

Written by
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Towards the end of 1941 was a very busy period for me with Ship surveys etc. and the "Man Yeung" taken and fitted as a mine-layer. I managed to do one day and one evening a week Military training with the H.K.V.D.C.

In December we were in a state of emergencies, Military uniforms etc. were always ready and all important papers etc. at Military information were burnt. We were mobilized for a practice; at this time there was a large Jap Military force on the Chinese side of the Boarder. Our role was to assist in doing a rearguard action from the Frontier, our armoured car Section divided in two. One half to do Castle Peak side and the other half to do the Taipo side.

Training in the H.K.V.D.C. was also a pleasant, interesting and instructive pastime. I joined the Mobile Column in 1934 and enjoyed every minute of the time spent.

Early in December on one of our mobilizing drill nights, I was told that I had a job and would not be required by the H.K.V.D.C. so I went home disappointed at not being allowed to be with the boys.

At the beginning of the month of December we had a trial such as a mock mobilization of Essential service men, there were men detailed to act as enemy spies and saboteurs. Two bombs were planted in the H.Q and we heard that other important places suffered the same; however I managed my job and all went well.

On the 6th I had the job of getting the Canadian troops away from S.S. Po Barracks, Bamboo Pier and S.S Po Ferry pier, little did I realise then that they were actually going to their sectors to prepare for action in a few days time and some were to loose their lives; they were so happy and gay, some had hardly got over the joys at the night before. The officers only knew their positions by map, and they did not know how to get there so I directed my Coxswains to the nearest landing wharf etc.

On December 9th the balloon went up and I left home crossed to the Harbor Office, reported to the Harbor Master there given the Deputy Harbor Office and the telephone. My job was to be Liaison Officer to the Director of Water Transport who was the Harbor Master, I had to transmit messages to the Ferry Coy, such as sending a launch to a particular place to move troops as directed from G.H.Q. through the Director of Water Transport. On duty day and night slept under a table and later a canvas stretcher. Air raids we went down to the ground floor. On the Wednesday managed to cross to Kowloon to my flat, looters were on the job. Police control was weakening, I crossed back to the Harbor Office heard that our troops are slowly retiring.

On Thursday Morning Japs and Fifth Columnist were busy. All troops were evacuated from the Main Land. Ferries stopped in before noon. Star Ferry fired on from Holts Wharf direction; then ferries stopped. There were some launches at the H.K.W & G. Co. Wharf, I and Mr Dickson had the job of taking my launch "May Keung" over to tow these launches away, I managed the Tug Kowloon first trip, the second trip I got the Cerlew, this launch had a

painted Jap flag flying on her. I took that down and handed it to Inspector Whant, when I arrived in H.K. side. On my way over I stopped and picked up an R.A.F. speed launch which was drifting disabled, on board were 6 firemen belonging to the Fire Brigade.

Communication was broken off from the Main land, there was a lull and one of our launch which was captured in Kowloon Bay "Man On" was used to carry a party of Japs etc. with the White Flag asking the Governor to surrender.

At night we listened to B.B.C. our forces were still holding out on the Main Land. Our office by now moved to the Stock Exchange, Ice House Street.

About the 12th nearly went with the men who went to Green Island to bring back explosives on the Launch Jeanette towing a lighter; there was a terrific explosion at 11 P.M. and they all lost their lives.

All windows in Central water front were shattered. It happened in the Centre Fairway opposite the Vehicular Ferry Wharf. I was called to do another job, tow a barge of shells from Naval Yard to Lai Moon but as I got along the street I was called back as information came that the Naval Yard would be shelled in half an hour and for me not to go. At this time it was not safe in the streets after dark as there are bullets flying and people using rifles. Once some troops found some drinks on one of the wharves they got drunk and began shooting at dogs etc. and the Redcaps had to be called out.

About the 14th I had orders to scuttle my four Vehicular ferries which were moored at Central Vehicular wharf. It was delayed a day in hopes that H.Q. may change their minds. We all thought that H.K. would be retaken by our forces in a weeks time and that the boats would be saved from being sunk and useful for us again. That late afternoon I went round the harbor with Inspector Oliver of the Police giving instructions to all in charge of ships at anchor to scuttle. Next morning I had instruction to go ahead and sink our Vehicular boats, so on getting orders to scuttle my heart felt sad as I had the job of watching over the building and the running of them and now to have to scuttle them was a hard blow. Mr Swan would not let me go alone he said he knew how I felt and he came with me. We were told to do it quietly and not give any indication for fear we would be observed from the Main Land. We opened the water strainer covers then opened the sea-valves.

Next morning they were all down the "Man Kim" and the berth was partly submerged, the "Man Gok" and "Kung" was off No. 5 berth and they sank on the east side, nothing was taken off at all. Now the "Man Yeung" was on the North Arm of the Naval Camber managed to survive shell fire although she had a few hits. Our 8 double enders were scuttled inside the Naval Camber by the R.N. after they had done the evacuation of troops from Kowloon. I reported to the Harbor Master and was told that I had finished and that I could join up with my unit of the H.K.V.D.C. and carry on.

That day I met some of my pals, went to the Dairy Farm and had a nice dinner we thought perhaps for the last time. The Dairy Farm dining Room was full and some people were sitting at their tables ordering food, not eating it

but putting it into bags and tins to take away. In the afternoon I went up to Head Quarter met my O.C, he did not expect to see me and he had enough men but told me to stay and as the boys were doing night patrol they had to cook for themselves. I then acted as cook. I had 2 electric radiators and with them did the cooking and made coffee. We drew our radiators with the Rajputs the Indian Battalion they were in the H.K.V.D.C. place and resting after some very heavy fighting round Devil's Peak etc. We were quartered in the offices of the P.W.D office building. In the mornings the boys came back after a night's patrol I had tea, toast, fried steak and bacon and they did enjoy it, at tiffin I had stew for them also tin fruit, at evening the same.

On the 18th we began to get shelled and it got fairly hot and a few fire alarms, later an airplane spotted armoured cars etc. and one came over dropped a rack of bombs. No.4 car was at the turn of Albert Rd. the crew were in the P.W.D office, first bomb hit the office where Partridge, Colling & Sprague were and they were injured. Second hit a car shed, third hit cars in car park side of C.S office and the fourth hit the top of the miniature range of H.K.V.D.C. and it collapsed on top of a lot of Indian troops which were resting inside, a lot were trapped in and then fire started inside a number were killed and burnt to death, we got some help with fire, the smell and sight was terrible.

Later we received word to move to Ventris Rd after dark so we packed up and at 6.30 moved. I was appointed a car commander of No. 4 car as Partridge etc. were sent to Hospital. We moved after dark with lamps out, after arriving we dispersed out the cars and we decided to settle down in the Dragon Garage. Some of my gear I placed in a new shed at the corner of Ventris and Blue pool Rd.

The Japs started to shell the valley, we done some exploring and went through the large air raid shelter there. There were thousands of Chinese men, women and children in the shelter. When the shelling stopped we made our way down to the Dragon Garage, there made ourselves comfortable when word came that No. 1 Armour car received a direct hit on turret and a fire had started, we took a few fire extinguishers put out the fire which set blankets etc. alight. The two Vickers Machine Guns and the turret top was on the road. We picked up the guns etc. then went back to the garage. At 11 P.M we got word for one car to patrol King's Rd. and another to patrol Glouchster Rd. My car was ordered to do King's Rd. Lt. Curruthers, Smits, Parks, Miller and myself, we left with lights dim out of Happy Valley past the French Convent to Causeway Bay. The fire at the oil tanks at North Point were burning brightly, and all appeared to be quiet, we moved slowly into King's Rd through the rock cutting at the H.K Electric, continuing along, all seemed quiet. I was in the turret looking out through peep holes; then we came near the Commercial Press and everything seemed so quiet and we were crawling along when suddenly there was a loud report in front of us, the car stopped, my driver gave a groan and the car horn started to sound then in a few seconds there was another report and I felt a little sting in my left leg and that I had no standing power and was prevented from falling by having hold of the traversing handle of the two machine guns. I spoke to Lt. Curruthers that my leg was gone, so he said Good God what's happening? Then he decided to go for help, so he and Smits left, leaving Usses Miller with me. My driver was dead lying over the driving wheel. By this time the engine of the car had caught on fire and Miller said there are mills of bombs in the car. I then instructed Miller to get out the back door and drag me out as quick as possible then to lay flat on the road.

While in the car we could hear light feet pattering, across the road. Just as we got out there was a shower of machine gun bullets all round us. After laying for a period the ammunition in the car began to go off like crackers due to the fire and as we knew it would be dangerous for us if the bombs were to go off, I told Miller to jump up quickly and grab me anyway and I would hang on to him and drag me over to the side walk on the Harbor side of the road. We just moved when we received another burst of Machine gun bullets, at any rate we got over and got behind some Mimi Lo brick walls which were built to protect the windows of the commercial Press ground floor. We laid there for a period when a figure of a soldier appeared, we called him and found he was a Middlesex Machine gunner of a Pill box on the water front, they were blasted out and he was badly wounded in the stomach. We made him lay down beside us and done our best to keep him quiet. While in the car I put a Tornique on my leg with my handkerchief which helped stop the bleeding, I felt all along that we would get help, although Miller wanted to go for help but I would not let him as it appears too dangerous. The fire of the oil tanks were still blazing occasionally very bright and we kept still. After what seemed to be hours there appeared at the cutting near the Hong Kong Electric, 2 lights of a motor car then went out, a while later we could see a figure of a man dodging as he came behind posts on the way, when he got close enough we called out, he at once challenged us so we told him who we were and the state of things he at once said he was an officer making his way round to Poak Sha Wan and he came from Belchers Fort; after a few words and seeing our condition he said it would be unwise for him to go on and that he had better help us out so he and Miller took my arms on their shoulders and I put my arms round their necks and hung on, they carried me as fast as they could back to the car, the Machine gunner followed I felt a little grating pain but told them to carry on I could stand it although my shot leg was dragging along the ground.

The car was a small Austin so I was dumped into the back and the others on top; we left and after a long ride with stopping and starting and backing out of shell holes we finally arrived at the hospital. I had to wait for quite a while and in the end I was taken into the Casualty room, there given a quick inspection, particulars taken, I was taken in a wheel stretcher down into the basement where the operating theatre was; the place appears to be more like a slaughter house. They have just dealt with a lot of wounded. I had not long to wait and was put on the table, while down I saw and spoke to a V.A.D Miss Joan Gandh. She expressed sorrow at my misfortune and wished me the best. The doctors started mask over my nostrils and told me to take long slow breaths then when I awoke I found myself in a ward full of beds and I was fairly sick, the Sister in charge spoke with an Irish accent and was very kind. Over the beds were angle iron frame and they were to rest bed mattresses when an air raid warning sounded. When an alarm went we were covered up, all lights out doors, windows etc. closed and we laid in our beds like chickens in a cage. All the staff left the ward and went into the air raid shelter especially built under the basement and when the all clear sounded they all came back and carried on. It was terrible in the dark with gun sounding shells exploding every minute expecting the end. My thoughts were continually towards home, my wife, etc. She left the day war broke out for Silver Mine Bay with Mrs Young and the only news I had was a note two days after asking me to take care of myself and trust in God that we will soon be together again.

The first few days in hospital and when an Alarm went I was very frightened but later felt easier. Later I heard that the hospital bomb blew out the kitchen and operating theatre that was why the work of operations and ex-rays were done in the basement and the kitchen shifted down to an old store just at the end of the hospital. I was told that I only had a temporary operation and on Christmas Day I was got ready and was taken down. During the few days before I got to know an Royal Engineer Sergeant Curley Nunn who lost his right leg the first morning of the war at Shamshuipo Barrack; he did not know at the time war was declared; he had just finished his morning parade and was sitting in his room in Jubilee Building when the planes flew over and dropped a stick of bombs, one landing on the roof going through the third floor to strike him on the second floor. Poor Curley went down just before me and they had started on him when I was wheeled into the second operating room and had to wait a while Sister Calthopp and Joan Ganh were there. Curley was in terrible agony and calling out that shook me but I had to calm myself, no matter what I have to go through I will grin and bear it; at any rate the doctors started on me and off I went. I woke up the next morning with the orderly calling me, my leg resting between bolsters to stop any movement. My leg dressed every morning and evening and in a few days I was in a wheel chair. Surrender came and it was a relief for us no more Air Raid Alarms, ward doors and windows opened up and a nice flow of fresh air.

There were a number of visitors everyday, I could not contact any of my people and I was afraid to contact them as I heard that the Japs were interfering with people who had relatives in the Armed Forces. We started to get casualties from Rosary Hill then Queen Mary and last War Memorial Hospital and that filled up Bowan Rd Hospital. Some of our cot cases were very sad ones some young boys they stuck it to the end, and were buried round the ground outside the building. The Japs took charge of the Hospital but made our own doctors and staff run it, our food became a bit scarce as they had to make it hang out. Later Parcels were allowed in from outside and that helped the food problem a little. Concerts were organised. Sunday there were church services.

During May I had a wonderful surprise, my wife sent me a parcel and I know then that she was OK. She contacted the Jap. interpreter who told me her message was that they were all well and she was at home. This was indeed a great relief to me and I felt more contented to wait for the grand day when we would be free.

At intervals the Japs would order a general inspection, so work had to be pushed on, every clean floor polished, wards all clean. The first inspection there were Machine guards every where and all these top ranking Japs with their big dangling swords would tramp through and stare all around. I must say I was very lucky in being able to have my watch and it was the only one in the ward not only for time but for the nurses to take pulse, every time a Jap was a round I was told to hide my hand under my bed clothes so I managed to hang on to it till near the end of the War.

The Canadians were at the North Point Camp and some sick cases were coming in. Tobacco was a problem and cigarette smokers started to feel the shortage. The Canadians were then moved from North Point to Shamshuipo, the Officers went to Argile Street Camp. It was just about November, when all the women staff were told to get ready to leave, so on the day appointed were put into buses and taken away to Stanley Camp, so the men had to carry on the good

work and the difference was noticed at once although I must say the men done a very good job of work, some men grew discontented some dirty and careless; food by now consist of fish, rice, Chinese turnips and other greens. About once in 6 wks we would have an exchange of men. Sick one's from the camp would be sent back and it was by this means we were able to get a little news of how things were faring with men in other camps.

The next important things that happened was an air raid by the British and American planes which dropped bombs on Kowloon Wharf, Naval Yard and some where near the H.K Electric. Our boys were all excited and our morale went up. We were locked in our wards, all persons were brought down from the top floors and herded in the ground floor wards with windows doors etc. closed. Jap sentries were running round outside armed and threatened to shoot if anyone dared look outside.

We had two raids and an alarm, these were too much for some of our boys as some started shouting etc. The hospital being on the hill over looking the Jap Naval HQ and I believed they complained about the behaviour of the Hospital inmates during the raids. So one day there was a sudden fall in parade during the day, on the tennis court and a few words were spoken, armed guards were in full strength, after Dr Gato spoke he smacked the faces of Col. Bowie and Major Boxer. There was nearly a riot some of our boys were just on the verge of stepping in not see this happening as I was in bed getting over another operation. I must state my next bed mate was Sgt. Tom Staintan of the No. 2 Scottish Coy. and we helped each other as much as we could as he suffered from a very bad wound in the chest. I think he and I took turns about in going down for our operations, he had eight and I had seven all told.

Our next big event was the arrival of Red Cross Parcels they were British Red Cross Parcels and were very acceptable and some of the men who were well down started to pick up right away. We had one who delved into his and nearly finished it in one night and made himself very sick again. It was very interesting to hear of the exchanges that took place and the value of each item. We received two parcels and some of the contents were bad such as chocolate and dried fruits were full of worms. These parcels came from via Lournne Marrc. P.E.AFRITA.

I must state that the Pardre Maj Swires was very kind and done a lot to cheer us up he'd usually drop in and have a chat, he ran the library which had some very good books but when I left they were showing signs of wear; these books came from the different library in town and was brought in by the Red Cross. The Red Cross sent in a lot of food which helped very much indeed, they seemed to be able to get it where the Japs said they could not. Towards the end of 1942 I was shifted to what they called the cripples' ward and we were a very happy ward. Our last Christmas we had there was a great get up, decorations were made from bits of paper and cigarette packets. I was fortunate in having a small cake sent in, it was only enough for a mouthful each but it cheered up the boys and made us think of things to come we hope in the New Year. We managed to have a sit down dinner and arrange speeches.

Early in 1953 I went down for my final operation, this time be our doctor Dr. Anderson, he trimmed the stump so that I would be able to have an artificial leg fitted. This operation I got over it better than the one before. I think on my sixth operation the Ether was stale and it did not evaporate quickly so I drew some of the liquid into my stomach and this caused

me to vomit for a few days. In this ward we took turns in doing different jobs and other patients marvelled at the way we got on and a number used to say if you want to be bucked up just go down to the cripples' ward. We carried on day in and day out wingies and limbies, some had hobbies such as wood carving, collection cigarette packets and some writing diaries; others done some useful work knitting. We were always eager to get news and one or two people had a method of getting that and they were very careful who they let hear, we also were eager to see when a batch of sick men from Shamshuipo of Argile St camps came in and to find out what news they had. Then the next thing we wondered who would be sent back to camp there were always some surprises. There was one case a young Canadian who lost one hand he was sent over to Shamshuipo and there with the help of his mates carried on.

A surprise came one morning in April 1943 at 9 A.M. Orderlies ran round the wards informing all old age cripples and blind were to be ready by 10 A.M. to leave the Hospital we asked where to but was told do not know but at any rate to a better place where we will be well looked after; our little bags (gunny bags) were filled with our few precious things we said a hurried goodbye to our pals, took addresses of different people so as if we should be repatriated we could send a note to these addresses to let them know how their love ones are. I must say that up to us leaving; the hospital had been very fortunate in having Japanese in charge who were a little human. The first officer was very quiet, he had an interpreter called Rosy then another called Saino. They were very strict such as when parcels came they were searched for notes etc. Early on, the Jap Officer left, and Saino was in charge and just before we left we had a change in interpreter. Food Parcels were allowed in every two weeks; the able men and some orderlies were sent down to collect the parcels which were opened out and inspected by Jap Guard, then taken up to the office at the hospital again inspected then delivered to the respective recipients in the wards and signed for. On parcel days we were allowed on the veranda and look down at the people but we were not allowed to wave make signs or call out and if caught would be subjected to the usual face slapping and perhaps kicked. The sentries were cruel at times, as they showed in the early days when they caught some poor Chinese on the hill side collecting wood. They would line the Chinese up tied, rest a stone on their heads(a heavy one) or a bucket of water and if they should fall they would receive a beating or kicking. Another cruel thing they would do is put a cigarette up their nostrils. One woman was shot at and wounded up in the scrub on the hill.

At 10.30 A.M we were all 32 of us packed on a lorry and left the hospital it all seemed very queer leaving and seeing the old familiar land marks etc. along Kennedy Rd down Garden Rd passing H.K.V.D. H.Q. we turned at Queen's Rd then Devoeux Rd. passed the post office down to Blake Pier then we realised that we were heading for Shamshuipo Camp. A Launch with a barge with sick from the two camps came along side, quite a number we knew but were not allowed to talk. We picked up our bags etc. boarded the barge and towed away, it was queer the harbor all empty and as we drew near Samshuipo, I could see all the ferry boats and steam launches etc. tied up on the Water front from the Cosmopolitan Docks to the Shamshuipo Ferry Wharf all in a dilapidated state. On the barge were orderlies from the camp they all had their felt hats which was part of the Red Cross issue. They knew over a month ago we would be coming over there. We got ashore and had our belongings searched by the later well known Slap Happy and other sentries then some Fatigue men (our own pals)

carried our belongings up to two long huts prepared for us. There were Army Iron Beds but no mattresses I can say it was hard after, our good beds at the Hospital.

Our huts were in the Camp hospital area and we were under the charge of the Chief Medical Officer. Major Aston Rose and he had a number of Doctors under him. The first night he had a visit from the camp office stooges Bevan and Toby, fortunately we were told about them and were very careful what we said. The whole camp was under control of the Camp Office with Major Boone in charge and he was under direct orders of the Jap Camp office. We were not long in looking up our old pals and other and how they came and helped to make us comfortable such as lending us things such as material for making mattresses and utensils etc. There was plenty of fresh water and the showers were a treat. Food was cooked at a big kitchen and was carried to the hut by able men and then dished out to us. While at Bowen Rd Hospital we lived on fish, rice and greens but here in Shamshuipo we found there was Red Cross foods such as bully beef etc.; so taking it all into consideration we felt happier here. We could walk around, see volleyball, football, cricket and hockey matches. Two drafts of men had been sent away to Japan before we arrives and we wondered how the men were; one lot was on the Lisbon Maru which sunk with the loss of a lot of men. Evening entertainment was a high standard. There was a concert party. Classical orchestra and two jazz orchestras and the period concerts were a treat to see and hear. How the costumes, scenery etc. was made was amazing.

Now the serious side of life here with the able bodied men was hard, early in the morning they were marched out to work and back in the evenings. Some to Kai Tak, Aberdeen, Standard Vacuum Co., and then there was the camp garden etc. Less able men were on fatigue duty round the camp. I felt that I must do something so I first started to cut the small lawn in front of the H.K.V.D.C office with a pair of scissors.

Here I must say when we arrived, we were all add to the list of the under the control of the Unit you belonged to and they kept you posted or informed of orders. Roll call morning and evening we had to parade in our huts while rest of the camp paraded on the sports ground, then later on the road. To salute the Japs was very important they will always return the salute. I was not long there when we were asked to cut vegetables at the cook house this went on for a while and was enjoyable with the cook house staff, we got a little extra ration for it and it made quite a difference to some of us then it stopped.

Vic Labrum then asked me to go with him to do book binding with his crowd, he had a small room over at the Ordinance depot, so with home made clamp presses etc. we worked repairing library books and making note books etc. It was a grand chance for me to know and learn a little about book binding and we were a happy gang. After arriving at camp we were not long in learning how to make electric heaters as we had electric power and with a good supply of tea leaves we were able to make tea. Our electrician was very kind being one of us, when we blew a fuse due to overloading he would put in a new one and not say anything only ask us to be a bit easy.

Later in 1944 the electric power stopped so we had no lights and then we had to try open fires and with the shortage of wood combined with the orders from the Camp Office (Boone's office) no naked fires allowed; but there were always ways and means to over come rules.

During 1944 the Parade grounds were placed out of bounds so parades had to take place on the main roads morning and evening, our only sports were Volleyball and a Russian game of Sticks introduced by our hospital cook Old Pop. We were also deprived of our big concert hall on the road in the North part of the camp, we had to hold our concerts in the hut on a new boundary and it took 4 shows to allow everyone in the camp to see a concert. Our star performer was "Sonny" who was ably supported by a number of good stars. The last draft was picked up by the Japs holding a sports day and to the surprise of all, men were suddenly picked from the participants then there was a draft of men picked from Argile Street camp and brought down and were segregated in the North side; this draft consisted of many surprises in men who were picked to go.

Next surprise was the shifting Officers etc. from Argile St Camp down here to form the North Camp here. A wire fence separated us and sentries were posted and to shoot if anyone tried to communicate over the wire. By this time the Formosan sentries were friendly and some were against the Japs; they shut there eyes to a lot, on fact they became traders and helped us to get cigarettes, sugar, sauce etc. in, and would buy up any clothes, silver or gold from us.

Slap Happy was transferred somewhere else and we had a very good sergeant Major come, his name was Honda and was a real soldier but was very honest and with his help we got in cigarettes and medicine in which at this time greatly helped, smoking drifted down to dry sweet potatoes and Papia leaves and also Red Rose tea which came in the Canadian Red Cross parcels. When Canadian Red Cross parcels arrived we received 2 parcels and in 5 mths time when food was low the Japs brought in some more which were in a very bad condition, half useless. There were some clothing, blankets and other articles such as soap, towels, razor blades, tooth brushes and paste and shoes. Shoes went to men who had to work. At this time shoes were issued for men to work and were given to others when anyone was off work so foot wear was becoming a problem some men made sandals and clogs to work in. When the Argile Street Officers came to Shamshuipo I managed to see quite a number of my old friends and pals, I also got in touch with the Officer who picked me up and took me to the Bowen Road Hospital, we used to sit down each on our own side of the fence, pretend to be reading and talk to each other and he was Major Foster of the B.A.

Bowen Road Hospital was moved down to here for a while then they moved up to the Central British School; and when they moved from here they also took away from the camp all the sick cripples and blind; all except for Lent. Mace who had a below knee amputation, and myself, the doctor could not understand why we two were not allowed to go with the others up to the C.B. School. I kept on with my job till the end, and when we were released my wife came down to the Camp I was pleased to hear all the news of home and her folks. After a few days I got leave to spend the night at home, on coming back to camp in the morning I met Major Mole of the R.A.S.C. who told me orders were out that anyone that had family outside were to pick them up and embark on the Empress of Australia. The R.A.S.C. had a car ready and for me to go and pick up my wife. Two days previously the H.K.V.D.C left camp for H.K to take over

police duty and as they left Major Durran said he did not know what will happen to me but told me to stay in camp until ordered out. I began to worry about the Wife and Major Fraser, the Doctor left in charge, said not to worry and that he will do his best to have her leave with me. He said for me to ask her to have her bags packed ready, as the Empress was taking some away and he knew the Doctor on board and would arrange for her; however everything went alright. It was grand to ride in a car again, I went home picked up the wife and bag, said good bye to all at home and left for the Kowloon Wharves where the Empress of Australia was berthed the car took us right to the gangway.

On boarding we were told there was no embarkation order for us but was told not to go off so we went up into the Saloon there we met Capt. and Mrs Forrester, who were the same as us, only he was Merchant Navy. A lot of the sick had left in two hospital boats the Oxfordshire and the Manganui. The Manganui was a New Zealand Hospital ship and she left here for Formosa to pick up some very bad cases there and then sail for Manilla arriving there after us.