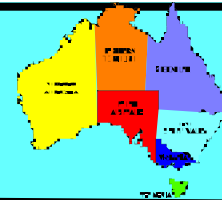


Casa Down Under Newsletter



July 2006

Volume 18
Issue 3



President's Report



Dear Members,

Our Casa was invited to participate in the Festa das Provincias event held on Sunday 23rd April at the Sydney Portugal Community Club, Marrickville. Our stall offered home made Macanese sweets. Special thanks to Brenda Chavez for cooking and helping all day at the stall; including Judith Ramalho for donating the delicious empadas and the rest of the Committee members who attended. It was disappointing that we had a poor response to assist in this event. However, it was still a most enjoyable although exhaustive day. Representative, Nick Griffin from Macau

‘ Keeping the
Macanese
Community
Alive. ’

Government Tourist Office, Sydney, shared our stall and was on hand with brochures and some giveaways. Dia de S João was celebrated throughout Australia recently. I wish to thank our Interstate Representatives and all those members who helped to make this annual event such a success. Please refer to individual State reports within this newsletter. Unfortunately, our Casa is still awaiting the delivery of copies of Armando Santos' CD. Members will be advised when these will be made available.

As alluded to at the New South Wales recent

event, the Committee is currently investigating a potential property for our Casa. This is presently under review and deliberations for appropriateness and suitability. It is a huge responsibility and undertaking for your Committee, in our mission and quest to achieve a positive outcome for our Casa. Your patience and perseverance is sought.

Casa's bookmark was launched at the luncheon. Distribution included interstate members. Casa acknowledges the input from Tony Basto for the motto – 'Keeping the Macanese Community Alive' used also for the launch of our Casa mugs in 2004.

As mentioned in my April report, there will be a 'Childrens' Christmas in July' social at Luna Park on Sunday 30th July for New South Wales. Organised by two of our younger Committee Members, initiated by José da Silva and aptly assisted by Antonieta Manolakis. Closing date is the 15th July so please hurry to take advantage of this free fun- filled day for our junior members. It is with much pleasure that I announce



Judith and Rui Ramalho

(Continued on page 2)

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Special Points of
interest:-

**Page 3 - Let's Get Social -
Launch of an appeal by
our Social Coordinator.**

**Page 4 - Cicero Rozario's
Memoirs of life in the
prison camp of Sham-
shuipo. An insight into the
struggles and self-
preservation during a very
difficult period of life our
older generation endured.**

**Page 9 - Al Noronha sup-
plied a photo and is ap-
pealing for information.
Have a look, you might be
in it.**





Charito Remedios, Quito and Nana Barros

Macau's 12th Annual General Meeting, to be held on Saturday 16th September 2006 (see enclosed flyer and nomination form). At the Annual General Meeting, all positions on the Committee will be declared vacant. Calls for nomination to any position on the Committee is extended to all Ordinary (voting) Members interested to participate and represent our Casa and membership. If more than one nomination is received for any position, a voting process will follow and Ordinary

to eat what you don't want, drink what you don't like, and do what you'd rather not'.

Yours in health.

Kind Regards,

Yvonne



21st Century....

Casa's new initiative of an "on-line" Social Group in New South Wales, coordinated by Lizette Akouri who has kindly offered to undertake this task. Given the difficulty to meet, due to busy lifestyles and geographical distances of our membership in New South Wales, the idea of on-line discussion would allow for a group of interested members to brainstorm on social ideas, prepare an ongoing annual calendar of events etc., with potential of inclusion or uptake on a national level. I refer to Lizette's introduction within this newsletter. It is therefore important for members to assist by filling out the attached 'questionnaire', particularly for those who did not attend the recent Dia de S Joāo functions where this was distributed, to be returned by no later than 15th August, 2006.

Members will then need to vote. Nominations will be required to supply a brief and photo to be sent out with the voting papers, as supporting information to assist members on selection. Here's your opportunity to join the Committee, to give input and direction. All positions are voluntary without remuneration. Appointees will be required to serve a

- Our communication - Wireless
- Our dress - Topless
- Our telephone - Cordless
- Our cooking - Fireless
- Our youth - Jobless
- Our food - Fatless
- Our labour - Effortless
- Our conduct - Worthless
- Our relation - Loveless
- Our attitude - Careless
- Our feelings - Heartless
- Our politics - Shameless
- Our education - Valueless
- Our follies - Countless
- Our arguments - Baseless
- Our Boss - Brainless
- Our Job - Thankless



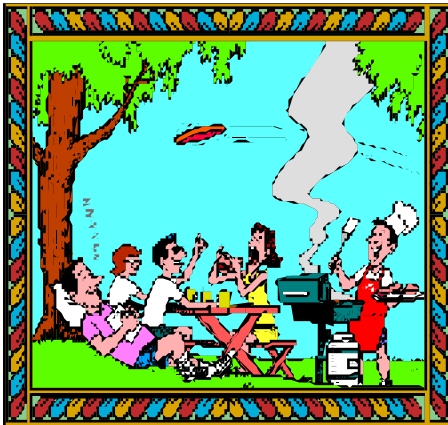
Nick Griffin with Casa Committee Members. Missing: Therese Alonco, Mariazinha Callaghan and José da Silva

If you have any contribution towards our website 'photo gallery' please contact us via our website: www.casademacau.org.au mailto: info@casademacau.org.au These can include old or more recent photos of families, socials and special events in Macau, Hongkong and Australia or any interest to be shared. At present our webmaster is also looking into establishing an 'on-line forum' for our members to discuss, share, post any issues or topics. More information once this is all set up to go. The latter part of the year will include the launch of a 'song' for our home page specially composed & performed by Patrick de Sousa & Carlos Rozario.

term (12 months) donating their time towards the betterment of the Casa as a whole, without prejudice or bias; working as a team member to collectively care and maintain our Macanese culture, heritage and community. I encourage all interested Ordinary Members to seriously consider an active participation in the Committee. Nominations to be marked for the attention of: The Secretary, and closes on the 4th August.

Look forward to seeing you at our 12th Annual General Meeting in September. In the words of American humorist & writer, 'The way to keep your health is

Notice is hereby given for Casa de



Let's get Social

When one decides to join Casa de Macau as a member, one wants to be a part of a company of people who feel that they want to cherish their heritage, while at the same time be comfortable and feel at home amongst people of their own culture and descent. Others, who joined, either have friends and family members who are Macanese, or who are the new generation of children born in Australia from parents who were born in Macau or Hong Kong of Portuguese descent.

There have not been many social events to promote this kinship for one reason or another lately, and many members feel this loss of contact, especially mem-

“ The Word Is Out -
LET'S GET SOCIAL -
*and keep the Macanese
community alive!* ”

bers who have been here since the inception of the club. With approval and agreement from our president & Casa committee, I aim to organise some social gatherings so that we do not lose our heritage and kinship and hence the questionnaire attached. I invite others to join me in forming a proactive social group for the benefit of all our members.

Due to our tyranny of distances we have members all over Australia, and it will be difficult to keep everybody happy. However we would endeavour to do so, but would appreciate all of you to voice your

opinions whether they are positive or negative, as it is unfair for the committee to hear directly or indirectly complaints from members without offer for suggestions of any kind.

Why shouldn't you give your opinion? No one bites, and the Committee is there to listen and decide on whether ideas will be both feasible and functional. Recently many members have completed the questionnaire at the NSW and several Interstate functions celebrating Dia de S. João and we are offering this opportunity for **all** members across Australia to contribute by completing the attached questionnaire.

We are looking at having more functions for both young and old, and encourage the younger generation to get together to know each other and learn more about their heritage and the Macanese culture (e.g. cuisine, language, festivals, folklore etc). We are hoping to have an 'on-line forum' created for the younger generation to communicate with each other (via our internet website), getting to know different families who are of Macanese descent but have never met. Who knows, we might even have an Encontro of our own for the younger generation and one for the not so young to meet up here in Sydney or any of the other State/cities.

Parents who receive this newsletter **please** encourage your children to take some time to read and complete the questionnaire, as it is just as important for **them** as it is for **you** to complete it. It will be of great advantage for all generations who will benefit from the feed-back we get and act on your opinions so that we can move forward.

Please return all enclosed questionnaires by no later than 15th August 2006 to Casa de Macau Inc. PO Box A908 Sydney South NSW 1235, marked for the Attention of the Social Co-ordinator or via website: info@casademacau.org.au

Thank you for your co-operation. I will keep you informed of the results.

Lizette Akouri
Social Co-ordinator

THANK YOU!

I would like express my heartfelt thanks to the Editor of your newsletter and members of Casa de Macau, Australia. I have found my long lost friend Cynthia Franco Durward again and we are now in contact.

My very best to all the members in Australia. I live in Hemmingford, Quebec, Canada and hope to some day visit Australia and see my old friends again.

Sincerely

Gertrude de Souza (Tetreault)

Editor - Very glad to have been of service and that you have found your long lost friend. Love it when we can help even in a small way.

IT'S A BOY

Jose Carlos & Sarah Da Silva are very proud parents of Oliver Jose born on 21-July-2006 at 8:46pm, 3kgs or 6lb 10oz and 49cms in length.





MEMOIRS

**Cicero Rozario's P.O.W. Memoirs
Experiences at Shamshuipo & Sendai
Camps—Part 1 of 2 parts**

Though previously published in *Voz de Macaenses de Vancouver* in November, 2001, Mrs. Margaret Rozario offered her late husband's memoirs to us together with dozens of her late husband's sketches drawn in camp, so that our younger generations can know what their forbears went through fighting for their homes in Hong Kong, and 44 months being incarcerated in camp during World War II.

Drawings by Cicero Rozario and A. V. Skvorzov, Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Force

Shamshuipo Camp

(After Hong Kong's surrender on December 25, 1941), it took us twelve hours to reach Shamsuipo Prisoner-of-War Camp as there were over 10,000 men and only two ferries, so we had to walk all the way from Star Ferry, a distance of about two miles, lugging all our belongings.

We were put in Quonset huts with about 50 men in each hut. No. 6 Company personnel had their own hut, and No. 5 Company and Field Ambulance of the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Force were next to us. In fact, the Volunteers were all in a row as we were under the command of the same sergeant major.

Besides the Volunteers, there was the Royal Scots and Middlesex Regiments, one Indian artillery regiment, one Chinese Field Ambulance Section, and the two Canadian Regiments—the Royal Rifles of Canada, and the Winnipeg Grenadiers. After the Chinese and Indians were later released, there was a rumour that we (the Portuguese) would also be released, but this never happened.

It was winter and very cold, and the windows and the doors of the huts had all been looted so we had to go scrounging

(a polite word for stealing) for pieces of wood and corrugated metal sheets to fabricate our own with the help of the Royal Engineers.

POWs allowed to send only one letter a month

We were allowed to write one letter a month which was only sent out after being censored by the Japanese. What you could say: "Dear Mom, How are you? I'm well. Your loving son."

Father Green tended to our spiritual needs, saying mass every morning in one of the huts. Leonel Silva was his aide. (Leonel's father, Nado, was also in the camp). The Engineers built us a brick altar to give us quite a chapel. Father Green was badly beaten up by the Japanese one day, but I never found out why. [In his memoirs published here in Spring 1998 Luigi Ribeiro, who was also a POW, wrote:

"Fr. Green had reason to believe that the camp authorities had not spent all the money received from the Vatican. He had the brazen audacity of going to the Japanese to ask for an explanation in connection with the disbursement of the Vatican funds.

For his impudence, Fr. Green was given such a battering that he passed out completely and had to be revived by throwing water over his face." (Ed.)]

We had a hospital and a mortuary, both of which had no proper windows or doors, so when we walked by these places we could watch the doctors and staff going about their business.

We also had a chicken farm, a pig farm and a football field, a garden full of tomatoes, melons and lots of greens, but they were only for hospital patients so there was no chance of scrounging, as there were guards all over the place—Japanese, and our own men.

The pigs in the farm were huge, like cows, which the Engineers killed by hitting them over the head with a wooden mallet. We once sat on the side of the field and watched this pig chase the

Engineers. More Engineers had to come out to help them.

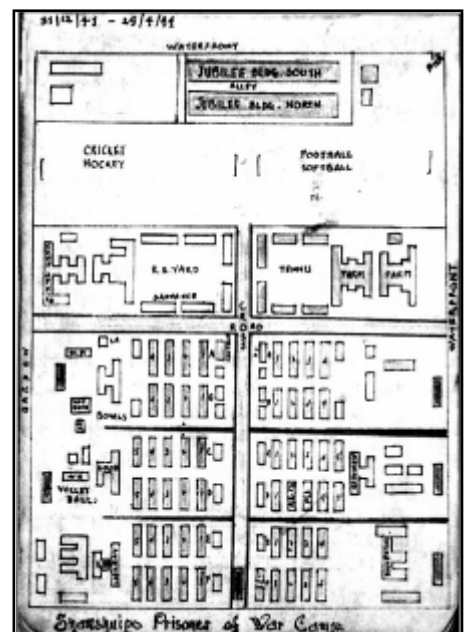
POWs forced labour at Kai Tak, Aberdeen and Lai Chi-kok

We were put to work in Kai Tak Airfield, cleaning nullahs (large, open boxed culverts) and shovelling down a whole hill (quite a mountain) to enlarge the airport. A few soldiers died because of landslides, despite our futile efforts to dig them out.

We had a first-aid station under a tree and the sick could go there to rest and recuperate. On the first day, there were two or three of us. The next day, there were ten. Then everybody got into the act until the Japanese sentries chased us away with fixed bayonets. Then it was back to normal, with two or three genuine patients, for the others preferred not to get "sick". Anyway, at Kai Tak, the grass was so long that you could go to sleep and the guards couldn't see you.

We also had to shift bombs from one godown to the other stacking and unstacking the 500 and 1,000 pound bombs.

The other big job was at Aberdeen. We had to take oil and kerosene drums down to the pier and then later load them on to a barge to be taken to Lai Chi-kok Socony (Standard Oil Company



Site plan of Shamshuipo POW camp drawn by Cicero Rozario. The waterfront surrounds the top and right perimeter of the site.



of New York) Installation. There were so many drums that it took us six months to clear the godowns.

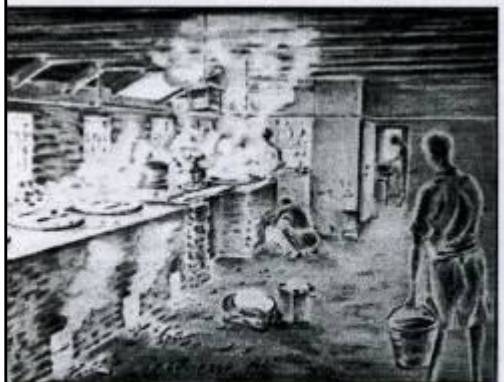
We got up at 5:00 a.m., had breakfast, and waited on the parade ground to be counted. Then we were put on a barge which took over an hour to reach Aberdeen. Most of us slept on the barge and others chatted and read books. The Japanese brought in a lot of books giving us quite a good library. (*The books were looted from private libraries in the Colony—Ed.*)

Allies bomb targets in Hong Kong

While we were working on the drums, an Allied spotter plane flew over us every morning. The air-raid siren went



Interior of Shamshuipo huts. Skvorzov captioned his drawing: "Bedbugs were everywhere: in beds, stools, chairs, clothing, headgear etc. One couldn't sit peacefully on a stool or sleep quietly in one's bed. Hot water and insect powder were not allowed for debugging. Some experimented with bedbug traps, with dubin and lime, but without success. The best remedy was to acquire immunity."



Charcoal drawing of kitchen at Shamshuipo camp by HK Volunteer Lieutenant Alexander A. V. Skvorzov. For 44 months inmates would have to subsist on a rice diet of half what a coolie would eat.

and the Japanese guards ran up the hills, far away from the drums. We sat on the drums, and as we had our own spies, we knew the same spotter plane came over every morning. The American bombers never bombed the prison camp as if they

knew where we worked.

When all the drums were taken to Lai Chi -Kok, the spotter plane still came around as usual, and the siren went and everyone looked towards Lai Chi-Kok. On September 2, 1942, a heavy droning sound led us to believe that this was it. The huge tanks went up in a black mushroom cloud, and we could see the drums going up through the smoke followed by many fighter planes strafing the godowns until there was nothing left.

The fire in Lai Chi-Kok burned for a week. Every day, we took our bowl of rice at dinner time to the field and watched the huge fire, singing, "Over there, everywhere, the Yanks are coming". By the third day, the Japanese guards were also singing with us. If they found out what we were singing they would have set on us with bayonets.

The Americans also bombed Kai Tak and some shipping in the harbour. But they were gone by the time the air-raid sirens sounded the warning for the planes had glided in low over their targets, escaping early detection.

Later we went to Lai Chi-Kok to clean up and it was like No-Man's-Land, no trees, everything black for about a mile. The godown was all smashed up. We had to take the drums to our prison camp for storage. Each drum was riddled with over a hundred bullet holes.

We had other jobs besides, which was against the Geneva Convention (which Japan did not sign). One of the interpreters, who told this to the Japanese, was badly beaten up.

The ones who didn't go outside on forced labour had to remain and clean up the camp, do the gardening, and even tailoring. We also had to unload rice from the trucks when they came in. In those days, I could carry 250 lb. Bags; now, I can't even lift a 20 lb. bag of manure.

In the beginning, the cook house was staffed by the Royal Engineers, but later on, it was mostly 'our boys', so we had to do the firewood, chopping up whole trees which were wet and knotty. Every time you took a chop at it, the axe would fly out and you were left with the handle. The Japanese gave us pick axes instead but the same thing happened. We dreaded this chopping business. Every hut had to have a man at the door doing guard duty in case the Japanese ever wanted to know how many people were inside. Everyone took turns for a two-hour guard duty and I always chose the 4:00 to 6:00 a.m. shift. At 4:00 a.m., someone would wake me up, and I'd say, "OK," and go back to sleep. I was never caught.

When we were doing guard duty at the doors of the hut, we sometimes got together for a chat to while away the time. One day, one of the *kwai-lohs* (British) tied a long string to a black piece of paper and dragged it behind him. Thinking it to be a little rat, we stamped on it. He turned round and laughed. He did this every day fooling a lot of people.

One day, while he was walking his 'little rat', a Japanese guard rounded the corner behind him. Thinking it to be a rat, he also stamped on it. The *kwai-loh* turned round, and his laughter froze when the guard didn't think it was funny. You can guess what happened next. We didn't see the 'little rat' any more.

You could be called on at any time to do some work, and while playing cards one day, we heard the sergeant-major call, "Sergeant, I need five men." All of us promptly jumped out of the window of the hut, so that when the sergeant looked in, he saw an empty hut. He then went to the waterfront, and collared those who were enjoying the walks and sightseeing. But when the sergeant came back, he was surprised to find a hut full of men.

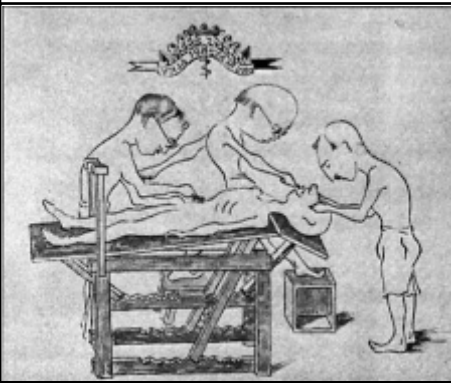
But woe to you if you ever were assigned to do a hospital job. It was dysentery time and you had to wash the bed-pans. The moment you brought one in, they would give you another one until you hoped that they would all die.



Health problems

Some men did die of dysentery. When my uncle had it, he weighed only 40 lbs. I could have carried him on his stretcher by myself. The Japanese sent him to Queen Mary Hospital, and after three months, he returned. When I saw him, I said, "Uncle, I thought you were dead."

He chased me around the room.



In a primitive operating theatre, British Army doctors fought to save lives. Their instruments were razor blades and knives; the drugs, salt and peanut oil. Even those were precious and zealously guarded. The Japanese had taken over enormous stores of medical supplies which they used only for their own soldiery. Later, by bribing sentries, essential drugs were secured in minute quantities. To obtain money for this, men sold to the sentries all they had including gold teeth. (A. A. Skvorzov).

When there was an infestation of bugs, flies and rats during the dysentery outbreak, the Japanese offered a packet of cigarettes for every 100 flies caught. Some of the prisoners went around with their drinking mugs to catch flies. If they caught a big fly they would break it in two; that way, they would earn their pack of cigarettes anyway as the Japanese didn't bother to count the pests.

Being afflicted with scabies was like having boils all over one's body. The treatment was having the patient hold on to a bar in front of him while the medic helper scrubbed his back with a brush with long bristles. This treatment would cause his back to bleed, and was so painful that he would faint after the second pass. This treatment would go on until the patient was cured, but that was impossible given the poor food we were getting.

When cases of diphtheria occurred soldiers were dying like flies because there was no serum for its treatment. Those who went into hospital, would die on the third day. Each time someone died, the bugler would blow his horn, but after ten men died in one day, the Japanese stopped this practice.

In the hospital, the Royal Army Medical Corps (RAMC) tended to the sick and dying, but tended towards the dying for they were suspected of grabbing a patient's belongings when he eventually called it quits. The *kwai-lohs* cynically told us that RAMC also meant "Rob All My Comrades".

We had a Canadian dentist who was very thin and weak from malnutrition. When I had a toothache and couldn't eat I joined in the queue to see him. I told him, "I'm going to scream, but don't mind me, and keep pulling." He did just that, but he was so weak he literally had a foot on my chest, believe it or not, as he tugged. I screamed louder when he broke my tooth into three pieces, and then he had to do this all over again two more times.

After a month or so, I had another bad tooth. This time, he got me out of the queue and said, "You first." He tugged and once again I screamed, only the screaming was no acting as my tooth was being pulled without any painkillers—we didn't have any.

After all that screaming, the guys in the queue ran away. That's why I was always first whenever the dentist saw me. I had six more teeth extracted in the camp, and shuddered each time. I was a brave man then. Not any more. After the war I had all my teeth pulled out (with injections of anaesthetic course). Now I have two sets of pearly white teeth and no more toothache. When I was sent to Japan, a friend told me that the dentist had died in camp.

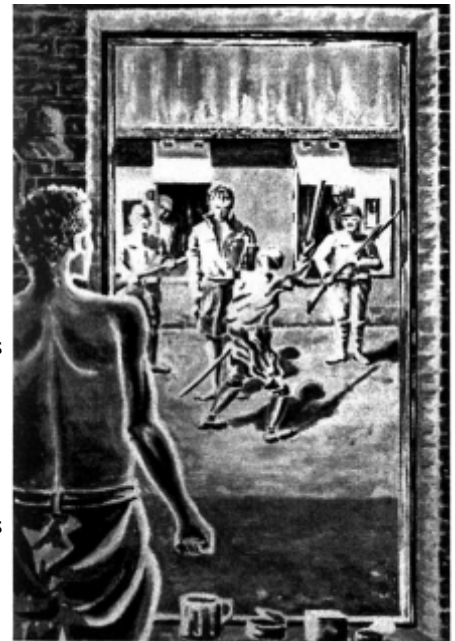
Everything was tasteless. As it was, most of the time we just had half a mess tin of rice, and a bowl of hot water, twice a day. Sometimes we had vegetables. The same stuff for six months—chrysanthemum leaves, chili water, etc. The English engineers threw out the *pei-*

tan (preserved black eggs) because they looked "rotten".

Fights

Most of the guys in the camp were already not-tempered, and as we were given chili water many fights occurred among us. I remember one fight where one of our boys was beating up this other guy, and he turned to us and said in Macanese, "Stop the fight. I'm out of breath." We stopped the fight and called it a draw to save face for the *kwai-loh*.

One of the prisoners was a bully who kept picking on small and sickly people. One time, he picked on a tall American seaman who also happened to be a boxer. They sparred until the American hit the bully on the mouth knocking out his false teeth, stopping the fight. Everyone helped look for his teeth, and when these were found, the fight continued.



But eventually we had to stop it as it was too one-sided. After that the bully was very careful who he picked on.

Escapes

With outside help there were a few escapes from the camp. Whenever there was an escape the whole camp had to parade on the football field as punishment for as long as twelve hours, and



sometimes in the rain. We would have to miss a meal. Eventually barbed wire was placed in the nullahs (open drainage channels) to deter escapes. The Japanese also made us sign a paper saying we would not escape.

The Japanese would search the huts and confiscate a cart full of electric wires, and stamp flat all our frying pans. You had to pay three cigarettes for another frying pan. These were made by the engineers by welding a handle to a sweet (candy) or biscuit tin. The engineers also made clogs when your shoes wore out. They made a lot of cigarettes as the shoe straps would get old, and would snap when wet. You felt like a woman walking around with a shoe with a broken high heel.

Whenever something the Japanese considered negative happened in camp, such as an escape or a prohibited radio found, visitors from outside would know because the POWs had to squat and wait for hours until the Japanese would come, and tell them "No parcels today."

After some prisoners had escaped, the barbed wire fence around the camp was electrified, and turned on at night. In the morning, the guards would switch off the electricity. One morning they forgot. A prisoner who was sweeping the ground near the fence, accidentally touched it and was electrocuted. The people working with him, seeing what had happened, ran to the guard house to tell the guards to switch off the current, but when they returned, the poor blighter was already dead. I forget his name, although he was a good friend. I think he worked with Alex Azedo in Optorg & Co.

In camp, we learned to make our own beds. There was Japanese inspection every morning. We cooked a lot of stuff but mostly with oil and soy sauce in our *chow-fan* (fried rice). We hammered nails to hold our clog straps, and we darned socks, and sewed on buttons. The smart woman will marry an ex-prisoner-of-war. (With servants, my wife had nothing to do; so she learned to play mahjong, and now she is fully occupied).

Whenever we washed our clothes, we hung them on the wire, got a chair and a good book, and waited until they dried. If not, someone might come knocking, trying to sell you your own pair of pants or shirt that you had just washed! If your clothes were too old for them to steal to sell, the advice was to wait for rain and hang them on the line. Later the sun would come out and dry them.

The latrine was about half a mile away from the huts and we complained to the authorities about the long walk at night and especially in the winter. For once, the Japanese understood, and allowed us to each have a tin. We would pass water, put the tin under our tatami, and then take them to the latrine in the morning. Like hell we did. We emptied them out the window.

One night, one of the POWs filled his tin and threw it out of his neighbour's window. But the window was closed and the urine splashed over this neighbour. The perpetrator pretended to be asleep when he heard his neighbour mutter, "My, it's raining. Funny, the windows are closed—the ceiling must be leaking." The neighbour put a bucket next to his head and went back to sleep.

The Japanese brought in a lot of sports equipment for the prisoners to use in their spare time. We played baseball, soccer, hockey, tennis, volleyball and even lawn-bowls, but the bowls didn't last very long as we were playing on sand. The little grass was reserved for smokers who weren't to know until two decades later that they were also smoking grass. We were just prisoners. Some of the boys also learned bridge and chess.

One day, the Japanese challenged us to play baseball. We fielded a good team. When a certain Japanese came up to bat, a lot of voices shouted, "Come on, get this guy." He put down the bat and asked, "Who said that?" Nobody answered. But we struck him out.

This guy's nickname was "Slap-Happy". A Japanese-Canadian, he who went about slapping people for no reason at all. He was hanged after the war, and

was very arrogant at the trial, but he was no match for Marcus da Silva who was the prosecutor.

In those days almost everyone smoked. "No Smoking" signs were rare. Cigarettes such as *Camels*, *Lucky Strikes*, *Capstan*, etc., were popular. But as the war progressed these imported smokes were increasingly rare in camp and were prized. Cigarettes were bartered for other desired commodities. In fact *any* cigarette we smoked pine needles, tea leaves, grass—you name it.

We also had Japanese cigarettes which were very strong. One puff got you dizzy. We called them "killers" and "cow dung". In offering someone one of these Japanese cigarettes, we would say, "Here have a cow dung."

One of the *kwai-lohs* in the camp would often come up to you when you were smoking and say, "Give us a light, chum." Then you'd see your cigarette getting shorter and shorter. This guy had a hollow piece of paper and was smoking *your* cigarette. We got mad but also wise to this trick.

Nanelli Baptista, an artist and chain-smoker at Christmas, would make a greeting card for three cigarettes. (I traded a pair of knitted gloves for five cigarettes). Nanelli had so many orders that I had to help him, and almost became a chain-smoker myself.

Every Christmas, we wished each other and hoped to see everyone outside by the following Christmas. As two more Christmases in camp went, our hopes waned.

Trading outside the camp fence

Despite the grimness of camp life, there were lighter moments. We used to buy some provisions from outside. In the beginning, we were buying Chinese cakes for a dollar, but later the cakes shrank from a five inch diameter to one inch so that they could fit through the fence when only a few guards were around. You would take the cake in a "one-two-three" grab as the seller outside would



take the money simultaneously.

Once a POW tore a dollar bill in half and bought a bag of sugar this way. The prisoner had the sugar and the Chinese outside the fence got cheated with half a dollar. The POW had a good laugh. The next day he went hunting again with the other half of his dollar. But this time the Chinese seller with the sugar was disguised, and when "one-two'three" was called, they grabbed simultaneously. The seller now had the other half of his dollar, but the POW got his comeup-pance with only a packet of sand!

One day my Mom sent me a papaya and since the following day was Sunday I saved it for a Sunday treat with a few friends. Fearing foraging rats, I tied the ends of the papaya with a long string to nailes on both sides of the room, dangling it in the middle of the room. How could I have guessed that this little (or big) rat was a wire-walker. In the morning, I found a neat hole bitten through the papaya. No matter. I cut around the hole and shared the dessert with others.

In our hut, for a while, there was this chomp-chomp sound on the roof every night. It didn't bother us, but this particular mama's boy complained to the padre that he thought the hut was haunted, so the padre brought in some holy water, and blessed the hut. But the chomp-chomp continued. One night, there was the usual noise, and bingo, a huge rat fell out from a hole in the ceiling, but it ran out of the hut, too fast for us to catch it.

The married and older POWs constantly worried about their wives and children on the outside. We, the younger people between 20 years and 30 years old, did our best to help these married people, joking and telling them funny stories. Thank heavens they listened and joined in.

Morale boosters

Morale of the man in camp was boosted by music and stage shows produced by the camp inmates. The late Johnny

Fonseca who was very popular in camp, and well known even to the English and Canadian POWs, did a lot for our boys with his guitar. He accompanied us while we sang with some *kwai-lohs* joining in.

We also had concerts for which full credit must be given to Nanelli Baptista, his helpers and the Royal Engineers crew for the stage setting, to Eli Alves, Reinaldo Gutierrez and Alarcon for their very sweet violin music; to the "girls" - Sonny Castro (who dressed as Carmen Miranda), Eddie and Gussy Noronha, Robert Pereira and a few more. (You couldn't say they were not girls unless you disrobed them!)

The Japanese camp commandant, his entourage, and some outside friends usually came to these events, occupying the first three rows in the improvised theatre, arriving in limousines, while we looked at them the way movie fans ogle the stars when they arrive for the Oscar awards in Hollywood.

Before I say something about George Ainslie, a good friend who at 18 or 19 was our youngest POW at Shamshuipo, I must digress: He and I (and others) used to dive together at the old Victoria Recreation Club (V.R.C.) on the Hong Kong waterfront. At first, we were diving from the lower one-metre board, then the three-metre board, and then from the verandah into the pool. We couldn't go any higher so we dove from the window in the clubhouse into the sea. Finally, we ended up on the roof of the building, and looked down. All we could say was, "Jeepers", so we climbed down, but one of the guys slipped and fell into the sea. It was then that we saw the hugs crowd on the waterfront having a free show. But the show must go on.

The height was scary; about seven storeys high, and to add to the danger, the water below was relatively shallow, being at low tide. Our hearts must have stopped as we took the plunge which, seemingly took a long time to reach the water. But all of us: Eddie (Monkey) Roza, Lionel Roza-Pereira, Peter Rull, Manaelly Roza, Hugo Ribeiro and a guy called Pullen, took the plunge. I had a stiff neck for a week. Now back to

Shamshuipo camp.

George Ainslie died of diphtheria in the prison camp and Pullen died in the war. David Hutchinson was the fellow with the scabies, and fainted when they scrubbed his back. He was very friendly with our boys as he was a member of the V.R.C. and the Colony's 100-yard swimming champion. (After the war, he went to Australia, married an Australian Catholic girl, became a Catholic himself, and went to mass every day. I'm quite sure a lot of us don't go to mass every day—not yours truly anyway—but if you say there is a mahjong came at 6.00 a.m. I bet a lot of us will get up at 5.00 a.m.).

(To be continued)

Casa Down Under extends our sincere thanks to Lusitano Club of SFO and Margie Rozario for allowing us to print this article. Thanks also to Stuart Braga of Sydney who sent reproductions of Lieut. A. V. Skvorzov's out-of-print and rare, "Chinese Ink & Brush Sketches of Prisoner of War Camp Life in Hong Kong, 1941-45 which featured in the original article, some of which are reproduced here.

Obituaries

DEMEE – Alphonse Francois Jr. passed away on the 21st April 2006 in San Francisco, Calif. at the age of 45 yrs. son of Alphonse Snr. and Irene and brother to Diane, Joseph and Michelle.

REIS – Antonio (Tony) Demetrio, passed away peacefully in Canberra, ACT on 27 April 2006. Beboved husband of Teresa. Loving father of Marie, Peter, Pat, Ron, Gerri, Marjie, Chris, Rob, Marian, Philip, Alan, Paul, Sharon and Mark. Respected father-in-law of Ken, Vivienne, Wilkie, Connie, Bobby, Mark, Minni, Noni, Nathan, Tracey, Karyn and Christina.

Adored grandfather of Kim & Jim, Vanessa, Justin, Julian & Yen, Justin & Shabnam, Emile, Robin, Suzanne, Jason, Jessica, Bianca, Andrew, Cec, Chris, Jenna, Jasmin & Gavin, Jade, Adam, Cara, Jonathan, Benjamin, Anna, David, Julia, Daniel, Jonah, Adrian, Nicky, David,

(Continued on page 12)



Can you help? Alberto (Al) Noronha supplied the picture but does not know what the special occasion was or who all the people were. Some of our readers might remember. If you do, drop us a line to info@casademacau.org.au marked for my attention and I will pass on any information given. Thanks.

SEAWEED CUISINE

Our readers might recall that in the June 2004 issue of Casa Down Under Newsletter we featured an article from the "Byron Bay Echo Newspaper" on Monique Guterres Harrison. The following article was given to us recently but unfortunately we are not too sure of its source or origin but presume that it is from "Byron Bay Echo Newspaper".
Editor.



met canapé menu, buffet and grill menu, sushi and sashimi menu, yum cha menu and dessert menu.

"People just love to taste something different" says Monique.

"We always choose the best quality produce, including organic meats, freshly caught local seafood and organic vegetables to use in our own recipes. We think creatively about our menus to create unique dishes that wow people and give them a truly remarkable experience, in not only taste but also in the presentation. I believe this has been the key to our success."

Catering for weddings and events of all sizes including product launches, personal and corporate functions, Seaweed Cuisine has now extended its operations up to the Gold Coast.

Its experienced coordinators work very closely with each individual client, making it their business to find out their personal tastes and preferences

CATERERS TO THE STARS

Since opening in Byron Bay four years ago, catering company Seaweed Cuisine has made its mark both nationally and internationally. Already leading the way in food events around Byron Bay with fresh ideas, exquisite food and outstanding presentation, its star-studded client base has included actors Jacinta Barret, Gabriel Macht and superstar Hugh Jackman.

Chef and owner Monique Guterres-Harrison heads the creative

team. Locally renowned she offers the ultimate in modern cuisine. Seaweed Cuisine will cater at your desired location and you can enlist their top local event and wedding coordinators to arrange your big occasion.

There is an extensive list of menus to choose from, depending on your individual event, including a sit down menu, Asian canapé menu, gour-



to design a menu that ensures absolute success.

All aspects of your event are catered for including floor staff, equipment hire, design of personal invitations and adorning the venue with beautiful Japanese ikebana, a traditional Japanese flower arrangement.

For our readers benefit - Monique is the daughter of Yolanda and Peter Guterres from Adelaide.

News from around Australia

Adelaide

The South Australian Casa de Macau celebrated Dia de São João on Sunday 25th June 2006 at the Ginling Chinese Restaurant. Twenty one members and three guests attended and enjoyed a delicious Chinese banquet consisting of stuffed crab claws, seafood soup, Szechuan chicken and Peking duck to name but a few.

It was a great opportunity for our members to say farewell to Lo and Dick Alves who are making the move to New Zealand to be with their son and daughter-in-law. We wish them a safe and wonderful life with their loved ones.



Canberra

The Casa Members in Canberra enjoyed a lovely lunch at La Pasa - Singaporean restaurant on 4th June for our Dia São João celebrations.

Attendance was not large as a few members were interstate or overseas. We missed Tony Reis, a long time mem-

ber of Casa as he had passed away in April.

Tony's granddaughter Vanessa Ratterree who recently joined Casa and three interstate members were also at the lunch. It was a good opportunity for everyone to catch up with happenings in our families as the last time we met was at Christmas.

Melbourne



This year's Dia de São João dinner for 68 Victorian members and their guests was held at the Sol de Portugal, Reservoir, Victoria. His Excellency Dr Carlos de Lemos, Portuguese Consul, and his wife attended and enjoyed a three-course meal and dancing to the music of The Millennium Band. A karaoke competition, pinata for the children and raffle and other prizes contributed to a successful evening.



Hobart

In Hobart, on Sunday, 25th June, 2006, seven club members and two guests dined at the Blue Skies Restaurant, situated on the wharf and overlooking the Derwent River. The occasion for this delightful lunch was to celebrate Dia de São João in commemoration of the repulsion of the Dutch by the Macanese in the 17th



Century. Viva!

Our heartfelt thanks to the Casa Committee for making this possible. The above picture shows the members proudly holding their brand new Casa flag outside the restaurant.

Sydney

New South Wales – Dia de S João

In New South Wales this annual event was held on Sunday 25th June, 2006 at the Wests Club, Ashfield and attended by 166 members and four guests. Formal apologies were received from the Portuguese Consul General of Sydney and General Manager from the Macau Government Tourist Office, (MGTO) Sydney. Thanks goes to Arnaldo Braga for being a terrific MC. He just gets better and better. Door prizes were possible through the kind donations of Macau Government Tourist Office, Sydney and members of the Committee. 1st Prize of a large fruit basket was won by Lelo de Assis with Jenny Barros, taking the 2nd prize, plaque of Ruins de San Paolo from MGTO. Entertainment by way of Portuguese folk dancing was provided by Aldeias de Portugal troupe, bringing the house down with the finale of a congo





this material from João (Bosco) Correa, former Interstate Representative from Victoria.

After their meals, members mingled together chatting and laughing until time to depart.

We will all meet again for the Queensland Casa De Macau Christ-

paid for by money raised from Raffles donated by our Queensland Casa members over the years.

Scrumptious lunch was catered by Superior Fine Food of Graceville, Red Roaster and Baker's Delight and not least, desserts from Cheesecake Shop.

The members had a great time catching up with one another. I was informed by some Queensland Casa members that they prefer the leisurely chats with other members at a picnic, than at a Luncheon, which always entailed time limits!

line that got the majority of our members up on their feet. Casa Committee received positive feedback on the catering and location of the venue but most of all members enjoyed a good meal in the company of their loved ones - families and friends.

mas Luncheon, on the 18th November 2006.

The Queensland Casa members also requested for the future a "mahjong-lunch" and music provided for those who would like to dance away!!



Our Queensland Casa social committee will try their best to organize one before the end of the year, especially, with the voluntary help from our Queensland Casa members!

Sincerely,

Natercia Xavier (Queensland Casa Representative)

Brisbane

The Queensland Casa De Macau's Dia De São João Luncheon was held once again at the Sofitel Hotel, Brisbane.

The attendance was quite good, with 62 adult and two children, plus all the babies.

The smorgasbord and service were excellent as usual.

All the members lifted their glasses of bubbly to toast a long life to Casa De Macau Inc., and for the subsidy.

Joseph Braga read the original story of the "Dia De São João" to the members and we would like to acknowledge our gratitude for the provision of

Natercia also wrote the following article regarding a picnic lunch organised by Queensland Casa.

It was a perfect day for our Queensland Casa Picnic at the Sherwood Forest Park (Arboretum). The sky was clear blue and the temperature was excellent.

42 adult Casa members and 9 baby Casa members attended.

The Picnic Lunch was





Antonio (Tony) Demetrio Reis
22/12/1919 - 27/04/2006

Anyone who knows Tony would know that he never could resist the opportunity to speak at a function. He would normally swagger up to the microphone in his inimitable fashion and tell you a little about himself, relate some story from the past and the inevitable corny joke or two, thank a few people and then move on to the celebration.

As Tony is unable to do so today, we thought we would try to do this for him.

Tony was born in Hong Kong on 22nd December 1919, the first of four children to Jose and Helena Reis. He attended the local Catholic boys school, La Salle College where he excelled in his studies and sports. In particular, he was an outstanding swimmer, soccer player and cricketer (or so he told us).

During WWII, he served with the British Volunteers when Japan invaded Hong Kong and was captured by the Japanese. He escaped from the POW camp and made his way to the Portuguese enclave, Macau, as a refugee. There he had the very good fortune to meet a beautiful young lady by the name of Teresa Mathias, a fellow refugee from Hong Kong. According to Dad's folklore, Mum engineered this meeting by releasing her little chicken just as Dad walked by so that he could rescue it and

return it to her.

Before long, they were married and had one child ... after another ... after another ... after another. In fact, when asked once why they had 14 children, Dad said that after the 11th child, someone told them that there was some truth to the phrase "cheaper by the dozen". So Mum fell pregnant with child no. 12, but then had a set of twins. Of course, it wasn't good luck to have 13 children ... and that is supposedly why Mum and Dad ended up with 14. It wasn't easy having so many children ... the traumas, pressures, stresses, headaches were just mind-boggling and unrelentless, and that only describes what the kids endured.

Dad, being the extremely sociable person he was, made new friends quickly and easily. Although the plan was for him to retire in Australia, he soon found that his very active and sharp mind wasn't ready for retirement and he found some part-time work in Grace Bros, firstly in security and later in stock control. He was also involved in Bridge, Lawn Bowls, Casa de Macau and the Labor Club.

He loved his music, his occasional flutter at the TAB and at housie but above all, he loved his family – his wife, his children and their children and grandchildren. For several years before they made their move into Ginninderra Gardens, Dad cared for Mum at home and was quite remarkable in the way he managed her medication regime.

We know that Dad would want to acknowledge and sincerely thank:

- ❖ the Labor Club for the huge amount of pocket money they afforded him from jackpots and housie sessions, not to mention the outrageous volume of slabs of beer, as well as meat trays that fed many a Canberra family over the years;
- ❖ the Canberra Casino for very kindly and frequently placing the ball in the correct roulette slot;

- ❖ Deacon Joe Blackwell, Neville and Betty Maddern, Vic Fernandez, Wah Wah and Peter Bearyman for patiently and obligingly taking his unending phone calls at all hours of the day (and night) to come and "have a chat";
- ❖ the staff at Ginninderra Gardens for their dedication, good humour and superb care of him and Mum;
- ❖ to Mum for all her love, patience, sacrifice and extraordinary indulgence during their almost 59 years of marriage;
- ❖ to his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren for their unconditional love and care of him over the years;
- ❖ and last but far from least, to thank God for blessing him with a peaceful passing.

Dad lived a long and rich life that enabled him to share the joys of many of his family's milestones - 21st birthdays, engagements, weddings and the numerous births of his descendants, who will ensure that a part of him will live on for a long time to come

(Continued from page 8)

Jordan, Courtney, Luke, Sarah, Matt, Haelee, Logan, Cassidy, Taylor and Ashley.

Cherished great grandfather of Josh, Kellie, Zac and Ethan.

NOLASCO – Frederico in Lisbon, Portugal on the 5th May 2006.

NEALE - Christopher passed away in Christchurch, New Zealand on 25th February 2006. Beloved husband of Gloria Neale.

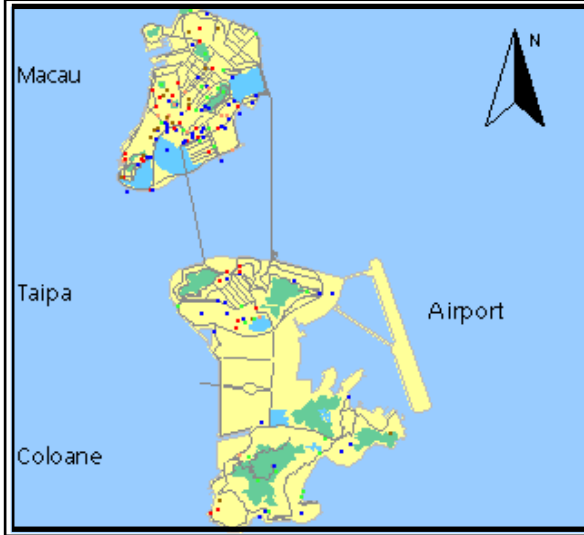
da SILVA - Lily passed away peacefully in San Mateo 1st June 2006 aged 90.



Macau

GEOGRAPHY

Location, Size, Border, and Coastline: Macau is located in the southern part of China's Guangdong Province, on the tip of the peninsula formed by the Zhujiang (Pearl River) estuary on the east and the Xijiang (West River) on the west. Macau is situated sixty kilometers west of Hong Kong and 145 kilometers southwest of Guangzhou, the capital of Guangdong Province. It is immediately adjacent to the Zhuhai Special Economic Zone. The region comprises the Macau Peninsula and the islands of Taipa and Coloane. Macau was once an island but gradually a connecting sandbar turned into a narrow isthmus. Land reclamation in the seventeenth century made Macau into a peninsula, and a barrier gate was built to mark the separation between the peninsula and the mainland. Pre-colonial records show that Macau totaled only 2.78 square kilometers but began to increase as a result of Portuguese settlement. Land growth has accelerated since the last quarter of the twentieth century, from 15 square kilometers in 1972 to 16.1 square kilometers in 1983 to 21.3 square kilometers in 1994. Macau's size has gradually increased as result of continued land reclamation, especially on Taipa and Coloane. In 2000, the total



Macau in late 1990s, early 2000

HISTORY

Evidence of Chinese material cultural dating back 4,000 to 6,000 years has been discovered on the Macau peninsula and dating back 5,000 years on Coloane Island. Historical records show that what was later known as Macao was part of Fanyu County, Nanhai District, Guangdong Province, under the Qin empire (221-206 B.C.). During the Jin Dynasty (A.D. 265-420), the area was part of Dongguan County and later alternated under the control of Nanhai and Dongguan. In 1152 (during the Song Dynasty, A.D. 960-1279), it was identified as administratively part of the new Xiangshan County. The oldest continuous settlement in Macau is the village of Wangxia (Mongha), a name given to the northern part of the peninsula; the village dates from the Yuan Dynasty (A.D. 1279-1368). Wangxia has long been the center of Chinese life in Macau and the site of what may be the region's oldest temple, a shrine devoted to the Buddhist Guanyin (Goddess of Mercy). During the Ming Dynasty (A.D. 1368-1643), fishermen migrated to Macau from various parts of Guangdong and Fujian provinces and built the A-Ma Temple in which they prayed for safety on the sea.

Having established themselves at Goa in 1510 and Malacca in 1511, the first Portuguese arrived on the China coast in 1513 aboard a hired junk sailing from Malacca. They landed on Lintin Island in the Zhujiang (Pearl River) estuary and erected a stone marker claiming the island for the king of Portugal. When Portuguese fleets arrived in the vicinity of Haojingao in 1517 and 1518, Chinese officials expressed displeasure over violations of China's sovereignty. Portuguese adventurers were forcibly expelled from along the coast of Guangdong in 1521. Following a ship wreck in 1536, Portuguese traders were allowed to moor at Haojingao, however. Most historians note the date of the permanent presence of the Portuguese in Macau as 1553, the year they started establishing on-shore trading depots there.

Although Portuguese attempts to settle other islands along the southern coast of China had failed, Macau prospered. The Portuguese set up bases of operations there for trade with China, especially Guangzhou, and for trade with Japan. Both Portuguese and Chinese merchants flocked to Macau, and it quickly became an important node in the development of Portugal's trade with India, southern China, Japan, and Southeast Asia. Lisbon obtained a leasehold for Macau in return for tribute paid to Beijing in 1557, and during that same year, established a walled village there. Ground rent payments began in 1573. China retained sovereignty and Chinese residents were subject to Chinese law, but the territory was under Portuguese administration. In 1582 a land lease was signed, and annual rent was paid to Xiangshan County. In 1586 Macau became a self-governing city. In 1605 Dutch attacks led the Portuguese to build a city wall without China's permission. China officially established Macau as a foreign-trade port in 1685. During the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, Macau served as an important center for Portuguese trade with China (primarily with Guangzhou), Japan, the Philippines, mainland and island Southeast Asia, Goa, and Mexico during the Ming (1368-1643) and Qing (1644-1911) dynasties. The decline of



Macau In the early 1970s

land area was approximately 23.6 square kilometers. There is a 0.34-kilometer-long border between Macau and mainland China and a forty-kilometer-long coastline.

Since at least the fifth century A.D., merchant ships traveling between Southeast Asia and Guangzhou used Haojingao as a way stop for refuge, fresh water, and food. Portuguese navigators first explored trade routes between Portugal and Asia in the early sixteenth century.



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Natercia Xavier (QLD)
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Anthony Header,

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Joseph Alvarez,
Pauline Alvarez,
Denis Collaco,
Genevieve Collaco,
Elizabeth Dannenburg,
Genevieve Dannenburg,
Eleanor Dannenburg,
Bob Jonker,
Michael Raphael,
Matthew Raphael

ACT

Jill Yvanovich

Lisbon's world trade system in the mid-seventeenth century ended Macao's role as a major trade entrepôt. The development of Hong Kong by the British and the opening of treaty ports along the China coast after 1842 further overshadowed the commercial importance of Macau.



Until April 20, 1844, Macau was under the jurisdiction of Portugal's Indian colonies, the so-called "Estado português da Índia" (Portuguese State of India), but after this date, it, along with East Timor, was accorded recognition by Lisbon (but not by Beijing) as an overseas province of Portugal. The

Treaty of Peace, Amity, and Commerce between China and the United States (also known as the Treaty of Wangxia) was signed on July 3, 1844, in a temple in Macau. The temple was used by a Chinese judicial administrator, who also oversaw matters concerning foreigners, and was located in the village of Wangxia. In 1845 Portugal declared Macau a free port, expelled Chinese officials and soldiers, and thereafter levied taxes on Chinese residents. Portugal gained control of the island of Wanzhai, to the north of Macau and which now is under the jurisdiction of Zhuhai, in 1849 but relinquished it in 1887. Control over Taipa (Dangzai in Chinese) and Coloane (Luhuan), two islands south of Macau, was obtained between 1851 and 1864. The Treaty of Tianjin (signed August 13, 1862) recognized Macau as a Portuguese colony, but because China never ratified the treaty, Macau was never officially ceded to Portugal. Macau and East Timor were again combined as an overseas province of Portugal under control of Goa in 1883. The Protocol Respecting the Relations Between the Two Countries (signed in Lisbon March 26, 1887) confirmed "perpetual occupation and government" of Macau by Portugal (with Portugal's promise "never to alienate Macau and dependencies without agreement with China"). Taipa and Coloane were also ceded to Portugal, but the border with the mainland was not delimited. The Treaty of Commerce and Friendship (August 28, 1888) recognized Portuguese sovereignty over Macau but was never ratified by China. Ilha Verde (Qingzhou in Chinese) was incorporated into Macau's territory in 1890, and, once a kilometer offshore, by 1923 it had been absorbed into peninsular Macau through land reclamation.

Portugal designated Macau a separate overseas province in 1955. In 1974 the new Portuguese government granted independence to all overseas colonies and recognized Macau as part of China's territory. On February 8, 1979, China and Portugal exchanged diplomatic recognition, and Beijing acknowledged Macau as "Chinese territory under Portuguese administration." A joint communiqué signed May 20, 1986, called for negotiations on the Macau question, and four rounds of talks followed between June 30, 1986 and March 26, 1987. The Joint Declaration on the Question of Macau was signed in Beijing on April 13, 1987, setting the stage for the return of Macau to full Chinese sovereignty as a special administrative region on December 20, 1999. The Basic Law of the Macau Special Administrative Region of the People's Republic of China, was adopted by the National People's Congress (NPC) on March 31, 1993, as the constitutional law for Macau taking effect on December 20, 1999.

Data as of August 7, 2000

NOTE: The information regarding Macau on this page is re-published from The Library of Congress Country Studies. No claims are made regarding the accuracy of Macau Historical Setting information contained here. All suggestions for corrections of any errors about Macau Historical Setting should be addressed to the Library of Congress.

