

Within four hours of leaving them we ran full into another bunch. This crowd were armed with Mausers, but for reasons which will appear presently it would be unfair to describe them as bandits. They were mainly Chinese negroes and most of them seemed to have relatives in Jamaica. Their leader was named Lee—Mr. Lee. He wore Chinese trousers with a coat and waistcoat in European style and a slouch felt hat. Round his waist were three rows of bullets and a Mauser hung on either side. He had two gold watches on one arm and magnificent rings on every finger. When we first met I offered him my Onoto fountain pen as a peace offering, but he gave it back to me, saying it was too cheap!

He told us his was one of the many unrecognized guerrilla bands in South China. He depended on village folk to assist him with supplies. If they refused, he burned their villages down. All in all, he was as bloodthirsty an old rogue as you could ever hope to meet. But, once having satisfied himself we were really escaped prisoners, he seemed to take a great fancy to us. Indeed, he invited us to remain with him, promising that he would make our fortunes within twelve months. His offer tempted all three of us—the life looked good to us—and it was with much reluctance that we refused it.

While we were sitting round a fire in his house one evening he told us there was a Japanese Divisional Headquarters only a quarter of a mile away. He took us to the top of a nearby hillock, and from there we could see a Japanese sentry silhouetted against the sky. Indicating the sentry, Mr. Lee remarked: "We shoot that b— every Saturday!"

It wasn't so easy to leave Mr. Lee, and when we did finally say goodbye to him we did so with genuine regret. He gave us a guide, and on our first day's journey we covered nearly thirty miles. This march brought us to the headquarters of a Captain Wong, who welcomed us heartily. Captain Wong's job was to embarrass the Jap lines of communication and to train young men for guerrilla warfare under his command. These trainees were no more than twelve or fifteen years of age, but their discipline

and self-denial were incredible. In the short time we were at this camp, they destroyed four Japanese lorries, killed 130-odd infantrymen, and captured a considerable quantity of arms and equipment.

Captain Wong agreed to have us conducted through the Jap lines to Free China or the first unit of the regular Chinese Army, whichever was the nearer. We crossed the Canton-Kowloon railway by night, and were then passed from village to village, the inhabitants of which fed and cared for us as we went.

The time of our journey was the Chinese New Year and many of the villages we passed through had in celebration been freshly white-washed and decorated with picturesque signs. These villages were in enemy-held territory and much evidence of the Jap occupation was to be seen. The poverty was indescribable. Many villages were burned out, and fields, from which the cattle had been driven away, were empty. We heard stories of women and children being raped and murdered and of young men being conscripted into the Jap labour corps, yet everywhere we found a will to resist. I am sure the Chinese have no such word as defeat in their vocabulary.

In due course the guerrillas brought us to the regular Chinese Army and handed us over to Major Woo, of the



Signal Corps. Just at this time the Chinese Army had counter-attacked and the Japs were retreating in our direction. With the Chinese Signals we took to the hills and watched the Jap Army go by.

It was in a little village at this time that we met Mr. Marsman, an American multi-millionaire, who has since published a book called "I Escaped from