

some time before rescue came. In January, with the rest of us, they were taken into Santo Tomas, and there Mrs. Foo, a fine-looking young woman, well matching her stalwart husband, soon became outstanding for good nature and cheery spirit. Some few months later a second child was born. Mrs. Foo was permitted to go into an outside hospital for this event, as the Camp had no maternity facilities, and her husband went with her. After that they became neighbors of ours for a while, and we often saw them and the baby in his borrowed pram. Strange to say he was a splendid child, plump, serene, and vigorous, showing no signs of his mother's ordeal of being bombed, wrooked, almost drowned, and then interned. Later, the little daughter was brought to Manila from Cebu, and the parents returned to internment in Santo Tomas, taking both children with them. Regretfully I have to add that the little Foo family was not included among the "Gripsholm" repatriates.

DEVILS WITH SILVER WINGS.

The morning of the 9th December brought no respite from the previous day's anxieties. We learned that the Jap planes had wrought terrific damage along their way down the island both to American planes and men. In fact, it subsequently transpired that whilst the military High Command was sitting in conference at Nichol's Field, just outside Manila, to decide what was best to do, the Japanese swept over that field, smashing up all hangars and planes, then grounded whilst waiting instructions, in fact during the first twenty-four hours they wiped out two-thirds of the whole American air defence.

That second day I got my first sight of the enemy air fleet attacking Manila. I had often seen Jap air-planes before - over Shanghai - and witnessed the tremendous devastation they wrought in the native areas around that great city in 1932. But these planes now over Manila were much larger and more impressive in appearance.

I had come down from my room shortly after noon, and was surprised to find the great dining room empty. Outside, on the lawn between the hotel and the sea, were several small groups of people gazing upward. I joined them, and then saw the most beautiful display of air-craft I had ever seen, - dozens of great silver-coloured planes sailing in squadrons, in what seemed quite calm and leisurely fashion, up there high in the sky. At first we thought them to be American flyers, sent up to protect the city, but were soon disillusioned when suddenly they began to drop bombs on the ships in the Bay, on the harbour defences, and on the Government warehouses adjacent to the piers. At the same time other squadrons sailed over the surrounding camps and air-fields, swooping down and blasting everything military in sight. Although American planes did