

Research to Remember: In Their Own Words

Recorded histories by West Vancouver Veterans.

November 1, 2018, West Vancouver, B.C. – For the 100th anniversary of the Armistice of the First World War, the Library is launching ***Research to Remember: In Their Own Words***, featuring video interviews with three West Vancouver veterans: Harry Greenwood (Royal Navy), Ted Langley (British Army) and Barney Nunns (Royal Canadian Air Force).

“These interviews preserve for future generations the histories of veterans in our community who served in the armed forces,” says Peter Skinner, President of the Royal Canadian Legion West Vancouver Legion. “The recordings of their personal experiences offer deep insights into the impact of the war on their families and communities.”

The permanent virtual exhibit is online at digital.westvanlibrary.ca where the interviews with each of the three veterans may be viewed in full length or in short segments by topic. The interviews are also fully transcribed and text searchable, making this an invaluable new resource for researchers, teachers and students.

“By hosting the interviews in a virtual exhibit on our Library’s website, we connect local family stories to the collective history and memory of the war that are in libraries and archives across the country and beyond,” observed Library Board Chair David Carter. “The online exhibit of the recorded videos makes the interviews universally accessible.”

For Shannon Ozirny, Head of Youth Services at the Library, the interviews provide meaningful connections for learning and reflecting on our history. “We are fortunate to live in a time of peace and liberty steeped in the values of equality, fairness and justice for all people,” she says. “Recording the stories of our community’s veterans honours them and ensures that youth of today and tomorrow will be able to appreciate how hard people fought to protect these freedoms.”

Research to Remember – Background

Since 2015, the West Vancouver Memorial Library (WVML) has undertaken a series of Research to Remember projects to connect the community with local history. Starting with a grant from the Department of Canadian Heritage’s World War Commemorations Community Fund, WVML created primary research packages for 24 of the 91 fallen soldiers noted on the cenotaph in West Vancouver’s Memorial Park. Each research package contains a brief history on the soldier, copies of papers, photos and documents from the soldiers’ service records, and questions to guide discovery and learning. These research binders are available in the Youth Department year-round and may be borrowed by all Library cardholders.

WVML also offers a [Research to Remember school program](#) for West Vancouver secondary students. In the program, which was aligned with the curriculum by two West Vancouver Schools Social Studies teachers, Youth librarians guide students through the primary research packages, teaching them to navigate historical documents and think critically about the past and the present.

Ted Langley

Ted Langley, British Army, Korean War. Ted was a conscripted soldier in an infantry regiment, the King's Own Regiment (Liverpool). This is a transcript of an interview with Ted Langley. This interview was with Tristan Thompson on January 4, 2018.

+ Who are you? (1.0)

Well, I was obliged to join the King's Regiment as a political move, to do two years of compulsory national service. It ended up that I went into an infantry assault regiment that did combat duties in Korea. I was quite attuned to it because it was upholding a tenet of the United Nations. The security council had approved the fighting in Korea, and let's not do all the talking, let's show that we've got some teeth. It was an up-and-down business, and Korea is still not sorted out yet, it's still a very contentious thing, and has been all along, but we did our bit. The comforting thing is that South Korea has blossomed in a very real way and this photograph I've just shown you is proof of that, and North Korea has put its energy and effort in a different direction. There's still not any solution but I had the satisfaction of serving in an infantry regiment that had to do some real old-fashioned fighting reminiscent of World War I, but I survived it, mercifully. The experience doesn't ever leave you. It's become dormant, and as I was doing this program I've re-examined some of the past ups and downs which have made me more...what's the word we use? Tough. You've got to get something done. I mean, I was not in a regiment like the Pay Corps. I was in an assault regiment that did the fighting on the front line, and those soldiers were tough guys and very good soldiers, but don't cross them at the wrong time. You see? It's a two-edged sword. Oh, dear me. I've raked up some things that I'd forgotten about. And there was me with my little typewriter, in the HQ, trying to write letters home. I don't know. It took me awhile to rake over these things, d'you know that? I'm very grateful for this opportunity.

+ What was it like being in Hong Kong, waiting to be sent to the war in Korea? [1.1]

Well, this is where I get personal. It put the heebie-jeebies up me, I'll tell you. I mean, it took four weeks to get to Hong Kong on a very crowded troop ship, but you put the thoughts aside, you just got through the day, somehow, on that very crowded ship. And then we got up to the border in Hong Kong where we were going to do final battle training, which is fair enough, but I got a weekend pass. It's twenty-eight miles from the Chinese border to Hong Kong. And a little trip down on the train, and getting out of the camp...it was a release, you know? And I didn't know anybody, I just wandered around Hong Kong as a free agent, and I went into the YMCA, and there was this Life magazine with pictures of the latest incursion by the Chinese, and the American Marines had done an amphibious operation in north-eastern Korea, right up by the Chinese border. They were going to destroy the dams on a reservoir right up there, and it was in winter, bitterly cold, and the Chinese interfered. And the Marines, for the first time in their history I believe, retreated as best they could. It was a mountain... See, they had to get from the shore, through the mountains, to where the lake was, or the reservoir was, and their job was to blow up the reservoir. Blow up the dam. Well, they didn't get to the dam, and in the meantime they took tremendous casualties. Well, they fought on with Marine spirit. I have the greatest respect for the American Marines, but they were obliged to turn around and try and get back and off the beach again, and they had terrible casualties. And I was reading about this in this nice warm room in Hong Kong and I thought, "This is what we're in for? Why are you- We weren't told about this one."

+ What happened to the US Marines? [1.1.1]

They only just extricated a handful of people, and the Chinese came down in numbers that amazed MacArthur, just amazed him. And he said, "Well, the only thing to do is bomb China." The troops assembling across the Yalu River (that's the difference between Korea and China), we'll bomb them before they get across the river. And that's when Truman said, "Just a minute, hold on. What are we getting into?" Can you understand that?

- + What happened when your regiment relieved the Australian contingent on the front line? [1.1.2]

Now, I'm gonna end with a thing about the Australian major. Our regiment took the spot that the Australians had had in the line. The Australians had been fighting on Hill 355 for three months, and they'd done extremely well. And it was late at night, it's snowing like Hell, it's an awful situation. And there I am, every-- you break down the companies into platoons, is about 25-30 men. There was an officer in control, and then a major in control of the units. And it's getting late, and, oh god, this Australian major's standing over me. And I'm typing the time they've actually got to get into the line, where they stand up cause it's about a mile away, and what the directions are for the King's Regiment guys to get up there. And this Australian major says to me, "Hurry up, mate, will you?" Well I had put an addendum to the order which I was giving to the second lieutenant: You must take a bandage and put the bandage around the swivel of your rifle so that it doesn't clink in the night air which is very still and tense. He said if anybody doesn't do it they're in trouble. A lot of bandages around for obvious reasons. And I was about to do the umpteenth movement order and type that, and this major says to me, "You needn't write that, mate. My men will make enough noise to drown it all. They've been in the line for three months and they'll all be drunk." And sure enough about ten minutes later you hear the Australians coming down the bloody trail singing Waltzing Matilda. It was the funniest thing. I'll never forget that. And the snow was coming down. Oh, God almighty.

- + What was Seoul like when you first saw it? [1.1.3]

Well, I'll tell you what it was like. It was winter. It was deep in snow. It had been fought over, twice. It looks like those shots you see of Syrian towns today. It was smashed to pieces, and people were, well, mainly women and children - the men had gone - and they were huddled up in the snow. It was terrible. And now you go to Seoul, it's freeways and high-rises. The change is incredible. Absolutely incredible. And that's why they made so much fuss. We lived with the idea that we did a worthwhile thing in South Korea. I don't know if you agree with that or not, but I've got a photograph to show you about that in a moment. South Korea is an industrial success. North Korea is a one-sided thing. The peasants are still living at the poverty level, while they spend what money they have on munitions.

- + What impact did Chinese intervention have on the course of the war? [1.1.4]

The Chinese intervention made the crucial difference, I can tell you. North Korean troops were quite well organized at the beginning of the war, and they made, unexpected, see - the intelligence was not very good. The Americans had plenty of troops in Japan and in South Korea, but they'd had five years of indolence, just being occupation troops, and enjoying themselves. And they, they got soft. All of a sudden they're picked up from - especially the Japanese ones - they're picked up from a cushy job in Japan and put in the front line to fight the Chinese. There's no contest. The war went from north all the way down to very close to Pusan. In fact, there was a possibility that they would be kicked out altogether - would've been a terrible defeat. So then the Americans sent out a cry for help, and sixteen countries lined up and it's amazing, they were very diverse countries. There was Colombia, there was France, there was the British crowd and the British Commonwealth, but there were all kinds of countries. The Turks, yeah?

- + Tell me more about the Turks... [1.1.4.1]

I'll give you a little hint, here: If you ever fight the Turks, make sure you fight on their side. I was talking in the Legion about this recently. One of my friends, who was in the Canadian contingent, they were fighting near the Turks, and the Turks were hopelessly outnumbered, and they were given the option to retreat. And the Turkish colonel says, "Retreat? We're not retreating, we're Turks. Allah has given us a chance to kill as many North Koreans and Chinese as possible, and Allah will look after us. And he's also given us this opportunity of killing people we don't like. Let's get on with it!" What do you think of that attitude? You don't fight people like that. See, that's what went wrong with that battle in World War One, the Dardanelles. The Turks were very, very warlike people, from central Asia, and it's still in their genes, and you don't meddle with them. Okay?

- + What would have happened if the US bombed China? [1.1.4.2]

You start bombing China itself, it's going to trigger off something much bigger than this little contained war in Korea. Anyway, the Chinese intervention made a serious difference, and it still does. I think China's behind what's happening in North Korea today, in spite of the fact they say they're not. I don't think think the North Koreans have got the technology to build those

rockets, do you think so? And the money, you know, my incursions into North Korea left me with the idea that North Korea was an impoverished country and still was, except for that town just north of the border, the 38th border, where the South Koreans had put serious money into it, and everybody looked the other way when it's in North Korea, because it's making so much money. I think the technology must emanate from that area. It's...it's not what I saw. It's very prosperous when you get these shots, so there you go.

+ What was the camaraderie like between different Commonwealth forces in Korea? [1.2]

Well, I don't know where to start. There was a definite feeling of camaraderie. And it wasn't built up and fostered, it just was there. A few nights ago we had a guest for dinner, she's an old lady, a Kiwi from New Zealand, and she refers to Britain as "the mother country", still. "My brothers went off to help the mother country." Naturally. There's no question involved. And that's the way it was. We had a common language, a common heritage, a common history, and to be called to the colours, it came naturally. It came in 1939 and when the United Nations, and I'm very strong on the United Nations, I can't get Harry Greenwood to go along with this. The United Nations did a good job. The security council of five permanent members met to do something about the Korean War. Russia vetoed - would veto anything, but they didn't attend, because they were annoyed. And that gave them the chance to pass a resolution unanimously. So the other four voted to do something about Korea. And I...I don't think my fellow soldiers were cognizant of this, but whenever I had the opportunity I rubbed it in. "We're not fighting here for next to nothing. We're fighting for a good reason." And there's time to come when you have to go and show the teeth, not just talking around a table in a conference room. Do you agree with me on that one? You know? I don't know. There were very tangible things. I mean, I told you the story of how the Australians helped me when I was kicked out of the hospital on Christmas Eve. I got my morning cup of coffee laced with rum. It happens every year. Even my son's mother-in-law sent some Christmas morning coffee, especially for that ceremony. These little things make it, take the edge off the horror. Don't you think so? And it also makes them realize that some people have to do it. The Canadian contribution to my knowledge of the Commonwealth at the time was, interestingly enough, mainly from the Van Doos, which is of double interest because the Van Doos, believe it or not had trouble fitting into the Canadian army at all, because the Canadian army was assumed to be a British kind of organization, which had beaten the French at that famous battle, and they were still nursing their wounds. But I'll tell you: they're bloody good soldiers, the Van Doos. The Van Doos stand and fight. They don't retreat. And there was a guy next to me in the hospital, I told you this, who gave me his badge. I showed you that. And when I lost the badge it was replaced by return mail. It was very - in the

interest of Canadian unity it was very encouraging. Do you know that? Very encouraging. But in that camp, which was a big sprawling camp on the edge of Kure, in Japan, where you went when you first - some people went there at first. And the different Commonwealth countries had their allotment and so on. The Van Doos were almost a separate entity, even by their Canadian friends. And I went in the Van Doo pub and was well received, and got a badge, and I thought, "What's wrong with everybody?" I think the English-speaking soldiers had been brought up to dislike the Van Doos. That's a reasonable assumption. But they were stubborn young things and bloody good fighters and bloody tough guys. They were used to the cold. I used to feel sorry for the Australians, who'd never seen snow. Imagine! Oh dear. Anyways, that's... There were lots of instances where we demarcated ourselves from the Americans.

+ Tell me more about your experiences with the Van Doos... [1.2.1]

The beds are very close together, but this bed happened to be opposite me. And for quite a while I was bedridden. I couldn't get out of bed. I was too weak. And various soldiers would come and sit and talk to me as they wandered around - we had to find our own amusement. But since this guy was right opposite, we got to know each other, especially in the afternoons. The afternoons dragged a bit. In the morning they'd come and look after you the best they could. The afternoons dragged. He used to sit on my bed and tell me stories about Trois-Rivières. And he made it sound so romantic, and it wasn't romantic at all. But y'know, he said, "I was number one clearing the log-jams," which is a very dangerous job. I thought, "This guy's a really interesting guy." And we're talking in what I call "Franglais" - some French, some English. We're getting along fine cause we're both soldiers. Commonwealth soldiers! You see, and there was a bond coming. And I wanted the Van Doo badge because I was collecting badges - did you see the collection up on the wall there? - which is quite a good memento. And finally he gave me his badge when he was discharged ahead of me. And I treasured it for years and years and years, and then I lost it at the parking lot it Tsawwassen. You had to beat that. Cause I kept it on my key-fob, and I mentioned we were waiting for the ferry, and it's a routine thing to pull the keys out of your pocket, and I went, "It's gone!", and I looked around the car in the gravel...course it wasn't there. And I was knocked out...knocked out! So I wrote to the Van Doos in Québec City and they sent the badge back by return mail. I think that's a moving story, don't you? Yeah I do. It's getting a bit emotional for me, but when I first went to Québec City a couple of years ago, it had a sign on the counter: "Canadian Servicemen Admitted Free". So I said to the woman behind the counter, "I was not a Canadian serviceman, but I fought in Korea in the Commonwealth division." And she said, "Oh!" She shouted out immediately, in English, "We've got a Korean vet here!" And so we'll give him the royal treatment. It's very much-- It's the only

barracks in Canada that's open to the public. Did you know that? It's a military, functioning, people are on parade, people are doing machine gun training, all the routine things that a soldier does in peacetime. It's functioning, people are coming and going doing military things. And we were shown around, and anybody can go in, but you only see certain parts of it. Now on that particular day I was taken down to the inner sanctum where the record of anybody in the Van Doos who's been killed is recorded. It's called "turning the leaves", and down in the chapel down below it was about to be done. It's done every morning at 1030 by the orderly sergeant and an orderly officer, and it's a very sacred tradition. And because I told them that story about the badge, they allowed me to be present. Now my wife was taken over to the officers' mess and shown other parts that are not open to the public. So I thought we had a pretty good visit. And you know, people don't like the French. Let's not kid ourselves. But when you get to know them, as I did, they're very outgoing people. My eldest grandson has a French-Canadian girlfriend and she's so boisterous. She's a good girl. She's good looking. She works up in the oil-fields with my grandson. She works outside at 40-below with the men doing the pipeline. She's good in the kitchen. She drinks more wine than I do. All the stereotypes. But they're energetic people. And that's the problem: they don't like getting pushed around. Well, I don't like getting pushed around. But they're colourful people. And when you get on the right side for them, you've got a winner behind you.

+ Why did Commonwealth forces distance themselves from the Americans? [1.2.2]

Because we didn't like the American assumption that they were the only people who could fight, the only people who knew how to fight. And the Americans are basically...softer. Do you know what I mean? A lot of Canadian soldiers I spoke to, especially the ones in hospital where I met-- see, you don't meet them when you're in Korea very much, because you may not be positioned next to them, but in a hospital you're all in-- You won't believe how crowded the hospital was. There's a bed every couple of inches, but it's better than lying on the battlefield the way they used to. What-- Where was I going with this? There was a tremendous mix-up of Canadians, Australians, Kiwis, British guys, and we had this feeling that we had something in common. It's an intangible feeling, but it was there, that we were better fighters. And if we did retreat we took our supplies with us. We were conditioned not to leave anything behind if we had to retreat. Now the Princess Pats, the western regiment, they got an American citation for standing still and fighting. And that's the spirit that was shown by a British regiment called the Gloucesters. And the int-- These guys, they were running out of ammunition and they hadn't retreated. Yeah, the Yanks didn't like-- I think the Yanks had been brought up in easy living. The Canadian soldiers I met were mainly from the east. Not all, but for me-- And they had a rough

life. They worked in the woods and the winter was severe, just as it was in Korea. "Oh, it's cold. Tell me something I don't know."

- + What is different about the way the Commonwealth and American militaries are organized? [1.2.2.1]

I can see why the Americans do it. The Americans recruit their soldiers from any place in the United States, which makes them indifferent to each other, I think. My regiment was recruited from a very specific area. Everybody knew each other. I got a Christmas card from my sister, who lives in Liverpool, and in it was-- The month of April, there was a photograph of the cenotaph to the King's Regiment (Liverpool), who fought in all these wars. And, there's a very, there was - and I have to tell you, it doesn't seem to around very much now - you could not walk into a pub and buy a drink if they knew you were a member of that regiment. The drinks were on the house. And people would gather around and ply you with drinks, and it was because they were proud of being the local regiment. That gave you a sense of comradeship, don't you think? Now, in Canadian terms, the PPCLI, which have that fancy name, they do the same thing, they stick together, whereas the Americans could be from anywhere and they dislike each other because they come from different parts of the United States. Now, the thinking behind this is, if there's a bad occasion and a lot of men are going to be killed, they all come from the same area, so there's a lot of casualties to be dealt with from a very concentrated area. Now that is a consideration, but the other way of doing it is, you fight harder if you know that your buddies are still judging you. And they judge you when you get home. And if you didn't stand up in battle, you'd better not go to the local pub. Do you get the idea, Tristan? And it does no harm. [laughter] You're laughing, but it does no harm. You belong to that fraternity. That's what it is.

- + Do you have any particular memories of the Canadian forces in Korea? [1.2.3]

I'll tell you that story about the tanks on the ice, before they went into battle. I was lucky to get a job in the HQ of my regiment, and I got the job to go out in front and do a bit of reconnaissance to find a suitable place to have an HQ. An HQ is like a big camp with plenty of space. And there were, down below on the river (it must have been the Imjin river, when I think about it now) but these tanks parked on the edge of the ice and a game of hockey was taking place. And I found out later, somebody told me in the Legion, "Yeah, some benefactor sent the

hockey equipment over deliberately." They warmed up-- They got their blood going playing hockey and then they went and climbed in the tanks and went up the road into battle. That's a very colourful story but it's true. What do you think of that one? I think there's a guy in the Legion who really knows a bit more about it. He said, "They had a choice of playing hockey or fighting the Chinese, and they took fighting the Chinese as a better alternative." There you go. No, we all pulled together.

- + Was camaraderie always high between the Commonwealth forces? Was there any tension between them? [1.2.4]

There was only one source of potential problems. I might as well mention it. I was a conscript soldier, and paid next to nothing. The Commonwealth soldiers were paid vast amounts-- I wouldn't say ten times as much, but they were paid on a different scale than we were. They were regular soldiers, but their pay was far in advance of any British soldier. The Canadians were the best paid, then came the Australian, the New Zealanders were closer to us, but it was very embarrassing with the amount of money they had to fling around. It never became a problem because most of the soldiers shared (this is when you're on leave) they share their money around a bit, very generously. But it was a problem, it could have been a problem. Minor problems...The president of the local Korean Vets, he's just died actually, he's a tough old sergeant major. A caricature of an old-fashioned soldier. And on that Christmas Day when I came out of hospital, we had turkey, you see, that was the traditional thing. But the Canadians were sent lamb because lamb, the Australians were getting fresh meat, and the Canadians got some of this lamb and they didn't like-- they'd never tasted lamb, really. They wanted ham or turkey. That was all they had to groan about. [laughter] What d'you think? The Australians were very good with their-- they were the closest Commonwealth country, and they shipped the food directly from Australia, and it was much better than we were getting in post-World War Two Britain. They did export quite a bit to Britain at the time, but it was scarce and greatly valued, whereas the Australians wouldn't fight without fresh meat and fresh fruit and that kind of thing. And lots of beer. So, it was interesting to see. I had leave in Tokyo, before we went home. The camp was called Ebisu in the middle of Tokyo, and that's where the four main countries of the Commonwealth mixed slightly. You could see, there was quite a lot of camaraderie there. Which, it-- You can't take it away. But there's also a bit of rivalry, especially when one crowd's got too much money.

- + Why did you bring a dictionary with you to Korea? [1.3]

I didn't actually write any articles for the Liverpool newspaper because I never got the censor's OK to do it, but I did write to the newsletter of the church I used to attend when I was a boy. I've still got a copy of it. If you're interested I could produce it. It's a day-to-day breakdown of what we did, and that's what I had in mind to do. The Liverpool was published, like the Sun, and I sent an article off-- Of course, the ways of getting information were a bit crude in those days, but it would get there. But I never got a chance to use it, because I got that terrible fever which changed the whole story-- I mean...I don't know if I even want to talk about it.

- + Could you tell me more about the fever? [1.3.1]

It was like a plague from the Middle Ages, and I've never sorted out whether it comes from lice carried by the rats or droppings of the rats. I've talked to doctors about this, and the opinion is still not firm, but the rats were terrible, I can tell you. They were the biggest rats I'd ever seen. We used to bayonet them before they could get away. Can you imagine? Well, I'll just tell you...The filth of generations was in those bloody trenches, and the rats thrived on it. They were very tenacious creatures, and they're disconcerting when you live in a country like Canada. You don't see rats very often, but they're still around! They're still around. But the Koreans were accustomed to them, and were not disconcerted as we were. but they were a bloody nuisance. You get into your sleeping bag at night and you feel something crawling over you - it's a bloody big rat.

- + Tell me about being released from hospital on Christmas Eve... [1.3.2]

Oh, I'll be happy to do that, because it's-- it's like light at the end of the tunnel. I'd been in this hospital for about six weeks and I was still alive. Now, there was a high mortality rate for people who had that fever, and, incidentally I was the only one of my regiment to contract it. It was very painful and it was very disconcerting. You were coughing blood all the time. You couldn't eat anything, and for some reason, I didn't get intravenous feeding. I don't think it was available. It certainly was available from a medical point of view, but it wasn't available in the hospital. So if you couldn't digest something, you didn't eat. I couldn't keep anything down, I didn't want to eat. And when I, y'know, coughed blood came up and eventually the blood coughing up overtakes you and you die. Some people in that ward died everyday, so it became

a routine thing. But anyways, I was still around and it was Christmas Eve, and the colonel, the full colonel who was running the hospital made a special visit and he says, "Langley," he said, "it's Christmas Eve. You're still alive. Would you like to be discharged?" I said, "Oh, yes, sir!" He says, "There's one caveat: you're not to drink any booze." Now booze was freely available. "I promise not to, sir. Cross my heart." He said, "All right, get your kit packed and get out of here before I change my mind." So I packed my kit. I didn't have much to pack. And I-- total blank how I was supposed to get from the hospital bed to the British camp. I don't know. They just turned me out into the black night with my rifle, my kit bag, and-- very weak person. In fact, very weak. Just left to my own imagination to find it. But these Aussies came along, and they could see I was in distress. And they were big guys, Australian commandos who had fought the Japanese in New Guinea. And they took pity on me, and they said, "Where you going, mate?" I said, "I'm not going anywhere. Can you help me?" And they said, "Well, before we help you we're going to look after you. We'll take you to the Aussie pub." "Oh, I can't drink. I've promised the colonel." "Well, just have a little bit." You know how that goes. To sit down at the table, you put some money in the middle, and then you can sit down. And I had only British Army scrip - it wasn't legal currency, but within the camps... So I put ten shillings down, which was a joke for the Australians. So we had a few drinks, and I enjoyed it cause there's no booze on the hospital ward. And after that I don't remember very much except for waking up at 6:00-- I heard the bugle going at six am in the British camp, and the right bed! Somehow the Australians had got me to the British camp and had found the correct bed which had been allocated to me. And there's the sergeant-major and the sergeant, one with a big canteen of tea and the other with a huge bottle of rum, trying to wake me up. And I rubbed my eyes, going, "How the Hell did I get here?" Can you imagine? [laughter] Can you imagine? Cause I was weak, a bit of booze knocked me out very quickly. I was in the right bed, and two strangers were offering me tea laced with rum. No wonder it became a family ritual. Well, that's that story. The kids, my wife, they do it very dutifully. You've got to see the funny side of these things, don't you think so? Yeah. Just forgive me for a minute, will you. I never knew a British sergeant major could be so kind...but only for the day, though.

+ What was so special about Christmas day in the army? [1.3.3]

Now at mid-day - we can talk about this - and it's practiced in the Canadian army, too. The officers wait on the men at mid-day meal on Christmas Day. I've checked with the boys in the KVA, Korean vets here. The officers put little aprons on and serve the meal. It's an old custom coming from England, where the lord of the manor serves the serfs a meal for the work they've done for him on his estate during the year. And it's-- The army, the British Army's always been

based on rules of role demarcation and social layers and all that kind of things. But they break it on that day, and it was broken-- That's why they had this magnificent meal. We never had-- Here's the thing to think about, Tristan. The food was from Australia. The situation five years after World War Two had ended was no better than it was during the war. The bread was rationed; it was not rationed during the war. Gasoline was rationed, although gasoline was not available during the war, but... There was no canned fruit from Australia or that kind of thing. And it was flowing at this Christmas Day, and you have these senior officers carving meat in front of you [laughter]. It makes you feel like you're not a Russian serf, d'you know? Have you got the general ambience? Yeah, that was a good occasion. Yeah. I've still got the menu. Can you imagine? And I also know that the Canadian army follow the same ritual. It's a ritual.

- + As a conscripted soldier, how did you get along with the volunteer soldiers of the King's Regiment? [1.4]

And I could well be a Liverpool product. Liverpool and Glasgow are very similar places. They're both very Celtic cities with a lot of potential turmoil, but they make very good soldiers. Very good soldiers. And they-- I think I might finish with this little anecdote. I may have mentioned it. For a while, I had to work along with my fellow soldiers who were very, from very rough backgrounds, *very* rough backgrounds, where things were done that were not done in the polite suburbs. It was taken for granted. They make good soldiers, because the living conditions were worse than in Korea. I used to say to them-- they used to have to be paraded to have a shower. Well they had no showers in their houses. They didn't get washed, but they were none the worse for it, because it was survival. When I was coming home, the same draft of soldiers were on the ship that I was going home on. I was a corporal - now, it was very unusual for a National Serviceman to get two stripes - and I was in charge of these guys, and it's the only time I put anybody in what I call the clink, the cells down below. They were making trouble for people. Oh, I'll tell you this story and then I'll finish, I promise. We had a big table and somebody had to be designated-- a couple, each time you had to go up three or four decks-- Have you been on a cruise ship? Well, all these decks you've got to go up where the galley is, and you get the food in big containers, and hot you've got to carry it down and put it on the table and I took on the job of sharing it out. Now one side of the table were my buddies from the regiment, and the other side were members of the Pay Corps. and the Pay Corps weren't getting their share of food. And my soldiers, infantry soldiers who'd fought in Korea, thought it fun to make the life misery of the little clerks from the Pay Corps. Now if it hadn't been for me, they would have starved, the Pay Corps guys. We didn't pick them up til Singapore, and they were not used to rubbing shoulders with these kind of guys. And after that I instituted equal

rations. The one guy had to go in the clink. It's the only time I exerted authority. They got the idea. The way it's done, you say, "Two men, fall in!" Two men fall in next to him. "Take his belt off." You take the belt off immediately and you've got no way of holding your pants up. "Take his shoelaces off." And then they march him down to the clink and leave him there for twenty-four hours by himself to think about what's going to happen to him, then he gets two weeks in the clink. It's not very nice, I can tell you. It's the only time I did it. Anyways, when I got on the ship, we used to have a quiz because it was long days to go and very hot and very crowded, and this quiz was at mid-day. And I said to all these...I'll call them scousers, that's Liverpool slang, they knew all the sporting things, the boxer and the racehorse and that, and I knew the history and geography things, and together we won it so often, and the prize was a case of beer, that they discontinued it! It didn't do any harm for the discipline. They'd say, "Oh, corp, you knew how to do things." That's built up a camaraderie. Now, when we were back into civilian life, they phoned me up on a Saturday night and asked me if I'd like to go on a pub crawl with them. Now that really goes a long way, because you don't get that invitation from those kind of people easily. And you go to the bottom of Liverpool which is still a bit tricky negotiating if you're on your own, but with these guys there's no trouble. But they saw that as a backward bit of camaraderie. This is the guy who helped us on the ship, and so on, we want him around. And you go in the bloody pub, they know what's happening, he's buying no drinks for the evening. And I did that quite a while. And that's what camaraderie's all about, don't you think? It's intangible. You can't teach it. It has to happen. And as it happened I can go down the wrong street in Liverpool and be untouched.

+ Did you ever run into any of those men from the Pay Corps again? [1.4.1]

When I walked into the dining room of that lovely teachers' training college in a sylvan part of the English countryside, a guy came running up to me and shook hands with me, and I didn't recognize him. He said, "You saved my life." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "You saved my life on that troop ship." He says, "I was in the Pay Corps. I'll never forget the way you ran that table." Yeah, it's a true story. He said-- He was a nice little guy. God help him teaching in a rough area. But he said, "You saved my life that day." Yeah, I'll end on that note, because you can't learn these things. You've got to knot it intuitively. You've got to know what it was put in the clink, but this guy, he came out of the blue to shake hands with me. My girlfriend at that time, I told you about that. She said, "What happened?" And I told her what happened, in the bowels of a troop ship where you've got to keep discipline, because there's too many men rubbing shoulders.

+ What are your thoughts on discipline? [1.4.2]

I don't like discipline, but in the army I learned that if you don't like discipline you've got to find your way around it, otherwise they'll have the last word. They'll have the last word, don't worry. There was an incident on Hill 355 when, in January of 1953 the fighting became very fierce. The Chinese threw everything at it. I was out of hospital at that point, but I was following the fighting in Korea very carefully. And there was a bitter battle between the Black Watch (that's an elite Scottish regiment) and the Chinese, and there's a National Service guy whose job it was to carry the ammunition up the hill to the front line itself. And he said to the sergeant major who was in charge of the ammunition, "I've been up three times, and I'm not going back there again." He was immediately put in irons, and did two extra years as a National Serviceman. It was not a good thing to do. If you don't want to go back again, you take your time going up the hill, perhaps, but you don't challenge authority. That was an extreme example, but that's what they do to you. Well, you want ammunition at the front? Get on with it! You get to understand that these rules have a rationale. Sometimes they don't.

+ Did you have any other memorable experiences onboard the troop ship? [1.4.3]

On Christmas Day 1953 we sailed from Japan from a small troop ship and ran into a typhoon. There was a good meal set up for us, but nobody wanted to eat it because it was too rough, except myself. I went into the galley, slid my tray along, loaded up with Christmas food, and where did I eat my food? See, we used to sleep in a hammock over the mess table, but everybody was in the hammock spewing up onto the mess table. Come on, let's not be too squirmish about that, that was the ways of life. I had the key to the orderly room, the headquarters, and I took my sleeping bag up there and my Christmas drink and my Christmas dinner, and all by myself I sat down and had my dinner, drank my bottle of beer, free, and slept in quiet seclusion, thank you very much.

+ What sort of work did you do in occupied Japan? [2.1]

Incidentally, one of the jobs I did towards the end of my time in Japan was interrogate - not, interrogate isn't the right word - identify returned prisoners of war. And it was such an interesting job. The different countries, of course, had different attitudes towards POWs. No Turkish POW was indoctrinated, and Americans had quite a number, the British had some, and

so on, but the Turks? None. And if they'd gone over to the other side, the Turks would've gone after them themselves. It's like- [laughter] That's a little side thing there, but the Turks were still Asiatic nomads and that's the way they were.

+ What are your thoughts about the atomic bombing of Hiroshima? [2.2]

My wife said to me this morning, "Make sure you talk about Hiroshima." And I will make sure I do, because it's a tricky subject. When I was assigned to duties in Japan, not sent back to Korea for the duration of my National Service, I was assigned to a camp that was half an hour away from Hiroshima. Now that was a wonderful fluke of history, and I knew what it was all about. I mean, I wasn't just an ordinary soldier; I took advantage of the fact I could go-- every Sunday afternoon I got on the damn train, I went to Hiroshima. I was fascinated by it, fascinated. And by the opportunity it gave me. And the first thing I wanted to say is: We were told that nothing would grow there for years and years, if at all. It was thriving five years later! They were building ships, things were growing...you wouldn't know it had been bombed except for the commerce building. And it had a kind of spherical top, and all the steel, that survived, in spite of the heat. And it survived because it was-- the epicentre was directly above it. The walls had collapsed, and they left this skeleton of a building as a memento, because it was directly below the explosion of the bomb. The real damage was done where it had spread out, and there's always a periphery to these things. And people get, not killed, but terribly wounded. The Americans built a hospital near Hiroshima to deal with people who were wounded, and they were writing up and studying the material, and it got so bad they closed the hospital down and prevented doctors from going there because it was so disconcerting. I don't know what happened to it in the long run, but the people on the edge did worse than the people right in the middle, because it exploded and spread out.

+ What were your interactions like with people in Hiroshima? [2.3]

The people in Hiroshima when I was going there five years later were...they didn't throw anything at me. They accepted the fact that they'd lost the war. The emperor told them to stop fighting. If they emperor hadn't told them to stop fighting it's anybody's guess how many more casualties would have taken place invading Japan itself. The Japanese would have fought on every hilltop all the way to Tokyo. I think in the end it saved human life, but I'll tell you, this may be a bit confidential between you and me - the Japanese started this business when they

bombed Pearl Harbor. And to the American mind that says, "Okay, you want a fight? We'll finish it with Hiroshima." Don't repeat that, but I think there's something in it. You don't-- the Japanese didn't declare war before they bombed Pearl Harbor. They just came out of the blue, and the Americans were sleeping as the whole Japanese fleet crossed the Pacific. Surely they could have got some idea of what was going on, but they didn't. Anyway - my Sunday afternoon visits to Hiroshima gave me a deep respect for the Japanese, and it was cemented by the fact that I picked up a lovely Japanese girlfriend. And one of these questions is, "How did you get along with the Japanese?" I studied their culture carefully. I couldn't do the kanji. Now, do you know anything about the Japanese language? There's three systems. I mean, I'm a bit of a Greek scholar. That's bad enough, but Japanese is a test. They borrow from China the basic ideograms that's called the kanji. Now they've got another system called hiragana where they put signs on the end and beginning to show tense or case according to what the word is used in the sentence. And they've got a they've got a third, another -kana, I've forgotten what the exact name is now, for modern words for which now example exists in Japanese so they make it a separate language and sign. I was just talking to my wife about it. In my extended family one of the girls married a Japanese guy, and I sat down at the table and we were just having a bit of coffee and I spelled his name out doing these ideograms and I only got one of them wrong. He couldn't believe it. But it's devilishly difficult, because it's so different to our way of doing things. Each one is an individual, beautiful brush-- I don't know how they manage the typewriters. But anyways, going to Hiroshima I picked up this girl. She wasn't a street girl; she was a very nice girl. And we used to meet on Sunday afternoons, and it got you away from military life for a couple of hours, and it was a great delight. And I told her I'd have to go home to England and she started crying and said, "I'll come with you. I'm willing to come with you." And my father found out about this and he said, "She's not coming in my house under any circumstances." You know why, of course. The feelings of World War Two. And it was physically very difficult to get her home, anyway, although one of my friends did marry a Japanese girl. I haven't told you that story, but I'll keep it for a minute. So anyways, it was an interesting thing to take my wife and daughter there years later. It was the thirtieth anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima, and they were both a bit on edge about how they would be treated by the local occupants. But you know the whole thing was handled by the Buddhist religion. The Buddhists have always been present in Japan. I took my wife and daughter to see a bust of the great Buddha cast in bronze in the eleventh century, at Kamakura which is on the edge of Tokyo. That's how the far ahead they were with the Buddhists. It's the Shinto religion that became dominant and warlike and warrior-like and taught the Japanese a different set of values. So you had two different, very opposing values, the Buddhists being in the minority. But still functioning. And the Buddhists looked after the ceremony when I went for that particular day, and it went off very well indeed. There were people there from all over the world. And my personal comment on it is this: Every major statesman should be obliged to go to the museum

in Hiroshima and see the photographs they took of the damage and the actual fire. Because the bombs we've got now are much stronger. And you talk about war and fighting, I mean, you can destroy the whole of Vancouver in one go. And I don't think people realize that. They talk about it. But they've got to see a city that has received that. Having said that, I've told you how Hiroshima revived itself. It's a bit of a paradox, don't you think? The human race is very resilient, but you don't want to try this. Anyways, I-- My dealings with Japanese people who live in British Columbia, who lived during the war here are a bit mixed. I talked to one of them who had gone back to Japan just in time before the war broke out because he thought he was going to be badly treated by the Canadian government. Well, it depends what you mean by badly treated. Your property was taken away and you were sent up into the Kootenays somewhere. And your property was not given back to you. I talked to a man in Tokyo, in the immigration, about this, and when he realized that I had a personal interest in it he put his work aside and he talked to me for a while. And he said, "Well, I could see this coming. [unclear]. I took my family back to Japan in time." He said, "But if there'd been white guys in the same situation in Japan, God help them. They'd have lost more than their property." So that is one man's view of it. I think he's probably right, because the way prisoners of war were treated by the Japanese was not up to western standards, or let me say, expectations. See, the Japanese hadn't signed the Geneva Convention, and to them, the prisoner of war camp is an extension of the battlefield. And they do not like people surrendering. You fight until you die. And you're doing this for the emperor. And there's no debate. And it looks barbarous to western minds, but you ask western soldiers to do a difficult thing, if they're brave and if there's a chance - a chance, even if it's a small chance - they will respond. But if there's no chance, they don't like it. It's not part of the culture. But the Japanese still had this idea, to die in battle was the ultimate honour. It's going back to the twelfth century, actually, but that's the way it was. Anyways, I had a personal friend who was a Japanese guy who was dispossessed and he became quite a well known architect in Vancouver when he got on his feet again. And he had no bitterness in his mind at all. He was lucky to be able to function when the war was over. He felt that-- I can only say what he repeated to me: In Vancouver, the Japanese at the end of the war were forgiven and allowed to get on with their lives, but they didn't get their property back. And he said, "Okay, that's the way it is. I'll get going." And he became a very successful architect. I went to his funeral recently. I met lots of Japanese people who both like him and like the western friends he's got. So it's a very bewildering thing, isn't it?

- + What was it like taking your wife and daughter to visit Korea? [3.1]

Incidentally, I took my wife and daughter there in recent times, and it was still very tricky, they were chucking grenades at each other. And it's the first time that they...they allowed tourists up to a point, to go and see the DMZ, as the Americans call it, demilitarized zone. But my daughter was, she was only about 14 at the time and she has a very sharp memory, she says, "I'll never forget that atmosphere." She said, "There was a long hut, and the tables were set on either side of an imaginary line," which was the 38th parallel. Can you imagine? And the North Koreans were sitting on one side of that imaginary line in the hut and the Americans were sitting on the other, and we were allowed to see this. And they said to me, "Would you like to go out on patrol?" Cause they were patrolling quite vigorously at the time, along the line. But I've never been so happy to be with a big, big bunch of American Marines. They're big chunky guys, and I made sure my wife and daughter got right in the middle of them, because they were chucking grenades around all the time we were on that little excursion. And I thought, no wonder it's stuck in my daughter's memory. She'd never seen that kind of animosity before. It's a... Koreans have been split artificially from North Koreans and South Koreans, they were all Koreans before the big powers started working. D'you see what I mean? It's a bit like East Germany and West Germany. Anyway, it was quite an education for her. So that would be the answer to that question. That magazine was a wake-up call.

- + What have your experiences of Remembrance Day been like? [3.2]

When you come to the Remembrance Day parade here, right across the road, it is so many people in this community. I don't know. When I lived in Point Grey I was not involved very much because there is no focus. This is a focus for this community. And the same thing in North Van. There's a focus. And everybody turns out, and everybody claps. And when the parade is over, you go down the Legion and have a few shots of rum that the Legion provide. There's no tea, but just a shot of rum, but before you go I think around-- You wonder how many people and they have to be recently immigrants, because they're all mainly Asiatic people, who ask you to pose for a photograph and thank you. Then the local people will come around and thank you. Shake your hand! That's different than the way the Yanks treated their soldiers when they got home. They booed them. So you feel...you can't help feeling like you've done something worthwhile. Sometimes, no matter what your philosophy is, if somebody's breaking into your house, what do you do? Lie down and ask him to take his choice, or kick him in the bum? And

that's what we did in Korea. We kicked the bloody communists in the bum, and they had to think twice about it.

+ How have you been treated by the Korean community in Vancouver? [3.3]

And that's how the Korean community treat us. They cannot do enough for us, unlike the Yanks who went to Vietnam and were ridiculed and booed. You put your life and limb on the line, and what thanks do you get for it? We were welcome, still. And that's only last summer. In my long personal records that's a bit of a historical thing to have lasted that long, don't you think so? The ranks have thinned out now, but when I joined the unit there was about 30 people, now it's down to 6. It's inevitable attrition. But the Korean community here are so anxious to show their gratitude. It wells up in you. You must get that into the program somehow or other. It gives you the feeling that you've done something worthwhile.

+ What were attitudes like towards the Korean War in the 1970s? [3.1.1]

Incidentally, the late seventies there was a lull in interest in these martial laws, and so on. They just wanted to sweep them under the carpet. So, World War Two and Korea were too close together for comfort. I personally thought that it could develop into the Third World War without any trouble at all. You see what I mean? And that's why- I'm a bit like you, I read history quite carefully, and it could have spun into a Third World War without too much trouble. Well, we didn't want to do that, because we had new...fresh memories lingered in our minds. I use the word "linger" carefully. They lingered in our minds about what it was like. And we didn't want a repetition, because it gets you nowhere, except a lot of damage and wreckage and bloodshed and slaughter and so on. It makes you wonder why...what the human race can do. All those kings that Harry Greenwood always talks about, they were not up to the job of sorting out a complex political situation. But the democracies in the late 1930s did no better job of dealing with Hitler before he started throwing his weight around. So. He won't have that. Somehow or other he's down on the kings, and I'm also, I agree with him on that, but when the elected democratic governments such as Churchill and the French guys and so on tried their hand at it they were no better. It's a human failing, I think. Don't tell Harry Greenwood [laughter].

- + How has war impacted other people you know in the community? [3.4]

Incidentally, my doctor here, Dr. Kelpin, who's just down the road, his father was in the Canadian Navy. There's a bench on the waterfront just down from here commemorating the sinking of a ship, HMCS Skeena. It's a River-class destroyer, and it was torpedoed off the coast of Iceland. There wasn't enough room in the lifeboats, so they tied him to the lifeboat, and when he was washed ashore in the morning he'd lost the use of his legs. And he was a pretty decent hockey player. My doctor tells this story - he never played hockey with his boys again, but he got his life. He's very keen on veterans. He's helped me quite a bit in a way. That bench is just down on the seafront, right in line with us. In this very library, I asked somebody, "Have you got anything about HMCS Skeena?" And she says, "Oh, yeah." This woman, who was a bit older, she knew all about the naval details, which is encouraging. Yeah. So I get quite a lot of help from the doctor, who understands veterans. So that's a good thing, don't you think?

- + What was your transition back to civilian life like after being in the military? [4.1]

Well, I have two things to say. It took me three weeks to get back to civilian life. How's that? I had two weeks of leave, paid leave, which wasn't very much, but two weeks to find your bearings a little bit. And then I got a job teaching unqualified because teachers were at such a premium. Teaching, and it was advertised in the local paper. I went for an interview and got the job. It was in February of that year, March, and I thought, "Well, I'll try it out. I've never done any teaching, but I'll try it out." And I liked it. Again, it reminded me of the kids I came to teach in Gladstone. It was in the dockland area of Liverpool, and these were hillbilly kids, strong as Hell, and I am in control in no time. But you've got to do that. And I thought, "Well, this is okay." And I went to-- In those days, they had a special stream of two-year qualification. And I went to the teachers' training college, which was in an idyllic part of the English countryside. And I met my wife there. Would you like the story about that? Well, it was a delightful place. Residential. Because you'd done your National Service you got it free. People who had not done that had to pay the regular fees. But it was run on old-fashioned lines. There was-- The dining room was laid out like an Oxford college, with tables on right angles, faculty at the top, maids brought in things, put on the middle of the table, shared out. It was quite formal. There was an arrangement where, if you wanted some more food, you could go to this Dutch door (Do you know what I mean by Dutch door? The second half operates independently) and see if you could beg some leftover food. Now, it happened that particular evening (this is early in the first semester), the rugby team had been suspended for bad behaviour, and my army skills came

into full gear there. I managed to escape being suspended. You know in the army, if you get into trouble in the army it's real trouble, it's not just a slap on the wrist. And I managed to get out of it; I had all the fun without getting caught. The only one, but it was Pyrrhic victory. Do you know what a Pyrrhic victory is? I had nobody to go to the pub with on a Saturday night, and there was a lineup of people trying to beg some food. And in front of me was this delightful young lady, and I almost accused her of negotiating herself, maneuvering herself to a spot in front of me. She denies that. But anyway, I put my hand on her shoulder and I said, "What are you doing tonight?" She said, "I don't know." I said, "Well, I do know. You're coming out with me." And that was the end of it. And we've been married fifty-nine years. Don't you think that's funny? It's the virtue of-- There was a psychological-- I was in a bit of a pickle there. But it did me good, otherwise I'd have gone to the pub with the rugby crowd.

+ Tell me about your career as a teacher... [4.1.1]

The school I taught at-- I told you I taught secondary school for a while. I was teaching at a school called Gladstone, which is a very rough and ready school. I think most of those kids had had enough before Grade 12. They should be unloading ships at the dock. Writhing around in desks was not for them. Big, strong guys, and they wanted some physical outlet so I gave them rugby, and that did some good. Do you know that school on the west side, St George's? We went over to St. George's and beat the hell out of them. I never got along with any principal I worked with, because I didn't. But on that occasion I did. He says, "Langley, I hear you took the team over to St. George's and wiped them off the bloody field." I said, "Yeah, they were only spoiled kids from the west side." It was quite an eye-opener there, at Gladstone. I've also told you that I still, and it continues this, still get a Christmas card from one of them who was the biggest troublemaker. But I turned the bugger around. He became a fireman. That's how he settled his life. And the discipline and so on. I said, "These kids don't have enough discipline." All these [unclear]. See, I spent some time thinking about being a professional educator. At SFU I was in the Education department, not the English department.

+ Tell me more about your teaching career... [4.1.2]

I really enjoyed teaching, at all levels. I mean, I was at Simon Fraser at the right time, when all the turmoil was going on. I was at the right time when they started the college system. I taught at Langara but before Langara became Langara, we used King Ed, the actual building. It was the

only-- The city of Vancouver were very adroit. They wanted to build a brand new high school. It's now called Eric Hamber. And CPR were also very gracious. They owned the property that is now Hamber's own, but they had the piece of real estate and the King Ed crowd also were spreading out along 12th Avenue. Now, the hospital wanted to extend, the general hospital, so the city and CPR did a very adroit, mutually beneficial trade. They gave them some room on 12th Avenue in return for a place to build Eric Hamber. Couldn't be better. And while they were building it, we used the old high school. And that was the beginning of the first college-- See, I moved with the times. And the enthusiasm of all those people was infectious. They needed upgrading. And they're sitting in a class, even an English class. I say even English class, some of them found writing essays a bit of a strain. They had, you know, Vancouver ran from Grade 1 to Grade 8, and both sexes left at Grade 8. The girls got jobs washing dishes and the men went and worked in the bloody woods, and not a lot of background was needed. But all of a sudden, almost overnight, there was a call for more sophisticated qualifications. And it wasn't realistic to do Grade 9, Grade 10, Grade 11, Grade 12, four years - it doesn't work. So they had a composite course of one year, that encompassed the four grades. And that's what I was doing to begin with. And after that I managed to stay on and get a proper job in an English department. And the [unclear] transferred it from the old King Ed to the new college and I spent the rest of my time at Langara. I'll tell you, the hardest job I did at Langara was not teaching.

+ Did you ever consider taking on a command position and becoming an officer? [4.1.3]

I could've tried to get a job as an officer, even as a National Serviceman. They had a system where if you wanted to try-- see, the British officers were really selected because of their class and social background, unlike the Commonwealth officers. That's why-- I had dinner with them on the train coming back from Tokyo. They were there because of their competences, and ahead of their game. The Australians were there because they were very good soldiers. They'd all come from the backcountry, not these little suburbanites. I deliberately, see-- I made decisions which are thoughtful decisions, and it keeps you alive. To be an-- Okay. To be an officer (a second lieutenant is the lowest rank), when the fighting stabilized in Korea and it became like World War One - dug in on each side, wire on front of you, trenches patrolled at night - it's your job to take the patrols out, to take them through the minefields and so on. I didn't fancy that. And I avoided it. Maybe I would have become the second lieutenant, but I did the brainy job in the HQ, the orderly room, drawing the maps where the minefields were. And I got a lot of prestige for that. One night I was coming up around the corner to where the HQ was, and I had loads of maps in my hands, like this. Big rolls. And this little whippersnapper of a

second lieutenant turned to me and said, "Soldier! You didn't salute me!" And I dropped all the maps at his feet and said, "Do you want me to draw the maps wrong tonight? Cause you've got to go out and bloody well patrol." I broke all decorum because I lost my-- which you shouldn't do, but he could see the point. "I am about to draw the pathways through the minefields for you tonight, so bugger off!" I talked to him and I got away with him.

- + Did you ever consider staying in the army after your period of National Service was over? [4.1.4]

Well, I was different again. I had two years, although they did offer me another six months because I had everything running smoothly. Life goes on in funny ways. It's almost Shakespearean. If I had taken those extra six months - I had everything under control, everything I was doing in Japan, I had a nice girlfriend there - I would not have met my wife. I would have missed the meeting in that training college because I wouldn't have gone in that year. I'd have been in the next year. And when I occasionally talk about this-- I was talking to a woman at Christmas dinner, and this female says to me, "Well, how do you account for it?" I said, "Only Shakespeare knows the answer." She says, "What's that?" I said, "The stars are aligned." And she says, "What?" I said, "The stars are aligned." It's as good an example as any you can come up with.

- + What was going on at SFU around 1970? [4.2]

And I, it's just in 1970 when that place was in turmoil. You don't know much about it these days. It was in the news all the time. A big turmoil. What they wanted to do was imitate the antics of European students who grew up with demonstrations and barricades all the time. They had built barricades at the bottom of the hill. They were playing a game. I'll talk about how I took them in the pub, and introduced them to the working class, who gave 'em hell. This big trucker said to me, "I want my son to go to SFU, and I don't want people like these kids teaching." Anyways from my point of view, I would have to go and get a PhD, and in those days - Can you get a PhD at Simon Fraser in Education? It was not available at the time. I'd have to go to Boston for at least two years, and imbibe American theories that I probably didn't agree with, so I packed it in and went the other way, and got a degree in English and taught English instead. We have quite a bit in common actually. I'm always nostalgic when I go back to Simon Fraser, do you know that?

- + What were your thoughts on the differences between UBC and SFU? [4.2.1]

SFU was much more pragmatic. I'm talking about the Education faculty now. They have a time when you go out teaching, a practicum, and it lasts for a couple weeks and they judge you on that. Simon Fraser you did a whole semester. It's just like being a doctor; you go in the wards and see what you can do. And I have a personal friend, he's passed away now, but, he went through it, and UBC-- He failed, but they didn't fail him. He was not a teacher anyways. He just didn't have the innate whatever it is you need. Basically, how to deal with human beings. He was a mathematician, really. Doing, oh, sterile mathematical calculations. It's nothing to do with blood-and-flesh people. On one occasion when I was looking after student teachers, I engineered it so that he came under by leadership in some of the schools in Richmond he had to go out and teach, and he was no good. He was frightened of the students. And he should have been failed, but UBC never failed him. They'd have done everyone a favour, including him. But I always thought Simon Fraser was a fresh start, and they would have failed a guy, and it would've been a favour. I enjoyed everybody I met up there, but there was feeling a new start, y'know a freshness. UBC is old and has built up a tradition of conventional ideas about what a university should be like.

- + What was life like in the old army huts on the UBC campus? [4.2.2]

I lived on the campus when I was going full-time to UBC in the army huts, and it was the last year they used those army huts. Anyway, we lived in an army hut and it reminded me of my National Service, isn't that funny? Yeah. The rent was forty dollars a month. I had a wife and if she wanted to do some studying you just walked over in the evening to the library, and I would come back when the kids were in bed not making a noise and all that kind of thing and do a bit more studying. I think it was a bit of history in itself. There was one prof living in the army huts. He shouldn't have been there. He lived in it for eccentric reasons. He taught music, and his name's on the tip of my tongue but I can't give it to you. Next time I will. He plays the piano and his wife was a musician too, and they lived the way a student would but they were taking up student accommodation which they shouldn't have done, but they lived very carefully. They didn't have a motorcar. They went to Paris every spring. They brought back a lot of paintings and went to every country you could find. And they were totally eccentric. And they got away with taking out his little army hut. Just being there, there was still a military feel about it, d'you know what I mean? The student buildings that they have now are quite luxurious. But they got rid of those huts, with reluctance, because they'd become a kind of part of the history of World

War Two, cause there was always a feeling that the Japanese would do something on the west coast. In fact a submarine did fire at a lighthouse on the west coast. That's documented, so there was some reason to have it. In any event they trained soldiers out there, because it was just near the farm. When I was there the farm was still next-- Agronomy Road. Agronomy Road was the edge of the farm, and people doing agriculture were using that space to look after animals and study animals and now it's all built up.

- + Why did so many people in Liverpool want to leave the UK after the Second World War?
[4.3]

That was-- When I came-- You know, a lot of people in my circle in Liverpool just wanted to get out of Britain, because it was, in 1945, they didn't realize how impoverished they were. When they devalued the currency, I remember when a pound was 4.5 American dollars, and overnight they reduced it to 2.5. The Americans provided lots of munitions, but they made the British pay for them. They didn't make the Germans pay for the rebuilding of Germany. They poured money into Germany because they wanted Germany as a bulwark against Russia and so on. It was the way things worked out. And the British were not aware of the fact that they had exhausted themselves, and still haven't recovered, I think. That's my view, anyway. They still haven't got the lead in technology they used to have. And...don't get me into that. Anyway, we were known as the two-year crowd. Now my friends wanted to go to Canada immediately and get out of this quagmire, and I said to them, "I'm not going to Canada or any other place until I've got a qualification. I don't want to be working in the woods or washing plates or something." So I got the qualification, and I got on a train, went across Canada, got off the train from place to place, and when I got to Vancouver I thought, "This will do me." And I got a job immediately because I had a qualification, and teachers were still in demand. And so I walked off the train, went to see the superintendent of Vancouver, and he says, "There's only one thing to do. You've got to get your qualifications recognized over in Victoria." So another friend took me on the ferry over to Victoria, which was delightful, and they rubber-stamped my credentials and I started teaching in Vancouver, and never looked back. How about that?