ANCKORN: And I remember one day, myself and Bill Wilder, another artist, passed Pinky Kerswell in camp . . . we were walking along, just for fun. And some Jap guards came along, and they looked at him, and he's going, "Boom." Then you hear, "Ba-doom, ba-doom, ba-doom, ba-doom, ba-doom, ba-doom." And then he got out of this non-car, went round the front and was doing this [Anckorn mimes turning the crank], "Ba-doom-do ba-doom-do." And it suddenly roared into life again, and he rushed back and jumped in and went [off] with screeching tires. He was doing all these noises. And the Japs . . . they just looked like this [Anckorn makes a startled, puzzled expression]. And Bill Wilder nearly fell over, he couldn't stand for laughing. And I must say, we laughed our heads off. The Japs laughed as well. And I think they thought he was quite mad . . . 'cause he used to do this whenever he was working, he'd made these noises.

Excerpted from an interview by Sears A. Eldredge with Fergus Anckorn.

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