

LUSITANO BULLETIN

The Publication of the Lusitano Club of California

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Members of the Lusitano sponsored three-city tour of Australia in a World War II vintage amphibious DUKW before going into the rainforest and pond in the Kuranda Nature Park, near Cairns, Queensland. Story begins on page 16 (Photo: Bonnie Braga)

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Lusitano Had a Big Year in 2005

By MARIA ROLIZ, *President*

Gung Hei Fat Choy! Happy New Year! May 2006 and the Year of the Dog bring you and yours lots of good health, happiness, love, peace and prosperity.

2005 has been an outstanding year for our Club with its various activities and visitors from Macau and most notable, the purchase of our Cultural Center jointly by the three USA Macau Casas in August. We thank the *Fundação Macau* for their most generous subsidy of US\$135,000 received earlier this year to assist us in this purchase, and look forward to its grand opening September/October 2006 after renovations.

In October 2005, I had the great honor to

represent our *casa* at the recent 4th East Asian Games in Macau on October 29th through November 6th, 2005 at the invitation of Mr. Manuel Silverio, Chairman of Macau East Asian Games Organizing Committee, and Dr. Fernando Chui Sai On, Secretary for Social Affairs and Culture of Macao SAR along with other Casa Presidents worldwide and distinguished guests.

It was truly a most memorable and remarkable event where we were all so graciously received. No doubt, this most successfully orchestrated event has manifested a milestone in the history of Macau.

During this visit, we attended the Standing



At the opening East Asian Games in Macau last November were these Macanese casa representatives, from left, Alexander Xavier, President, UMA; Antonio Amante, President, Casade Macau, Vancouver; Yvonne Herrero, President, Casa de Macau, Australia; Nuno Prata Da Cruz, Pres-Associação dos Empresarios Macaenses de California, USA; Manuel Silveiro, President, Macau East Asian Games Organizing Committee; Maria Roliz, President, Lusitano Club of California; Maureen Xavier; Arthur Britto, President, Casa de Macau USA.

and General Committee meetings of the Conselho das Comunidades Macaenses (CCM) chaired by its presidents, Drs. Jose Manuel O. Rodrigues and Leonel Alves, respectively, to ratify and approve the budget and activities for 2006.

I will be joining the CCM members before the end of 2006 for discussions regarding the 2007 Macau Encontro.

We also met with Dr. Joao Manuel Costa Antunes, Director of Macau Government Tourist Office (MGTO) who gave us a most impressive tour of the MGTO facilities and discussed the future collaborative opportunities with Macau and the promotion of Macau through the Casas.

Mr. Edmundo Ho, Chief Executive of the Macau SAR, and many other prominent members and friends in Macau warmly welcomed us. This again gave us another opportunity to strengthen our friendship with our sister clubs worldwide, and the various organizations in Macau.

On November 10th, I traveled with some 22 members of our *casa* to beautiful Australia where we enjoyed a most wonderful trip organized by Braga Travel for our *casa*.

We were also invited to attend Casa de Macau Australia's Christmas party on November 19th, and had a most enjoyable time. We thank President Yvonne Herrero and



Bonnie Braga, who organized the enjoyable three-city tour of Australia for Lusitano, after getting instructions in boomerang throwing from an Aborigine last November at the Kuranda Rainforest Nature Park near Cairns, Queensland.

her directors for including us in this special welcoming party, and the hospitality that they have shown us during our stay in Sydney.

In 2006, we look forward to our continuous, harmonious and unified relationship with the Macanese *casas* worldwide.

San Francisco, February 1, 2006 ■

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LUSITANO'S 2006 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following directors were elected at the recent Annual General Election Meeting at Link Allen, San Mateo, on January 28th, 2006 to serve on the Lusitano 2006 Board of Directors:

<i>President:</i> Maria Roliz	<i>Other Directors:</i>	Kirk Harper
<i>Vice-President:</i> Teresa Roliz	Michael Carion	Leonardo Xavier
<i>Treasurer:</i> Dorothy Oliveira	Maria Joao Da Cruz	Melissa Xavier
<i>Secretary:</i> Nuno Da Cruz	Ken Harper	Virginia Yoshida

Thank you for all those that attended the meeting or mailed in their ballots & proxies. Without at least 20% of the Club's membership in attendance or by proxy votes, your new Board would not have been elected. 257 ballots were received with over 100 attendees and proxies meeting the Club's required quorum to proceed with the election.

2006 CALENDAR OF FUTURE EVENTS INCLUDES 14-DAY TOUR OF PORTUGAL

Sunday, March 5 10:00 AM	Macau Cultural Center, Renovation Presentation, 37695 Niles Boulevard, Fremont
Saturday, March 19th	Meet & Greet, Walnut Creek
Saturday, April 29th	Annual Clambake, Beresford Park, San Mateo
Saturday, May 13th	Parents Day Dinner Dance, Tong's Palace, San Francisco
Saturday, June 10th	Dia de Portugal Festival, San Jose
June 30, July 1 & 2	Family Camping Trip, Lake Amador
Saturday, July 8th	Annual Picnic, Beresford Park, San Mateo
August - TBA	Casino/ChaGordo/Business Network Mix, 330 Ritch St, San Francisco
Saturday, Sept 23rd	Cache Creek Casino Day Trip
October, 3rd -17th	14 days Trip to Portugal (E-mail m_roliz@yahoo.com or call Maria Roliz at (510) 233-4403 for details)
Saturday, December 9th	Annual Christmas Party, San Mateo Elks Lodge

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

NEW MEMBERS

Lusitano welcomes the following new members as of December 2005

Laszlo Bud	Denis Houghton	Frank Segovia	Dennis Sousae
Carlos Cruz	Gigi Javier	Barbara Shaw	Helen Siu
Celeste D'Azevedo	Sheila Ribeiro	Stanley Shaw	Audrey Williams
Maria Guterres	Candida Roliz	Betty Sousae	Kaua Young

LUSITANO SCHOLARSHIP GRANTS

Each year Lusitano offers its membership two (2) \$1000 scholarship grants towards a college or trade school tuition. Applications for the 2006-2007 school year are now being accepted. Please e-mail m_roliz@yahoo.com for an application form. Deadline: July 31, 2006.

LUSITANO'S UPGRADED WEB SITE TO BE BACK ON LINE

Lusitano website: www.lusitanousa.org is currently being upgraded and scheduled to be back on line in May 2006. In the meantime, please go to *A Diaspora Macaense na America's* website at www.diasporamacaense.org for current club news and that of the Macanese community.

RECREIO HOCKEY DEC. 2005 NEWSLETTER NOW ONLINE

at http://home.graffiti.net/recreio_newsletter:graffiti.net/ This newsletter Web site has been designed and set up by the Recreio Hockey Section - Social Committee, and serves as a link for information, news and contact for all Recreio hockey players past and present, their families, relatives and friends. The content, views and comments do not represent the official views of the General Committee and Officials of Club de Recreio, Hong Kong.

See also related website: **More Minchee 2006** at <http://www.minchee.com>

Dear Members:

As you all know, the Macanese community of California has purchased a historical building to be our Cultural Center. Many of you are probably saying “about time.” Unfortunately, the building is old and has to be completely gutted, then refurbished for our use. (Please see pages 8.) Antonio M. Jorge da Silva (Toneco) has contributed his architectural expertise and services for the preliminary concept pro bono and others are also making contributions. However, we are still in dire need and are presently soliciting financial assistance from prominent members and friends of the Macanese community worldwide to help us make this a Cultural Center we can all be proud of.

Recognition of Donors

We intend to recognize and honor these donors as follows:

US\$50,000 – **Gold Patron**, and a picture framed 16” x 18”

US\$30,000 – **Silver Patron**, and a picture framed 10” x 12”

US\$15,000 – **Bronze Patron**, and a picture framed 8” x 10”

US\$5,000 – **Associates**, name inscribed on a plaque with other similar benefactors.

US\$1,000 to \$4,999 – **Donors**, name inscribed on a plaque with other similar benefactors.

These framed pictures will be like the ones displayed in Club de Recreio, Hong Kong, adding to the historic value of the Cultural Center. It will be a permanent recognition of their part, and perhaps yours, in the creation, development and history of the Macau Cultural Center that will serve our community for generations to come.

World's Largest Macanese Community in California

California has one of the world's largest Macanese communities. We need a home, a gathering place, to ensure the survival of our community and the preservation of our culture and rich heritage for future generations. In order for the Macanese community, present and future, to be encouraged to use the Macau Cultural Center, we must redecorate the place to make it very appealing and a clubhouse we can all be proud of.

In accordance with the wishes of our members, the Macau Cultural Center will house a library, maintain historical records, display art and photographs of our history, hold cooking and language classes, encourage cultural events, and hold dances and card games reminiscent of the memorable evenings at Clube Macau, Club Lusitano and Club de Recreio in Hong Kong. Visitors and dignitaries who walk our halls will see and

appreciate the dignity of a culture deserving of preservation and world recognition.

Contributions other than money

Remember, this is your clubhouse and we ask that you consider contributing in any way that you feel comfortable with. Not everyone can contribute monetarily but if you have the time, specific skills and talents you too can help to make this building a huge success. A similar message is being sent by the other clubs to their members so that hopefully this will reach most of the people within the Macanese community.

How successful we are and ultimately how proud we will all be with this building will depend largely on each and everyone one of us. I thank you in advance for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Maria C. Roliz,
President

FROM THE EDITOR

The MCC Board of Directors & the Fremont building

By the time you read this, you may have attended the meeting on Sunday, March 5, 2006, at the recently purchased Macau Cultural Center building in Fremont. The meeting was called by the Board of Directors of the MCC to give the Macanese community at large a progress report on the plans (see page 8) for refurbishing the building, and the steps needed to attain the City of Fremont's approvals.

It may have been the first time some readers have seen the building to get an idea of its potential as a place as our social center, and which we, Macanese, can be proud of.

The MCC Board of Directors have also initiated a campaign to solicit funds for the interior furnishing of the building, for basically the building has to be gutted and renovated. Already letters of solicitation have been sent out to possible donors here and abroad.

We commend the MCC for giving a much-needed progress report to the Macanese com-

munity. Until recently, the MCC was criticized for not being transparent enough.

This writer was among several invited speakers on Saturday, February 18, 2006, at the MCC building in Fremont demanded by a majority of UMA's State Board of Directors to respond to those criticisms. Three of UMA's directors, and two representing Lusitano, making five of the nine-person MCC Board, were in attendance. (We are unsure if any *Casa de Macau* representatives were there.)

The meeting was raucous with intemperate personal attacks, inflammatory language, and the integrities of board members questioned. Complaints generally related to:

a) The way the MCC was legally set up; few had seen its articles of incorporation or its by-laws, agendas, minutes of meetings, and asked who granted its directors the six-year terms of office, and how they can be replaced, if need be.

b) MCC's lack of accountability to the three clubs who had jointly owned the gift money from Macau, and the club's representatives on

the MCC Board neglect in communicating its business and decisions to their membership through their *casa* publications.

c) Questions about the purchase of the building that is in proximity to two earthquake faults, being downstream from a dam, subject to historical architecture design and code restrictions, and needing substantial remodeling.

d) Difficulties between the architect and volunteer building professionals reviewing preliminary plans and/or researching information that will aid him in challenging the City of Fremont's Historical Architecture Review Board's design restrictions and assumptions relating to the MCC building.

e) The president of the MCC and its architect being the same person, raised questions of conflict of interest. During the meeting Antonio M. Jorge da Silva announced his resignation as the architect, but would still remain as president of the MCC. (The audience asked him to stay on as the architect.)

In fairness, the UMA/MCC Board members defended criticisms, and were dismayed at the vehemence of the criticism, with two walking out of the meeting only to be called back.

While writing this editorial, we learned that the idea of the sale of the MCC building in Fremont was discussed at a MCC Board meeting shortly after the February 18 meeting to consider the earlier criticism. The president of the MCC told us that he asked that the club representatives should take up the matter with their respective boards to reiterate approval of the Fremont property, or sell it. We understand that so far two clubs want to keep it.

We say, let's keep the Fremont building for now, and make the best of our purchase. Let's hire a reputable architect to replace Tony da Silva who has resigned, and move on.

However, if after remodeling and a period of use, and our community feels it wants to sell the building for whatever reason, the sales price should at least break even, given all our expenditures on bringing it up to standard. The building



Huitier (Hunter) Choi, the club's "official" photographer, on the Quicksilver floating platform at the Great Barrier Reef.

has advantages: location in a historical district with an upscale clientele; ample parking; views of open space and hills; and moreover, the City of Fremont has plans to build a Centennial Park across the street which will enhance property values, selling the building then may even fetch a profit if properly listed.

Let me emphasize that these opinions are the Editor's, and not necessarily those of the Lusitano Board of Directors.

An appreciation

Most of the photos illustrating our socials: events etc., in recent years for the Bulletin were taken by Hunter Choi. Unfortunately we have not credited him for his role as the club's *de facto* official photographer. Whenever we receive photographs from the club for possible publication, we assume that one of our many "in-house" directors or volunteers took them, whereas Hunter should have been given the credit. We regret the omission.

During Lusitano's recent trip to Australia, besides using his Nikon D70, Hunter was often seen helping elderly tour members with their baggage, accompanying them up flights of steps or on to busses, and going out of his way to be useful to the tour group. He is a quiet, unassuming guy whose photographic talents and gentle ways are much appreciated. ■

Proposed Remodel of Fremont Building

By ANTONIO M. JORGE DA SILVA, A.I.A., *President, Macau Cultural Center*

February 18, 2006

Introduction

The building purchased by the Macau Cultural Center (MCC) as the home for the Macanese community is in the “Niles Overlay District” of the City of Fremont, California.

The City has Monetary Grants and Term Interest Free Loans we can take advantage of. These were presented to us at our first meeting with the City, and will have to be verified when we make an application to the City’s Office of Housing and Redevelopment.

The City of Fremont requires that any building registered by the City as an Historical Building be subject to review by the Historical Architectural Review Board (HARB). This is a prerequisite before any construction permit drawings can be further reviewed by the City for a Building Permit to allow any construction or remodel. This requirement applies to the exterior of this building.

Several meetings with staff from the City of Fremont have shown that they are cooperative and willing to assist in the remodel of this building; particularly the exterior. They have suggested, however, that HARB can be quite restrictive in permitting any alteration of historical aspects of the building. This does not mean we do not make a submittal with modifications to suit our needs, but recognize that they may not accept everything we request in our drawings.

The Process

This project comprises several Phases:

1. Existing Condition Phase.

The measurement and drawing up of the

existing building floor plans and elevations (often called “as-built” drawings) to be used as a base for design development. These drawings are not a measured survey. Dimensions taken in the field are approximate, and do not reflect exact dimensions. These existing condition drawings are used for reference only, and in the case of the elevations of this building, only a few dimensions were taken. The elevation drawings were produced by comparing photographs and the counting of bricks as a reference.

2. Preliminary Concept Phase.

We have just completed most of the drawing part of this phase. A Site Plan has yet to be drawn and the vicinity map completed. A project statement required by the City is being written and a photo board of neighboring buildings has not yet been done though the photographs have been taken. A color board of the exterior building has to be prepared. This is where the project stands today:

February 18, 2006

3. Submittal to the City for Planning and Review by the Historical Architectural Review Board (HARB) and Hearings.

Submittal to HARB and the completion of the Planning Application form will put this project in line for HARB Review Hearings. This is generally acted on within 5 weeks after submittal. Appeals to HARB action are considered by the City Council.

4. Design Phase.

While waiting for the HARB approval process Structural, Mechanical, Electrical engineers as well as consultants for the installation of an elevator and reworking some sprinkler lines

will be brought in to work with the Architect. At this stage, when structural considerations are studied, lighting, heating and air conditioning, and other engineering aspects are

designed and laid out for the first time, a preliminary estimate of construction cost can be jointly put together.

Interior design usually starts by the middle



The existing I.O.O.F. building built in 1930 is located at the corner of J street and Niles Boulevard in Fremont's Niles district. Remodeling by previous owners, including bricking up some of its windows, has further weakened its already nondescript appearance.



The proposed remodeling of the building respects its historic character yet improves on its facade with new doors and shopfronts, the addition of French doors with wrought iron railings, a Macau coat-of-arms, and a new identity sign along the freize. The M.C.C.'s main entrance at the corner leads through a gallery-arcade to contain artifacts and exhibits of Macanese life and culture. To show the Niles facade treatment clearly, an existing tree is not shown.

to end of this phase when all the building elements are being, or have been, decided upon.

5. Construction Document Phase. The Architect, and the Engineers working on the project will produce construction documents (working drawings) for the submittal for a Building Permit and Bids from General Contractors. With the details fully determined and all the engineering has been calculated for the project, an updated and closer estimate of construction cost can be arrived at. These drawings, with modifications required by the City Building Department resulting from the Building Permit Review process, will then be used for construction.

6. Bidding and Negotiations Phase. The project drawings are put out to 3 to 4 (sufficient for the a project of this size) General Contractors to tender their Bids.

7. Construction Phase Construction and scheduled Site Visits by the Architect and Engineers are part of this phase.

8. Project Completion After construction is complete and the City Building Officials “sign off” the construction segments of the project, the General Contractor hands off the building to the Owner (not the Architect). Final payment is made and either 5% or 10% of the Contract sum is held back from the Contractor until the Project (usually mostly the Architect’s) Defects List is completed and signed off by the Architect.

The Preliminary Concept Plans

The following is a brief narrative of what is proposed for the basic remodel of the building. It is intended to assist and clarify the preliminary concept for those who are not familiar with the reading of plans and elevations. The perspective rendering shows the intended modification of the two principal façades of

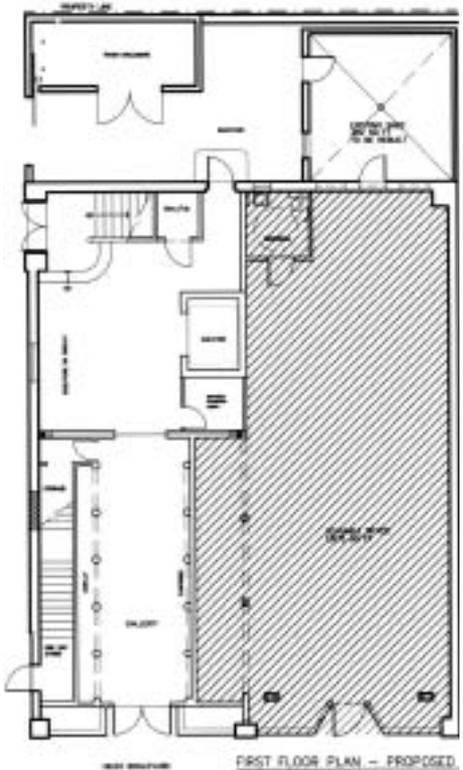
the exterior of the building.

Features of the Proposed Plan

1. Make the Niles Boulevard the primary entrance to the Cultural Center.

(a) The present entrance is near the back of the building on J-Street. The existing doors, steps and landing are non-conforming to current code and have been “grandfathered” in as a legal means of ingress and egress.

The problem with the existing entrance being used as the main entrance is that the doors are too close to the stairs and handicap access is not possible without the provision of ramps at the rear of the building. The rear space is small and with the City required trash



First floor shows corner entrance to the M.C.C. off Niles Blvd. and J St. through a gallery to the elevator lobby and stairs to the upper floors. The shaded area is be leased out for income.

enclosures it leaves little room to make that entrance appealing.

(b) Entering from Niles Boulevard, handicapped access is not an issue as the approach to the elevator lobby is level. The downside is that it will take away from having two rentable spaces generating income for the Cultural Center. However, about 6 feet of this space will be apportioned off to the remaining leasable space on the other side making it more usable as a restaurant or a retail area.

To enter from Niles Boulevard, the main street, is more appealing. A dignified “gallery” approach can be achieved with arched recesses.

2. Lengthen, or add to, existing windows on the second floor facing Niles Boulevard and J Street so that the hall will have more natural light.

This is more than desirable as it will also

open up the space to the views of the trees and hills beyond Niles Boulevard. Presently the hall renders a claustrophobic impression to the interior as the windows are high and the walls overwhelming the space. However, the opening of the walls below the high windows, I am prompted by one of the City’s planners, will be an issue to debate with HARB as it involves openings in the exterior and the removing, or relocating, of existing blank shields on the walls which may be of historical significance. It also has cost and seismic upgrade considerations, but these can be resolved.

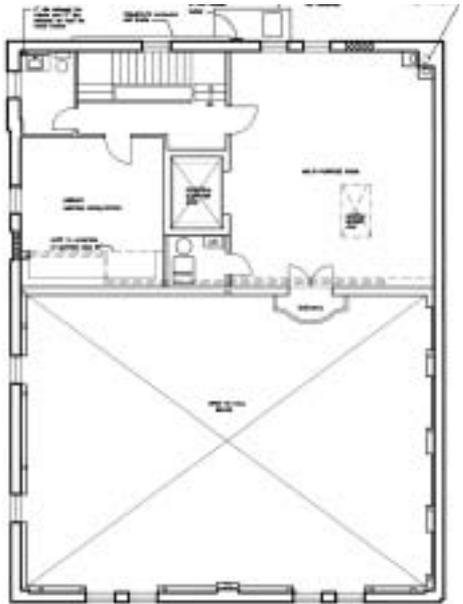
The “French” balconies, so prevalent in the stately buildings in Portugal also add a touch of Europe to the architecture of this otherwise severe building.

Then emblem of Macau and the Portuguese scudos in the relocated chevrons just brings the façades to life and ties it all together.

3. Add an elevator giving access between the



Second floor plan shows (counterclockwise from bottom), the main hall, a bar off the elevator lobby, the kitchen, stairs, and toilets. More storage space will be added later.



Third floor plan shows upper the part of the hall (with “X”) below, a multi-use room with possible access to the elevator, a utility room, the stairs, a small toilet and the library.

first and second floor. Service to the 3rd floor is possible but will involve modification of the existing roof structure and seismic diaphragm. The Structural Engineer who did the design for the seismic retrofitting advised that the location of the elevator at the central axis of the building and near the back is necessitated to avoid areas that interfere with the approved structure.

4. Completely remodel the interior of all three floors. We want to make the most of the areas we have and working around or relocating existing sprinkler lines, pipes, fire exits and structural elements which cannot be relocated. There are many structural ties on the exterior perimeter walls and interior steel bracing on the first and second floors which were part of the seismic retrofit completed around 1997. Many of these cannot be altered easily. Modifications of many component part of the structural retrofit will involve re-engineering and could invoke the requirement of bringing the entire building up to current Codes. This could be very costly.

We can work around these existing conditions. The interiors can be modified to hide many of these structural elements and pipes. The steel posts in the hall, for example, can be sheathed and recesses introduced to house paintings and murals.

Storage, I realize, is absent in the plans shown. The storage of the chairs and tables used in the hall will take up a lot of space.

5. Provide a new kitchen to permit cooking and baking on the premises.

The kitchen will be more than a space to reheat food prepared elsewhere. It will give us the opportunity to cook many of our favorite Macanese dishes right in the premises.

6. Add a 10 foot counter Bar to be located next to the 1,500 sq. ft. hall.

7. Refinish the wood floor in the hall and

install a new ceiling.

Hopefully, the existing wood floor is still in a good enough condition that we can accomplish this without the expense of a new floor.

8. Add new restrooms

Those existing are in very poor state, and not up to standard. Handicap Code requirements, the number of stalls, access and existing conditions all impact the layout and what is possible in the planning of the toilets. Being classified as an historical building, we are not subject to all the requirements of current Building Codes; we can use the less stringent, Title 24, Part 8 of the California Historical Building Code.

9. Remodel the 3rd floor for meetings, multi-purpose uses and a small library to start with.

The layout presented is general in nature as there are many existing low hung sprinkler and other pipes which will affect its final remodel. A mechanical engineer and sprinkler specialist has yet to review the site conditions, and make recommendations. Once that is resolved these interior spaces will be designed.

10. Reconstruct or remodel the existing storage shed at the rear of the building.

The City claims it has no record of any permit taken for this structure and as such will not recognize it as a legal structure. In every way the shed is an unsightly appendage to a historical building, however, it is square footage we bought and has monetary value if we can get it approved. Part or all of this space can be used by the MCC or shared with the tenant leasing the retail space. An internal partition is all it takes. The plans show it as a space to be rebuilt.

11. Replace the existing fence and provide a trash enclosure in the rear yard required by Fremont and California State Codes .

Interiors

The first impression as one enters the building is the ambience of a gracious and dignified “gallery” with arched recesses in which paintings, photo-murals, and even historical artifacts in display cases can line this approach to the new elevator lobby. The elevator lobby has enough space to house perhaps a small scale model of a “Lorcha” if we can get that funded at a later date. These walls can also display photographs of the “Founding Patrons” of the MCC building.

The thought is that interiors should have large paintings of Macau and the discovery of Asia depicting our history and culture. There should be photographs of members of our community, past and present. We can display works of art, craft and feature the many talents of the yet undiscovered members of our community. Our present might surprise us when set against the reflections of our past.

We would like an interior space in which we can enjoy and take pride to share with our family, friends and those interested in our culture. I envision club functions, music recitals, folklore dancing, many birthday/anniversary parties and wedding receptions in this hall. Recesses created in the hall can be trimmed to frame paintings and murals. The ceiling can be coffered with crown molding at the perimeter. Ceiling fans and chandeliers can cool and light the floor below lending a special charm. This dull hall can be designed to be reminiscent of the handsome interiors of Portuguese influence seen in many buildings of old Macau, but here with a touch our very own.

Where will the money come from, some may ask? Aside from the funds the MCC has budgeted to do

the basic remodel, we have sent out many letters soliciting funds to help us realize our dream. Not just a home to call our own, but one which will make us proud, in which we will enjoy many wonderful evenings. If we do not receive enough funds to do all we plan at this first stage, we can phase our plans, but never settle for second best. Let us set our goals to refurbish this building; we have waited a long time. We have taken the first step, now let us finish it with pride and look forward to the many social and cultural functions we can all enjoy.

To close...

Circumstances make it necessary for me to withdraw as Architect for this project. I offered my services *pro bono* with much love and admiration for the Macanese community and pride in my Portuguese ancestry. At this stage of my life and career money is not an issue in my consideration to be the Architect of the project. I felt it my honor to give and to share in the preservation of our culture and our heritage which I have passionately professed throughout the years since I was very young. Those who know me will understand what I mean.

I sincerely wish the community much success in the completion of this project. ■



Detail of new entrance, left, to the M.C.C. off Niles Boulevard. The space next door is to be leased commercially for income.

Chinese New Year Party at Foster City

By MARIA ROLIZ

Photographs by Hunter Choi

On January 28th after our Annual General Meeting and elections of our 2006 Board of Directors, more than a hundred members and friends joined us for a sumptuous Chinese Banquet Dinner at Mr. Fong's Seafood Restaurant in Foster City, CA to celebrate the Chinese New Year.

May the *Year of the Dog* bring you and yours lots of good health, luck and prosperity for 2006. *Gung Hei Fat Choy!*



A general view of some of the people attending the banquet



Seated around the table are clockwise from left: Carlos (back to camera) and June Da Costa, Merlinde and Ron Brown, Al and Barbara Da Costa, Lamby Gutierrez, Ernie Sequeira, Dorothy Da Costa, Gerry Walrath, and Anita Fernandes.



David and Doreen McKissack looking contented. Dave, who formerly played saxophone for a U.S. Navy band, now has his own group.



A charming couple, Lusitano Director Michael Carion and his daughter Rose.



Dressed appropriately in Chinese attire for the occasion, from left: Cecilia, Suzi, and Candy Collaco



From left, Orlanda da Costa, Marie Helena Xavier, Linda Ramones-Tilson and Doreen McKissack.

Lusitano's 10-Day Tour of Australia

Melbourne, Cairns & Sydney Visited

By MICHAEL MCDUGALL

Saturday, November 12: Melbourne

Shortly before noon on Saturday, November 12, my wife Dawnna and I were among the members of the Lusitano party who arrived in Melbourne after traveling 7,800 miles on a "red-eye" flight from San Francisco with a stopover in Sydney. In the group were Lusitano president Maria Roliz, husband Hunter Choi, Bonnie Braga and her mother Fabia.

Bonnie, a travel agent who had arranged the previous well-received club-sponsored tours of China, Portugal and Brazil, organized the present trip to Australia with an optional tour of New Zealand on which six members would go. This group would grow to 22 when others who came earlier, joined us here.

After clearing the Australian immigration and customs, we were met at the airport by Lesley Bryden, our local guide, who welcomed us and led us to a chartered coach to take us to our hotel. As we went on a quick tour through of the central part of the city she gave us a lively introduction to Australia and Melbourne. A

longer tour was scheduled after lunch.

Bryden passed around a map of Australia super-imposed on that of the lower 48 United States at the same scale showing that they were about the same size. But whereas the U.S. has 296 million people distributed over the country, Australia has 20 million, almost all living in cities at its coasts. Its interior, called the Outback, is desert because rain sometimes does not fall for years. This vast area contains few paved roads and towns, but in its landscape contains some of the most spectacular geological forms and landscapes accessible only for the adventurous with off-road vehicles or helicopters.

Melbourne is named after Lord Melbourne who was the British prime minister who announced to Victoria then 18 that she had become queen, and who became her favorite.

The early growth of this city was largely due to the fortunes made during from the gold rush of 1851 – Australia had several. The next year, 370,000 immigrants came in search of gold. A third of the world's gold was mined in this state. In just two years Victoria's population had grown from 77,000 to 554,000.

Many of these were Chinese who were discriminated against. After World War II Australia admitted sizeable numbers of immigrants from Italy and Greece, many of whom came to Melbourne, which has the largest com-



The Outback (in black) is a desert and covers most of Australia



Australia, with 20 million people, is as large as the lower 48 U.S. states, with 289 million.



Melbourne's Yarra River's flood plain forms a linear park which contains sports facilities, and walkways.

community of Greeks after Athens. In the fifties, the country softened its "White Australia" policy and admitted many Asian immigrants though giving preference to Europeans, a policy only rescinded in 1966. Today Melbourne has an ethnically diverse population of 3 million, second only to Sydney with 4 million.

Melbournians like most Australians, are mad about sports especially cricket, the various forms of rugby, tennis – the Australian Open was held here recently– swimming, and the Formula One auto racing. Work stops when the Melbourne Cup horse race is being run in which millions of dollars are waged. In 1956 Melbourne hosted the Olympics.

Bryden said proudly that Melbourne was voted the world's most livable city this year, displacing Vancouver BC, last year's winner.

We checked in at our hotel at the edge of

Chinatown, and grabbed a quick lunch at one of the Asian restaurants and sidewalk cafes outside the hotel, and resumed our guided tour.

Fortunes made during the gold rush led to the building of proud civic and commercial buildings and a planned downtown. Until 1927 Melbourne was the nation's capital until it was moved to Canberra. It is also Australia's largest financial center. This early in November, Christmas decorations festooned its downtown department stores, shops and glass-enclosed galleries.

Melbourne is also known as the Garden City for the many public parks, the wide streets lined with shade trees, and the green corridor of the Yarra River that runs through its heart.

We visited Fitzroy Gardens to see its Conservatory, and its large mature trees. Here in the Southern Hemisphere the late spring was showing with spectacular purple jacarandas, Golden rain (*Koelreuteria elegans*), and poincianas (known in Hong Kong as "Flame-of-the forest"). A popular attraction here is Captain Cook's cottage which belonged to his parents in Yorkshire. It was moved stone by stone to the present location in 1934. But, some doubt exists that the great navigator ever lived there. Memorabilia and maps of his sea voyages and explorations are displayed.



The conservatory at Fitzroy Gardens. With many parks, Melbourne is known as the "Garden City."



Captain Cook's cottage in Fitzroy Gardens is a popular attraction.



The Shrine of Remembrance honors those who fought and died in Australia's wars.



Southbank Arts & Leisure center contains shops, restaurants, bars and an attractive esplanade.

Our bus driver then took us through several neighborhoods including some lovingly restored terrace houses with Victorian filigree wrought iron balcony railings, similar to those in New Orleans' French Quarter.

We stopped at the Shrine of Remembrance, the war memorial on a rise in the Botanic Gardens, and on axis with Swanston Street, one of the city's main streets. The architecture of the Shrine of Remembrance was inspired by descriptions of one of the Ancient Wonders of the World, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus in Asia Minor, now Turkey. We peeked in the entrance of new starkly modern underground Visitor Center where memorabilia from Australia's wars are displayed. As a World War I & II history buff, I would have liked to have spent more time here but it was near the shrine's closing.

We took pictures of the everlasting flame and the poppies placed at the plaza where the previous day, November 11, Remembrance Day (formerly Armistice Day) was observed.

At 5 PM, a soldier in a World War I uniform played the haunting *The Last Post* on his bugle while another hauled down the Australian flag. I found myself standing at attention, thinking about places like the Somme, the Marne, Gallipoli, El Alamein, New Guinea – famous battlefields where the Aussies fought with distinction in service of their country. Of the 331,781 Australian troops who served during World War I, 64 percent were casualties

including 60,000 killed. Seven of the nine Victoria Crosses, the highest honor for bravery, were awarded to Australian soldiers at Gallipoli, Turkey.

Later in the evening we were driven to the Southbank Arts and Leisure complex overlooking the Yarra River. At the lively and attractive riverside esplanade people gathered around the restaurants, bars and shops or strolled beneath the trees enjoying the setting. We had an excellent dinner at the Deck Restaurant at an upper level.

Sunday, November. 13: The Great Ocean Road, Victoria

Early this day we boarded our coach which headed for the coast south of Melbourne towards the Great Ocean Road, which we were told was “carved into the cliffside as a memorial to those who served Australia during World War I,” and “is one of the great coastal roads of the world,” some 160 miles long.

We first rode on the west side Port Philip Bay where cruise ships coming to Melbourne are docked, past the industrial port city of Geelong before reaching the small town of Torquay at the coast where we turned west along the Great Ocean Road. In the sunlight and blue skies, the coast seen over a winding road with many switchbacks was peaceful and beautiful with its dramatic cliffs and beaches, but the area is known as the “Shipwreck Coast.”

After we stopped at two picturesque small



The Great Ocean Road runs through Apollo Bay, a small town which caters to the holiday trade.

coastal towns, Lorne and Apollo Bay where Dawnna picked up a map from one of the visitor-oriented shops showing the location of 48 wrecks caused by perfect storms, uncharted rocks shoals, inaccurate charts or human error. Most were sailing ships; the rest, steamers. How many lives were lost?



The Twelve Apostles are picturesque rock monoliths left over from cliff erosion.

One of the main attractions on the Great Ocean Road are the famous monoliths within the Port Campbell National Park called the Twelve Apostles. These picturesque freestanding rocks are what remains after steady erosion of the cliffs. When we arrived at the parking lot leading to the Twelve Apostles, it was filled with busses, cars, and hordes of people walking on the boardwalks to and from the viewing points on cliffs where the monoliths can be seen. But the best light for photography was in the early morning, not at mid-day when we came.

After the long day, we were back at our hotel by 8 PM when Dawnna and I rushed off to a Chinatown restaurant nearby to enjoy a dinner hosted by Bosco and Frank Correa and their wives, Vivienne and Marilyn. I hadn't seen Frank and Bosco since our Hong Kong days. Neither Dawnna nor I had met their wives. Our reunion was all-too-short.

Mon., Nov. 14: Melbourne – Cairns

We took an early flight for Cairns (population: 93,000) in Northern Queensland, the gateway to the Great Barrier Reef, big game fishing in the Coral Sea, the tropical rainforest, Cape York Peninsula and the outback. Cairns was first settled in 1876 as the port for the newly discovered Hodgkinson (sounds like a disease!) Goldfield in the interior.

At noon we landed in Cairns airport where a chartered bus took us into town for lunch and then took our luggage back to the Lakes resort where we were to stay for the next three days.

During the short drive into town, we noted that the landscape and vegetation was quite different compared to the flat terrain and gum trees in the Melbourne countryside. Steep, lush mountains, yellow sugar-cane fields, palm trees, ferns, jacarandas, poincianas, and hibiscuses as well as the vivid emerald green, turquoise and indigo waters reminded us of Hawaii.

Lunch was prearranged at the Red Ochre Grill restaurant in the downtown. It has the reputation for developing part of its menu



The Esplanade, a half-mile long linear park which is the focal and community center of Cairns, fronts on Trinity Bay. The wedge-shaped swimming lagoon, center, holds 1,000 bathers.

using Australian native ingredients. Some tried an appetizer dish consisting of emu paté, crocodile *wun ton* with capsicum (green pepper) jam, smoked kangaroo, smoked Tasmanian sea trout (a mild-tasting salmon), omelette and roast capsicum roll, which they found flavorful. Sorry, nothing tasted like chicken! Nicky Wu tried a grilled kangaroo sirloin with Guandong chili glaze and sweet potato galette, and found it a bit tough as kangaroo meat has little fat. I had a fillet of Barramundi, a delicate white fish, with pineapple and wild lime salsa.

After lunch some of our group, addicted to shopping, made a beeline for a mall that turned out to offer the same stuff one finds in any Bay Area suburban center.



Did this van supply the appetizer meat we ate at lunch earlier at the Red Ochre restaurant in Cairns?

Dawnna and I wandered, like Noel Coward's "mad dogs and Englishmen" in the 90°F., humid "noonday sun" through Cairns downtown. Intrigued by a long green strip called the Esplanade on a city map, we headed in that direction, passing a large multi-storied domed casino-resort, hotels, condos and shops as well as the Trinity Bay terminal for the large catamarans, and vessels that take tourists to the Great Barrier Reef, the small islands on the Coral Sea

for big game fishing and other aquatic activities.

The Esplanade is a half-mile long linear shoreline park which has become a Cairns' focal point and gathering place. It has something for everyone: extensive lawns with shade trees, a large band shell for concerts and a place for gatherings and rallies, a continuous boardwalk system for jogging and exercise, picnic areas with barbecue grills, a children playground. Dawnna cooled her feet in the shallow end of a popular filtered seawater swimming lagoon which can hold as many as 1,000 people, with kiosks overhanging the pool to give bathers shade. The Esplanade includes a skateboard ramp, snack booths and an ecological interpretation center, and a memorial garden. Workers from hotels, offices and shops can bring brown bag lunches here, or eat at the several open air restaurants and cafes lining the Esplanade's peripheral road.

In the late afternoon we took a taxi to the Lakes Resort to freshen up before going out to dinner with my cousin José Ozorio and his wife Susan who live here. (José's two-part article on his camping adventures



One of the four swimming pools at the Lakes Resort in Cairns where the Lusitano group stayed.

in the outback appeared in our fall and winter 2002 issues.)

The Lakes Resort is large condo-like development consisting mostly of three-story buildings in an attractive landscaped setting with meandering waterways including four swimming pools. In the resort were two restaurants, including the Rambutan where we would eat breakfast during our stay. Our second floor unit consisted of a living-dining room with balcony, a bedroom, bath, kitchen, and washer-dryer. Bonnie Braga had placed all of us in a first-class place.

At 6 PM José and Susan Ozorio picked us up and drove us to a vantage point in the surrounding hills and pointed out to us the city's landmarks, its downtown, districts, and Trinity Bay, before we went to have dinner at a restaurant near the Esplanade.

Tuesday, Nov. 15, Great Barrier Reef

Today we were going to the Great Barrier Reef, a network of 2,900 reef systems along the Queensland coast from

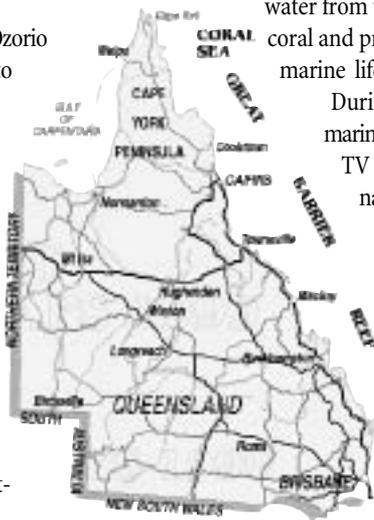
Cape York to Bundaberg, a distance of 1,400 miles. It is a World Heritage marine sanctuary with areas for different uses, but not for fishing or collecting.

An 80 -mile coach ride north from Cairns along the two-lane curving scenic coastal Captain Cook highway brought us to Port Douglas (pop. 4,000) where we boarded a sleek Quicksilver catamaran with other tourists to take us to the Great Barrier Reef. The port's marina was filled with pleasure craft, big game fishing boats, and ferries connecting to the surrounding areas. Once a terminal for exporting gold, silver, sugarcane and logs, Port Douglas now caters to the holiday trade.

In beautiful warm sunny weather and a calm sea, our vessel sped north along the coast past several low-lying rain-forest covered islands, then it turned east towards the Agincourt Reef, a group of small reefs about a mile and a half from the edge of the continental shelf where it drops to a depth of 1,600 feet. Here the clean, clear water from the depths washes over the coral and promotes the growth of marine life – what we came to see.

During our trip, a talk by a marine biologist was shown on the TV monitors discussing on the nature and ecology of the Great Barrier Reef, and the imperative to maintain its pristine environment.

The catamaran soon came alongside a large double-decked platform pontoon anchored on the Coral Sea. It had a galley, dining tables and chairs, decks, and partially submerged enclosures for feeding



Map of Queensland



Above, aerial view of the Quicksilver platform pontoon at the Agincourt reef, a part of the Great Barrier Reef with the catamaran attached on the far side.



An enclosure for scuba and snorkel diving or feeding fish at the Quicksilver platform over the Great Barrier Reef.



Enjoying a buffet lunch at the Quicksilver platform are clockwise from left, Genoveva Roliz Clark, Fabia Braga, Zella Kotala, Manuela Sequeira, and Tila Danenberg.

fish, training novices in snorkelling and scuba diving, anchored on the Coral Sea. According to the Quicksilver brochures, the platform was installed under strict supervision,” and monitored to “detect any visitor impacts.”

Some passengers donned snorkelling or scuba gear to go under water to look at the reef life, while others swam in the warm waters. A few took helicopter rides to have an aerial view of the extensive reefs and Coral Sea. Dawnna and I and about ten others went down below sea level inside a glass-sided submersible, while a marine biologist crew member pointed out the various corals, fishes and other creatures as we cruised slowly by. The water was not as clear as I expected.

Up on the platform others just lazed around, enjoying the beautiful setting, and the rare opportunity of being at a world-class natural resource.

At noon a buffet lunch (including rice for the Asian visitors) was laid out for all on the Quicksilver platform.

At 2:40 PM a blast on the ship’s horn signalled time to return to the catamaran, followed by a passenger count to ensure that everyone was accounted for before the vessel left the platform.

Not long after we were under way, Doreen McKissack told us that she and some others were organizing a barbecue at our resort that evening, and would we be interested. We, FMs are

so food-oriented that while we are eating at one meal, we are always thinking about the next one! Though we had promised our cousins to call them to arrange a get-together on our return, Doreen said, "Invite them!"

Later on our return trip, Maria Roliz asked us to go to one of the tables at the back of the sitting area where there were two cakes she had quietly purchased before leaving Cairns in order to give Dawnna and Hunter a surprise joint birthday party. Dawnna was appreciative and greatly touched by this thoughtful gesture. (Maria said that she was careful not to crush the cakes kept in her backpack while *en route* to the catamaran.)

We returned to Cairns at about 6 PM via Port Douglas, by the same way we came.

That evening, our colleagues put together a delicious barbecue at the swimming pool and patio near our rooms. Maria Roliz, Hunter Choi, and others hailed a taxi and went out of our complex to buy all the necessities for yet another splendid meal. My cousin José Ozorio, wife Susan and daughter Reneé were delighted to join us at the pleasant and salubrious pool-side patio. (In their customary holiday letter to friends and relatives, the Ozorios wrote that they were happy "being made to feel special by all the Lusitano Club who invited us to dine by the pool, and did all the purchasing, preparation and cooking.")

Dawnna says that she will never forget her birthday at the Great Barrier Reef, followed the dinner around the pool with congenial friends and relatives at the Lakes Resort in Cairns.

Wed., Nov. 16, Cairns – Kuranda

Our bus took us to the Kuranda historic train terminal in Cairns where we boarded a 19th century train and railway that had been built to transport gold from the Hodgkinson Goldfield to Cairns. The train winds its way on steep and difficult terrain through 15 tunnels, past Barron Gorge and Falls and Stoney Creek Falls, to reach Kuranda Station. Some 23 con-



Enjoying the sun and fresh air on the catamaran are (from left): Tila Danenberg, Orlanda da Costa, Fabia Braga, Linda Ramones-Tison, and Doreen McKissack



Maria Roliz and husband Hunter Choi wearing bright yellow and blue scuba gear.



Dawnna McDougall with one hand on a glass of wine, and the other ready to cut two birthday cakes, one for her, and the other for Hunter Choi at a surprise party aboard the catamaran.



The historic Kuranda railway, built to take gold from fields in the highlands down to Cairns, was built over difficult terrain and rainforest in the 1800s, here crosses Stoney Creek Falls.



An Aborigine Pamagirri dancer

firmed deaths, and a possible nine others were part of the human cost in its construction.

On our arrival at the Kuranda Village Nature Park, which was filled with visitors, many from the Far East, we transferred by coach to the Rainforestation where we were introduced to Aboriginal culture. (There were some 750,000 Aborigines speaking 300 different languages when the first Europeans came to Australia in the 17th century.)

First, four strapping members of the Pamagirri Aborigine troupe performed vigorous native dances accompanied by traditional instruments.

Next, in a clearing they demonstrated boomerang-throwing. (The first boomerangs were straight, only much later did the native Australians develop the familiar curved ones that would return to the thrower, and were

used against airborne flocks of birds.) When many of us tried our hand at throwing the boomerang, the missiles went wide, hit the roof or the chain-linked protected sides of the walkways.

One native showed us how to blow the didgeridoo, a hand carved tube made from the termite-hollowed out core of a tree, and which emitted a deep bass sound. and another, mentioned in the Guinness Book of World Records, showed his distance spear-throwing prowess.

After lunch we piled into a World War II era amphibious DUKW vehicle for a tour of the 100 acre *Rainforeststation* and its pond. Its original gasoline engine had been modified to run on cleaner burning fuel in keeping with the imperative of conserving the rainforest.

Our guide, a sun-tanned Aussie, looked at us and said, "In California, you have the Governor, but here you have Crocodile Dundee!" As he drove the DUKW into the rainforest, he gave us a humorous and informative guide to its wildlife, and some of the most significant trees, ferns, palms, and flowers, many used by the Aborigines. He singled out an innocuous looking plant with palm sized heart-shaped leaves that stings to the touch, citing the instance during the war when a U.S. servicewoman found herself in the jungle without toilet paper, and used the plant to her detriment, the pain flaring up over six months.



The entrance to Kuranda Village Nature Park



At left, the tour group seated in the amphibious WW II vintage DUKW, waiting to go into the rainforest and its pond. The guide, right, introduced himself as “Crocodile Dundee,” (after the rugged hero, played by Paul Hogan, in the 1986 movie of the same name).



An amphibious DUKW with a load of eco-tourists cruising the rainforest pond in Kuranda.

Touching this plant will give you a sting lasting months.

In the afternoon we boarded the Skyrail, a system of small glassed-enclosed gondolas suspended from cables connecting a series of pylons built over the World Heritage rainforest canopy. Construction of the pylons was by Russian-made heavy duty Kamov helicopters to avoid building any roads that would disturb the forest with its rich and rare vegetation. During the construction of the pylons, workers had to walk over an hour to the construction sites.

Our Skyrail gondola ferried us, four or six at a time, magic carpet style, over the rainforest cover, giving us an unusual close-up view below, and the distant landscape, to the terminal at the bottom of the mountain where our bus awaited us to take us back to our resort.

This evening we had dinner at the Ozorio

home in Cairns, meeting other members of their family, while the rest of our tour group gathered at the patio around the pool, and finished off Tuesday’s leftover barbecued steaks.

Thu. Nov. 17: Cairns – Sydney

We caught the noon flight to Sydney, arriving there at 5 PM. During the aircraft’s descent we had an aerial view of Sydney’s magnificent harbor which, together with those of Hong Kong, Naples, and Rio de Janeiro, are regarded as the world’s most beautiful. Sydney is also famous for its Harbor Bridge known to natives as the “coathanger,” its Opera House, and its surfing beaches.

Sydney with a population of 4 million is New South Wales’s capital and oldest city. It was founded in 1788 when 750 convicts, 210



A Skyrail cableway gondola glides over the rain-forest towards its Cairns terminal in the lowlands.

marines and 40 women and children, settled in the Rocks area, sometimes referred to as “the birthplace of Australia.”

After our arrival at the airport, a coach picked us up, and its driver gave us a running commentary of the city as he drove us in rush hour traffic to an old restaurant for dinner. The historic Phillip’s Foote pub-restaurant is one of the oldest in the Rocks district, which, together with the Circular Quay area, straddle the southern end of the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

The Phillip’s Foote building was restored in the 1970s to its original Colonial flavor by a descendant of one of the original convicts, and was named after Capt. Arthur Phillip, the leader of the fleet which carried the convicts to Sydney in 1788, and was probably the first

white man to set foot in Australia. Phillip’s Foote; get it?

Our dinner a bit complicated: it entailed going down from a private dining room on the second floor past the bar, through a courtyard, and up to a room that included a salad bar, and a separate butcher’s counter with a variety of cuts of steaks to choose from, then barbecue the steaks at a grill in another courtyard.

After dinner, we walked from the restaurant a few blocks to our hotel, the Malaysian-owned Art Deco-styled Grace Hotel, which was General Douglas MacArthur’s headquarters for his South Pacific operations in World War II.

Friday, November 18: Sydney Tour

Today’s itinerary consisted of an all-day tour of Sydney including its famous Opera House, a luncheon harbor cruise, and a drive through the city’s most interesting districts.

Our bus dropped us off at the Opera House’s vast forecourt from where the Harbor Bridge can be seen to the left. The Opera House’s sail-like roofs loom over its monumental stairs where spontaneous outdoor performances have taken place. The bridge and Opera House combine to form arresting and indelible image.



Dawna McDougall took this panoramic snapshot of Sydney harbor as the aircraft was on its descent towards the airport. The Harbor Bridge’s arch and the white roofs of the Opera House are at the left of the city center at the top of the picture. Just below the horizon is the harbor outlet to the Tasman Sea.

A guide met our group at the Opera House lobby to give us a tour. She led us upstairs and showed us several of the five auditoriums, lobbies, and foyers and a glimpse of the cavernous space where much of the work on props and scenery are made. We could not see everything in this 1,000 room building not only because of its size, but also because rehearsals, set construction, remodeling, and maintenance were going on, and besides, we had limited time.

The original Opera House was completed in 1973, but has been remodeled since. It is actually a performing arts center holding some 2,400 events a year including 1,700 performances. It comprises the Concert Hall which seats 2,679, the 1547-seat Opera Theater, the Drama Theater with 544 seats, the Playhouse which seats 398 people, and the 364-seat Studio Theater. There are also five rehearsal studios, two main halls, four restaurants, six bars, foyers and lobbies, and numerous souvenir shops.

The Opera House is Sydney's – some say Australia's – icon. It was part of the 2000 Olympics festivities, the Millennium celebrations, and many other events loosely or unrelated to its usual functions. Thousands of people with no interest in opera, music, ballet or theater, come to Bennelong Point to look at its Expressionist architecture, the panoramic views of the harbor and downtown skyline from the promenades, terraces, steps, open spaces, lobbies, restaurants, cafes, and shops.

Our guide gave us a brief description and history of the Opera House, the need for which was seen in the 1940s. In 1955 an international architectural competition drew in 233



Sydney's famous Opera House seen from its forecourt, juts out into the harbor. It has become Sydney's – some say Australia's – icon.

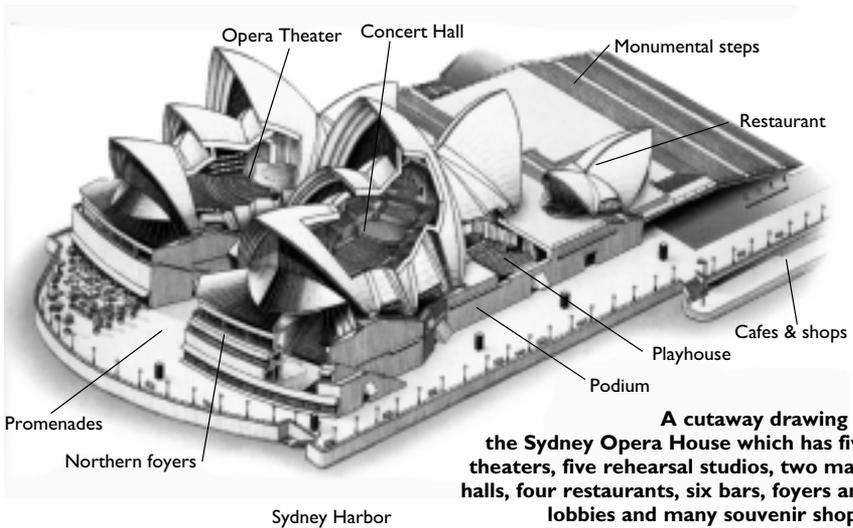
entries. Eero Saarinen, a prominent American architect, and a member of the jury to pick a winner, arrived late in Sydney. He looked at the submissions the jurors had selected as possible finalists, did not like any, and retrieved from the rejected pile of entries, the design by Jorn Utzon, an unknown Danish architect.

Saarinen was impressed at how Utzon's roof forms on the prominent site recalled the billowing spinnakers of a flotilla of sailboats, while contrasting well with the Sydney Harbor Bridge nearby. The roofs also concealed the bulky fly towers which contain scene backdrops directly over the two auditoriums below. He persuaded the jury to award First Prize to Utzon despite some jurors having qualms about the structural feasibility of the roofs.

Utzon called in Ove Arup, a well-known



Another Sydney icon, its Harbor Bridge, dubbed affectionately the "coat-hanger" by locals, as seen from the Opera House forecourt.



A cutaway drawing of the Sydney Opera House which has five theaters, five rehearsal studios, two main halls, four restaurants, six bars, foyers and lobbies and many souvenir shops.

Courtesy Sydney Opera House Trust

Danish structural engineer based in London, to collaborate. But Utzon's parabolic roof shell designs were beyond the engineering technology of the time. For several years the team wrestled with this problem until in 1961 Utzon revised his roof design to comprise heavy ribs formed from a sphere of the same radius (similar to segments of an orange) while still keeping the same exterior shapes.

When the podium and roofs of the building were completed, major delays partially due to unforeseen difficulties, disputes over the interior furnishings, as well as huge cost overruns occurred. When new leadership of the New South Wales government changed, they threatened at times to withhold payment of fees and to install a supervising architect over Utzon. And when it did so, Utzon resigned and returned to Europe, while the government appointed a local firm of architects, with Peter Hall, an inexperienced 33-year old architect as lead designer, to replace him.

After Utzon left, the program radically changed: the original multipurpose hall became solely a concert hall, while the smaller hall was remodeled to include opera to its other uses, causing specialized stage machinery already purchased to be dumped. Three new

smaller auditoriums were added within the podium.

From the beginning Utzon developed the concert hall around good acoustics. When his designs for the interior of the halls were scrapped completely, the acoustics in the remodeled halls were found to be imperfect. (Utzon's original design was later computer modeled and shown to be superb.)

The original cost estimate of the complex in 1957 was A\$7 million. In 1973 Queen Elizabeth opened the Opera House, ten years later than the original government's estimated date of completion, and at a cost of A\$102 million. But by 1977 the total construction amount had been paid off by a lottery.

With the Opera House's universal acclaim, Utzon's reputation received a boost when in 1999 he was recalled to make changes to Peter Hall's Brutalist style interiors of the reception hall and Opera Theater to that of his original design. Utzon, now in his 80s is unwilling to leave his home in Marjorca, Spain, and has designated his son, also an architect, to shuttle between Majorca and Sydney and supervise the renovation.

The controversial Opera House broke all rules, yet it is one of the most striking and

beloved modern buildings in Australia.

Before going on a cruise of Sydney harbor our bus stopped briefly at the historical Mrs. Macquarie's Chair, a scenic point in the Botanical Gardens for some postcard views of the harbor and landmarks.

We arrived just before noon in time to board a sleek multi-decked vessel run by the Captain Cook cruise organization. Our two-hour cruise of Sydney harbor took us from the King Street Wharf east to the harbor opening to the Tasman Sea, and back in a wide loop giving us great views of the downtown skyline, all city major landmarks, the surrounding areas, the upscale houses on the many inlets, peninsulas, and islands. As our vessel left the dock, we were treated to a buffet spread which included the small Bluepoint oysters, prized at Hong Kong eateries in the old days.

The rest of the afternoon consisted of a bus tour of Sydney's most interesting residential districts including the exclusive suburbs of Double Bay and Rose Bay. We stopped to stretch our legs at Watson's Bay and the popular Bondi Beach on the eastern coast, the latter famous for its surfing. Before returning to our hotel we were driven through Paddington, with its beautifully restored colonial terrace houses, and their delicate filigree wrought ironwork.

As the tour schedule gave us a free evening, most of the group went out on their own while Bonnie and Fabia Braga, Orlanda da Costa,



Expensive waterfront homes and apartments with public parks and beaches surround Sydney harbor's inlets, peninsulas and islands.

Dawnna and I were guests for dinner at Therese and Alvaro Alonço's home in the suburbs, about 40 minutes from our hotel.

The evening was enjoyable with news and gossip of relatives and mutual friends, and reminisces of old times. Though we ate well throughout the tour, the excellent *fejjoada* and *capella* Therese prepared was just the Macanese comfort food we craved.

Saturday, November 19, Sydney

In the morning a half of our group went to Featherdale Wildlife Park in Doonside, some 40 minutes away from the city center, to see some of the more than 2,000 native animals such as kangaroos, koalas, emus, wombats, reptiles and birds in a bush setting.

The rest of us wandered around the city center, the waterfront or went to the beach. Some went to the 1,000 ft. high Sydney Tower which offers stunning 360° views of the metropolis. Below its observation deck are three levels of restaurants, two which revolve, and a coffee shop.

Dawnna and I visited the nearby Queen Victoria Building, an ornate 19th century glass domed and roofed four story shopping arcade which occupies an entire block, is lively with people, and contains 200 upscale shops and cafes. Pierre Cardin, the French fashion designer, called it "the most beautiful shopping center in the world."

Dawnna and I first wandered around the upper floor galleries from where one could see the shops across the open central space, and below – all open to the roof – before grabbing a sandwich at a cafe on the ground floor. A marvellous people place.

Later we had afternoon tea at our hotel with some of Hong Kong University architectural alumni now retired in Sydney.

In the evening our tour group went to the Waterfront restaurant in one of the refurbished 19th century Campbell Storehouses at the Circular Quay near the base of the Sydney



The Galleria of the ornate Queen Victoria Building which Pierre Cardin called the most beautiful shopping center in the world.

Harbor Bridge for a seafood dinner.

Sunday, November 20, Sydney

On an overcast day, with no events scheduled until the evening, Dawnna and I visited Darling Harbor and Cockle Bay, west of our hotel. In the 1980s this former industrial and shipping district was successfully redeveloped into a cultural and visitor-oriented area including the Sydney Aquarium, the National Maritime Museum, the Motor Museum and Gallery, the Powerhouse Museum, the



An attractive promenade with parks, restaurants, museums, a convention center, hotels and apartments, runs around Cockle Bay and Darling Harbor which are close to Sydney's city center.

Convention and Visitor Center, supporting hotels, the Harbourside Shopping Complex, the Imax movie theater, and the Chinese Garden of Friendship. These uses were tied together by a system of promenades, pavilions, parks and fountains and ponds, wharves, docks, interspersed with indoor and outdoor restaurants and cafes.

Among the exhibits we saw at the National Maritime Museum were those on Australia's early navigators; Kay Cottee's *Blackmores First*

Lady yacht which she sailed alone around the world, and Ken Warby's Spirit of Australia – the fastest boat in the world. Another exhibit on *Passengers – the Long Sea Voyage* covered the conditions in which convicts, migrants, refugees, World War II Displaced Persons, luxury passengers encountered coming to Australia. It traced what difficulties newcomers to this country faced, how they survived, and ultimately prospered.

We then walked south along the Cockle Bay promenade which was busy with people enjoying being at the water's edge, or grabbing a bite at the many cafes and restaurants, and where views of the downtown skyline could be seen. A local music school's big band, seated in a pavilion, played 40s and 50s jazz and dance arrangements to an appreciative audience.

We walked past the Harbourside Shopping Complex, an attractive tall, glass-enclosed galleria, towards the Convention Center. We stopped momentarily watching a glib magician exhorting a reluc-



The water environment, open space and the promenades of Cockle Bay extend inland to a commercial recreation complex where an IMAX theater, shops, cafes and restaurants as well as hotels, cater to visitors, convention goers, and locals.

Restaurant in Chinatown. Over 250 people filled the large barrel vaulted room. Guests at the head table included the Portuguese Consul General, Chinese Consular officials, and representatives of the Macau Tourist Office .

Yvonne Herrero, president of the Casa de Macau National Macanese Association in Australia and other casa representatives welcomed us. Lusitano president Maria Roliz and Yvonne Herrero exchanged gifts on behalf of their clubs. Our tour members

were asked to stand on the dais to be recognized and photographed with Sydney and Australian state *casa* representatives.

Australia’s Casa de Macau was originally founded in Sydney and based there. Traditionally New South Wales which has the largest mem-

tant crowd to participate in some trick. Then we meandered past the IMAX theater complex oriented to a large reflecting pond, to a kiosk where two clowns on stilts had a crowd laughing, before we found a quiet spot under jacaranda trees in bloom to rest.

We found and lingered a while at the walled Chinese Friendship Garden which was a gift to Sydney from its sister city Guangzhou (Canton) in 1988 to mark the Australian Bicentennial. Chinese gardens are conceived as places of contemplation and tranquility, and their changes in level, planting, and waterways represent mountains, forests, valleys, lakes and oceans in microcosm.

Only 2.5 acres in area, the garden seems bigger because Guangdong Landscape Bureau’s designers have skillfully arranged a progression of changing visual experiences with ponds and open spaces that disappear behind picturesque rocks, pavilions, a tea-house, bridges and hills, giving the illusion of more space than actually exists. Photographs don’t do justice to show off this splendid garden. It has to be experienced by walking through it.



The beautiful Chinese Friendship Gardens designed by the Guangdong Landscape Bureau, is a gift from Guangzhou, Sydney’s sister city.



Yvonne Herrero, president of Australia's Casa de Macau, and Maria Roliz, Lusitano president, at the Xmas party in Sydney.



At the same party were Charito and Carlos Remedios. Carlos and the author were teammates in the Braves softball team in Hong Kong, and have not seen each other since the mid-fifties.

see the tour end. Most of us were strangers at the beginning, but now, we had developed a camaraderie. Before leaving the Casa de Macau party Dawnna had said that we needed a nightcap for the next day most of the group would be returning to California, six were flying to New Zealand, while she and I would be

bership, now 370, makes up committee members. Other states have representatives who, in the main are nominated, not voted in hence they do not vote; their main function being to coordinate between their state and the Casa's committee. Current membership: Queensland, 110; Victoria, 90; South Australia, 60; Australian Capital Territory (Canberra), 40; Western Australia, 25; and Tasmania, 7.

Our Lusitano group were reacquainted with old friends and relatives, some they hadn't seen in years. Dawnna and I sat at a table which included Alvaro and Teresa Alonço (she helped arrange the banquet). Carlos Remedios, and his wife Charita. I also met Stuart Braga, a new Bulletin contributor (his father taught me building construction at H.K.U.); Sunti Rozario, a former officer and still active in her *casa*; Minas and Adrienne Carasellos.

For the children, Santa Claus came earlier than usual to present gifts to them. John Paul Ware was Santa's helper. This happy event, for which we must thank our hosts, for the banquet and entertainment was the final event of our tour.

When we returned to the hotel, we found the rest of our group sitting in the lobby as if no one wanted to

heading to Perth.

The bar was closed but Miguel Roliz "miraculously" pulled out a bottle of port while others found glasses. We toasted each other. Someone began singing Christmas carols with Miguel and Zella Kotala belting out all the lyrics and leading the cacophonous pack, filling the darkened lobby for half an hour before everyone bid each other Godspeed, went upstairs to pack, and go to bed.

It was a fitting end to a terrific trip which exposed us to Australia and the Aussies. I admire their great country, their cities, their love of sports, their sense of humor, their can-do attitude, their down-to-earth qualities, their bravery in war, and them.

A bouquet to Bonnie Braga for her meticulous tour arrangements, and for her flexibility in accommodating changes requested by participants. We saw marvelous places, stayed in excellent hotels, ate fine food, and had reliable transportation. We also thank her for the use of her photos in this account. We are grateful to Maria Roliz for initiating the tour, coordinating with Bonnie, and for their many kindnesses to us during the tour. ■



Zella Kotala and Miguel Roliz belt out Christmas carols in the hotel lobby the night before the group dispersed.

Over 300 including 60 Children Enjoy our Xmas Party at Elks Club, South San Francisco

By DAWNNA MCDOUGALL

A party not to be missed! That's what Michael and I realized after attending this year's Christmas Party at the South San Francisco Elks Club on December 17.

It had been several years since my husband and I had attended a Lusitano Christmas party, and now we know what we've been missing! It was a most festive and spirited evening with lively conversation, drinks, dinner and dancing to the music of Alice and the Waves and disk jockey Devon Pennix.

Michael and I had been urged to attend this party by many of those we had just traveled with on the club-sponsored Australian tour (see page 16), making for a lively reunion with Mary Lou and Jerry Hook, Doreen and Dave McKissick, Manuela and Luiz Sequeira, Fernanda and Humberto Barros, Orlanda da Costa, Tila Danenberg, Nicky & Kam Wu, and Mamie Roliz Clark.

Upon our arrival, Bill Orescan was among those who warmly greeted us. During the evening we visited with Therese and Fred Hyndman, Pinky da Silva, Sheila Collaco, Jorge and Raquel Remedios, Merlinda and Ron Brown, Virginia and Gordon Yoshida and their daughter Sharon. It was wonderful to see Rigo Roliz in good spirits after his recent health problems. Those we hadn't seen in a while included Philip Ozorio, Mike Souza Alex and Maureen Xavier.

The dinner menu was well chosen, and efficiently served. Much to my delight, accompanying the ice cream dessert was *jenete* and *alua* – such a nice traditional touch! Gone are the days when the McDougall Clan had several cakes of *alua* made by the late Flavio da Luz to share with others at Christmas. So a special *abrigado* to Bill Orescan for preparing the *alua* and to Dorothy Oliveira for the *jenete*! It's not Christmas without these Macanese sweetmeats.



Santa waves to the photographer after giving little Jaida da Luz a gift as she sits on his lap.



Santa Claus gets a big hug from Christopher Javier after receiving his present while Teresa and Maria Roliz look on approvingly.



Jeremy Shafter teaches Milo Vella (left) and other children how to make Origami folded paper objects.

We brought along our six-year old grandson, Milo Vella, and our youngest daughter Deanna. Initially, Milo was a little reluctant to come with us – going to an Elks Club to him sounded curious, but a chance to see Santa made the invitation a bit more attractive – maybe he thought we meant it was at the Reindeer Club!

At any rate, all hesitation was soon abandoned when Santa was sighted (Nelson Chinchilla), soon followed by Jeremy, the unicycle riding juggler who made big colorful origami designs to accompany countless tricks and stories. Like a Pied Piper, Jeremy held all the 60 some children in his enchanting spell, excited, and in awe of his tricks. (For those parents, grandparents, and teachers who might be interested, Jeremy Shafter has published a book, *Origami to Astonish and Amuse*. He lives in Berkeley, and is available for private and school functions.)

After dinner, my husband Michael was called to the stage where the club’s board of directors were assembled. There they honored him with a framed pencil portrait of the Lusitano Bulletin Editor, drawn specially for the occasion by Hunter Choi.

On our way home, Milo told us it was the best party he had ever attended – it was certainly the latest he had ever stayed up. He was dismayed that he had even considered not going to the party with us. He made certain we understood he wanted us to attend the party

next year with Aunt Deanna, and his mom, dad and his younger brother!

It’s a wonderful tradition for the club to sponsor this annual Christmas celebration and invite the children and seniors as guests. There were over 300 attending this year, spanning four generations! If you attend only one of the club’s events during the year, this might be the one! (*Lusitano’s annual picnic is also a wonderful event to attend – Ed.*) Our president, Maria Roliz, the entire Lusitano Board of Directors and club volunteers are to be complimented for arranging a memorable evening. Can we put our names in for next year? ■



Above, Jeremy unfolds his origami into a huge multicolored spiral five feet across (below). He also juggles on his unicycle.



Cicero Rozario's P.O.W. Memoirs

Experiences at Shamshuipo & Sendai Camps — Part 1 of 2 parts.

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

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

Shamshuipo Camp

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

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

Besides the Volunteers, there was the Royal Scots and Middlesex Regiments, one Indian artillery regiment, one Chinese Field Ambulance Section, and the two Canadian Regiments – the Royal Rifles of Canada, and the Winnipeg Grenadiers. After the Chinese and Indians were later released, there was a rumour that we (the Portugese) would also be

released, but this never happened.

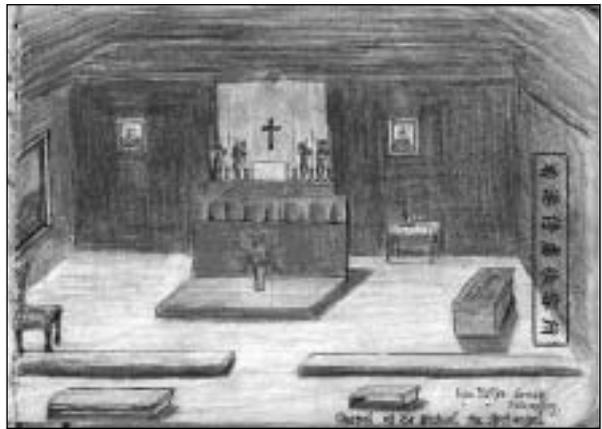
It was winter and very cold, and the windows and the doors of the huts had all been looted so we had to go scrounging (a polite word for stealing) for pieces of wood and corrugated metal sheets to fabricate our own with the help of the Royal Engineers.

POWs allowed to send only one letter a month

We were allowed to write one letter a month which was only sent out after being cen-

sored by the Japanese. What you could say: "Dear Mom, How are you? I'm well. Your loving son."

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



Cicero Rozario's sketch of the makeshift St. Michael's Chapel, which was built by the Royal Engineers at Shamshuipo. Fr. Green, the Catholic chaplain, said Mass daily.

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

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

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

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

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

We had a first-aid station under a tree and the sick could go there to rest and recuperate. On the first day, there were two or three of us. The next day, there were ten. Then everybody got into the



Cicero Rozario's sketch from Shamshuipo camp of the explosion from the American bombing of Lai Chi-kok oil storage in 1942.

act until the Japanese sentries chased us away with fixed bayonets. Then it was back to normal, with two or three genuine patients, for the others preferred not to get "sick." Anyway, at Kai Tak, the grass was so long that you could go to sleep and the guards couldn't see you.

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

The other big job was at Aberdeen. We had to take oil and kerosene drums down to the pier and then later load them on to a barge to be taken to Lai Chi-kok Socony (Standard Oil Company of New York) Installation. There were so many drums that it took us six months to clear the godowns.

We got up at 5:00 AM, had breakfast, and waited on the parade ground to be counted.

Then we were put on a barge which took over an hour to reach Aberdeen. Most of us slept on the barge and others chatted and read books. The Japanese brought in a lot of books giving us quite a good library. *(The books were looted from private libraries in the Colony– Ed.)*

Allies bomb targets in Hong Kong

While we were working on the drums, an Allied spotter plane flew over us every morning. The air-raid siren went and the Japanese guards ran up the hills, far away from the drums. We sat on the drums, and as we had our own spies, we knew the same spotter plane came over every morning. The American bombers never bombed the prison camp as if they knew where we worked.

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

The fire in Lai Chi Kok burned for a week. Every day, we took our bowl of rice at dinner time to the field and

watched the huge fire, singing "Over there, everywhere, the Yanks are coming." By the third day, the Japanese guards were also singing with us. If they found out what we were singing they would have set on us with bayonets.

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

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

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

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

In the beginning, the cook house was staffed by the Royal Engineers, but later on, it was mostly 'our boys', so we had to do the firewood, chopping up whole trees which were wet and knotty. Every time you took a chop at it, the axe would fly out and you were left with the handle. The Japanese gave us pick axes instead but the same thing happened. We dreaded this chopping business.

Every hut had to have a man at the door doing guard duty in case the Japanese ever wanted to know how many people were inside. Everyone took turns for a two-hour guard duty



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



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

and I always chose the 4:00 to 6:00 AM shift. At 4:00 AM, someone would wake me up, and I'd say, "OK," and go back to sleep. I was never caught.

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

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

You could be called on at any time to do some work, and while playing cards one day, we heard the sergeant-major call, "Sergeant, I need five men."

All of us promptly jumped out of the window of the hut, so that when the sergeant looked in, he saw an empty hut. He then went to the waterfront, and collared those who were enjoying the walks and sight-seeing. But when the sergeant came back, he was surprised to find a hut full of men.

But woe to you if you ever were assigned to do a hospital



"Roll call. The Japanese sentry is seen counting the prisoners at night. After an escape, Japanese made each prisoner responsible for a group of his friends. Also every night one prisoner in the hut had to check and report numbers present, sometimes as often as ten times a night." (A. V. Skvortsov.)



Daily Roll Call – the prisoners of war at Shamshuipo were counted twice a day and several times each night.

job. It was dysentery time and you had to wash the bed-pans. The moment you brought one in, they would give you another one until you hoped that they would all die.

Health problems

Some men did die of dysentery. When my uncle had it, he weighed only 40 lbs. I could have carried him on his

stretcher by myself. The Japanese sent him to Queen Mary Hospital, and after three months, he returned. When I saw him, I said "Uncle, I thought you were dead." He chased me around the room.

When there was an infestation of bugs, flies and rats during the dysentery outbreak, the Japanese offered a packet of cigarettes for every 100 flies

caught. Some of the prisoners went around with their drinking mugs to catch flies. If they caught a big fly they would break it in two; that way, they would earn their packet of cigarettes anyway as the Japanese didn't bother to count the pests.

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

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

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



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

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

After a month or so, I had another bad tooth. This time, he got me out of the queue and said, "You, first." He tugged and once again I screamed, only the screaming was no acting as my tooth was being

pulled without any painkillers – we didn't have any.

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

Some of the prisoners had pelegra, the cure for which was a no-salt diet, so we had no salt for six months. Everything was tasteless. As it was, most of the time we just

had half a mess tin of rice, and a bowl of hot water, twice a day. Sometimes we had vegetables. The same stuff for six months – chrysanthemum leaves, chili water, etc. The English engineers threw out the *pei-tan* (preserved black eggs) because they looked "rotten."

Fights

Most of the guys in the camp were already hot-tem-

pered, and as we were given chili water many fights occurred among us. I remember one fight where one of our boys was beating up this other guy, and he turned to us and said in Macanese, "Stop the fight. I'm out of breath." We stopped the fight and called it a draw to save face for the *kwai-loh*.

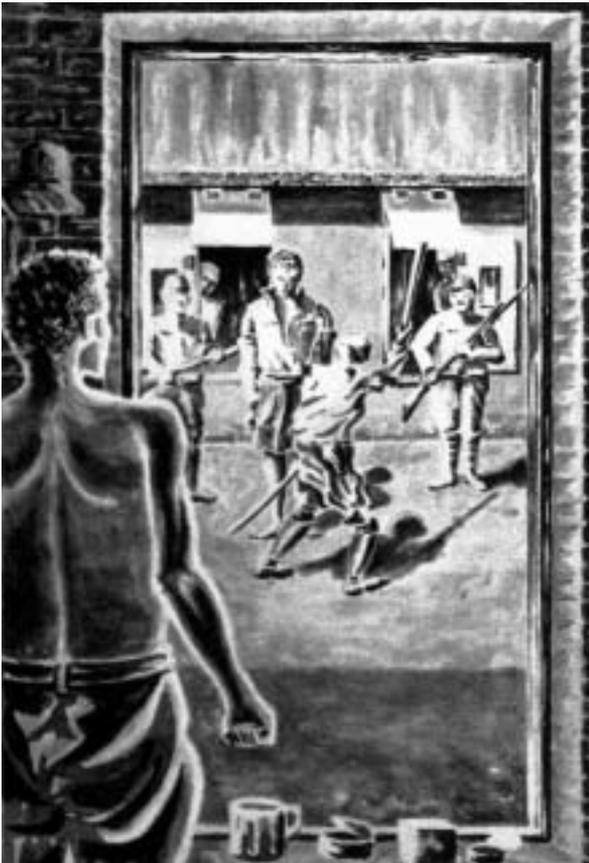
One of the prisoners was a bully who kept picking on small and sickly people. One

time, he picked on a tall American seaman who also happened to be a boxer. They sparred until the American hit the bully on the mouth knocking out his false teeth, stopping the fight. Everyone helped look for his teeth, and when these were found, the fight continued. But eventually we had to stop it as it was too one-sided. After that the bully was very careful who he picked on.

Escapes

With outside help there were a few escapes from the camp. Whenever there was an escape the whole camp had to parade on the football field as punishment for as long as twelve hours, and sometimes in the rain. We would have to miss a meal. Eventually barbed wire was placed in the nullahs (open drainage channels) to deter escapes. The Japanese also made us sign a paper saying we would not escape.

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



Skvorzov sketch illustrates typical Japanese treatment of prisoners at Shamshuipo. Seen above is an Officer being struck with a heavy stick by a Japanese NCO.

broken high heel.

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

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

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

Canteen Prices			
1944		1945	
Liver Salt	MY 4 10	Towel (Medium)	2.00
Ringworm Ointment	1.18	Donkey Blades	.30
Saxofon	.70	Toilet Soap Y 47	.80
Ronjolia	.85	Boot Polish	.90
Bicarb. (Viking) 24g	5.40	Comb	.90
Bicarbonate of Soda	1.80	Hair Pomade	1.50
Marcurochone	1.20	Tar Soap (Viking)	6.50
Dorisea	.90	Shaving Stick	3.55
Mackinon Yami Tah	4.10	Talcum Powder	.50
Zipe Ointment	.60	Tin Opener	1.00
Iodine	1.10	Bucket	2.65
Vitamin	1.20	Mirror	.56
Sulfur Ointment	.60	Tooth Paste	1.20
Epsom Salt	2.40	Toilet Paper	2.18
Adhesive Tape	1.30	Adhesive Tape	1.10
Alcohol 20 Tablets	9.00	Closet Pegs	.10
Tiger Balm (1.50/100)	.50	Nasal Spray Bottle	.40
Zam Buk	6.00	Collar Keel	1.50
Antiseptic	4.10	Pencils 50	.10
Biogenin	3.60	Washing Soap	1.00
Enamel Mug	1.80	Boot Brush	.70
Enamel Plate	3.25	Cigarette Paper	.25

(Above and right on opposite page) Price list, in Japanese Military Yen, of goods for sale at the camp canteen. POWs begged, borrowed, bartered, and stole to purchase food and other items for sale at the camp canteen to augment their meager diets.

play mahjong, and now she is fully occupied.)

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

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

One night, one of the POWs filled his tin and threw it out

Curry Powder	5.-	Yellow Beans (1 lb)	1.15
Curry Paste	5.-	Plain Beans (2 oz)	1.15
Pineapple	2.90	Tauhi Beans (5 lbs)	1.15
Fresh Ginger	2.15	Pork & Beans	1.40
Beef Caud	1.80	Chili Sauce	1.00
Tulipio Sugar Cubes	3.00	Shrimp Sauce	2.75
Table Salt	1.70	Worcestershire Sauce	.90
Onions	1.65	Chef Sauce	3.60
Boys Milk Powder	7.85	Peppr (per lb)	5.00
Mushroom Sauce	1.70	Honey	5.00
Tobacco (4 lb)	5.40	Golden Syrup (2 lb)	5.75
Oysters	1.20	Black Treacle	5.10
Soy Sauce	1.80	Meat Paste	2.00
Jim (480)	2.45	Cigars	1.00
Rock Salt	.85	Tonato Catsup (2 lb)	22.-
Japanese Fish	3.50	Vinegar	10.-
Conard Mulkay Beef	8.00	Eggs (Chicken) (do. 150)	75
Tomatoes	1.50	Oyster Sauce	5.75
Coffee (per lb)	8.50	Playing Cards (50 cards)	50
Lima Beans	3.85	Cigarettes (Marblason)	.95
Rice Balls	8.40		
Gasric (1.00)	80		



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

The Japanese brought in a lot of sports equipment for the prisoners to use in their spare time. We played baseball, soccer, hockey, tennis, volleyball and even lawn-bowls, but the bowls didn't last very long as we were playing on sand. The little grass was reserved for

smokers who weren't to know until two decades later that they were also smoking grass. We were just prisoners.

Some of the boys also learned bridge and chess.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Every Christmas, we wished



Rozario delineated the contents of British Red Cross & Order of St. John's food parcels for the POWs who were on starvation rations, and were constantly thinking about food.

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

Trading outside the camp fence

Despite the grimness of camp, there were lighter moments. We used to buy some provisions from outside. In the beginning, we were buying Chinese cakes for a dollar, but later the cakes shrank from a five inch diameter to

one inch so that they could fit through the fence when only a few guards were around. You would take the cake in a "one-two-three" grab as the seller outside would take the money simultaneously.

Once a POW tore a dollar bill in half and bought a bag of sugar this way. The prisoner had the sugar and the Chinese outside the fence got cheated with half a dollar. The POW had a good laugh. The next day he went hunting again with the other half of his dollar.

But this time the Chinese seller with the sugar was disguised, and when "one-two-three" was called, they grabbed simultaneously. The seller now had the other half of his dollar, but the POW got his comeuppance with only a packet of sand!

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

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

The married and older POWs constantly worried about their wives and children on the outside. We, the younger people between 20 years and 30 years

old, did our best to help these married people, joking and telling them funny stories. Thank heavens they listened and joined in.

Morale boosters

Morale of the men in camp was boosted by music and stage shows produced by the camp inmates. The late Johnny Fonseca who was very popular in camp, and well known even to the English and Canadians POWs, did a lot for our boys with his guitar. He accompanied us while we sang with some *kwai-los* joining in.

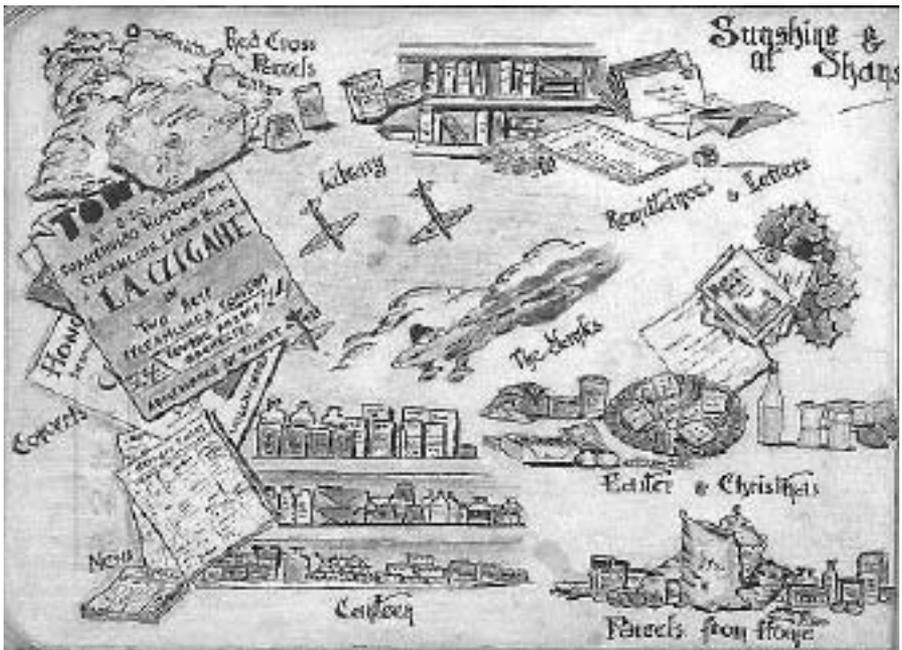
We also had concerts for which full credit must be

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

The Japanese camp commandant, his entourage, and some outside friends usually came to these events, occupying the first three rows in the improvised theater, arriving in limousines, while we looked

at them the way movie fans ogle the stars when they arrive for the Oscar awards in Hollywood.

Before I say something about George Ainslie, a good friend who at 18 or 19 was our youngest POW at Sham shui-po, I must digress: He and I (and others) used to dive together at the old Victoria Recreation Club (V.R.C.) on the Hong Kong waterfront. At first, we were diving from the lower one-meter board, then the three-meter board, and then from the verandah into the pool. We couldn't go any higher so we dove from the window in the clubhouse into the sea. Finally, we ended up



Cesar Rozario reflected the hopes of thousands in camp with his drawing, “Sunshine & (?) at Shamshui-po” which was a compilation of things that boosted a POW’s morale: remittances of money, letters from home, Red Cross parcels, Easter and Christmas holidays, concerts, the camp library, news, advances and victories by the Americans.



“On waterfront at Shamshuipo camp. Despondent and without much hope of survival,’ commented Skvorzov on his drawing, “many prisoners before retiring to their huts, used to sit on concrete blocks watching the sunset.”

on the roof of the building, and looked down. All we could say was, "Jeepers," so we climbed down, but one of the guys slipped and fell into the sea. It was then that we saw the huge crowd on the waterfront having a free show. But the show must go on.

The height was scary; about seven storeys high, and to add to the danger, the water below

was relatively shallow, being at low tide. Our hearts must have stopped as we took the plunge which, seemingly took a long time to reach the water. But all of us: Eddie (Monkey) Roza, Lionel Roza-Pereira, Peter Rull, Manaely Roza, Hugo Ribeiro and a guy called Pullen, took the plunge. I had a stiff neck for a week. Now back to Shamshuipo camp.

George Ainslie died of diphtheria in the prison camp and Pullen died in the war. David Hutchinson was the fellow with the scabies, and fainted when they scrubbed his back. He was very friendly with our boys as he was a member of the V.R.C. and the Colony's 100-yard swimming champion. (After the war, he went to Australia, married an Australian Catholic girl, became a Catholic himself, and went to mass every day. I'm quite sure a lot of us don't go to mass every day – not yours truly anyway – but if you say there is a mahjong game at 6:00 AM, I bet a lot of us will get up at 5:00 AM.)

(To be continued)

Thanks to Stuart Braga of Sydney who sent us reproductions of Lieut. A.V. Skvorzov's out-of-print and rare "Chinese Ink & Brush Sketches of Prisoner of War Camp Life in Hong Kong, 1941-5. ■

LUSITANO ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT

(SCHEDULE A) REPORT OF 2005 SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

	Income	Expenses	Gain (Loss)
RA.E.M. Anniv./Chinese New Year Party	13,852.99	13,678.67	174.32
Youth Meet & Greet	0.00	105.77	(105.77)
Portuguese Clambake	1,530.00	1,599.89	(69.89)
Portuguese Food Fair	1,276.00	1,069.04	206.96
Annual Picnic	1,107.00	915.91	191.09
Macau Food Fair & Casino Day	1,329.00	1,111.70	217.30
Autumn Dinner Dance	2,905.00	3,308.92	(403.92)
Annual Christmas Party	3,774.00	10,585.19	(6,811.19)
TOTALS	\$25,773.99	\$32,375.09	(\$6,601.10)

NET 2005 SOCIAL FUNCTIONS CLUB SUBSIDIZED AMOUNT \$6,601.10

REPORT OF INCOME & EXPENSES FOR YEAR ENDED DEC. 31, 2005

REVENUES

Bank charges	\$163.00	
Donations to Red Cross, Macau	5,050.63	
Gift Reimbursements	309.50	
Grant – Fundação Oriente	2,000.00	
Membership Dues	7,260.00	
Insurance Refund	215.00	
Interest from Banks	5,621.28	
Cookbook & T-shirt Sales	1,800.00	
Social Functions Income	25,773.99	
Total Revenues		48,193.99

EXPENSES

Bank charges	24.00	
Cookbooks & T-shirt Purchases	1,890.75	
Donations to Red Cross, Macau	6,000.00	
Entertainment	1,221.20	
Gifts	103.34	
Insurance	4,219.00	
Legal fees	200.00	
Meetings	359.89	
Office supplies	436.05	
Printing	4,495.46	
Scholarship Award	2,000.00	
Shipping & Postage	2,635.21	
Social Functions (<i>see Schedule A</i>)	32,375.09	
Taxes	10.00	
Website hosting	214.00	
Total Expenses		56,183.99
NET LOSS FOR 2005		(7,990.59)

BALANCE SHEET AS OF DECEMBER 31, 2005

ASSETS

Total Assets (Cash in the bank)	\$212,111.62
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LIABILITIES

Total Liabilities (Outstanding checks)	1,307.00
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TOTAL NET WORTH

Beginning Balance 1/1/05	\$218,795.21
Ending balance 12/31/05	210,804.62
Decrease in Funds	7,990.59

CERTIFICATION BY CORPORATE OFFICER

I, Maria Roliz, certify that I am an officer of Lusitano Club of California authorized to make this certification and that the statements in the Annual Financial Report were prepared without an audit from the books and records of the club.

Dated January 15, 2006

Filhomacs Here & There

SNAPSHOTS OF FM LIFE IN CALIFORNIA & ABROAD

A miscellany of photographs of FMs in California and Australia.



Mario Noronha's photo of a scene at Barker Dam in California's Joshua Tree National Park, was Konica-Minolta's photo-of-the-week last December. He is the son of the late Carlos Noronha. To see a color reproduction, go on-line to:

(<http://kmpii.konicaminolta.us/eprise/main/kmpii/content/about/photocontest/POTWGalleryResults>).



Brian McDougall of Oakland recently caught this sturgeon in San Francisco Bay off Alameda. The fish exceeded the 90 pound limit of his scale. Brian is the son of Gerry and Virgie McDougall of Dublin.

Note to our readers:

Readers are invited to submit single 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 page 51



Three generations of the José and Susan Ozorio family who live in Cairns, some of whom met the Lusitano tour group during their recent visit. From left, daughters Renée and Danielle; granddaughters Heather and Ashley; Susan & José.



Emile Noronha, 16, plays French horn and flute with the Newcastle University Orchestra, and sings in an award-winning choir. He has had a long but exponential recovery from surgery to remove a benign brain tumor, causing short term loss of coordination and memory, weight gain, yet he has gotten his school certificate despite being absent for eight months. He now has a Learner's permit to drive. Emile is the son of Alberto and Therese Noronha of Sydney. We wish him well.

From left, Frank and Vivienne Correa, Dawnna and Mike McDougall, Marilyn and Bosco Correa at a Chinese dinner hosted by the Correas in Melbourne. Mike last saw Frank and Bosco in Hong Kong in the fifties.



At the Sydney Casa de Macau Welcome Lusitano Tour – Chistmas party were from left, Adrienne Carassellos, Gerald Ozorio, and Mina Carassellos.



Stuart Braga at the Sydney Casa de Macau Welcome Lusitano Tour – Chistmas party. His article on the liberation of Hong kong in August 1945, appeared in our Fall 2006 issue. Stuart is the author of several books on Australian military history.



In Sydney, Alvaro and Therese Alonços hosted several Lusitano members as guests. Sitting, from left: Bonnie Braga, Orlanda da Costa and Flavia Braga. Standing, Mike McDougall, Therese and Alvaro Alonço.

Macanese Beauties Remembered

Readers may have noticed that we have a long-established custom of leaving obituaries to our sister publications, but we have run, for example, photos of *nossa gente* (our people) such as former World War II POWs who have departed, in their younger days. Below, we remember two Macanese beauties who recently passed away in Australia, shown in the bloom of their youth.

Diane d'Almada Higgs (left) in a photo taken a few years ago in Melbourne with her brother Gerald d'Almada, and sister Estelle d'Almada Ozorio, passed away on Feb. 12, 2006 in Brisbane, after a long illness. Diane, who was born in 1936, leaves behind another brother Peter, her husband Dick Higgs, daughter Linda, sons Richard and Andrew, and many other relatives.



Mildred Osmund Noronha, at far left in this photo taken in Hong Kong in the early 1950s with **Regina Ribeiro Noronha**, **Helen (Nena) Ribeiro Roza**, died on November 28, 2006 in Sydney, aged 84. She was the wife of the late Eddy Noronha, the sister of Leo Osmund, the mother of Alberto, Diane and Camille, and five grandchildren.

LUSITANO BULLETIN



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Editor: Michael McDougall

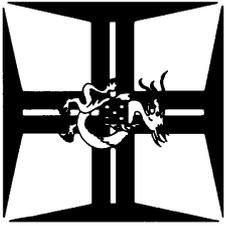
Bulletin format designer: Leslie McDougall

Editor's address: 3040 Johnson Avenue, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

Phone (805) 543-9318 **E-mail:** lusibull@charter.net

President's Office: 582 Market Street, #1905, San Francisco, CA 94104-5320

Phone (415) 397-0767 **Fax** (415) 397-0835 **E-mail:** m_roliz@yahoo.com



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582 Market St., #1905
San Francisco CA 94104-5320



Perspective rendering of the proposed remodeling of the Macau Cultural Center in Fremont. Architect: Antonio Jorge da Silva AIA. (See page 6).

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