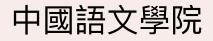
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國際通訊

PERSONAL / IN CONFIDENCE

We ask you please to remember that the newsletter is intended for the eyes of former students and staff of MODCLS only and should not be further distributed. Requests to add people to the distribution should be made to the editor. (See admin pages at back for contact details).

From Kim Winfield

The production and distribution of the newsletter relies completely on the dedication, enthusiasm and technical expertise of David Ellis and Brian Finch. Their encouragement, guidance and patience towards a fledgling and errant editor is greatly appreciated.

Despite Brian's exhortations for your contributions, be they updates, reminiscences, articles, photographs or whatever, it is apparent from the brevity of this newsletter that the response has been somewhat disappointing. To those who did respond, my grateful thanks. I am sure that we are all aware that without our inputs, the newsletter is redundant.

Take care and keep safe.

Best regards,

Kim

Frances ADAMSON AC (M 1986-87)

Frances was the Australian ambassador to China from 2011-16, the first woman to hold this appointment. The latter also applied to her subsequent appointment as Secretary to the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, 2016-21. In the Queen's Birthday Honours List this June, Frances received Australia's highest civil honour, Companion of the Order of Australia (AC). In October, Frances will be sworn in as the 36th Governor of South Australia, her home state.



Frances Adamson, AC



Sheena CONNELLY (M 1990-91) writes:

I have no idea how long it's been since I sent anything for the newsletter but, after the gentle kick from Brian Finch, here is my update....

After moving back to Australia after 3½ years in Indonesia (Bali & Lombok), in the mid 2000s I made Melbourne my home base. In my last year in Bali I worked for English First, teaching English classes online to students from all over the world. I was able to take this job with me and work from home back in Melbourne.

In 2007 I left the online classroom and took on casual work assessing pilots and air traffic controllers (and the occasional hot air balloon pilot) on their ICAO English Language Proficiency Tests. The majority of my workload were Mainland Chinese pilots (until China eventually set up to assess their pilots internal-

ly **()**. I really enjoyed this work and reckon I could probably fly a plane now, if push came to shove.

At the same time as the pilot work I also spent seven years working as an extra on various TV series and movies. The biggest production I worked on was *The Pacific*, the sequel to *Band of Brothers*. You might also have seen me in

various scenes in Neighbours 😂.

I also used to get paid \$200 per episode of Australia's Got Talent to sit in the audience until Susan Boyle hit the scene and made all of the "Got Talents" more popular. I also, sadly, had to once play a Collingwood supporter for a TV ad and I think that ended my glorious screen career.

While living in Melbourne I managed to spend about four or five months a year traveling overseas. A couple of the most memorable trips were a two week road trip around Cuba with friends and three weeks in Nepal with Children's Aid International both in 2018.

I had been looking for a suitable home base for a few years (I love Melbourne but not the weather) and, after a reconnaissance trip in 2018, I moved to Penang, Malaysia in 2019. What a great place to live! For the first time in decades I was going to "settle down" in one place. I spent months putting together my application for my 10-year renewable visa. In early March 2020 I flew to Melbourne for a one month visit and, a week or 2 later, Malaysia's doors slammed behind me and I was locked back in Australia.

So, after my initial shock, I decided to make the most of being stuck here and I hired a motorhome. Over the next nine months I travelled to Queensland, Northern Territory, South Australia and New South Wales. It was a real adventure made even more so with having to do some creative, emergency itinerary adjustments and dramatic border dashes due to snap lockdowns in different states at different times. I'm currently happily settled in Darwin where I bought a holiday let apartment to give myself some stability for the duration. It's been relatively untouched here Covid-wise and we've only just had our first locally transmitted case since the beginning of the pandemic.

I am really missing the freedom to travel that I took for granted before. It looks like it will be

well into next year before the Aussie government will allow us to leave our shores. Until then I'll be making the most of being in Australia and dreaming of future travels further afield.

Best wishes to all, stay safe and well.

Cheers, Sheena

David ELLIS (C6)

David continues to look to the future (see his article on VR [www.modcls.org/virtuallyreal] in the Spring 1999 issue) but from a higher perspective—up in the mountains of western North Carolina, whither he and Mikiko scarpered last year, COVID-depressed downtown Detroit condo living having lost its lustre. Plus, it put him back in the saddle of his emountain bike.

He has followed the trajectory of events in China and our beloved Hong Kong—beloved in part because it showed us just how great a civilization China has been and still could be

Brian **FINCH** writes:

As many readers will know, for the last few years I have almost entirely been focussed on the *Lisbon Maru* atrocity. I had imagined that my involvement would wane after finishing the translation of a Chinese book on the subject, published in November 2017 as *A Faithful Record of The "Lisbon Maru" Incident*. But almost immediately afterwards I was taken on by Laurel Films in Beijing as the Military Adviser to their documentary film on the subject.

Work on the film entailed contacting some 400 relatives of those who had been on that fateful ship and helping the film crew with well over 100 interviews. The global pandemic has inevitably slowed the production of the film, but work on it continues in Beijing although there is as yet no date for completion or release. under more enlightened leadership. China's current leadership has co-opted Al-driven technologies for less than civilized ends. (A diplomatic chronicle of that co-optation is Jeffrey Ding's ChinAl newsletter [https://chinai.substack.com/archive]. Highly recommended.)

Ellis also continues to write on religious topics—watch out for *The Separation of Church and God*, co-authored with Dr. Donald Weaver, in a few weeks from his hobby press Elysian Detroit [www.delysian.com] if they can't find a willing commercial publisher.

In the meantime we have sadly seen the death of the last two known survivors of this tragedy: William Beningfield of The Middlesex Regiment who lived in Canada and died aged 100 shortly before Christmas 2020 and Dennis Morley of The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment), who died early this year aged 101. Also last August saw the death of Lin Agen (林阿跟) who was the very last of the courageous fishermen who rescued hundreds of British pows from under the noses of the Japanese. These three deaths really do mark the end of an era.

I also helped Michelle Wang Jingwen (王静雯) of Shanghai TV in the making of a documentary film about post-war Japanese war crime trials. The resulting film can be seen at: https:// www.youtube.com/watch? v=bFP8TEHxrPg&t=1249s. This covers other subjects besides the *Lisbon Maru*. The first eight minutes are a general introduction to the film, and the *Lisbon Maru* incident is covered from about 8.00 to 20.00 minutes, beginning with a video of me cutting the grass at home!

Professor Tang Hongsen (唐洪森) of Zhejiang Ocean University has been studying the *Lisbon Maru* incident and related subjects for many years. With the help of research by Kent Shum (沈健), Secretary of the *Lisbon Maru* Association of Hong Kong, he has produced a new account of these events, drawing on previously classified material from all the nations involved – Japan, the UK, the USA and China.

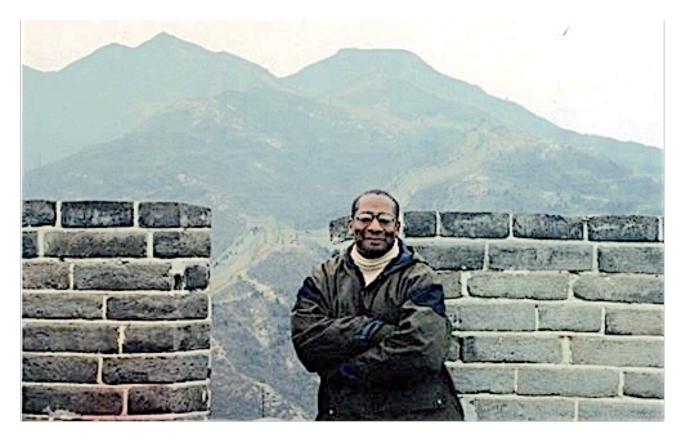
I have spent much time during the various lockdowns translating Professor Tang's Chinese work into English, which has helped fend off any sense of boredom. It's a long task and I'm approaching the half way point. Separately I have been working with a small group on the installation of a memorial to those who perished in the *Lisbon Maru* incident. This will be unveiled at a dedication service on Sunday 3 October at the National Memorial Arboretum.

All the various service and regimental associations have been supportive of this project which has been funded by generous donations from these associations and members of the public, largely from relatives of those involved.



Lieutenant General Charles **HOOPER**, USA (Retired) (M 1989-1991) sends these pictures and an update:

I retired last October after a 41-year career and now live near Washington DC where I do some consulting, writing and keep my hand in all things China. After MODCLS, I served as the Assistant Army Attaché and the US Defense Attaché to China, as well as in the Pen-



A young Captain Hooper visiting the Great Wall in 1989 during his CLS days

tagon as the Senior Director for China and Taiwan Policy in the Office of the Secretary of Defense. I still keep up my Chinese language and remember my days in Hong Kong fondly. Oddly, one of the things I miss most was my daily bag of curry crisps from the Osborne Barracks NAAFI!



Lieutenant General Hooper with a Chinese Delegation at the Pentagon shortly before he retired in 2020



Tony INSALL

Tony is researching another book, this time on organisations that helped Allied prisoners of war to escape during the First World War. His interest was inspired by the example of his great uncle who, with the aid of his grandfather, succeeded in making it to Holland at the third attempt in 1917.

His most recent book, Secret Alliances, has been published in paperback.

Mike JACKSON (C3) writes:

I was (as Captain, Royal Artillery) a student on Course C3 (February 1970 – September 1972). I was unmarried then and lived for the duration of the course in the Officers' Mess, Lyemun Barracks.

As some contemporaries may recall my personal transport for the duration of the Course

was a 1942 Ford Jeep which was found on Lantao island by a Remote Areas Patrol of 1st Bn, Duke of Wellington's Regiment. I bought it from the owner, a Hong Kong shipping company, for the HK\$ equivalent of £92.

Some time later, while visiting a friend in "The Bank" who lived in Kwuntong I returned to the Jeep to find a note in Chinese tucked under the windscreen wiper blade. Translated the following day by the estimable Miss Yip at CLS the note was a request to hire the Jeep for a few days to assist in the making of a feature film in Hong Kong.

I responded to the writer and agreed a price for the hire. It was at this point that I probably breached a handful of HQBF Hong Kong security standing orders. The company making the film was entitled "Great Wall of China Movie Enterprises" and the film was to be titled *The Hawk of the Yis*.

As if confirmation of the Communist Chinese connection was needed, at the end of the hire period I retrieved the Jeep, was paid the agreed sum in HK\$ and was given a still image from the film and my own copy of Chair-

> man Mao's *Little Red Book* —signed by the Great Wall Company, not the Chairman!)

Regrettably (?) at the time of writing I am in Queensland, having been here in a state of semi-lockdown for 15 months. I don't have the still image for *Hawk of the Yis* with me—it's on my PC in Somerset. In lieu of this I have attached a picture of Jenny the Jeep as found on Lantao in April 1970. 51 years later Jenny and I are still together—she hasn't aged a bit and is worth rather more than £92!

I did make use of my Cantonese – having transferred to the Intelligence Corps, I headed up 3 Section, Production Group, JSISHK from early 1974 to mid 1976 and 11 years later returned to Hong Kong for two years as HSI (or SO1 J2) in HQBF HK.

Mike



Jenny the Jeep

David **KITCHING**

David and his wife Joanne live in the small town of Gandia, about an hour by train from Valencia. As Joanne is a Hong Konger, David has no excuse for not keeping his language skills up to date!

LUI Wing Hung (Will LUI (Staff)

Will sends this picture of what he describes as his happiest time in the army. He could not recall many names, however — if you can fill in any blanks, or have anything interesting to recount about the people and time, please let Kim know.



From left: Maj. Booker, Commandant I Cpl. Lui, Clerk I School Secretary, name? | Mrs. Chen, Mandarin Teacher | USA Representative/student, name? I School Technician, name? | Chief Clerk, Sgt. name? | Capt. M Roberts, Chief Instructor



Alan **ROBERTSON** [N3 & C8] writes:

How many remember the skilled tailor Ah Lee?

His tiny shop at 1A Sek Kong Road, Kam Tin, close to the entrance of what became Borneo Lines attracted many customers from the Armed Services and expats alike. He began as cutter to Jalal Din, contractor to successive infantry battalions in Stanley Fort. Not long after I had a blazer made there while in N3, Jalal Din suddenly returned to his native Pakistan. Soon afterwards Ah Lee set up on his own, gaining a fine reputation for workmanship and keen prices. A memorable garment he made for me from material I brought him is a tartan waistcoat with four pockets, its pattern perfectly matched. He had never before made up Summer 2021

anything tartan. It was the late Padre Higgins who was instrumental in establishing Ah Lee's right to own the ground on which the shop stands.

Ah Lee's English was basic. At some now forgotten date, calling in at his shop, I was introduced to a lad in his early teens, said to be his nephew. He spoke Mandarin, continuing to work in the back of the shop with Ah Lee's two staff. Ah Lee died nearly 10 years ago. As his "nephew" told me at the time, he was in reality Ah Lee's son from China. Speaking & writing far better English than his father, he continues to do good business in the same shop. I remain in email touch with Richard Lee, exchanging greetings at Christmas and Lunar New Year. His Chinese name is 李国功.



David SYME sends some "Light Relief":

Studying at CLS was an unrelenting routine, so we on the staff tried to balance the hard work with some light relief. The annual Stanley Dragon Boat races were popular, and we entered teams for the 100km Maclehose Trail Race. For this event, some pre-race training stretched the benefits over several weekends. The occasional late night "run ashore" guided by our police students were popular, and anyone who attended the US student-led Chungking Mansions dinner nights will remember them fondly.

Two one-off events remain in my memory; the Chinese wine tasting event and the jiaozi eating contest. With staff guidance, notably Mr Wang Guowei, a wide, colourful selection of Chinese alcoholic drinks was assembled. The evening started well with explanation of the characteristics and provenance of each bottle given before tasting. Participants took notes and made comparisons. The general conclusion w



eral conclusion was that these drinks were.... well.... different.



We had heard that the ability to eat multiple jiaozi was considered to be an honourable boast, so staff organised a jiaozi-eating contest, or jiaozifest. There was an individual competition, and a prize for the leading team of three. To the amazement of everyone present the winning individual was our slightly-built calligrapher, Mr Leung. The staff team had a guest member, a huge Englishman who worked in HK government. He let the team down with a disappointing tally. In apology he explained that a few hours earlier he had attended rather a good curry lunch.....

Happy days!

Cyril THOMAS (C 1972-3) writes:

Arriving in Hong Kong with Gabrielle and four young children in early February 1972 was the beginning of a life-changing experience. I had had little experience of language study but, after the initial challenges of culture shock and jet lag, studying Cantonese at Lyemun for two and a half years was incredibly fulfilling. I shall always be grateful to such excellent teachers as Mr. Tse and Mr. Lee as well as to Major Alan Sykes, the encouraging often volatile commandant.

Shortly following our arrival, I reluctantly agreed to become the organist and choirmaster of Stanley Fort garrison church. Our spiritual journey progressed further when we joined a weekly charismatic prayer group which met in the home of the deputy headmaster of the Island School. My Cantonese improved rapidly when we volunteered to help drug addicts on a resettlement estate.

We returned to Hong Kong in 1975 when I had the privilege of serving as Chief Instructor at CLS until 1978. A year later, after being posted back to Salisbury Plain, I resigned my commission and attended theological college in Salisbury for two years before we returned in 1981 as missionaries with three of our teenage children.

Life as missionaries in Hong Kong was very different from living in an officer's apartment in Royden Court overlooking Repulse Bay. For the first two years we lived above an oyster sauce factory in Sok Kwu Wan on Lamma Is land, at first the only Westerners in a fishing community.

The work that we pioneered developed into an outreach across mainland China, sending English teachers into universities, caring for abandoned babies as well as training local people in healthcare and rehabilitation, in partnership with the local authorities.

After the Hong Kong handover in 1997, we moved into central China to oversee the work. We left about ten years ago when Gabrielle experienced cardiac problems. We are full of admiration for our Chinese colleagues who have taken on the management of the work which now comprises children's homes, day centres for children with special needs, training and rehabilitation programmes.

For the last six years we have been living in south west Ireland, in north Kerry, where we are helping in the leadership of an evangelical church and involved in other areas of Christian work and mission. We are delighted to be so accepted in the community as well as having some time for writing and landscape painting. Ireland is now our home but we still intend to travel regularly, Covid-19 restrictions permitting, to keep up with friends, four married children and nine grandchildren who are living in three different countries.



Rod WHITTICASE writes:

Carolyn and I are still soldiering on in Hong Kong. We had intended to leave this October for the United States but Covid has delayed that, probably by a year or so. Finally left the Cathedral Choir about two years ago; my voice was no longer up to it. I am still in touch with Caroline Mason and Jim Morris. Three or four years ago bumped into three ex-members of my old squadron (617) at a Red Arrows ceremony in Chai Wan. I'm not getting any slimmer (see below)!



Rod Whitticase with three members of his former RAF squadron



Kim **WINFIELD** shared this hilarious article penned some time ago for another publication. As your humble editor, Kim had to be cajoled by his co-editors to allow it to be published here.

New Year Cheer

by Kim Winfield

Greetings, Gentle Reader,

I thought that, after such a stressful and traumatic year, the usual rollicking Yuletide epistle would be somewhat inappropriate and as welcome as a signed photograph of Donald Trump. However, the New Year gives hope for happier, healthier and more sociable times. Ergo, I thought I would share with you some of my musings and reflections prompted by lockdowns, social distancing et al.

Normally, I would pull my own head off rather than go supermarket shopping. However, like Captain Oates, I did the honourable thing and sallied forth. This prompted many imponderables. Why do I always have the trolley with the wonky wheel that, no matter how you try, only moves sideways, usually into a meticulously stacked pyramid of baked bean tins? The carton of eggs I choose has at least one cracked one and the tin of corned beef has no "sell by" date, but "Good luck, Tommy, in the trenches" written on the bottom. I am a wanted man in Sainsbury's. I blew up the bread slicing machine by putting my loaf in sideways; fusing the lights and setting off the fire alarm. (Honestly, this actually happened.) I then decided to go up-market to Waitrose. Apparently their customers and petrol are more refined. The range of exotic provender was daunting. But did I really need camels' eyes in aspic; toad's bladder terrine and aardvark en croute, and a readily available bank loan to purchase them? Thence to Tesco's and the final straw. I was beckoned to the head of the queue as "old people take precedence from 8 to 9 o'clock". They shouldn't employ saucy wenches with eye sight as bad as that.

As an antidote to shopping, I decided to help Elaine with the cooking. I discovered that, if you don't take the cellophane wrapping off the pizza before putting it in the microwave, you get indigestion. (Alas, this actually happened.) Advice on the way forward was encouraging. Especially from Jeb Futtock, who uses his wife's false teeth to crimp the pastry round the edge of his apple pies, and Eli Blagg, who takes the whalebones from his wife's corsets to make soup. I mistakenly put six bulbs of garlic into my soup, when the recipe stipulated six cloves. The aroma would have brought tears to a glass eyeball, but at least it kept the vampires away. I moved on to concoct a Chicken Madras that could have careened the Cutty Sark and a cheese soufflé with the lightness of depleted uranium. However, my signature dish is Peruvian woodcock: a black pudding with three feathers stuck in it.

Our daily walk through the lovely countryside nearby, always enjoyable, prompted a few philosophical ponderings. How do brambles know how to trip you up and how can nettles sting you through a string vest, shirt, wool jumper and anorak? Why do farmers build stiles at a height guaranteed to emasculate the unwary trying to climb over them? Why do fox droppings adhere more stubbornly to the soles of your boots than other sorts? A thermos flask keeps hot things hot and cold things cold. But how does it know which is which?

The inclement weather prompted me to research the village's history as an indoor pursuit. Clarence Fudge, the local well digger, informs me that the Romans built a road straight through the village, so we haven't got a corner shop. The road hasn't been repaired since the Romans laid it. The potholes are used by the Water Board in the winter as reservoirs, and by the Royal Marines in the summer for abseil training. Medieval influence on the village is apparent in its lack of an efficient sewage system and the need to boil drinking water. The Industrial Revolution has left its mark too. As well as repairing hay wains, tumbrels and phaetons, Alf Sprocket's workshop also mends bicycles. The treadle on the forge's grindstone has recently been replaced with an electric motor. This will produce a fine edge to the

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sickles, scythes and bill hooks, once we have electricity in the village. On a more positive note, with the advent of anti-freeze, the church font can be used in the winter. The origin of the nasty smell behind the bus shelter, reminiscent of an Assyrian chariot driver's bed sock, remains a mystery.

I miss going to the village pub, especially during the cold weather. A foaming, friendly flagon of Fuller's best bitter and a furnace of an oak fed open fire, sufficient to smelt bronze. And, of course, the village's characters who gather there with banter, badinage, bonhomie and braggadocio. Looming large in this, in every sense, is Lady Clara Fitz-Nicely, Lincolnshire's female Graeco-Roman wrestling champion. As part of her training, Clara kick-starts Jumbo jet engines at Heathrow. The best of her wide range of party tricks is, with the blink of her eyes, simultaneously cracking two walnuts with her eye lashes. Her closest rival in such exploits is Odo Guff, the blacksmith, who has a penchant for chewing tin tacks, then spitting rust.

Ma Hodge is still producing (no pun intended) her renowned parsnip and pyracanth elixir. It reaches parts that other moonshine doesn't, probably with dire consequences. It is equally efficacious as a bio-fuel, sheep dip and patio cleaner. Cedric Cringe, the gamekeeper, trains his racing ferrets on it, together with Brussels sprouts and senna pods. This guarantees them a flying start. The lads of the village play pool on a table more undulating than the North Sea, with cues as straight as a dog's hind leg. "Figaro" Phipps has a wide range of folk songs and ditties, but, unfortunately, he literally renders them with a voice that sounds like he has been gargling with prussic acid. He shears sheep in his barber's shop when there are no customers. Old Ned Thrum nostalgically misses the old spittoon in the public bar, but then he always did. Sad to relate, Squire Allworthy's nasty and embarrassing rash still baffles Porton Down and medical science in three continents. It has even defied Ma Hodge's hogwort, curry powder and henbane poultice, which

merely deprived the Squire of most of his hair and sensory faculties for over a month. Apparently, his wife is self-isolating in a caravan at Skegness with her personal trainer. There are domino handicaps, cribbage, darts, shove ha'penny and occasional strip poker, with more skulduggery, sleight of hand, blatant swindling and outright cheating than in Fagin's den and a local election in Chad combined. The village choir, by popular request sequestered to a remote barn to practice, normally gathers in the pub at closing time to perform, which ensures the speedy departure of the customers.

I miss the annual village fete too. The turnip jugaling competition; guess the weight of Lady Clara; dunking for sugar beet; covert wagering on the number of teeth lost to Mrs Figg's rock cakes and which child will be the first to vomit after the free candy floss and fizzy drink. Will the Nocton girl pipers and drummers defy tradition and be sober enough to complete the midday march past? Mercifully, as usual, will someone disconnect the microphone before the vicar gives his speech? Will the miscreant who sowed caltrops on the bowling green last year have something even more deviant planned? Toilet attendants; air raid wardens and the Women's Institute should perhaps be put on full alert. And what of the fruit and veg competition? How does Bill Wisp's brassicas get bigger every year and Mrs Clackett grow marrows the size of a zeppelin? Will we ever be able to prise the "Best Jar of Whelks" trophy from the top the bus shelter, where it was super-glued by an embittered loser?

I always knew that the most important thing in life is people: family; old friends; new friends; colleagues; acquaintances; whatever. The pandemic has reinforced this. Take especial care; keep safe and be of good cheer. We will get there in the end.

All the best,

Kim



ADMIN

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To send contributions and editorial enquiries please email Kim Winfield at kim.winfield@btinternet.com.

If you receive a paper version of the Newsletter please let Brian know if you change your postal address.

Brian Finch continues to provide the invaluable electronic distribution service for this newsletter. Please remember to let him know (<u>bfinch1941@gmail.com</u>) if you change your e-mail address.



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In fond memory of Mick Roberts, the Newsletter's founder, former MODCLS Chief Instructor and Commandant, colleague, and friend

