

The Borneo Bugle



BORNEO PRISONERS OF WAR RELATIVES ASSOCIATION OF WA INC
A MUTUAL GROUP TO HELP KEEP THE SPIRIT OF SANDAKAN ALIVE

June 1st 2005 Volume 3, Issue 4

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OUR NEXT MEETING
SUNDAY June 26th 2005
AT 10.00AM
IRWIN BARRACKS
KARRAKATTA

ANZAC DAY 2005

by Allan Cresswell

Fourteen members of our Association marched under our banner at the Anzac Day March through Perth on Monday April 25th 2005. It was a great day, both for the crowd turnout and for the fantastic weather. We all did enjoy the privilege and opportunity to honour all our family members who served our country during wartime, and especially for those who made the supreme sacrifice. For Jean and I it was our first opportunity to march with other members of our Association. It was a great feeling indeed marching down St George's Terrace with the large crowd applauding with enthusiasm and respect. I am certain that there was a special lift in the applause level as the Borneo POW banner came in view to each section of the crowd as we marched by. Well done to all those who attended.



Some of our members starting to form up - prior to the Anzac Day March

Photo courtesy Allan Cresswell

Continued on page 2

ANZAC DAY 2005 — continued from page one

Earlier that day members of our Group attended the Dawn Service at Irwin Barracks. I laid a wreath on behalf of our Association and individual wreaths were also laid by our members: Steffani Brackenbury, Ken Jones, Reg Blewett and Jean Cresswell.



Wreaths at Anzac Day Dawn Service 2005 – Irwin Barracks Karrakatta

Photo courtesy Allan Cresswell

At the conclusion of the Dawn Service our Group members moved to the dedication wall where our Borneo POW's are commemorated by way of wall plaques. Vice President, Bob Brackenbury, conducted a small service where poppies were placed on their individual plaques for all our listed soldiers.



Bob Brackenbury conducting a poppy placing ceremony at Irwin Barracks

Photo courtesy Allan Cresswell

President's Corner

by President Allan Cresswell

Unfortunately a Borneo Bugle did not go out on April 1 2005 due to personal family issues which many of you are aware of. I do apologise for not compiling an edition but do hope that this enlarged June version does make up for it.

At our April 2005 meeting we had the privilege of having a guest speaker in Mr Arthur Leggett OAM who is the State President of the WA Ex POW Association. Arthur's talk was enjoyed very much by all in attendance. His personal accounts in describing the serious, the humorous, the mateship and the horrors of being a POW was so very well presented. It gave us all a better insight into how our POW family member treated their internment and how they too waited patiently for the day they would be re-united with their loved ones. Many did not survive those POW days and it is people such as Arthur who have committed much of their time to ensure that recognition and knowledge of those POW sacrifices will never be lost to the wider community.

Anzac Day 2005 was a great experience, both at the Dawn Service and at the march through Perth. Other members of our Association had the privilege of travelling to Borneo and being part of dedication ceremonies and Dawn Services at Sandakan. We will hear more on that from our members in later editions of the Bugle.

Our next meeting is to be held on Sunday 26th June 2005. This meeting is our AGM and I do urge you to attend to help assist in giving this Association a clear indication of the direction and future aims that you desire for your group.

On Friday 20th May 2005 our Association, represented by Bob Brackenbury, Ken Jones, Tom Joynes and myself, attended The Ex-Prisoners of War Association Memorial Ceremony held at Saw Avenue in Kings Park. At the ceremony I had the privilege to lay a wreath on behalf of our Association. The improvements to the memorial is a credit to all those involved and it is a fine tribute indeed to all our POW's.

Part three of Bill Young's article on being arrested and taken from Sandakan to Kuching is on pages 11 to 13. Bill does open his heart and soul as he describes the trial in detail and their apprehension as they awaited their fate. Real powerful stuff! Well done Bill!

The final part four will be in the next edition of the Borneo Bugle. In this final episode Bill details his movement back to Singapore and his incarceration in the infamous Outram Road Prison.



The Ex-Prisoner of War Association's Memorial after the Memorial Ceremony in 2005

Photo Courtesy Allan Cresswell

KEN JONES - CONTRIBUTION TO HONOUR AVENUE GROUP

By Keith Jones

The secretary of our Association, Ken Jones, has been given an accolade in the latest edition of the RSL journal *The Listening Post*. Ken is an affiliate member of the RSL and has another job with them as assistant secretary within the Honour Avenue Group, a sub-committee dedicated to the maintenance of the remembrance plaques in Kings Park.

The Listening Post reports that "Ken is a tireless worker and his duties are widespread. He corresponds with the next-of-kin requesting a plaque and prepares them, as well as conducts the dedication ceremony in harmony with the other members of the group. He also assists in the painting of posts and plaques, the making and mounting of unit colour patches as well as the actual placement at the base of the trees in the three honour avenues."

This is also the man who is doing such an excellent job as secretary for us!
Well done Ken

NEW MEMBERS

We are pleased to welcome four new members since our last 'Borneo Bugle':-

John Oldfield and his partner Jenny.

John was an Army National Serviceman in 1955 with 7/13 Field Ambulance and has always had an interest in Sandakan.

Bernard and Mary Rowley whose relative is **Sapper Bernard Rowley** of 2/6 Field Park Company RAE.

This now brings our financial membership to 112.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF
THE BORNEO PRISONER OF WAR RELATIVES
ASSOCIATION OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA INC.

WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY 26TH JUNE 2005
AT IRWIN BARRACKS KARRAKATTA

COMMENCING AT 10.00am.

THE ORDER OF BUSINESS WILL BE-
RECEIVING AND ADOPTION OF THE MINUTES
OF THE 2004 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

CONSIDERATION AND ADOPTION OF
THE OFFICE BEARER'S REPORTS

ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR 2005-2006

ANY OTHER BUSINESS REQUIRING CONSIDERATION
AT AN ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

GLASS WINDOWS



Forwarded to our Association by Frank Murray

The Design

The design for this window, a memorial to Australian and British prisoners of war, and a thanksgiving to the courageous people of Sabah who helped them, is spread over three panels, or lights. The various shades of blue in the outer border represent the oceans which link the three nations.

The upper, or memorial section, taken from the Acts of the Apostles, Chapter 12, is crowned with a shining Angel of God, backed by ruby-coloured, spiralling feathery shapes, suggesting movement, and enclosed by a rainbow-hued circle—a symbol of peace and hope for the future.

In the prison cell sits the Apostle, Simon Peter, under sentence of death. He is amazed at the awesome sight and incredulous at the miraculous loosening of his chains. The Roman guards are disconcerted and unable to prevent the deliverance of their prisoner. The scene is a reminder of God's power to free the spirit of mankind from evil and oppression. The text, Psalm 79, verse 12, reinforces this message.

Above the angel, the floral emblems of Australia and the various states from which men enlisted provide a canopy, with sprays of Australian Wattle surrounding the Cooktown Orchid (Queensland), Waratah (New South Wales), Heath (Victoria), Flowering Gum (Tasmania), Sturt's Desert Pea (South Australia) and Kangaroo Paw (Western Australia). The orange and yellow hues in the centre represent the Australian outback and the setting sun.

The lower section features Christ's well-known parable, 'The Good Samaritan'. This story, which teaches compassion between strangers, typifies the spirit of mateship which sustained the prisoners until the end, and exemplifies the compassion of local people towards foreigners in need of help and comfort during many dark days. Included in this setting is a representation of 'The Big Tree'—a Mengaris and a prominent landmark at the infamous Sandakan POW Camp. Another coloured spectrum, echoing the rainbow theme, frames the figures and the whole picture is encompassed with the flowers Australia, Sabah and Great Britain, united by their wartime experience.

Clockwise from the centre top, the flowers and foliage, backed by shades of yellow representing Australian wattle, are: Jungle leaves and trailing vine (Sabah), Outback Everlastings (Australia), Eucalyptus blossoms (Australia), Exotic leaves (Sabah), Leeks (Wales), Fire-wheel Tree flowers (Australia), Shamrocks (Ireland), Orchid (Sabah), Christmas Bells (Australia), Fannel Flowers (Australia), Cordylines (Sabah), Waratahs and Gum leaves (Australia), Palm fronds (Sabah), Thistles (Scotland), Common Heath (Australia), Bulbophyllum Orchid (Sabah), Bluebells (England and Scotland), Red Banksia (Australia), Hibiscus (Malaysia), Crimson Bottlebrush (Australia), Roses (England).

The words Endurance, Honour, Compassion, Courage and Sacrifice describe the triumph of the spirit and will, over flesh—the purpose of the memorial.

Philip Handel
Sydney, 2005

WA SANDAKAN POW PHOTOS REQUIRED

To assist in upgrading the soldier photographic display of all Western Australian POWs at Sandakan (as compiled for the last Sandakan Exhibition at the State Library), I request from our members better quality photos that you may have in your possession. Many of the 2/6 Field Park are only Paybook photographs and the quality is very poor (see Clive Boundy's Paybook photo on page 14). Others from the 2/4 Machine Gun are also poorly scanned photos from books. If you haven't supplied a soldier portrait photo to me I would appreciate a copy. I can scan the photo if necessary. If you do not wish the photo to leave your possession I can either attend your residence with my scanner or will pay for a duplicate photo that can be readily obtained from camera shops. My telephone number and email address are on the front page.

Thank you for your assistance.

Allan Cresswell

SANDAKAN DEDICATION TOUR 2005

by Colin Prior

We started out as nineteen people in Group A on the recent Dedication Tour but ended up with a total of 69 under the care of tour guide supreme and author of "Sandakan a Conspiracy of Silence," Lynette Silver. The thought and detail she put into making the tour a success was amazing. Everyone participated in the activities if they so desired. If you wanted to sit back Lynette respected your wishes.

There were four West Australians; my partner Margaret Douglas, my brother Frank, his grand daughter Alison (the youngest person on the tour), and yours truly. The rest were from Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria. The thread joining us together was the loss of someone either on the Death Marches or in the POW Camp at Sandakan. Some had lost fathers, some relations or friends while some had adopted a deceased soldier with no connections.

The purpose of the tour was to attend dedication of the windows at St Michael's Church at Sandakan. The windows are a work of art and an historical record of the suffering of the soldiers and the local people at the hands of the Japanese. The idea came from Lynette Silver who approached retired stained glass expert Phillip Handel, to produce one more work of art. He asked for time to think about what seemed to be an impossible dream, to draw then manufacture more than 2000 pieces of glass, ship them to Sandakan, to fit in to windows that someone else had measured. The word impossible doesn't exist in Lynette's vocabulary. She rang Phillip early next day for his answer and the project was under way. Eventually the carefully packed glass left Australia in the care of a team led by Lynette's husband, Neil Silver. The pieces were assembled in the windows at St Michaels Church after several minor problems but made the deadline.

The unveiling on the 24th April was by invitation only. The official opening was on ANZAC Day. Both occasions were an unforgettable experience, especially the curtain rising slowly to reveal Phillip Handel's work of art as the choir was singing "Hallelujah".

Lynette had a book printed on almost indestructible paper with the names the people to whom the windows were dedicated. The book is displayed in a cabinet at St Michael's and a page is turned every day. In an amazing coincidence the day I looked at the book it was opened at the page with my Father's name on it. Near the cabinet is a tapestry dedicated to the first church service held on the ruined site of St Michael's after the war. The officiating padre was Alec McLiver who not only married Margaret Douglas and her late husband but was a family friend.

A Sixty Minutes team was in the region doing a story on the Death Marches. They had arranged a meeting on Labuan with Lynette, Frank Murray and me to do interviews in the War Cemetery. Our group was in Brunei so we were supposed to be booked on the ferry to Labuan. We found there were no tickets and the ferry was full. Once again Lynette's solved the problem by going to the Port Captain who managed to find three seats. After our fifteen minutes of fame as TV stars we were dropped back at the ferry by the Willie, a travel agent from Labuan. As he drove off Lynette realised the departure tax had to be paid in local currency so she sprinted after his car calling out "Willie, Willie," which the locals thought was hilarious. We were back in Brunei the same evening. The Sixty Minutes team crossed our path several times, shooting hours of film for a segment which when shown will last for fourteen minutes.

I will give a quick resume of the tour highlights; the friendship that sprung up between Alison Prior, aged 22 years and Peter Lee, an ex RAF officer, aged 89; the Changi murals painted by a very ill English POW; the Sultan of Brunei's treasures; "Floating Coffins" or boat taxis that transport passengers around the floating village; the ANZAC Day ceremony in the POW camp; the markets at Sandakan; retracing the path of the Death Marches to Ranau; watching the sunrise from the Mt Kinabalu Perkasa Hotel which is perched on a mountain near Mt Kinabalu; (In the morning the hotel is above the clouds.); seeing the Kundasang Memorial which a Mr Sevah has restored by himself; The Australian section has a map of Australia made out of white stones lying on a green lawn. The memorial is close top Mt Kinabalu, which emerged from the clouds to show

its “torn and ragged battlements on high.” The incorporation of the aboriginal “burning of the gum leaves” to cleanse the spirits that Lynette introduce to the ceremonies, was another highlight. Margaret and I caught a taxi to the cemetery at Labuan on the eve our departure for a final visit. Everyone of the people we traveled with had a story to tell.

One downside to the tour is the memorial erected in what is supposed to be the site of the Big Tree at Sandakan by two prominent officials. They thought it appropriate to have their names in very bold lettering while the names of the six survivors of the Death Marches are in small type. The journalist, Alan Ramsey, wrote a scathing article in the Sydney Morning Herald, suggesting the “memorial” should be removed.

We left Perth on Sunday the 17th of April and returned on the 4th of May. It was an action packed tour brilliantly organized by a lady with an insight into people’s emotions. For many of us it helped lay some ghosts to rest. The tour will be on again next year but on a smaller scale. A wonderful sight too is seeing Perth welcoming us home.

DRAWINGS COURTESY COLIN PRIOR



Frank Murray at Sandakan POW Camp



Lynette Silver running after Willie



Mr Singh, our tour guide in Singapore

Mr. Singh
IN SINGAPORE

Mr Singh, our tour
guide in Singapore. He
had relations everywhere, that
could arrange anything



St Michael's Church Sandakan 2005

Photo courtesy Colin Prior



Neil Silver, Lynette Silver, Phillip Handel and Elizabeth Handel at Dedication St Michael's Church Sandakan

Photo courtesy Colin Prior

Dear members

Do you remember if your family received one of these? As I recall it, ours arrived in the mail some years after the war ended. It was sent rolled up and a note was enclosed which read: "The enclosed Scroll is sent by Command of The King." It is quite large, measuring nearly 8.5 x 13 inches, and it is on parchment type paper.

Keith Jones, Research & Liaison Officer



NEW SANDAKAN MEMORIAL AT CANBERRA



Continuing below is part three of an article recently written by Bill Young titled 'Once Upon a Time in Kuching'. Bill has in the past written a book, 'Return to a Dark Age', on his years as a POW at Singapore, Sandakan, Kuching and at Outram Road Prison and another article called 'Long Ago in Borneo'. His recent trip to Kuching in Sarawak brought back many memories, particularly when he visited the Hero's Grave. The five brave local men listed at the bottom of this grave were sentenced to death whilst handcuffed to Bill and his seven Australian mates who all received prison terms. Bill dedicates this article to the memory of these five brave men; Soh Kim Seng, Amigo Sik Bassan, Kassim Bin Jumadi, P.C. Kasiu and Sidik Bin Simeon. Thanks go to Bill for allowing us to share his memories.

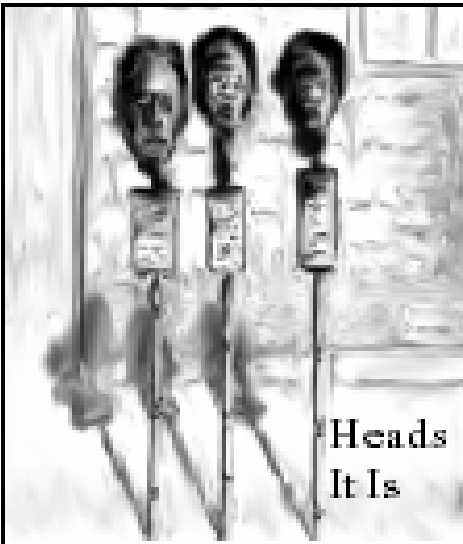
ONCE UPON A TIME IN KUCHING

PART THREE

By Bill Young

Then there was the black day they brought in the group of Dyaks. I couldn't help but think at the time, how miserable those poor fellows must have felt, and how down in the dumps they looked. For these once proud warriors of Borneo, were now to be introduced to "civilization" at its cruelest. Having come from the freedom of the forest; to be trapped within this wire encased hellhole. How in the world would they manage to cope? They were like fish out of the water, having no comprehension of prison, or of being closed in; locked up.

Back in their own environment, they were mighty people. Kings of all that they surveyed. The original "Wild men of Borneo" - Lords of the rain forests. What a pitiful thing it was to witness; to see them being dragged down into the slime of this lime pit of a prison. To be crammed in among these cages, nothing could have been more hideous or terrifying for them.



Sometimes we'd see them as they passed on down through the side door, on their way down the stairs to the exercise yard. Their lithe tattooed bodies; their head and shoulders cloaked by masses of long black hair. Crouching and stumbling in their effort to deal with what to us, seemed like simple procedures, and which to them, were strange and alien things; and how the guards took delight at hitting and kicking out at them, whenever they happened to stumble, and fall.

Throughout the coming weeks, we could but listen as with despair of this awful place, a sickness took over them, and their will to live seemed to crumble. On the long hot nights, their cries would sound out across the cage tops, leaving us to wonder at how it would end. This world of ours, with its great wars, had passed them by; it was now going to leave them to rot in this place without space. The main worry for this particular group of warriors was - who would be there to protect their families, living back in the longhouse.

Degradation oversees degeneration. Slowly and surely it strips away at honour and decency, leaving its victims depleted, deformed, and deranged. Just as the gardener prunes away at the Oak tree, until all that is left is a stunted scrub. An Oak tree treated in this way, may think of it's self as a mighty tree, yet

it does so, not ever realizing that it has lost its true potential. Our caged existence was beginning to prune away at us, shaping us into something less; the will to escape was diminishing. Thoughts of home, and of Australia, no longer lay central to our mind. As of now, getting back to a PoW camp would have been enough of a blessing. To think any further was fast becoming an impossible dream.

The mind as well as the body was fast drying up; becoming like a grape left on the vine. We were in drought, drying up, becoming shriveled, as we sat perched in our cage, slowly fossilizing.

Then when it came, it was without warning; this was our day of reckoning; and it had come upon us, as if it was *just another day*. New guards came and took us out of our cage, and drove us off to a seat of Japanese Justice; there to be weighed and measured on a set of Japanese judicial scales. Scales and they were to be weighed against us. We were handcuffed together, reaching in line abreast, across the face of the courtroom; a hall that had originally belonged to St. Theresa's School; the Japs having commandeered it, in order to turn it into a military courthouse. *The building had been diverted from, saving life, into taking it away.*



At the over end from where we stood, amid an arrangement of tiers, sat the court officials; chained as it were, to their dogma, while facing us, who stood, chained to their Eastern travesty of justice. In all this, the Judge, his head showing just below the leadlight windows, at the topmost level, sat ready. An army Colonel, he was to preside over the court, with all the grave authority of a man whose disposition, and requirement, was to send over men to their grave.

Two other officers sat at a lower level, where they overlooked a row of court scribes, whose job seemed to be one of, scribbling away; at recording the day's proceeding on pieces of paper. From our point of view, seeing as how everything was conducted in Japanese, we stood in lingual darkness, covered in a cloak of judicial ignorance; listening in our ignorance, and wondering in our curiosity. The advent of the interpreter and with his reading aloud of the courts findings, in English, was to wipe all traces of our ignorance, on the trials proceedings, completely from off our minds.

Such was the turn around; from being blindfolded with a band of judicial ignorance, to this sudden enlightenment of our way ahead. With it came the realization that in their underhand way of handing out justice, we'd been done like a dinner. Becoming victims of an Oriental version of a Kangaroo Court, with no chance of hopping out of it.

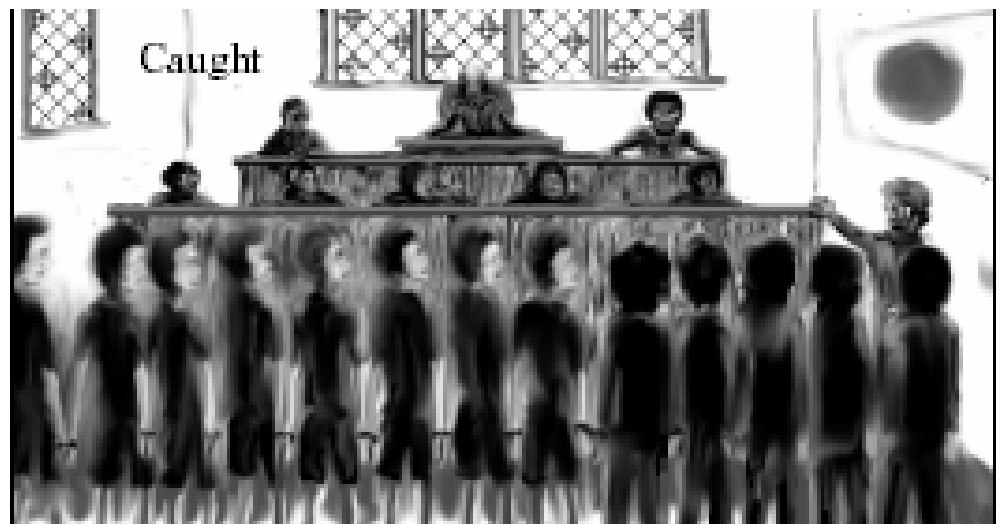
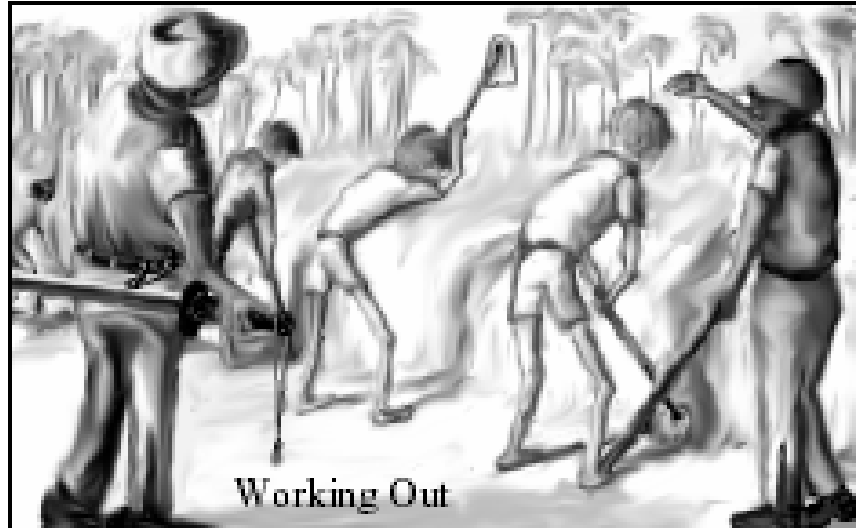
Caught in the glare of the prosecutions spot light, Kangaroos all; there were thirteen of us now, to share the light. Five local men had been added to our line, giving it a more respectable length, for any chain-gang. Bigger and better we had hoped; safety in numbers we had assumed. For we needed something to go by, as bearers of an unlucky number, we had something to think on.

Such an unwashed pack of desperadoes, if looks had counted, we would have been strung up on sight; no two ways about it. As for the five local men, they took the major prize, their cuts and bruises, and battered appearance; looking as if they'd recently been knocked around. Enough to give them top credit on any, 'Most Wanted' list.

Down and out after months in the hands of the kempei tai, we all went with the job, as would be expected; we were par for the course, with the local gang of five, contributed much; and how they must have been hurting. It showed in the way they limped, and in the way their hair hung all matted and bloody. They'd been put through the mill. The day had edged on up into the afternoon, with our moment of reckoning hanging suspended above our heads; waiting for the slightest breeze, for it to fall, with us waiting in the wings, as it were. Waiting for our curtain call; having top billing, yet here we were, in the last act of the play, with still no speaking parts; not a one. We could but mime a few lines in rebuttal, as we waited for the critics call.

No cries of encore
No shouts of more
Our play was over
The critic's whore.

Anyone without experience of Japanese military court procedures, would have been surprised with this trial. It had floored us, for it was no longer a common stage show, it had moved on up and was playing between high drama; Gilbert and Sullivan came to mind— A performance of *The Mikado*, featuring his Lord High Executioner.



The show was run on a professional basis, for in their own way, they took their undemocratic ways seriously. Procedures were followed to the letter; what the letters made up into was anyone's guess. At least the judge appeared to be strong on procedures, and he certainly looked stern enough, while sitting up there; a hanging judge for sure.

The Orient was very much in evidence, very Eastern, as would be expected; very Japanese. With their sharp head bow, their inhaling and exhaling of air, when ending sentences, followed by ah-so, desk'a. Above it all, came the paper shuffling. Forests of papers, either going up or coming down; papers all around.

The trial became a veritable paper chase; ending with an assortment of air intakes, ah-so's and desk'a, which to my untrained ears, seemed as if the sentences finished with an assertion that they were a pack of arseholes; again, perhaps if I'd known the language, I may have been able to fit things together. At least enough to paper over any misunderstanding.

The trial ended in a conference of heads, and a conglomeration of words; to be followed by a flurry of papers, all of which brought the show to its climatic ending. The moment when our benign understanding was to be made malignant, with the pronouncements of the death sentences. The interpreter's certain Public School English, had destroyed any good opinion we may have had in Japanese law.

As first receivers, the five local men, had stood remarkably firm, against this deadly machine gun like assault; coming in five bursts, of three deadly words, *To Be Executed*. How they had blasted at the eardrums. *Executed*, it is such an awful word, and to have it penetrate your mind in this personal way. Like that of a high powered bullet. The very finality of the word, struck home with such penetrating force.

Yet for all that, these five men seemed remarkably unfazed, quiet fearless, standing straight of back, without a quiver. It was the bravest of fronts, and they carried it off with such a show of character.

I remember thinking, they'd left us with a worthy example, one to take note of; as standing in line, so close to the hand of death. Near enough for its passing touch to bring with it the feeling of cold fear, that fear brings when danger appears to be inescapable. Such was the shock wave from those five deadly sentences; I also remember wondering, "How will I go, if I too receive a like sentence."

None of us had been prepared for this sort of drama, and the fact of it, was to hit Jimmy first, for he was the next to be sentenced, and from there it transmitted on down the line, on to effect us all. Moments stretched on seeming to last for hours, while we tensed, waiting the sentences, and knowing only too well, of the possibility of extinction. It sure sets the mind and thoughts fly the coup.

The proximity of death, acts as I imagine a designer drug would act. Every sound came clear as a bell, every movement was burnt onto memory. Every thought was registered within a heightened awareness.

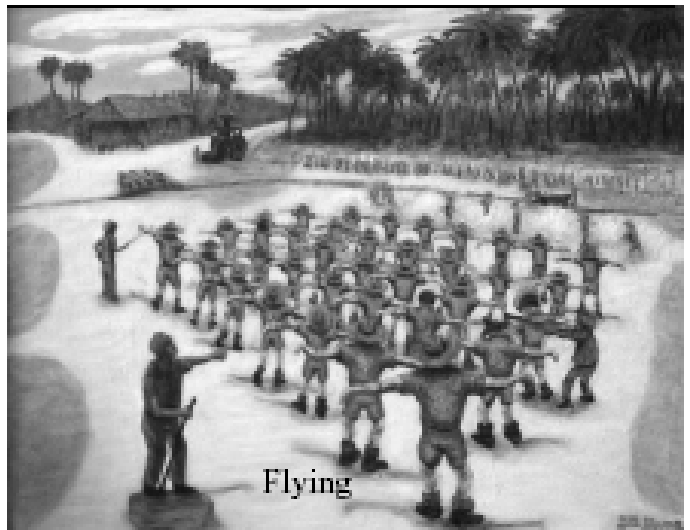
The fear of death does that to all who come close enough to its embrace, and who have not yet been aged enough in life, to be reconciled to the inevitability of its ever hovering presence.

Clearly, had the interpreter's voice come. "Miles Pierce Brown" and how sharply we had listened- "you have been found guilty of escaping from a Japanese Prison Camp, and your sentence is- (I remember the waiting, and of how tensed, and fearful we had been) to serve **eight years** -Oh, happy, happy days The relief we felt was instantaneous - oh - what a nice man he was -hard labor in, Outram Road Jail, Singapore" -The relief was instantaneous; pressure had been removed; joy to the world; we were to live-.

Our part of the line relaxed, after having stood firm for so long, and through such a period of time. The relief came and triggered a reaction of awful release; like a flash flood, from out of nowhere; bringing with it the knowledge that we weren't going to die; at least not yet.

The desire for life, is our strongest force; made known, more so, when death is hovering close by your side, and it is beckoning....."William Young, because of your youth, the court in its mercy has decided to reduce your sentence, from eight years to four years, hard labor in Outram rd. Jail, Singapore". What a nice man he was, and with such compassion. The sentencing went on- N. F. Fairy, five years- F.J. New, four years- B. McWilliams, five years- A.R. Minty, five years- N.S. Morris, five years and J. Darlington, for hitting a guard, six months. No allowance being made for the time we'd spent in their various prisons.

My youth had been instrumental in causing the court to be lenient, and in its own light, perhaps it was. At least I had my life, and in having it, I could not help but be impressed by the brave exit, that these five men of Sarawak had shown to us. As they are unable to come back and take their bow at this curtain call, then I most willing make up an audience; even if it is only one, and I clap and I cheer for them now- Well done, **Bravo, Bravo, Bravo**.



POW PROFILE



Pay Book Photo



**Clive Alfred Paul
BOUNDY
Lieutenant WX 3455
2/6th Field Park Company
R.A.E.**

**Article Written by Vic Tyrrell
With the assistance of Clive's daughter Ruth**

YES -: I KNEW HOSHI

Enlisted in the AIF 18th. November 1940

Discharged 5th. March 1946

Captured in Malaya and imprisoned in Changi, Singapore and a survivor of the infamous Sandakan POW Camp in British North Borneo. One of the fortunate.

Drafted to "B" Force, shipped out of Singapore in the rust bucket "Ubi Maru" on the 8th July 1942, 1496 men endured a degrading and humiliating trip of 9 Days to the embarkation point of Sandakan. Their Job -: to build an Aerodrome for the Japanese Imperial thrust for dominance.

Clive was born in Gawler South Australia graduated as a Mining Engineer in that State and later extended his studies to qualify as a Geologist using his expertise in various Western Australian Mining Operations and from where he finally enlisted in the Australian Military Forces. The qualifications that Lieut Boundy had achieved did not go unnoticed by Capt. Hoshijima Susumi the Militant Commander of the the Sandakan Camp and also an Engineering Graduate who would capitalise on this knowledge in the Aerodrome Construction process.

I had the pleasure of meeting Clive when he came to us as a joining member of our Lodge, I knew that he had suffered a very tough time as a POW however I was not aware at that time that he was a Sandakan prisoner. Over time and reluctantly Clive would reveal small snippets of his incarceration to those with more than an interest in the horrors of that Camp but never would he name people.

After the Capt. Matthews underground activities were discovered by the Kempe Tai it was decided to move all Officers with the exception of a few, principally Medical and Pastoral Officers, to Kuching, in order to prevent any further delay to their grand plan. To this time the construction of the Aerodrome had been thwarted with disruption and delay of many natures and to mention just one problem that brought concern was the unstable foundation of the runway to receive Aircraft, it would be hard to believe that an Australian with expert knowledge would have contributed to that dilemma???

Clive along with the other Officers was re-located to Kuching to see out their time until their release in August 1945. Asked if he knew Capt Hoshijima during his incarceration, his reply was, "YES I KNEW HOSHI".

EDITORS NOTE:

I have in my possession a copy of a taped interview with Clive Boundy conducted by a member of the Royal Australian Engineers Association of WA. Also copy of a document prepared by Clive relating to a computerised nominal roll of the 2/6 Field Park that is in the possession of our own association member, Alexa Hoffman. Clive was the instigator and drive behind the wooden Nominal Roll for the 2/6 Field Park Coy RAE and the 86th L.A.D. that hangs proudly at Irwin Barracks, Karrakatta. Also in Jack Sue's book, *Blood on Borneo*, Jack devotes Chapter 34 (pages 330 – 334) to Clive Boundy and it is obvious by his comments that Jack was very impressed with Clive. An additional article and overview on Clive is under consideration for a later edition of the 'Bugle'.