



The Gateway

Hong Kong Lasallian Family Bulletin

January 2015

Fifty Fifth Issue

Welcome

First and foremost, may we wish all our readers a very Happy New Year.

This issue of the Gateway has been somewhat delayed because the editor had to spend a month at meetings in Rome – a Roman holiday as it were – followed by a week in Manila at a Lasallian Mission Assembly.



Our schools have reopened after the Christmas break and are now going full steam. Staff and students can next look forward to the Chinese New Year break which falls later than usual this year.

We continue with the gripping war-time story of some of our Brothers in Malaysia. Then we shift to the continuation of the story of La Salle College, Kowloon, this time with a very truncated summary of what are often called “The Perth Street Days.” We are sure that the story will stir up memories of past pupils. The picture of the ‘white house’ below will surely jog the memory.



Brothers and boarders residence in Perth Street Days

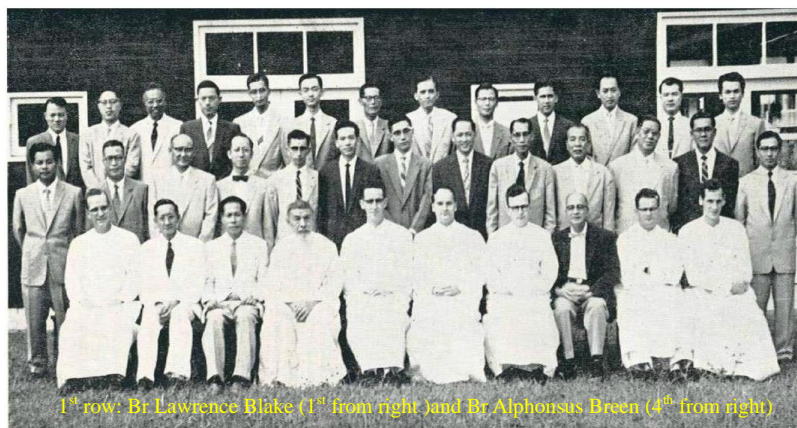
You may notice that this issue contains many ‘Updates,’ a result no doubt of the ‘Roman holiday.’ In fact we had to omit a number of other possible updates because of space constraints. Sadly, one of our updates records the passing of two Lasallian stalwarts who gave of their best in promoting the mission.

Our young people were on the move, this time to the pleasant city of Ipoh in Malaysia. Together with young Lasallians from Asia-Pacific they sought to keep the spirit alive and well.

May the road rise to meet you.

Our Pathways

La Salle College - Perth Street Days



Post-war euphoria was contagious. The La Salle College Brothers returned, mainly from Vietnam. The old teachers returned with renewed vigour. Brothers and teachers had things up and running for the school opening in September 1946 and the students returned in numbers. On the surface at least, everything was pretty well 'back to normal'. Little

did anyone think that the major upheaval of the War would shortly be followed by another one.

The lead-in to this post-war upheaval was triggered by events in mainland China. Communist forces were gradually gaining the upper-hand over the Nationalists and were in control by 1949, by which time the Nationalist regime had fled to Taiwan. The British government feared destabilization in its Hong Kong colony and began boosting resources there. One urgent need was accommodation for a large military hospital. The army authorities examined various schools in Hong Kong that might be suitable for a large hospital, able to accommodate 600 beds. All failed the test, unfortunately, except for La Salle.

The army authorities approached the Brothers and sought their co-operation. This was given, on the understanding that the requisition would only last 18 months and that, in the meantime, suitable temporary school facilities would come online.

The army authorities were at pains to stress the 'temporary' nature of the arrangements. Here is an excerpt from their defence rationale published in the South China Morning Post on 17th July, 1949:

"The construction of the new Army Hospital, due to take 18 months, will be pressed on so that the College buildings may be released as soon as possible." The new army hospital was called the 33rd General Hospital.

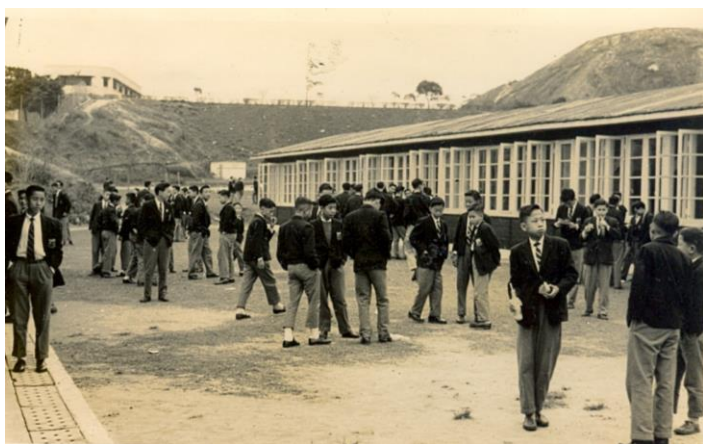
And here is the letter of the Colonial Secretary, J.E.Nicoll, to the school Principal, Brother Patrick Toner, on the 30th July 1949:

Sir,

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor to express to you and to Brother Cassian His Excellency's appreciation of the very helpful and understanding way in which you have met the unfortunate necessity for the requisitioning of La Salle College on behalf of the Army. The problem of finding urgently sufficient hospital accommodation for the Army was one of the most difficult with which we have been faced and it was only after the most exhaustive enquiry into all possible alternatives that it was decided that the College was the only building which would meet this

important requirement. This Government and the Military Authorities appreciate fully the importance of educational establishments such as yours and are most reluctant to disturb them. It is hoped that the alternative arrangements which it is proposed to make for the College will ensure the least disruption possible in the school's activities and that it will not be long before you can return to your proper premises.

The die was cast. The staff and students would have to leave La Salle College but looked forward to a speedy return within 2 years. Unbelievably, the 2 years became 10 years!



The 'temporary premises' was in Perth Street. The majesty of the old College was replaced by hastily erected hutments. Boarding facilities were much reduced. Brother Lawrence recalls how 'sand and water would be washed down from the laterite hills nearby and flood into the yard and under the classroom doors.' Despite the hardships, staff and students got on with the work in hand and both academic and

extra-curricular standards were maintained. Nevertheless, there was a natural desire by Brothers, staff, students, parents and old boys to return 'home', home under the dome.

As it became more and more evident that the 'temporary' nature of the arrangement was becoming more and more 'permanent', the Brothers, old boys, prominent citizens and civic leaders began to raise questions and put pressure on the military as well as on the British Government.

By October 1957, even the ever amiable Brother Cassian had reached the end of his tether. As Chairman of the Hong Kong Civic association, he wrote a letter to the Minister of Defence in London, reminding him that the continued occupation of the College was causing serious concern and distrust in Government by the local community. He continues:

"At this juncture, I may say that this matter of the de-requisitioning of La Salle College requires more than empty promises. It is necessary that a practical solution be obtained in the nearest future. The huts in which the College has been functioning for eight years cannot last much longer...and (we) demand that the injustice done by the continued occupation of La Salle College be righted immediately."

Sadly, Brother Cassian died suddenly a few days after signing the letter. It was left to Brother Felix to take up the cudgels. He made use of every opportunity to maintain the pressure for de-requisition. As early as August 1957 he had seized one such opportunity. He called the student leader of the scout troop who was about to depart for England to attend the world scout Jamboree and entrusted him with a special mission. The boy's name was Robert Chow and he was to meet with a Member of Parliament called Major P. Wall, a friend of Brother Felix. The young Robert recalls the meeting:

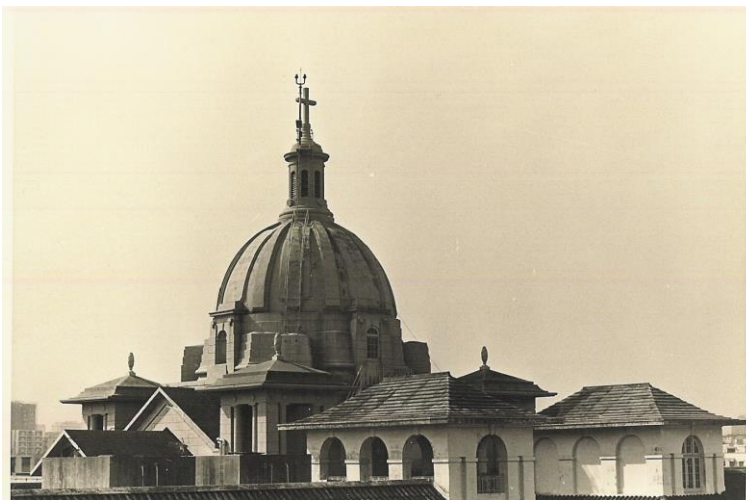


“I told the Major that our existing school was meant for temporary use. It was hot in summer, cold in winter and leaked on rainy days. I told the Major in no uncertain terms that since the War was over, the Army had no right or justification to continue their occupancy of private properties. If the Army needed hospital facilities, they should build their own.”¹

The Major listened attentively and became a stalwart advocate of de-requisition, raising the matter a number of times in the House of Commons.

The voices for de-requisition were becoming more insistent. Questions rained down at local Government levels, at military levels, in the House of Commons in London and even at Vatican State level. The La Salle College Old Boys’ Association, through its President, Hilton Cheong-leen, wrote a letter to the Colonial Secretary on 27th January 1958 stating that it was “planning to organize a Colony-wide Petition to the Secretary of State for the Colonies to have the College premises derequisitioned.” Major Wall, M.P. for Hull and a friend of Brother Felix, kept up the pressure at British Parliament level.

The unrelenting pressure eventually paid off. The Brothers regained possession of the College building on 1st August 1959. Brother Felix had the last word:



“It took the united efforts of Local Government, British Government and Vatican State to dislodge the Army after ten years and no amount of money will satisfy for the way the building was treated with such unconcern for the feelings of the owner.” A warning here, perhaps, that irreparable harm had been done to the school buildings.

Despite the depredations to the buildings, the College was happy to be home and went full steam ahead until

the next major upheaval in its history which took place in the late 70’s.

The Perth Street Days were not all focused on longing for a return to the old site. It was an era that threw up stellar academic results and sterling sportsmen, the likes of Stephen Xavier and Ronnie Poon in Athletics and Ronnie Wong in Swimming. It also witnessed the emergence of a kung fu star in the person of Bruce Lee. But perhaps the most startling revelation of all was of a boy who sometimes ‘took’ the Principal’s car and drove it round the town! Those were the days.

Family Updates

‘Uncle Ray’

Ray Coderieo, an Old Boy of St. Joseph’s College, was recognized by the Guinness Book of World Records as “the World's Most Durable DJ”. Born 12th December 1924, Uncle Ray is 90 years old. He commenced his broadcasting career at the age of 25 as a scriptwriter with the pioneering Radio Rediffusion service. He was later promoted to become a DJ and hosted the very first programme called Progressive Jazz. He joined Radio Television Hong Kong in 1960 as the Head of Light Music. In 1970 he started what was to become a very popular programme called "All the way with Ray” which is still on the airwaves today.



On the 26th of October, some Old Boys of St. Joseph’s College were glad to have the company of Uncle Ray at a dinner gathering. Uncle Ray still has fond memories of his school days in the 30s. He remembers the names of the Brothers and teachers who had taught him, especially Mr. Vincent Chan. He is always proud of being a Josephian. His advice to the younger Josephians is that ‘you have to love what you are doing and be fully dedicated to it’.



Class 7A 1935

Bethlehem University



Mr. Chris Faisandier, advisor to the Vice Chancellor of the University visited Hong Kong recently. On 10th November, he met with some members of the Hong Kong Lasallian Family and gave them a vivid update of the history and future planning of the University.

Bethlehem University is run from the centre of the Institute of the De La Salle Brothers. It is a co-educational Catholic University founded in

1973 in the Lasallian tradition, open to students of all faiths. The University is located on 8.67 acres of the De La Salle Brothers property on Frères Street at the highest point in the town of Bethlehem. Despite the curfews, travel restrictions, military checkpoint harassment, and the negative impact of the Israeli military occupation of the West Bank, the University's enrollment has reached 3000 this year. 76% of the students are women. There are about 72% Muslim and 28% Christian. Most of the students are from Bethlehem and Jerusalem but some 3% of students are from refugee camps. The present Vice Chancellor of the University is Brother Peter Bray who has visited Hong Kong on a few occasions.

All present enjoyed the sharing and showed interest in the future development of the University.

La Salle College Family Fun Day 2014

On Sunday 14th December the College held its Annual Family Fun Day. A cool but sunny 15c drew the crowds to sample the sumptuous hot foods from the Form 1 Class stalls and the innovative games and superb prizes from the Form 2-4 Class Booths. Entertainment enthralled the crowds from 2:00-4:00pm with our very own Talent Quest (TQ) sensations and alumni bands formed by elite surgeons (obviously who have honed their surgical skills on the pick and string).



The Fun Day also was host to the Opening of the refurbished Multi-media Learning Center with state of the art iMacs gifted by generous alumni, the Scout Group, and other donors (including the supporting infrastructure upgrade, MacBook Air, and AppleTV's for each classroom). The PTA, OBA and PTA Art & Calligraphy Class also provided Booths and items to purchase. All funds raised will be going to the Lasallian Missions.

Mr. Frederick Kwok RIP



The Hong Kong Lasallian Family has recently mourned the loss of Frederick Kwok, a beloved teacher and Principal. Frederick taught in Chong Gene Hang College and became its first lay Principal after Brother Lawrence Blake. After completing his term, he and his family emigrated to Australia but Frederick and his wife shortly returned to Hong Kong and took up teaching in St. Joseph's College. Frederick was gentleness personified, a gentleman in the true sense of the word. He never raised his voice, always looked for the positive and brought out the best in both staff and students. We offer our sincere condolences to his wife, Betty, to his two sons and to his relatives. May his soul rest in the peace of the Lord.

Brother Hyacinth Fitzgerald RIP

When studying in Primary Six, James Maurice Fitzgerald and his best friend were thinking of joining the Irish Christian Brothers but someone recommended the De La Salle Brothers and that was that. His early teaching years were spent in West Malaysia and he taught English, Religion, Economics and Commerce. He also developed a love for playing and coaching badminton. In 1983, because of Malaysian law, he had to retire from teaching. He did not want to retire and so he was sent to Hong Kong where he could, and did, teach for another 10 years. He was assigned to teach in Chan Sui Ki (La Salle) College and taught mainly English and Religious Studies. The Brothers noticed a gradual decline in his memory and he was diagnosed with Alzheimers disease. After some home care he had to be transferred to a home run by St Teresa's Hospital where the end came quickly and quietly at about 12.55am on the 14th December 2014. May the road rise to meet Brother Hyacinth and God hold him in the palm of his hand.

*In Loving Memory of
Brother Hyacinth Fitzgerald*



*who returned to the Lord on
December 14th, 2014
Aged 85*



*Those who have instructed
many unto justice shall shine
as stars for all eternity.*

Chan Sui Ki (La Salle) 45th Anniversary

The 45th Anniversary Open Days took place on December 6 & 7, 2014. To provide Primary Six students and parents with up-to-date and accurate information on admission to CSK, we also held an S1 Discretionary Place Briefing on December 6. Subject departments, functional committees, clubs and societies joined hands to bring to life our theme for the 45th Anniversary – Courage, Perseverance, Empathy, and they showcased the school life at CSK. Staff, students, parents and Old Boys played a large part in making the event a great success.



Eighty Five



Brother Alphonsus Breen celebrated his 85th birthday on the 9th January 2015. The Supervisors and Principals of both the College and Primary schools joined in the celebration, as well as some teaching staff members. Brother Alphonsus now joins Brother Lawrence on the eighty five bracket and are our two most senior Brothers.

Brother Alphonsus came to Hong Kong in 1958. After two years teaching at La Salle College he was assigned to St. Joseph's and later to St. Joseph's Primary School and to De La Salle Secondary School. He served as both principal and supervisor in all three schools. Ad multos annos!

La Salle College Speech Day and Prize Giving

The annual Speech Day and Prize Giving ceremony is always a highlight of the academic year when the academic achievements of students is suitably recognized. Large numbers of parents come to support and share the joy. La Salle College held the ceremony on October 17th 2014, on a beautiful autumn evening. The new President and Vice Chancellor of Hong Kong University, Professor Mathieson, was the Guest of Honour and he was accompanied by his wife. The school report of Principal Brother Steve and the speech of Professor Mathieson were well received.



Staff Development

A creative and fruitful way of spending a staff development day is being pioneered by De La Salle Secondary School. They have decided on visits to each of the Lasallian schools in Hong Kong. They started with our eldest sister, St. Joseph's College. On Friday 8th January it was the turn for a visit to La Salle College, Kowloon. The entire teaching and supporting staff came along. After photograph-taking, there was a Lasallian formation presentation by Brother Steve. This was followed by school tours and then all were invited to the Brothers' residence for tea. This form of staff development surely promotes our common shared vision and mission.



Hot off the press

The Hong Kong Lasallian Resource Centre has not been idle in recent times, with publications and Lasallian souvenir products coming to light. The publications include a book of '100 Poems', a book of 'Light Touches' and a book of 'Lasallian Connections', all by Brother Patrick. Then there are two sets of Bookmarks, with sketches of St. La Salle and other Lasallian Saints. Finally there are sets of five ballpoint pens, in five different colours. Should you wish to read the books or purchase any souvenir product, you are welcome to contact Ms. Amy Poon whose email address is pypa@lasalle.edu.hk or telephone 23393845.



APLYC 10



The 10th Asia-Pacific Lasallian Youth Congress (APLYC10) was held on 14 - 19 December 2014 at La Salle Centre, Ipoh in Malaysia under the theme 'Revive the Spirit, Refresh the World'. Hong Kong was well represented by ten delegates.

During the week-long congress, various input sessions were held reviving the Lasallian Spirit of the delegates. Two of the highlights included the Heritage Play and the visit to Kampung Chang.

The Heritage Play was put up by members of the Organizing Team on the life of a man who has changed the lives of many - Saint John Baptist de La Salle. Delegates were once again reminded of the vision and the spirit of Saint La Salle, together with the challenges that he had to face, when he first started the education mission for the children more than 300 years ago.

Kampung Chang is a village of indigenous people who have had a hard time struggling in negotiations with the government. The villagers had long regarded the land that they own as their treasure and holy land. However, government development proposals neglected their voice. Representatives from the village had shared with us the difficulties they had been facing throughout the years. At Kampung Chang, each delegation presented its report on challenges to human rights back home and their Lasallian response to it. Delegates also had the Solidarity Meal together, as a community.

A Closing Ceremony and Cultural Night rounded off the Congress. Delegates placed their glowing-pins on the globe signifying their dedication to continuing their efforts to reach out and help those who are in need at every corner of our world.

It is worth noting that the Youth Coordinators of PARC had their first meeting during the Congress. This was in response to the resolution of the 3rd International Symposium of Young Lasallians which was held in Rome in February 2014. The Youth Coordinators agreed to strengthen their communication and networking for resources sharing, both in personnel and existing programmes. It is expected that there will be more interaction between sectors as a direct result of the network.

In Our Hearts Forever by Brother James Dooley

Part 6

Prisoners of War

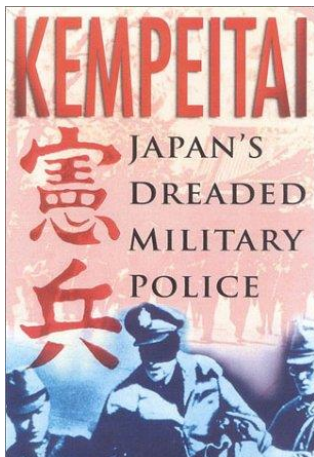
I woke suddenly, my teeth chattering uncontrollably, I found myself rolled into a small ball against the cold of the concrete floor and the chill of the early dawn. My Brothers around me were sprawled this way and that, some stirring uneasily in their sleep, some already sitting up.

I still shivered at the thought of the events of the previous twenty-four hours....the arrest, the jungle journey, the tying up, the brutal soldiers, the savage officer, the death sentence....was it all real? Would my father and mother, my brother and sister in faraway Attanagh, ever know how Michael died or where they buried him?

Abruptly, the silence of the night was shattered by the rat-tat-tat of machine gun fire. It seemed far away at first, then approaching and growing louder. There was the sound of engines being revved up too. The Brothers were all awake now, looking nervously at each other.

I was terrified. Strangely, I had felt no great personal fear during the interrogation and sentence to death. It had all seemed so unreal. Now with the gun fire, I was absolutely petrified....Were they shooting the P.O.Ws in other parts of the prison? Were they coming for us? “You will be shot to death...” Then the shooting eased off, sputtered a bit and stopped. The sun came up, the dreadful night was over. The Guard brought us his buckets of rice and steaming hot water and a few aluminium bowls. We looked at each other, smiled and shook hands. In our morning Community Prayer we fervently thanked God that we were all still alive.

‘ONE MAN, ONE MAN, NO TALKING, ALL MEN TALKING’



During our first full day as ‘Prisoners of War’, we received several visits from the Kenpeitai – Military Police – who asked us endless, senseless questions. They showed us photographs of Europeans, asked us to identify them and to state their present whereabouts. We did not enlighten them, nor did we tell them all we knew. In the afternoon we were allowed out of the Block to bathe at a fire hydrant with a shared box of Lux for soap. More rice and boiling water, and at four in the afternoon, lock up for the night, a quiet and prayerful evening and finally, we wrapped ourselves in our ‘lunatic’ blankets and lay down on the cold concrete floor for another nervous night.

During the days that followed, we were again cross-questioned by the Kenpeitai and a German officer in Nazi uniform took our photographs – for publication, we were told. More prisoners were brought in, tired, ragged, dispirited men who submitted silently to being pushed and prodded into the jail Block across the way from ours. They supported a comrade with a mangled arm, laid him gently on the ground and motioned the Guards to give him medical attention. The Guards locked the Block gate, ignored the wounded man and went away. The young soldier lay there, semi-conscious, a lad of nineteen years. He died before morning and there was nothing any of us could do to save his life.

The days began to drag for us, our hopes of a speedy release were dimming and we began to feel the effects of the rice and water diet. We would fall asleep easily, or lapse into a kind of unconsciousness, arousing ourselves only at ‘meal’ and interrogation times. We wondered if anybody outside knew what had happened to us. That sentence of death still hung over us and still frightened us. Each morning a Japanese officer walked past our Block to the printing press, now functioning again, to print propaganda leaflets to be dropped on towns and cities not yet captured.

I found an old cigarette box and with a piece of pencil one of the Brothers had kept, I wrote the name and address of the local parish priest and gave it to the officer. He took it without a word. Great was our joy next morning when he returned with Father Aloysius. The priest too was greatly relieved and comforted to see us all alive and reasonably well. He had been informed what had happened to us on New Year’s Day and had gone so far as to send a man around the town to check that the human heads displayed on poles with warnings attached, in prominent places, were not Brothers’ heads. They were, in fact, the heads of the four unfortunate Chinese youths who had been arrested with us on the Hill – innocent victims of a ruthless, barbaric army.

The Japanese officer intervened here, “One man, one man, no speaking”, he said, “All men speaking.” We knelt in prayer and Father Aloysius gave us general absolution. As he was about to leave, a soldier from the Block across the way, knelt down and began his Confession: “Bless me Father.....” and he too received absolution. The priest’s visit solaced and consoled us and we knew he would do his best to have us set free and perhaps even be able to tell our families at home that we were alive and well.

On the 10th January we completed our third triduum, feeling confident we would be out any day now. Instead, that very evening, three Brothers from Ipoh, a Community from the south, were pushed and goaded into our Block by the usual grunting guards. They were Brothers Patrick O’Donovan from Skibbereen, Thomas Francis O’Brien from Bandon and Edmund of Salisbury McCullagh, London-Irish. We welcomed them warmly even though they seemed to us a rather testing kind of answer to



our prayers. However, all was forgiven when they produced a bottle of Bovril they had smuggled in with them. We had quite a party, a soup of Bovril on our rice.

On the morning of the 13th, at the closing of a now reinforced triduum, a fresh batch of prisoners was brought in and herded into our Block. After the usual meagre dinner with the addition of green leaves in the hot water, four or five Japanese came running with guns and ropes. “Speedo!” “Hayaku!” (quickly) they cried, pushing us outside the door. We were made to stand in single file, each one tied securely round the wrist with a slack of rope between us and ordered to march. Two guards in front with guns and two more in the rear. The prisoners left behind in the different Blocks, vented their feelings in very strong language and cheered mightily as we crocodiled our way towards the outer door.

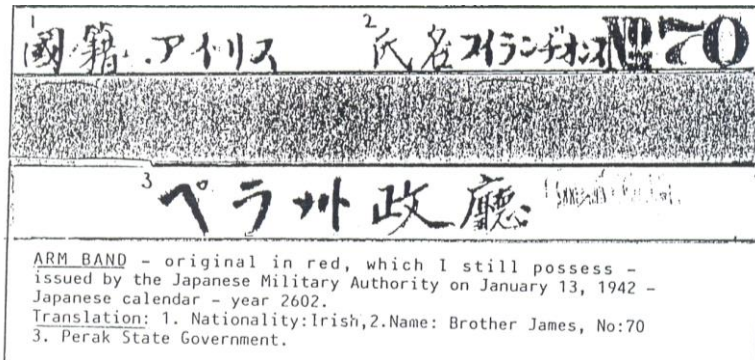


We were paraded through the town and as we proceeded a large mob of people, most of them Malays, fell in behind us, perhaps expecting a repeat of the spectacle we had presented on New Year’s Day. The Chinese townspeople called in their children and closed their doors. We were motioned into the headquarters of the Kenpeitai and ordered to squat on the floor still tied together, still wearing the same robes we had worn practically day and night since our arrest in the jungle, unwashed, unshaven, hungry, weak and very frightened.

After a long interval, we were untied and issued with paper and pencils and ordered to fill in items like, name – age – nationality – parents’ names and occupation – religion – political views – licence number etc.....After the papers had been collected and taken away, Brother Denis was questioned by a Kenpeitai officer about the “Taiping Hills Affair”. The officer seemed pleased with the explanations Denis gave, called us all together and said, in summary:

“....Many mistakes are made in war time.....reports were made to us that Europeans on the Taiping Hills were signaling to retreating enemy forces....while you were interned, we made enquiries and found the accusations were baseless.....we are sorry....now you are free and the Japanese Army will give every assistance.....”

We were driven back to the prison for our few personal effects. We left all we could manage without, including our ‘lunatic’ blankets to the P.O.Ws who had taken our place, men covered in ulcers, shivering from malaria, weak from starvation. We departed with a mixture of shame for seemingly abandoning them and with joy at our release. From the jail, to Army Headquarters, more questions, more particulars.....”Write more zings...” one of them kept shouting, and finally arm bands with the warning, “If you go out without them, you will be shot to death”.....for a second time.



From the Army Headquarters to the local police station for mattresses and blankets, we had a huge following as we struggled around the town looking for a shelter for the night. We were finally given a small, filthy, rat and mosquitoes infested house – and later, a nourishing supper from the parish

priest. Our evening prayer was one of thanksgiving for our deliverance; we settled down for the night with the rats, the cockroaches and the mosquitoes. We stole off to a Mass of thanksgiving in the morning. During the day “passports” were issued, a sheet of paper with our particulars and where Brother Leo, an Indian, was designated “Irish” (アイリス) in Japanese Characters.. . A better house was assigned to us during the day – sadly, just across the road from our beloved St. George’s – now a hotel for Japanese officers. The mattresses and blankets already issued to us, were confiscated under cover of darkness.

The Brothers were now required to produce three ‘responsible persons’, one from each community....Chinese, Indian and Eurasian who would stand security for our good behaviour. Chinese and Indian guarantors were immediately forthcoming, but a senior teacher in our own St. George’s School, a Eurasian, refused, and went so far as to try and persuade the other two to withdraw their support. We felt deep disappointment and anguish of soul at receiving such treatment from one who had such long and close connections with us and our school. His refusal naturally aroused or confirmed the suspicions of the Japanese and filled us anew with fear. Another Eurasian, a gentleman, came forward immediately and gladly signed the required document.

In spite of the strong Japanese presence, looting in the town was still going on and so one Brother was left back while the others went to Mass. It was my turn and while I was preparing a breakfast of brown flour and water, there was a loud knocking on the door. I put on my robe and rushed to open it. A Japanese officer addressed me in English.

“A soldier of England has died in the Camp, come and say prayers.”

“I am not a priest,” I answered, “a bit further along the road....”

“Come and say prayers,” he shouted.

I pulled the door after me and sat, bolt upright like himself, in the back seat.

When we reached the prison, the one I had been in, I saw a plain box-like coffin and two ranks of P.O.Ws drawn up on either side. We set out in procession to the burial ground where the officer drew his sword and saluted the dead soldier.

“Say prayers”, he ordered me. I had a copy of the New Testament and a small manual of community prayers in my pocket. Even though I did not know the soldier or his religion, I recited the De Profundis slowly and reverently in Latin. The officer saluted again and I prayed again, in all three times each. The soldier was laid to rest, his flimsy blanket and the crude coffin taken away - both would be needed again.

Back in his office, I was handed a large scroll in Japanese characters with only the soldier’s name in English....Private A. Jenkinson, age 19.....and his Regiment. In walked Christy Lynch from Sligo, with two cups of magnificent coffee. We were able to exchange a few words.

As he dismissed me, the officer said, “My name is Hanada 花田, Captain Hanada. War is always bad. This is a terrible war, if it is a short war, Japan can win. If it is a long war.....remember the First Lord of the Admiralty advised the High Command not to go to war with the United States. ‘America is a sleeping giant’, he said.....I am sorry I cannot take you home. Here is some money for your prayers. Thank you very much.”

In the meantime there was consternation among the other Brothers when they found the door locked and James missing. They ruled out kidnapping and agreed to fan out and search for me. As I sped along the road, I met Denis coming in the opposite direction even faster. “What happened?” he asked. “Did you get yourself arrested again?” “I’ll tell you the whole story later,” I replied, showing him the ten dollars and the scroll. We went to the local market together and bought a feast.



Japanese Military Script: The stipend I received for “saying prayers”. Derisively called ‘banana note’

To be continued

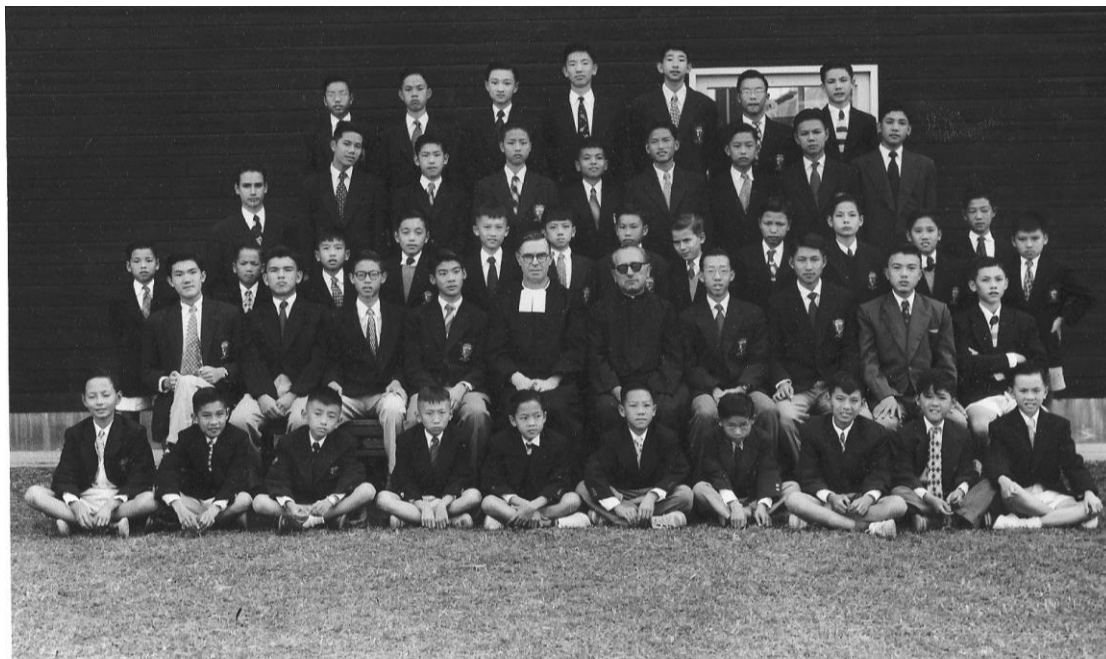
Blast from the Past
Perth Street Days



The Community 1949 to 1950

Back row (L to R): Brothers Herman, Martin, Cyprian, Odilo

Front row (L to R): Brothers Cassian, Patrick, Wilfred
Brothers Cyprian Lebel and Odilo Paquet, from Canada, had been working in China for some years. They had escaped prior to the arrival of the Communist forces in Beijing.



Boarders of La Salle College 1952-53

Brother Martin Kellegher and Father Bruzzone (chaplain) were in charge of the boarders at the time