been given before. The cooks have to be commended for what they were able to fix with the quality and quantity of food that each kitchen was given. In addition, we seldom were without fresh-baked bread.

\*

I remember Mary Scott. She was one who **CHOSE** the chore of scrubbing those open-trough latrines.

\*

What I find most striking is how the literature of the camp celebrates the community that evolves in adversity. It seems to me that the stories of Weih sien could shine a new and very important light on the nature of survival, one which could further develop the history of POW's. It was a concentration camp, but it was not a German Concentration Camp, of which there is much more documentation, more communal "memory" which has made it into consciousness, if not in some ways defined, modern/post-modern culture.

\*

I remember that we didn't call it "stealing." We called it "scrounging." I remember, too, going into the out-of-bounds area and getting a screen door and a griddle. We took the griddle home and used it for years. I think we were the first, or one of the first groups, to be in the camp--arriving on March 20, 1943. It was our mother's birthday so the date is etched in our memory. Everything was up for grabs and we made do and shared with others. It was all so exciting and filled with adventure.

\*

I remember the doctors and nurses who brought new life into the world, treated the sick with the few resources they had, and helped to prevent epidemics and disease.

\*



I don't remember about the tunnel. I do not believe that I had ever gone through it.

\*

I remember that we got so used to bedbugs crawling across our bodies that our minds often invented the feeling. In the morning the trail of bites would testify whether or not we were attacked by the real thing.

\*

I remember my grandmother talking about grinding up eggshells for calcium, but I believe she said (or else I imagined) that they were mixed with food, or baked in bread. Did everyone have to take them straight?

\*

I remember that I went on to a school in the hospital, first floor and to the right, with the classroom facing south. I sat next to Frennie Djunjishah. We wrote on slate.

\*

I remember the soap. I must have inherited this tendency from my Weih sien Mother. I bought a "Soap Saver" from one of those catalogues, to put all the scraps and ends of soap in. Just add water and it comes out liquid soap. Wonderful!! No more guilt about wasting soap!!!

\*

I remember that when I bought my father some oil paints and canvasses during what seemed a breakdown of sorts, we sat outside in his garden and he painted a small hut surrounded by snow. There was no door and the supply barrel was outside, under a boarded up window. At that moment, I began to consider the effects of the camp.

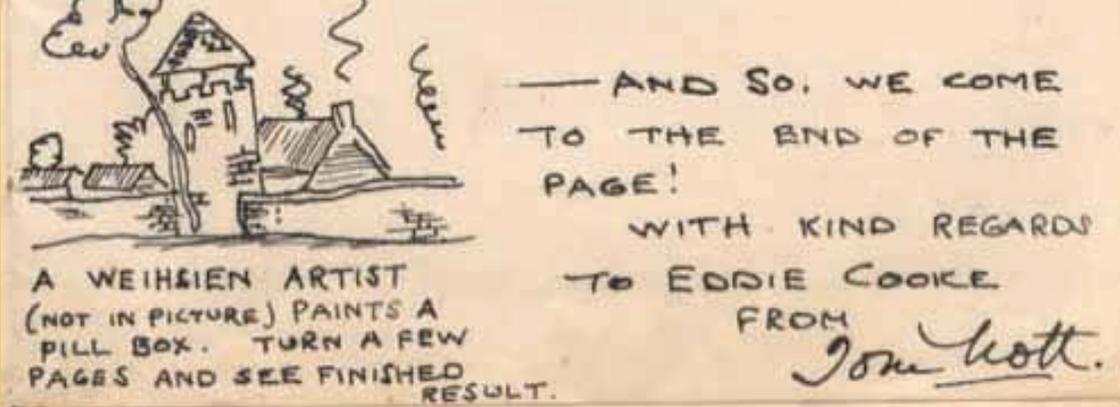
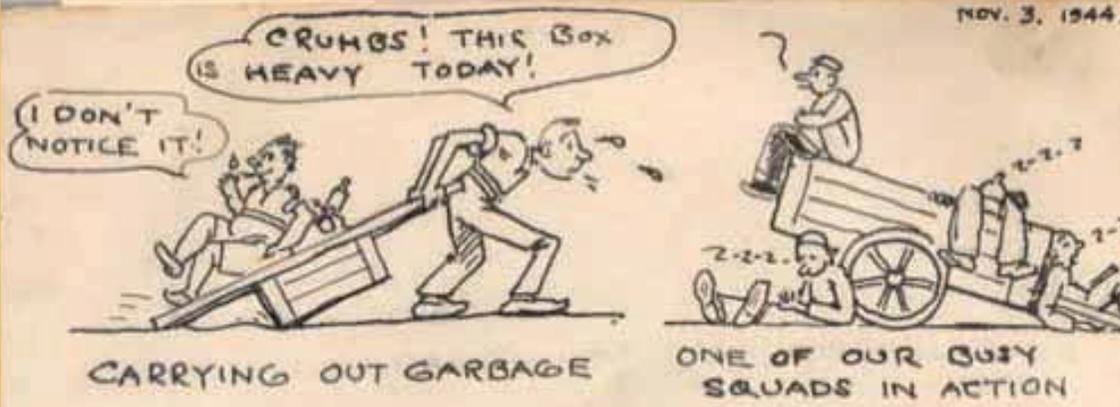
\*

My sister and I are both poets and artists. Alice Miller, who has also written much on the topic of trauma, hypothesizes that it is the children and grandchildren who manifest the effects, either through subconscious behaviors or obsession, of their elders' experiences. There is also much written in transpersonal psychology about the transference of memory through DNA or subconscious communication from elder to child. My sister and I are both deeply affected by whatever happened in China in those years. We're not victims — and it seems to me none of the former internees feel or write like victims. We're something else. Are you/ we all "survivors" if an immense number of internees survived? What name applies?

\*

I remember that there was a bit of a joke around camp on our constant diet of leeks, everyone seems to have become very sick of them, except me and I still like them. Someone put up a sign at block 3 in the form of a street sign....Leak Street. A surprise for all was when a Japanese guard pointed out the correct spelling should have been L E E K ! How embarrassing.

\*



I remember that every Saturday in the summer was Battle of the Bedbugs time. It was a survival ritual. With knives or thumbnails we attacked every corner, every crack in those steamer trunks (it was them or us). We attacked every seam in sheets or pillows to crush hidden bugs or bedbug eggs. Some of us had mosquito nets that were streaked with blood where we had killed these blood-gorged bugs.

\*

I love the philosophical thinking that is going on regarding our Weihsien days. There certainly is commonality among us but there are significant differences also. Some of us were fortunate to be in intact families. Ours was such a family and the overwhelming feeling that I have from our Weihsien days is that of adventure. The security of being with father and mother and siblings (two sisters and a brother) had immeasurable value for us, I am sure. Others were removed from family bearings; still others were freed from normal constraints and experienced a broader part of life. We were certainly a mixed bunch. "Cosmopolitan" describes us and our separate viewpoint expresses the screen of our own experience.

\*

I remember those who pumped the water into cisterns day and night.

\*

I remember those who caught and killed flies.

\*

I remember that my father caught a dove — it must have been sick — and kept it in a cage in our room. Soon there was another dove that showed up, they must have been married, and Father placed it in the cage with the other one. These were "Red Burmese" doves as we found out much later. How the doves arrived from Burma I don't know, but there they were, and it is a wonder we did not eat them. When we left the camp, Father took the doves with us and they lived on happily in Tientsin. As they just did not want to leave us, even after a few attempts to let them fly away far from the camp, they still beat us home when we arrived at our block. There must have been a streak of homing pigeon in those birds.

\*

I remember the cooks who fed us as best they could, including the bakers (our Dad was one) who worked eight hour shifts stoking fires and punching dough in cold and heat.

\*

I remember those who taught us in makeshift schools without text books, paper or pencils.

\*

I remember those who gave adult classes in dozens of languages, art, music, theology, philosophy and countless other disciplines.

\*

I remember those who organized sports, ran clubs and scout and guide troops.

\*

# WEIHSIEN C.A.C. MUSEUM OF RELICS

PAIR OF WEBBED FEET,  
RELIC OF GENTLEMAN

WHO USED TO STAY  
3/4 HOUR UNDER THE SHOWERS  
AT RUSH-PERIODS



IF THE CHURCH HAD  
BEEN 6" TALLER, THESE  
ARE THE 6" WHICH WOULD  
HAVE  
BEEN  
KNOCKED  
OFF



MAGNIFYING GLASSES  
IMPORTED  
BY "SUPPLIES"  
IN LIEU  
OF EXTRA  
RATIONS, JUNE  
1945



7 HALVES  
MANUFACTURED  
IN WEIHSIEN  
AVG. 1945.



OUTSIZE -  
"CHEFOO MODEL"

ART SECTION OF MUSEUM  
THE FINEST WORK OF ART SEEN IN WEIHSIEN



17th AUG. '45

## ANTHROPOLOGICAL SECTION

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN INTERNEE

(i) BEFORE  
ENTRY

(ii) DURING  
RESIDENCE

(iii) AT DEPARTURE



GI from  
head to  
foot.

15/5

I remember the story of our arrival in Weihsien as seen by the local inhabitants. It is recounted in the following poem, entitled 'The Two Hundred and Ninety-seven.'

"Hooray! The Chefootes have all arrived at last!

Right heartily we cheered them as through the gates they passed,

They trudged up Guardhouse Hill, their baggage in the lead,

We 'Servers' nudged each other, 'Great Scott, more mouths to feed!'

That's not a nice expression but our rations were so low

And they had come from what we'd call luxury, you know.

They joined the Tsingtao Kitchen, school-children big and small;

We fed them on bread porridge, and they ate it, one and all!

We felt sorry for them when we filled their cups with bitter tea,

But they said, 'If you can drink it without sugar, so can we.'

Then came the real calamity, the camp ran out of yeast.

Our manager said, 'Doughnuts! Make twelve hundred at least!'

The boys soon took to 'Pumping' and other hard work too;

Some girls became dishwashers, others joined the kitchen crew'

We've grown fond of these school-children who so bravely stood the test

And should they ever need our help, we'll gladly do our best!

\*

I remember Jack, himself, my contemporary at Chefoo and Weihsien, and roommate for a while across the hall from Patrick and Jessie (Cassells) Bruce, had a gentle nature (down deep) and I clearly recall him kneeling beside his bed, earlier on, when our room was across the hall one floor lower. Mr. Stanley Houghton had come in to our room and had said, Boys, if you've never prayed before, pray now. We all- about four to six boys in that room got up and knelt beside our beds and prayed silently but with real feeling for Brian Thompson who lay dying one floor below while the Weihsien medical team kept up artificial respiration until around ten o'clock that night.

\*

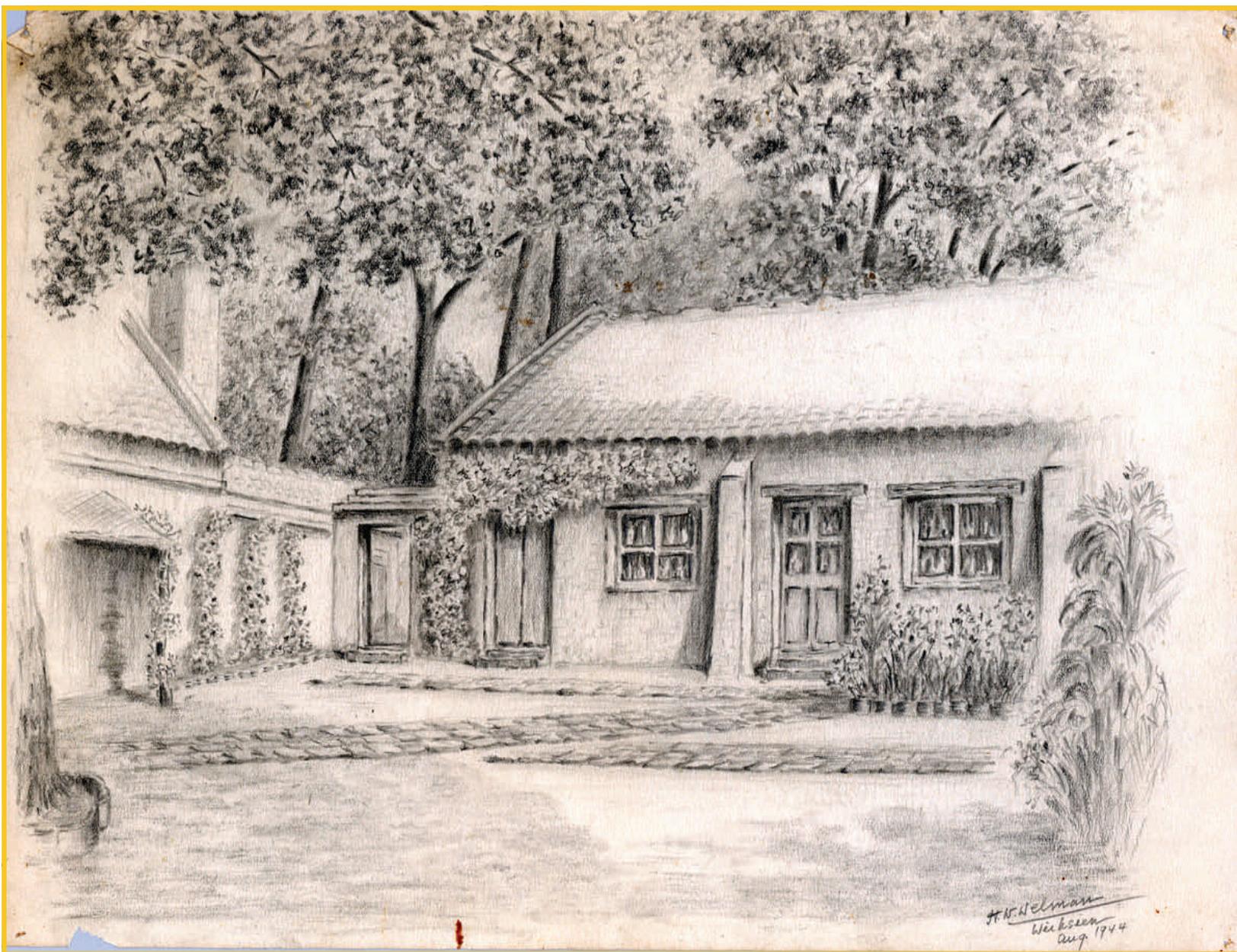
I remember the members of Christian churches who shared the same building for two years, showing respectful oecumenism before the word was common.

\*

I remember those 'big league' games that you mentioned. They were actually referred to as the 'major league' with teams that were most prominent, being known as 'the Stokers', the 'Cooks' and the 'Bakers', 3 that come to mind. And earlier in our internment we had the 3 Kitchen teams. But when the Peking kitchen was vacated to accommodate the Italian contingent, we were reduced to the Kitchen 1 playing Kitchen 2, as the 'main game in town'.

Of course I must mention we had the 'minor league' as well and also the junior games, where I started.

\*



I remember that it was a well known fact that the Catholic 'Padres' were a 'pretty' good bunch of softball players. With Fr Whellan pitching, Fr Joe Fontana 'catching', handsome Fr Andy Penfold on 1st and the 'flashy' Fr. 'Windy' Kline ( played some 'pro' baseball before joining the priesthood) playing 'short stop' etc., they were almost 'unbeatable'. The biggest attraction, at that time, was the 'Padres' vs the 'Camp', and these games were usually real tight and low scoring affairs.

One of the best, I think was the last one, which was nil all at the bottom of the 9th and with 1 out, we managed to get a man (possibly speedy Aubrey Grandon) on 3rd with a couple of stolen bases.

Up to the 'plate' stepped Jimmy Pyke (our P.E. teacher at old P.A.S. pre 1943.) and slammed the longest' sacrifice drive deep to Center Field, almost to the guard tower, and you guessed it, brought in the winning and only run. What a finish it was, it couldn't have been better scripted. I will never forget it.

Fred.....your room's rear window looked out over that field, do you remember that game?

\*

I remember that the Chefoo Schools contingent arrived in Weih sien in September 1943 -- about a week before a group of American and Canadian prisoners were released in a prisoner exchange. Among those released were Chefoo students Jack Bell and Grant Hanna. They travelled home on the M/S Gripsholm.

\*

Mary Scott .... I most certainly can remember the "5-foot ball of fire" 'character'. How could I put it without sounding rude, she was sort of ' 5 x 5' ? (oops) Let's say she was on the solid side, ok?

\*

I also remember watching Mary Scott trying to organize a girls game but was a bit short of players. For the fun of it, I put up my hand. Much to my surprise, I was accepted but was made to play left handed. Throwing was a real problem! That's my 'silly' bit of trivia but it's true.

\*

I remember that we were served leek soup, corn flour and waster custard (didn't we call that blanc mange?), dry bread and tea that day.

\*



Fringe Tree  
*Chionanthus retusa*. Weihhsien

I think there is a lot to be said about the effect on children of their parents' experience...how could this not be so? It is bound to have a bearing on the field, though of course, need not control the field. You bet I tell children and grandchildren about Christmases when we had no more than a balloon and a cup of cocoa...but that doesn't have much effect on their Christmas preparations!

I suppose what we are all talking about is the cruelty of unnatural limitation.....and to a certain extent, that limitation is experienced everywhere. Just as the depression was an example of the extremities of supply and demand, so the war and the camp was an example of taking limitation to the extreme. And we struggled for survival more obviously, more aware, then, than perhaps we are now that the organizing principle of current society is driven by the concept of survival. This is probably not the place to enlarge on the limitation we experience and impose in our unconscious and conditioned way in twenty first century America.....but as for Weihhsien, so for now. Healing has to come to all who are scarred by limitation. It has to come on all levels.

On the physical level we will rejoice once again on August 17th. We are doing it on the emotional level as we swap memories. On the mental level we do it when we look at what qualities lead to that limitation, what qualities developed in that situation, what qualities are being utilized now. There are victims, there are survi-

vors, and there are mediators, utilizing everything sent our way in order to build awareness. I'd like to mention once again the value of Victor Frankl's book "Man's Search for Meaning" As a psychiatrist who was a prisoner in a Nazi camp, he was able to discover and formulate the structure of conscious living. He was so very aware of all the different levels, even of the level of the Eric Liddell's in his world ('the best of us did not survive'). I have seen this book work well with those with Post Traumatic Stress. And on books, Joseph Chilton Pearce's "The Biology of Transcendence" show both scientifically and humanly the wondrous equipment we have been endowed with, the actual physiological sequence of circuitry in the body which shows we are designed to handle experience in a particular way. In demonstrating that it also shows that as members of the human race we are handling it in a less than skillful way. Misusing the equipment we have leaves us stuck in the interplay between the mammalian and reptilian brain, in having emotional fixations on a physical focus. He encourages us to use all that we have been given for life abundant.

\*

I remember the emergency, middle-of-the-night roll call we had. Definitely one of the most unusual of my boyhood experiences!

\*

I remember the baseball ump known as "Pineapple".

I recall him as a colourful, roly-poly little man whom we all turned to see what he was going to call the play — in those marvellous 'big league' games such as Britain vs. America. Pineapple must have known what he was doing because there wasn't a great deal of arguing with him! And yet he always had a friendly, sort of mischievous little smile playing about his lips. He was, I think, a bit of a 'legend' in his time.

\*

I remember Tad Nagaki. I was full of memories when I tracked him down fifty-two years later. I cupped the long distance phone to my ear and listened to his voice. Wave after wave of memories blurred my eyes. I was a wide-eyed 12 year-old again listening to the drone of the airplane far above the concentration camp. Racing to the window, I watched it sweep lower, slowly lower.

\*

I remember that "The Fall of Japan" devotes only one paragraph to Weihhsien. Here it is: "At Weishien, parachutists found their biggest problem the civilian internees. Overjoyed by the sight of healthy-looking Americans, some of the women proved almost unmanageable in their affection."

\*

I remember there were two classes in kindergarten, "Rabbits" for the little ones, "Squirrels" for the big ones who were learning to read.

\*



I remember that the baseball umpire was in fact Huzzi Rumph's father. The other umpire "Pineapple" was so-named because the Weihsien band was called "The Pineapples".

\*

I remember that Lt. Jim Hannon was injured in the parachute drop -- an injured shoulder, I think. Hannon tells me that he had to push Eddie Wang, the young Chinese interpreter, out of the B-24 when Wang froze with fright. Hannon was well trained as a parachute jumper, but pushing Wang out ruined the start of Hannon's jump. They tell me the start of a jump is everything. August 17 was a windy day and the team jumped at only 400 feet in order to give the Japanese less time and space to shoot at them as the rescue team floated to the ground.

\*

I remember JIM MOORE. He lives in Dallas, Texas:

"After all these years, it's a pleasant blurr. The jump itself was hairy — a bit of a windy day and all the people rushing at us. Once in the camp the first person I wanted to see was PA Bruce (the head master of the Chefoo School)." Jim Moore had attended the Chefoo Schools in the 1930s and had been taught by several Chefoo teachers who were at Weihsien. Jim speaks often to me with deep affection for Chefoo teachers, Gordon Martin and PA Bruce.

\*

I remember those who maintained the latrines and cleaned the shower huts.

\*

I remember Fr. Hanquet telling me that before Chefoo arrived, the camp organisation was well under way and that he took to heart to try and get the young teen-age kids out of the "mischiefs" of their age, they balked at school work, so he kept minds occupied with card games, music, (later scouts and sports) An adult, a Baptist called Hubener was wonderful with his guitar... Fr. H. with Fr. Palmers and British teachers Cockburn and Mac Chesney Clarck, all ex-scouts started a scout troop...

Father Hanquet was very happy when Chefoo arrived, the school was remarkably organised, everyone then shared the educational work, Catholics and protestants, teachers of Chefoo and from Tientsin Grammar School... I personally feel that Weihsien camp was in a state of permanent grace thanks to the Chefoo missionaries and the catholic fathers. Their generosity worked wonders throughout all the difficulties, I remember being sensitive to this very tangible "spirit" feeling, and very much aware of the loss of it when camp necessarily dislocated. Weihsien was unique, compared to other family camps, like Lunghua and Stanley (our family later met with friends who had been interned there) the children were so marvellously cared for...

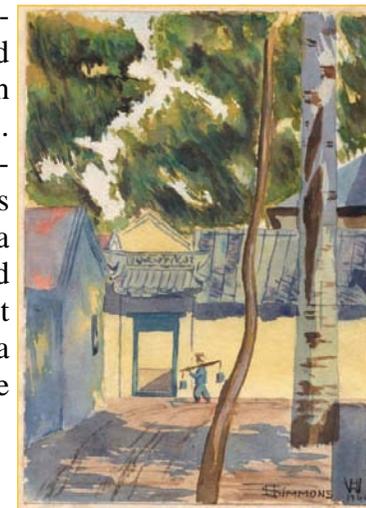
Towards the end of the war a resistance group was formed, — bachelors only — with among others Roy Choo and Wade, they were "armed", Roy with an axe... and wore their red nationality armbands (from just before

camp). When the Duck Mission parachuted, all precautions were taken as no one knew in advance if the Japanese would surrender or fight. Father Hanquet was one of the few first to greet them in the fields high with Chinese maize. Staiger, walking towards the gates, then said the team had searched somewhat before they knew it was "us" because we were wearing clothes in all kinds of colours: there was nothing else to distinguish our camp from any other Chinese walled village, but the Chinese only wore black or blue clothes!

\*

I remember that in our little group of priests, most spoke good Chinese and since we intended to keep in touch with the Chinese people outside, we chose to take care of the toilets. You may remember that the toilets were the only place visited by the Chinese coolies with their wooden buckets. They came everyday to empty the cesspools. Therefore, for us fathers, the toilets were a special place to meet the Chinese and talk with them. Our purpose was to get a good contact for a possible evasion.

\*





I remember that I had also forgotten all about ' that character ' called "Pineapple" until David mentioned him, the other day, as a 'no nonsense' type of umpire. And I've since been 'wracking' my brains trying to recall the name of ' The daddy of all NO NONSENSE umpires ' we had in camp (until the US repatriation in '43.). He was a real 'rough and tough' ol' US Marine from the Peking legation detachment, who also played a 'wicked game 'of Ice hockey on the same 'interport team' my father played in, in the 30's. (Those of our age group would remember the 'interport' series between the 3 main Chinese cities, but Tientsin and Peking seemed to figure in it the most.) Carl or Karl RUMF (no relation to Hazzie Rumph.) is the closest I can get. He would have been aged about 50, then.

Well, the big game I can recall was not a softball game but a true baseball game. Yes, ' a few ' went over the wall, but solid 'hits' were few and far between, that afternoon.

I was just 14 and managed to look inconspicuous up against the centerfield guard tower. And even from that distance his piercing ' ssttrrikke' or 'baaalll' and accompanying actions, is something I have never forgotten.

\*

I remember I loved school. Slates were distributed, with elegant, long, thin, white chinks. Then, with all the chinks used up, the slates were stacked away. I learnt to draw my alphabet with a precious pencil on precious paper.

\*

I remember that the window in our "cell" was busted by a softball a couple of times and wooden slats had to be affixed but I have no idea how that was arranged given how hard it was to get wood, also glass was impossible to get so my Mum covered the window with cloth.

\*

I remember that I was only twelve years old, yet I can still remember trailing these heroes. I didn't want to let them out of my sight. We little kids got the boring mementos like buttons and pieces of parachute. Our older sisters got treasures like the men's insignia. Rescuer Tad Nagaki told me that one woman cut off a chunk of his hair for a souvenir.

\*

I remember TAD NAGAKI. He lives in Alliance, Nebraska:

"My memories are vague now. I remember coming down in the corn field and all the people running out there. I remember the air drops of supplies and trying to keep the people out of the way from getting hit."

\*

I remember the Chinese who traded with us and those honeypot carriers who brought us news.

\*



© William A. Smith, 1945

I remember that Father Palmers and Unden decided to work in the bakery. That helped our group a lot, since every three days, they could bring back a big loaf of bread that was issued as a premium to us heavy workers, going to work at 5 in the morning.

\*

I remember those who were black marketeers, and kept us informed about the outside world.

\*

I remember the kids who used to play around that dug out cesspool hole, daring each other to jump in. The bigger kids scrambled out, the younger ones didn't even try, but then, my little brother, bravest of all at 4 years old, jumped, rolled over unhurt, and couldn't get out! After some taunts and jeering, we had to go fetch his Dad.

\*

I remember the priests and nuns who showed me Christian faith in action.

\*

I remember by the end of spring 1945 the cesspool on Market Square regularly overflowed. It was decided to dig a second cesspool on the other side of Market Square, about 8 feet deep, same diameter. We were liberated that summer so it was never put to use! (Or maybe yes, but I don't remember).

\*

I remember those who rushed out of the gate at the risk of their lives to rescue the rescuers.

\*

I remember that I chose to work in kitchen number one and got a job as the 5th "roast-about". Every third day, I had to work hard there, beginning at 6 a.m., and learned the job as much as possible. So much that, after ascending every rank in the team, I was finally assigned the job of "chef-cook". We were a happy team of 7, joyful and cooperating. My assistant was an American named Zimmerman who had a Russian wife who knew a lot about cooking and helped us to create and prepare new dishes. At the beginning, in that kitchen, there were no ladles, spoons and special utensils to ditch the food out, so, we had to ask the repair shop to make new instruments out of tins. The same for the covers of the "kuo". There were 5 of them, large kettles of which the bigger one contained twelve buckets of water.

We even had a team song, that was taught to us by a young British from Tsingtao and we sung our song every now and then, especially when we saw some protestant reverend passing alongside the small windows above our kettles. We sang it with a certain smile and even a point of derision for the Holy Book --- it goes; (like a nursery rime)

*" The best book to read is the ...  
Bi-i-i-i-ble (bis)*

*" If you read it every day  
" It will make you on the way  
" While turning in our kettles,*

(at this point, we yelled) **"OUPS!"**

*" The best book to read is the ...  
Bi-i-i-i-ble*

*" ---- and so on ----*

\*



Down Ludgate Hill Road

I remember some women running onto the fields and wrapping themselves around the men who were landing. We were all beside ourselves with joy at the appearance of the men from the skies. We were also greatly surprised that we were not stopped by the guards at the gate. They moved aside and later, I believe, disappeared from view. I do not remember grownups following the soldiers in camp. The soldiers did not know where the Jap soldiers were, and what they were going to do, and naturally were most anxious not to be "bound" by loving arms.

I also remember that I along with several others was asked to serve the men "breakfast". We served what we normally had for breakfast, tea or ersatz (?) coffee. One of them turned to me and asked for cream and sugar. I reminded him that this was a concentration camp, that we had not had cream and sugar for a long period of time. I remember his unthinking remark to this day, and the feeling that it brought about in me.

We, the internees of Weihsien, were indeed blessed. We may have been hungry, but we were not starving, nor did we have to resort to eating rats etc. We were cold, but we did not freeze. We did have medical assistance.

\*

I remember the "Russian women... Bristling slightly, "he" said that no person more than another was "unmanageable in their affection" towards the parachutists, we were all and each one overjoyed. As a child of six, I remembered following them around too, but from afar and very awed!

\*



I remember JIM HANNON. He lives in Yucca Valley, California:

"I remember my amazement. We didn't know what was in the camp. I expected (P.O.W.) soldiers. What we found in the camp: — civilians and children."

You may know that Americans hastily assembled these rescue teams when they got information that Japan might try to kill its prisoners or use them for bargaining. They assembled 7-man "humanitarian" teams in Kunming, each with a Chinese interpreter, a Japanese-American interpreter, a medic, a radio operator and a couple of leaders. The book, *The Defeat of Japan*, gives fascinating details about these teams. Men of one of these American rescue teams were roughed up and came within moments of being executed by the Japanese at one of the camps they went to liberate.

Another of these teams "chickened out" of its rescue assignment. If I hear the story right from our Weih sien liberators, that team then flew back briefly to Weih sien and tried to say they were to be in charge of Weih sien. Major Stanley Staiger would have none of it. Staiger headed our team, the "DUCK MISSION."

\*

I remember Mrs. Kelly, she had a big mole on her left cheek.

Just before our liberation she had the mole taken off by the doctors. Wagging tongues said the doctors did it just to practice their surgery, which couldn't have been true!

\*

I remember that our boy scout motto was: — "All for one, and one for all"

The emblem was, a lily flower on a clover embroidered by the boys' mothers and sisters. Father Hanquet explained that the Japanese forbade us to use the emblems of the Royal Families. The "fleur de Lys" is the emblem of the Kings of France and that is why the clover was used. But what the Japanese did not know was that the "clover" was the emblem of the Scouts of France. !! The scarf was a white handkerchief dipped in blue ink.

\*

I remember our conversation with Father Hanquet in 2002. He very affectionately remembers Eddie and Joyce Cooke and Zandy, and yes, he did chuckle when he thought about masses beginning at 6.30am and the necessity of finding boys to help, so all the different services could finish in time for lunch! The Japanese willingly permitted all the religious ceremonies, a catholic priest (of German nationality) came regularly (with Swiss consul Eggar) bearing a communion wafer box. This box had a double drawer in which messages were able to be transmitted. The Japanese never found out.

\*

I remember that our kitchen team also left meat to simmer, so we could scoop out the top layer of fat and use it as butter.

\*

I remember of a chemist who worked for Kailan. He invented a way to make yeast from sweet potatoes, and the bread was the best in the world!

\*



I remember that midnight roll-call, when we were herded into the Assembly Hall grounds. Everything had a curious dream-like quality as I don't remember being out at night before, colours blending with darkness, so many people all together, all waiting for something. I could feel that my parents were very, very nervous.

\*

I remember working in kitchen no.1 with Hugh Hubbard as team leader. Zimmerman, as my assistant, had a Russian wife who loved cooking and gave us full of good ideas, so very creative work was done with just beets (and all!...) and we ended up as real "chefs"! Our arms turning around with long wooden paddles in huge pots, we sometimes sang cheeky songs to tease the protestant missionaries.

*The best book to read is the Bible.  
The best book to read is the Bible.  
If you read it every day,  
It will help you on your way.  
The best book to read is the Bible.  
(Traditional)*

\*

I remember that "the very beginning of the Scout patrol was constituted by 7 or 8 boys. Junior Chan, a Canadian-Chinese, catholic of 14 years old who could be the patrol leader, Sandy, an Eurasian, the de Zutter brothers, Belgians of 14 and 12 years, and also 3 to 4 Britons. There was a good mixture of Catholics and Protestants and there even was an Orthodox boy. With A. Palmers, we decided to give the responsibility of the group to Cockburn and we accepted to work more as assistants than as priests. "

\*

I remember those who mounted plays, gave concerts, put on variety shows, arranged talks.

\*



© Louis Schmid — Kitchen No. 1

I Remember that Mary Scott chose the chore of cleaning the latrines. Here's a bit of her description: "A latrine which we called the "cow shed" was assigned to the ladies. Each of the six "stalls" consisted of two narrow cement platforms on the sides on which to stand, a cement hole for the solids and a slanted front which carried the urine to a trough. In the morning a Chinese "night soil" coolie came to scoop out the solids (it was valuable to him as a fertilizer). Sometimes the odors were so pungent that our noses literally burned when we came near, especially in the summer.

But there were very profitable lessons to be learned, even as a latrine cleaner. My godly, sanctified rail-roader father, brought up a Canadian Presbyterian, had taught us around the family altar that a Christian can do anything that is right to glorify God. I shall never forget one Wednesday morning ...I was on "latrine duty" and in the midst of that unpleasant task, I looked up and said, "Now, Lord, help me to clean these latrines in a manner that will glorify You."

And I felt that the Lord himself came down. He took hold of the bails of those two big, five-gallon gasoline

cans that had been made into water pails. He helped me carry them to the latrine. He took hold of that little, stubby brush and together we dug into the corners and the crevices trying to get every place as clean as we could. He got down on His knees when I got down on my knees; and with a little old cloth, no disinfectant or soap, just plain cold water, we got every place as sanitary as we could.

When I finished, I looked back and said, "Now, Lord, does it please You?" I couldn't see a place where I could have done a better job. I wasn't cleaning latrines because I'd been assigned it, or because that particular week I'd volunteered to do it. I was cleaning latrines for my Lord. That was one of the sweetest and one of the most real experiences I've had with the Lord in all my Christian life.

But even this task was not without its physical and material rewards. As one of the "dirty workers," latrine cleaners were allowed to take a shower every day even during those times when others were limited to one shower a week! "

\*

I remember my big sister telling me something about "coloured pencils". The treasure of treasures.

\*

I remember that I had my first "ice-cream" in camp after the Americans came with the B-29s' droppings. The 4-year old boy I was, said I preferred it hot. They all laughed.

I still remember that wooden keg and all those gears that had to be put in movement with a big handle on the side. And then, that small cylindrical container with that divine milky-vanilla mixture in it, turning and turning and turning. And all the ice water cubes dancing and bouncing between the wooden bucket and the metal cylinder and after what seemed to be a long wait, the ice-cream was served.

\*

I remember celebrating my seventh birthday in July of 1943. My parents recorded my presents as follows: "tooth brush, soap box, cake of Toilet soap (Jap.), rubber ball, belt (Daddy made from brief-case strap!), bottle of ink, dark glasses, and 3 bottles of pop. Guests (with gifts) included Aunty Lois (small box of candy); Mrs. Mungeam (small towel & 6 candies); Astrid Danielsen (pencil & candies); Scovil family (box of colored pencils); McNeil children (rubber ball); Aunty Lillian (12 cookies); Uncle Ralph (10 candies). 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 and made ice-cream in the Connely's freezer. It was all unexpected.)"

\*



© Louis Schmid — Hospital & De Scheer Fathers' quarters.

Yes! I remember that with Father Palmers we were the first to contact the "Education Committee" about the perversion of the young people by certain interneers. Before we did anything, some parents had created a system of "proctors" going around the alleys of the camp during the long winter evenings.

The "discipline committee" had already taken some very afflicting but necessary measures, to protect the morality of the young people of the camp. One alley of 12 rooms was decreed "out-of-bounds" for the youngsters, since in one of the rooms, a woman was inducing the boys to visit her and --- have dishonest

I remember that during the last summer in camp, I was asked to work as butcher for our kitchen. There was work whenever the Japanese issued meat, brought in their quarters by the Chinese coolies. That was another occasion to get some news from them during the rare moments the Japs were not there. The meat distribution was done in their quarters and then brought to the meat-room of kitchen number one. The quota assigned for 600 mouths to feed was miserable.

One morning, in early August, I got the news from a Chinese cart man as I was asking about the behaviour of the Japanese merchants in town. The answer was clear and comforting for us: "They are all packing". So, on my way back to Block 56, I spread the news amongst my friends. One of them stopped me: "Let us celebrate", and we went to his room to get a few small glasses and a small bottle of whiskey, cheerfully adding: "If it's not true, you will have to give it back".

Fortunately, a few days later, the parachutists arrived.

\*

I remember that to keep teenagers out of trouble, Eric Liddell organized evening activities in Weih sien. I'm guessing that he was occupying their time — among other things — to divert them from sex.

\*

I remember that Father Palmer used to stroll with one of our Chefoo girls — I think it was during roll call — teaching her conversational French.

\*

I remember that we also promoted a leisure club open twice a week to all the boys and girls from 12 and more. We met in the evenings, and, with one of the Sisters, we had much fun teaching them how to play cards or other games. We also started discussion groups.

At that time, we occasionally met with Mr. Hubbard and another Reverend from the British community whose names, alas, I cannot remember. Both were excellent advisors on educational matters.

\*

I remember that I worked in kitchen number one for almost a year. After that, I was assigned to making noodles with two new friends, Langdon Gilkey and Robin Strong. Somebody had discovered in the attic of the old mission a machine that looked like a wringer for drying the laundry. The machine was made of two cylinders turning in opposite directions and closed together. After many trials of mixing flour with the right proportion of water --- neither too much nor too little --- and by feeding the device with the good mixture between the two cylinders turning slowly, we obtained noodles that could be boiled as such for a few minutes and were a regal for all of us.

\*

manners with her.

We recommended to the responsible people of the "Education and Discipline Committee", to organise study hours in one of our kitchens, after 6 in the evening for the youngsters aged 12 to 18. The study time lasted 2 hours and was compulsory. It worked out well although some of the adolescents complained, but they never knew who the authors of such a measure were.

\*

I remember that it was in the south field during the month of September '45 that we managed to plant a tent and have a real camping time with some of our boy-scouts.

\*



Arthur Hummel, 1945

I remember that several years ago, because our daughter was working for the Philadelphia Inquirer's economics columnist, I was invited by this columnist to a posh dinner meeting of erudite Philadelphians at which Arthur Hummel was the speaker. Hummel, as you know, had served as the U.S. ambassador to China and spoke about China and U.S. trade -- economics stuff way over my head. As a post script for the evening's event, I was asked to stand and recount the story of the escape of Hummel and Tipton from the Weihsien Civilian Assembly Center so long ago.

\*

I remember the morning after the escape of Tipton and Hummel, I was very anxious to see what would happen as the guard and my Father got to the spot where Tipton should have been.....a lot of hand waving went on, yells and the stamping of feet, then my Father started miming the "going over the wall" signs. We all laughed at that which made the guard absolutely red with rage, I thought that something terrible would happen to my Father. The guard then just spun around and rushed off with as much dignity as he could muster, leaving Father standing there and not knowing just what to do. We waited a very long time after that, and eventually everything was sorted out.

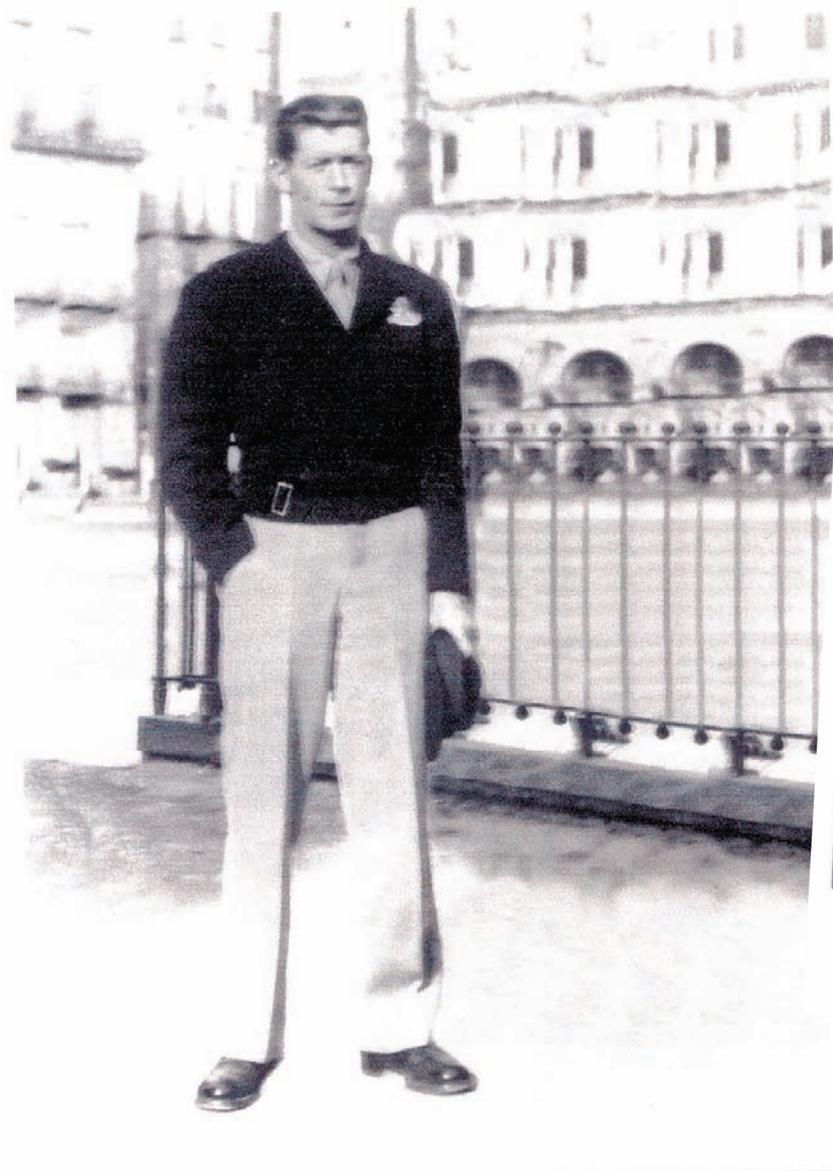
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I remember the tolling of the bell at midnight from Block 23 and I thought it was the celebration of the Victory in Europe, not the escape of Hummel and Tipton. I certainly remember the Japanese summoning us out of bed for a lengthy midnight roll call as a result of the ringing of the bell.

\*

I do remember that night. We were told that there had been an escape....however...we did not know who they were. I remember it being so very cold.....I also felt very apprehensive at the situation...wondering what was going to happen next. As for the roll call...it seemed like it would never end that night.

\*



**JAMES JESS HANNON**  
**MARCH 16, 1945**  
**NAPLES, ITALY**

Photo taken after escape from POW Camp, Oflag 64, in Schubin, Poland and subsequent 1500 kilometer journey with final rescue in Cluj, Romania by General McNarney.



*JAMES JESS HANNON*

I remember that after the rest of the rescue team left for Tsingtao in August 1945, Lt. Hannon stayed in Weihsien to help arrange evacuation of internees. Hannon was the only American team member who was not a member of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). He was in the Air Ground Aid Service (AGAS), a unit that specialized in rescuing downed airmen.

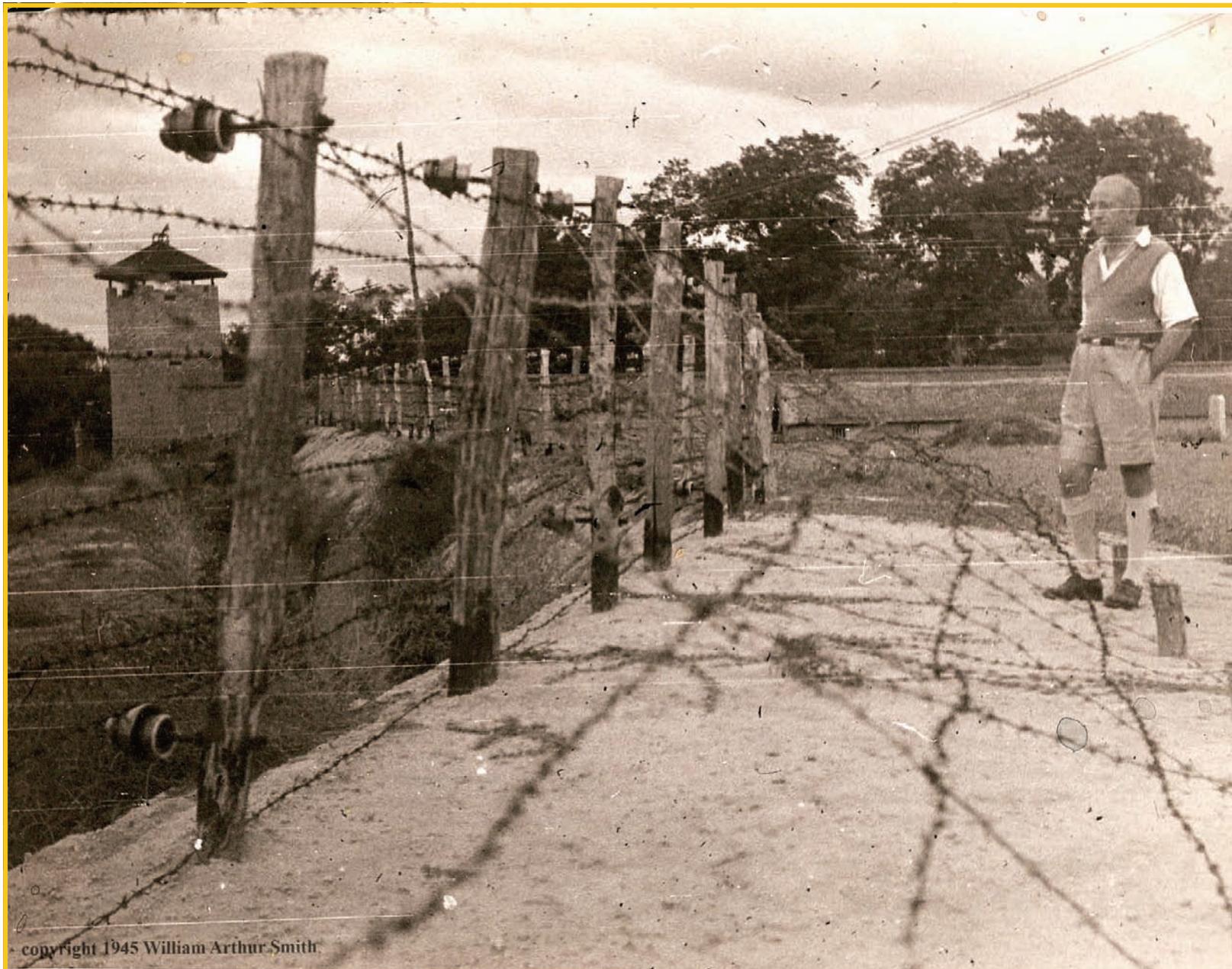
Lt. Hannon, you may recall, injured his shoulder when he landed from the

parachute jump from the B-24 bomber on August 17, 1945. The men tell me that a successful parachute jump depends almost entirely on a successful start. Hannon -- unlike some of the others on the rescue team -- had trained extensively in jumping by parachute in the USA when he joined the American Army. But Hannon says that he got a bad start on that fateful August 17 jump because Eddie Wang, the Chinese interpreter on the mission, hesitated. Hannon says he pushed Eddie Wang out before starting his own jump.

The men have reminded me that August 17 was a windy day-- not good for parachute jumping -- and that they decided to have the pilot descend to only 400 feet so that the Japanese would have less time and space to shoot at them as they drifted to the ground. Can you imagine jumping at 400 feet?! (Major Staiger told me they used British parachutes, which, he said, open more quickly than American 'chutes.)

Jim Hannon tells me that he had advised the team against jumping heavily armed. He says he believed that too many weapons would send the wrong message to the Japanese. So when they jumped, the team carried only one side arm apiece.

In 1944, Lt. Hannon had himself been a POW, after having been captured by the Germans in Europe. He was held in a Prisoner Of War camp there before escaping and walking across a chunk of Europe until he met up with American forces. He tells me he has written a still-unpublished book and screenplay about that experience.



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I remember that we were moved to No.1-block into three rooms. The location was better for the clandestine traffic over the wall that mother, Ida Talbot and Robbie carried out. We children all slept in the middle room, and the packets of sugar etc. was stored under our beds until distributed. One day when mother and Robbie were away, there was the dreaded knock on the outside wall, the Chinese had been sighted by the guard, who was on his way to our compound. The contraband was tossed over the wall to my father, Sid, who was caught red-handed and marched off to the guardhouse.

He spent two weeks in solitary confinement. At the time he had dysentery, so Robbie obtained permission to take him food and visit him. On his first visit, my father found a book tucked under the food. The title: 'My First thirty years in Singing.' Sid had a very good sense of humour, but I wonder if it was good enough.

\*

I remember the "Five C" club. The five C's stood for "Concentration Camp Children's Courtesy Club," obviously an effort to help the younger children with manners.

\*

I remember peanut oil lamps — yes, we certainly used peanut oil and cotton wick lamps at night. I remember well lighting the Chefoo School Lower School Dormitory (LSD) in hospital with the peanut oil lamps.

\*

I remember that the Tsingtao group was the very first to be brought to the compound in March 1943. The place was a mess and obviously had not been inhabited for some time. We (Tsingtao) had been interned in Tsingtao since October 1942.

\*

I remember a time of 'fear' was when I was dragged from the baseball field to the guardhouse and beaten. I was unable to recognize people for three days. (this was the result of being the smart mouth in a group of children — and taken as the instigator of the group.)

We live and learn.

\*

I remember that my grandmother told me that "prisoners were not allowed to touch the trees".

\*



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I remember August 17, 1945, the B-24 and the parachutes. About that day, I must precise some details, as I was one of the first to leave the camp through the Main gate, running in the fields to reach the grave mound that Major Staiger, the head of the team, had

chosen as an observatory to give his orders. "We are six parachutists and we dropped 20 parcels. Help us gather everything here". When all was assembled, after almost one hour, we started a big procession with Major Staiger on

our shoulders going through the fields of Kaoliang. But, as we approached the walls of the camp, the Major told us to stay behind and let them go in first, since they had special orders for meeting with the Commandant of our camp ---

\*

I remember and I'm quite certain that the ringing of the bell was to celebrate VE Day. There's no way that we in the camp would have called attention in the middle of the night to the escape of our fellow-internees, Tipton and Hummel! The Japanese did not learn of the escape of Tipton and Hummel till roll-call in the morning. So they certainly weren't in our bell tower ringing the bell.

Incidentally, I'm sure that the bell tower was on Block 23. I lived there for a while myself until after the escape of Tipton and Hummel, when several dozen of us boys were moved to Block 61 (the hospital) to occupy rooms in the attic that looked out over the walls of the camp into the Wei River valley.

The bell ringing was done by internee pranksters at about 11 pm on the night they learned about the Allied Victory in Europe (VE Day). I clearly recall being roused by my chums to go outside and stand under the black night sky illuminated by thousands of tiny pin pricks of stars. The Japanese were so drunk it took them four times to count everyone. We got back to our beds after 2 AM.

The news of the Allied Victory in Europe probably reached us via one of the radios that was patched together with parts stolen from our captors--perhaps even by that rascally classmate of mine, Jack Graham!

\*



From left to right  
 Larry Tipton//Father Raymond de Jaegher//Arthur W.Hummel  
 Centre front  
 Father Tchang// ... and his Chinese friends who helped L.Tipton and A.Hummel to find their way to the Chinese guerrillas ...

I remember Father Tchang. He did not live in the camp. He helped Tipton and Hummel after they left camp and the picture was taken with them, after we were liberated by Staiger and his boys.

\*

I remember:  
 All those who were in Weihsien prison camp know that Tipton and

Hummel had made an evasion during the month of June 1944, but what they don't know, is how it was prepared and how, finally, it succeeded.

For a few young and dynamic prisoners who didn't have family responsibilities, evading camp was a constant dream. I was one of them. It was also a means to lessen the monotony of the camp days.

Well, to do so, there were a few conditions to respect. Firstly, absolute secrecy was a major clause. Father de Jaegher, who was one of those young and dynamic elements, and with whom I shared the same room, had the same desire of evasion. We however never spoke about it.

Every one of us, without the knowing of the others, was trying to put up a contact with a Chinese from the outside. That was the second condition to accomplish: to find a serious arrangement with a Chinese from the exterior who sometimes came into camp. This service would

have to be well paid for, and that would be done by Larry Tipton, often seen with Father de Jaegher and who had a few gold bars, a necessity for the transaction.

Tipton and R. de Jaegher were often seen in the mornings, walking to and fro on the sports field pretending to improve their Chinese language while, in fact, they were exercising their

muscles for the long walks they would have to make, once outside. That was during the winter period of 1943-44. Meanwhile, R. de Jaegher kept on trying to establish a contact with the cesspool coolies that came daily to empty the prisoners' latrines. As for myself, I was lucky enough to meet and make friends with a Chinese carter bringing the vegetables into camp. I talked about it to R. de Jaegher, and we decided that I could maybe try something about it. As my Chinese friend seemed trustworthy and quite serious, we promised him a good reward by the means of Larry Tipton's gold bars. That was during the months of March-April, 1944.

One day, my Chinese contact brought me a written message: "our plan is well established, and on the chosen day, we would be met and provided with donkeys or mules on a road boarded by trees, situated beyond the valley at the North-East end of the camp. We were to have a little flag with the mention: "welcome to our foreign friends". We hoped to travel by night so as to reach a safe enough point by the following day.

We had now to select the date. We had observed the moon and decided to choose a night when the moon would rise after midnight, which would ease our moving about. Don't forget that in those days, there was no street lighting. That got us in the whereabouts of the 10th of June.

In the meantime, Father de Jaegher had had difficulties with our immediate ecclesiastic superior in camp, Fa-

ther Rutherford. He had been informed of our project by another Father, (N.W.), and had pronounced an ecclesiastic sanction in the terms of: "suspensus a divinis" if ever he left the camp. He had to, he said, because it was vital to avoid the eventual reprisals by our Japanese captors towards the Christian prisoners in camp.

Tipton was very disappointed. He absolutely wanted to leave the camp with a missionary. You must know, that in those days, local churches easily welcomed the travelling missionaries.

Father de Jaegher told me of this interdiction, and it was agreed between us that I would take his place. Alas, whilst sitting on my bed, and while, in great secrecy, I was confectioning my back sac, my colleague, Father N.W. saw me doing so and quickly concluded that I was going to take Father de Jaeger's place in the escape. He told so to Father Rutherford who called for me and pronounced the same banning as he had to R. de Jaegher.

A hasty meeting was held, and we decided that Tipton would ask Hummel to take our place. He immediately accepted which allowed us to keep the schedule previously established for the getaway.

Now, we had to choose the place and the exact time such as to involve the smallest amount of people and however succeed in our task. As for the place of the breakthrough, we quickly found complicity at the end of an alley (in the vicinity of n°10) where we hid

a ladder, absolutely necessary to go over the boundary wall high of more or less 2.40 metres. In those days, on the other side of the wall, there was just a fence with 6 to 7 barbed wires of which the uppermost was electrified. We believed that the current was put on that wire only after 10 P.M., which was curfew time, and also the moment when a Japanese guard switched off all the lights in our compound for the night. We weren't sure about that and told the escapees to wear rubber-soled shoes and rather put their feet on the big porcelain isolators while climbing over the fence.

We had also to make sure that there were no Japanese guards around. On the chosen night, our group of 6 or 7 friends were all in place and watching in the different alleys in order to get the ladder in place, against the wall. The time was then, 9.30 P.M. and in less than 5 minutes, Tipton and Hummel were beyond the wall and over the fence.

We were, however, very anxious to avoid any mishaps, and had previously arranged with them for a recuperation procedure if ever they missed the "contact" at the scheduled location. That is why, between 6 and 7 in the morning, the following day, I had to be waiting for them near the boundary limits not very far away from our bloc n°56 at a place, behind the wall that was invisible from the watch towers. I hid myself just behind the morgue ready with a thick strong rope. If ever I heard the cry of the owl, I had to thrust the rope over the wall to help

them back into the compound.

You can easily understand that on that particular night, we didn't sleep very much and that I sighed with relief after 7 o'clock in the morning when I got out of my hiding place just behind the morgue.

Now, we had to give the best possible chances to our two escapees in order to let them get away as far as possible from the camp. As we know, the Japs made a roll call every morning at 8 o'clock. At that precise moment we all had to stand in a row in front of our respective blocks and in the order of our badge-numbers. Tipton lived with us, on the first floor. Actually, it was Mc. Laren who was responsible for us towards the Japanese Commandant. I secretly informed Mc Laren of our projects and arranged with him that as warden of our bloc, I would give the alert as late as possible. At the roll call, I would simply say that Tipton was already working

in the kitchen. It is only around 10 o'clock that morning, that I mentioned Tipton's absence to Mc Laren. He then asked me, in the presence of the camp's Commandant, to go and make sure that he was not in the toilets or anywhere else. The same thing happened for the missing of Hummel. While I was going all over camp to search

for Tipton, the rumour spread fast, and at about 11, I came back empty-handed, and informed the irritated Commandant. He was very sure of himself and absolutely certain to recapture the escapees. As a precautionary measure, he put all the escapees' roommates under room arrest. Even, days after that, and from time to time, they had us rounded up in the middle of the night and guarded by armed Japs.

As for the escapees, they rapidly managed to reach the Chinese guerrilla forces and shared their lives with them for 14 months. They managed to smuggle a radio, in small parts, as well as medicines for the hospital and supplements of flour.

It is only the day after the parachutes came with the Americans that we saw, one morning, and our two escapees all tanned by the sun and in excellent health.

\*



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I remember that Fr. Hanquet spoke of staying on with other catholic priests (Frs. de Jaegher and Unden from Ankuo, Key-molen and Wenders who taught in Suanha seminary, Gilson procurator in Peking, Palmers and himself from the SAM missionaries, also four nuns....) When the rest of the congregation was sent back to stay interned in two convents in Peking, — so as to leave more space in Weih sien — "our" catholic priests with permission from their superiors, opted to stay on. Young, healthy and bachelors, they felt they could best serve their faith in camp.

\*



I remember the very beginning of our camp life. It was around the 21st of March 1943. We were in total confusion. No one knew what to do or what was going to happen.

During the day, much of the "chat" was done around the church (assembly hall), since there were a few benches to sit on and it was close to the main gate. It took us a few days to find out how everything would be gradually organised. We were told to give our qualifications and our preferences for certain jobs to be assumed in the camp. My first job was cleaning the toilets!

\*

I remember that after rescuing our rescuers on August 17<sup>th</sup> and as we entered the camp from the gao-liang fields, I was very surprised to see Roy Chu and some other internees, patrolling inside the camp with axe and knife. They had already taken position to defend the internees as a secret "corps franc" prepared by the strongest men of the compound. . Fortunately, nothing wrong happened, and the Japanese authority rendered their weapons without difficulty --- but since the communists around the camp threatened to take us as hostages, the Japanese guards continued to stay on duty during the nights until the final closing of the camp.

\*

I remember how the Japanese counted and counted and counted us over and over again at roll call when they discovered that two men had escaped.

\*

I remember that we lived in block 2 (Gilkey's map, the bottom of the "L") just above Joyce and Eddie Cook and their parents. It was, I believe, the only 2nd floor single family quarters in the camp. The room was surrounded by glass windows. It was cold in the winter and hot in the summer, although we could open the windows to catch whatever breeze there was.

\*

I remember my scout logbook from that period. It describes some little tasks or "good deeds" that we, as scouts, were asked to perform as a service to the community: Sifted coal and carried water for man at boiler. Carried 3 garbage boxes to dump. Carry parcels for Post Office. Carried and dumped 2 boxes of ashes for bakery. Shovel and carry coal for man at boiler.

As scouts we had to know where all the doctors lived and the logbook lists the doctors and their locations. Dr. Corkey, Block 6/1; Chan, 5/3; Robinson, 1/2; Grice, 42/5; Prentice, 50/D and Hopegill,(?).

\*

Do you remember being my first boy friend in school? We were about 9 or 10 then and we used to write "billet doux's" to each other?

\*

I remember that my grandparents were permitted to bring one pillow case filled with items when they were "arrested". My grandfather, a doctor, filled most of the space of 4 pillowcases with medical supplies. He also packed a deflated football which Eric Lidell inflated later on (one of the family stories). A black market was also established with people outside the gates; through this more supplies could be brought in.

\*



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I remember that we arrived at WeiHsien in March 1943. There was nobody there when we arrived and we had to clean up in preparation for the arrival of others. There were about 500 of us in this first batch. All from Tsingtao where we had been in civil assembly centre at "The Iltis Hydro" from October 1942. From 7 December 1941 when Pearl Harbor was bombed we had been under house arrest in Tsingtao until ordered into the Iltis Hydro.

\*

I remember that the Japanese would sometimes cut electricity during concerts or plays. We lit tiny homemade peanut oil lamps used to provide light at these times and during night when lights were extinguished.

I remember how the electricians would scamper all over, looking for the source of the problem, but it was always in the Japanese area of the camp where the main switches were.

\*

graphs of each of our heroes -- passing it around. Sometimes the kids cry. Sometimes the teachers cry. I love doing it each year. But the numbers of veterans is dwindling -- just as our team of heroes is.

\*

I remember my mother telling me she heard a scream outside the wall in our block 2 when a Chinese black marketer accidentally came into contact with the electric wire. I do not know whether he survived the shock or not.

\*

I remember that this history teacher started the project to make sure that this generation hears the World War II stories from real people -- not just from history books. Realizing the value of the project, the school allows the guests to speak in every imaginable kind of class -- not just history. Last Wednesday, I told the Weihsien story to teenagers in three consecutive classes for their whole class periods. I always punctuate the story by unfolding my piece of parachute silk embroidered with the Weihsien rescue scene - - the B-24 bomber in the sky and the seven descending parachutes embroidered in navy blue and next to each the pencilled auto-

I remember that I was 9 when I left the camp, but certain things have never been made clear to me.

There has always been the problem of not knowing how certain actions were performed, and how certain supplies reached the camp. Take, for example the slates that we used in school. How were they supplied, and by whom? As well as coloured pencils and other stationery items.

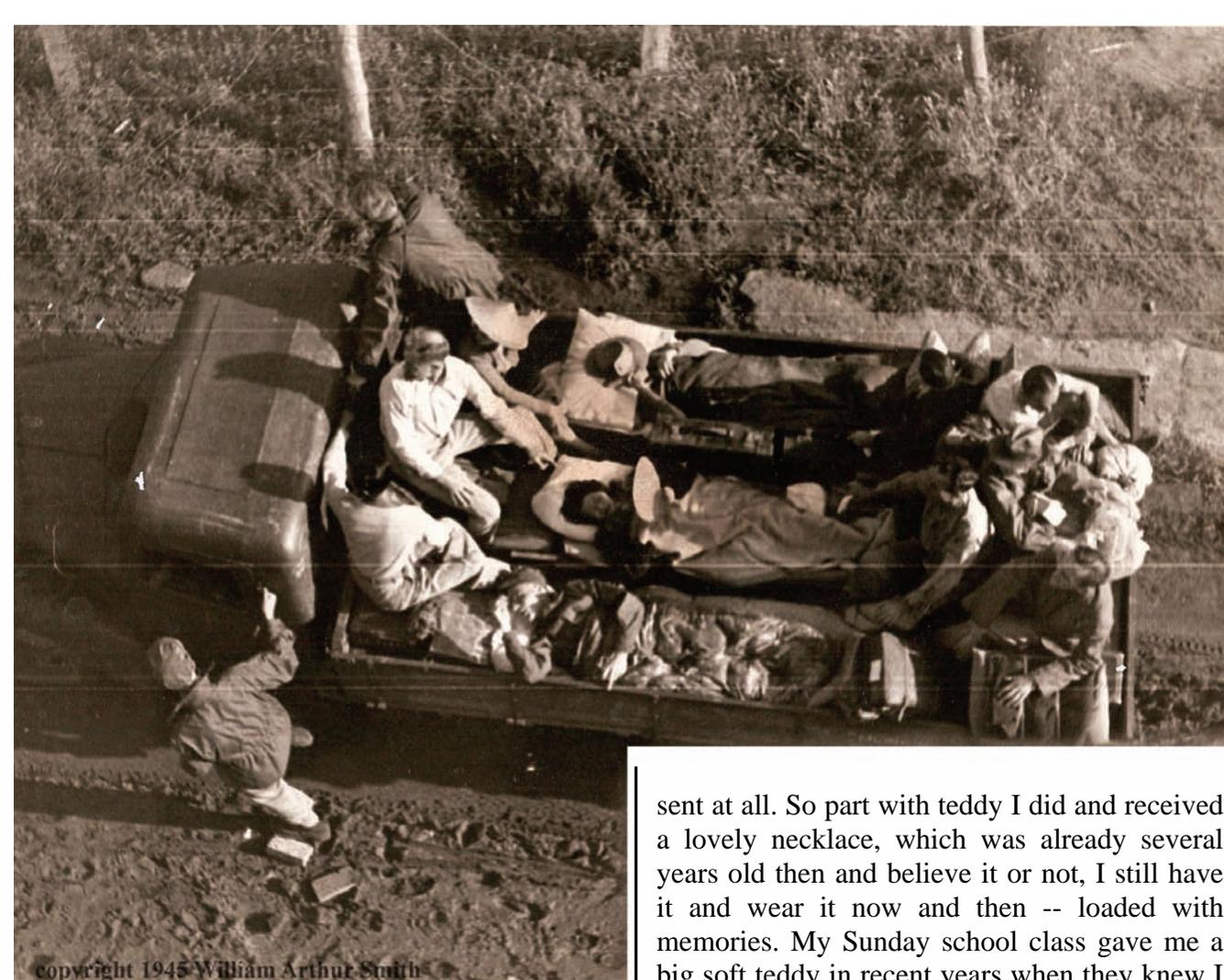
How did our raw products for food preparation reach the camp?

How did the hospital get medical supplies and from whom? I remember getting the wrong eye medication for a problem, and my Mother yelled and screamed to someone until I received the correct medication. Who were the people concerned?

How did the inmates get tools and building supplies? I remember that a very kind gentleman came to our room and built a small stove from bricks, with an empty kerosene tin as an oven. How did he get the supplies? I also remember my father, together with George Cox, cutting down a tree at the South Field, and then carrying it (with others) and hiding (?) it along the back of Block 84, where it remained for a time, with the Japs not noticing it because it was too obvious. How did the boys get saws and other supplies?

All these things could not have been brought into the camp through people's hand luggage, or, there must have been a trick to it all.

\*



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I remember the last Christmas [1944, I guess]. There were no Red Cross packages, no money and nothing to buy, so we all decided to get into our trunks, yes, the same ones we had put our clothes, books and treasures into the night before we walked to concentration camp on Temple Hill.

That Christmas as we looked into our trunks, each one picked out a gift to swap with one of our roommates. I had my teddy. Could I possibly part with it? Yes, I could, for we had all decided this was the only way we would get a pre-

sent at all. So part with teddy I did and received a lovely necklace, which was already several years old then and believe it or not, I still have it and wear it now and then -- loaded with memories. My Sunday school class gave me a big soft teddy in recent years when they knew I would be needing lots of hugs. I named him Agape [Greek for Unconditional Love] and I finally felt I had my teddy back. It would be such fun if I ever found out whatever happened to my teddy and who was the former owner of my silver necklace?

\*

I remember the two underground tunnels for air raid shelters. I realize they were out of bounds, but on occasion some of us children would go down into them — to get away from the unbearable heat.

\*

I remember that Weihsien opened as a Civilian Assembly Centre in March 1943. The first arrivals were from Tsingtao, followed by Roman Catholic Missionaries from the hinterland and the main bulk from Tientsin (now Tinajin) and Peking (Beijing) The Allied civilians in these last two places received indications in the last week of February 1943 and early March that they were to be transported between the 23 and 31 March 1943 to Weihsien The train journey was overnight with a change of Trains at Tsinan arriving before noon the following day. Assembly areas were former US Legation Compound (Beijing) and Former British army Barracks(Tianjin) were inmates were walked carrying their bags to the railway station. The Beijing Group started out 25March43 and the Tianjin Group 23March, 27 March and 30 March.

What apparently people are muddling is that there was phoney phase immediately after Pearl Harbour when movement was slightly restricted but permitted with "Red Armbands" with character "Ying" or "Mei" in Tianjin, and the letters B or A in Shanghai. By the end of

September 1943 the Japanese started consolidating and moving people into local "concentration areas" Tsindao the Iltis Hydro. Tianjin the Talhati House Hotel although some were allowed to remain in their houses until March 1943. When the bulk of people were moved to Weihsien there were a few aged/infirm who were allowed to remain accompanied by to look after them.

\*

I remember my mother used to make bread pudding pancakes with the bread and water pudding from breakfast. When we were exchanged on the Gripsholm, I told my mom "I can hardly wait to get to America where we can bread pudding pancakes as much as we want." She laughed and said, "Once you taste the food in America you will never want bread pudding pancakes again." She was right! But I still remember how good those pancakes tasted in comparison to the regular fare of camp food.

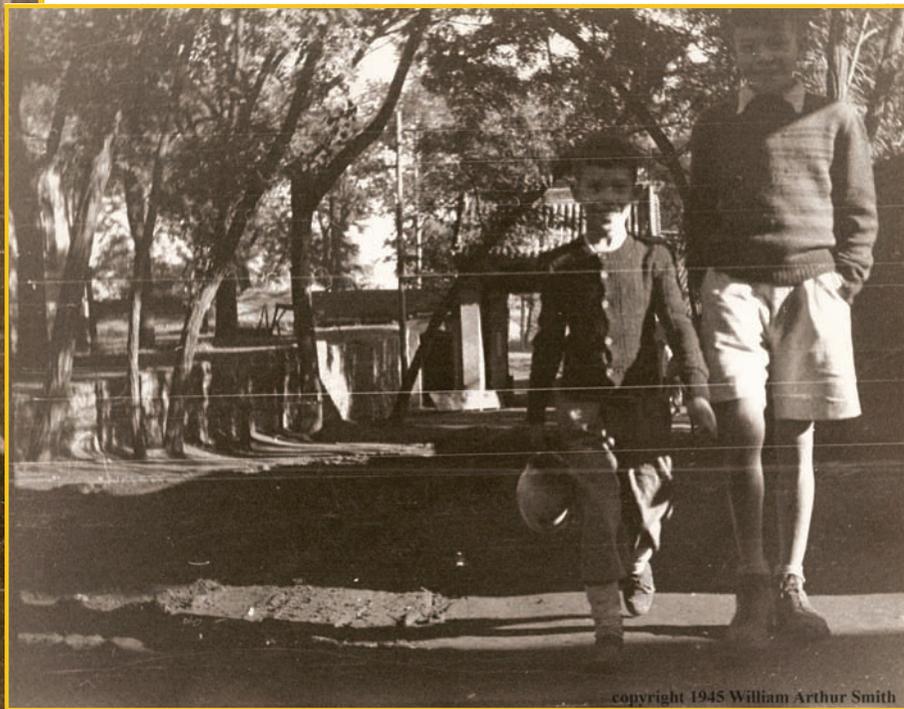
\*

I remember the Japs and their "YAH" practice, when they suited up with padded body armor and face masks and practiced bayonet attacks on each other near the front gate to the school? Suddenly we were prisoners.

\*



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I remember where I was when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the radio spoken by Carol Alcott an American radio announcer in Shanghai. I was 13 years of age in Tsingtao and within an hour we were visited at our home by Jap Officers and immediately put under house arrest. I still have my "B" (British) armband.

\*

I remember the Sixth Division Marines coming to Tsingtao from Guam and Okinawa in 1945. Their OC Gen-

eral Shepherd and later General Clements became quite friendly with our family whilst their Marines were protecting our part of China for some time after the war. I believe these marines had been scheduled to participate in the invasion of Japan. No doubt many of these men were, like myself grateful that the war ended so suddenly and dramatically as many would not have survived. I also believe that the Sixth Marine Division was the only marine division that did not actually serve in USA as it was formed during the war on either Okinawa or Guam.

\*

I remember that in our Lower School Dormitory we had an old hand-crank gramophone and two songs which we played over and over again: Harry Lauder singing A 'Roamin' in the gloamin with a lassie by my side" and "Go to sleep, my dusky baby; sleepy-sleep, my angel baby, tell your mammy rest a little while." Those songs still sing in my head.

\*

I remember using peanut oil lamps after hours, I particularly remember studying by that dim light after 10pm cramming for my final school exam late 1944.

\*

I remember that in August of 1943, eleven 6th Form students of the Chefoo School took their Oxford exams -- and passed. In 1944, my sister Kathleen and her 13 classmates took their Oxfords. They all passed. In August 1945, eleven more sat for their Oxfords. Nine passed. And when the war was over, Oxford University confirmed the results.

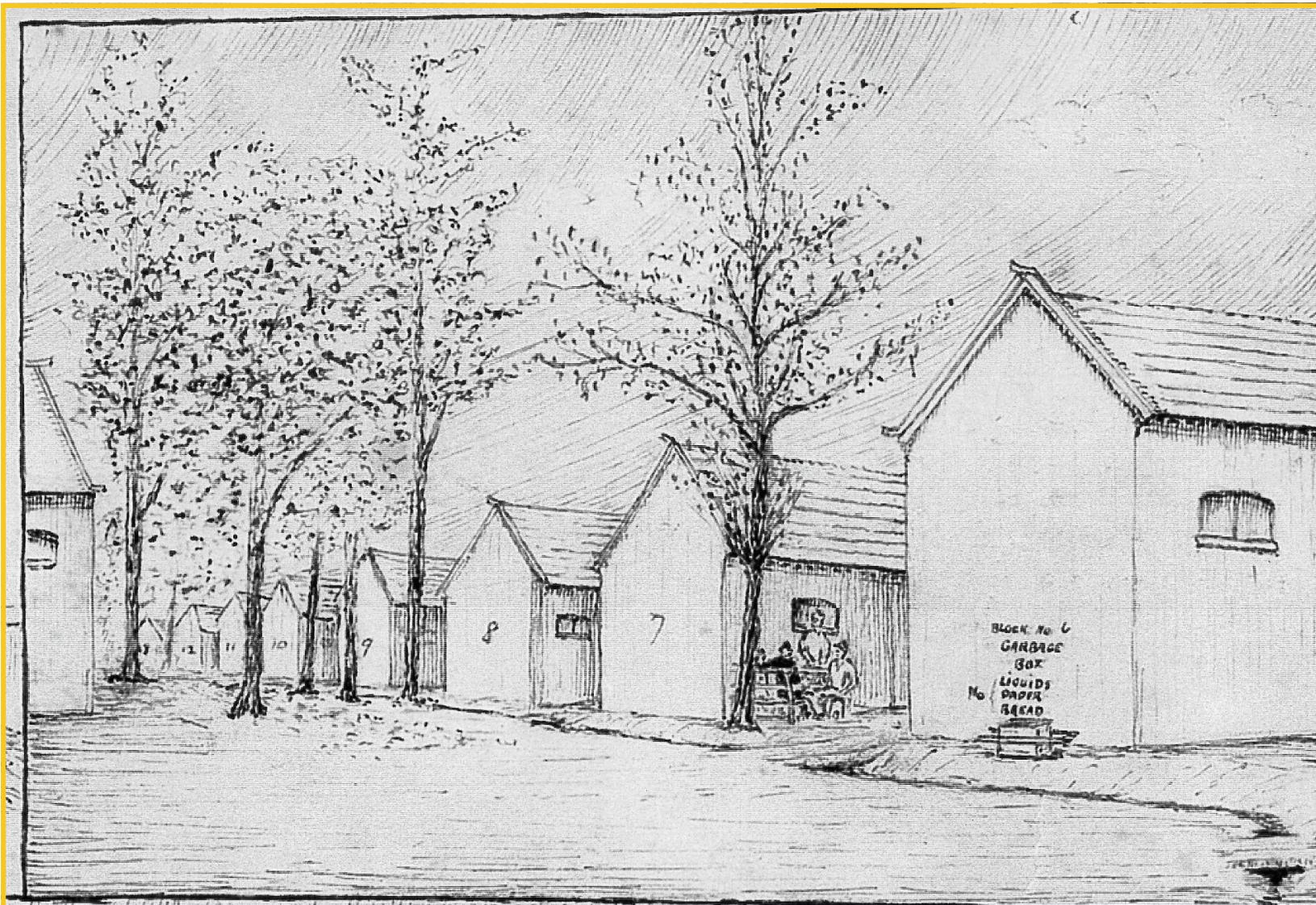
\*

I remember the peanut oil lamps but I only recall using them after lights out at 10pm. I think at first we had lights out at 9pm but later it was extended it to 10pm.

\*

I remember how permission had to be obtained to cross a creek to hunt for frogs for dissection purposes, which the Japanese considered a barbaric practice!

\*



I remember our two families. The Whipples and the Waltons, occupied Block One next to the wall from March to September, 1943. The wall provided many black market opportunities for our parents. On one occasion my father, Elden Whipple, was keeping watch while my uncle, Nate Walton, was receiving about a hundred eggs over the wall. They were caught red-handed by a solitary guard who took them into our quarters and reprimanded them severely while he was counting out the number of eggs. At the same time, my mother, Marian, and aunt, Lois (who incidentally just died last month at the age of ninety-five) were clandestinely taking a few eggs for the families unbeknownst to the Japanese guard. We ended up with about a dozen eggs on that occasion. Apparently, the guard never reported the incident because we heard nothing about it after that. The only penalty was a lecture on the spot from the guard with the help of a Japanese/English dictionary!

\*

She remembers:

She was interested in the job assignments & writes about her days in Weihsien. She was a member of the vegetable crew with responsibility for washing and preparing vegetables. She mentions stokers who kept the fires going under the giant food kettles. She mentions those on latrine duty -- who were permitted a shower a day when everyone else was rationed to one shower a week.

\*

I remember that one of my chores was being a "woodcutter", chopping wood for the stoves of the hospital. I was alone on the work that I did on a place very close to our Block 56. At the beginning, I was given an axe with a wooden handle, but we had to replace it with an iron pipe. Since there were no more logs to be cut, they were replaced by roots. Fortunately the sewing shop and the good Miss Scott provided me with strong gloves.

\*

I remember Dick Whittington's pantomime. Music was always important, the hymns and songs, the Salvation Army band, the jazz band. What power music has to lift the spirits? What a test of people's essence this time was and how well they rose!

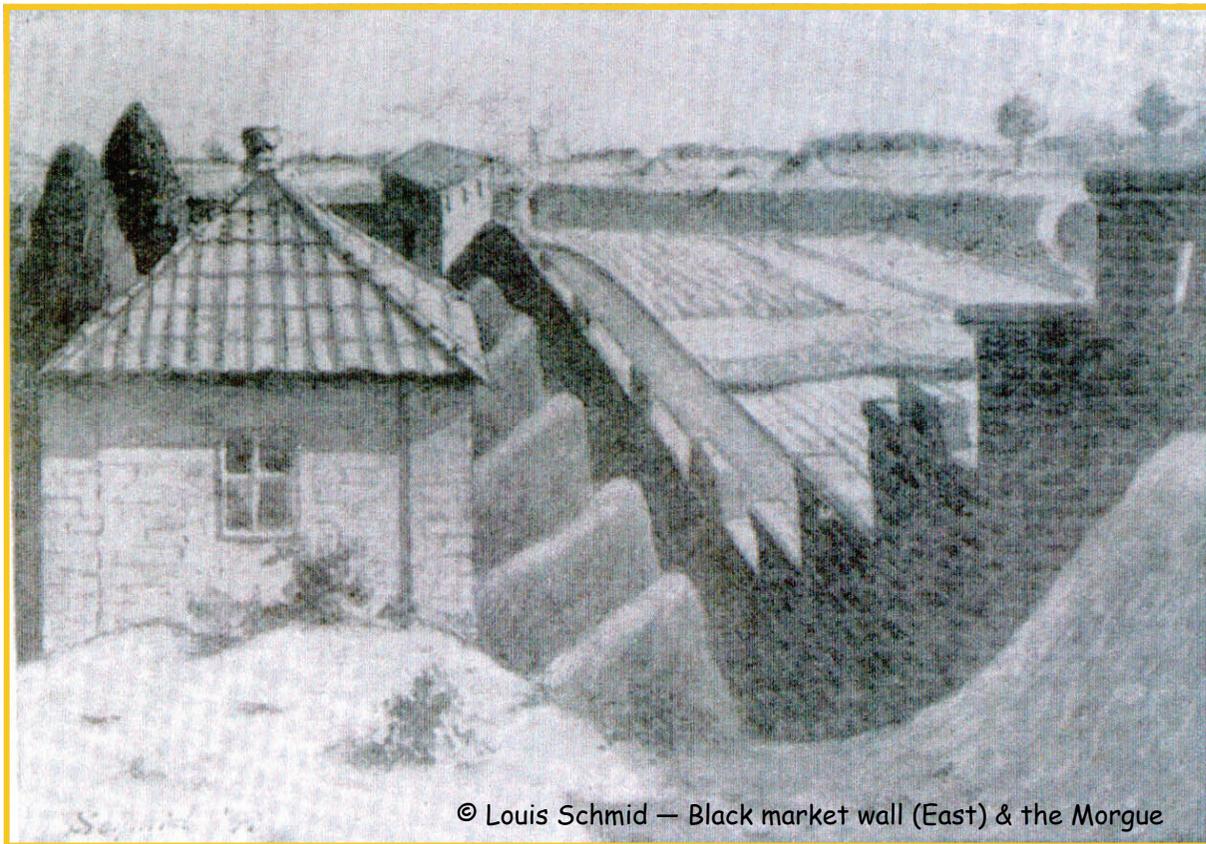
\*

I remember that my job was pumping water at Kitchen #1. I was also a Boy Scout and a hockey player. I attended school and did my share of stealing from the Japanese compound, particularly books from one of their mansions.

\*

I remember that we shared the hold with captured horses from the US Cavalry units in the Philippines. More than one internee reported the horses were treated better than we were.

\*



© Louis Schmid — Black market wall (East) & the Morgue

I remember that my family of four had a stove in our family room in block two, which was the only two story small block with the de Zutters above us. It was either a mud or brick stove and was in the corner when we took up residence. We made many coal balls and dried them in what sun there was. We did our own laundry and made our own clothes line in our little compound, which about six families shared. We had a tin tub with two handles and a scrubbing board.

\*

I remember that the lorry bounced along the rough road and turned a corner through some trees. We were now driving towards the entrance of the camp, a large Chinese gate, over which were three Chinese characters meaning "Courtyard of the Happy Way." Japanese guards with bayonets were standing on duty. I remember that the streets were lined with hundreds of internees staring at us curiously. The men wore only khaki shorts, were barefoot, tanned with working in the sun, and looked like creatures from another world. As we clam-bered off the lorries they cheered and surrounded us excitedly, asking all kinds of questions. Their accents were American, Russian, Greek and British, a cosmopolitan group indeed.

\*

I remember that the little building in the market wall picture is the morgue. It was also used to confine Father Scanlan, the Trappist monk made famous for his "black market" activities. He was caught and put in solitary confinement without food or water in that building. It happened that a priest who had died of cancer was being buried while Father Scanlan was interned, and Father Hanquet recruited me to slip down from the funeral and pass a flask of water to Father Scanlan, as they were not giving him food or water. He was later released.

\*

I remember that I was about 14 when entered and about 16.5 when the American Heroes dropped in from the sky. I remember the day well, I was actually casing the Japanese compound for what I could pilfer from there that night. I saw this glimmering sight of an aeroplane and I knew immediately that it was our salvation. It was beautiful! I immediately ran to the north gate and just about made in the rush to get out to the field and bring back those wonderful GI to the camp.

\*

I remember tat you and my brother, John, had a fight shortly after you arrived at the Weih sien camp and subsequently you and he became friends. You may have been in his patrol in Boy Scouts.

\*

I remember three bishops in Weih sien prison camp,:

Mgr. Leo De Smedt (62 years old), Mgr. Louis Morel (64 years old) and Bishop Scott who was an Anglican Bishop.

The two first ones were transferred to Peking in June 1943 as well as nearly all the other priests and the nuns that were in camp.

Only a dozen stayed behind, and those were:

— 6 Samists: Raymond de Jaegher, Emmanuel Hanquet, Michel Keymolen, Albert Palmers, Herman Unden and Nicolas Wenders.

— 2 Jesuites: Fathers Dallaire and Ghyselinck,

— 1 Benedictin: John Martin,

— 2 Franciscans: Fathers P. Rutherford and Schneider --- who stayed in camp to the end: (October 1945).

The third Anglican Bishop stayed with us — I think — until the end or maybe was he repatriated on board of the Gripsholm - I'm not quite certain of that.

\*

I remember the boy was who was so terrified by looking into the morgue and seeing the wind blowing the cloth over the coffin. He was sure the body was alive...but he could not escape because he got stuck in the window frame. What a horror!

\*



© Louis Schmid — Lazarists' quarter

I remember that when the Japanese commandeered our Chefoo School to make it into a naval base, they marched us across town and interned us in a Presbyterian mission compound in the Temple Hill area of the city — yes, just below the temple on the hill. Most of us were crammed into three houses that had been residences of missionaries. The Presbyterians had run the Temple Hill Hospital in the same neighbourhood of Chefoo (Yantai). Right in that hospital, Dr. Young and Nurse Luce saved my life on my 7th birthday in 1939 after my appendix ruptured.

\*

I remember that we rattled and bumped along a dusty road for several miles past Chinese farm fields. What we gathered must be Weihsien Camp sprang into view. Rows of juniper trees, long lines of dormitory blocks, the red-tiled roof of an Edwardian style church hall surrounded by a wall with electrified wires and with cement boxes here and there.

\*

I remember that during the warm evenings, young and old gathered outdoors to chit chat etc.

\*

I remember that we were herded through a Moon Gate into a court-yard which was outside the administrative offices. There we stood listening while the chairman of the camps Discipline Committee, a fellow internee, read out the camp rules and regulations.

\*

I remember that we had both indoor and outdoor concerts and gatherings in the church, Kitchen One, and out behind Block 23. And of course roll call afforded lots of time for meeting with crowds of both adults and children. We often assembled for roll

call a good hour before the guards arrived to count us.

\*

I remember the beds: who had beds and who didn't!

Beds or no beds! This probably depended upon the city from which one was taken. I believe that most of us from Tientsin were allowed to bring our beds. We did have to enclose each bed in a slotted wood "cage". These planks of wood came in handy for shelves. Our beds were metal, and we had to take them outdoors for debugging.

\*

I remember that bridge was a popular game in the camp, not just because it was a challenging card game but also because it provided adults a "cover" for discussing more serious matters going on, i.e. the black market. According to Granny, adults were not permitted to gather in numbers greater than 4. Hence, bridge proved the perfect "game" in more ways than one.

\*

I remember that although I was a child in those days (thirteen at war's end), I was certainly aware of the fact that large numbers of adults gathered each Sunday morning for church services. I know that there were Bible study and prayer meeting groups during the week as well. Then there were drama groups who put on plays and concerts. Even the Salvation Army band never had any trouble gathering to practice and perform.

\*

I remember my Grandmother telling me that: "In winter the bridge game was played over a small fire of twigs and coal balls set in the center of the table. Once, the small fire became a big fire, burned the deck as well as a hole right through the table. It was against the rules to have a fire going in a room, however all the prisoners did it anyway and seldom was anyone punished for it."

\*

I remember that we were allowed to bring our beds into WeiHsien and I too folded all my clothes and placed them under the mattress. Tsolik Balianz from Tsingtao made me a lovely blouse and shorts from my mother's old dress.

\*



I remember that well after our March 1943 arrival, sometime by the end of summer, Papa said I was to go to school. I'd learn to read and write and do up sums. Most of all I was to learn English so I could play with children my age. I was 4½ years old. Mama cut out a schoolbag from a pair of pink flannel pyjama legs. When it was all sewn up Papa embroidered my initials ... brown thread in long straight stitches! I have it still; it's become

shabby now with most of the pink faded away...

Kindergarten classes took place at Shadyside hospital.

We climbed the steps, and entering turned to the right and walked down a central aisle. To our right and left were high windows and hospital beds. The children were made to walk quietly and quickly down this aisle up to two big doors opening into an end room that took the width of the hospi-

tal floor. Left and right were the same high windows, the fourth side of the room being a full wall. There were two long tables, each next to a window, and benches, all our size, they must have been made specially for us by our Weihsien carpenters!

Entering, on the left hand side, were the Rabbits, 4 to 5 years old, seated all around the table. On the other side were the Squirrels, 5 to 6 years old. In my age group I only remember by name Margaret Fraser and Helen Lane.

Paper and pencils were scarce, and precious. At some time in the beginning we each received a slate and fine grey-white chalk. These didn't last long so we handed back the slates.

Rabbits learnt to draw their letters, in turn from a

to z with "rounds and sticks" I don't remember drawing numbers but we must have done! Squirrels learnt to read (Run, Rover, Run!)

Miss Davey was wonderful, I remember her as a young smiling dark-haired woman full of energy. She had a "big girl" to help her out who wasn't always present niether always the same. When we weren't using pencils or reading, Miss Davey had us play vo-

cabulary and counting games ("I spy with my little eye...") she read stories out loud and we listened in rapture, we learnt poems (Wordsworth's Daffodils) sang songs (Swallow tell me why you fly) played round games outside, just at the bottom of the hospital steps, learnt to skip, hop, jump, run... most of all learnt to relate to one another...

Very much later on, I often wondered who she really was, had she adapted just for us some kind of Montessori method?

"Miss Davey": all of you diverse Weihsien educators, we owe you so much!

\*

Evelyn Davey's response:

I think that there is quite a lot of confusion, and I'm pretty sure she was talking about Nelma Stranks's class and not mine. Perhaps before the Chefoo contingent arrived. After that I was loaned to the Weihsien School, and taught 4 - 5 year olds, while Nelma had the 6 - 7s.

It would be easy to confuse us as we were both about the same age, and both with dark hair. My class was not in the Hospital, but in a disused laundry. It was located near the cobbler's shop and the barber's, some-where between the Hospital and camp headquarters. I don't remember many of the children's names, but I did have Margaret MacMillan, Mickey Pater-noster, a Janette, and a Gillian Pryor, and Andrew (Cess Pool) Kelly.

\*



© Louis Schmid — Playground Street

I remember that with the coming of the first winter in camp, we experienced the monotony of the long, endless evenings. The Sun was more generous than in Europe though, but it went down early and the long cold evenings began without radio and without TV. Television didn't even exist in those days!

For all those who had nothing special to do, the only distractions available were; reading books, walking around, or visiting friends and neighbours. As for book reading, we had a small library with various books brought into camp by the different groups of prisoners that came from Peking or Tientsin or elsewhere. There wasn't a fantastic choice, but, I must however tell you that I read a great deal of books all about life in China and also about Chinese history.

Besides reading, the few possible occupations were visiting friends and neighbours, singing and theatre activities.

About visiting: we had to find enough space to greet our friends in the little rooms where the only suitable seat was the bed next to the one you were already sitting on. There was always somebody around to listen to whatever confidence that you might be telling. That was why those visits were very rare, rather brief and had, for major purposes, the request of a favour.

As time went on and people got to know each other better, and becoming friendlier, it was customary to have birthday parties. The

Mothers did marvels in the baking of cookies without eggs or butter!

We had concerts.

Those concerts, in the "sing-song" style were performed two or three times every winter and gave a little joy and beauty in our otherwise boring existence. Those concerts and recitals, of course, had to be meticulously prepared and we used and abused our local artists' talents. Percy Glee (?) was one of those precious artists. He was an excellent pianist and sung with the wonderful voice of a tenor. He was also able to conduct a choir. Thanks to that, we became more familiar with English folk music, folk songs, as well as with Negro spirituals. The song that was highest in rank on the hit parade during those days was: "God Bless America", it was a song that warmed up our spirits and pride and gave us the energy to go on. Everybody learned the words.

We had plays.

Theatre had no lack of artists and more than once did the little groups of our younger folks prepare their performances with great care and meticulousness.

They recited poems or performed in short plays. Some even ventured themselves in giving a full recital.

But the musts, was by no contest, the performance of the Bernard Shaw's classic, "Androcles and the Lion". I must tell you about that, for I was closely involved in the adventure. The promoter and director of the play, lived in the same bloc as mine, but on the first floor. His name was Arthur P. and shared a room with Larry Tipton. He was a fine and distinguished English-

man, not very tall, with a soft voice and intelligent conversation. We were neighbours, and as "warden" of Bloc n° 56 I often had the opportunity of talking to him without ever really being his friend for as much. That is why he hesitatingly asked me — maybe due to my sacerdotal condition — that he allowed himself to take the risk to invite me to take a part in his project, as well as Father Palmers, to play the role of a Roman soldier!! I reassured him of our complete collaboration. That is the reason why I still have an accurate memory of my Roman soldier outfit. It had been carefully assembled at the repair-shop by the means of many tin cans that had been flattened and assembled together to finally take the shape of a helmet and a breastplate that fit us perfectly. To give more reality to the looks of our legs and arms that were of course all white, we painted them with potassium permanganate that got us all bronzed up. For only a few days though.

Nero appeared in all his majesty with his laurel crown and draped in a white cloth surrounded closely by his courtesans chosen amongst the prettiest women of the camp, dressed in green and rose gowns confectioned by the means of old curtains. Two gladiators armed with nets were trying to hold Androcles as their prisoner.

The show was a great success and we even had to do an encore to be able to satisfy all those who wanted to see it. A few weeks later, when the American parachutists came into camp we even had the honour to perform the play once again for them.

\*



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I remember being afraid in camp. I believe that once or twice, I feared reprisals from the Japanese guards, and for that, yes, I was afraid that something nasty could happen to me. I specially remember this little adventure that finally had a favourable outcome though it could have sent me directly to jail for several days if ever I got caught red handed.

You all know of the food shortage problems and how much we suffered from the lack of primary food necessities such as, oil, eggs and sugar. Sugar was in great demand by the children's parents who tried getting small provisions through the black market. We, adults, were quite accustomed to the shortage of sugar.

That is the reason why my friend C.B. made an inquiry to find out where exactly the Japanese stored the bags of sugar. In precisely which house in the compound it was kept, and when he finally had this valuable information, he decided to act immediately.

To act quickly, he needed an accomplice to watch our side of the compound wall while he was on the other side, in the Japanese quarters, rigorously reserved to the Japanese and them alone. Another problem to resolve was the hiding of the precious sugar before transferring it into little bags for the few families who had asked for it.

Just outside our quarters, (bloc n°56) there was, in a small garden, a dry well which must have been dug in the past years for keeping vegetables during the winters. That was an ideal place for our sugar. Safe and discreet.

So, on one autumn evening when darkness fell around us, my friend made a rendezvous with me near the wall, just behind the Japanese accommodations. I was watching while he was on the other side. I walked to and fro, trying to make believe I was just a passer by. After what seemed to be a long time, I saw a head emerging just above the wall, and all of a sudden I had in my arms, a whole bag of sugar of 10 kilos. It was quickly hidden in an old jacket and off we went to bloc n°56 to hide, the old jacket with the sugar in the well. We didn't meet anybody on the way.

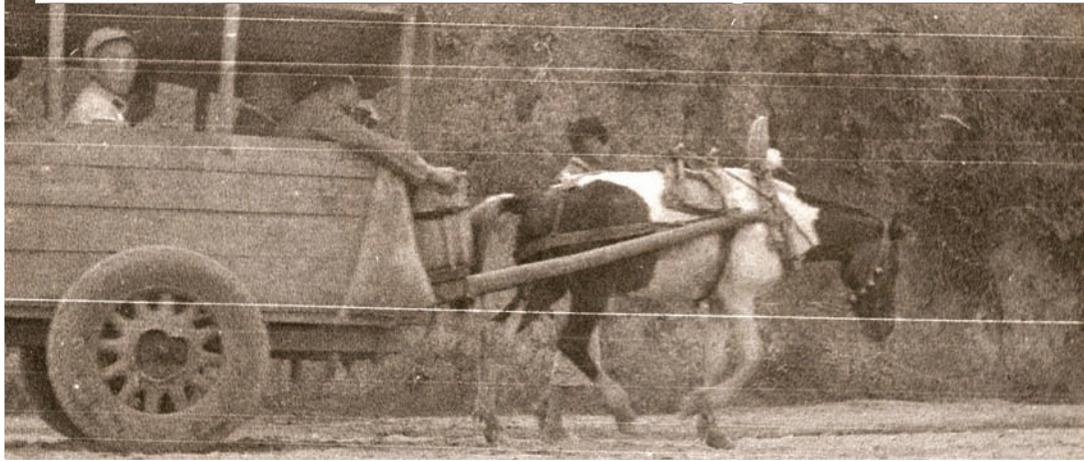
The following days, C.B. made a few nightly visits to our little garden, taking in tiny bags, small amounts of the precious sugar to those who needed it.

I would like to add a comment about "scrounging" in camp. You can only imagine how we felt, as civilians, rounded-up, imprisoned behind walls and guarded by armed Japanese soldiers. To pinch away something from them was not an act of stealing, it was just a correct return of what they had taken from us.

\*

I remember that NOBODY, to my knowledge, starved to death, but most of us were constantly hungry!

\*



I remember the Italians:

For a few weeks already, sometime near the end of the year 1943, we learned of the imminent arrival of a new group of prisoners without exactly knowing their precise identity.

The Japanese had to make space for them, and to do so, they had already emptied all the rooms (bloc-43) situated alongside the North wall, not very far away from the guardroom near the entrance as well as near a more important bloc, n°44 and kitchen number III. The whole zone thus delimited was already secured by interior brick walls and the only thing left to do, was the making of two doors to lock the access, a job quickly done by the Japanese.

We found out, soon enough, that the scheduled arrivals into our compound, would be a group of a hundred Italians from Shanghai.

We must remember that in those days, the Italians had surrendered in Europe and that they were no more part of the Axis. Moreover, their economic interests in Shanghai were enormous (the real-estate business, navigation companies, banks etc.) and by interning the Italian company directors and owners, the Japanese could take over all those interests for themselves in the name of their Emperor, Hiro-Hito.

The great dilemma for us, was ; what behaviour would we choose to have regarding our new neighbours and we must also admit to say : our "enemies".

We were already behind the walls for 9 months now, and it was important,

we thought, to make no difference between ourselves because they were prisoners, just as we were.

Therefore, it was not long until we made our decision to welcome them and help them to settle down into their new quarters. As soon as evening came, that day, Father Palmers and I jumped over the wall (which wasn't as high as the camp's boundary walls) and made our first contacts with the eldest of them. That is how we met with the Tavella. He was an important banker in Shanghai and his wife was of American birth, the Gervasi family of whom the wife was of Belgian origin, the Rocco, with their three or four children and a few other families as well.

All those people had been accustomed to easy life with Chinese domestic personnel, and seemed to be completely helpless about their present situation. We tried to help them the best we could with all the experience we had as "elderly" prisoners and built for the Tavella family, the same evening, a little brick stove just outside their prison cell so they could begin cooking their ample provisions of canned food they brought with them in their luggage. The first item to benefit of the brick stove, on the second evening, was a tin of Maxwell grinded coffee. They insisted in making us taste the good coffee they had brought over with them. As we hadn't drank coffee since the beginning of our imprisonment in Weihsien, we had become very vulnerable to caffeine and that is why we didn't sleep at all that

night after returning to our lodgings in block-56.

A few weeks passed, and permission was finally granted by the Japanese Commandant to open the two doors communicating with the rest of the compound. The Italian prisoners were so grateful of what we had done for them, that, after the war had ended; we received a letter from the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, thanking us for what we had done.

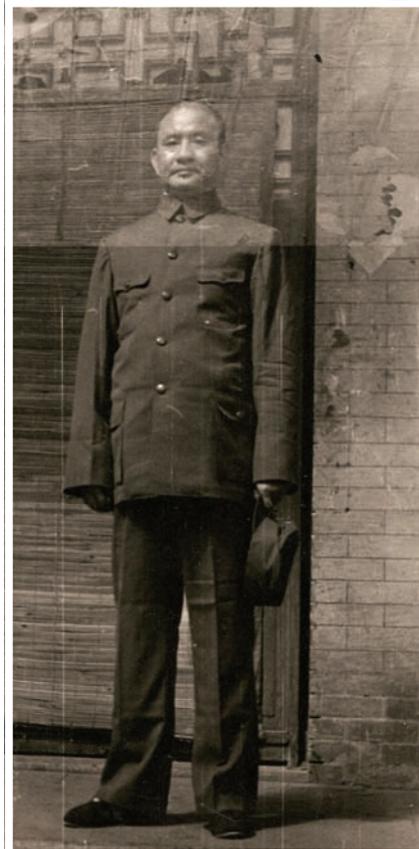
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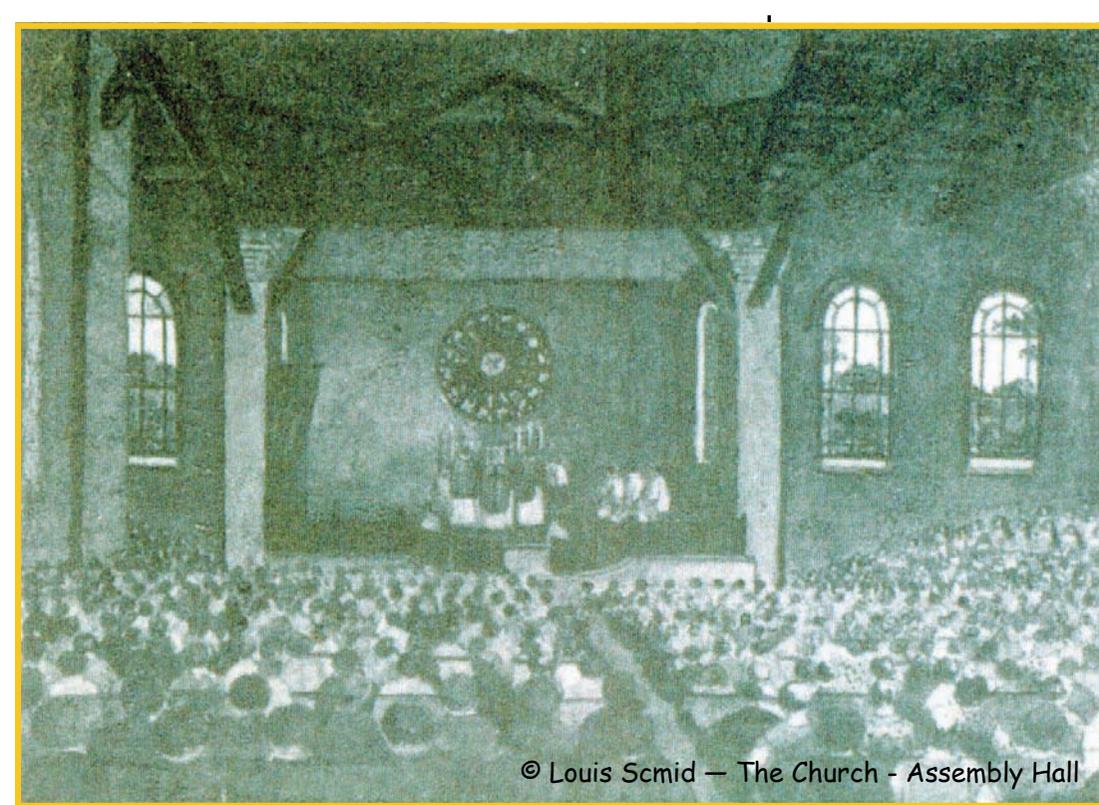


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© Louis Scmid — The Church - Assembly Hall

I remember:

It must have been in the afternoon of December 24th 1944, after more than a year imprisonment in Weihsien camp Dad suggested that it would be a good idea to go to the Christmas Eve celebration, that very night.

Mom would have gone anyway, but she went. The church was crowded and the X'mas ceremony began. All of a sudden, a voice from somewhere started singing the "Ave Maria" in solo. All were listening --- and Mom recognised our Dad's voice. She had tears in her eyes.

Our Dad, when he was much younger loved the opera and went to listen whenever he could. When he came to China and when he could afford it, singing became a hobby and he took singing lessons. He did so well that, one day, his teacher asked him to sing in public for a recital he was organising for a few friends. Dad refused. He said that a bank manager could not afford to make a fool of himself in public.

That was the end of the singing lessons.

\*

I remember having interviewed well over 50 people, including ex Weihsienites, from over a dozen camps and no one has mentioned any prohibition against groups gathering. There were all sorts of activities and events going on which would have been impossible should this have been a rule.

\*

I remember that we in Weihsien used cold water for laundry, very little soap, and lots of elbow grease.

\*

My grandmother writes of using hot stones to "iron" clothes. I think what amazes me — as a descendant of internees, never having been an internee — is that ironing mattered. I suppose it makes sense: one would want to maintain as much normalcy of free life during incarceration; even it means the drudgery of ironing. Did a time come when such nods to pre-camp life no longer held sway? It is my understanding that by the time of liberation, everyone's clothing bore patches from others deemed no longer wearable. I imagine it as a true melting pot of sorts wherein no one's clothes belonged to anyone by the end, so patched.

\*

My grandmother, however, also told me about a woman in the camp who suffered schizophrenia. She spent time with her, and one afternoon, well into the internment, the woman showed her a pair of brand new blue silk panties she'd been keeping for the day they were released. This particular story has held a lovely meaning to me — something so feminine, so beautiful in a harsh world.

\*

I remember that we draped a poogai (sort of a quilt) over three steamer trunks put together and slept on that. This got us off the floor above the rats, but never away from the bedbugs. The bedbugs slept by day in every crack and cranny of these steamer trunks and marauded across our bodies at night.

\*

I remember that there was a canteen, — (Elephant Shop) — but the things were very expensive. Sr. Esther did all our buying from the canteen. We could buy honey, sorghum syrup, peanuts, Chinese plums, eggs, and some fruit. Someone brought a grinder along to camp and we could borrow it so we ground the peanuts and put honey in it. Since that was the only spread we had for bread, we usually ate it dry. The Chinese plums were something like our prunes as you could cook them without sugar and they were sweet enough. That was our main fruit during the camp duration, and seldom did we get other kinds because we when we did they were quite expensive. I remember getting apricots and peaches, and not having fruit for so long, you just long to bite a fresh peach, but the nurse insisted that they had to be put in boiling water first.

\*

I remember that our source of calcium was powdered egg shells.

Remember? I can recall the exact spot in our dormitory in Block 23 where our teachers would line us up, make us stick out our tongues, and spoon powdered egg shells into our mouths. Prisoner doctors in camp had advised people to save all egg shells to eat for calcium. I suppose the eggs came via either the black market or teachers bought eggs with "comfort money."

\*

I remember my parents telling me that my father, lost 20 pounds during the period incarcerated.

\*



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I remember that the Chefoo Schools 6th form was cramming for EARLY Oxford examinations on the day Camp was liberated. I was one of those 'swotters' and was fortunate to see, out of the window, the fantastic sight which I'll never forget of the parachutists baling out of the B 24 Liberator. There wasn't any more swotting for exams that day, to be sure, but the ensuing two weeks required a lot of self-discipline to complete our cramming while the rest of you enjoyed the fun. I'm glad to say that all but one of our group passed the exams successfully. And I did get a taste of the excitement out on the field where the parachute drops were made, getting out on the very last day. It turned out to be one of the scariest days of my life. After the last drop made by the B29s, one lone bomber wheeled around with its final load, just as some of us were out in the middle of the drop site. It roared over, bomb racks wide open, while I was making a tropistic beeline for a nearby tree! Gee, it was scary!

\*

I remember that milk was available for babies and very small children, but not to the general population of the camp, which included me (age 10-1/2 to begin with and 13 at the end). At one point during the 2-1/2 years that we were in the Weihsien camp, I was assigned by Dr. Chan to eat in the hospital dining room for two weeks because I was so thin. During those two weeks, I received more food than I normally would, including cake for dessert. I don't recall specifically whether or not I received any milk to drink. It was at least a year after our liberation before I weighed 100 pounds.

\*

If I remember correctly, my father and uncle were ages 1 and 3 upon.

As a result of the malnutrition, my father is a full five inches shorter than the average male in his line, while his brother grew to full height.

The theory goes that this is a result of his not having ample nourishment in those early years.

My grandmother also told me a story wherein she brought a single sugar cube into their quarters and broke it with the heel of her shoe so the boys could each have some.

In her notes, she also states that she and the children "nearly starved to death" and "would not have survived another winter."

\*

I remember that during the six months of their internment in 1943, my grandparents each lost about 10 lbs. My grandmother used to say that George would have lost more, but unlike most of the others, who picked the worms out of their bread and "stew.", Grandpa Wilder ate them. I'm not sure whether or not this was a joke or the truth, but it implies a certain amount of deprivation.

\*

I remember that we never had rice in the Weihsien camp. We had bread baked in our own bakery, potatoes and sweet potatoes, but never rice, as we were in North China. Our grain was kao-liang, which I believe is sorghum. I may be wrong about it being sorghum, as I've never had an expert confirmation of that assumption.

\*



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My research has turned up dozens of references to the larval insects found in the food at the various Civilian Assembly Centres. Some people ate them; others meticulously picked them out and lined them up on the side of their plate. Others started off by not eating them, then as time went by and they became less particular (or more hungry) they ate them. One joke told by a Roman Catholic Priest is that he was going to partake of his "Lutheran Breakfast" (Diet of Worms).

The confusion about grubs in the "rice" may actually stem from the fact that there were large stocks in China of cracked wheat which had been sent to China by American relief agencies before the war and had been in godowns for many years, in which time it became contaminated by various insect larvae. This cracked wheat was distributed by the Japanese at first to the British Residents Association, then after general internment to the various camps where it was often ladled out for breakfast. I do not recall off hand if this cracked wheat was present in Weih sien but it was in the Shanghai and Yangchow camps.

Few, if any of the deaths which occurred in the camps were due to starvation alone. However, the very low number of calories provided no doubt made most internees susceptible to all sorts of other diseases and ailments, at a time when medical care was strictly limited.

By the end of the war daily calories supplied by the Japanese was sometimes less than 900 in many of the camps. Without Red Cross Food there would have been starvation deaths. Even with these parcels the next winter, if the war had continued, would have most likely seen a wave of deaths far in excess of previous years.

\*

I too remember that there was NO RICE in Weih sien. It was not in a rice growing area and flour was Second Grade Flour.

The Swiss Consuls report on the Camp in late summer 1943 held in the National archives Washington DC the average Per capita intake per day in grammes ( 28 grammes to 1 oz) was:

- Potatoes 200
- Carrots & radishes 66
- Onions and Leeks 52
- Greens 162
- Flour 344
- Rice Nil
- Sugar 14
- Beef 121
- Butter 1
- fats & Oils 20
- Fish 16
- Eggs each 0.25
- Fruit Nil
- Milk 28

The most notable deficiency was Calcium.

These rations were about halved by summer of 1945.

\*

I remember that our teachers had built a small brick "stove" in our dormitory where they cooked scrambled eggs for us. By the end of our internment when we had been moved into a dormitory on the second floor of the hospital, there were no more eggs.

While I've cooked and eaten lu doh in my grown up years as a reminder of Weih sien, I have NEVER, NEVER again eaten ground up egg shells.

\*



1945 William Arthur Smith



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I remember the "worms in the rice." We did experience that, but it wasn't in Weihsien. It was on the boat, the Teia Maru, the Japanese vessel commandeered from the French (m/v Artémis) during the war that we — expatriates — boarded in Shanghai and travelled on to Goa, India. We had a steady diet of rice which included little white worms. At first we tried to pick them out but it was easier to eat them (they had been cooked with the rice and didn't seem to do us any harm). At Goa we boarded the MS Gripsholm and went on to New York via Port Elizabeth, South Africa and Rio, Brazil. One funny incident during that exchange: my mother was told by the Japanese "waiter" the last morning on the Teia Maru that she better take some rolls (hard biscuits we had thrived on) with us because we might not get much to eat on the Gripsholm. Mother stuffed several

of them in her purse but when we got on the Gripsholm a Swedish smorgasbord awaited us on deck, every imaginable kind of food. Many were sick from gorging. Mother threw the biscuits to the birds!

\*

I remember our Tsingtao internment. There were definitely Japanese guards there and we did not pay for any meals as we were prisoners and not guests of the hotel. We had to do as we were told or else and our captors demonstrated that requirement to us in several cruel ways. I am not impressed that neither the Jap govt nor the UK Govt has any records of our being there. The Australian War Museum has a map showing all civilian internment centres which include Tsingtao and WeiHsien.

\*

I remember having a vague image of the four of us around of what could have been a table (maybe an empty soap box) in a badly lit room and my Dad ceremoniously opening a can of "Spam" and cutting thin slices of this delicious stuff to accommodate an omelette cooked specially for my birthday.

\*

Regarding the reason for the US Repatriation I quote from the NY Times of Thursday 14 Oct 1943 "More than 1200 American civilians who have been held by the Japanese in the Far East are being returned to the United States under a reciprocal agreement with the Japanese and will be exchanged at Mormugao the principal port of the Portuguese possession on the west coast of India south of Bombay ( now Mumbai). the Americans are on the Teia Maru they will transfer to the chartered Swedish liner Gripsholm which ahs taken back Japanese from this country for exchange.... The State Department is trying to negotiate more exchanges but no progress has been made yet.

\*

I remember that we ate boiled gaoliang "broom corn" — either whole or ground and boiled lu doh — soy beans. Can you believe it, today I keep in my kitchen a small supply of lu doh — bought at the Chinese grocery store up the street. It tastes EXACTLY the same as it did then. Only these days I DON'T eat it from an empty tin can with the lid curled under as a handle.

\*



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I remember being hungry. We kids used to argue over the crust of the bread because that filled us up better. Our Dad (now almost 98 years old) lost about a lot of weight, as did most adults, I imagine.

\*

I remember that we were all hungry particularly in 1945 when the Japanese were realising that they were going to be defeated.

\*

I remember that most of us were malnourished and many may not have survived another winter, but I don't think anybody in the camp starved to death.

\*

I remember that letter my mother wrote to my dad from New York in December, 1943, where she had gone to meet my grandparents arriving on the Gripsholm: "Mother and father are thin and not very strong. The first two months they had nothing much to eat besides bread "joe" and bread to go with it! Mother went down to 93 lbs is 101 now Father went down to 142 in camp and is 150 now. (My grandfather was about 6 feet tall, so 142 lbs was very thin.) In answer to a question, mother said, "Oh, yes, father ate everything he didn't even bother to pick out the worms but I did!" Then she added, "Guess he likes meat better than I do."

\*

I remember that Robin Hoyte and I were the stokers in the basement laundry. There were laundry lines just outside the hospital. Each school group had a turn with the laundry work.

\*

I remember Jacqueline de Saint Hubert. She was a highly talented singer who used to practice at Kitchen #1. I remember being quite awed by the strength and range of Jacqueline's soprano voice. It was rumored that she could actually crack a glass tumbler with her high notes.

\*

I remember my Grandpa — over 80 years of age by the end of the war — had shrunk to about 80 lbs. when we were liberated. Because he was so fragile, he was fed from the "diet kitchen" in the hospital. I still have the vivid memory of Grandpa's licking his plate — an astonishment to me, because he was such a gentleman, schooled with impeccable manners. He insisted on wearing his suit even though it just sagged on his emaciated body. Good missionary ladies begged him to let them tailor the suit to fit better — to take it in. Grandpa said No! God was going get him out of that place, he told them. You know what? Grandpa was right.

Grandpa was in the first planeload of prisoners flown out of the camp — the oldest and the sickest. He was taken to England. I never saw him again.

\*

I remember that I was only seven years old in 1943 but my memories are vivid of Weih sien. Our family was all together through it all and it was a great adventure for us kids.

\*

I remember sisters Donatella, and Blanda as well as sister Hiltrudis. They taught me at the St. Josephs Middle School at Tsingtao before Weih sien. I graduated from the Peking American High School which was set up in camp by the principal Miss Alice Moore and I still have my certificate. But there was no graduation ceremony unfortunately.

\*



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I well remember that no rice was issued to us in Wei-Hsien. I also remember trying to masticate the sorghum and my mother entreating me to try harder to swallow it because it was all we had. It was almost impossible to chew. The peanuts which were ground into a paste by the inmates were very nourishing and I have been told since that peanuts undoubtedly saved the health of a lot of children as they are very nourishing. Today, many children cannot eat peanuts due to allergies, including my own 38 year old son but I do not remember anyone in the camp being so afflicted. My main memories of worms (maggots) were when the Jap Officer's horse died and we were forced to eat it after the Japs left it to rot and become infested and then telling us we would get nothing else until it was eaten. My father showed us how to pick out the floating maggots as we were eating. It was made into a watery stew although I remember getting a small morsel which tasted lovely at the time. At that time we had not had meat for a long while.

\*

I remember the rat catching competitions. Clubbing rats, trapping rats, drowning them in basins and throwing them in the bakery fire. Our Chefoo School won that contest. Norman, was it 68 dead rats your team brought in? Was it 30 on the last day?

\*

He remembers:

"After repeated delays, I was at last able to travel on an airplane scheduled to stop at Weihsien in Shantung where all British and American nationals in north China had been interned by the Japanese. So without any warning we literally dropped from the clouds upon this camp where the unfortunate internees were still being kept, although it was then almost six weeks after V-J Day. Among them making possible another delightful reunion were Yenching faculty colleagues and many friends or acquaintances. During the twenty-four hours of the stop there, I was able to compare their circumstances with those of our trio. Physically we had undoubtedly been better off. In housing, food, service, etc., we were more comfortable.

They were very crowded and had to do all their own work, while forced to an intimacy with all sorts of people. We had privacy and leisure in abundance, but it was deadly lonesome and monotonous. They were able to organize not only for cooking, laundry, scavenges, etc., but also for social, religious, athletic and educational activities which gave occupation and a sense of being usefully busy"

\*

Oh! Yes, I remember that my friend "Billy" lived in Block-15-room-4. He was born in 1942. We were two mischievous pranks (if I must believe my parents ---).

\*



Obviously, each internee is entitled to their own opinion and interpretation on 'how it was'! My verdict is, given the fact that we were 'prisoners' of a cruel nation in a terrible war; we were treated remarkably well, even in the camp.

Once we were there, a large number of us were 'housed' in rows of rooms (up to a dozen) constituting a 'block'. And to the best of my knowledge they were always referred to as, "Rooms"!

Whenever I see those rooms referred to as 'CELLS', (and there have been 'one or two' occasions) it strikes me as a case of, over dramatising the situation. And to see it now referred to as a "Cellblock", makes me automatically think of stories about Al Capone and Alcatraz and Sing Sing and the likes. Those were really locked up 'affairs' with plenty of bars to keep those convicted criminals 'contained'!

Granted we may have been prisoners in that compound, but we could come and go within it, as we pleased.

We were internees, not convicted criminals behind bars. We were not locked in our rooms at night, by the Japs, nor were there any bars on each of the 2 windows in our rooms.

I dare say, some people were even able to make their rooms look quite comfortable and 'homely', given the limited resources at our disposal. A few of us, and I was one of those, was able to round up the necessary materials to build a brick stove (with an oven) in our rooms, to replace the cast iron 'heater' that was issued to us.

Believe me, we came out of our 2½ year internment looking pretty good!

\*

I'm sorry to have upset you by using the term cellblock for the blocks in Weih sien. 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 Weih sien 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. But, even though she mumbled that the Japanese had not treated them too badly, my great-grandmother's memories of Weih sien were far from sweet. When a BBC television crew came to interview her — when her recipe book was first displayed in the Imperial War Museum in London, where it still is - she couldn't bring herself to talk about it. She was a vivacious and loquacious woman to the end of her 101 years, but on this, she simply couldn't talk. She even hid her recipe book away from everyone until 1977.

\*



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Roll call: 7:30h  
curfew: 22:00hours  
Meals at: 08:15h, 12:30h, 18:00h  
Meals are served at the refectory.

The food:  
You can only count on enough bread and some Chinese vegetables. Occasionally, eggs, fish and meat are obtainable. However, besides these and other supplies, an additional half a pound of fish or meat per day per person would be more than adequate, to complement a meal.

Work and working hours:

Varied. In general, one day off, every three days for the men, and every two days for the women.

Labour is normal for our community life, (cleaning, coal transport, peeling of vegetables, etc. ). It is advisable for men to take overalls with them, aprons or pinafores for the women and also, clogs for everyone. To be mentioned: there are three distinct kitchens and the one for the Tientsin folks is the worst of all.

Electric current:

220 volts. It would be wise to take a few screw-on light bulbs. It is forbidden to take along electric irons, foot-warmers, electric stoves etc. but you can always try, for those are very useful items to have. A useful thing to take with you is a small Chinese stove with no chimney, because the stoves we have here take a long time to get heated and are never ready before noon. There is coal, but it is more dust like and it would be very useful to bring along a rake to scrape it and also a little axe to cut the wood, as well as a saw.

The washing is done by ourselves, but there is a

Japanese laundry on the outside which accepts washing three pieces per person per week. This is useful for bed sheets. Soap can be purchased there for personal laundry and washing.

Useful things to take with you:

. Benzene, spade, cigarette lighter, a lot of cigarettes, bucket, jug, basin, .

At the local canteen, you can buy local fruits, thermos flasks, soap, moth balls, toilet paper, shoe laces, carafes, small towels, very bad quality notebooks, pencils, . and all that for quite cheap.

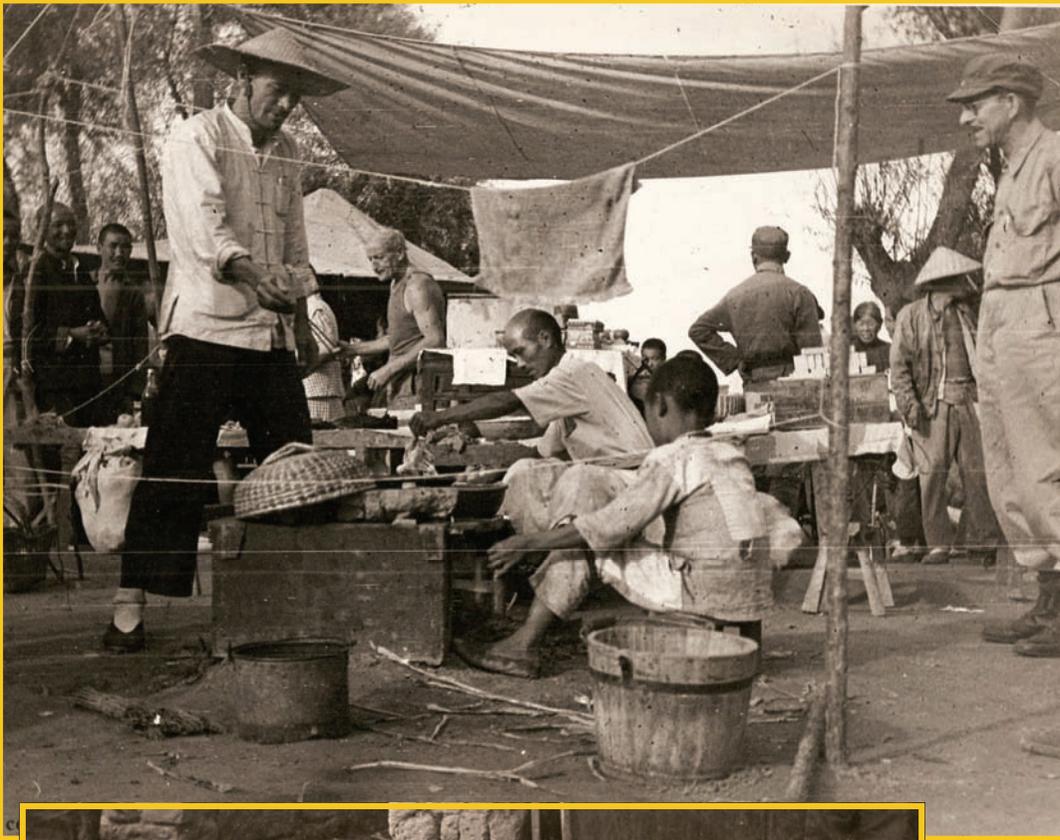
All the food supplies in your possession upon arrival in camp can be kept, but you absolutely need very good quality trunks (2 or 3 maximum), for there is very little space in the rooms. The rest of the gear will have to be stocked in the baggage room where there are thousands (!?) of different trunks difficult to reach.

Essential food supplies to be taken:

. Bacon, animal fat, powdered eggs , powdered milk, cocoa, coffee, butter, flour, cheese, sugar, honey, jam, meat, vegetables etc. You can't buy anything from the outside. The first to arrive in camp (as a group) haven't been searched though isolated persons were. Bear in mind that the railroad system is insecure and that you must have two excellent padlocks with different keys for each trunk.

Take as much money as you can. Normally, you have to leave it all to the authorities upon arrival in the camp, but don't be stupid enough to do so. Out of that money, you have a monthly allowance of \$.50.-. Take with you as much medicines as you can because there is nothing at the camp hospital . You can keep all your personal reserves.

Meals can be prepared during the winter months with your personal provisions in your room, and on the common stove during the summer season. There are no facilities for reading, writing or studying because we are too badly housed in our rooms. Bring as



many games as possible and also reading novels.

Shoes are quickly worn out over here, so take good shoes with you, and also working shoes, and if you have to pass through the rainy season, take wooden soled shoes or rubber boots. It would be judicious to take a bit of leather or rubber to replace the shoe soles: there are people with the adequate tools over here to help you.

For the communal showers wooden sandals are best (there is danger in catching "Hong-Kong foot"). The ladies must not hesitate in buying local Chinese shoes made of solid canvas, green or red, with good leather soles. I insist on the "shoe" item because shoes are the first to wear out.

Therefore, the valid men, those who will of course have to work, should have a working outfit, an overall, etc. because, when you are a stoker, or a mechanic, or a rubbish collector, or a flour bag carrier, or a baker .. good clothes are unwise. The women must bring along aprons or old dresses. Usual everyday clothes or objects you must of course bring along, but I must point out a few practical items one might forget to take. Thus, for the kitchen stuff, each person must have at least three containers: i.e. two soup plates and an enamel mug which resists better. Those who want to, can also take an earthenware cup to sip their coffee in their rooms. No drinking coffee in golden cups, you could burn hands and lips. (?!?) This is probably a double meaning sentence!! Take a coffee pot, not too small,

especially for the families. Two cooking pots and a bigger one like a jam pan. Families must have an extra plate or two. Also, take a good tool for opening tin cans.

Take a raincoat or a big Chinese umbrella. It is very useful to have a good hammer, pincers, a pair of pliers, a screw driver, a length of iron wire, nails, etc., a saw and an axe (we are given small tree trunks, these are too big to light up the stove). It is better to take a small saw, and a saw for iron, a gimlet, etc. for those who are concerned: ink to mark your clothes, a good provision of benzene for the cigarette lighters, also take some for our older folks, a spade, a rake. For those who like "fricassée de lard" (bacon fricassee), pancakes, and fried eggs: a good frying pan.

Food to take with you:

It is useless, for the first days, to bring along a week's provision of bread and cakes, it takes too much place and it gets all dry. However do take (mostly for the families) what is necessary to make porridge, flour, a lot of sugar, salt, mustard, etc. according to each one's tastes. As for tinned food, take: butter, fat, jam, pâté, sausages, bacon, tongue, vegetables, sauces, vinegar, powdered milk, powdered eggs, cocoa, oil, coffee and cheese. Everything can be used. All this can be used as an everyday food supplement, mostly (as it happens from time to time) when the food served at the kitchens is uneatable. Don't worry however, we are not starving out here.

The families must take two buckets, a big jug, and a few basins. Bachelors must take a big basin, a washing board.



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Please take a saw and a hammer for Mr. Pander.

As books; take easy reading novels. The children must take their school books. The camp library is well provided with books in English, loaned monthly.

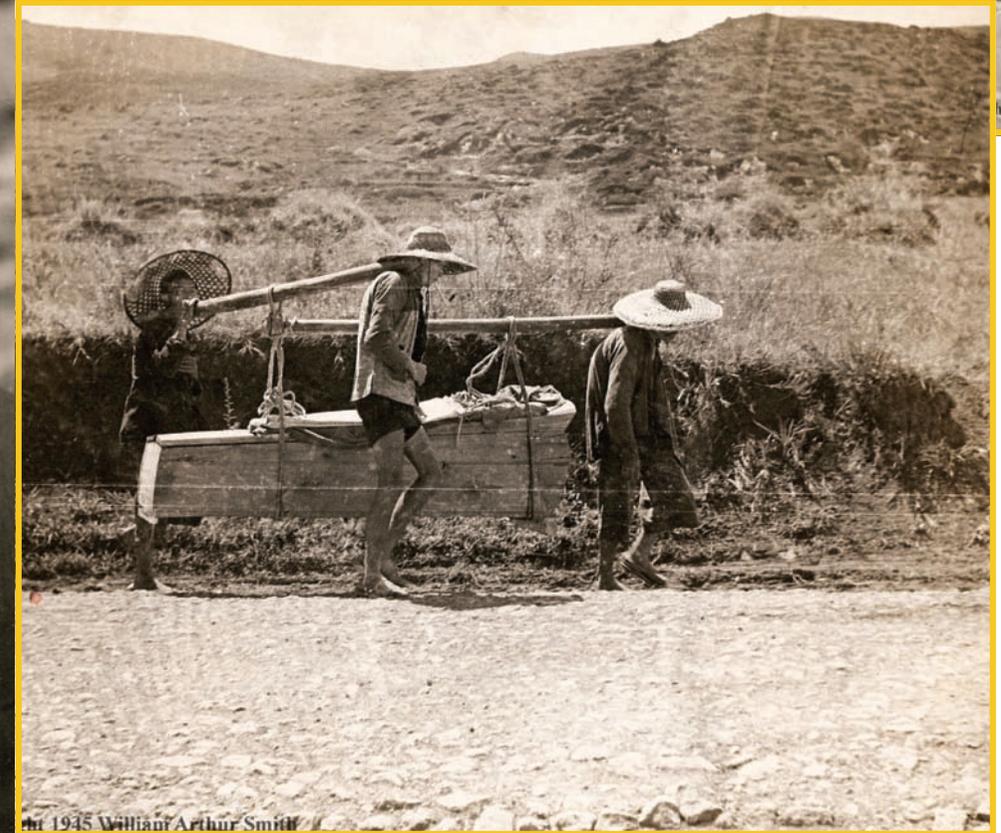
This should be a good opportunity to learn Russian, it is the language of the future, but there are no Russian books out here. For money, it's as I have already explained, but if it could be possible for the gentleman to whom Mr. Pander left an amount of money, take \$.500.- and give them to the owner. I think he will be pleased with it because he put all his money in the bank and what he can take out every month does not cover his expenses. As for the foreign money, may each do as he thinks best. I should however take a few "golds", and those who have a gold watch or small valuables easy to handle, why not take them also, it can occasionally be used as exchange money. Be cautious, when you send your trunks along: close them well, with padlocks and special keys, for there are many thieves on the way and they are well equipped with many keys. A deckchair could be quite welcome. Also, the necessary material for the making of curtains for the windows and those who have old drapery should take them along to hang on the walls, it is cleaner. Also, carpets.

Do not take big beds, but good ones however. If you have matting to sandwich in between the mattress and the

bed sheets, as well as for the pillow-slips: take that too, for in the middle of the very hot season, it comes in handy. Electric irons. The eventual electricians (and the audacious ones) should take whatever to tinker with, such as wall outlets, switches, etc. . but don't let them catch you!.

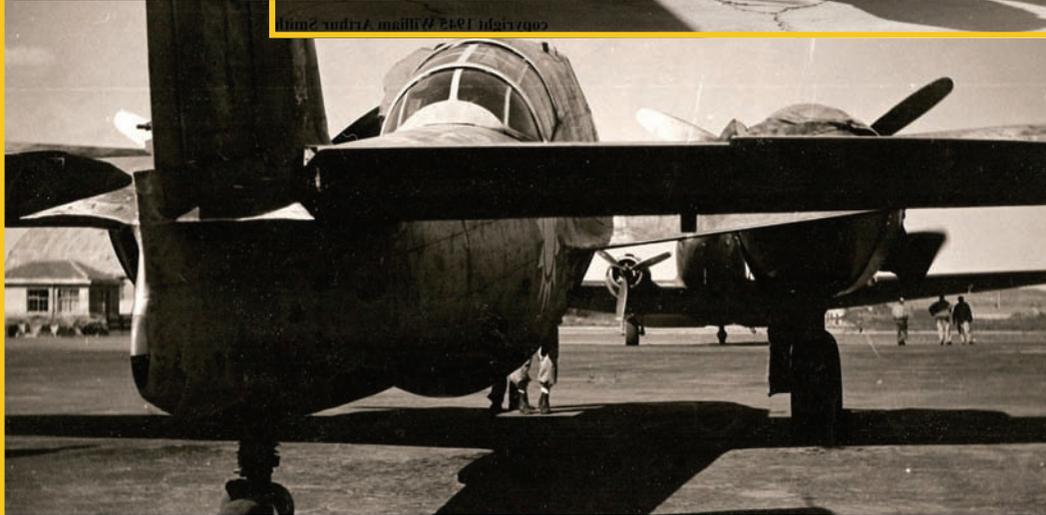
Take woollen sweaters.

\*





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I remember a game of Ping-Pong:

© George David Birch

Stanley and I were completely engrossed in our game in Kitchen Number One. The little ping pong ball flew back and forth across the net in a white blur as two 13-year-old boys danced nimbly about the ends of the rough plank table slamming sizzling serves and returning furious drives. Each of us worked relentlessly to stymie his friendly foe before he himself was thoroughly trounced.

We were almost an even match, Stanley and I. He was taller, but what I lacked in height and reach, I made up for in speed and agility.

Although Stanley and I did not know it, World War II was fast drawing to an end.

Sons of missionaries, far from home and interned by the Japanese with our boarding school in occupied North China, we were whiling away a blazing hot August afternoon playing ping pong in Kitchen One of Weih sien Concentration Camp.

Breakfast in Kitchen One was really not all that bad when gowliang or millet was available. But we often filled our bellies with bread and water. And I don't recall that we felt particularly deprived.

Occasionally we had eggs. Our teachers saved the shells, put them through a hand grinder and fed the chalky powder to us by teaspoon as a calcium supplement.

Milk was a pre-war memory. Powdered eggshell-ugh! It was needed, no doubt, for the proper development

of our bones, but it was horribly distasteful to us kids.

Winters were viciously cold at Weih sien. They seemed to last forever. The Japanese supplied us with slack coal which we rationed carefully. It had to last us till spring.

We learned how to make sun-dried coal bricks by mixing coal dust and dirt with water. Employing a small tin can which might once have held sardines or salmon in one of the rare Red Cross packages that reached us during the war, we deftly moulded briquettes to keep the black pot-bellied stove in our little attic room glowing with welcome warmth.

But winter was still three months away when Stanley and I battled each other from opposite ends of the ping pong table on what may well have been the hottest day of that blazing summer of 1945.

The doors and windows of the old dining hall were wide open. Outside, the spreading branches of tall acacia trees lining the roadway past the big galley of Kitchen One provided only slight relief from the sun's broiling rays. The hard clay walkway blistered bare feet and heat waves shimmered above the dirt path. The thermometer read 120 degrees in the shade. I think you could have fried an egg right there on the ground outside Kitchen One.

Bats in hand and locked in furious combat, Stanley and I stubbornly refused to yield to each other. Zing! The little white celluloid ball sailed back to my side of the table and hit the edge of one of the rough planks.

Wham! I scooped it up and sent it burning back across the net!

Whack, zoom, smack, zing, whoooooosh!

It's almost surprising we even heard the sound of the approaching aircraft--so totally intent were we on our game, so complete our concentration. Our well-tanned bare skin gleamed as hot sweat streamed from us profusely.

A dull, thunderous roar began to drown out the sounds of ping pong in Kitchen One. Steadily growing in volume, the turbulence was soon deafening.

Dropping our wooden paddles, Stanley and I rushed outside. A huge airplane was passing directly over us. On its fuselage we recognized the emblem of the United States of America.

The great plane was so low that it seemed to me the green tops of the acacia trees were actually bending and dancing in the wind from its propellers. As we gazed up, our hearts pounding with exhilaration, the sky above us filled with fluttering leaflets.

Beside ourselves with stunned rapture, we read: "ATTENTION ALLIED PRISONERS OF WAR! THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT HAS CAPITULATED TO THE ALLIES, AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE RELEASED!"

The huge aircraft, which Stanley and I learned later, was a B-24 Liberator, lumbered majestically over us.

Our game of ping pong forgotten, we raced barefoot over the baked ground all the way past Block 61 where we lived, until the plane banked

steeply to circle the wide expanse of peanut and gowliang (sorghum) fields surrounding Weihsien Camp.

Standing on a small hill overlooking the camp wall, I watched the beautiful Liberator approach us a second time. Then, with boyish wonder, I saw the sight of my young life. As I stood there looking out over the wall which had long held me prisoner, suddenly there appeared below the distant airplane the figure of a man. Above him billowed out the white silk of his parachute.

At that moment I thought of what I had learned as the young son of Christian missionaries in the great land of China. I knew that just as this American airman had come to us after all the years we had waited for liberation, so too my Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, for whom I had also waited so long, would come again one day, from the sky to set his people free!

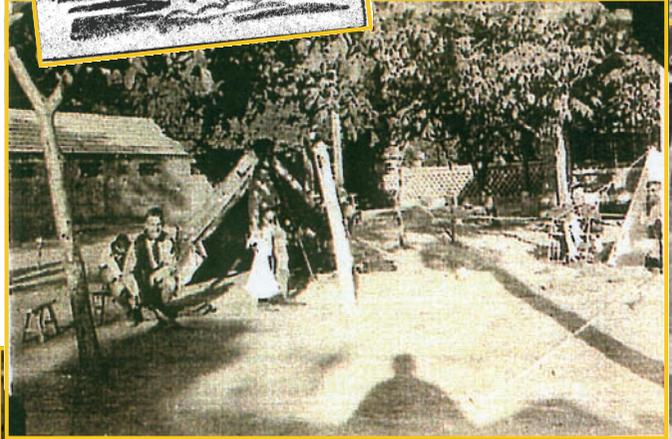
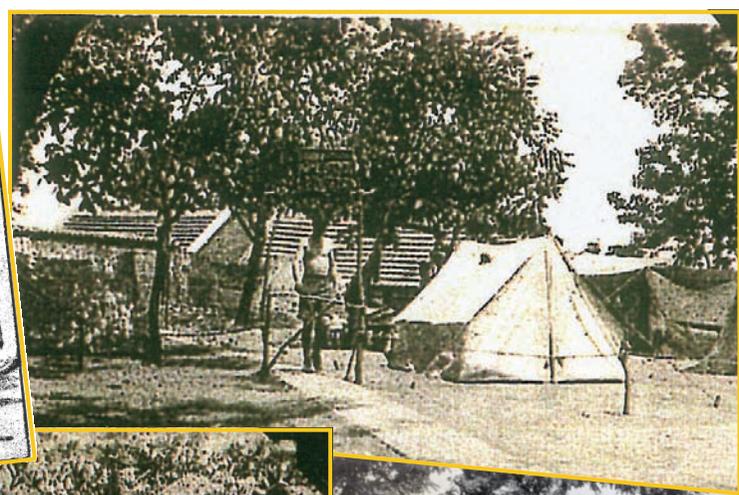
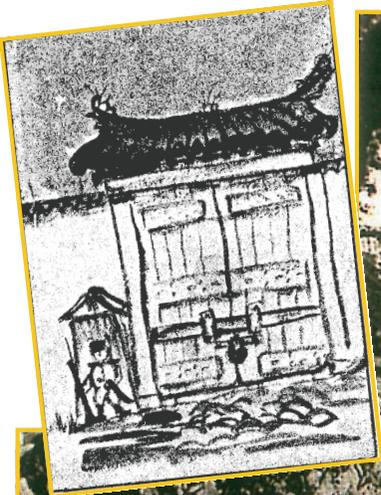
And today, over fifty years later, I treasure the memory of that day — the day the great B-24 Liberator arrived in the sky above Weihsien Camp in the summer of 1945 and ended more than just a game of ping pong for Stanley and me.

\*



William Arthur Smith

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I remember that you "ironed" your clothes by laying them flat between the steamer trunks and the poogai (sort of a quilt). You "pressed" them as you slept.

\*

I remember studying the map of our old compound: — "this is the route we took from our Lower School Dormitory (LSD) to dine at Kitchen Number One. This is where Mrs. Bazire's concert or lecture announcements were posted -- or -- HORRORS! -- do you remember the notices posted when we were to get inoculations? I get goosebumps remembering. This is where Mary Scott taught us Chefoo girls how to play softball. This is the lane where I got asthma attacks when I ran during Eric

Liddell-organized racing competitions. This is the playground where we watched the Peking Panthers, the Priests Padres and the Tientsin Tigers play on summer evenings. This is the place where we lighted tiny fires in tin can stoves to earn our Girl Guide badges. This is where we went to Japanese quarters -- a chain of girl-bucket-girl-bucket-girl -- to get our ration of coal dust to fuel our dormitory's pot bellied stove in the winter".

\*

I remember that the deJongh family must have lived in three "rooms" of block-22. I still remember that in the years 1950', two teenagers came to see us at our apartment building. They immediately recognised us. It was Antoon and Frans deJongh who cycled all the way from Holland to Brussels to see us. That was a surprise! A few weeks later, the whole Pander-family went to Holland for a long week-end invited by the whole of the deJongh-family. They made room for us and we all stayed in their home. Mr. and Mrs. deJongh and the six children (Ann, Louise, Henrietta, Antoon, Frans and Paul) showed us the whereabouts of Rotterdam and we had a wonderful time together. Of course, the parents told stories about Weihsien. I still remember Paul, the youngest of the family (he was born in Weihsien), playing the piano. A real artist.

\*

I remember when the war ended and the paratroopers dropped down to us out of the clear blue sky in 1945, I was 13½ years old. Although camp was not a resort area, our morale was high - at least among the Chefoo and Weihsien kids I associated with! I recall those years of internment as some of the best years of my boyhood!

\*

I remember our Japanese guards. We certainly were remarkably well off at Weihsien. I honestly don't blame them for anything! I think they were a home-sick bunch of friendly civilian police, and I felt and still feel a real affection for them!

\*

I remember one of our pastimes which went on in camp. One of my correspondents related the following account of Ouiji. Since it was mentioned at Weihsien I thought others might enjoy reading about this.

"There was another game which we played in the Dining Hall that I should mention, although I suppose that it is really not a game in the truest sense of the word but I have no idea how else to describe it - certainly it was a game in the way in which we played it - and that was the Ouija. Usually used in spiritualistic séances and participated in the privacy of closed, often darkened, rooms - we only had the Dining Hall. Never the less we did make one concession to the "spirits" that we contacted in that we did try to find a table in a more quiet corner of the hall. I am not sure how we managed to hear of the Ouija but I believe that there were a few adults in camp who had an interest in spiritual matters and somehow we must have heard about it.

" We wrote the letters of the alphabet in capitals, the figures from 0 - 10 and the words YES and NO in pencil on scraps of paper - placed the letters and figures in a circle on the table in alphabetical and numerical order and finally put the Yes and No, set apart, in the middle of the circle. For the planchette we always, and this was without exception, used the same heavily bruised and battered aluminium cup (complete with handle). I have no idea who owned the cup but it always seemed to appear when we needed it. It was a bit of an obligatory

with us, we would not play unless we had that particular aluminium cup, and no other cup would have done.

«About five or six of us would participate at a time, each with the tips of two fingers on the cup. We would Call Up the name of a dead person, usually a deceased member of one of our families and if the cup moved to Yes, supposedly indicating that he or she was present - away we would go. We used to have great fun, often asking the spirit the most outrageous questions only to receive equally outrageous answers. The cup used to move alright, sometimes it would fly around the circle spelling out an answer, that was probably when we were all ad idem. Other times the cup would remain quite stationary and then it was probably because we would all have been pushing against each other. And then there were times when we all swore that we would not cheat and push the cup and the cup would still move and spell some-

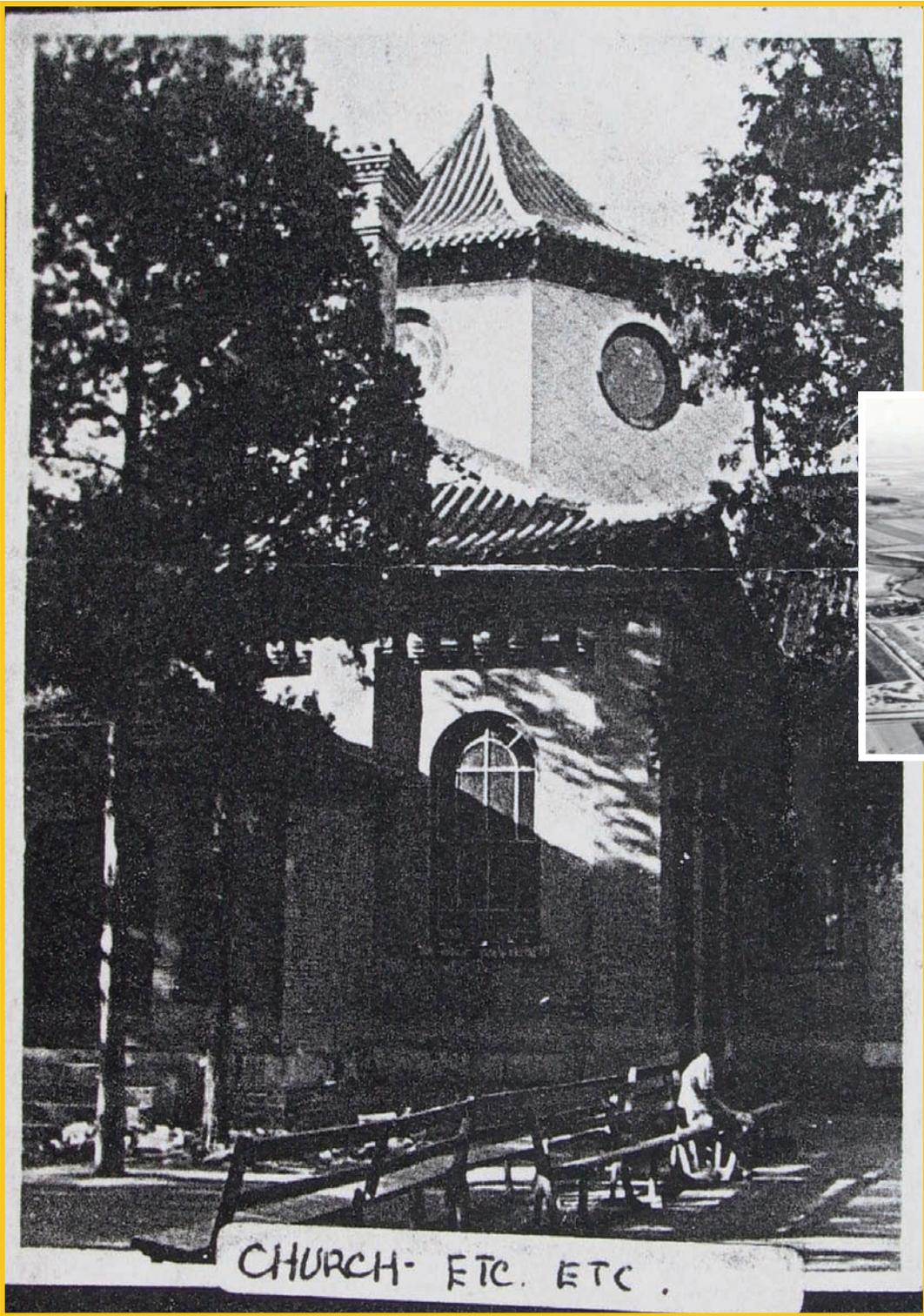
thing out. It was at those times that we said "Well, bless my soul!" — or some such other phrase!! But who would ever have believed Joey when he said that he had not been pushing, with his sense of humour and his imagination, he was in his element in this game. Who would have believed any of us for that matter?

I suppose that we did not start using the Ouija until we were about into the second half of our stay in Camp and on reflection I am surprised that our various religious leaders did not

try to put a stop to us, harmless though it was. Although the participation in the Ouija is frowned upon and I believe actively discouraged in the Catholic Church, more so then than now, neither of the two Fathers warned us against it. Perhaps that is what they thought, that it was harmless. Though one would have thought that endeavouring to communicate with the dead by children at any time, even in fun, would not have been acceptable by any of the churches. Never the less, as one can imagine we had some hilarious moments.

\*





I remember that Weih sien CAC had a lot of trees — and consequently, attracted a wide variety of birds, as those of us who engaged in bird-watching in relation to our Boy Scout badge requirements well remember. I have a rather grainy aerial photograph of the camp, showing a largely treeless, agricultural countryside, in which the buildings of the camp are largely obscured by the trees.

\*



I remember that my mother's family was separated as well. Being Japanese, my grandmother and two uncles literally went underground to escape from the Japanese Army, while my grandfather, aunt, and mother went to Weih sien. As the (later) three were ready to board a ship to come to the States, my grandfather overheard a nun talking of a Japanese woman with two American-looking sons they found sick in the jungle. Instincts told my grandfather to stay back and find them, while sending my mother (then 13) and aunt to the States by themselves.

\*

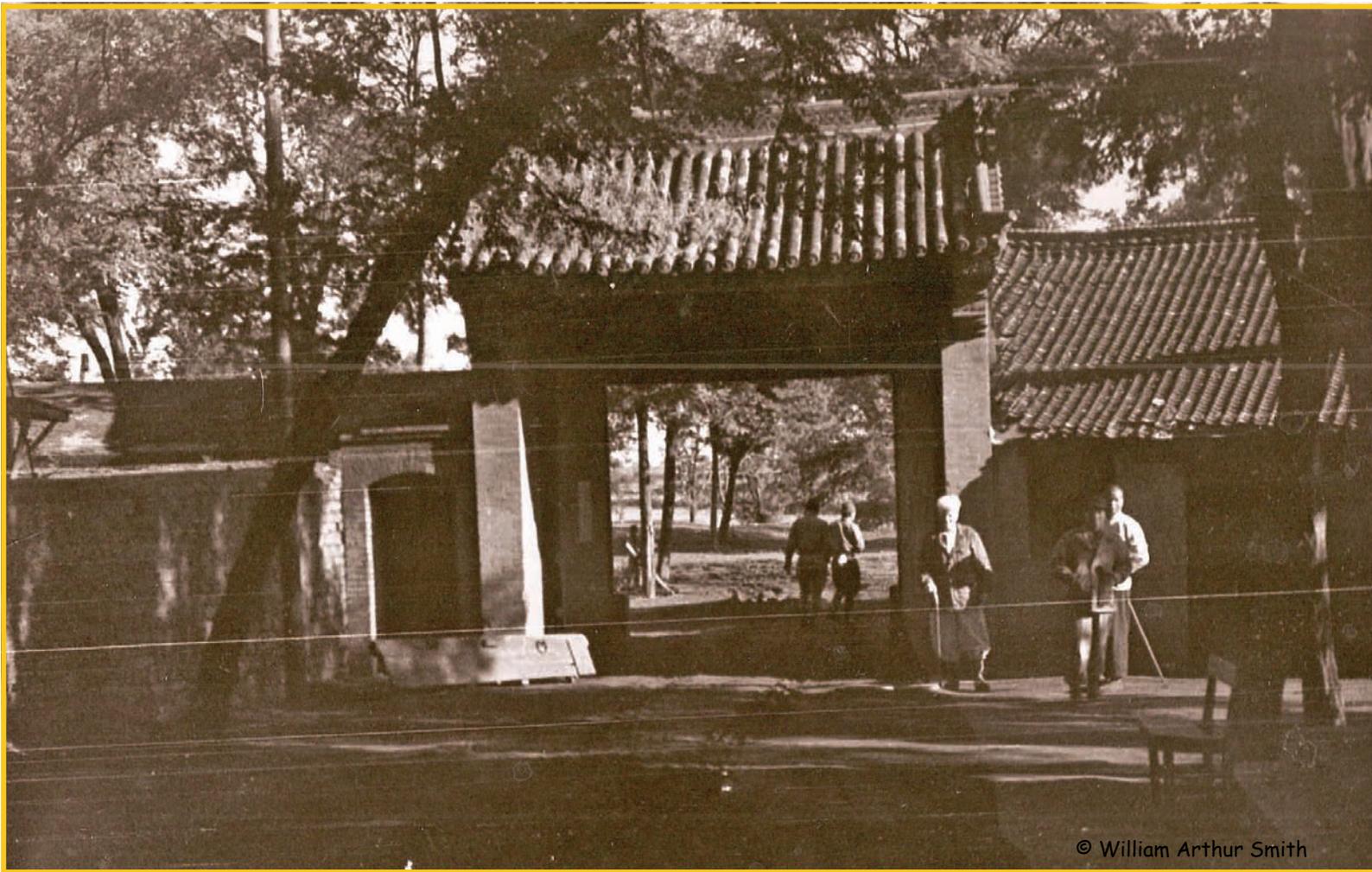
I remember a blazing hot day in the summer of 1944. Some of us children had been moved to Block 61 from Block 23 to take the place of some young men in their twenties who were moved from their dorms in the attic of the hospital (Block 61) where they had been able to command a clear view of the countryside 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!

\*



© William Arthur Smith

I remember that I was just eighteen at the end of the war and our stay in Weihsien. I do not believe that those my age and younger, had any idea of the seriousness of our plight. I do not remember hearing the adults voicing their fears etc. We went to school, joined the many and various clubs and classes, tried to keep up with the difficult task of washing with little soap and in cold water, making coal balls for the winter, working at various tasks given to us, etc. I am sure that the older ones

knew what was happening, and what terrible things could occur.

We were very lucky that we had doctors, teachers, and dedicated leaders. I recall Al Voyce, a few months after we got back to Tientsin, telling Athalie (his wife) and me, that those of us in Weihsien, should thank God for being in Weihsien rather than any other camp in eastern Asia.

When I first came to the States, I tried to talk about Weihsien, but soon realised that people reacted to me very

strangely, they seemed to want me to break down, to tell horror stories etc. I stopped talking about the war years and camp. I am now very glad to be able to read about your experiences, and do not feel odd talking about mine. The years in camp helped me understand that new clothes, furniture etc. are not really important — they are nice, good to look at, but it is not the end of the world to be without new and expensive material goods. Let us hope and pray for peaceful years to come.

\*

Remember:

Grown ups surely experienced Weihsien from a very different perspective than we children did. To this day, I can't begin to imagine the burden for our Chefoo School teachers to have responsibility for a whole school full of young children and teenagers in an internment camp — all separated from their parents. It boggles my mind. In 1985, when I was researching and writing my magazine story for *The Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine*, I travelled to England to visit several of these Chefoo School teachers — Miss Stark, Miss Carr, Mrs. Jeannie Hills Cotterill.

"I was not afraid of our Japanese guards or of being interned," Miss Carr wrote to me later. "There was no sense taking thought for the future, for there was nothing we could do about it anyway. Occasionally, I faced the end — whichever way it went — as being forced to dig a trench and then being lined up and machine-gunned into it, and prayed that my turn might come near the beginning." Grown ups knew about war — they all knew about the Japanese and the Rape of Nanking. We children did not.

\*

I remember the adult's fears: "For some of the adults in Weihsien, the prospect of Allied victory was tinged with terror. If the Japanese knew they faced defeat, what would they do to us? Does a defeated army rape and kill its prisoners? Would it hold us hostage to prevent more bombings of Japan? Those were some of the unvoiced agonies of the adults.

\*



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 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien it was open trucks to the camp.

\*

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 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 Wehsien.

\*

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 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 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 Tchoo this business being handed exclusively by them plus Halton Howard McLaren. Our No.4 - May 14th"

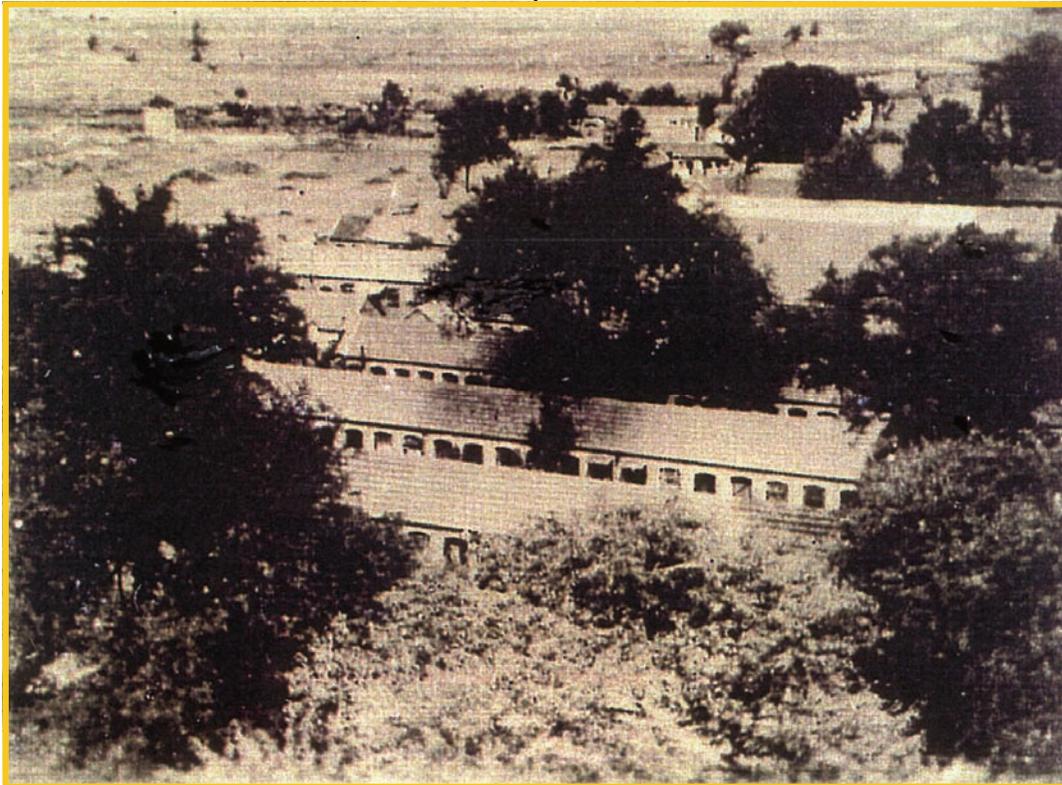
Number 5

"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 nery 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 though 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.

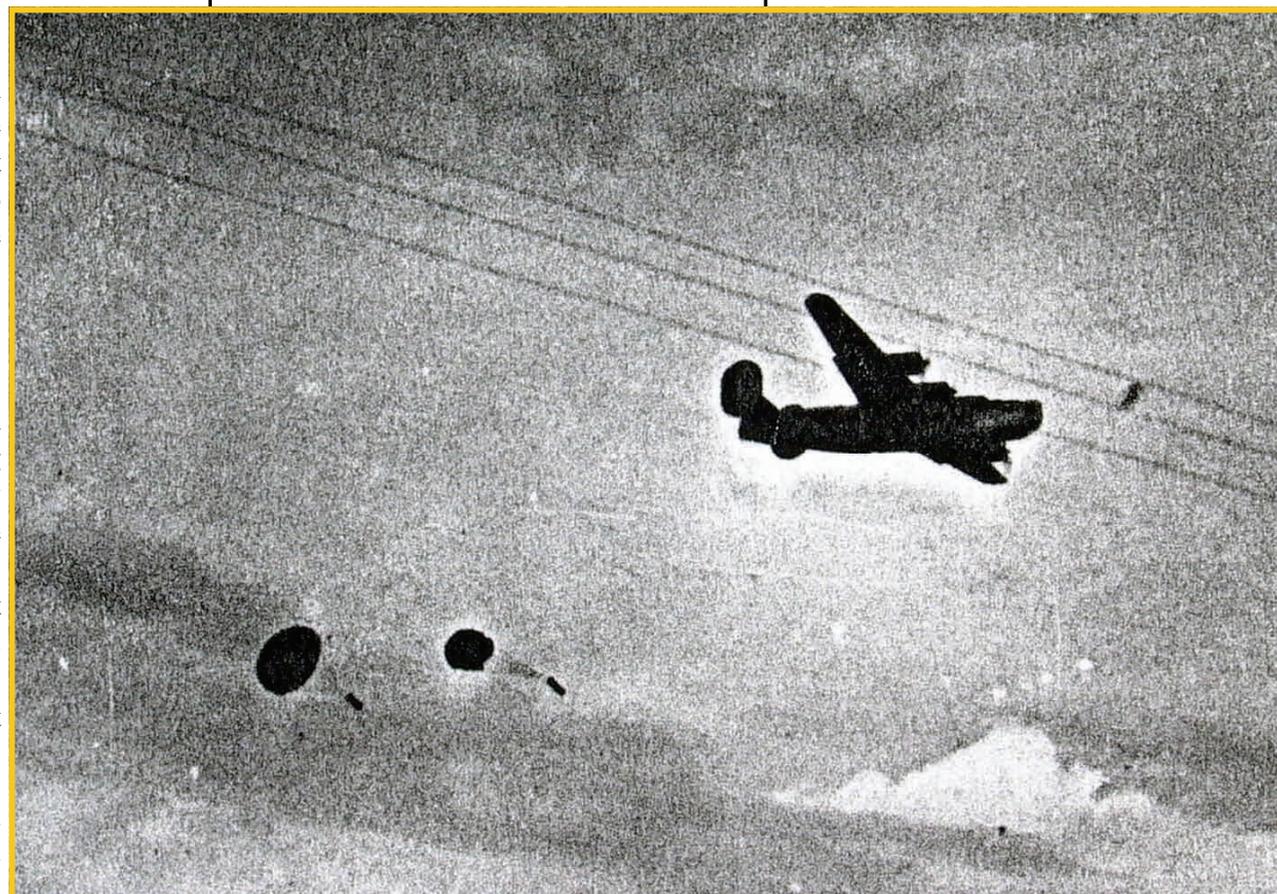
No.11 - July 24th"

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 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.

\*

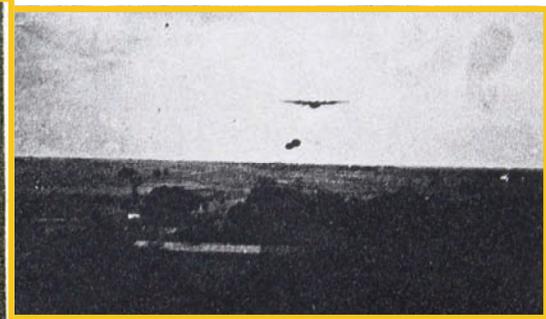
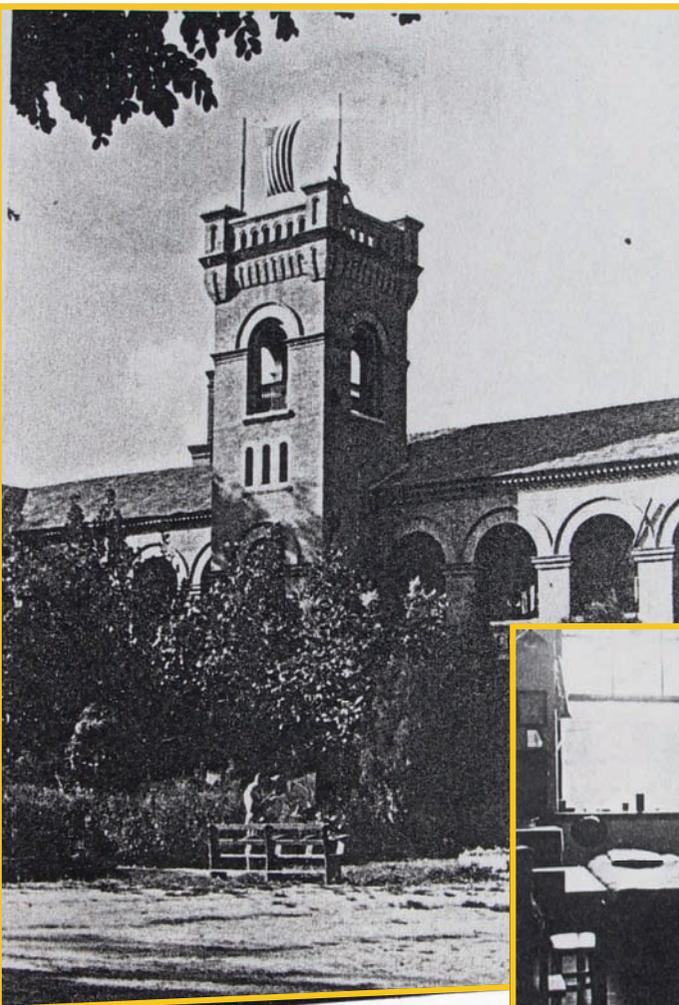
I remember learning to tie and practicing all kinds of knots for our Brownie badges. I can still hum the music and do some of the exercises we practiced in THE DAILY DOZEN.

\*

I don't remember celebrating Christmas in Weihsien.

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.

\*



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.

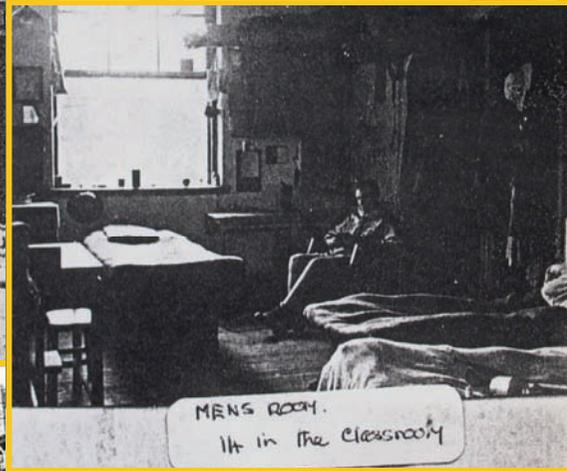
\*

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.

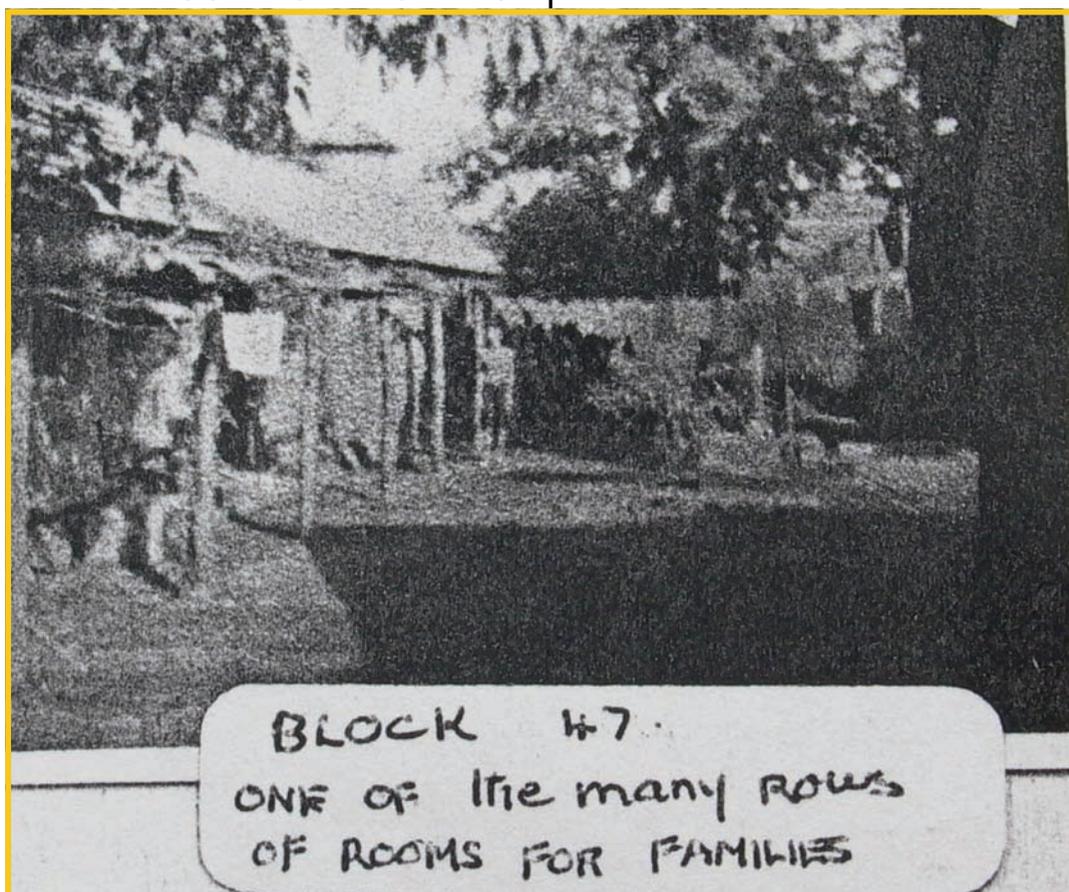
1. After their escape Tipton obtained from Chungking a radio set, which was dropped to him by air. This enabled them to send war news to us through the cess pool coolies.

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へ  
**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			ALLOWANCES	BUNDLE MARKINGS			ALLOWANCES
50 MAN	500 MAN	CONTENTS	PER MAN	50 MAN	500 MAN	CONTENTS	PER MAN
PACK	PACK			PACK	PACK		
A	3	Drawers	2	B	10	Laces, shoe	1
A	1-2	Undershirt	2	A	11	Kit, sewing	1
B	22	Socks (pr)	2	C	31	Soap, toilet	1
A	4-6	Shirt	1	C	4-6	Razor	1
A	7-9	Trousers	1	C	4-6	Blades, razor	10
C	23-30	Jacket, field	1	B	10	Brush, tooth	1
A	10	Belt, web, waist	1	C	31	Paste, tooth	1
A	11	Capt. H.B.T.	1	C	10	Comb	1
B	12-21	Shoes (pr)	1	B	32	Shaving cream	1
A	1-2	Handkerchiefs	3	C	12-21	Powder (insecticide)	1
C	32-34	Towel	1				

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

**CAUTION**  
 DO NOT OVERTREAT OR OVERMEDICATE 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:

<b>3 Blocks No. 1</b> (Each Contains)	<b>1 Block No. 5</b> (Each Contains)	<b>1 Block No. 3</b> (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	
<b>3 Blocks No. 2</b> (Each Contains)	<b>1 Block No. 7</b> (Each Contains)	<b>1 Block No. 10</b> (Each Contains)
3 Cases "C" Rations	1 Case Nescafe	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 armbands 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へ  
**GEALLIEERDE GEVANGENEN**

De Japaneesche Gouvernment heeft sich zelf overgegeven. Jullie willen zoo spoedig mogelijk worden uitgeleverd door de Geallieerde Natien.

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

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

50 MANNEN				500 MANNEN			
PACKETTES	PER MAN	PACKETTES	PER MAN	PACKETTES	PER MAN	PACKETTES	PER MAN
A	3	Underbroeken	2	B	10	Strikken, schoen	1
B	1-2	Hemd	2	A	11	Doosje, naal	1
A	22	Sokken (pr)	2	C	31	Zeep, toilet	1
A	4-6	Boezeroem	1	C	4-6	Veilig scheermes	1
C	7-9	Broeken	1	C	4-6	Scheermesjes	10
A	23-30	Jas, veld	1	C	10	Borstel, tand	1
A	10	Band, lichaam	1	B	31	Pasta, tand	1
A	11	Kap, H.B.T.	1	C	10	Kam	1
B	12-21	Schoenen (pr)	1	B	32	Scheerzeep	1
A	1-2	Zakdoeken	3	C	12-21	Powder (insecten)	1
C	32-34	Handdoek	1				

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

**WAARSCHUWING**  
 NIET NIET TE VEEL  
 GEBRUIK NIET TE VEEL MEDICIJNEN VOLG AANWIJZINGEN

**AANWIJZINGEN VOOR VOEDING VAN 100 PERSOENEN**  
 Om 100 mannen voor de eerste drie (3) dagen te voeden, de volgende pakketten (individuele uitgeworpen pakketjes) zullen worden verzameld:

<b>3 Pakketten No. 1</b> (Inhoud van elk)	<b>1 Pakket No. 5</b> (Inhoud van elk)	<b>1 Pakket No. 3</b> (Inhoud van elk)
2 Kisten, Soep, Kannen	1 Kist Soep, Uitgedroogd	1 Kist Suikergeod
1 Kist. Fruit Sap	1 Kist Dikke Soep	1 Kist Gom
1 Kist. Toebehoorende artikelen	1 Kist Bouillon	1 Kist Cigaretten
	1 Kist Hospital Voorraad	1 Kist Lucifera
	1 Kist Vitamin Tabletten	
<b>3 Pakketten No. 2</b> (Inhoud van elk)	<b>1 Pakket No. 7</b> (Inhoud van elk)	<b>1 Pakket No. 10</b> (Inhoud van elk)
3 Kisten "C" Rantsoen	1 Kist Gemengde Coffie	3 Kisten Vruchten
1 Kist Hosp Voorraad	1 Zak Suiker	2 Kisten Sap
2 Kisten Vruchten	1 Kist Melk	
	1 Kist Cocoa	



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!

\*

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 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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 we were 1,400 prisoners interned in Weih sien and there are 1,400 perceptions of the Weih sien 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 Weih sien's adult dormitories must

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

\*



\*



Janette & Leopold - 2001

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.

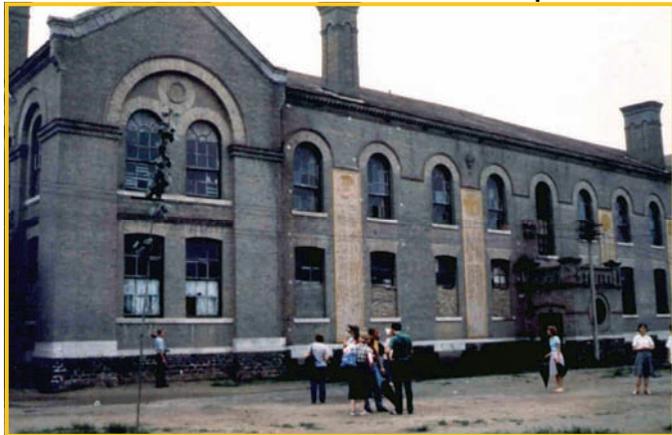
I am almost certain that such interrogations and brutality were carried out by the Japanese military and NOT by embassy guards who later guarded our Temple Hill camp. Mr. Kosaka, our "Chief of Police" at Temple Hill, was a true "gentleman" who actually considered that he was selected by divine Providence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

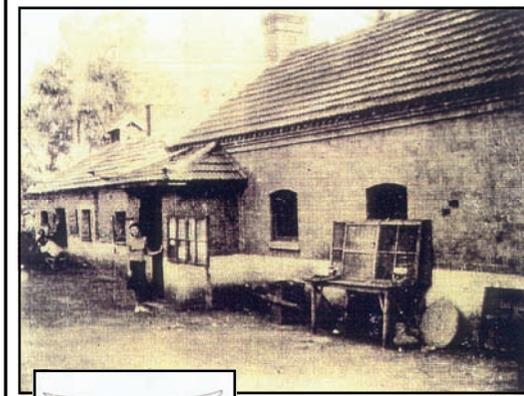
He then went on to say that Block 23 which is the building in which I lived for practically the whole time there, was exactly in the position of the

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.

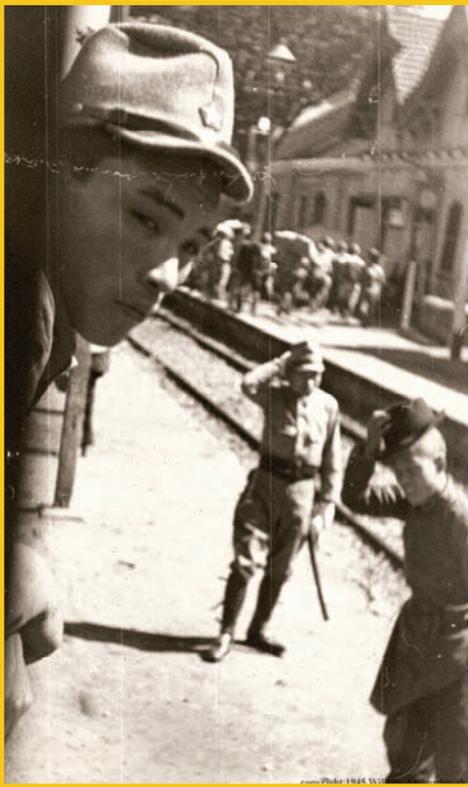
Also while we were talking there and Frank was entertaining a number of young children as it was a children's playground, a lady came along who told us that she had been in the building cleaning it and had found hidden in some high place some papers which included

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 Weihsien, 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 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!

\*





WILLIAM A. SMITH

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

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 it in the "slide show" for the program because it embodies so well the fact that this was 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.

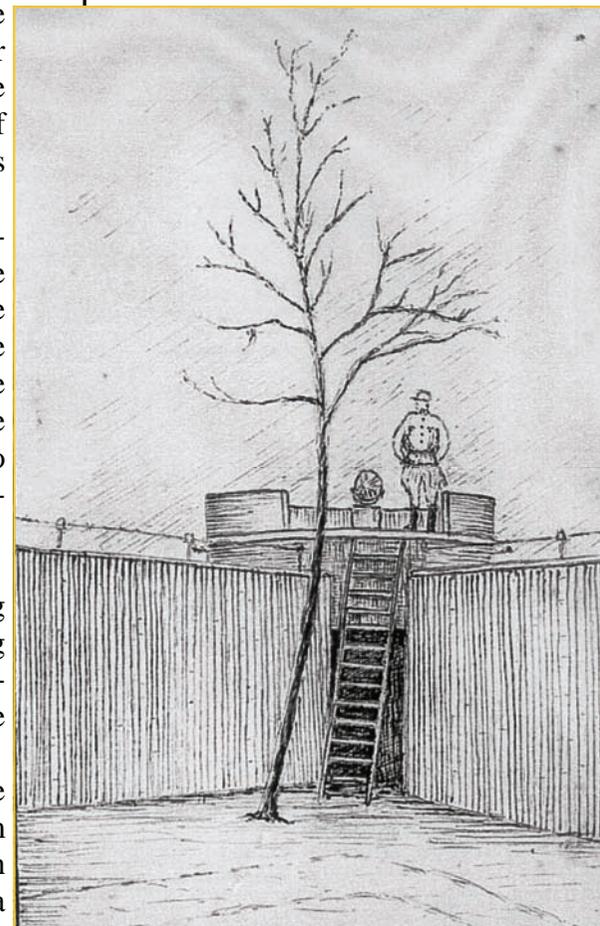
I don't remember anyone in the camp wearing a dark blue uniform or carrying a pistol in a wooden holster -- which would have been a Mauser. The officers carried a smaller side-arm in a shiny brown leather holster.

\*

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.

\*



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-

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 daylight out of me, at the time, because I can remember every detail of it, today.

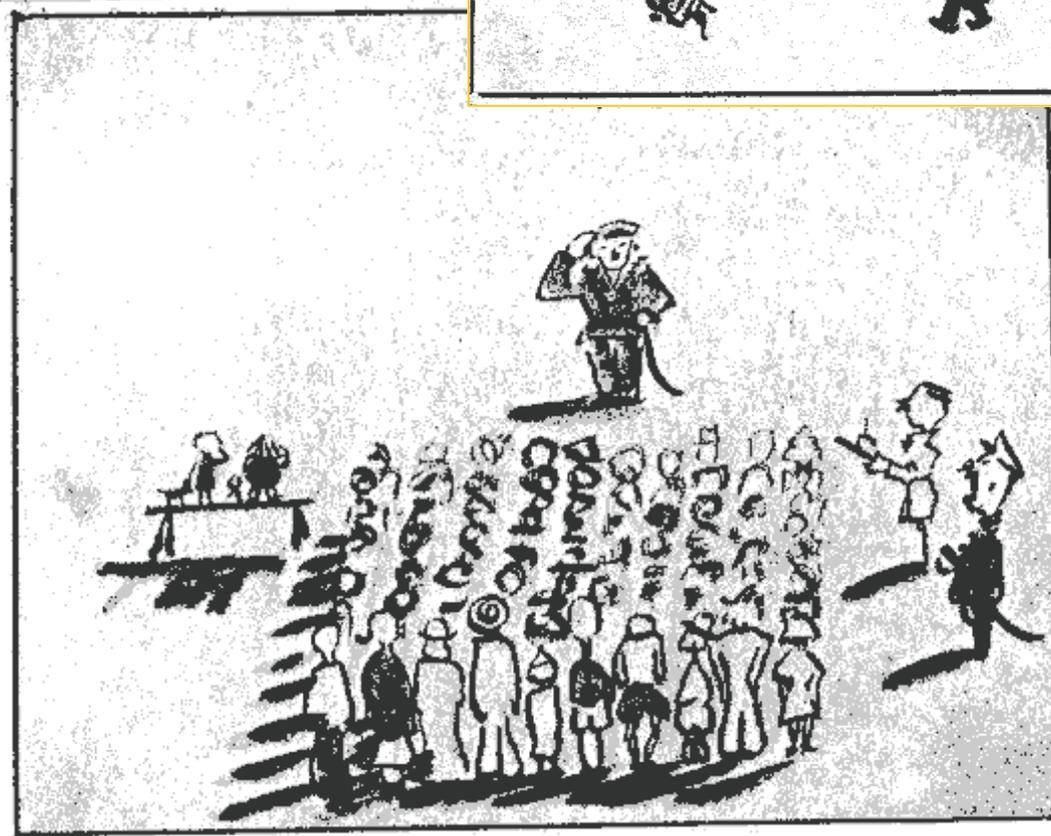
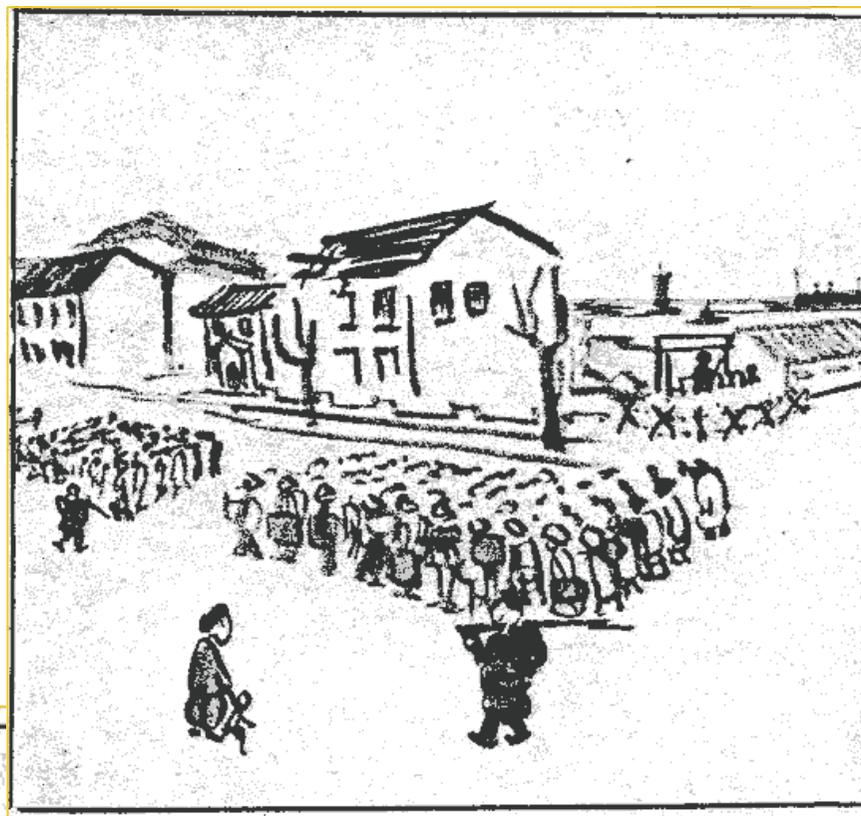
\*

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 Weihsien. 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 who said "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 guerrilla's 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?

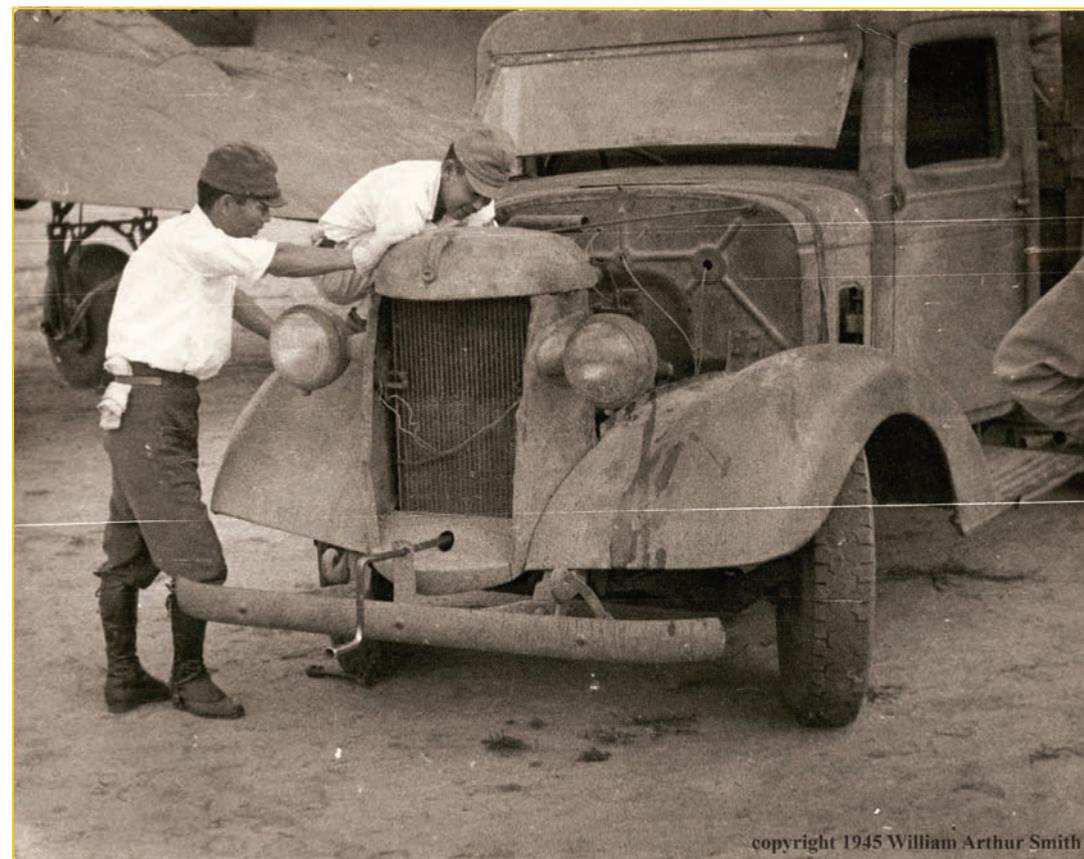
In conclusion, there does not seem to be any reasonable doubt left about the drawing's accuracy, which pleases me greatly because I will be able to continue using it in the "walking tour" slide in good conscience, though I may have to add a footnote at the end about when it was actually drawn.

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



copyright 1945 William Arthur Smith

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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien. 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 Lughwa 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 Lughwa and driven to Shanghai's North Station to catch a train bound for Tsinanfu and Weih sien. 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, Weih sien! Fresh campagne air, trees galore, a maze of picturesque courtyards and moongates 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien, 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 Weih sien Memories, he made the annotation: "A Beginner's Contribution." Another sketch of his in Weih sien 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 Weih sien, 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 Weih sien, 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien, 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 Weih sien 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 shot!

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, Weihsien 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 Weihsien, the Chief of Police, or as some say 'commandant,' remained at Weihsien 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 Weihsien 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 Weihsien) 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 geat 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 Pe-

king 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien was military, not consular. We had proof when my father Alger non 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

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

\*

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 Weih sien. 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.

\*

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.

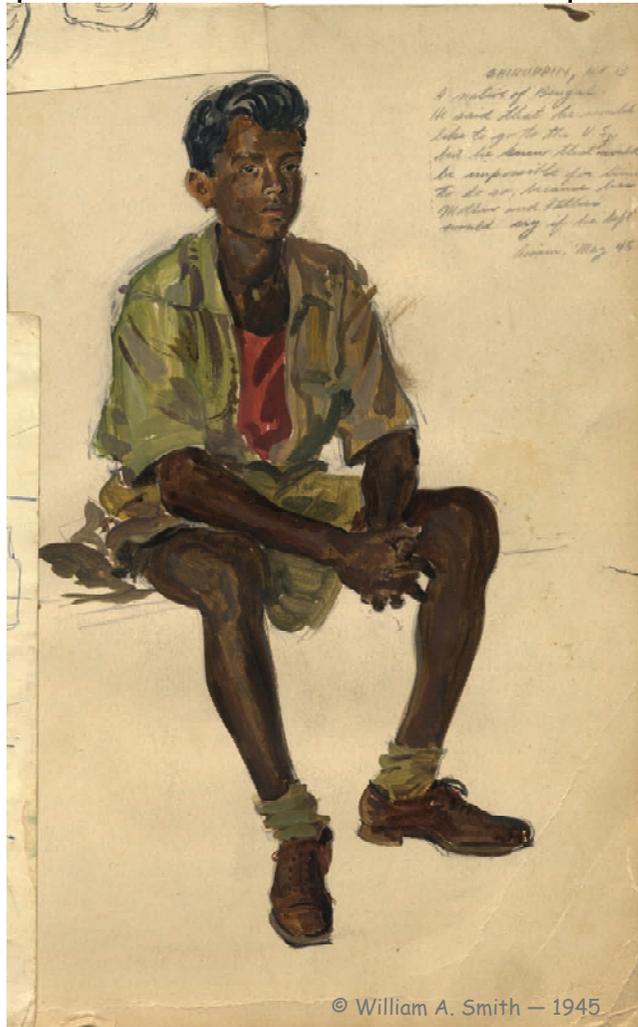
2 When I said Black they could have been mid-night blue.

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 strolling 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 Peking 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 Harbor (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*.

\*



## 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!

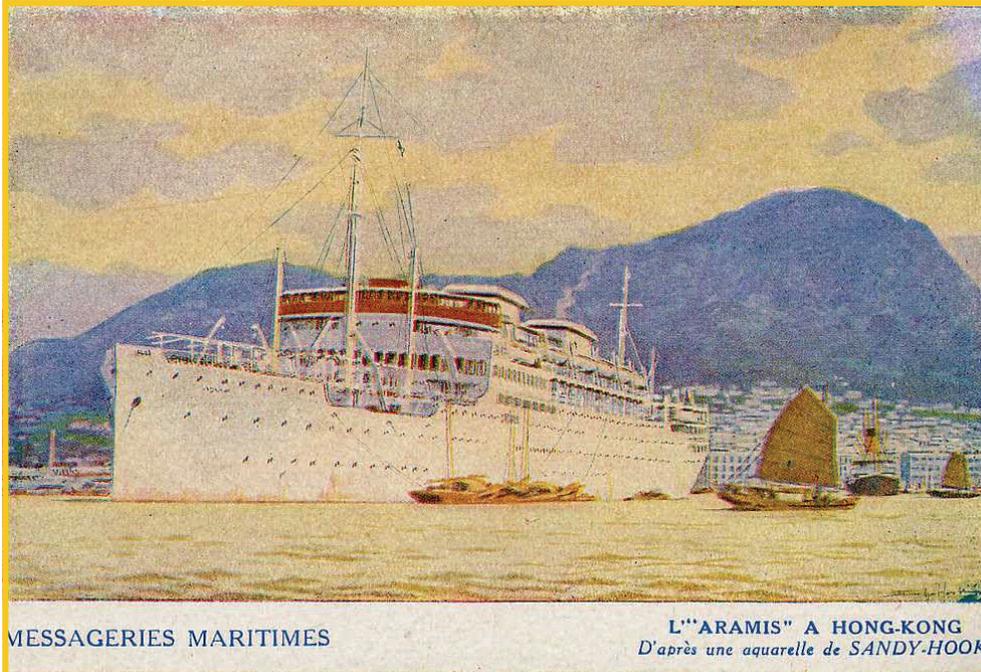
Why spend tedious hours sightseeing when you can sit in sulky boredom on such a floating palace, where the use of a deck chair costs but \$100 and your friends are all around you - and on you?

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

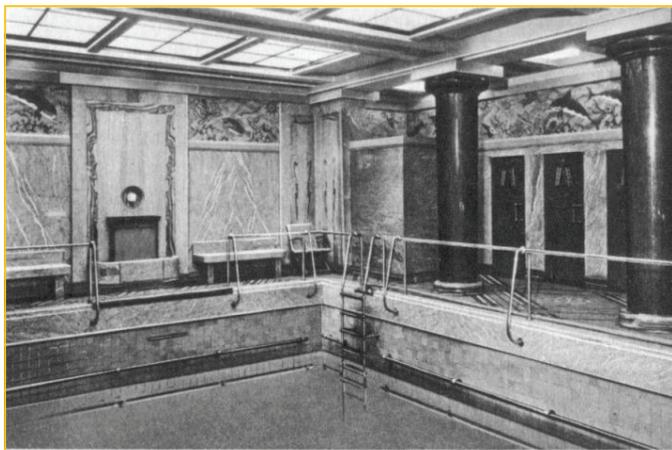
of your waist line? Rise from the table feeling that you could repeat the meal. Do not eat between meals & it can't be done unless the boy first gets his \$100 from you. Does the sight of fruit in various ports make your mouth water? Forget about it — it is not for you. The Japanese police will chase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

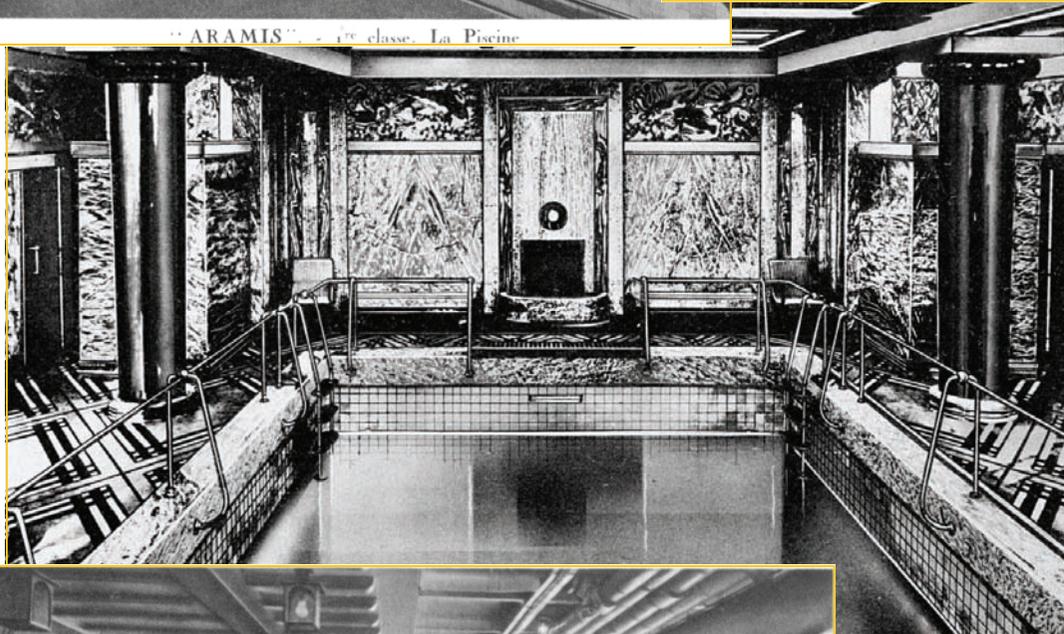
Book early on this luxury liner, the gem of the N.Y.K. fleet. Travel exclusively by her and you will never have a moment's comfort from the internment camp 'till you leave the ship. And remember the Teia motto — "Nothing could be worse than this!"



"ARAMIS" - 1<sup>re</sup> classe. La Piscine



"ARAMIS" - 1<sup>re</sup> classe. Le Salon de musique



"ARAMIS" - 1<sup>re</sup> 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.

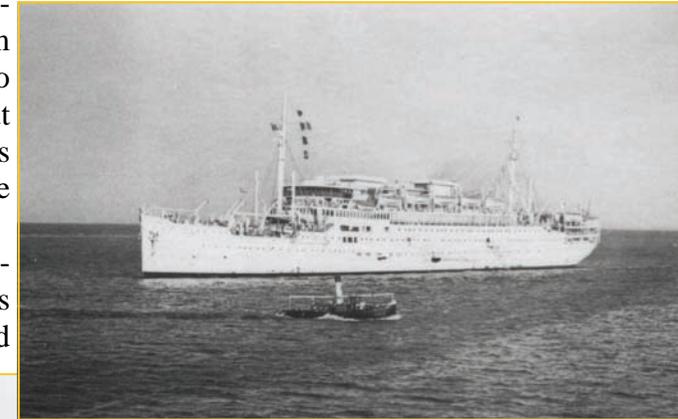
I also remember we explored down into the bowels of the Teia Maru and found the dark-  
e n e d ,  
spooky (and  
e m p t y )  
swimming pool -- once an elegant place for a dip, I understand.

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



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 Weihsien 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 out liberators!

\*

I don't remember feeling hunger pangs at Weihsien, 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 Weihsien 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.

\*



B-29 Supercat  
CAF AirSho96



# 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

## INTERVAL

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.

\*



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."

\*

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



in 2006

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 Weih sien 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.

\*

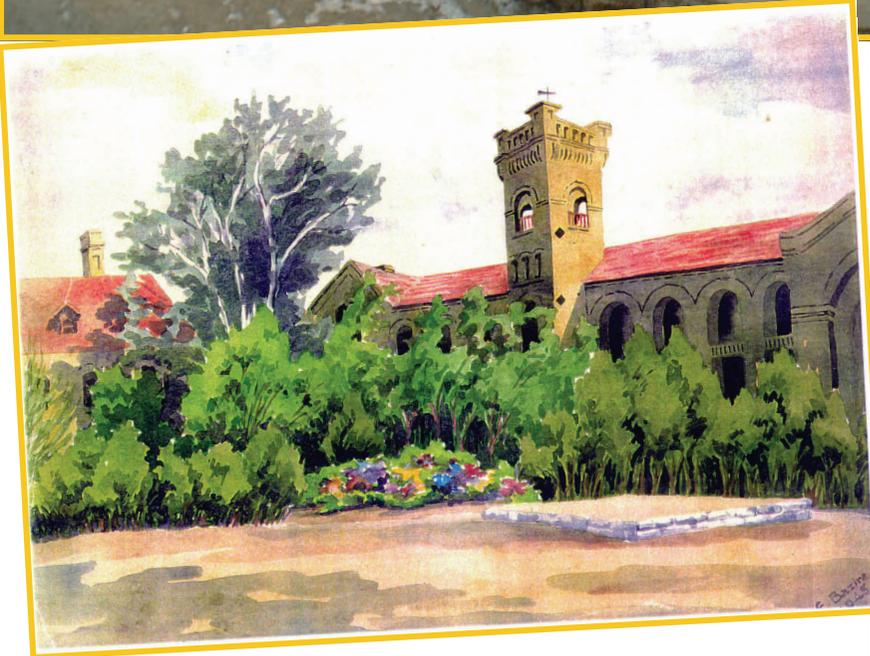
I remember:

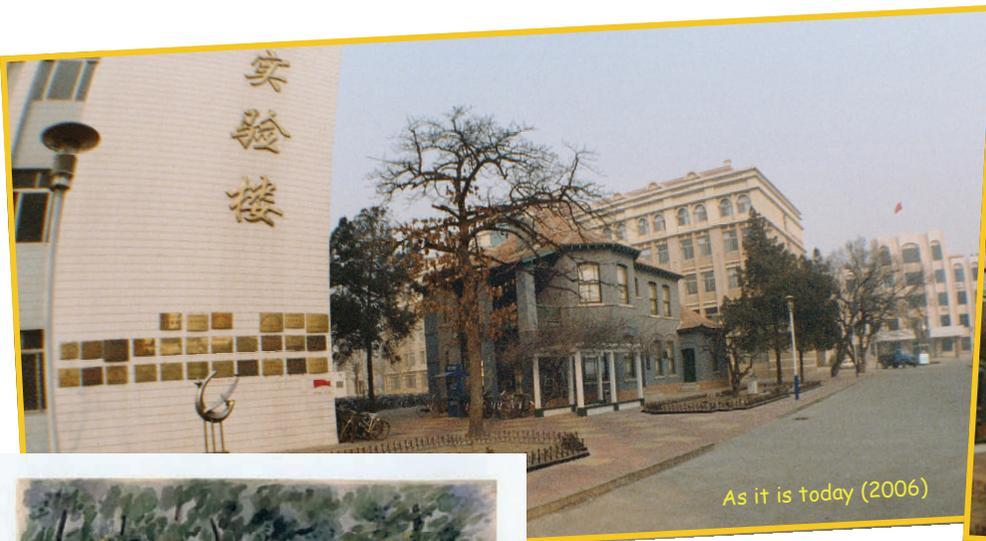
"In the camp was an exchange shop started for barter purposes called "The White Elephant's Bell" after Helen Burton's "Camel's Bell" shop in Peking. Here a fur coat was exchanged for a can of jam, for instance, which shows the change of values one undergoes in a prison camp. After months of almost no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

\*

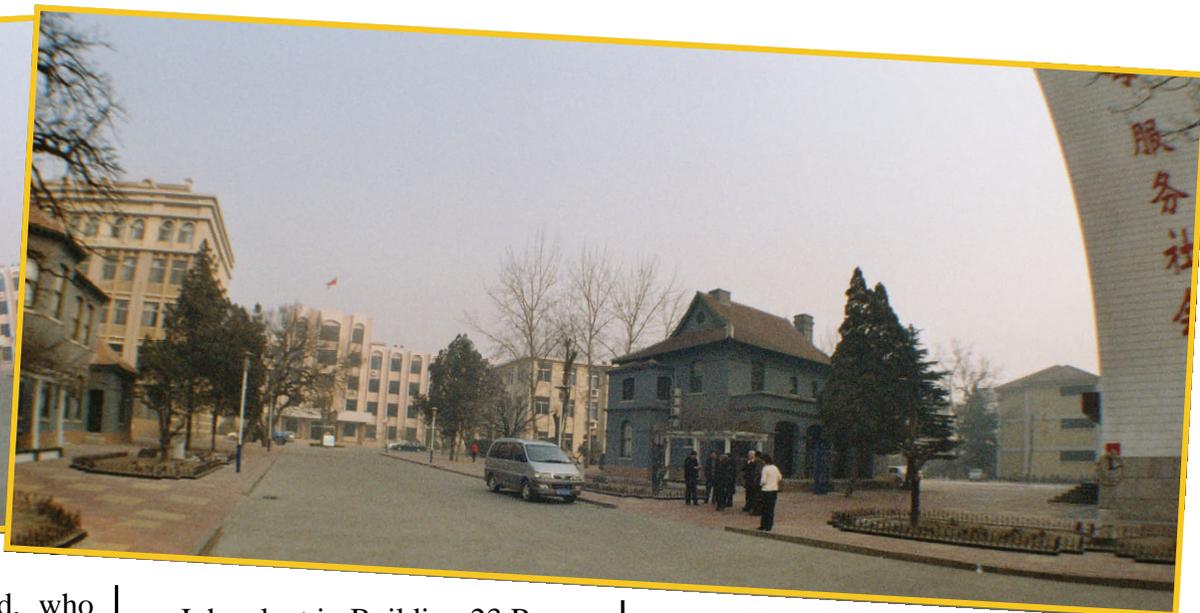
I remember that there was ONE big bell in Block-23's tower and ONE small bell in front of our Police's office that was just next to the administration building.

\*





As it is today (2006)



16. Entrance to residence compound. Out of bounds, Wicken

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.

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

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 nick-names, "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.)

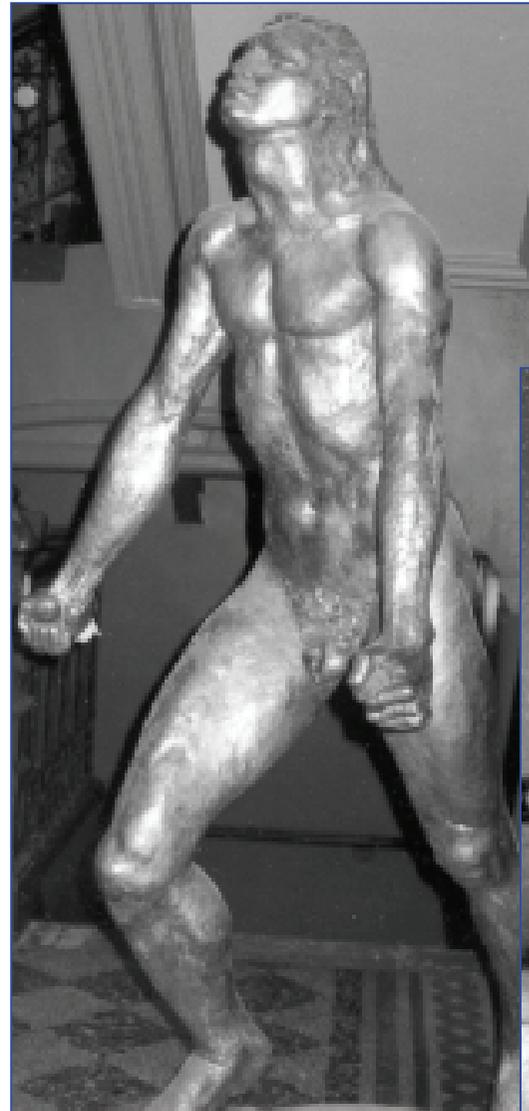
Block three housed a Dutch couple Mr and Mrs Schlager who were known to us as "Holy Rollers"

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.

\*





January 1946



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.

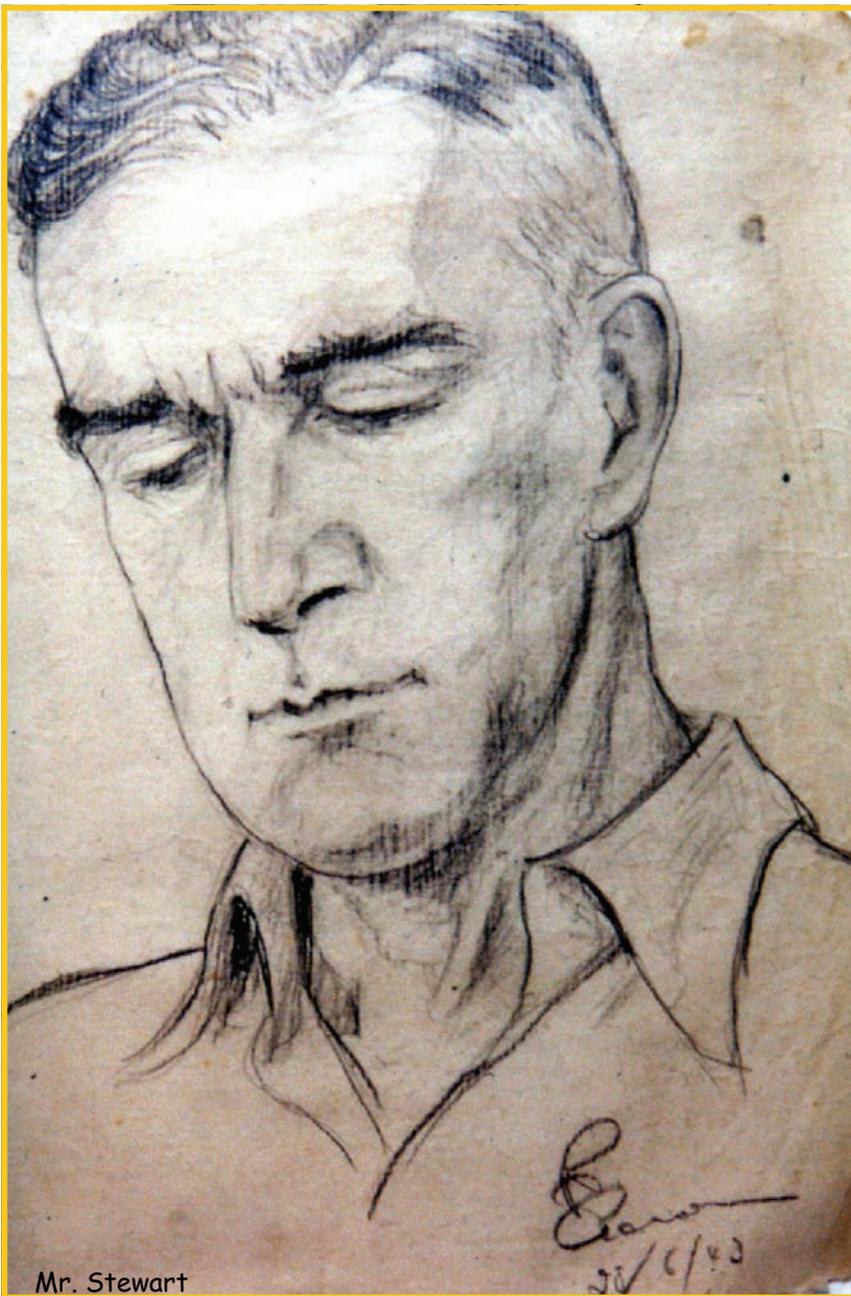
\*

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!).

\*



Mr. Stewart

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 Weih sien, 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., 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.

\*

I really have to question your calculation of the Weihsien camp's surface of the whole compound as 83,200m<sup>2</sup>. 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 32,000yds<sup>2</sup> or approx. 26,000m<sup>2</sup>. 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.

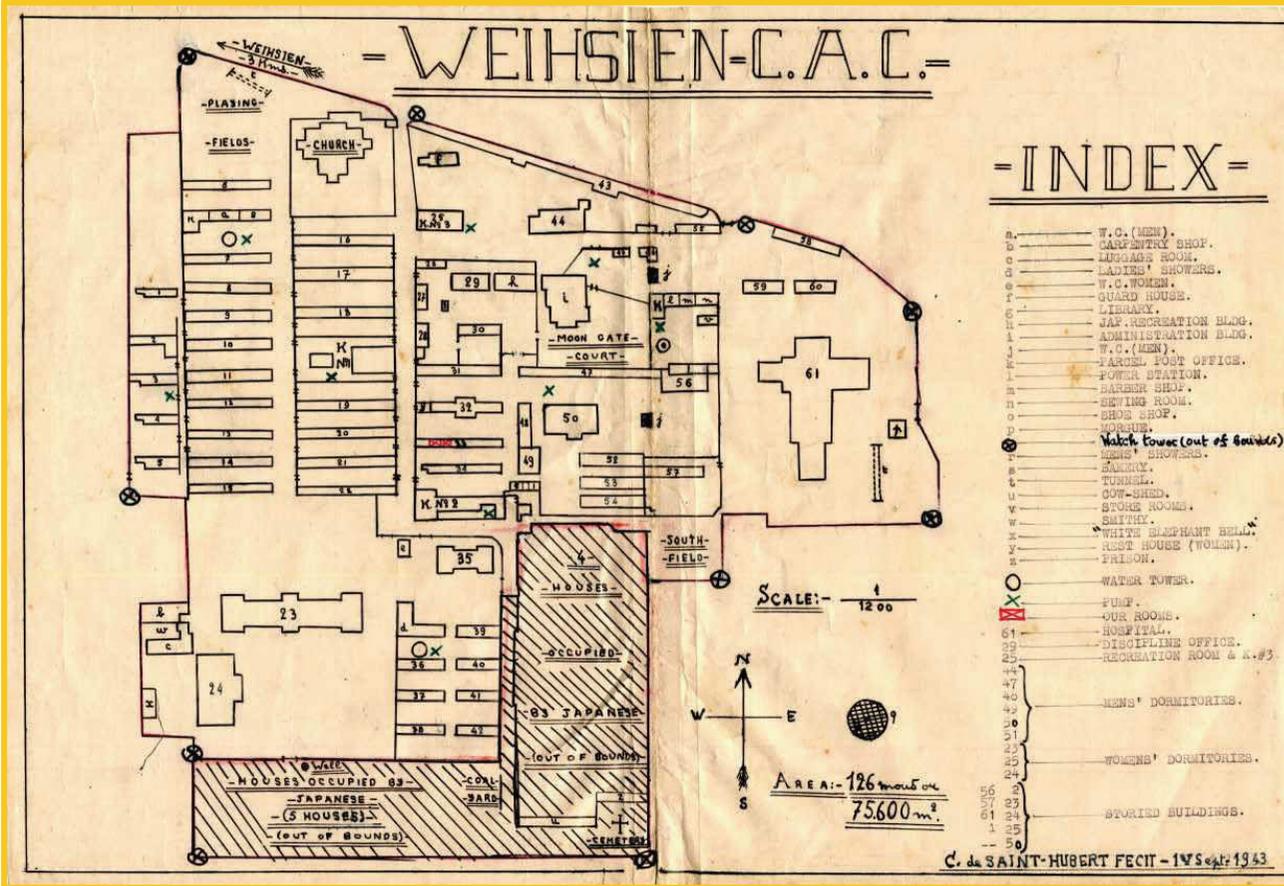
\*

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





of Father Verhoeven's map as shown on Leopold Pander's Picture Gallery (under 'Index' on the left hand side, click Fr V's chapter), with the exception that someone has added the 100 yard scale. Regarding your question, Fred, the distance from the main gate of Camp to the wall's NW corner, is 49cm. That would make it 55 yards on the basis of the current scale, but if the scale is adjusted downwards by 25%, then I calculate the distance to be 67 yards. I hope these figures are helpful for your recalculations. Have fun!

foot wide. Then there is the Ball Field any readers in the States can confirm the size of a Baseball Diamond.

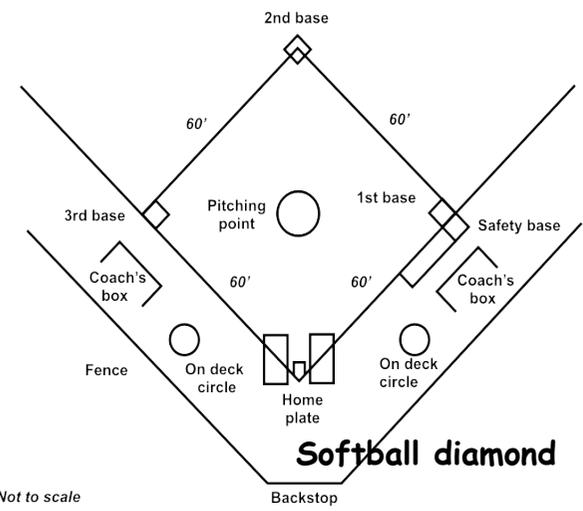
I remember that Gilkey (Shantung Compound) gives the dimensions as "150 x 200 yards" and Howard Galt's memoir says it was "about 20 acres." These are both obviously estimates, but at least have the value of being eyewitness observations.

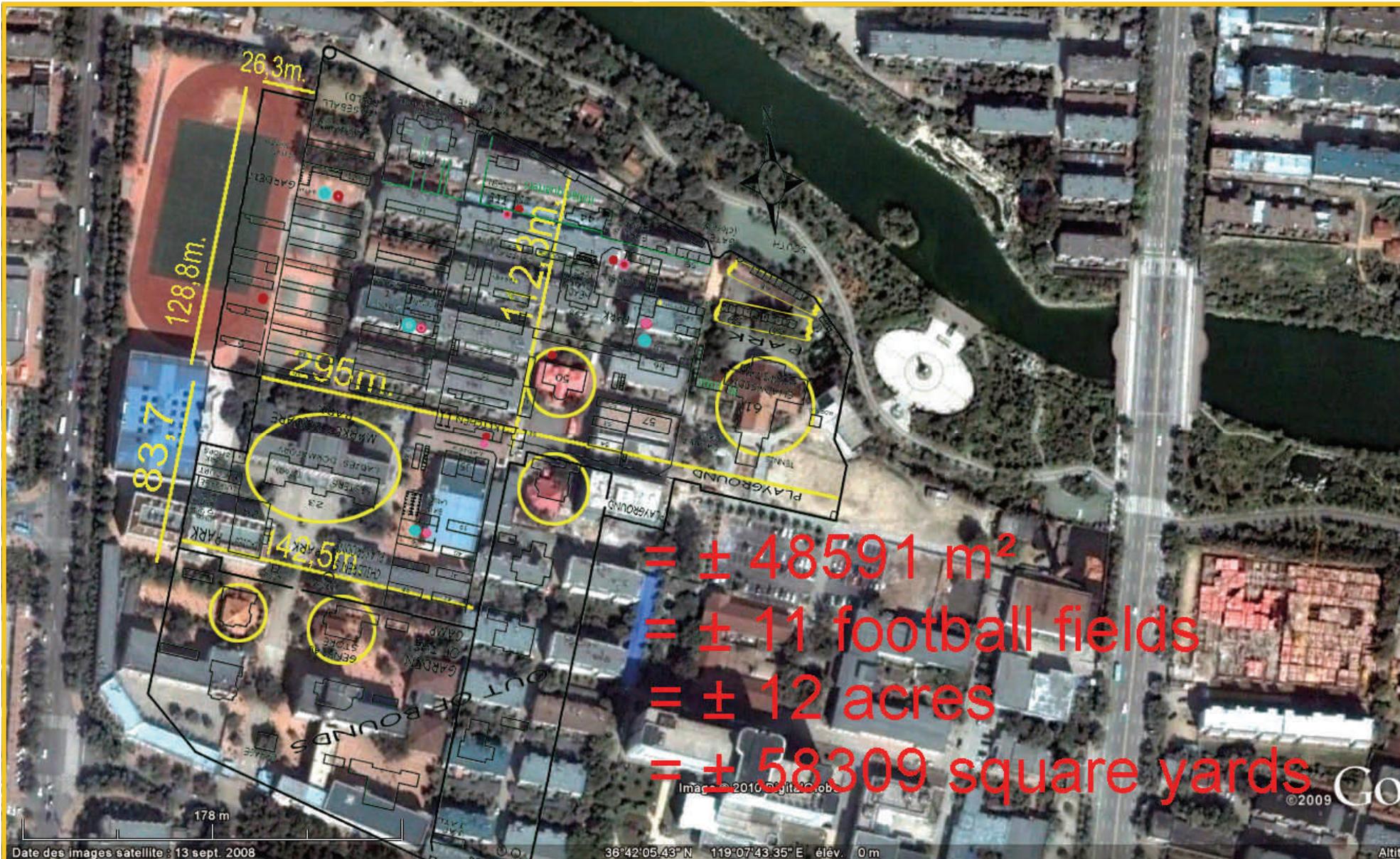
I remember that when we came home from China in 1943 I remember my parents referring to the camp at Weihsien as being about the size of two football fields. Maybe that was in Gilkey's book, too. A football field is one hundred yards long and if you add the "end zones" it adds an additional ten yards at each end. I don't know the width but presumably it is in the neighborhood of fifty yards. Don't know if this helps. Perhaps the Presbyterian Church has an accurate record of the size of the compound.

Remember how big the camp was? It's quite timely to be questioning the figure on my map which gives Weihsien CAC's total surface as having been 83,200m<sup>2</sup>. Please note that I take no responsibility for the map, which I acquired a few years ago and adopted largely because it is very neatly drawn and also is colour-coded. That of course doesn't guarantee the accuracy of the 100 yard scale, which measures 89cm. Going by Ron Bridge's plausible calculations, estimating each block (e.g. those on either side of Tin Pan Alley) as 33 yards long, then, at 20/21mm per block as on my map, you could fit just over

four block lengths into my 89mm 100 yard scale. But Ron's 33 yards a block would only fit THREE into 100 yards. So on that basis, my map's 100 yard scale, measuring 89mm, would need to be reduced by 25% to close on 67mm. I'm no cartographer, nor mathematician either (history was my star subject at school), so I await a reasonable consensus of opinion on the matter. In the meantime, we're still waiting for Sui Shude to produce a detailed map of the immediate area of Weifang city where the No 1 Middle School is located. My map takes up a full A4 sheet of paper. It is precisely the same as that

Dawei's Calculations accord with mine. No matter how often you photocopy and each time one always distorts the size albeit slightly as long as the scale bar is on the side and you use that scale bar to measure you will come up with the same answer because the scale bar is distorted as much as the map. It does not matter if you then print it A4, A5 or a full square metre, the relative size will be the same. I have a picture of one of the blocks and counting the bricks you come up with the same size room as we have always thought ie about 8 -9





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

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.

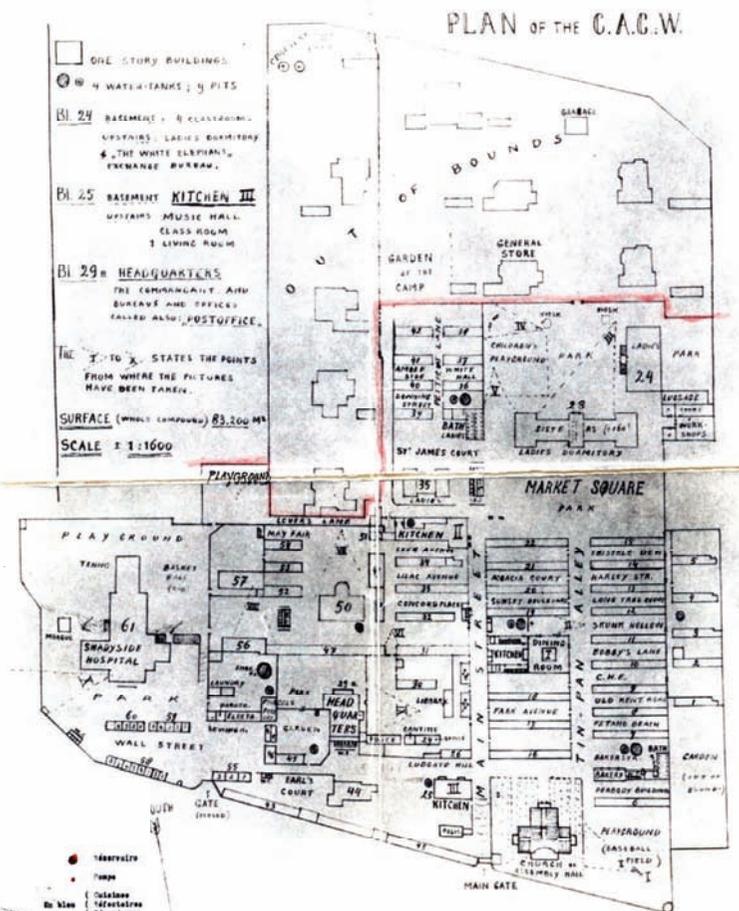
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When we think of the size of the camp, we must also remember that a portion of the full compound which used to be occupied by the mission-

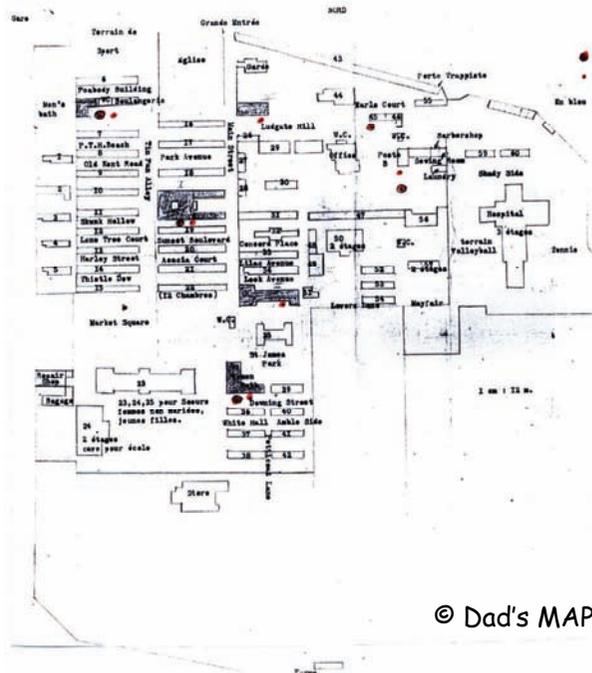
sounds reasonable to me. Your family was only there for a very brief period while awaiting repatriation to the United States. I wonder whether perhaps your father may have been honestly mistaken in his rather vague estimate of the size of the camp.

\*

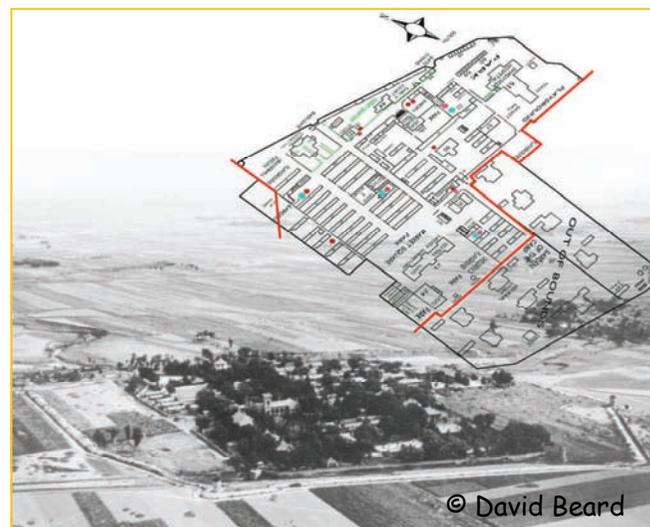




© Dad's copy of Father Verhoeven's original map



© Dad's MAP



© David Beard

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 football 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.

\*

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.

\*

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?

\*



TO "TOPPA" CARTER,  
MY FAVORITE PERSON.  
AFFECTIONATELY  
BILL.

William Arthur Smith  
June 17, 1945

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 - la, Tra - la - 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

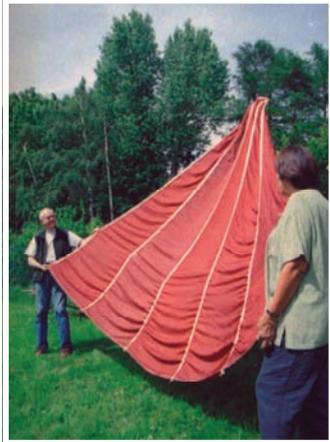
married to Leo Portnell and lives in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

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

B o a r d )  
" 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 otherwise 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

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 20<sup>th</sup> 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-





© Leopold Pander—2006

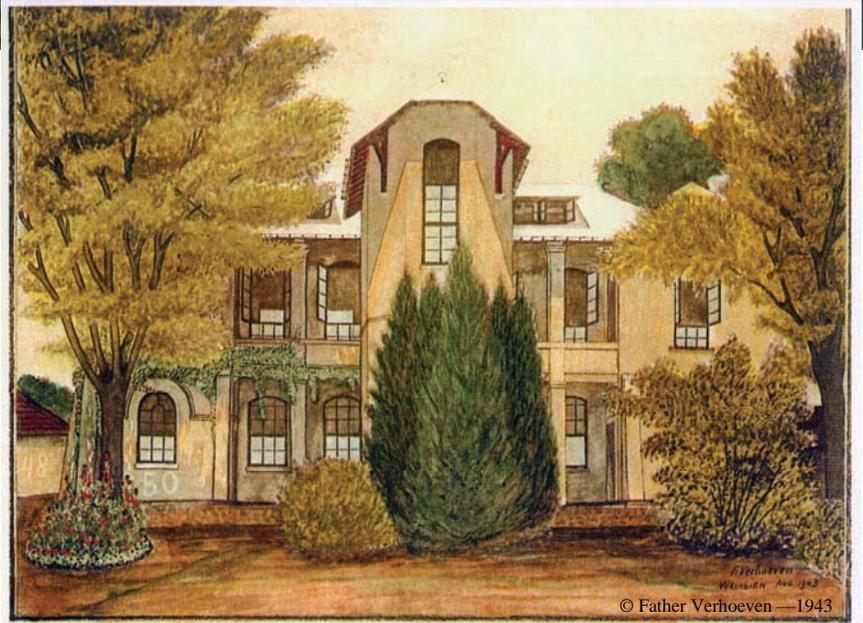
ishing order and see what you come up with.  
 I can't help remembering the energy we expended, whether it was working and manning the PUMPS or PLAYING in our various sports, with the running, jumping and 'tug a war' of the Empire day games, as well, AND don't forget all THAT DANCING we did, and I can't 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:



© Father Verhoeven—1943

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-

"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 Weih sien. 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:

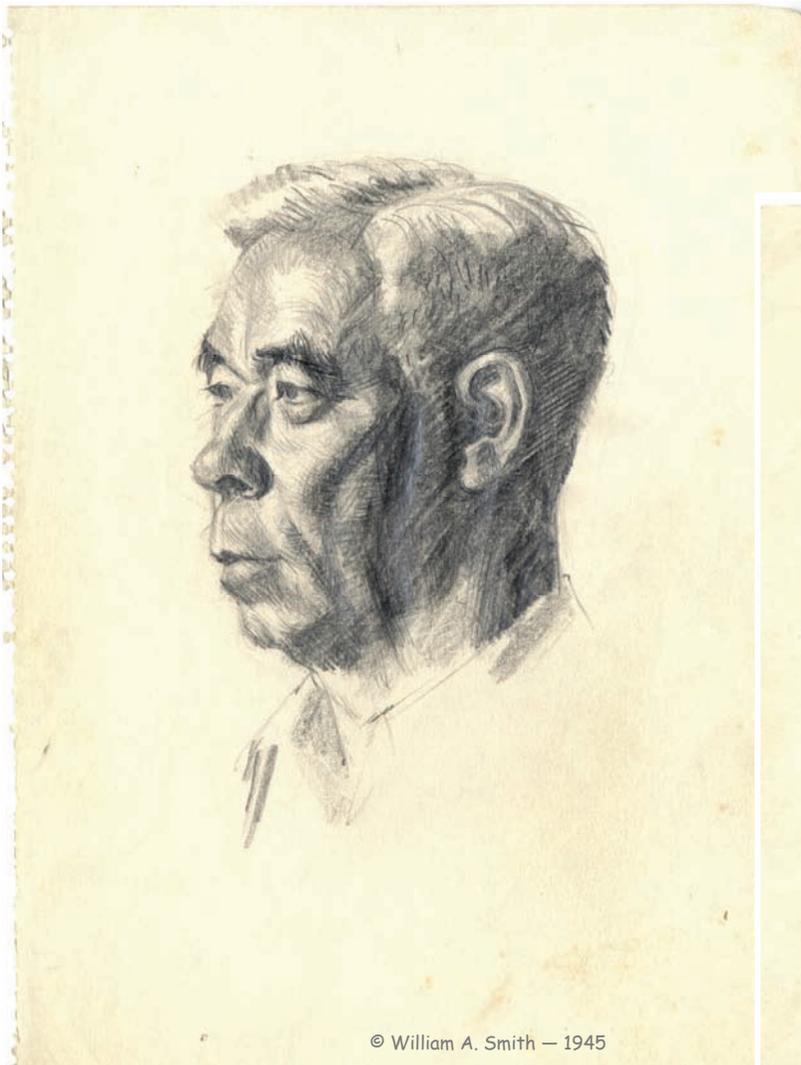
[http://www.mansell.com/pow\\_resources/Formosa/taiwandocs.html](http://www.mansell.com/pow_resources/Formosa/taiwandocs.html)

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.

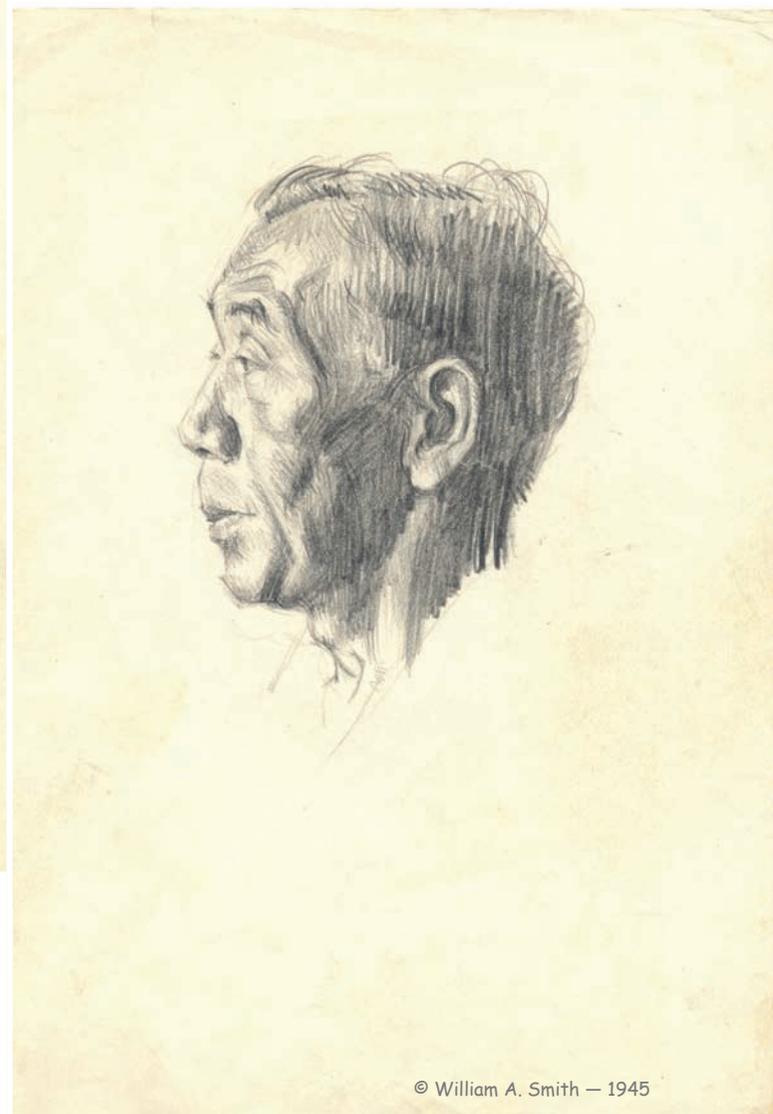


© William A. Smith — 1945

*"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](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 Weihsien!

Some months ago Norman Cliff mailed me a copy of his book, *Weihsien 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 Weihsien 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 Weihsien 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 aircrew 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 surren-

der, 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

© William A. Smith — 1945

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.

\*



copyright 1945 William Arthur Smith

I remember that quite early in our internment at Weihsien, 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.

\*

Weihsien 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.

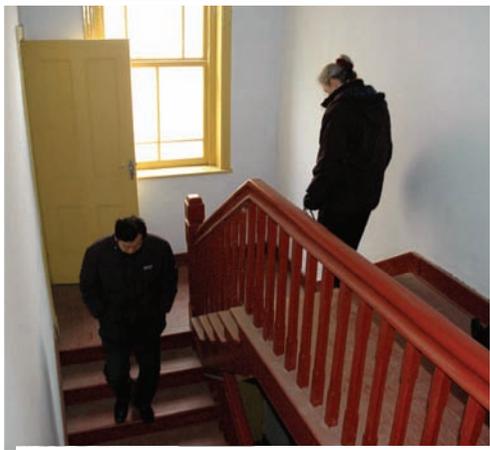
\*

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.

\*



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, softballs 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.

\*

\*



此建筑为潍  
中营旧址之一，1942年3月至1945年8月  
期间，日军曾在此关押过多国侨民。

This building is one of the sites of former Weihsien Ledaoyuan  
and Weihsien Concentration Camp During March 1942 to August 1945  
the Japanese army interned people of many countries here

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 in-ternee 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 "medicasl 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 he 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.

\*



The Hospital ...

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 impassibility 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.



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

Do you remember why the Japanese detained us in Weihsien?  
 "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."

\*

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" Weihsien. 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 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.

\*

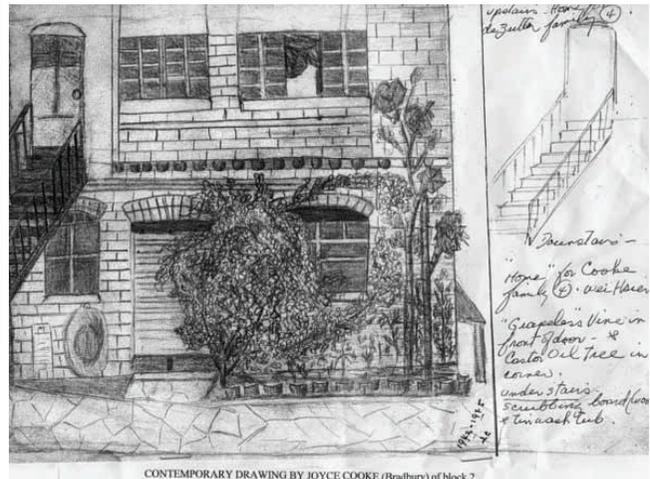
I remember that I learned how to play chess in the camp. I don't remember who it was that taught me. It wasn't my father or uncle, it was some other older gentleman who had a lot of patience with a seven year old! What I learned about chess still gives me a lot of pleasure today!

\*

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 (Bradbury) 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



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 Weihhsien 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 Weihhsien 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 Weihhsien 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 Weih sien 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

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.

Weih sien. 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 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

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.

\*



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 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



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.

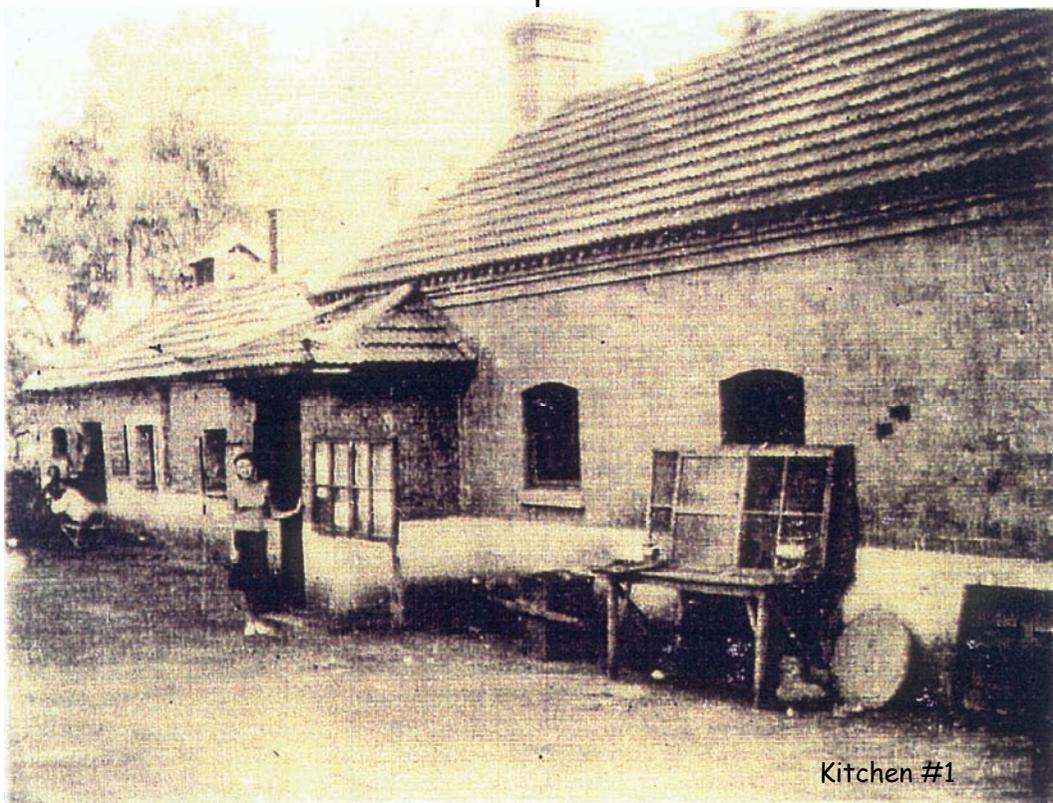
A close collaboration took place around 1944 between the discipline and education committees to protect the younger ones against the potential dangers of life and to occupy more wisely their study and leisure time.

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 Weih sien 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.



Kitchen #1

--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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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

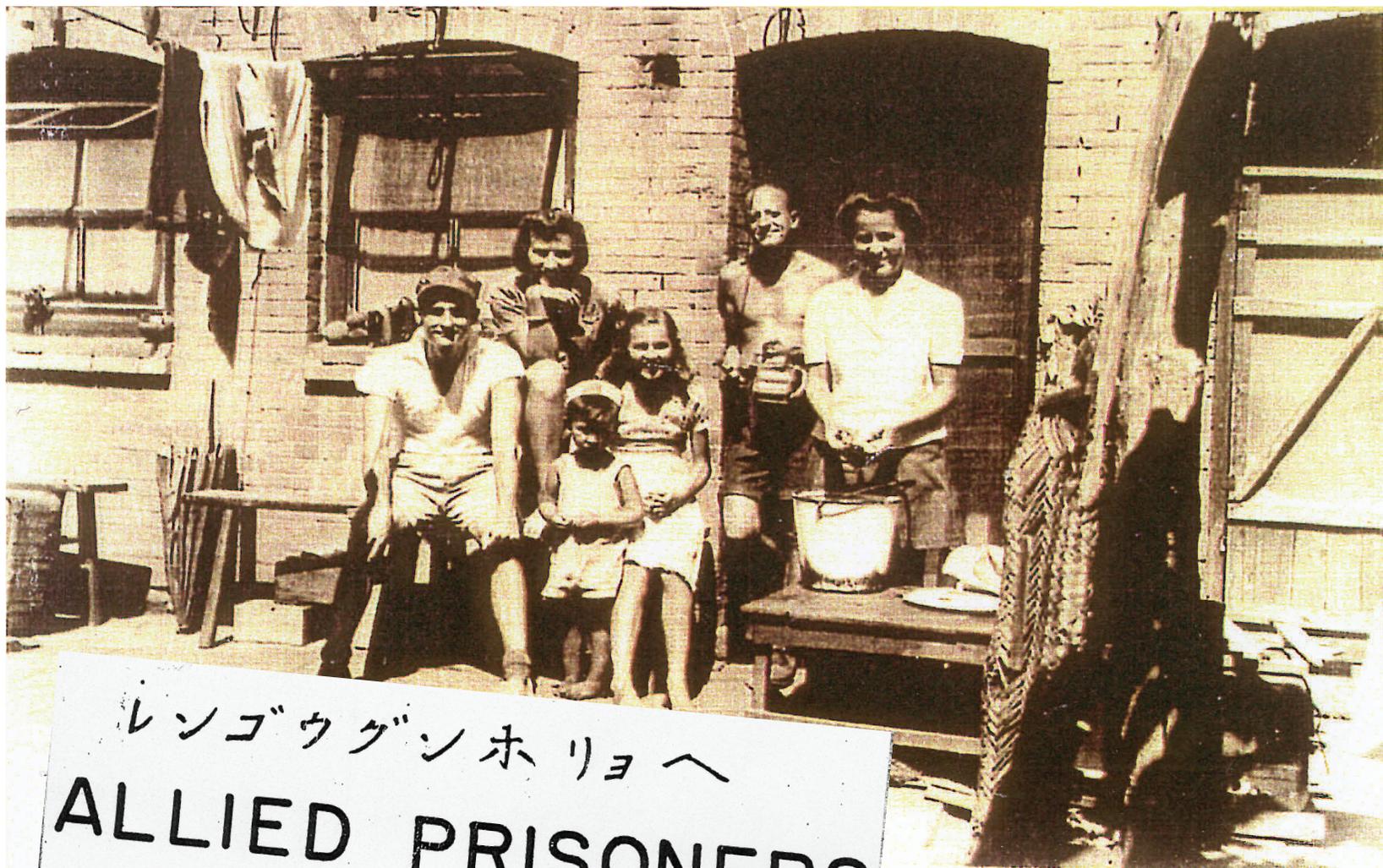
of a chuckle to see my notation ..... "ROGUE" ..... marked between his name and " 44 M Uruguayan Merchant "

\*

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.

\*

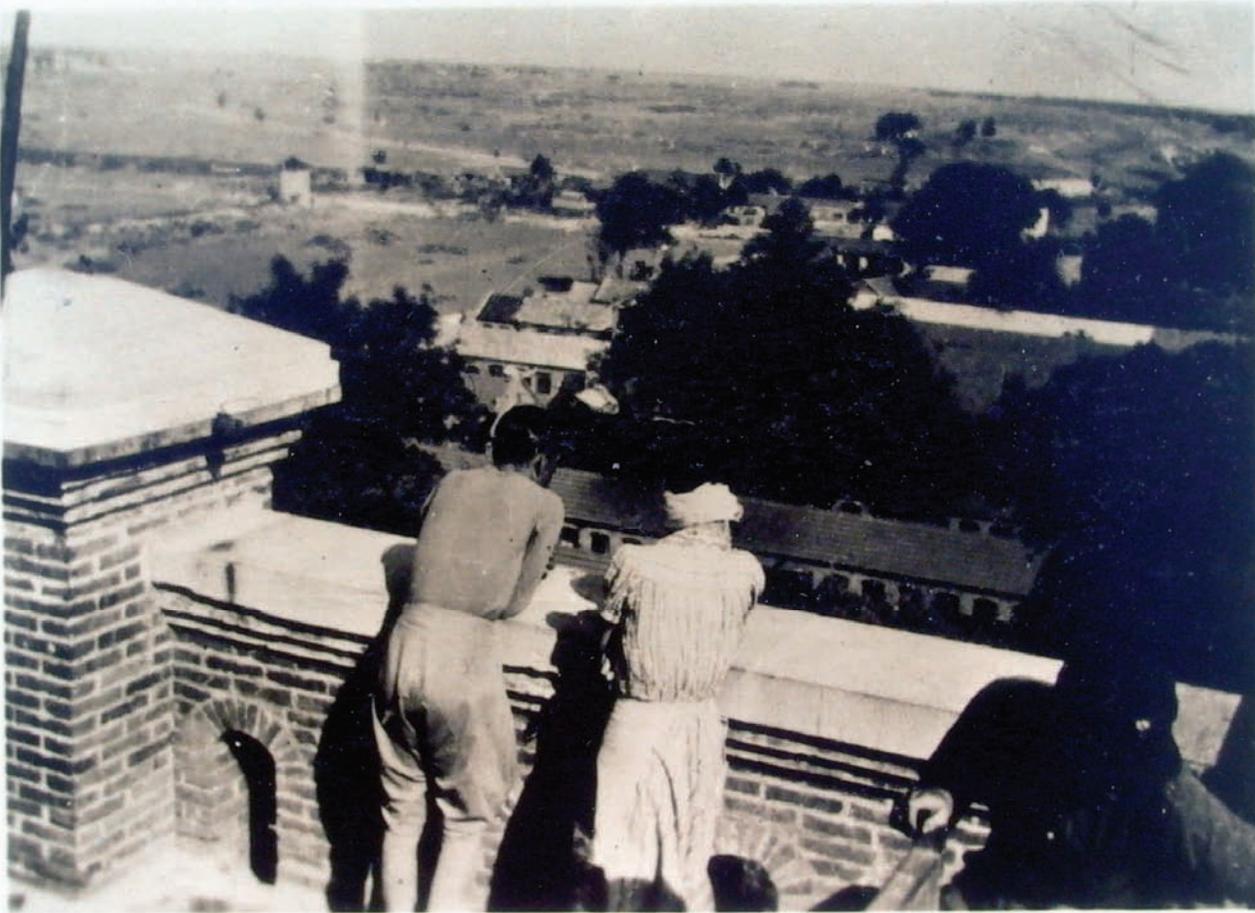
Regarding that scoundrel Goetz I have an extract from a letter that describes him as a Jew from Russia who had a Portuguese passport and who made no secret of being an informer for the Japanese. He also dealt in gems and openly criticised Arnic Balianz causing the Japs to beat him up so badly that he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



The JAPANESE Government has surrendered. 100 ... 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: *Ichi...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 *hara 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."



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

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.

\*

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

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



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 Tatali 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 he 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 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 foriegn (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,

AOh, 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.

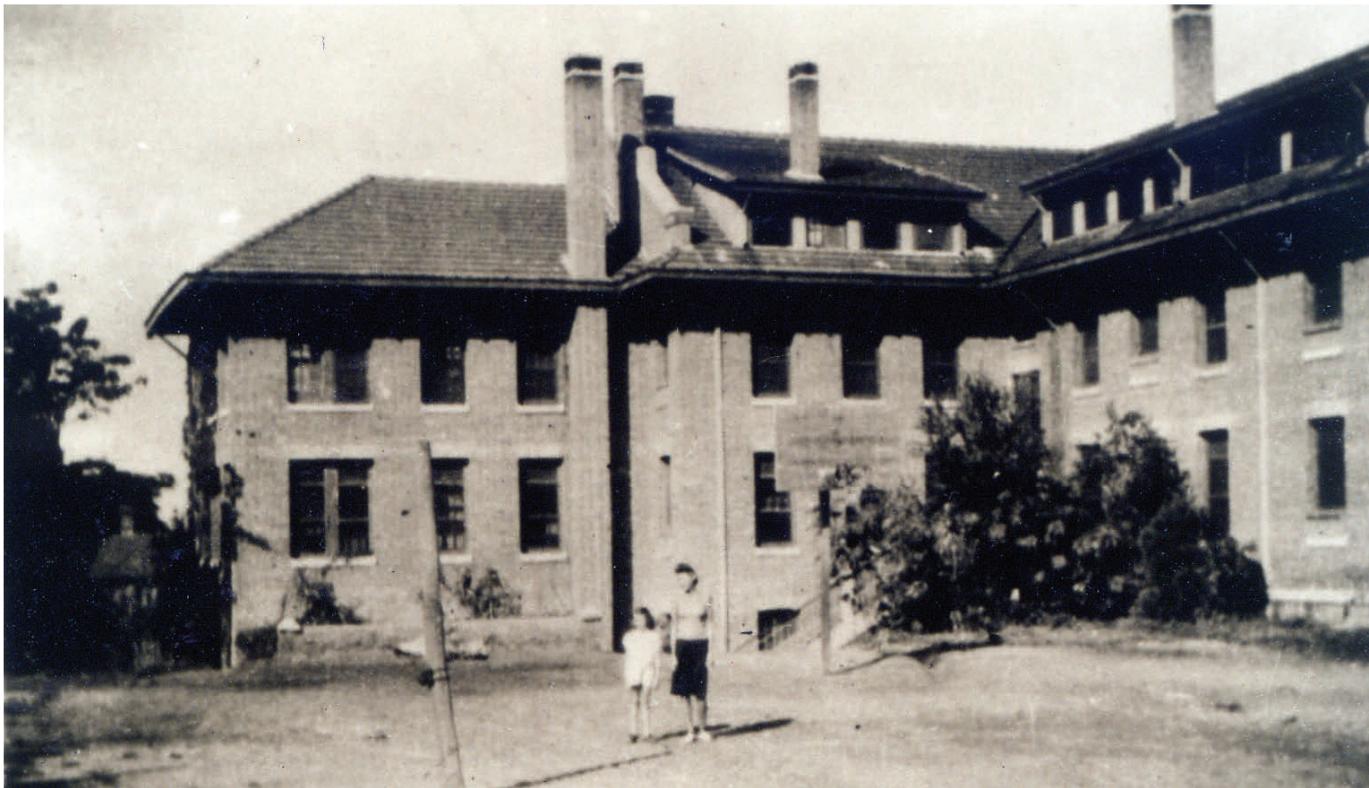
Two slices of bread and clear tea once a day, no milk at all, a small amount of sugar till May of this year and since then none at all. The little children and babies had a little milk. We have had one Red Cross parcel since coming here, though the airmen tell us America sent one every month.

\*

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 Staiger 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.

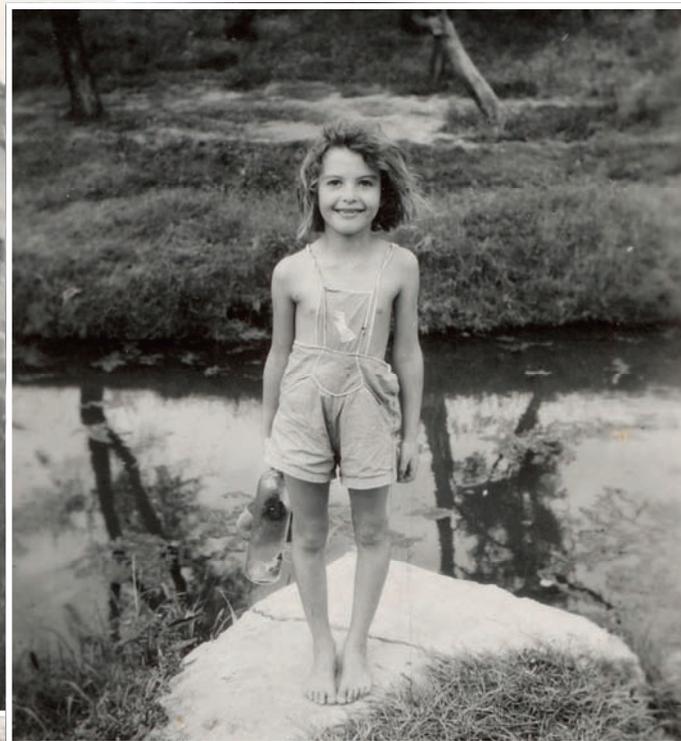
I said to him "I'm sorry, Sir, I don't know how to read Chinese".

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."

\*

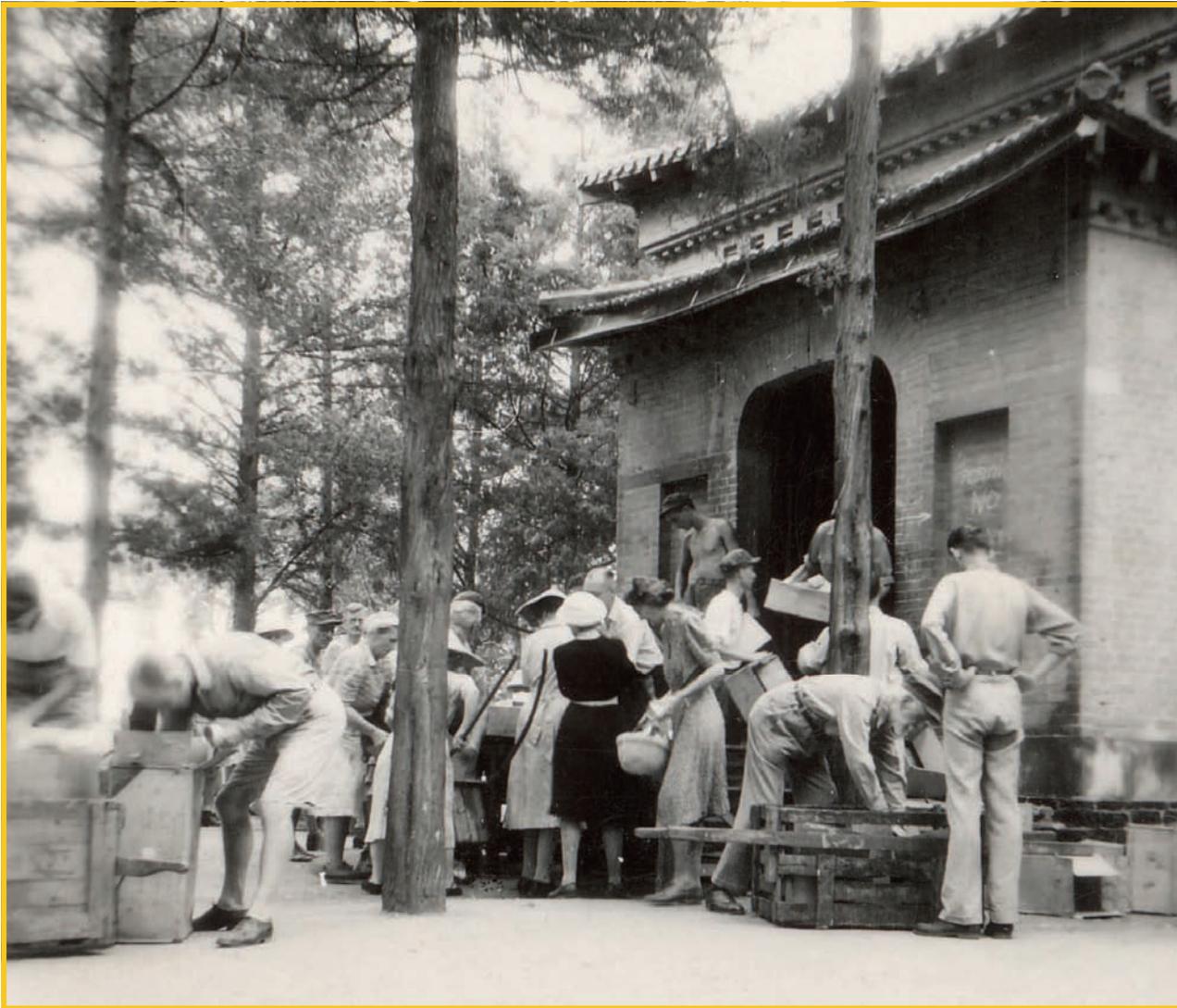
I remember that we were warned early of the risks of 'taking an unboiled drink' from those deadly wells!.....So, what did I do to quench my thirst on some of those hot days?

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-

ecided 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

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"

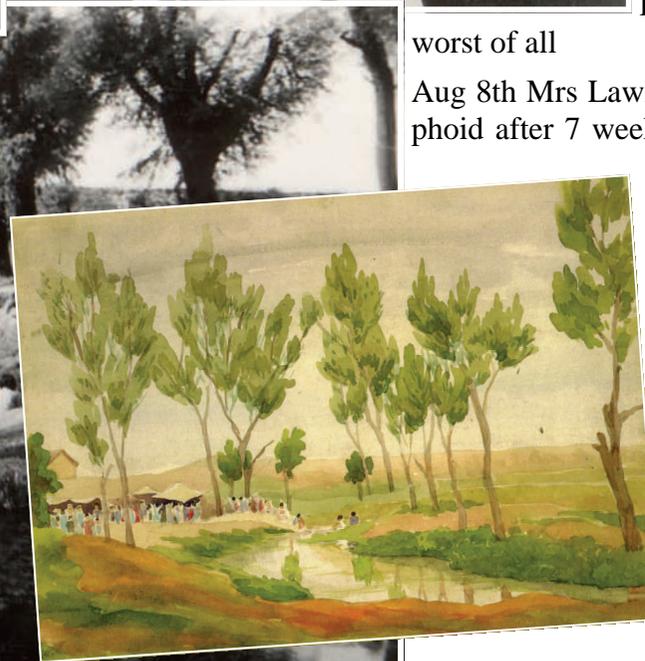
Aug 16th Nothing but rumours + everyone very excited.

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

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





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-

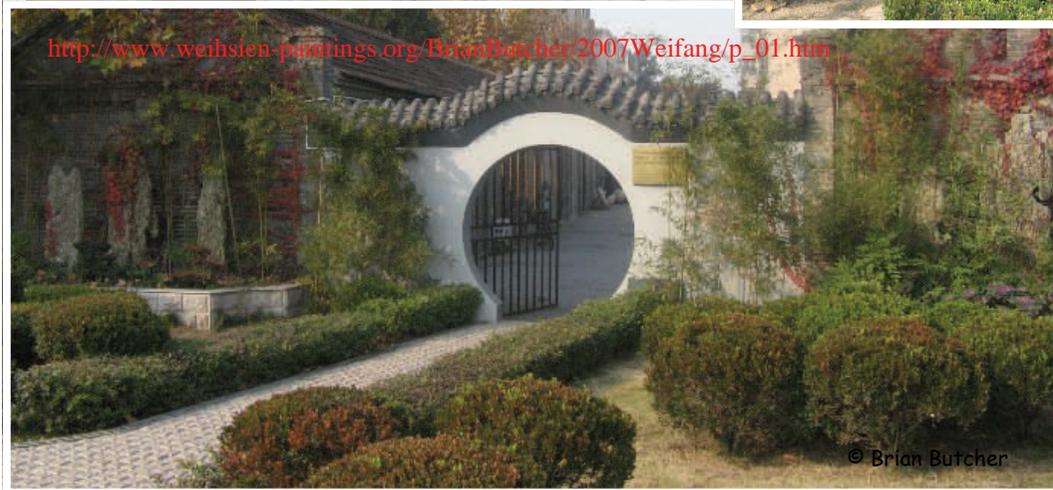
plies were on the way. Within half an hour we heard the ponderous drone of heavily laden planes. Ten B-29s circled overhead and, as their bellies opened, tons of supplies were dropped, filling the sky with yellow, green, red, blue and white parachutes.

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!"

\*

[http://www.weih sien-paintings.org/BrianButcher2007Weifang/p\\_01.htm](http://www.weih sien-paintings.org/BrianButcher2007Weifang/p_01.htm)



© Brian Butcher



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 Fri-  
day 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.

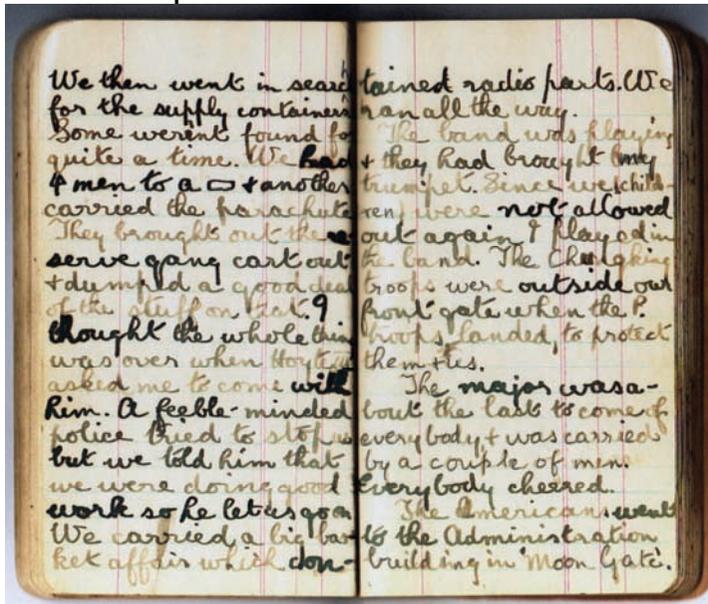
Also the U.V. and L.V.  
(Lower & Upper 5th forms  
(aged 14 & 15)) had to be  
messengers for the camp  
police who wore red arm-  
bands with C.P. in black.  
We wore green scarves on  
our left arms.

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 air-  
field so when the B-24 came that af-  
ternoon, 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.  
Evdenden. — Youth concert.

Sunday, August 19th

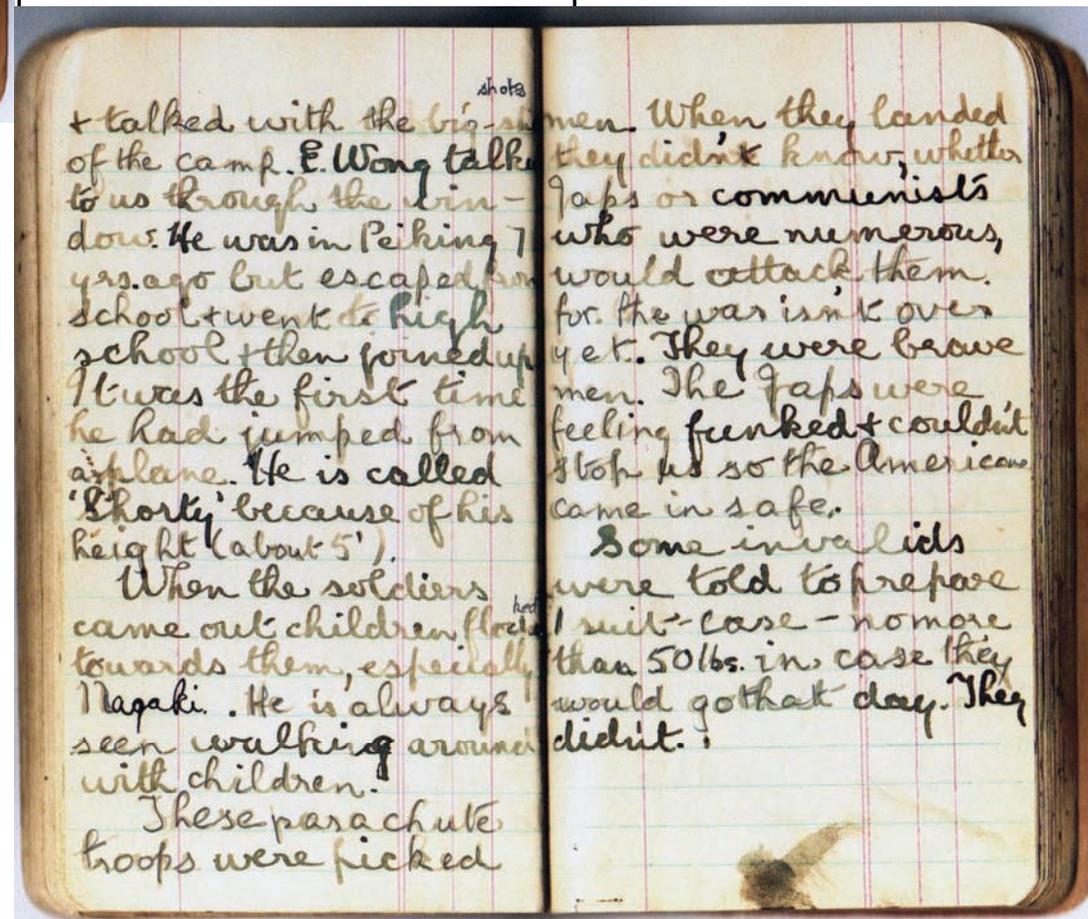
Nothing much.

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 Ameri-

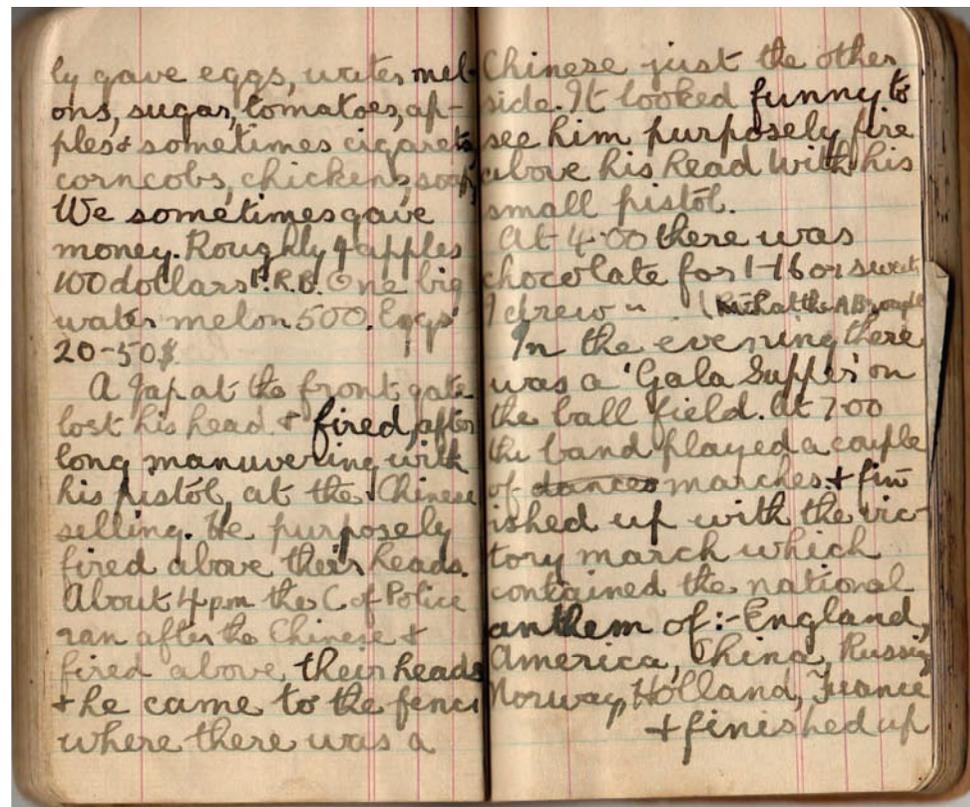
cans were in Weih sien & that 7 planes were to arrive that day. The last rumour didn't happen. The 20 odd Americans came about 11.00 in a truck — a mission for release work in Korea but were turned back. The story was they were sent to Korea & landed on an airdrome near a camp on Saturday. The Japs were 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

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 manuvering (sic) with his pistol, at the Chinese selling. He purposely fired above his head with his small pistol.



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 manuvering (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)

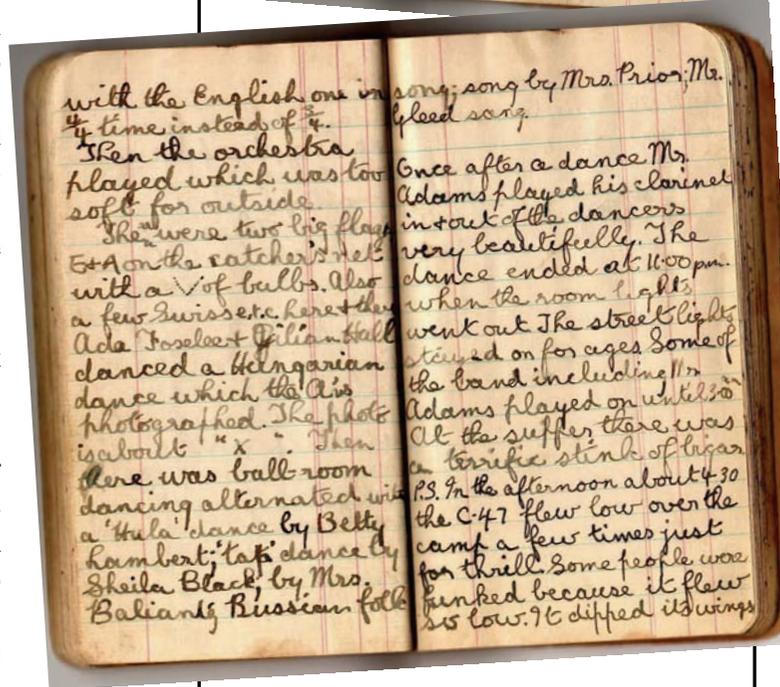
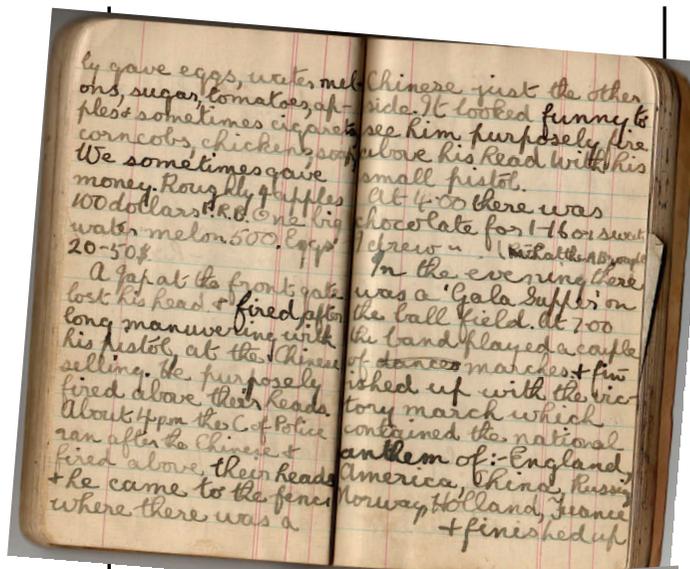
There were about 15 Chinese soldiers & an officer doing something outside the gate. We brought food and tea to them. Their job was to look after the market. They had 1945 rifles but they looked local — some were cracked.

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 fuhny (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.

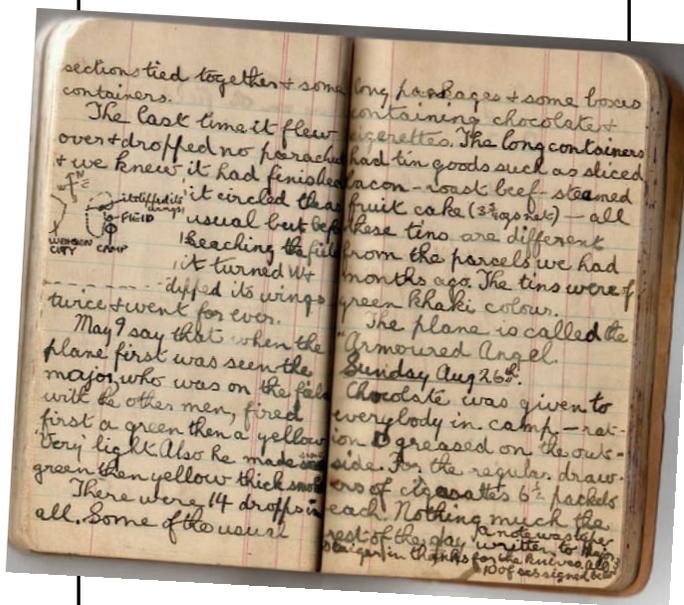
The plane is called the "Armoured Angel"



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 moon gate.

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 stream 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-

drews & 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 runway 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 brief-case 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, Scovill 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

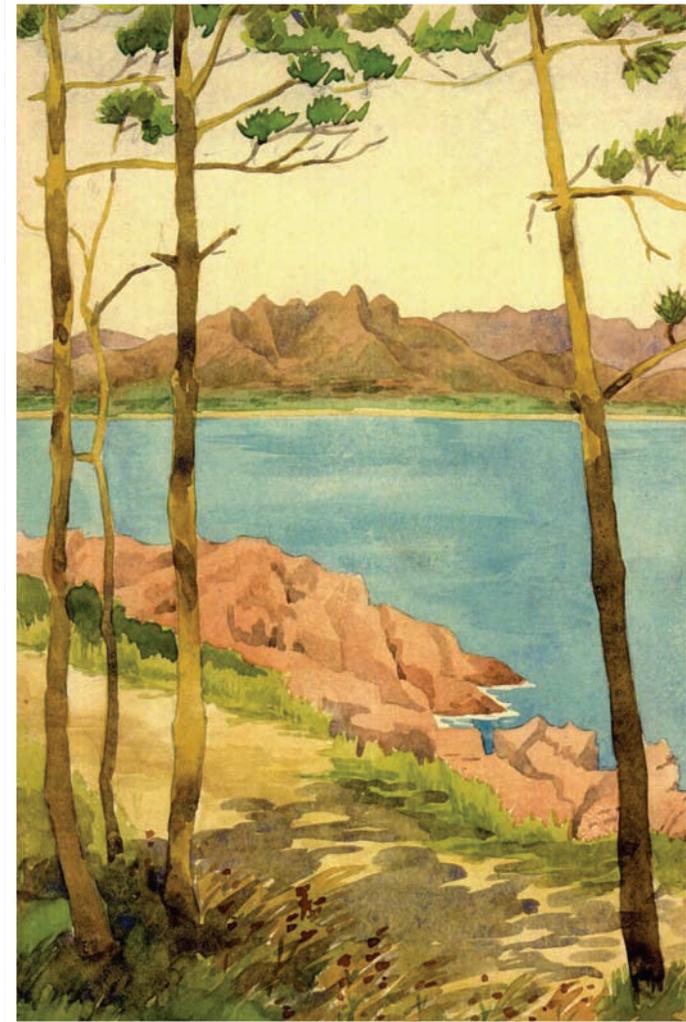
Tsingtao at 3.00. We had to go slowly over some bridges which had previously been blown up by the communists. We passed over about 3 rivers. When we arrived British sailors stood on guard and a marine band played. (There were also Yanks on guard).

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

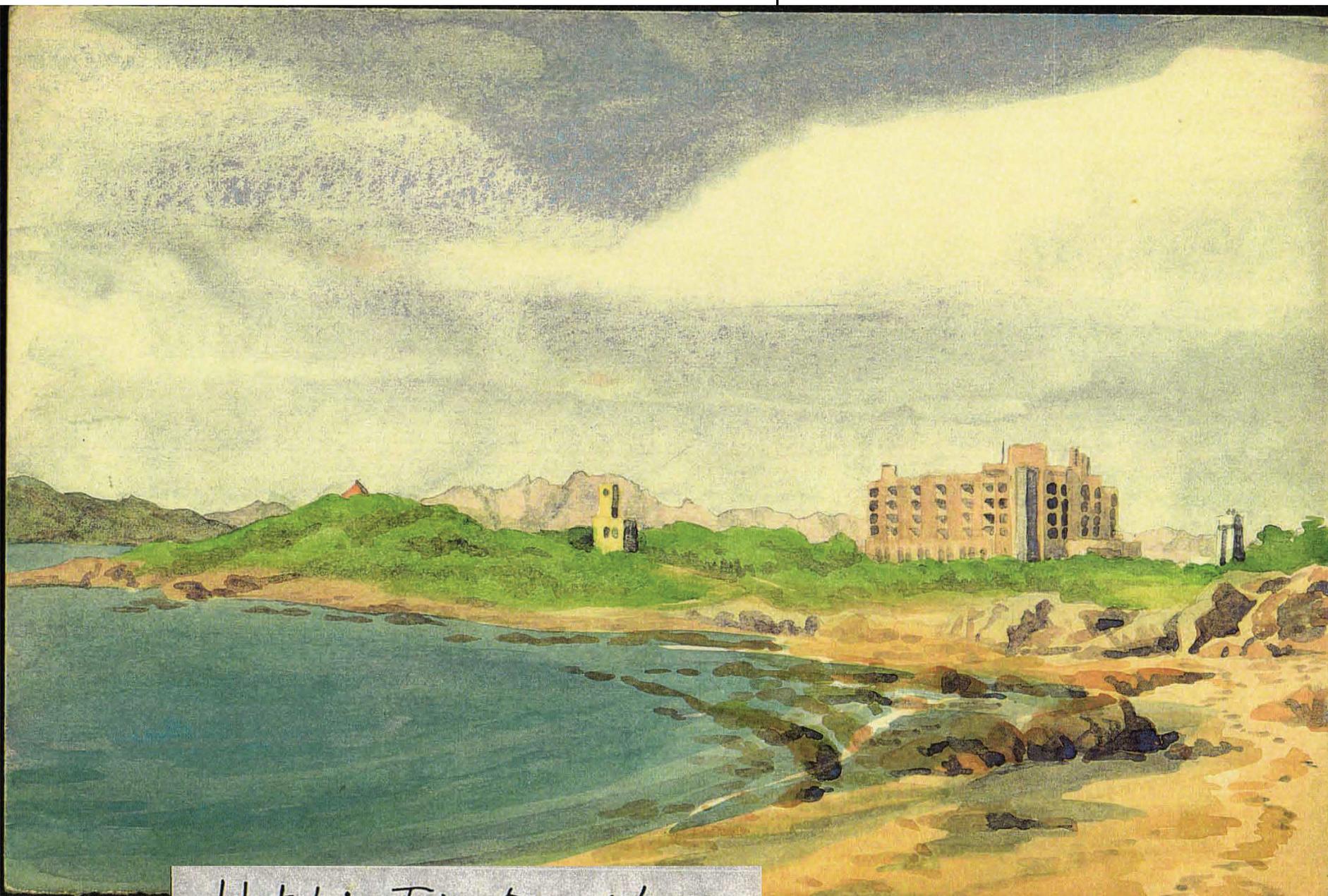
read this from a piece of paper in Chinese & then another Chinese interpreted it into English.

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.

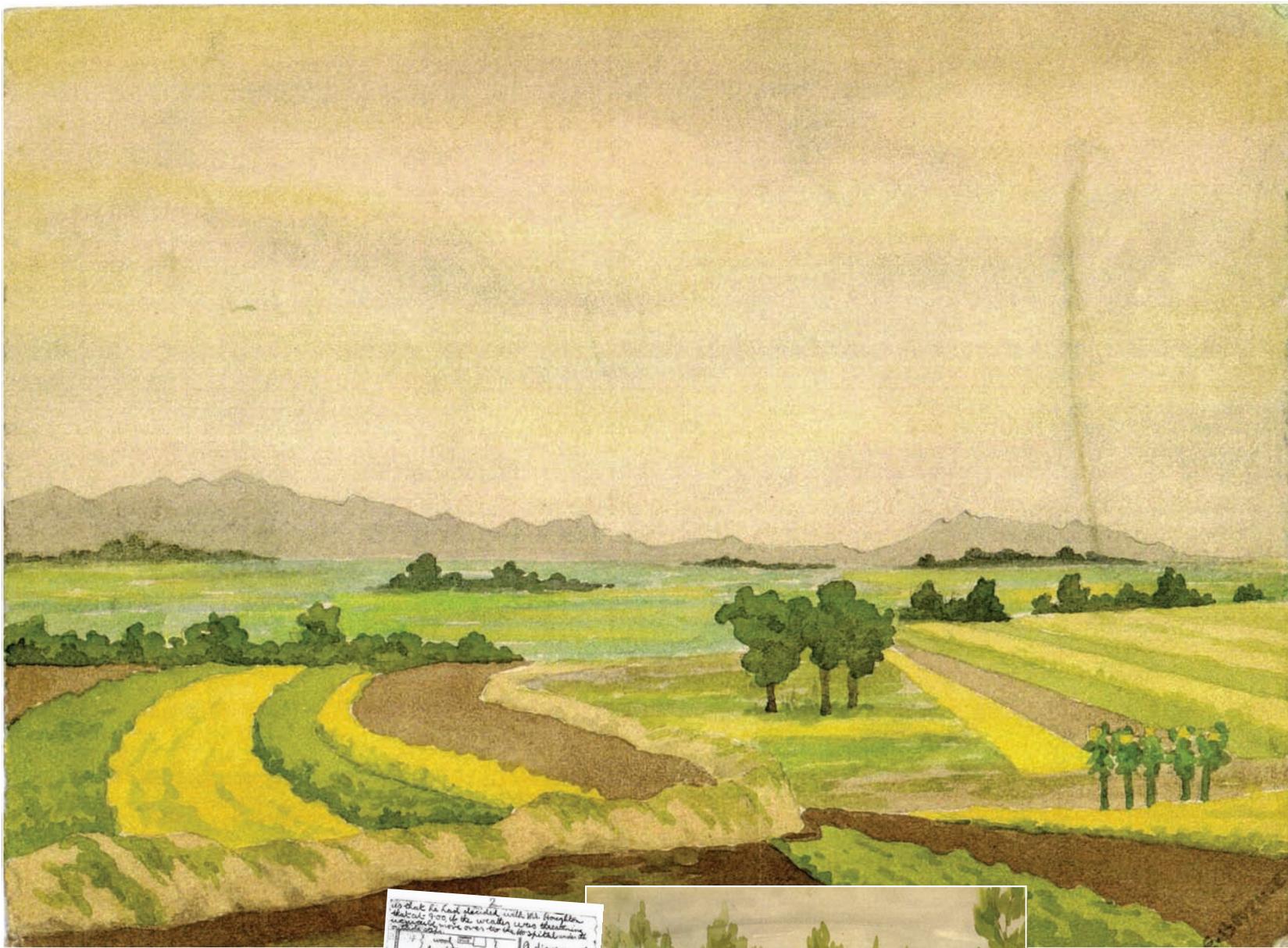
October 2nd 1945,  
Went to Iltis huk in our car. Good day; Enjoyed ourselves at the wood on the huk & on the rocks. The water made a deep boom as it went up a cave. In the evening, band from the U.S.S. Alaska played for dance.

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.

\*



西歷一九三七年十月日



大英國駐煙台領事官祁

佈告事照得本產業係屬英僑所有他人不得干涉或侵入特此佈告週知

領事官祁德森

*luc*

British Consulate,  
CHEFOO,  
October 9th., 1937.

Sir (Madam),

The enclosed copies of a consular notification in Chinese are issued to you for use only in the event of an emergency. They request freedom from interference for British premises, and in the event of an emergency necessitating concentration or evacuation of British subjects should be pasted over the doors of your residence before your departure. Till then the enclosed copies should be kept in a safe place and held in reserve.

I have at present no reason to anticipate such an emergency as that referred to above and the enclosed notifications are issued now as a precautionary measure only.

I am, Sir (Madam),  
Your obedient Servant,

*W. H. ...*  
CONSUL.

Weih sien 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 Xiujian 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

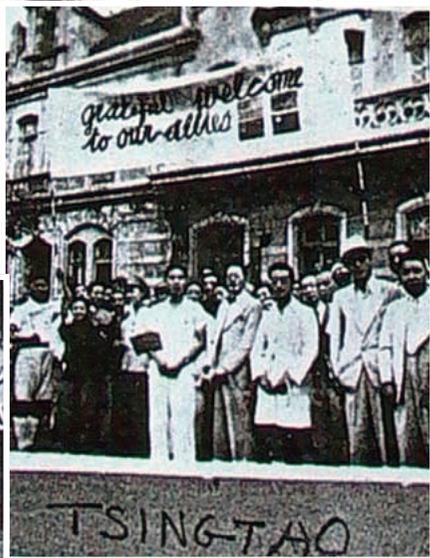
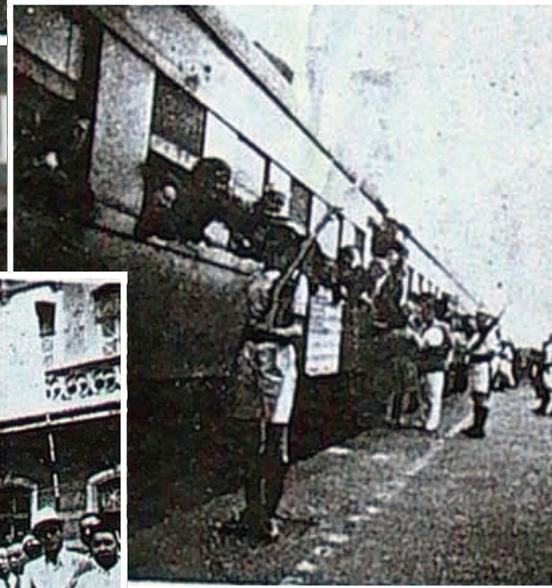
they were able to devise examination question papers for us comprised of genuine questions. When the war was over, our headmaster took these question papers and our written answers to the university in England and explained the circumstances. The university accepted his explanations and marked the papers 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 Weih sien 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."

\*

"Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of VJ Day and the Liberation of



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.

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

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

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](http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/ChSancton/paintings/p_ElephanExchange.htm)

\*

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

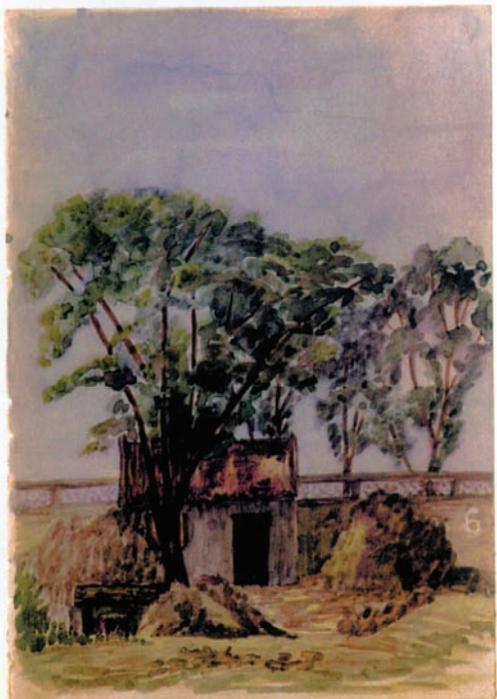
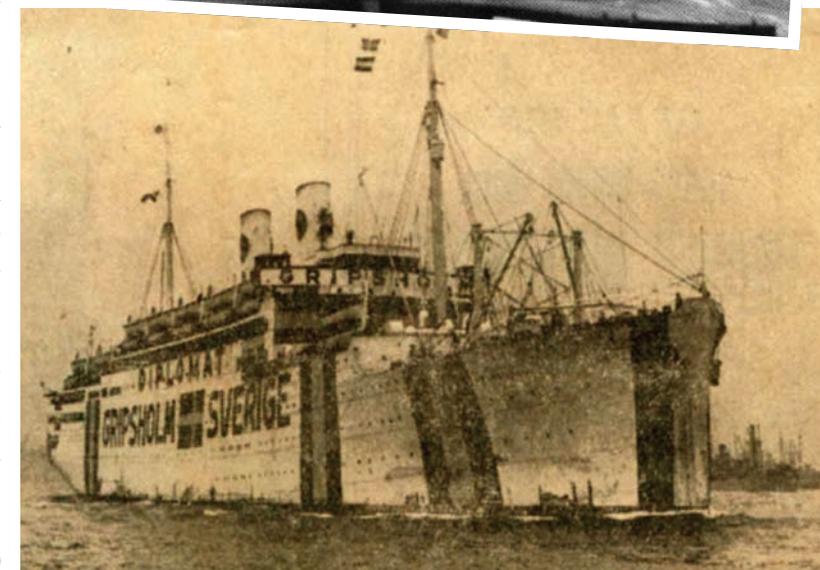
Japanese civilians living in Britain and the British Commonwealth to equate to the large number of diplomatic and quasi diplomatic staff of British and Commonwealth origin who had been captured. Incidentally, subsequent recent research done personally, from the contemporary nominal rolls (done 1942-1945) 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.

\*



16. The "White Elephant" where sugar was exchanged for shoes, sheets for shirts etc. *Widdon*

**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 -

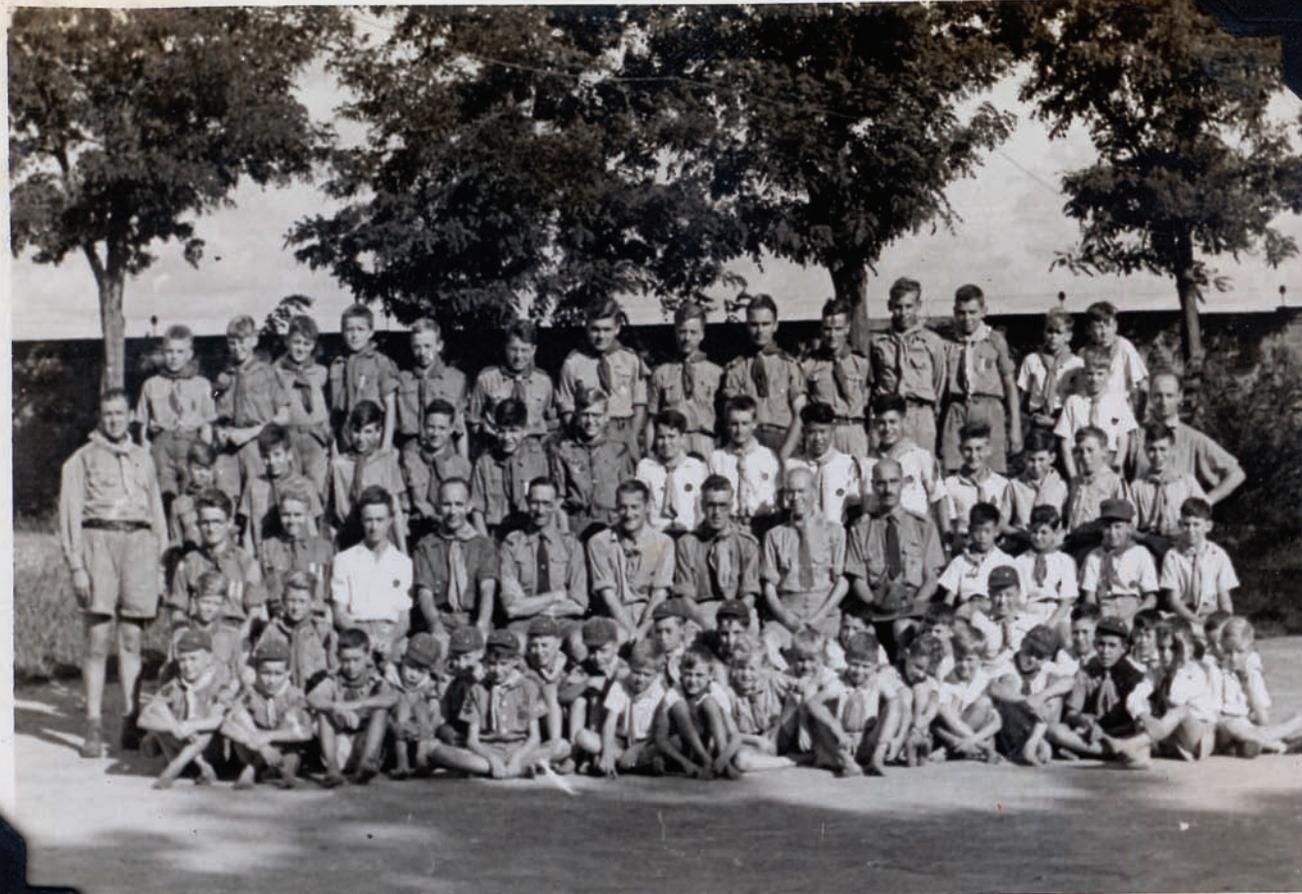
The sun was a white haze. C. Trickey was at Mr. Hubbard's who was banging some tins together. Trickey had probably seen something interesting. The Kitchen I boiler room stokers were at the showers & the kitchen workers were packing up. Mr. Dalli-

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. Stedford 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.



<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.**

more was stoking at boiler I. D. Clark was pumping. The gauge was 2'6". The Houghtons' aluminium drinking water jug was at the pump. Swifts and Azure winged Magpies were about the only birds around. Occasionly (sic) a

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.weih sien-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 tennicoft (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 Ghyselincx 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 work-  
ers 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 1/2  
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 carring (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 carring  
(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 spar-  
rows 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.

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 prac-  
ticing at 35. S. David still getting wa-  
ter. Usual happenings at K.2. Mr.

house. Hos. Weather vein (sic) swing-  
ing from S.E. to S.S.E & back. Mr.  
David loafing. Guage (sic) 4' 10 1/2 ".  
Jap sitting on turret. Mr. Foxlee fin-  
ished & 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 po-  
tatoes & bread. We brought up

the two mattresses which we had bor-  
rowed from Sadler II. Then we got  
down to this account.

Finished Sunday 6 o'clock p.m.

#



<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.

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 rooms 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 MacDowall
SIMON PETER	Lucius Porter
JOHN	Marcy Ditmanson
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 30<sup>th</sup> & 31<sup>st</sup> 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.weih sien-paintings.org/PeterBazire/WSO/p\\_WSO-01.htm](http://www.weih sien-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 Weih sien.

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

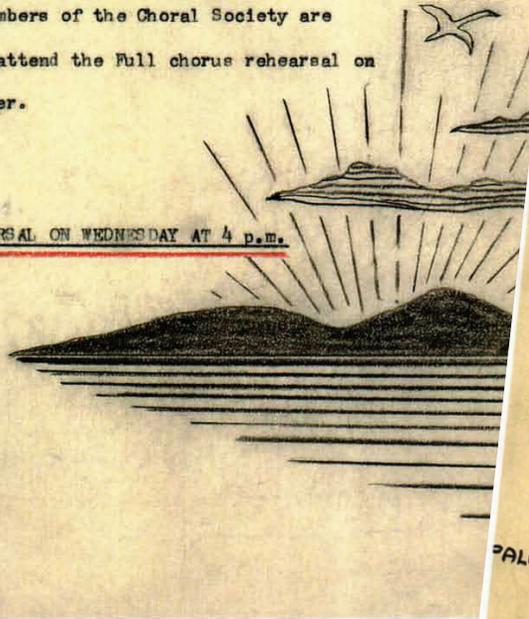
## "FAR HORIZON"

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 wrt 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

Weih sien 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

witz Choir & Orchestra conducted by

Percy S. Glead

ASSEMBLY HALL

PALM SUNDAY & MONDAY 25<sup>th</sup> / 26<sup>th</sup> MARCH 1945 7.45 P.M.

# VARIETY

FRIDAY, SATURDAY  
APRIL 27 & 28  
8 P.M.

## PROGRAMME

POLKA & WALTZ "The Gory Gorilla"	Gilliam, Ada, Nicole, Wendy, Wiesje, Nina Lucius	SAILORS HORNPIPE Trumpet Solos	Nina, Wiesje, Wendy, Nicole Lopez
GYPSY BEGGAR Songs from the "Merry Widow"	Jacqueline Isabelle	ONE STEP Betty at the Baseball Game	Ada & Gilliam Helen

Dances arranged by Madame Nina

### THE MUSIC

Eileens A+B, Robbie, Vicente, Lope, George & Percy

## DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Song & Dance by the Italian Community

under the direction of

Maestro Mario  
with

Pizza  
Jolando  
Maria  
Zela  
Licia  
Vittoria  
Cecilia  
Licietta

Luigi  
Orlando  
Tullio  
Claudio  
Carlo  
Raoul  
Pietro  
Gian-Allen

Giacomo & Mario with their guitars

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."

# \*

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.

\*

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

**PROGRAMME**

- 1. PIANO SOLO**  
Nocturne ..... York Bower  
SOLOIST: Eileen Bazire
- 2. SOPRANO SONGS IN RUSSIAN**  
"Night" ..... Tschaiakowsky  
Aria from the opera "Snow White" ..... Rimzsky Korsakov  
SOLOIST: Cleo Faulkner  
AT THE PIANO: Percy Gleed
- 3. VIOLIN SOLOS**  
Indian Love Call ..... Fritz arr. Kreisler  
Tortza 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

**INTERVAL**

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN NORTH CHINA OF  
**"FAR HORIZON"**  
A CANTATA BASED ON CHINESE FOLK TUNES  
Text by Juazita E. Roos

MUSIC BY CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

With full CHORUS & ORCHESTRA conducted by  
Leonard Stranks

SOLOISTS: Dorothy Pryor & Percy Gleed

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 Weihsien 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 Weihsien. 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.weihsien-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 Weihsien 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 Weihsien 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



<http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/hanquet/pages/page05BS.htm>

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 Illtis Hydro Hotel we were waited upon by Chinese servants who served our meals and I remember our Russian friends Katie Maevisky and family occasionally bringing Russian delicacies

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

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!

\*

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 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

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.

\*

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.

\*



<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,

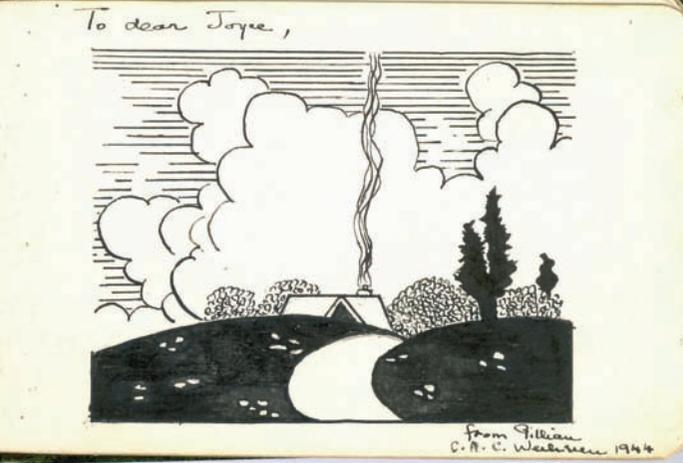


I remember that internees created amazing morale boosters in Weih sien - - schools, plays, religious services, Weih sien Orchestra concerts, Salvation Army Band, debates, athletic competitions, lectures, White Elephant Bell Exchange, bird exploration

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.



I remember that Weih sien 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, bumpus. 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!

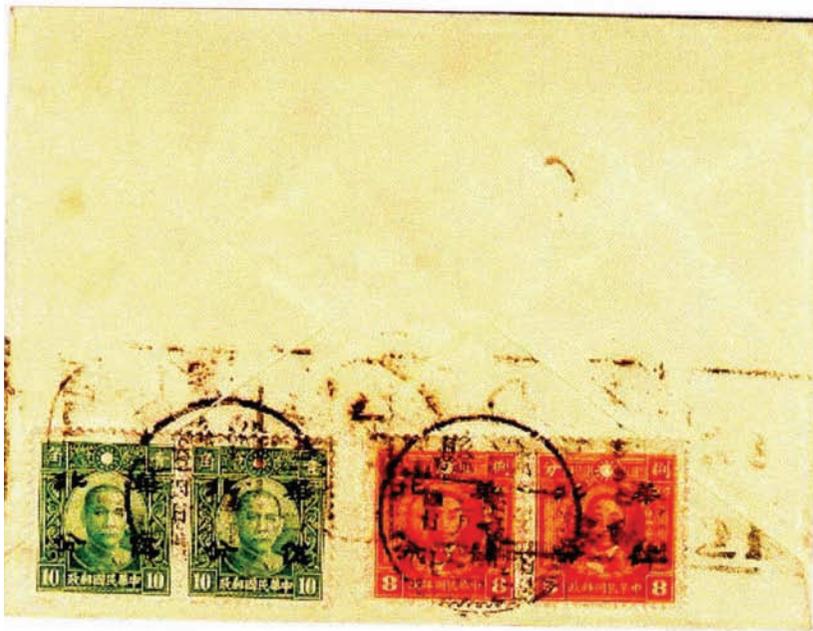
walks.

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.

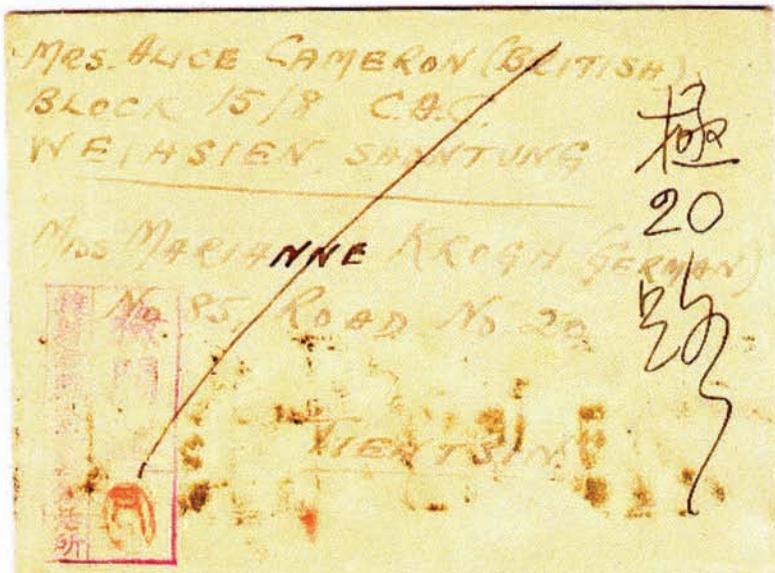
I remember that the books came from Tsingtao and arrived at the camp on donkey carts sometime in the midsummer of '43. I don't know if some good soul rounded them up for us, or if they came from a library, but I am certain that Mr. Egger of the International Red Cross was the person who saw that they arrived safely at Weih sien.

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





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

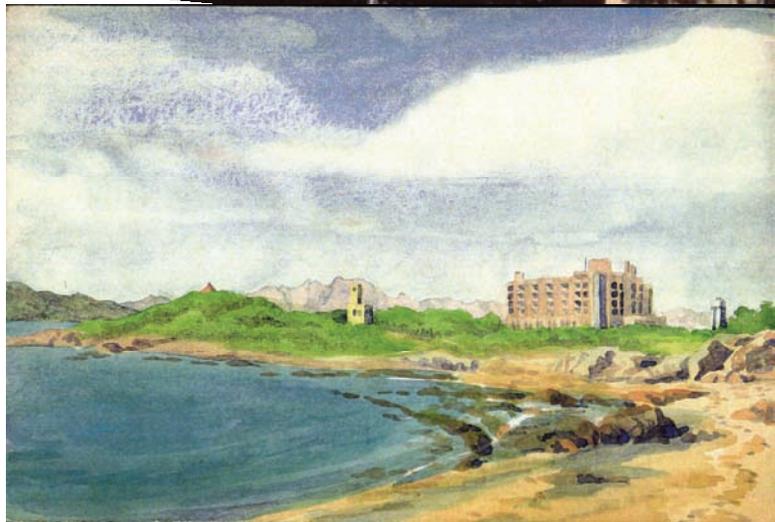
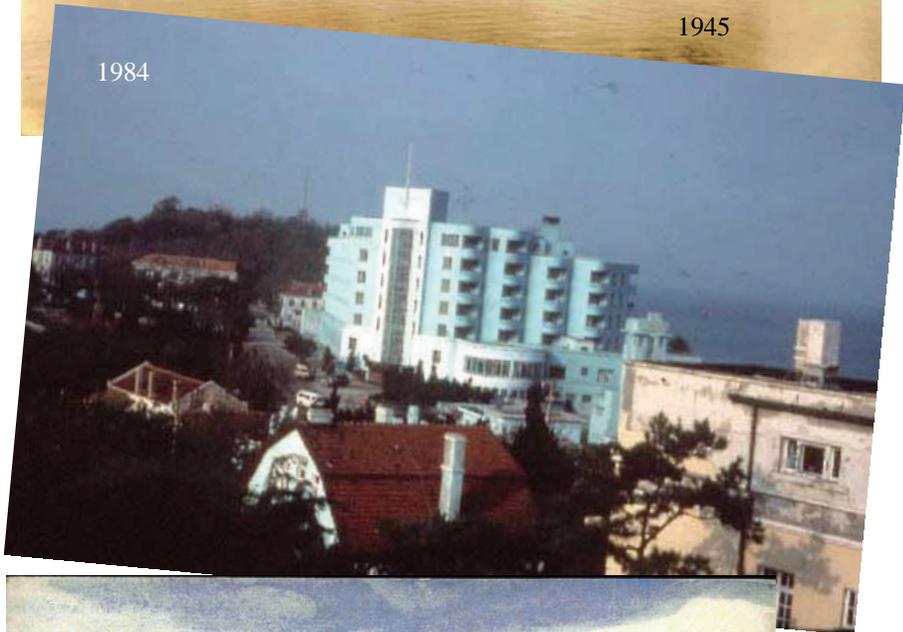
had used to shape us and that had made us feel safe in Weihsien. Those gifts anchor children. They anchored me. I give my eternal gratitude to such grown ups who shaped me in Weihsien -- and for ever.

\*

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 Tommy

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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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 Weih sien 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 Tsing-tao (today spelled Qingdao) to set up an OSS base there.

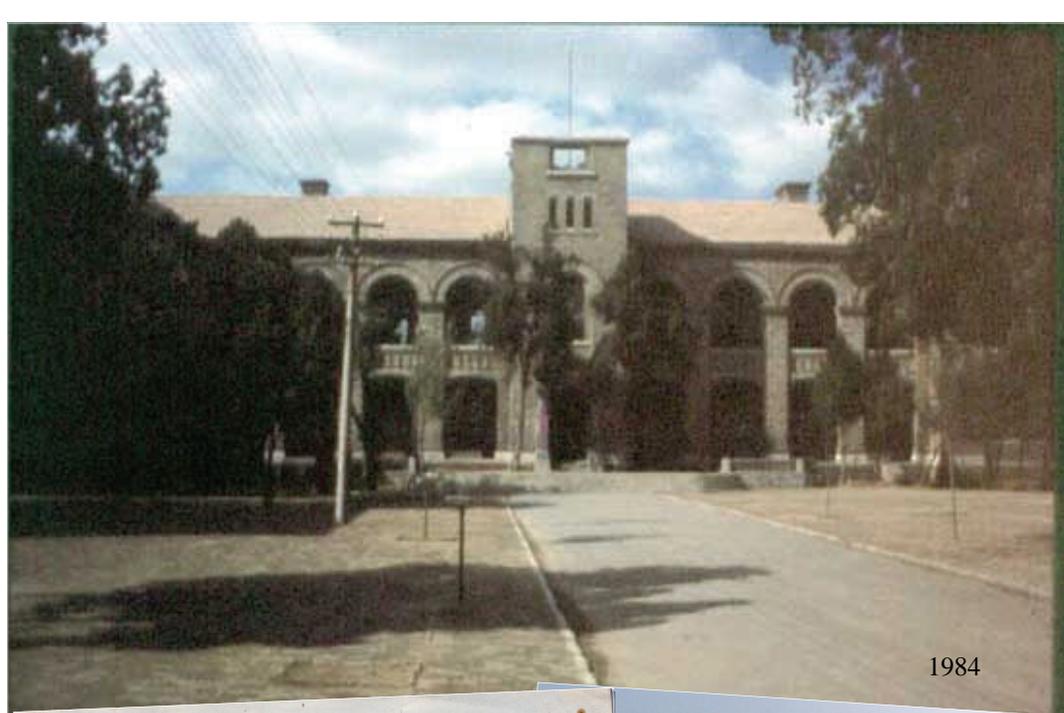
\*

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 Weih sien 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.

\*



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.

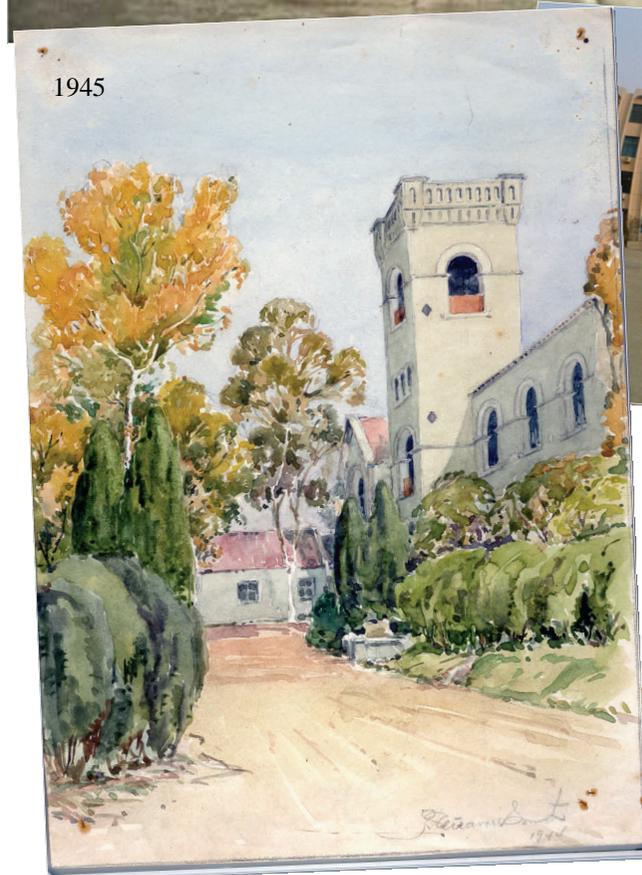
A few years ago Bob and I visited Armic Balianz' wife Armen, known as Tsolik in her Bali restaurant in San Francisco. I think Armic was still alive and in a terrible state from the treatment and beatings he had received from the Japs both at the Iltris Hydro and in WeiHsien.

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.

\*



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



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.

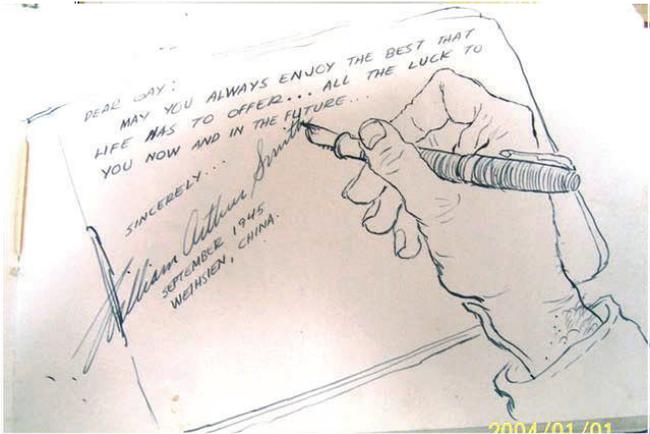
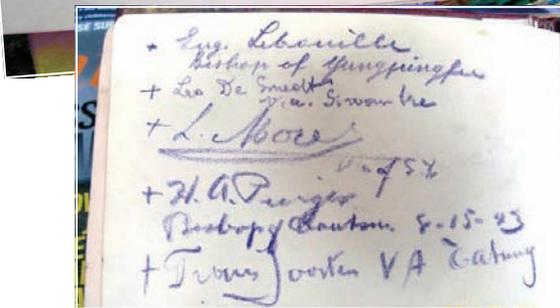
And suddenly it was all over. Pa Bruce came to talk to us, recommending that we do our exams straight away. Nothing would be lost if we failed, but if we passed we would not have to go back to school for two more years 'at home'. (They had saved the half-year Oxford papers since the war started, in case 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 restring 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.

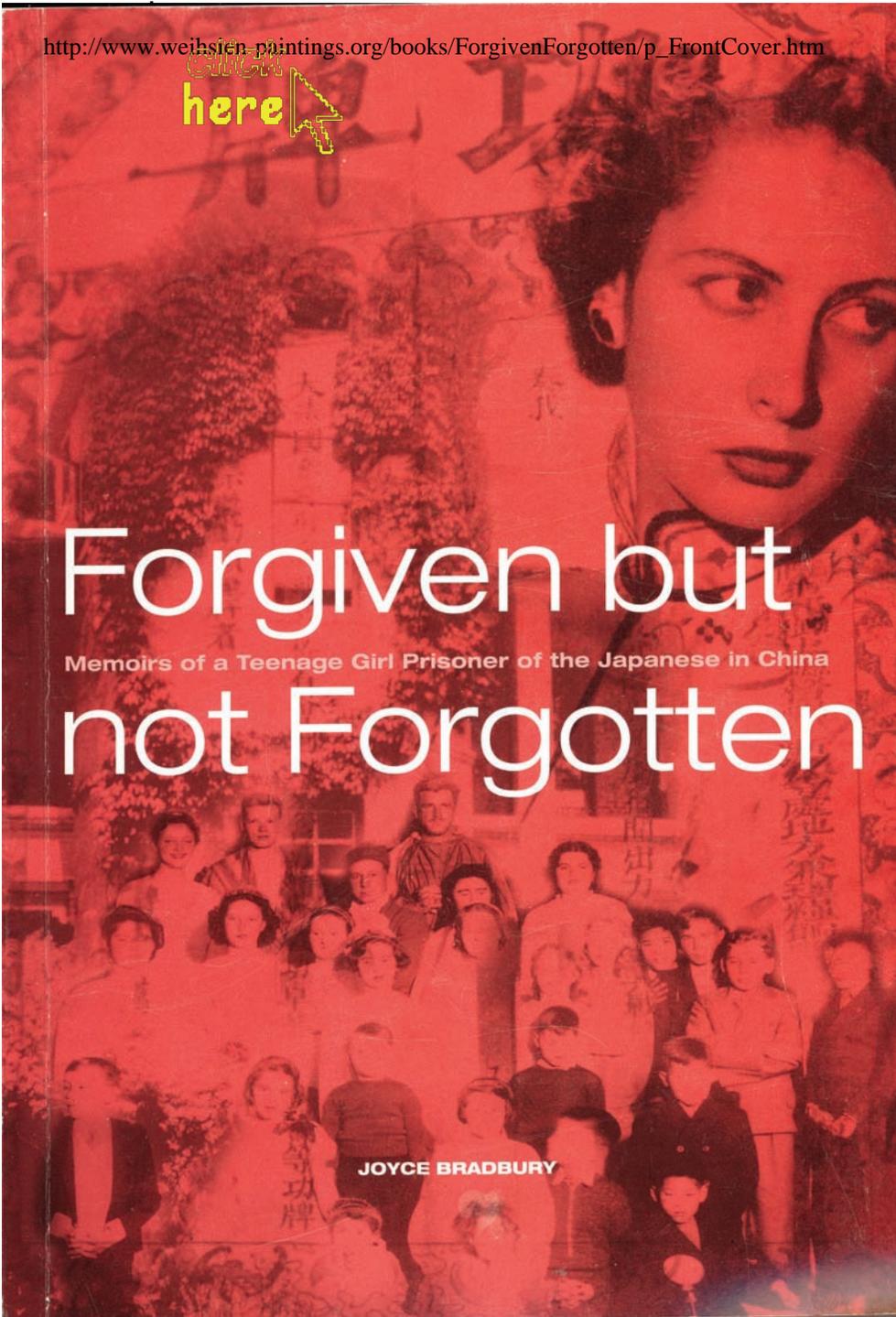
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I remember that Miss Evelyn Davey, now Huebner chuckled when I told her that there had been quite a discussion about color of guard uniform. Without hesitation she said they were khaki--green --usual color of uniforms.

\*

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



# Forgiven but not Forgotten

Memoirs of a Teenage Girl Prisoner of the Japanese in China

JOYCE BRADBURY

fuel the

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!

\*

# THE CHILDREN:

# & THE NEXT GENERATIONS:

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
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
George	Watts	14
Dwight W	Whipple	9

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