

Hongkong." He mentions us in two or three pages. He had escaped by using enormous bribes, and when retaken by the Japanese he had produced a passport declaring him to be a Filipino and therefore a non-belligerent.

In Canton, the capital of Kwangtung, which we eventually reached, we were taken to a Catholic hospital run by Father Ma, who took us down to a newly constructed eating house, and ordered what he thought a reasonable meal. There were at least eight plates of soong, the Chinese equivalent of the English meat dish, and we must have had these filled at least three times. Father Ma then ordered sumpu, a reasonable rice wine. When we had all had four glasses of this, Father Ma was becoming visibly excited and we were becoming visibly intoxicated. Before we left the restaurant Tony had liberally bespattered the good father with quantities of rice and sumpu. We left Tony in that Catholic hospital and I have not seen him since.

Doug and I went on by mule, junk, sampan, charcoal-burner, and on foot. On the borders of Kwangtung and Kweichow we visited the palace of the last of the Kwangtung emperors. The palace dates back to the Ming Dynasty and is excellently preserved. It is kept by a brotherhood of Buddhist monks

who use the palace as a monastery. We met there a very charming old priest whose age was reputed to be 103. He was a man of considerable accomplishments, and as well as speaking innumerable Chinese dialects he had at least four foreign languages.

The palace consisted of a series of pagodas increasing in size. The largest of these housed a 30 ft. gold and gilded statue of Buddha. At the rear were two enormous trees, said to be two thousand years old. For hundreds of years these trees had shown no sign of life and were, in fact, decaying. But at the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war they sprouted. The Chinese, for a reason unknown to me, regarded this as a good omen and built a shrine at the base of the trees. The pagodas were coloured in blue, red, yellow, and white and were much gilded. They were solidly built, mostly of wood, with what looked like tiled roofs.

I often wish I had had a camera with me, but mine had been stolen by the second bunch of bandits together with my films of our experiences in Hongkong, among which was one of our march to the prison camp.

The remainder of our journey was uneventful. It took us to the British Consul's residence at Kunming, and from there we were flown to Calcutta.

