

and everybody shoving and pushing to get on to the launches when they came alongside.

In due course Mason and I got on to an auxiliary Naval ship the "GIANG BEE", we were all in the best of spirits as we thought we were escaping from the Nirs. The view of Singapore from the ship was aweinspiring all the vast oil storage tanks at the Naval Base and on the islands were ablaze, and there were numerous fires blazing in the town, in fact Singapore was going up in smoke,

We weighed anchor and sailed about 5 PM. on 12th Feb 1942.

ESCAPING FROM SINGAPORE.

The evacuees were crowded on the ship like cattle in a truck, The ship was a requisitioned cargo tramp with only sufficient accommodation for the Officers and crew. There were about 300 evacuees on board so we had to make ourselves as comfortable as possible on the decks. I spent the night draped over a coil of rope. I do not remember having anything to eat that night, the ship certainly did not supply anything.

The crew of the ship had been Asian, and had been allowed to leave the ship, only the Officers who were European were left to work the ship. They had to call for volunteers to fire the boilers, as they did not know how to do it properly they could only raise sufficient steam to steam about 6 knots, and in this manner we sailed through the night.

When morning broke, Singapore with its billowing clouds of black smoke had disappeared. Then somebody started to collect all the available food on the ship so that it could be distributed evenly among us all, for many of us had nothing to eat like Mason and myself. Well we got a little to eat, what it was I do not remember.

There were quite a number of people that I knew on the ship, among them was Mrs Pascoll that shared the house with us at Tengling, but her husband was not with her, and there were two men that had been on Langkawi for a short period while I was there.

About 8 AM. a solitary Nip Navy O fighter circled the ship and flew away, then the bombers came, we received many near misses on the Port side, the bomb splinters from these bombs caused quite a number of casualties and killed three Australian deserters. The nearest bomb we experienced was one that hit the crosstree on the mast just above my head, all I got was a hot spent splinter in the middle of my back which did no damage.

All bombing had ceased by the afternoon and as evening approached we began to pick up our spirits again thinking that our trouble for the day was over, when a shell plopped into the sea in front of our bow. Down came the White Ensign and we hove to. There was no point in fighting there were too many women and children on board also the ship only had two ancient guns relics of the Boar War to fight with. To the Starboard was a forrest of masts racing towards us, which later on turned out to be destroyers or some such craft. Some of the evacuees said it must be the Dutch Navy coming to inspect us, but I had my doubts, and kept watching the little pocket-handkerchief of a flag. I could see white and red, but when I saw the roached egg (we had other, not quite so polite names for that flag) in the middle my heart sank into my boots, what a ghastly feeling.

The Nir Navy came to rest all round us while one destroyer circled us with its guns trained on us, we expected any minute to see a belch of flame and then oblivion. By this time all the women and children were brought on deck and prominent-position- put in a prominent position. Among them was Mason who is over 6 feet tall and was wearing a Military sun helmet, you should have heard the bellow that went up when he was seen, "Take off that B. B. hat". Eventually the destroyer came to rest, and a dingy was lowered and was being rowed towards our ship, when some Dutch bombers appeared on the scene and started shooting up the Nir Ships. The dingy returned to the destroyer and we were ordered to abandon ship.

There was only one ladder on the Port side to the boat deck, and only four boats. Women and children went first, the first lifeboat on

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the Port side was filled, lowered and promptly sank, bomb splinters from the near misses had punched so many holes in it that it could not float. The second boat on the Port side was filled and as it was being lowered one of the ropes that had been half cut through by a splinter broke allowing one end of the boat to drop and tip all the women and children into the sea. I shall never forget that as long as I live, and the sound of little children calling out for their mothers will be for ever in my ears, it was simply heart rending.

While this was happening I noticed a bewildered old lady who I had known for many years. I got hold of her and tried to get her up to the boat deck, hoping to be in time for the last lifeboat, but just failed to make it, the boat had been lowered several feet below the level of the deck by the time we got there. We stood and watched the boat settle on the sea and float away. Then I noticed some men swimming and hanging on to it. This struck me as a bright idea, so down I went to where I had left my suitcase collected my shaving gear, tooth paste and brush, a lifebelt, and over the side I went and swam for the lifeboat and hung on. I found that quite a number had got there before me. Hanging on beside me was a man that had recently been discharged from hospital after a major operation, so when the Officer in charge gave permission for two more to come aboard, I helped him in and followed directly after. As luck would have it, the Officer was just above where we were hanging on and we heard his order first.

When I first got onto the boat, I did not get right in, but was precariously perched on the side. The boat was very crowded, there must have been over 30 of us in it, and it was not a large lifeboat. Later on when it got cold I managed to worm myself to the bottom of the boat out of the wind.

It was now quite dark, we floated around for a bit waiting to see what the Nips would do. Between 7.30 and 8 PM. one of the destroyers opened fire on the "GIANG BEE", the first shell went high and hit above the waterline and set the ship on fire, the second hit below the waterline and the flames subsided as the ship sank on Friday 13th, Feb. 1942.

A favourable breeze was blowing, so the Officer in charge had the sail hoisted, and we sailed slowly in the direction of Bangka Island. According to McDougall's book there were 8 men hanging on. I cannot confirm or deny this statement as I did not count them, but there were quite a number, and one by one they dropped off and floated away. At about 3 AM. we heard a voice from the sea say "For God's sake let me in I cannot hang on any longer". The Officer consulted with the others in the boat, and we all decided to let him on. In the morning when it got light I saw that it was my old friend Mason, he was a sick man as he must have swallowed quite a lot of sea water.

When it got light the Officer had a look at what there was to eat and drink, he found that there was a beaker of water, some tins of condensed milk, and ships biscuits. Unfortunately we had nothing to distribute the water with, but eventually found that one of the women had a pot of highly scented pomade containing about 2oz. This pot was cleaned as best as possible and used for distributing the water at the rate of two pots of pomade flavoured water per person twice a day.

As the day grew older, the sun got higher and hotter, the wind dropped and we had to row. There was a dead calm with a glassy sea that reflected the sun into our faces. Then the moans started as thirst grew stronger. Biscuits were handed out to us to eat, but nobody would touch them, all we wanted was water which was denied us, some of us almost went crazy with thirst. Not a pleasant feeling I can assure you.

In the afternoon we spotted land ahead of us, but by the time we got close it was too dark to land. A lot of these sandy beaches are protected by a coral reef and we did not want to be wrecked, so we anchored and had something to drink then eat, after which we tried to sleep the best we could sitting up and leaning against each other, it was not very comfortable but we were very tired and did manage to sleep a little.

Shortly after dawn the next morning we landed on what was the North West corner of Bangka Island due North of Djebus. The first thing I did when I got my feet on land was to look for water, and was lucky in

finding a nice clear spring of water near a swamp, from which I drank my fill, breaking a lifelong habit of never drinking unboiled water in the Tropics. I then started to explore, and came across a laddang, (a jungle clearing planted with dry rice) which was inhabited. When the inhabitants spotted me coming they started to make a bolt for it, but a few words in Malay soon brought them back again. They gave me a good feed of red rice and fish followed by a cup of coffee, which made me feel on the top of the world again. On my way back to the rest of the party I found others on their way to the laddang.

When I got back I found that a fire was going and that a porridge made of milk and shir's biscuits was cooking in a large receptacle, but how was it going to be eaten? there were neither plates or spoons, shells were hunted for, large ones to be used as plates and smaller ones as spoons. In this way the porridge was eaten.

Later on in the afternoon we were discovered by a party of Malays who took us to their Kampong (village) about 1½ miles away. They gave us an empty house for the women and children to sleep in while the men made themselves comfortable on mother earth outside, using the sail of the boat as a blanket.

Next day some of the younger men went to Djebus to see the native District Officer, and to find out where the Nips were. In due course they returned and told us that the Nips had taken Bangka Island, and that we had to come to Djebus where accommodation would be found for us all.

The journey to Djebus was by sea, so we had to wait for the lifeboat to be sailed round the tip of the peninsula on which we had landed. Some of the younger men went on ahead in pirogues to get our accommodation ready for us ~~when we arrived~~, and the main party followed on as soon as the lifeboat arrived. We had to row across a bay and up a creek, where we came to the end of a road along which we had to walk for about a mile before coming to our destination, which proved to be the house of a Dutch junior Customs Officer who had already departed.

The women occupied the inner rooms while the men occupied the verandah outside. It was not exactly comfortable as we had to sleep on, the bare cement.

It was not until I got here that I discovered that Mrs Lim who had given me tea on Penang Hill on the 4th. Dec 1941 was one of our party.

We were not given food so all money and valuables were collected in order to buy food, which the women cooked. It was mostly rice with a little curry which could be eaten with our hands out of a shell, either a sea shell, or a coconut shell.

We were allowed the freedom of the village of Djebus but were advised not to leave it. My first purchase was two sacks, one to sleep on and the other which I opened up I used as a blanket, and proved to be my only bed clothes for many months ~~to come~~.

We stayed here for about a week when a Nip Naval Officer came along to inspect us, and later on sent a bus to take us to Muntok, and captivity.

IN CAPTIVITY.

We were lucky that we were found by the Nir Navy, and not by the Army, as the latter had a very bad record for atrocities as you will see when you read McDougall's book.

When we arrived at Muntok, we were taken to the Army H.Q. which were situated in the R.C. Church, while the Officers occupied the Priest's House. It must have been getting on for Noon when we arrived, we were ordered to get out of the bus, and stand in a double row in front of the Church in the sun. We stood there for at least two hours being slowly dehydrated.

This was quite a common practice with the Nirs, to make people stand in the sun while the Officer in charge sat in the shade looking at them, while fanning himself and having a drink. It was no doubt done to impress on the helpless prisoner that he was BOSS.

When we had well and truly dehydrated, the women and children were sent to the Tin Winning Buildings where other civilians had been interned. The men were sent to the Police Barracks where a lot of captured Military personnel (mostly Australians) were imprisoned, and shoved in with them. Why we civilians were put along with the Military I could not make out, I expect it was due to the fact that there was no room for us in the Tin Winning Buildings.

Mason and I were adopted by a bunch of British Tommies, both Scottish and English. They were the remnants of the British Forces that were almost completely wiped out while fighting from the Tai border right down to Singapore. I believe they were given permission to escape from Singapore if possible. Our job was to keep the room clean, and cook any extra food they could scrounge while out on a working party, and have it ready for them when they returned in the evening. The food the Nirs gave us was just rice, if we wanted anything extra we had to buy it, and having no money, Mason and I had to rely on the Tommies.

Mason and I were with the Army for about 10 days, when the Army personnel were all sent over to Palembang, and the civilians were sent to the Tin Winning Building. A number of married people had been sent to a new camp in Palembang where they lived together.

One of the first people we met when we arrived at Tin Winning was Dr McKern, he had got on to the P.O.S. S.S. "Mata Hari" (Malay for Sun) which had sailed into Muntok for water and found herself safe in the Nir's clutches, all the evacuees were allowed to land with a small suitcase of personal effects.

I met many people that I knew in the Tin Winning, but they were daily growing less. Women, children and married men were the first to be sent over to Palembang, and then the disabled and older men. Eventually our turn came to be sent to Palembang. When we arrived there we found that nobody knew anything about us, and that no arrangements had been made to accommodate us, so we were left standing on the pier while the Nirs decided what to do with us. Fortunately it was in the evening and we were saved the torture of standing in the sun.

About 11 P.M. we were taken in lorries to a clinic complete with wooden beds and mattresses. It did not take us long to make ourselves comfortable, we had no sooner got settled, when in comes a Nir Officer who lets out a bellow followed by a terrific roar, and kicks us all out and told us that we had to sleep on the filthy cement floor of a garage. We had to get down and clean the filthy place out before we could possibly sleep in it. Was I tired ?? fortunately I had my bedding 2 sacks and half a karok life jacket, when I eventually lay down to sleep, I died.

We were only here for a few days, when we were shipped down the Musi river to Pladju one of the large oil refinery and housed in the Golf Club which was situated in the middle of the links. When evening came so did the mosquitoes, not in ones and twos, but in their thousands. How we

ever managed to sleep I do not know, must have been through sheer exhaustion. While we were there we were put on to unloading oil boring machinery along with a lot of Indonesian labourers. The Indonesians did all the work while we did token work. One day a Malayan Civil Service Forester Officer and I were shoving a small railway truck by just leaning against it, when up rushed a lot of Indonesians and started shoving like blazes. Seeing that the Indonesians had so kindly taken over our work, my mate and I let the Indonesians do the shoving while we walked behind. We very soon learned the reason of the Indonesian invasion, when we jumped feet into the air after receiving a sharp stroke from a rotan wielded by a very irate Nip Officer. That was the first and last time that I was ever struck by a Nip.

As the camp was in an open space without a barbed wire fence surrounding it, we always had Nip guards wandering about, and whenever they passed us we were expected to bow low to them, this did not suite us at all, we were all far too stiff backed to bow low to an ordinary Nip soldier, so our great game was dodging the guard, as soon as he appeared at one corner of the camp we dodged round the opposite one.

One day I had the job of cutting the grass near the camp building with a knife, I sat on my haunches with my back towards the camp so that I would not be facing the guard when he came round, but it made no difference, for I had hardly got down to the job, when I heard a terrific roar that made me nearly jump out of my skin, it was only the Nip guard drawing my attention to the fact that he was there, so I put a vacant look on my face and continued cutting grass, this was greeted with another roar. I then thought I had better get up and give him a nod or else he might test the sharpness of his bayonet on me, not a pleasant thought, so up I got rather slowly and gave him a nod for which he seemed to be quite pleased and off he went.

While we were in this camp we saw the beginning of a scourge dysentery, which was to take many lives before we were released. My friend Mason went down with it on the day we arrived in the camp. We had no Doctor or hospital arrangements, all we could do was to segregate those who had caught the disease, and nurse them the best we could. There were several deaths during the month we stayed in this camp. Mason was one of the lucky ones, he had almost recovered from his attack when we left, but was still very weak, he could just manage to carry himself with some help.

From Pladju we were sent to Palembang gaol where our luggage such as it was, was searched, and my razor was taken away. The gaol was already over crowded and with our addition we were packed like sardines in a tin, but the food was better than what we had been having in Pladju.

I had not been in the gaol 24 hours when it was very evident that I had caught that dreaded disease dysentery, and very soon became an inmate of the little clinic in the gaol. I got it bad, and grew so weak that when I got down on my haunches I just did not have the strength to get up again, my eyesight had almost gone, I could not focus my eyes everything was blurred, I could just manage to eat soft boiled rice, if it was at all hard I did not have the strength to chew it. Poor old Mason was very concerned, and used to talk to me like a Dutch Uncle, because I appeared to have thrown up the sponge, and had no will to live. They did not realize that I was keeping as quiet as possible in order to conserve what little strength I had to fight the disease. In due course I turned the corner and started to recover, and was sent to the Charitas Hospital which was run by R.C. Nuns. The only treatment we had for dysentery was opium pills which gave the patient a short period of relief and enabled him to sleep. Now we used to look forward to the evening dose of pills so that we could have some sleep.

Charitas Hospital was heaven compared to the gaol, but there were a lot of mosquitoes in the first ward that I was in. Having no razor I naturally started to grow a beard, talk about a billy goat! I made a wonderful caricature of one. I did not grow a spade like beaver, if I did, I would have been proud of it, instead of which I grew three tufts one on each jaw and the third on my chin. I presented such a ghastly sight that the Indonesian orderly took pity on me and got me a razor to remove the face fungus with, you could not call it anything else.

I was then changed into a better ward where there were no mosquitoes, and contained some old friends, such as Dr McKern and Sir John Campbell. By this time I had almost completely recovered, and had developed an appetite like a horse, it was simply amazing.

While many like myself recovered there were others who did not, and we very soon learned the signs of those who were about to die, it was nonstopping hiccups which would last for days in some cases.

Charitas Hospital was the brightest place of the internment for many of us. The hospital catered for both women and men, and it could always be arranged that husband and wife would be in hospital at the same time so that they could meet when the guards were somewhere else. McDougall gives a good account of this hospital in his book.

I must have been at Charitas for about 3 months before I went back to the gaol, fully recovered from my attack of dysentery, it was just at this time that there was an outbreak of monkey-pox and Palembang bottom, which increased the work in the little clinic in the gaol, and it was found necessary to have a full time washerman. Mason who was well in with the clinical crowd suggested that I be offered the job, and when I was asked if I would take it on, I accepted it, I could not do less, they had nursed me when I was a very sick man. I remained in that job until I was flown out of Sumatera to Singapore. I may add that I have to thank that job for being alive today.

Had it not been for the over crowding life in the gaol would not have been too bad, we had sufficient to eat, although it was very monotonous and too Asian for many British palates. There were several language classes for those who wanted to learn either English, Dutch, French or Spanish. Rubber planting discussions for Planters. Choir practice for the songsters, and theatricals. Working parties went out daily to work on a new camp that the Nips were building for us on the edge of the town. Being daily employed in the clinic, I never went out on these working parties, which were generally made up of married men who had wives or daughters in the women's camp which the working party passed on the way to work.

When my work in the clinic was finished, and there were no Planting discussion on, I filled in my time making and mending. While I was at Pladju I found a rusty needle which I carefully cleaned and kept. It was a real man size needle, half way between an ordinary needle and a darning needle, (I still have it, and used it yesterday to mend a haversack) It turned out to be the most useful thing I possessed in the camp, with it I kept my clothes in repair, made new shorts, and made a knapsack out of an old sack in which to carry my few possessions which consisted of my bed, 2 sacks, 1 kopak life jacket (pillow) and a short strip of coir matting which I had been given on my return from Charitas (the late owner having passed on) an enamel plate, knife, spoon and fork, all of which I acquired while in Charitas, and my shaving kit. There was quite an extensive library in the camp, and I spent quite a lot of my time reading, fortunately I had my sneaks.

I do not intend to give camp history in these Experiences of mine, as McDougall's book gives a far more accurate account of it than I ever could, being a newspaper correspondent he knew the job better than I did. McDougall was an American, a man of mystery, he did not mix with the British very much. He was a R.C. and was more friendly with the Dutch of whom many were R.C. and the R.C. Priests who were all Dutch. Although we both worked in the same clinic, we were in different departments and very seldom met, except on work, that is why I am not mentioned in his book. While we were in the gaol, we sent away our first postcard to G.B. I did not know where any of my people were, Muriell was in Germany, Phyllis had been moving around looking for a place to settle down after being evacuated from Guernsey, so I sent my card to Phyllis c/o the Estate Secretaries in London and thereby killed two birds with one stone.

During 1943 we were shifted out of the gaol to the new camp that had been built for us at the edge of the town. In this camp we had a proper hospital occupying one side of the camp, it was a nice roomy building with wooden bunks at one end for the Staff of which I was the humblest member. The camp was predominately Dutch, but the hospital was almost 100% British.

Most of the Dutch in the camp had plenty of money, while almost all the British were penniless, and were obliged to take on these jobs to get a bit more food, but even that was not sufficient. Had it not been for the tobacco issue that the Nips gave us, and which I promptly sold or bartered I do not know how I could have survived. With the money I got from the sale of tobacco, I bought either prawn paste (stank to high heaven, but was rich in protines) peanuts, or green gram, the latter was rich in vitamins B which was lacking in our normal diet.

Accommodation for the hospital Staff was good compared with the rest of the camp, which consisted of bamboo platforms^{and} which in time got infested with BUGS, millions of them, thank goodness we in the hospital were spared that torture.

Food became definitely worse and considerably less, first there was no salt to be had, fortunately I had a piece of rock salt which I had brought from Charitas, and which I used very sparingly. Then there was no fat, a good diet for those suffering from high blood pressure, but not too good for vitamin starved men. It became known that there were large stocks of red palm oil lying in stores and on Estates, so Paddy West our Doctor, persuaded the Nips to let us have some, which they did. It was used in teaspoons fulls at our two meals and poured over our rice, which was our main food. The oil was not very palatable, no doubt that is why we got it, nobody else would touch it, it smelt, and tasted like axle grease that is put on railway trucks, I remember smelling it on the trucks on the railway siding at Dollar. All our food barring rice was issued in tea or table spoon fulls, the menus that the cookhouse put up looked quite imposing, but when it arrived on our plates we had to put our specks on to see it.

The new camp as far as the hospital Staff was concerned was a great improvement on the gaol, for one thing the area was very much greater we were surrounded by a wire fence, not high walls, and we could see the surrounding country, which included the womens camp on a hill about a mile away. No doubt wives and husbands had their secret signals, and could signal to each other when the guard was not looking.

The shortage of food took the kick out of many of us. gone were the language classes, the Planters discussions, and the theatricals. The only thing that kept going was the choir which was run by a R.C. Priest, the Vicar of Muntok, and a small string band.

Just before we were shifted out of this camp, Charitas Hospital was closed down, and all the patients were sent to us, they included Dr McKern who had a bad heart, and Sir John Campbell, I do not know what he was suffering from, but he managed to have it nice and easy ever since he was captured.

The day of our removal arrived. I went with the first party to get the hospital ready in the new camp. We were marched down to the wharf on the Musi river, and when we got there I spotted The "BAGAN" one of the Penang ferry boats, that ferried people and cars to and from Penang and the mainland. When we embarked we had a pleasant sail down the Musi and across to Muntok on Bangka Island.

When we first arrived at Muntok the hospital was in the gaol. We were given one wing of the Administration Building, which was inside the walls walls of the gaol, but outside the fence that separated the Administration Buildings from the cells and dormitories. Hospital space was very restricted, and so were the hospital quarters, but we still had our bunks which was a blessing. The rest of the inmates of the camp being forced to sleep on the cement floor, or on sloping cement platforms, like you see in a fishmongers window.

Our stay in Muntok gaol was the most dismal period of our imprisonment, it was the period when we first learned what it was to really starve, when we got acquainted with death, and it was all made worse by the fact that we were all crowded together within four high walls, and could see nothing of the outside world.

The hospital Staff although they had some filthy jobs to do, were really the second best off in the camp, the cooks being the best.

We in the hospital had something to do, also we could get something more to eat than the others. The rations of the patients that could not eat was divided among the Staff, it may only come to a spoonfull of rice and vegetable or fish sauce, but it all counted and helped to keep body and Soul together.

We had not been in Muntok many weeks when fever started. Paddy West was doubtful as to what fever it was. I have been in some of the worst fever districts in Malaya during my planting career, and suggested that the fever was malaria of the worst form M.T. Malignant Tertian, there was also B.T. Benign Tertian. McDougall was the first to go down with M.T. malaria he was one of the lucky ones to recover, as a rule it was a killer, especially if it gets into the brain and becomes Cerebral Malaria. I have seen some wierd things happen on account of this disease on Langkawi.

I am one of these unfortunate people who pick up Malaria very easily, and it was not long before I went down with it, fortunately for me it was B.T. that I got, the hardest to eradicate but not dangerous. Paddy West had a supply of drugs at the time and was able to give me a full treatment for malaria which cleared me up within a week, and that was the last illness that I had in the camp, barring toothache.

After I had recovered from my attack of malaria, I was handed a badly torn mosquito net to cut up as bandages, should it be suitable. as it was not suitable for bandages which had to be washed over and over again, I carefully mended it, washed it, and used it instead of the meat-safes contraption that most of us put over our head at night to keep the mosquitoes away. Once bitten twice shy, after my attack of malaria, I was always safely tucked away under my net as soon after sunset as possible, having electric light in our room it was possible to read under the net. Other lads used to sit in the moonlight and get bitten and end up in hospital.

With malaria in the camp, deaths became quite common, and on several occasions I was given the gruesome job of watching patients in a coma, waiting for them to die, but I am glad to say that none died while I was on watch. Sir John Campbell who had always had it easy in Charities Hospital, went to pieces when he was confined to Muntok gaol, and wanted to commit suicide, so we were forced to keep constant watch on him, but he caught one of his watchers sleeping one night. He climbed up as far as he could on bed and chair, and dived head first on to the cement floor, he did not kill himself, but the shock brought on pneumonia from which he died a few days later.

About this time the Nips started collecting internees from all over South Sumatera, and put them in Muntok gaol. The first lot to arrive came from Djambi, and amongst this lot was a man named Morris who had worked under me as an Assistant Manager on Subur Estate, they nicknamed him the pretty boy, for he spent almost all his time brushing his hair.

We were crowded before, but with the new arrivals conditions became unbearable, even the Nips noticed it, and opened up the Tin Winning Building which was almost alongside the gaol.

Bangka Island is very rich in tin, and the Tin Winning Building was a transit camp for Chinese Labour coming from, and going to, China, it was well laid out, there was the Administration Block with two wings at right angle to it. These wings consisted of 4 large dormitories complete with bathrooms and etc, but the sleeping benches were sloring cement ones, no bugs, but very hard, we called them the fish slabs. In the centre was a raised roof, a hall without walls, called the Pandoro.

The buildings were situated in a large compound (garden) in which there were several trees, and the whole place was surrounded by a high barbed wire fence, so that it was possible to see the country around us on two sides, from one part of the Pandoro we could see the sea. What interested me most were the butterflies which were constantly flying into the compound and feeding on the flowers that grew wild in it. I proceeded to make myself a butterfly net out of pieces of barbed wire and a piece of gauze, it was quite successful, and I kept it until the end of my interment. I amused myself while my washing was drying catching butterflies. The Nips used to laugh at me, no doubt they thought I was completely dotty, but it gave me another interest in life, which was what a lot of the inmates did not have, with the result that just lay down and died, I have seen lads less