

LUSITANO BULLETIN

The Publication of the Lusitano Club of California

VOLUME 16 NO. 1

SPRING 2006



Gulangyu, "Piano Island," located across Xiamen, China, contains some 600 pianos, is a small prewar foreign enclave with Western architecture, where music was an important part of its social life. After the Europeans left, Chinese music-lovers took over and continued this tradition. (Danny Souza's story begins page 9.) (Photo: lab.imr.tohoku.ac.jp/~fujika-0/Xiamen)

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Macau Cultural Center Update

New architect on board! Since the resignation of Antonio Jorge da Silva as the architect for our Fremont building, the Macau Cultural Center Board has been searching for a replacement to complete the building plans for submittal to the City of Fremont and the Fremont Historical Society.

We are pleased to advise we have just contracted the services of James Chao, architect, who will be working with his team of heating, ventilation, and air conditioning, structural, plumbing and electrical engineers to complete this process hopefully in July.

Few minor revisions are being considered in these final plans and will be presented to the community tentatively on Sunday, July 16th 11AM at our Fremont building before submittal to the city for approval.

In the meantime, we have met with several contractors, elevator companies, etc. so that once our final plans are approved, we will be able to start Phase I of our renovation work which includes the installation of an inside elevator, new kitchen and restrooms. The progress of phase II or III of our plans will strictly depend on the amount of additional financial assistance we can obtain in the next few months from our building refurbishing appeal as published in our last bulletin.

Appeal for Financial Assistance

To this, I appeal to our community once again. We are in dire need of financial assistance large or small. If you would like to contribute to this fund, please make your checks payable to the Macau Cultural Center and mail to 582 Market St # 1905, San Francisco, CA 94104. (Donations are not tax-deductible.)

In closing, I would like to take this opportunity to thank Antonio Jorge Da Silva for volunteering his many hours of work and expertise these past 6 months as the architect putting

together the preliminary plans, drawings, and guidelines for us to finalize.

I would also like to thank the few members and foundations who have taken the first steps and recently sent in their donations in response to our building refurbishing appeal. Their generosity and support in the preservation of our heritage is very much appreciated.

Our Bulletin Editor to Retire

Putting together a bulletin is no small task especially our quarterly bulletin which is well enjoyed and received worldwide. Each issue now averages 48 or more pages and takes lots of time and patience to gather all the articles to be formatted, proofed, and published.

It is only through our devoted Lusitano editor, Michael (Mike) McDougall, with his passion and dedication, that it all looks so simple in distributing to our readers through the years this most interesting reading material. Mike has no doubt done an amazingly superb job.

Unfortunately, all good things sometimes do have to come to an end. After 10 years as Lusitano editor, Mike will be retiring from his duties the end of 2006 after the next two issues. But he has promised to contribute articles to the Bulletin regularly.

It will definitely be hard to replace him, but we wish him all the best in his second retirement, and thank him from the bottom of our hearts for all his voluntary services, and the excellent bulletin he has been producing quarter after quarter. Thank you so much, Mike!

New Bulletin Editor Sought

Due to Mike's retirement, we will be looking for a new editor to fill this soon to be vacant position. If interested, please contact us as soon as possible so we can try to make this transition as smoothly as possible.

*Maria Roliz,
President*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

2006 CALENDAR OF FUTURE EVENTS INCLUDES 10-DAY TOUR OF PORTUGAL

| | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Sat., June 10 10:00 AM – 7:30 PM | Dia de Portugal Festival, Kelley Park, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose |
| June 30, July 1 & 2 | Family Camping Trip, Lake Amador (For details call Maria Roliz (415) 397-0767 |
| Saturday, July 8 | Annual Picnic, Beresford Park, San Mateo |
| Sunday, July 16, 11 AM | Review of M.C.C. Building Remodel Proposals, Fremont |
| August - TBA | Casino/Cha Gordo/Business Network Mix, 330 Ritch St, San Francisco |
| Saturday, Sept. 23 | Cache Creek Casino Day Trip |
| October, 3 - 13 | 10-day Tour of Portugal (E-mail m_roliz@yahoo.com or call Maria Roliz at (415) 397-0767 for details. |
| Saturday, December 9 | Annual Christmas Party, San Mateo Elks Lodge |

Please watch for flyers in your mail during the year for these and other upcoming events.

LUSITANO TOUR OF PORTUGAL SHORTENED TO 10 DAYS

Based on the responses received, we have decided to shorten the Portugal trip to 10 days Oct 3-13 and offer an **optional trip to Paris and Lourdes Oct 13-17**. We should be receiving the final program details any day now. Please contact Maria Roliz if you are not on the travelers list already, and are interested to find out more details.

Phone: (415) 397-0767.

E-mail: m_roliz@yahoo.com

LUSITANO SCHOLARSHIPS APPLICATION DEADLINE REMINDER

Application deadline is July 31, 2006 for the two (2) Lusitano \$1,000 scholarship grants towards a college or trade school tuition. Call Maria at (415)397-0767 or email m_roliz@yahoo.com for application forms.

NEW MEMBERS

Lusitano welcomes the following new members since our last announcement:

| | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Larry Cerqueira | Bernard da Silva | Ken Meyer | Napoleon Rivera |
| Donald Chan | Teresa Duque | Michael Palmer | Raymond Rios |
| Patsy Chan | David de Figueiredo | Gail Palmer | Leslie Shubin |
| Bridget Collaco | Alberto Madeira | Alicia Prata | Dionte Silmon |
| Gregory Collaco | Diana Madeira | Jeffrey Remedios | Geraldine Walrath |
| Louis da Luz | Patricia Marques | Maria Lourdes Remedios | Margarida Xavier |

PARTICIPATE IN OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY TALENT SHOW

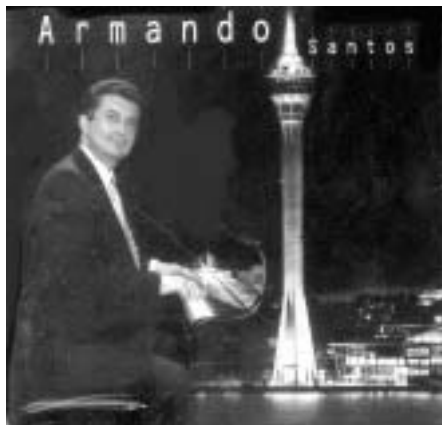
Calling members and friends of all ages to participate in our Lusitano Christmas Party Talent Show on December 9th, 2006 at the San Mateo Elks Lodge. We want you to show off your talents! Can you sing, dance, play an instrument, do stand-up comedy, perform magic, or juggle? Please contact Teresa Roliz at (415)786-1558 or Teresa@RolizSilmon.com for more information.

LUSITANO OFFERS FOR SALE MACANESE MUSIC CD BY ARMANDO SANTOS

Armando Santos from Brazil has recently recorded his first series of Macanese music on a CD titled *Lembranças de Macau* consisting of 12 beautiful songs in Macanese and Portuguese, composed and performed by Armando Santos.

Courtesy of our sponsor Alex Airos, all proceeds of the sale will go towards Lusitano's social functions fund.

This CD is available for sale at \$15.00 each. For your copy, please contact Maria Roliz at m_roliz@yahoo.com or (415) 397-0767.



FROM THE EDITOR

TIME TO RETIRE (AGAIN)

I have decided to relinquish my role as Bulletin Editor which I have held since 1996. My involvement with the Bulletin dates even earlier; from 1993 I contributed an article for almost every issue under the editorship of Antonio Jorge da Silva who also founded the Bulletin. So my participation with this publication so far goes back some 13 years.

Though the position has been intellectually and socially rewarding, it has taken a disproportionate amount of my time. Given my age, recent health record, and desire to attend to neglected interests, I have decided to leave the editorship after the Fall 2006 issue, that is, two more issues from now. This should give the club enough time to recruit my replacement.

I will continue to contribute articles for the Bulletin, but I no longer want to bear the responsibility of putting out an issue every three months. I believe it is time for a younger person with fresh ideas, and more energy than I have to do the job.

While I am still relatively healthy, I want to travel more; do more watercolor paintings; complete my memoirs; publish some ideas distilled from over 30 years of teaching and practicing architecture and urban planning. I

also want to read from the stack of books that I have neglected.

When I first became the Editor, the *Bulletin* was typically 24 pages long. These days 48- and 52-page issues are usual. The *Bulletin* just evolved as we solicited and received contributions from the many FM authors here and abroad in an effort to make it informative, wide-ranging, and fun to read. We cannot thank these contributors enough.

Despite having three major surgeries, dialysis for six years, and being hospitalized five times in a 12-month period following a kidney transplant in 2001, I was lucky to miss only one issue.

I am glad that the club is reviving its website so that people throughout the Diaspora can access Bulletin articles of archival value.

I thank Maria Roliz for the kind words about me in her President's Message, and also the present and previous boards of directors of the club, and the many readers who, over the years, e-mailed, wrote, phoned, and verbalized their support and appreciation. Lastly, I am especially grateful to my wife Dawnna for helping proof-read all those manuscripts.

Michael McDougall

Cantopop & Haute Cuisine

Parents' Day Dinner-Dance in San Francisco

By ARMANDO (PINKY) DA SILVA

Photographs by Hunter Choi

Cantopop and haute cuisine sum up a fun and food evening at the five-hour Lusitano Parents' Day Dinner Dance on Saturday May 13, 2006. The event was held at Tong Palace Banquet Hall, a *jau lau*, on Clement Street in San Francisco. About 90 persons attended.

The entertainment

Take the evening's entertainment first. The band Oceanics (*Hoi Yeung Lok Toi*) provided the music. It con-

sists of band leader and male vocalist Brandon on electronic synthesizer keyboard, Herman on electric guitar, and Bernie Xavier on drums. Chanteuse Mun-Mun rounded out the gig.

Hong Kong-inspired Cantopop is a genre of Cantonese popular culture music heavy on love ballads sung to soft rock, waltz, and cha-cha beats. Current star Andy Lau and the late great Anita Mui are iconic performers for which many Cantopop vocalists attempt to emulate

their styles by way of karaoke videos. And so appear the evening's vocalists.

Professional bands have to cater to the dance floor which placed the burden on Oceanics' vocalists to carry the songs of the evening in English. They would usually have sung in Cantonese or Mandarin had the band performed their gigs elsewhere. Brandon and Mun-Mun came through in their vocal delivery acceptably well.

Brandon belted out brave



A view of some tables in front of the band, the Oceanics, which played "Cantopop" popular Cantonese music sung in English. At the back from left: chanteuse Mun Mun, male vocalist Brandon on the synthesizer, Herman on electric guitar, and Bernie Xavier on drums.



A table of contented guests, their appetites sated, from left, Harold & Evelyn Nyland, Angie Peterson, Pris Canavarro, Rigo Roliz (standing), Marion & Pat O'Leary, Frieda & Don Nazario. All grew up and went to school in Shanghai.

attempts to Elvis Presley's "Your Cheating Heart," "Falling in Love with You," "Jailhouse Rock," and Frank Sinatra's "Fly Me to the Moon," among songs he rendered. Mun-Mun was cagier. She had her own vocal style and sang an impressive "Unchained Melody" to a slow rock beat. The songstress set the mood with her opening "Tennessee Waltz."

Understandably the Oceanics' instrumentals had to carry the dance floor most of the evening. There were two refreshing instrumental surprises. First was percussion-driven "Honky Tonk Blues" to jazz by Bernie, and secondly, "Black Magic Woman" to Latin jazz with solo electric guitar riffs by Herman.

What can one say about the efforts of the Oceanics? The

quartet put out a brave, funky, entertaining show that should invite them a return gig.

Symbolism in Chinese Food and Ingredients

Tong Palace offered a special Mother's Day Chinese Haute Cuisine Banquet replete with symbolic dishes. The opening dish is an appetizer known as *chung sik ping poon*. It features cold cuts of Spam-like pressed pork strips, wine-flavored beef slices, marinated scallops, and jelly-fish threads. These items represent gifts derived from farm animals and sea creatures. A balanced walnut and glazed prawn dish – *hup tou tai ha* – followed.

No Chinese banquet is complete without an all-vegetable dish. It came in the form of a platter of bountiful dark spinach covered with large

Portabello mushrooms – cap, stem, and all. The symbolism is outright evident. The greens represent money and wealth, the mushrooms protective umbrellas.

In Chinese dining soup is served not at the beginning as in Western dining but between dishes. The principle is to provide some respite for conversation and a chance to slow the pace of the dinner by enjoying a serving of piping hot tasty liquid. Soup time is talk time. The soup – *kai baau chi tong* – consists of minced chicken with strands of shark-fin in a thick broth. This soup is considered a tonic to pep up body and spirit, and best ingested by slurping. What is considered rude in a Western setting is most acceptable in a Chinese one.

Loong Ha - the Dragon

Prawn is the Chinese term for Lobster, which represents robust vitality. The red crustacean was presented properly cracked at places so that adept chopstick users with strong teeth could deftly reach at shell and meat on their china. How civilized a manner of eating lobster.

Fowl follows crustacean. Enter the Phoenix. Chinese animal representation treats the chicken as phoenix, wild civet cat as tiger, Chow dog as lion. Yes, the last two are considered gastronomical delights and are eaten for their inherent qualities at special restaurants in China. Now go back to the chicken-phoenix. A roasted chicken in complete form but adeptly sliced for the convenience of chopstick users came arranged with puffed shrimp-flavored chips (*krumpok* in Malay). With some imagination this conjures up Phoenix Arising symbolic of new promise. Western mythology also holds the rising phoenix as the symbol of renewal.

The next-to-last serving is *ching jing lei yue* – whole steamed carp with green onions and sliced ginger. The carp represents perseverance in the face of obstacles. This is a tricky dish to handle which entails delicately scraping both sides of the fish to gather the flesh without picking up small bones. The protocol is for one person to attend to the



Dancing to the good music and perhaps to lose calories from all that good food are, from left: Lawrence Gill, (wife Fanny hidden in back), Elsa Da Luz with Pinky da Silva (back to camera), Dave and Doreen McKissack, and Kam Wu (with husband Nick hidden behind Dave).



Another family group: Barbara and Stanley Shaw with their beautiful daughter Deborah in the middle.



Lusitano Director Michael Carion and lovely Sayumi Shoji.



Two couples enjoying the evening's proceedings, from left: Ben & Pat da Silva, Yvonne & Johann Wimmleitner.



Posing for the camera, from left, (standing): Lawrence Gill, Lulu & Jojo Xavier; (sitting): Arnold Lim, Martha Mo, Alice Da Luz, and Fanny Gill



A young family Marcos Collaco with healthy-looking son Marcos Junior, wife Juliana, with friend Angela Ng.

spooning of the fish's flesh to others. The idea is to allow all on the table a chance to sam-

ple portions of the fish. The cheeks of the carp are considered delicacies.

By convention the advent of fried rice signals the approaching end of the banquet. A heaping platter of Northern-style yellow fried rice rich with minced scrambled eggs arrived. This rice platter represents fecundity in as much the banquet principally celebrates Mother's Day. The fried rice indicates it is the last item to be served and also as a final chance to fill the stomach.

By tradition fruits are rendered at the very end of a banquet to provide a sweet after-taste. Departing guests had a final go at orange and watermelon slices. The orange stands for fortune and the watermelon for luck. In Chinese culture the two most popular symbolic colors are yellow and red.

Lusitano Club provided a special touch of class. Two bottles of fine California wine generously graced each table, a Robert Mondavi red and a Meridian white.

Tong Palace uncompromisingly delivered an authentic Chinese haute cuisine banquet starting from a beginning appetizer plate to epicurean entrées to a fruit plate ending.

Finally, on a prosaic note, twenty five American dollars secured one a bargain evening of funky dance music and a wine-filled epicurean supper. Cantopop and haute cuisine.

Say no further! *Ne-bom fala mais-ia!* ■

Exploring Unusual Places in China: Piano Island, Anyone?

By DANNY SOUZA.

If I told you there is a place in China where it's peaceful and quiet, where the air is clean, where no cars – only pedestrians – are allowed on the streets, and the buildings are European, with even a Gothic-style Catholic church, and where there are beaches and gardens – you would probably say, *nay chee seen!* (You're nuts!). But it's true! *Mm hai gong siu!* (No kidding!)

Gulangyu

The place is a small one square mile island called Gulangyu, pronounced *goo-long-yu* in Mandarin. The name is made up of three Chinese characters that mean drum (*goo*), waves (*long*) and hilly island (*yu*). Just close your eyes and picture in your mind a tropical island with sunny beaches and rocky coves where the sea makes a

sound like drum rolls as waves crash incessantly onto the rocks. Idyllic, isn't it? Practice saying the name now. And try to remember it: *goo-long-yu*.

Gulangyu has an interesting history and strong European connections. It also shares a similar history to Hong Kong's: just as the old Colony was ceded and/or leased as so-called treaty ports to the British as repara-



Gulangyu's skyline as seen from one of its several beaches and coves. The Piano Museum is located at left below the tower on the hill. (Photo: Gakei)



Gulangyu's urban waterfront has a Western look except for the sampans. (Photo: Bei Hua.)

tions after the defeat of China in the Opium Wars (1840 - 1842 and 1856-1860), Gulangyu was likewise occupied by Europeans as a result of the very same conflicts with China.

Thus, for most of the 19th and early 20th centuries, only Europeans and a few rich local

Chinese were allowed to live on the island. Here, European dignitaries, diplomats and tycoons built grand English, French, Italian and other Western-style mansions, situated at vantage points on the scenic hilly terrain and water views.

Many of these mansions still exist today. Some have been renovated and re-occupied by Chinese government departments, such as the local customs office. Others have been successfully reclaimed, after great efforts and persistence, by returning overseas Chinese whose ancestors had



Quiet path sans advertisement signs. Most streets in Gulangyu are paved with Xiamen granite. (Photo: Danny Souza.)



Housing is behind the neo-classical facade of the two upper floors of this building; the lower floors are shops. (Photo: Danny Souza.)



Left: Virginia and Steiner Huang's house on Gulangyu Island which took the owners 50 years to recover the property from the Communists and two years to restore. Above right, Xiamen city across the bay looking east seen from the Huang house. Below left, view looking west from the Huang balcony. Below right: a picturesque "wild" path leading to the Zheng Chenggong rock & bay, a famous local landmark. (Danny Souza)



their properties confiscated by the Communists during the revolution of 1949 that created the Peoples Republic of China. In recent years, some modern low-rise homes have also been built and property values on the island have soared due to active buying by local as well as foreigner investors.

Nevertheless, the prevalence of European architecture all over the island, quaint narrow winding paths, many tree-lined, and presence of a handful of old Catholic and Protestant churches still give the island a distinctively foreign flavor unlike anywhere else in China. An early 1900s church,

painted white, with the words, *Ecclesia Catholica* inscribed on it, is especially well-maintained and charming.

When I visited Gulangyu last year, I stayed with my sister-in-law, Virginia Huang, and her husband Steiner. Steiner had managed to recover several of his father's Gulangyu properties and has renovated one of them so far. The Huangs now live part-time in the United States and part-time in Gulangyu. After decades of badgering the Communist government and several years of restoration work, Steiner has now fulfilled his life-long dream to live again in the house by the

beach where he had spent a good part of his childhood during pre-revolutionary China.

My first impression of the island was, "Hey, this is quite different from the rest of the country, an east-west hybrid kind of environment."

Whoever said "east is east and west is west ..." has obviously never been to Gulangyu!

Long tradition of music

A unique feature of Gulangyu is its long tradition of music dating back to the 19th century when foreigners who lived there imported pianos from their home countries and almost every family had one.

Those were the days when families played the piano not only for pleasure but as part of their socializing with friends. For entertainment, a popular after-dinner ritual was to give small private piano recitals in the drawing room, often with singing provided by one or more friends or family members. I suppose it was a kind of early, and more genteel, version of today's after-dinner

karaoke session at home with friends that's enjoyed by many people.

Over the years, and especially in the years leading up to World War II, the foreigners left, leaving behind their pianos. Supposedly, pianos were too costly or impractical to ship home, especially when you are leaving in a hurry and bullets are flying overhead. The happy (from the Chinese

point of view, that is) result of the foreigners' exodus is, the island has over 600 pianos today and even a piano museum, possibly the only one of its kind in China, with antique pianos from all over the world.

Piano museum

The Gulangyu Piano Museum was founded by Marcel Hu, an Australian-Chinese who



Arcaded 19th century neo-classic house and front yard



Neo-Gothic Catholic church.



Nouveau-riche mansion with neo-classic columns and detail.



A modern plaza in Gulangyu's central district.



Gothic detail in this 19th century house



House with neo-classical facade.



Above left: Elegant arcaded mansion now restored, and used by government officials; Above right, Florentine palazzo-styled mansion; (Photo: Danny Souza.)



Left: Restored Mediterranean villa. (Shanghai Star) Right: Gigantic rock-cut statue of Zheng Chenggong, who liberated Taiwan from Dutch in 1662. (Speck of a human at foot of statue)

donated his own collection of pianos he had assembled over a period of 35 years. Mr. Hu was born in Gulangyu in 1936, and studied at the Royal Academy in Brussels before settling in Melbourne where he taught music, and became an Oriental antiques dealer. When the museum opened in 2000, it was a kind of home-coming for Hu. And he was happy to give something back to Gulangyu, the place that, many years before, gave him the opportunity to appreciate music, art and nature.

Following in this hundred-year plus music tradition, many of the 20,000 or so pre-

sent-day Gulangyu residents play the piano, and many of China's most famous pianists have come from the island, which is also known these days as – you guessed it -- Piano Island. *São de veras!* (Yes, it's true!)

Gulangyu holds an international piano festival every two years. In 2004, the featured pianist was Dang Thai Son, who won the prestigious International Chopin Piano Competition some years ago. He played, among others, pieces by the French composer Claude Debussy on none other than a Steinway & Sons – a New York company –

piano, made in 1888!

Now you are probably wondering, “So where is this island, and how do you get there anyway?”

If you look at a map of eastern China, Gulangyu and Xiamen are along the coast of Fujian province located right across the Formosa Straits, west of Taiwan.

To get there, all you have to do is fly to Xiamen (or Amoy as it used to be known) from Hong Kong, a flight of about an hour. Then, from there, for the equivalent of 20 U.S. cents, you can enjoy a ten-minute ferry ride across the Lujiang River to Gulangyu –



Private piano and violin recitals today continue prewar foreign tradition of soirées. Gulangyu homes and the piano museum contain some 600 pianos. (Photo: Ke Xin)



The Gulangyu Piano Museum was founded by Marcel Hu, a Chinese-Australian music teacher and antiques dealer who donated his 35-year collection of antique pianos once stored in a Melbourne warehouse. In his youth he learned music appreciation in Gulangyu. (Photo: Ke Xin)



Interior, Gulangyu Piano Museum which contains some 30 pianos, some rare, all beautifully restored. (Shenzhen Daily)

just like you would take the Star Ferry across from Kowloon to Hong Kong side.

It is not possible to talk about the island of Gulangyu without saying a word about its sister city, Xiamen.

Xiamen (Amoy)

Xiamen was one of the first “free trade zones” declared by Deng Xiao Ping when he started the Chinese economic reform program in the late 1970s. With the benefit of hindsight, Deng’s reforms probably triggered one of the most successful economic transformations of a country of its size in modern times. And Xiamen, today a thriving seaport and light industrial city, was among the pioneers at the forefront of the Chinese economic miracle.

Historically as well, Xiamen is well known for being one of the earliest staging points for Chinese seafarers who traveled to Asia and all over the world to set up communities where the Fujianese have lived and prospered for centuries. Many of the business tycoons of Singapore and Malaysia, for example, are from Fujian province. Even today, Hokien (Fujianese) is still a widely spoken dialect in these countries.

Going even further back in history, Xiamen (together with its adjoining city of Chuan Zhou) was, in ancient times, one of the world’s most important ports and a major



The high-rise buildings of Xiamen seen from across Gulangyu a short ferry ride away.



Gulangsus beachfront with a picturesque skyline of towers and red roofs beyond.

gateway to the Chinese hinterland for foreign traders coming to China by sea, including, of course, the Portuguese *marinheiros* (sailors), legendary masters of the sea for so many centuries.

Historical records show that the Portuguese plied between Malacca, where they settled in 1511, and Xiamen where, interestingly, many of them married local women. (Sidebar: About thirty-five years ago, this writer followed in the tradition of our Portuguese ancestors by marrying a Hong Kong woman

born in Xiamen.)

(For some fascinating background on the Portuguese in Malaysia, Google and read: “The Portuguese Eurasians in Malaysia” by Gerard Fernandes in the publication, *Lusotopie 2000*: 261-268.)

Weather-worn headstones in an ancient graveyard I visited in Xiamen still bear witness to earlier times when more than a handful of middle-eastern and western visitors to China met their end in Xiamen. According to Chinese historians, contact with foreigners by the local people in

this area date back to the Sung Dynasty (960 – 1279).

So remember, next time your friends say, “Let’s take a tour of China,” don’t automatically think about the usual places like Beijing and Shanghai. Consider some of the less-known, more unusual places like Gulangyu –where history comes alive everywhere you look. The Euro-Filhomacau connection is quite unique – I have a feeling you will enjoy it.

Happy travels! ■



Tiny Gulangyu Island is located just north of Xiamen (formerly Amoy) in Fujian (Fukien) province on the Formosa Straits in Fujian province, across from Taiwan.



We purchased some of Fujian province's famous Oolong (Teet Goon Yum) tea, among the best in China due to its hot humid summers and cool winters. (Danny Souza.)



Son makes fresh noodles in shop in Xiamen as parents look on. We paid five Yuan (US\$2) for 2 bowls of hot beef noodles soup and a dish of vegetables. (Danny Souza.)

Annual Clambake in San Mateo – Owes Origin to Post-Hockey Game 21 Years Ago

Story and photos by GERALD McDOUGALL

Twenty-one years ago in the backyard of Tony da Silva's home in Marin County, California, a group of tired and hungry field hockey players gathered to watch Tony prepare a dish, *Ameijoas na Cataplana* said to have originated from the Algarve District of Portugal. The hockey players representing the newly-formed Lusitano Club of California had just played a game with an opposing club and were hungry. This happenstance became the first of Lusitano's annual clambakes – one of the most popular and well-attended of the Club's events.

On Saturday, April 29, 2006, the Clambake, held at Beresford Park in San Mateo, elicited 85 members who gathered to enjoy each other's company, the fine spring weather after days of rain, and, in some cases, rekindling old friendships.

They gathered also to play mahjong and *Rummikub*, gossip, eat good *Filhomacau* food, drink good wine, and once again, enjoy Tony's version of *Ameijoas na Cataplana*, (Clams cooked in a Large Copper Pan).

To digress for a moment, Jean Anderson, the famous cookbook author, writes in her book, *The Food of Portugal*, that "The Portuguese ingenuity of combining pork and shellfish in a single dish dates back, it has been said, to one of the darker chapters of Iberian history: The Inquisition.

Ameijoas na Cataplana

together with a number of pork-shellfish combinations, were invented as a sort of double whammy to test one's Christian zeal (pork and shellfish being proscribed to both Jews and Moslems)."

Between the cooks they produced a delicious luncheon of *minchi*, *feijoada*, *porco bafassa*, a spinach salad by various chefs (see credits), and the mandatory steamed rice.

In addition to all these goodies was a delectable salmon dish prepared on site by Ozzie Ozorio. He had spent the better part of the morning marinating the salmon with his signature concoction, which was then cooked in foil over a charcoal fire.

A delicious flan and "gummy" cake completed the delightful lunch.

Lunch preceded the almost ritual preparation of the *Ameijoas na Cataplana* – ritual because of the ceremonious and meticulous method by which Tony prepares and cooks the ingredients that make up this dish, before adding the raw clams.

On this occasion there were 60 pounds of succulent cherry-stone clams that had been scrubbed clean and soaked in a solution of water, salt and cornmeal. The water and cornmeal help the clams expel any sand and grit that may lie within their shell chambers. The clams are rinsed prior to cooking.



Ozzie Ozorio preparing the salmon fillets which had been immersed with his signature marinade.



Some of the folks who have been involved with the club as officers or volunteers since its early days include, from left, Dorothy Oliveira, Maria Roliz, Tony and Penny da Silva, Sheila Collaco, and Virgie McDougall.

Surrounding Tony and the heated wok were the ingredients required to flavor the clams: Diced cloves of garlic, chopped green and red bell peppers, 2 gallons of home-made fish stock, chouriço sausages and ham that had been finely diced, Italian parsley, an excellent Portuguese olive oil, a large bottle of Noilly Prat vermouth, chopped Thai and Serrano chillies, and salt and pepper – all to flavor the clams.

Over a large portable circular homemade fire stove aflame with glowing charcoal briquets sat an enormous commercial wok about three feet across, in which the clams are prepared.

Curious and interested onlookers questioned Tony about the dish and its preparation, and our venerable chef was only too happy to oblige.

“Food from the Algarve region was heavily influenced by Moors from North Africa who enjoyed utilizing hot chilli peppers to flavor their dishes much like the Africans from Mozambique who influenced the Portuguese with their infa-

mous piri-piri chilie,” wrote Jean Anderson in her book, *The Food of Portugal*.

Initially the ingredients are placed into the wok and sautéed with a large wooden paddle until they start to boil. At this point the clams are introduced into the steaming concoction and the wooden paddle is put to the task of infusing the clams with the steaming potion.

After much stirring the wok is covered to allow the clams to steam and to meld with the base ingredients. Before long the clams were ready to be

served, prompting a flurry of activity to get the bowls and utensils for anxious participants to sample this heady and spicy clam and meat dish. Space does not allow the author to wax rhapsodic over this dish except to say that it was most delicious.

This writer would like to thank the organizers of the event, the cooks who spent long hours cooking, members who came in early to prepare the site for this event, and then stay behind after to clean up after most of the guests had left.



A mahjong game in progress draws several spectators.



Tony da Silva adds chopped chilies to the mixture of ingredients already in the wok prior to the introduction of 60 pounds of raw clams, while he fields questions from his audience.



Tony da Silva and a helper use a wooden paddle to mix in the clams with the other ingredients. After sauteing, a lid will be placed over the wok to steam the clams.

A special thanks to Tony da Silva for his meticulous preparation and execution of the *Ameijoas na Cataplana* without which the event could not have been called a “clambake.” Thanks also to members for supporting this event which is indeed special, and an annual

event not to be missed.

Credits

At the clambake Club President Maria Roliz was present together with many of the directors. Ably assisting with the food preparation and service were the following:

Entrees:

Kirk Harper – *Minchi*
 Dorothy Oliveira – *Porco Bafassa, Strawberry Spinach Salad*
 Teresa Roliz – *Feijoida*
 Ozzie Ozorio – *Salmon*
 Antonio Jorge Da Silva – *Clams*

Desserts:

Ken Harper – *Flan*
 Dorothy Oliveira – *Saradulla*
 Lulu Xavier – *Bebinga*
 Maria Roliz – *Jello*

Assistants:

Virginia Yoshida
 Doreen McKissack
 Hunter Choi
 Tila Danenberg
 Peter & Sheila Rull ■

Patrizia, Opera-Rocker, Making Name for Herself in Canada

Italian native is wife of Toronto Filhomacau

Patrizia, the Italian-born wife of Tony Pomeroy, the son of Louis and Mary Pomeroy of Toronto, is a soprano with a four-octave range, who is making a name for herself in a style that transcends genre, language and time in reinventing the operatic aria with Zeppelinesque/Pink Floyd/U2/Queen rock instrumentation.

In her web site: www.patriziamusic.com, she says, "I have always envisioned the operatic voice on the rock stage. The edginess and the energy of rock with the beauty and power of the operatic voice creates a mind-blowing experience. It is the music of the future."

Like most of her generation, Patrizia grew up listening to rock and other popular music but was not attracted to opera. But when she heard



a Maria Callas recording, her life took a turn. She knew instinctively that operatic music was in her Italian blood.

Though she studied with some of the foremost opera teachers in Canada, she set out to make her own mark as have other singers such as Sarah Brightman who is at home with Puccini, as she is with Lloyd Weber and other popular music such as music from films.

Patrizia has made CDs, videos and sung arias from operas such as *La Traviata*, *La Boheme*, *The Magic Flute*, *Impresario*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Entfuhrung*.

Opera buffs might frown on anything but the real thing, but as the movie *Amadeus*, turned on popular audiences to Mozart and classical music, Patrizia may have the same effect on the "X" and "Y" generations. Opera audiences are declining everywhere and need a boost. This could be a way to introduce the rock generation to the great music in opera. (M.M.) ■

Cicero Rozario's P.O.W. Memoirs

Experiences at Sendai Camp, Kyushu, Japan, Part 2 (Conclusion)

In Part 1, in our last issue, Winter 2005-6, the author described the conditions he and fellow Allied POWs, including the Macanese in the Volunteers, encountered and endured while incarcerated at Shamshuipo camp after Hong Kong's surrender on Dec. 25, 1941. Part 2 describes Private Rozario's experiences after he and other prisoners were forced to go to Japan to slave in the coal mines till World War II ended in August 1945 – Ed.

Drafted to go to Japan

One fine day (in August, 1944) we went out on a working party, and on returning (to Shamshuipo) at 6:00 PM., the Japanese camp commandant and a few dignitaries were waiting for us at the football field. They were there to pick the fitter men to go to Japan. They made us walk around the field, couldn't make up their minds, and finally said, "All go."

We were put on one side of the camp, separated from the

other prisoners by barbed wire. We made a hole in the barbed stuff and came out to chat with our friends and returned at night to sleep. One chap almost got caught by the Japanese sentry. He ran and jumped over the fence. The guard fired but missed. This was Zinho Gosano. (See photo, page 33).

The Japanese doctors and specialists were there every day to give us injections, swabs and other tests. I think there were about 20 in all. You would have to stand in line



Cicero Laertes Rozario from a group photo taken in 1945 in Sendai.

whether your turn was today or tomorrow. One chap objected to having a small glass rod inserted in his backside to extract a stool sample by passing gas at the critical moment. The medic got the full blast, and showed this chap that he was really mad. It's a wonder he survived the beating.

An earlier ship that left our camp with soldiers for Japan in September 27 1942, mostly men from the Royal Scots and Middlesex Regiments, were on the *Lisbon Maru* which was sunk by an American submarine, the *U.S.S. Grouper*, with the loss of some 1,000 Allied POWs. Most were



The Lisbon Maru taking POWs from Hong Kong to Japan in August 1942 was torpedoed by an American submarine, the U.S.S. Grouper, with the loss of around 1,000 Allied lives. Most were machine gunned by the Japanese.

machine-gunned by the Japanese when, trapped in the hold of the sinking ship, the prisoners attempted to come up on deck to save themselves. (For the definitive source, see: “The Sinking of the Lisbon Maru: Britain’s Forgotten Wartime Tragedy” by Tony Banham, Hong Kong University Press, 2006 – Ed)

We were going to see another country and we were not unhappy as we had only traveled only as far as Macau previously. Danger at this juncture never crossed our minds.

We were the second lot to get shipped out. (The latest

research shows that it was the fourth of five contingents of POWs sent to Japan as slave laborers –Ed) The first lot was sent to the docks in Toyama, Japan, earlier in the year.

The list, below, of Macanese men in the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Corps who were sent to the coal mines in Japan: (We’ve updated the author’s list with information from a website maintained by the “Center for Research, Allied POWs Under the Japanese for the Detailed Study of Guam and all Allied POWs used as Slaves by the Japanese in World War II” and other sites – Ed.)

Some of our boys will also remember these fellow POWs: Carlos Arnulphy, Tadeusz A. Jolandovsky, Jojo Lapsky, T.R.Ingram, Dave, Norm and Stanley Leonard, Reggie Rictson, Constantine M. Wolosh, Stanley George Poole, and others in the same group.

The ship finally came in to take us to Japan. All the injections, swabs and other tests were finally completed, and we were ready to go, taking all our belonging and the ten packets of cigarettes given to each of us by the Japanese authorities. We were paraded and inspected by the camp

| HONG KONG MACANESE VOLUNTEER POWS AT SENDAI CAMP, 1944-45 | | |
|---|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Ablong, R.A., Spr. | Gosano, J.”Zinho” M., Pvt. | Ribeiro, Luigi Gonzaga V., Gnr. |
| Alves, D.C.S., Pvt. | Jesus, J. M., Pvt. | Reis, Francis William, Pvt. |
| Azedo, Caita M.,Pvt. | Jorge, Achilles, Pvt. | Rocha, Freddy L, Gnr. |
| Baleros, J.P. “Pepe”, Pvt. | Larcina, “Mimi” H., L.Sgt. | Rocha, Cezar L., “Sonny(?)” Gnr. |
| Baptista, Manuel Alberto, CQMS. | Marcal, H.A., Gnr. | Roza, M. L. da ,Sgt. |
| Barnes, R.J., Pvt. | Marques, Emmanuel.S., Pvt. | Rozario, Cicero Laertes, Pvt. |
| Barretto, Antonio C.M., Pvt. | Marques, “Joe” A., Pvt. | Sequeira, C.M., Pvt. |
| Basto, Arthur Jose de C., Cpl. | Mathias, Harry.A., Gnr. | Sequeira, V.A.C., Pvt. |
| Campos, Leo R., Pvt. | Neves, Antonio C., Pvt. | Silva, Marciano C.M. da, LCpl. |
| Castilho, Thomas M., Pvt. | Noronha, Antonio “Butter”F., Pvt. | Silva, Roberto Maximo da, LCpl. |
| Carvalho, Antonio B., Pvt. | Noronha, Eduardo “Dickie” A., Pvt. | Silva,”Rocky” R.M., Pvt. |
| Cruz, Arthur Richard S., Pvt. | Noronha, Hermie “Ariri,” Cpl. | Silva, R. Darius, Pvt. |
| Cruz, Alberto Reinaldo, Pvt. | Prata, Alfred. J.M., Pvt. | Soares, C.E., Cpl. |
| Cruz, George A, Pvt. | Pereira, “Jeje”A., Pvt. | Souza, H.A., Pvt. |
| Cruz, Turibic Jose.,Pvt. | Reis, F.W., Pvt. | Souza, Leo A., Pvt. |
| Demee, B.E.M., Pvt. | Remedios, C.F.,Cpl. | Souza, Robert A, Pvt. |
| Fernandes, Eddie M.(died 12/44) | Remedios, E.A.V., Pvt. | Wilkinson, William R. J., Pvt. |
| Ferreira, N.G., Pvt, | Remedios, L.A.R., Gnr. | Xavier, Andrew.C., Pvt. |
| Figuerido, Eduardo J., LCpl. | Remedios, Jimmy D. dos, Sgt. | Xavier, A. “Smokey” M., Pvt. |
| Fonseca, Joao Carlos, Cpl. | Remedios, J.C., Sgt. | Xavier, A. P.”Chunky” Pvt., |
| Franco, “Bico “Albert V., Pvt. | Ribeiro, Cajv, Cpl. | Xavier, J.H., Pvt. |
| Franco, E.M.,Pvt, (died1/29/45) | Ribeiro, Henrique A., Pvt. | Xavier, Louis Augusto, LBdr. |
| Garcia, Hugo A., Gnr. | Ribeiro, Hugo Jesus, Pvt. | |
| Garcia, William Alec, LCpl. | Ribeiro, Joao.F.V, Pvt. | |

commandant. Our friends came to say goodbye to us.

We were ferried to the ship anchored in mid-harbour. It was a small cargo ship which you might call a tramp steamer. As we sailed out of Hong Kong, we gazed back forlornly because we didn't expect to be back – at least for a while. We felt this was our last look at our home.

At first, we were escorted by three Japanese destroyers, but after three days, they left. I kept thinking about the American submarines.

Travel steerage class

Then we were sent down to the hold to our quarters. The place was full of flies as the ship was also carrying a cargo of pungent Chinese condiments (the likes of *min-see* and *tau-see*).

Then the shocker came; our sleeping quarters were up against the sides of the ship about four feet above the waterline. You had to sleep side-by-side with your knees bent as you only had three feet from your head to your toe.

I was sleeping between (two well-built chaps) David and Stanley Leonard, and if I moved a little, their fists would automatically fall on my chest. It was torture sleeping in our cramped space. But when we weren't sleeping, we whiled away the time playing cards for cigarettes.

When dinner time came, one hand was used to shoo the flies from the mess tin, while the

other hand held the spoon. It didn't matter if you chewed up a few flies as well. You would have to be a magician to shoo all them away. Still, the meals were better than in Shamshuipo camp, both in quality and quantity, as David Leonard worked in the galley and brought back a lot of extra food for me.

We were allowed on deck from where we could observe schools of porpoises and flying fish escorting our ship. One night, I had to go to the toilet and as I got up to the deck, I saw the huge waves – literally 30 feet high – crashing down on the ship. It was so frightening that I ran back down and forgot what I had originally gone up for.

I climbed up on one of the *min-see* buckets to get back to bed, but alas, the lid broke, and I found one of my feet in the bucket. I found some newsprint and cleaned my foot, went up and squeezed into my confined space between the two Leonards. After a while, I heard sniffing from both sides of me, and heard them say, "Must be Rozario," while their huge fists came down on my chest.

We bathed ourselves every day by hosing ourselves with sea water. One day it rained and we all came up on deck to feel some real fresh water, and have a good shower. We managed to soap ourselves, but before we finished, the rain stopped. We had to hose the soap away

with seawater.

Our ship made a stop at a port in Taiwan, a Japanese possession at the time, for loading and unloading. After the cargo was unloaded, the ship was reloaded with machinery and it got even harder to sleep as they made a lot of noise in the night.

We were about one month at sea, the ship zig-zagging all the way (to confuse American submarines).

Arrival in Japan

We arrived on an island in Southern Japan, and had to be ferried to the mainland.

When we landed, each one of us was sprayed all over with germicide. Then the authorities took away our cigarettes – the card-losers had the last laugh.

The Japanese put us on a train where we were seated for the next 48 hours where there was no space to lie down. Whenever we approached a station, we had to put the blinds down to allow us to continue to sleep. Beri-beri, from malnutrition, which plagued half the group, got worse, making our ankles swell to double their normal size, and making it very tiring whenever we walked.

The toilet was at the back of the last coach. You had to squat and hang on to two handles. You could not go to the lavatory when nearing a station because when the train braked, you went flying. We learned that



Yoshima Coal Mine, Kyushu, Japan, where Allied POWs were forced into slave labor.

the hard way.

The captain of the guards gave us a pep talk. Among other things, he said, "If you try to escape, you will be *shot*-*ted* to death." We preferred not to escape for there was no place to escape to.

When we arrived somewhere in Northern Japan, we had to walk through an underground route for about five miles, I believe, before coming out into the open. Then we had to climb a hill to get up to the two huts, one of which was to house the Hong Kong Volunteers, and the Canadians and British Army regulars in the other. Later, ten American servicemen joined the Canadians.

We arrived at 2:00 A.M. when it was already bright and sunny. We were given a hot bowl of soup and a bun, after which we fell asleep, exhausted, and dead to the world for 12 to 15 hours.

After resting for two days, the Japanese supplied us with very good underwear and a pair of 'tubes' (rubber shoes with the big toe separated from the other toes).

We learned to count in Japanese and learned a few Japanese words to make it easier for us to understand them. I regret now that I never learned Japanese.

Improved nutrition for miners

We had better meals and larger portions, compared to what we had in Hong Kong – barley cooked with Japanese rice, a little horsemeat, a slab of horse blood pudding, and a piece of *gyko* (salted and pickled turnip). You also get a bun if you went down to the coal mine and you could trade a tin of corned beef for six buns, but then go without buns for six days until your debt was paid

off; and then you'd trade another six buns for a tin of something else– usually SPAM, paté or more corned beef. People who didn't go down to the mines did not get any buns. We also got paid 10 sen a day for working in the coal mine, but as there was nothing to buy, we used the money for gambling.

The first time we went down to this condemned mine it was dim and eerie. Pneumatic drills made a lot of noise – real scary for the first week. We had to learn to cut and chop different sizes of wood to prop up the ceiling, and the sides as we went deeper. Many men were hit on the head by falling rocks because of improper shoring. We also had to extend the rails for the coal trucks (wagons).

In the beginning, we went down the mines in the coal trucks but they often derailed, causing many minor injuries,



HONG KONG FILHOMACAU VOLUNTEERS AT SENDAI P.O.W. CAMP

(Top Row, L. to R.) **A.P. (Chunky) Xavier, H.A. (Ariri) Noronha, E.A. (Dicky) Noronha, Arthur Ba**
 (4th Row) **Marciano Silva, Benny Marcal, F.W. Reis, Toning Sequeira, T.M. Cas**
 (3rd Row) **Carlos (Sluggo) Soares, David Leonard, E.A.V. Remedios, Norman Leonard, Henrique Rib**
 or William?) **Garcia, E.J. Fi**
 (2nd Row) **Leo R. Campos, (standing); C.A.J. Ribeiro (standing, and the rest sitting): Luiz Xavier, A.C. Ne**
Remedios, Reggie Reed, R.J. (Bob) Barr
 (Front Row) **M.A. Larcina, Roberto Silva, G.S. Edwards, (Alichey) Ribeiro, E.S. Marques, Rocque**
Billy Wilkinson (squatting) & A.

This was one of several photos was taken by remaining Japanese civilian mining operatives in ex



P NO. 2 AUGUST 28, 1945 almost two weeks after the Japanese surrender
 asto, Robert A. Souza, L.A. Souza, A.J.M. Prata, E.J. (Turibio) Cruz, J. M. Jesus, George Ablong
 stilho, Caetano Azedo, J.F.D. Ribeiro, D.C. Alves, J.A. Marques, Pepe Baleros
 beiro, Richard Silva, Harry Mathias, A.F. Noronha, Freddy Rocha, Robbie Rocha, C.A. Roza, (Hugo
 guereido, Gussy Sequeira.
 eves, Zinho Gosano, C.F. dos Remedios, A.M. Baptista, Dr. Patrick M. Cmeyla, (U.S. Army); J.C.
 nes, A. Cruz (Macau), Luzito Remedios
 Silva, A. (Archilles) Jorge, Hugo Ribeiro, Henry Souza, Cicero Rozario, A.B. (Tony) Carvalho,
 M. (Smokey) Xavier (kneeling);
 change for much-desired American cigarettes gotten from the U.S. air-drops of relief supplies.

so we went down on foot, half-a-mile every day instead. We would run down the rail tracks and shout "*buraco*" (hole) when we jumped over a pot-hole, to warn the others behind. After a while, the Japanese were calling out "*buraco*" too.

Depending on its size, five men usually worked as a team on a phase, or more or less. We drilled the coals down and then shovelled them into small trucks which were towed up and unloaded by Japanese girls up top. Then the empties were sent down for our men to pick up, and delivered back to the phases.

A gang of five, would have a driller (operating a 70 lb. pneumatic drill), shovellers loading the coal on the coal trucks which would be emptied of their contents at the other end where the regular transport trucks were located. Two men at the other end shoveled the coal into the big trucks – usually four coal truck loads to a transport truck. If it snowed heavily, fewer empty coal trucks would come down as the cable house and machinery would be surrounded with snow.

Ten day shifts

It was a ten-day morning shift and a ten-day night shift, with a holiday after the tenth day. But it was no "holiday" as drills, inspections, and searches, usually to about 3:00 P.M. took up most of the time. We would end our "holiday"

with Smoky Xavier leading our prayers, and Johnny Remedios leading us and the choir with a few hymns. The men from each of the two huts alternated between day and night shift, each shift working 12 hours, unless there were air raids or heavy snowfalls.

The gang bosses were civilian Japanese and expert miners, and they were less ferocious than the military guards. They were very sensitive, and didn't report you to the higher

authorities for fear of losing face. We took advantage of that.

Every day, we bargained with the gang boss over our work. He usually started with the target of 20 truckloads, and we would offer him 10, but in the end we compromised at 15 loads. He went crying to Mario Roza, who was our spokesman because he knew more of the Japanese language. Mario said, "Come on, he's a good guy. Give him a few more trucks." I replied, "Mario, the Americans say a



Cicero's composite sketches (clockwise from top) of working miner's flask and food kit; mining hand equipment; POWs stripped to the waist working at the coal face, and a Japanese official.

good Jap is a dead Jap." He mumbled something like "No use talking to you," and he walked away.

The Japanese took this gang boss from us the following day, and substituted a slave driver from the other shift to take his place. Unfortunately for this chap, it snowed heavily up top, and only a few empty trucks came down to the coal face. Grabbing two trucks, the Japanese slave driver, Marciano Silva, and I started filling the two trucks, but the gang boss was actually doing all the work while Marciano and I threw up a lot of dust but hardly any coal. He finally got suspicious when he saw Marciano giggling. He chased us round the truck with his spade.

The other gang bosses were furious because of his grabbing the empties, and they told him so. In the end, he only got two trucks and we got our old gang boss back. He was all smiles, and said we "have brains."

Usually when we came down there would be three or four coal trucks from the previous shift, not yet hauled up. We would throw their tags away, and put our own on, so we would have three or four coal trucks before starting. The Japanese were puzzled but never caught on.

After a day's work, most of us came up covered with coal dust from head to toe. We looked just like the Minstrels. In the washroom, we washed away the soot with water from wooden buckets, and then jumped into the clean water pools. These were about ten feet square; one was filled with hot water and the other, cold water. In winter, we had to run across the snow-covered parade ground to get to the washroom, to minimize heat loss.

Every morning, we had one hour of P.T. on the parade ground, when we had to strip down to our underwear, even in the snow, while the Japanese guards had their overcoats on. Afterwards, we were each issued with a wooden lunch box, usually filled with the barley, horsemeat-blood combo. This was followed by an inspection before we went down to the mines, by the camp commandant and his aide, a Jap with glasses

My Mother

by Cicero Laertes Rozario

*My mother as an angel fair
With darksome eyes and silken hair,
Though silver threads and grey are there.
And her brow is furrowed with worry and
care.*

*Care for the boy she holds so dear
For whom she now sheds many a tear.
Tears from those brown eyes so clear
In my mind's eye I still can see her.*

*My mother gave me all the best
Of the good at her behest,
Nourished me at her snowy breast,
Comforted me when sore distressed.*

*Tired she tucked me in my bed.
Sick, she soothed my aching head,
When in trouble to her I fled.
Oh! How her breast for me she has bled.*

*She supplied my every need,
Sowed in me my manhood's seed,
Taught me her own noble creed,
Love thy neighbour, know no greed.*

*When I think of all she's done for me:
Given me life and made me free.
Blest must she ever be
By/in Him who lived by Galilee.*

*And my heart within me burned
With shame for the paltry mean returns,
That from her grown-up son she hears,
And late in the day has discerned.*

*Oh mother forgive thy wayward son,
And if, before the time is done,
I leave this prison cell, I'll come
And try to equalize the sum.*

In camp Cicero Rozario composed this poem to his mother. Prisoners-of-war constantly thought of their loved ones, their home, familiar places, as well as an uncertain future.

who loved to slap people. We called him our *Four-Eyed Jack*.

During one inspection, Four-Eyed Jack took David Leonard's box, thought it was too light, and asked David to open the box, which was empty; David had eaten his lunch before going down which was a "no-no." The following day, David's lunch box was very heavy. When he was told to open it, it was full of sand. This aide conked David on the head with the box, and

drew a little blood. David's face turned red with anger but he believed in discretion, promising he'd get this guy after the war.

We were not allowed to smoke down in the mines but somehow everyone had cigarettes, despite the inspection and searches. One of the chaps was so nervous during the inspection that he dropped his OXO tin full of cigarettes, but the guard just made him pick it up, and allowed Dave to get away with it.

We also brought down bits of cotton wool. We would scrape the coating off the electric wires, and tip them together to create a spark to light up the cotton wool for lighting our cigarettes. It was dangerous causing many short circuits. We could rest while the special squad looked after the problem.

One prisoner didn't have to go down to the mines as he was suffering from night-blindness; but we found out that he was practicing shorthand at night. Another chap drilled his toe to avoid going down, and got a few rest days.

Earthquakes

Earthquakes are very common in Northern Japan, typically occurring about once a month, and lasting about five minutes. At first it was scary as the hut rocks from side to side, but later we got used to it, and it didn't bother us or our bridge games any more.

We also got our first taste of snow in Japan since being in Hong Kong all our lives, we had never seen the stuff before. It was beautiful, and not unlike what we saw in pictures and in the movies. The problem was coming down the slippery hill, sliding down on our behinds. The gentlemanly ones who preferred to walk down, ended up in the hospital with twisted or sprained ankles.

We also received Red Cross parcels in Japan. At first, it was a box each and, as usual, there



Rozario's illustrated list of the contents of one of the three American Red Cross parcels received in camp. Cigarettes were prized by smokers and non-smokers alike, the latter trading theirs for other items.

was a lot of trading, benefitting the non-smokers mostly; but we smokers enjoyed the Camels and Luckies which we hadn't tasted for over three years. However, later when we ran out of supplies it came down to one box for two men.

There were two brothers in the camp who had to share everything fastidiously so much so that everyone sat around them to watch them divide their Red Cross parcel contents. The powdered milk was poured out and divided spoon by spoon. It was the first time I heard of a bigger half and a smaller half. The raisins were also poured out and sorted into large, medium, and small fruits. Then it was, "one for you, and one for me." It took them three hours to divvy up a parcel!

One day, one brother went down the mines and the other took sick. The sick guy had a field day on his brother's goods, and the two of them had a big fight when the other returned.

Each of us were allowed one bottle and one tin, but we couldn't help it if they multiplied, so on inspection days we hid the extras outside the wooden sliding windows. When the guards opened the windows, *voilà!* all these bottles and tins dropped out as each window was opened. As punishment, the guards put us on half-rations for a few days.

Once when Arthur Basto forgot to hide his diary and was found out The camp com-



Back at Hong Kong's Shamshuipo Camp on August 11 1945, rumours of Japan's surrender began to filter through. The Japanese camp administration withheld all information until August 17, two days after the actual surrender. The next day all the prisoners assembled on the parade ground, sang "God Save the King," and hoisted the Union Jack for the first time since December 25, 1941. But the prisoners were not allowed to leave the camp until August 30, 1945.

(Drawing by A. V. Skvorzov, HKVDC.)

mandant made the interpreter translate the entries.

Unfortunately, Arthur wasn't very complimentary about this guy who slapped him, and put him in jail with half-rations. But the cookhouse staff compressed a full portion of his rice down to half a bowl. We visited Arthur, as the Lord said we should, and found him quite happily having a fencing match with the guard – the guard with his bayonet, and Arthur with a ruler!

We had a Japanese interpreter who was not the so-called

'Dead Jap,' but was Harvard-educated. He discreetly gave us news every day so we knew when we were winning the war, and when we were losing. In fact, he was on our side; for the Allies. He told us about the dropping of the A-bomb and the fire-bombing by the American B-29s on all the Japanese towns, resulting in heavy casualties. He said it would all be over soon.

Going home

On our last holiday, we were called to attention as the camp

continued on page 32

Exhibit "J"

The order authorizing brutal guards and commanders to flee

Source: NARA, War Crimes, Japan, RG 24, Box 2011



Pages One and Two of authorization for Guards to flee because of mistreatment of POWs, dated August 20 1945, 5 days after the surrender.

Translation of "Exhibit J" from Japanese

The following is an exact re-type of a faded copy of Document 2697, located at the United States National Archives and Records Administration, College Park, MD.

TO: Chief of Staff, Taiwan Army
FROM: Chief Prisoner of War Camps Tokyo
POW Camps Radio #9 Top Military Secret

Personnel who mistreated prisoners of war and internees or who are held in extremely bad sentiment by them are permitted to take care of it by immediately transferring or by fleeing without trace. Moreover, documents which would be unfavorable for us in the hands of the enemy are to be treated in the same way as secret documents and destroyed when finished with.

Addresses: Korean Army, Taiwan Army, Kwantung (Manchuria) Army, North China Area Army, Hong Kong. Chiefs of Staff - Korea, Taiwan, Mukden, Borneo, North China, Hong Kong, Thailand, Malaya, Java. Each PW Camp Commanding Officer.

I hereby certify that this is a true translation from Taiwan Army H.Q. Staff Files concerning POW's. Vol. 7. Signed: Stephen H. Green. This is Exhibit marked "J", referred to in the Affidavit of JAMES THOMAS NEHEMIAH CROSS, Sworn before me this 19th day of September, 1946.

/S/ P. A. L. Vines,
Major R. M.

Exhibit "O"

The order to murder all the POWs

Source: NARA, War Crimes, Japan, RG 24, Box 2015

While some claim the author of this "policy memorandum" from the war ministry did not have the authority to issue order such an order, this "policy" was transmitted to every POW Command and POW prison camp commander. Other documents in this same file show that input of suggestion for the "Methods to dispose of the POWS" had been solicited from all commands in the preceding months.



Pages One and Two of the Japanese War Ministry's authorization for the disposition (murder) of all POWs, dated August 1, 1944

The following translation was found in File 2015, designated as Document No. 2710, certified as Exhibit "O" in Doc. No.2687. The date indicated, "1 August xxxx" appears to have the year lined out with a pen. The year appears to be 1944 in the original typing. The number "2015" is penciled in the upper right corner. No other marks were noted on the sheet. [NARA, RG 238 Box 2015] Special Note: In RG 238 Box 2012 is a request "for suggestions on how to dispose of all internees."

Translation of "Exhibit O" from Japanese

From the Journal of the Taiwan POW Camp H.Q. in Taihoku, entry 1 August 19xx

1. (Entries about money, promotions of Formosans at Branch camps, including promotion of Yo Yu-teku to 1st C1 Keibiin - 5 entries)

2. The following answer about the extreme measures for POW's was sent To the Chief of Staff of the 11th Unit (Formosa POW Security No. 10)

3. "Under the present situation if there were a mere explosion or fire a shelter for the time being could be had in nearby buildings such as the school, a warehouse, or the like. However, at such time as the situation became urgent and it be extremely important, the POW's will be concentrated and confined in their present location and under heavy guard the preparation for the final disposition will be made.

The time and method of the disposition are as follows:

(1) The Time. Although the basic aim is to act under superior orders, Individual disposition may be made in the following circumstances:

(a) When an uprising of large numbers cannot be suppressed without the use of firearms.

(b) When escapees from the camp may turn into a hostile Fighting force.

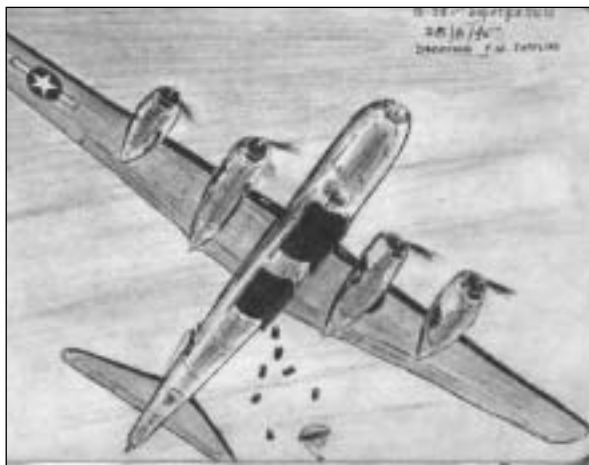
(2) The Methods.

(a) Whether they are destroyed individually or in

continued on page 33



Cicero's sketch of Avengers, Hellcats and Corsairs from the U.S.S. Lexington dropping relief supplies on Sendai camp.



Rozario's sketch of a B-29 Superfortress, flying at 1,000 feet, dropping relief supplies by parachute at Sendai on August 28, 1945. These planes were also used to repatriate POWs. Tragically, the bomb-bay of a plane taking POWs, accidentally opened, killing some ten ex-Shamshuipo inmates.

continued from page 29

commandant was going to make a speech. He said, "I have good news for you. The war is over and soon you will be united with your loved ones."

We all shouted "Hooray," embracing and congratulating each other. The first thing we did was to break down the huge camp door, allowing us to leave the camp, and roam the area for miles. We felt like birds being let out of a cage. We went to the shops to get some souvenirs, but there was nothing to buy that mattered.

The Four-Eyed one disappeared as he sensed that he was a wanted man. Anyway, the War Crimes Commission eventually caught up with him, and hanged him. The Camp Commandant got 'life'.

We went to Tokyo by train. The city, except for a few chimney stacks, had been flattened by B-29 bombing. After an American doctor examined each one of us for our health, we were issued with G.I. uniforms, and then sent on to Manila on an American destroyer for rest and recreation.

The previous lot of POWs formerly from Shamshuipo who were sent to Toyama Docks, returned by a bomber requisitioned and converted for transporting personnel, but its bomb bays accidentally opened, causing ten or more prisoners to tragically fall through it into the sea.

Our good friend, Doxford,



Si Sarata, a U.S. POW, sketched himself in writing down his address for Cicero Rozario. But one week after Japan's surrender, he was tragically killed by a large food crate which detached from a chute dropped from a U.S. relief plane.

A post-war photo of Zinho (later Father) Gosano, who was permanently crippled in the same incident.

who taught us karate and self-defense, was one of those who became a victim after enduring the almost four years of deprivation as a POW.

In Manila, we had tents for our group, free drinks, and cookies in the canteen, cigarettes and cigars. Our camp was located in the outskirts of the city. But at a certain time in the morning or afternoon, we could get transportation to town where we commandeered the dance hall and canteen where we spent most of our time. We met a few ex-Hong Kong people we knew including Consuelo Garcia,

Cynthia Garcia, Margie Gardner and a few others I can't remember now.

After two weeks in Manila, we came back to Hong Kong to be with our families. A few who went directly to England and never came back were David Denee, Arthur Cruz, Arthur Basto, Gerry and Cosmo Castro, Gino Remedios, Tony Gill and others.

The Japanese interpreter told me that had the U.S. forces invaded Japan, all the prisoners-of-war would die first, (See Exhibit O, page 31-) followed by at least 30 percent of the American forces.

The first-of-kin of all the POWs who died for their country would receive letters from the Government informing them that they were entitled to a MEDAL

Thanks for the Atom Bomb!

(We thank Margie Rozario, Cicero's widow, and their daughter Anna Herron for providing us with these memoirs, sketches and photographs published in our two-part article. Some of Cicero's drawings also appeared in our piece on the FMs in the HK Volunteers in our Summer 2005 issue — Ed.) ■

Translation of Exhibit O, continued from page 31

groups, or however it is done, with mass bombing, poisonous smoke, poisons, drowning, decapitation, or what, dispose of them as the situation dictates.

(b) In any case it is the aim not to allow the escape of a single one, to annihilate [sic] them all, and not to leave any traces.

(3) To: The Commanding General

The Commanding General of Military Police. Reported matters conferred on with the 11th Unit, the Kiirun Fortified Area H.Q., and each prefecture concerning the extreme security in Taiwan POW Camps." □

Garden City Blossoms

Frank Soares Pioneers Development of Ho Mun Tin, Kowloon

(Reprinted from Dress Circle magazine, written and published by the South China Morning Post on behalf of Kerry Properties. Thanks to Bosco Correa for initiating request for permission to reprint – Ed.)



Ho Man Tin is a quiet and attractive neighbourhood with an interesting history and a character all its own. It continues to attract people in search of a distinctive and highly desirable address.

Picturesque and undulating Ho Man Tin has been one of the Kowloon peninsula's most sought after neighbourhoods since the district's earliest settlement.

One of just 10 villages documented in 1861 during the hand-over to British rule, Ho Man

Tin was populated by mostly Hakka people who quarried the land and supplied stone for the construction of Victoria, the capital city, on nearby Hong Kong Island. The original settlers saw their new home as a place of opportunity – a place to find work and, possibly, wealth.

Over the years, Ho Man Tin has lost none of its appeal.

In the early years, the elders retained authority in the village. Small regional group meetings were usually based around a temple. Ho Man Tin had its own impressive Kwun Yam Temple (or Shui Yuet Kung Temple), which has since relocated to Shantung Street. As foreign religions took hold in the colony, a group of German missionaries crossed the harbour to focus their attention on the Hakkas of Ho Man Tin. As a result of their efforts, Ho Man Tin came to be known for a time as "the Christian Valley."

In the days leading up to the first world war, Ho Man Tin became a residential suburb and the destination of choice for Hong Kong Portuguese citizens seeking a desirable living environment. They found it a pleasant alternative to the dense terrace homes of Hong Kong Island and Tsim Sha Tsui. For many years the Portuguese people of Ho Man Tin represented the largest non-British, non-Chinese domiciled community in Kowloon.

Among the new arrivals was Francisco (Frank) Paulo de Vasconcellos Soares, an accountant and later, a trader and stock broker who saw the area's potential and turned his hand to residential property development. Soares planned the Ho Man Tin scheme that was initiated in 1911. When it was completed in 1920, just after the war ended, he felt it appropriate to name the avenues there Peace, Liberty and Victory.

A keen gardener, Mr. Soares was responsible for much of the early street planting that continues to beautify the neighbourhood today. With his love

of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers (many imported from Australia, Brazil, the Philippines and Taiwan), it was his dream that all homes in Ho Man Tin would have flourishing gardens. He named his development the Garden City.

Mr. Soares came to be known as "the Father of Ho Man Tin" and several streets bear his name. Soares Avenue recognizes the man himself, Emma Avenue is named after his wife and Julia Avenue after their daughter.

Mr. Soares joined the Portuguese Consulate general as chancellor, and became acting consul in 1937, a post he held during the Japanese attack on Hong Kong and through the difficult years of the occupation. During the hostilities in December 1941, British forces withdrew from Kowloon to make their stand on Hong Kong Island. With the arrival of Japanese combat troops imminent, Mr. Soares immediately opened his private home in Ho Man Tin to some 400 refugees, mainly Portuguese residents from Ho Man Tin and Kowloon Tong.

He died in 1953.

Other significant developments during these decades further enriched the neighbourhood. International schools were built, including the Diocesan Boys' School, an English school established on Hong Kong Island in 1869, which

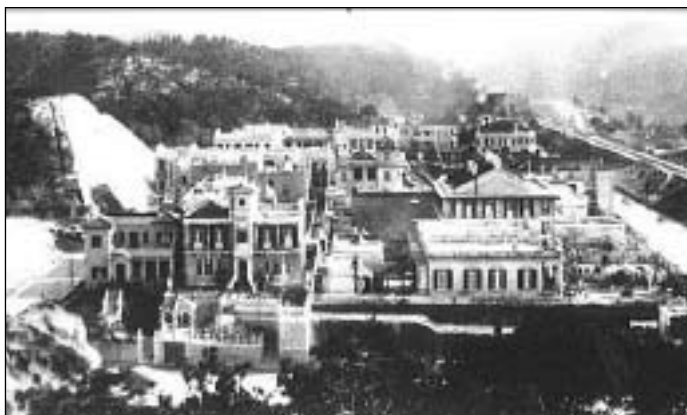


Photo taken in 1920 from Kadoorie Avenue looking south down Peace Avenue. Agyle Street is in the foreground and Ho Mun Tin Hill is in the background.



Frank Soares picking fruit in his garden in Ho Mun Tin which was known then as the "Garden City."



Frank Soares and his wife Emma and daughter Julia after whom streets in Ho Mun Tin were named.

relocated to Kadoorie Hill in 1926.

Two years before that, owing to the increasing demand for admissions in the area, Wah Yan College opened a campus in Nelson Street. The Hong Kong Chinese Pui Ching Middle School was built in 1933 on Ho Man Tin Hill.

St. Teresa's Church opened its doors in 1932, Striking in its Italianate design, with a bell tower and dome, the church has become a landmark and an important architectural presence in the neighbourhood. One of its benefactors was the Italian dictator Benito Mussolini*, whose name is carved, among those of other benefactors, on a marble plaque in the church.

As Ho Man Tin continued to develop, its face changed further. By the 1960s, most of the early immigrants' huts that once housed Chinese civil war refugees had been cleared to make way for housing estates.

Today, Ho Man Tin Hill is one of the most prestigious residential areas in Kowloon. Its proximity to the modernised urban districts of Tsim Sha Tsui and Mong Kok allows convenient access to shopping and recreation facilities, while it continues to enjoy a quiet position away from the city's hustle and bustle.

Luxurious modern apartment buildings stand among colonial-style houses with gardens in tree-lined avenues. The neighborhood is popular with senior executives and high income earners seeking a desirable address. It is also the reason leading property developer Kerry Properties is adding to its portfolio of luxury properties in prime locations, a building under construction at 15 Ho Man Tin Hill Road.

The building, which is due for completion in early 2006, will comprise 69 apartments in a 45 storey tower.

Standard units will have a minimum floor space of 2,000 square feet, and the three simplex and penthouse units will be more than 4,000 square feet. Residents will enjoy a range of recreational facilities built to Kerry's exacting standards ... and will be a welcome addition to the neighbourhood. ■

Etcetera

By MICHAEL MCDUGALL

McDougall's Doodles

While watching the *NewsHour* with Jim Lehrer weekdays on PBS, I sometimes make quick sketches of newsmakers and program regulars for my own amusement, and to hone my drawing skills.



Michael Chertoff



Donald Rumsfeld



Paul Wolfowitz



Noam Chomsky



Henry Kissinger



Zbigniew Brezezinski



Senator John Warner



Jiang Zemin
former President of China



from left, Mark Shields, Jim Lehrer & David Brooks comment on politics every Friday evening on PBS

Lusitano's "Meet & Greet" Affair at Concord Organized to Attract Younger Generation

By MICHAEL MCDOUGALL

Photos by HUNTER CHOI

Lusitano has always been youth-oriented. I believe that we have the greatest number of young members than any *casa* in California. The average age of our board of directors has been, and still is, younger than any of our sister FM clubs. Many of our directors have been in their twenties and thirties.

We have made a practice to cater to, and attract our younger generations with

such events as our annual Christmas party and summer picnic which consistently draw large numbers of people of all ages, sometimes with four generations within a family.

We've also organized dances, outings and tours that drew our young people together to share our traditions, and to attract new members.

One such recent get-together was the "Meet & Greet" at the Clayton Valley Bowling

Center in Concord on the afternoon of March 18, 2006. This venue was chosen as many of our youngsters are attracted to bowling, and sports in general. (Their forbears in Macau, Hong Kong, and Shanghai in the years straddling World War II excelled in a wide range of local and interport sports.)

The cliché, "Youth is our future" is especially applicable to the Macanese community.



The scene at the "Meet & Greet" affair held at the Clayton Bowling Center in Concord which was an opportunity for FM families including those with young people to bowl some pins, eat some pizza and to meet one another.



Lusitano's young Board of Directors showed up in force: (from left) Virginia Yoshida, Maria da Cruz, Leonard Xavier, Michael Carion, Nuno da Cruz, Secretary; Maria Roliz, President; Dorothy Oliveira, Treasurer; Ken Harper, Teresa Roliz, Vice-President; and Melissa Xavier.

Those who immigrated to this country in the fifties, sixties and seventies, and who form the largest proportion of the FM community, are concerned who will carry on our culture and traditions when they are no longer around.

The second FM generations who were mostly raised here, go to U.S. schools and colleges, work and play with their contemporaries – often marrying them, adopt the same values, and identify as their peers. They prefer to be assimilated with the rest of American society than follow the interests of their parents.

For them, the nostalgic “good old days” in the Far East seem to have little relevance, at least until they are much older, and can come to the realization that they want to know more about their roots. By then it may be too late.

Lusitano is well aware of this and is making efforts to have more young people join the fold. To underscore this, ten of Lusitano directors participated in the activities at Concord “Meet and Greet” affair with families and some very young people – best to get them early.

The club supplied the pizza, a staple comfort food of youth everywhere, plus drinks and other goodies.

The club's continued growth in young members shows that Lusitano's policies may be working. ■



From left, Deborah & sister Jacqui Espina, brothers Alan & Steve Coddington attended the get-together.



Henrique Manhao with daughter Tina and his grandsons.

Turmeric (also called *Indian Saffron*) – Common Ingredient in FM Cooking, can be Confused with Expensive Saffron

By DOREEN REMEDIOS

One of the most famous “Saffron” dishes in Macanese cooking is *Porco Bafassa* (Saffron Pork with Potatoes). With gravy over hot rice it is *oui de sabroso* (very delicious).

Other *sabroso comida* (delicious dishes) using Saffron:

- *Chilicote* (fried meat pastry),
- *Empada* (fish pies),
- *Chau-Chau Parida* (stir-fry kidneys),
- *Galinha Portuguesa* (Portuguese Chicken),
- *Pato* or *Ardi Cabidela* (duck cooked in its own blood),
- *Porco Vinho Arlio* (spiced pork with wine)
- Curries (meats, seafood and vegetables)

Saffron

The most precious and most expensive spice in the world - Saffron (in Portuguese it is ‘Acafrao’). The Macanese usually would pronounce this “sah-frung.” Saffron comes from the dried stigmas of the saffron crocus, it takes

75,000 blossoms or 225,000 hand-picked stigmas to make a single pound which explains why it is the world’s most expensive spice. *Que ramade!* An ounce of saffron can cost more than an ounce of gold.

Turmeric

In Macanese cooking, it is generally acceptable to substitute Saffron with Turmeric because it is much more economical and still provides aroma, colour and flavour. Often you will hear *nossa gente* (our people) call it “sah-frung” when it is actually Turmeric. and which which is also called *Indian Saffron*, that they are using in their cuisine.

Marco Polo described Turmeric as “a vegetable with the properties of saffron, yet it is not really saffron.”

Turmeric comes from the root of *Curcuma longa*, a leafy plant in the ginger family. The root has a tough brown skin and bright orange



Saffron threads are made from the dried stigmas of crocuses.



Turmeric fingers are rhizomes (roots) which are dried and ground into powder.

flesh. Ground Turmeric comes from fingers which extend from the root. It is boiled or steamed, and then dried and ground into fine powder form. Hence the Cantonese call it *wong-keung-fun* (yellow-ginger-powder).

India is the world's primary producer of Turmeric. It is used extensively in Indian dishes especially curries. When dried, it keeps practically forever.

A 'Sah-Frung' Tale

From 17th century Kerala (India) come this tale. The Portuguese had anchored off the coast of India, and were received with warmth. After a few days, the palace guards rush breathless into the court, "Your Majesty, the foreigners are on the hill slopes and uprooting the *Curcuma longa* and carrying them away to the ships. If they begin to grow these in their lands we will lose our trade." The king is unperturbed: "Poofis! Don't worry too much. They may take the roots but how can they take our monsoons?" *Deveras tem juizo!* (very wise).

Traditional Uses

Indians grow up with a constant awareness of Turmeric. It permeates their life. It is an ingredient that adds character to Indian food and helps digestion. Turmeric has been used as a stubborn dye, medicine and flavouring since 600 BC.

Turmeric has been used medicinally throughout Asia to treat stomach and liver ailments. It also was used externally, to heal sores, and as a cosmetic. Turmeric powder heals open wounds. Drunk with warm milk, it stems coughs, cures colds and sore throats. Indians paint doorways with turmeric paste as an insecticide. Women in the south make a skin cream with it.

Turmeric is currently used in the formulation of some sun screens. Add the juice of fresh lime to dry turmeric, let it marinate for three days, dry it in the sun, and grind it to a fine powder

and *voila!* you have the brilliant red *kunkum* that 'dots' Indian women's foreheads, and surrounds the gods in the temples.

Roots are exchanged between people as a formal symbol of goodwill. Indians place freshly uprooted plants at the altar during Pongal and offer worship. For Indians turmeric is a benevolent goddess. Indian physicians had always packed their kits with turmeric.

The West

Like Tofu, the West is now confirming the many virtues of Turmeric.

It is believed to be able to treat dysentery, arthritis, ulcers and protect the liver.

Research is also showing promise in many areas ranging from anti-oxidant activity, to anti-cancer properties, lowering cholesterol, protection of the cardiovascular system and HIV, from anemia, arthritis, blood purification, digestive disorders, skin disorders and inflammatory conditions.

A team from the University of California at Los Angeles believes that turmeric may play a role in slowing down the progression of the neurodegenerative disease. A spicy ingredient of many curries may be an effective treatment for Alzheimer's disease, say researchers. (Forget an apple a day, instead have a plate of curry chicken a day!)

Turmeric has found application in canned beverages, baked products, dairy products, ice cream, yoghurt, yellow cakes, biscuits, popcorn-colour, sweets, cake icing, cereals, sauces, gelatines, direct compression tablets, etc. It has been used to colour cheeses, dry mixes, salad dressings, winter butter and margarine.

Que ramède!

Que ramède!

I think if you've read this article from beginning to end, you will never look at *Porco Baffasa* the same way again. But enjoy it anyway... *qui sabroso.* ■

The Jewish Community in Shanghai

Remnants of Vast World War II Refugee Influx from Nazism

By FELIPE NERY

It came as a surprise to me, and probably other former Shanghai residents, to learn that there are some 1,000 Jews – the remnants of the vast influx of refugees from Nazi Germany in the 1940s who sought and obtained refuge in this city – still living there.

At that time, when the last vestige of Jewish refugees arrived in Shanghai, the city was under the control of the Japanese. These refugees were then allowed to take up residence in Hongkew (now Hongkou) District with only one provision, that is, to wear an armband with the letter “J” displayed on it.

They were, under the circumstances, given the liberty to step out of their zone of segregation to go to other areas



Memorial park dedicated to the Displaced Jews during the World War II. In the foliage at center of the photo, a plaque, in Chinese, English and Hebrew, erected by Hongkou local government reading: "From 1937 to 1941, thousands of Jews came to Shanghai fleeing from Nazi persecution. Japanese occupation authorities regarded them as 'stateless refugees' and set up this designated area to restrict their residence and business." (Photo: Jeffrey Kuhns)

of Shanghai.

As the world closed its doors to Jews fleeing the Nazis, the city welcomed about 20,000 refugees from the ravages of the Holocaust with open arms. "Shanghai required nei-

ther visas nor police certificates. It did not ask for affidavits of health, nor proof of financial independence. There were no quotas," states a Smithsonian book, *The Muses Flee Hitler*, which commemorated the birth of Albert Einstein (who visited Shanghai in the 1920s).

In those World War II days, the Japanese conquerors were seen as being unusually lenient toward the Jewish refugees for they were treated (not as enemy nationals to be confined in concentration camps) but as friendly refugees to be segregated in a zone, or a so-called ghetto, in spite of the pressure placed by the German Gestapo



A Honkou (Hongkew), street today, was once in the district where the Japanese confined some 20,000 Jewish refugees from the Holocaust to live.



Hasidic Jews standing on a street corner in Shanghai in 1945. Note Chinese sign above them.

on the Japanese, their allies.

In 1943 Col. Josef Meisinger, the "Butcher of Warsaw," came to Shanghai insisting that the Japanese apply Hitler's "Final Solution" to the Jews here as well. But the Japanese demurred. Why didn't the Japanese impose stricter restrictions on the Jews as demanded by the Nazis? There is no clear cut answer to this question. The Japanese may have remembered that a



Shanghai Jewish Center in Shanghai is active with adult and children's educational, social and religious programs. It also provides visitor information, conducts tours of places where Jewish life in old Shanghai took place during its heyday.

prominent American Jewish banker helped finance the Japanese Navy during their 1905-6 war with Russia which they won.

At the end of the war and the Communist occupation of China took place, most foreigners left Shanghai to start life elsewhere again. Some Jewish people readily elected to accept the hospitality of Israel, a newly established country

after the withdrawal of the British, following a United Nations accord, and acceptance by many other countries, except the Palestinians and their allies.

Others chose to settle in the U.S.A. and other countries. Those who remained were believed to have been driven out by the Cultural Revolution of 1966, except for a few die-hards (as was disclosed later.)



Ohel Moische Synagogue, is now a museum.



Shanghai Jewish children at a model matza bakery
(Photo: Rabbi Greenberg)



In 1998 First Lady Hillary Clinton, daughter Chelsea, and Secretary of State Madeleine Albright visited the former Ohel Rachel Synagogue in Shanghai.
(Photo by Sharon Farmer).

This disclosure came to light as a surprise to many people who, believing all foreigners without exception, including the Jewish residents, had departed from China, but later learned that about 1,000 Jewish settlers still remained in Shanghai without attracting attention whatsoever. They obviously had found a home to their liking in Hongkou District.

Even though the present Chinese government is averse to its citizens embracing a foreign religion, it allows non-Chinese residents in China to go about practicing their religion unhindered. In fact, the Chinese have adopted a new policy of welcoming back all foreigners. This new open-door policy has attracted many foreigner business people and tourists who flock annually to China to see the American and European inspired buildings and homes

that are proliferating in the environs of China's major cities.

Despite the fact, the few Jewish people who remained in Shanghai were able to go about their daily affairs and business activities unrestricted, their places of worship as synagogues have not fared as they were taken over (occupied) by the local authorities – under the control of the Shanghai Academy of Social Sciences, which named it the Jewish refugee Memorial Hall. This hall no longer operates as a working synagogue but stands only as a memorial of what took place in the past.

After all that has been said and done and whatever happened in China, there seems to be an affinity between the Jewish and the Chinese peoples. something has contributed to the good relationship that exists between them, which could be due to a mutual understanding based on oppression – the Jews suffered under the Nazis,

and the Chinese under the Japanese. Furthermore, the Chinese admire the Jewish people because of their deep devotion to family, their respect for education, and their ability to earn and save money – qualities which are likewise cherished by the Chinese.

Rumors have it that the Chinese authorities plan to tear down the old structures in Hongkew and build a new shopping center in their places.

This prompted a number of ex-Shanghai residents to voice some concern, and to plan a tour focused on what is deemed to “a final look” at the old sites that would bring back fond memories.

But the Chinese officials, reacting to the concerns of those foreigners, promptly responded by assuring the Jewish community and others, they would restore some key spots in the old district, including the synagogue and Jewish cemeteries. ■



In September 2003, German President Johannes Rau and his wife made a “Return to History” tour to the former Hongkew Ghetto in Shanghai. The symbolism of the German president's visit was of great significance given Germany's culpability for the Holocaust during WWII. (Center: for Jewish Studies Shanghai.)

Filhomacaus Here & There

SNAPSHOTS OF FM LIFE ABROAD

Promising Macanese driver Rodolfo Avila in British Formula 3 race at Donington Park.

At the second round of the Lloyd's TSB Insurance British Formula 3 Championship round at Donington Park young Macanese Rodolfo Avila made history when he took a place on the pole (first row, starting position) in National Class - the first time ever for an Asian racing driver. In the rainy second British season's weekend Avila secured a double 4th on National Class and moved up to 4th on the class championship.

In Qualifying Heat 1, Rodolfo Avila was incredibly the fastest National Class driver and in Qualifying Heat 2 he secured the 3rd position in the grid.

"The Pole was fantastic for me and for all my team crew. I believe it was possible to do better in the second qualifying but the tires were destroyed very soon, and I hadn't many clean laps to get a proper time. Anyway I am extremely happy with my achievement."

The Macau driver's next outing will be the French double-header rounds in Pau's street circuit on June 3-6, an event very similar to Macau Grand Prix

(From press release, May 23, 2006)

For more on Avila's career see: www.rodolfoavila.com



Rudolfo Avila at the 2005 Macau Grand Prix. Many of the top drivers now racing in Formula 1 once participated in Formula 3 races in Macau.



Up-and-coming Macau race driver at speed at Lloyd's TSB Insurance British Formula 3 Championship round at Donington Park in May 2006.



Carlos Correa married Sarah McFarland at the chapel of his alma mater, the Jesuit Xavier College in Melbourne on February 4, 2006.

Carlos, Account Director in sales and advertising with the Australian Radio Network, is the son of Bosco and Marilyn Correa of Melbourne.

Sarah is a partner of "Angiemac," an import company specializing in fashion accessories. She attended university in Melbourne and later in Quilin, China. She is fluent in Mandarin.

In the group picture are, from left, Marilyn Correa, the groom's mother; Julia, the groom's sister; Carlos Correa and his bride, Sarah McFarland; Bosco Correa, the groom's father behind them, and the groom's other sister Gabriella.



The newly weds in a bright red MGB convertible on their way to their honeymoon, and to begin their life together.



The Delawares carried out their boast that they would beat the Champions Black-hawks, and the above picture shows them after their victory over the champions. Back Row (left to right): Tony Rodrigues; Jackie Silva; Dickie Chang; Cary Lucido; Bill Silva (Coach); Anthony Kwok (Manager/Coach); Felix Allay; Robert Xavier; George Ribeiro (ex Delawares); Edmund Lee; Front Row (left to right): Johnny Chaves; Joaquim Collaco; Terry Lucido; Dickie Chaves; Mickey Gutierrez; C. Remondos (Bat boy); Peter Liu; Absent members: Carlos Assuncao; Vincent Souza.

Jackie da Silva, who has been living in England since 1955, sent us this newspaper cutting of the Delawares softball team of 1952 at King's Park, Hong Kong.

Note to our readers:

You are invited to submit one or two photos of FMs distinguishing themselves in some area, or which have special interest. Captions must accompany the photos. Pictures chosen for publication will be at the sole discretion of the Editor. To contact the Editor, please see below.

LUSITANO BULLETIN



A quarterly publication sponsored by the Lusitano Club of California, a non-profit organization, for its members and people of Portuguese descent from Macau & the Far East. Subscription to the Bulletin is unavailable separately. For membership information, please contact the president's office, below.

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LUSITANO BULLETIN
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A 1920 photo of the pioneering Ho Mun Tin development by Frank Soares in Kowloon. The view is from Kadoorie Avenue looking south down Peace Avenue. Agyle Street is in the foreground and Ho Mun Tin Hill is in the background.

(Photo Bosco Correa Collection)

Mailing Label