

Santiago, for centuries military headquarters, first of the Spaniards and later of the Americans, lies within these walls. Now occupied by the Japanese High Command and Military Police, Fort Santiago is a fearsome name. To be taken there is the dread of all, so many who entered its gates during the past two years have suffered more than they dare tell, whilst others have never been seen again.

The commercial centre of Manila lies across the Pasig River, some two miles inland from the Bay. Always a busy, crowded area at normal times, therein are located the Banks, offices, bodegas (warehouses) and principal shops which, prior to the war, represented the trade of a score of nationalities. Today what business there is, is confined to Japanese, Filipino, Chinese and Spanish hands. A few Indian stores still survive. But no trade exists other than under the strictest Japanese surveillance and discipline.

FATE FINDS ME A NEW FRIEND.

I called on our agents the following morning, as arranged, and received a cordial welcome from their manager for the Philippines, Mr. John Meyer, whom I had previously met as a fellow passenger crossing the Pacific the previous year. The purpose of my visit was to, if possible, clear up a problem over discoloured stocks, and to confer upon methods for improving our Philippines trade. Even then to plan for the future seemed entirely reasonable, despite the imminence of war, for no one yet believed that the Japs, if they really dared start a Pacific war, could stand up successfully for long against the tremendous combined might of Great Britain and America.

So Mr. Bradt, lean, wiry, forceful chief assistant to stout and placid Mr. Meyer, sat down with me and we worked out new advertising and marketing plans together. These he afterwards set forth in a letter, never yet received on this side. My own copy I had to leave behind in Santo Tomas Camp when my repatriation came, along with other personal papers and belongings which the Japs forbade me to bring.

Another purpose of my call at Muller & Phipps' Office was to ask if a cablegram had reached their hands for me. For weeks before leaving Shanghai I had been anxiously awaiting news of my daughter in Singapore, who had been very ill all Spring and Summer and was expecting the advent of a baby in November. I feared for her safety, passing through the ordeal of child-birth under such circumstances in the debilitating, humid heat of Singapore, so had arranged with McNair to relay to me any message received, if it came in time to reach me before I left Manila for San Francisco.

The longed-for message had not come and so my anxiety increased. Then suddenly I remembered that my daughter had a brother-in-law in Manila by the name of