

Rfm. Howard Marshall Says He Was Ill-Treated by Japs--Two Others Tied to Stake and Left to Freeze

"I guess I was more fortunate than a great many other Canadians, who have been prisoners of war in Japan" said Rfm. Howard Marshall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marshall, 140 Kent St. E, who returned home to-day. He is the first Lindsay prisoner-of-war (one of four Lindsay boys) to reach Canada and his home town.

"There is no doubt that many of the Canadian troops were raw, green recruits when they were shipped to Hong Kong, and when hostilities opened and we were forced to revert to guerilla warfare there were many of them who did not even know how to load a rifle, let alone fire it.

LITTLE TRAINING

"We arrived at Hong Kong on Nov. 10, and received very little training, due to the hotweather," he said. "On the morning of Dec. 8, bombs started falling near the barracks. That was the first we knew that war had been declared. I was one of a party of reinforcements and we had received no rifles or other equipment to fight with. We had to surrender our rifles before leaving Canada, and when we arrived in Hong Kong there were no arms for us.

"I managed to secure a rifle that had been left by one of the other men and took part in guerilla warfare in the hills of the island. We received no air support whatever, and the Navy scuttled their ships and joined us in the hills. Our artillery was very meagre and our heaviest gun, a 9.2, ran out of shells at 10 a.m., Dec. 25. At 1 pm of the same day we were told of the official surrender, and we turned in our arms. During our days of battle it seemed to be a case of taking everything the enemy had to offer and not being able to give anything back."

BRITISH DOCTORS PRESENT

"The Japs formed us into groups on Dec. 28, and I was taken to a north port on the island suffering from shrapnel wounds on the knee and malaria fever. Fortunately there were British doctors in attendance, and I received splendid treatment. I was stationed there working in the shipyards on an average of nine hours a day and received ten cents a day. For a package of 10 cigarettes we paid 35 cents. Our food consisted mainly of rice and soup. We lost 23 of our men through sickness, and had very few medical supplies. We suffered mainly through the lack of salt, which we received in very small quantities once a month. In September, 1942, we were transferred to Cowloon Camp in Japan, and then in January, 1943, to Yokohama 3d. being shifted from there in May, 1945 to Sendai 1."

"Our treatment from the Japanese was both good and bad," stated the young soldier. "We had one Japanese boss, who shared his cigarette ration with us by dividing one cigarette into three parts and giving