The Lone Flag

Memoir of the British Consul in Macao during World War II

By John Pownall Reeves

Edited by Colin Day and Richard Garrett
With a biographical essay by David Calthorpe

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Preface and Introduction

By Colin Day

John Pownall Reeves was British consul in the beleaguered Portuguese colony of Macao from 1941 to 1946. Immediately after leaving Macao for home leave and during his next posting (in Rome), he wrote an account of his extraordinary years in that neutral enclave, which was surrounded by Japanese-held territory and flooded with refugees who were mainly from Hong Kong and for whom he was responsible. The core of this book is that memoir.

Many people have been involved with this project. The first, both chronologically and in significance, is David Calthorpe, who, as a child, knew John Reeves and heard many of his reminiscences. Both by inheritance and diligent efforts of recovery, David also holds much of the memorabilia of John Reeves. In particular, he has the original of Reeves' memoir and has granted permission for its publication here.

David's biographical essay, which concludes the book, paints a rich sense of the man as David knew him in his later life in South Africa. Embedded in this account are many of the memories of life in China with which Reeves fascinated the young David, thereby inculcating in him a lifelong engagement with Chinese culture and its artefacts.

Victor Millard, David's partner, converted the text to a word-processed file. It was brought to Macao by Wilhelm Snyman, who was introduced by Glenn Timmermans to a number of people who might help with publishing it. Wilhelm gave copies to a few of us, thus triggering the enthusiasm for the memoir that has finally led to its publication. In an essay in Macao's *Review of Culture*, Wilhelm also provided an account of Reeves' activities in Macao and, through his archival research, supplemented the facts in the memoir.[1] He has been of great help to me as I have worked to get this manuscript ready for publication.

Richard Garrett, author of *The Defences of Macau*, has provided a valuable essay that details the historical context for Reeves' exceptional experiences, for readers who may not know of Macao's unique position during World War II. This opens the main text of the book.

Writing just a few years after the war, Reeves could assume that his readers shared much knowledge of recent events. So he makes brief allusions that now need spelling out. It is also apparent that Reeves thought primarily of a readership that had shared his experience of living in Macao during the war, and that would thus recognize names, places and events and so sometimes he simply omitted helpful details.

To provide answers to some of the questions that might occur to readers, a number of notes have been inserted. Richard Garrett provided a basic set of notes; I added further notes, drawing on the expertise and generous help of many people listed in the acknowledgements below. These notes are a very preliminary step towards a full history of Macao in those years, work on which, I believe, is beginning.

There are other good reasons for Reeves' occasional vagueness. He was writing while civil war raged in China and when the fate of such enclaves as Macao and Hong Kong, whichever side prevailed, was by no means clear. Some facts and identities were best left in the shadows. On a more bureaucratic plane, Reeves knew that he would have to get clearance from the Foreign Office in London to publish what he had written — a factor which would have inhibited full frankness. It is quite apparent that he hoped for publication. In fact, permission was refused. Without such constraints, would he have been more open, even indiscreet? I think the answer has to be 'yes'. Indeed if there is one negative about his wartime record, it was frequently said that he was something of a security risk and in his own writing he alludes to such problems. Reading David Calthorpe's biographical essay, one is presented with a man of ebullience and love of life — quite the antithesis of the silent, close-mouthed security operative. But, of course, not all omissions were deliberate: as he states, he was writing without notes and had to elide missing facts and dates. Yet, his errors seem few and far between, insofar as facts can be checked.

To return to the question of security and Reeves' perceived occasional lapses, perhaps the fairest assessment of the security aspect of his work came from Colonel Lindsay Ride, head of the British Army Aid Group (BAAG), an

organization established to gather intelligence in China and to aid escaping Allied personnel.[2] Ride said: 'I think he is in an impossible position, absolutely surrounded by enemy agents and no one to fall back on — enough to make any man crack, and if he has made mistakes, I think they should not be held against him.' [3]

Appendices and Map

Thirteen appendices were added to the memoir by Reeves and two have been lost. These were an illustrated scroll from prisoners of war at Sham Shui Po in Hong Kong and a guidebook to Macao. They were Appendices 3 and 13 in the original numbering scheme.

In the light of Dr. Vincent Ho's investigations into guidebooks to Macao, it seems most likely that the guidebook of Appendix 13 was *Macau, Oldest Foreign Colony in the Far East* (Macau: Agência do Turismo, 1936).

An even sadder loss is of the map that Reeves had included and to which he refers in the text. A substitute has been provided following page xvi. Although it is a 1950 map and thus later than Reeves' would have been, there had been few changes of note from wartime Macao by that time. While many locations apparently marked on the original map can be identified, a few remain unknown, and some ephemeral items such as the mooring places of ships cannot be precisely recovered. The substitute map is thanks to Stuart Braga and the National Library of Australia.

Photographs

While David Calthorpe has a substantial cache of John Reeves' photos, very few relate to the Macao years. A small collection is included in this book. Perhaps the most evocative is the photograph of the torn Union Jack, which Reeves tells us he raised for the first time on the day the BBC reported Japan's surrender. Its tattered state is explained by the fact that a typhoon hit just as Reeves was preparing to leave for what proved to be his permanent parting from Macao.

Location of the Consulate

Strangely, at the time of writing, the location of the consulate has not been completely resolved. Perhaps this is because, as the refugee work expanded, additional offices were added. A further complicating factor is that the consulate building itself was not always Reeves' residence and his comments do not always make clear whether he is referring to his home or the consulate.

The location to which Reeves refers (on the first page of Chapter III) was believed to be the triangle of land at the top of Calçada do Gaio where it intersects with Calçada da Vitória, just below Guia Hill. The British consulate was on the southern side (on Calçada do Gaio) and the Japanese consulate on the northwestern side (on Calçada da Vitória). (See map below.) Leo D'Almada e Castro, his wife and Dr. Eddie Gosano, all of whom resided in Macao during the war, recalled this piece of land as the location of the British consulate.[4] This is also where David Calthorpe was later directed by Father Lancelot Rodriguez, who was in Macao in those years.

However, a letter from Consul Fukui gives the address of the Japanese consulate as No. 1, Calçada do Gaio, which is at the bottom, not the top, of Calçada

Location of the British consulate in Macao

do Gaio, and on that street rather than Calçada da Vitória.[5] In addition, a 12 September 1945 report in the *South China Morning Post* describes the British consulate as being in the Rua de Henrique de Macedo. As this intersects the Calçada do Gaio, the report is not inconsistent with the two consulates being side by side; indeed, the reporter states: 'The two diplomatic institutions were separated only by a low wall.'

Although Reeves never mentions it in the memoir, in a letter dated 19 November 1942, he says, 'I have incidentally now moved to 7 Praia Grande, José Conde Fernandez house.' While it is not made totally clear in this letter, it leans — 'I have moved' and 'it is more suitable' — to being a reference to relocating his residence rather than the consulate.[6] This fits with at least one person's memory.[7] However, another person reports: 'It [the consulate] was in a small street running from the Praia Grande to the Rua do Padre António alongside the old Governor's Palace (West side).[8] The street is called Travessa do Padre Narciso. It runs straight up to the San Lourenço church. I found it on an old wartime map of Macao. I think it moved there during the war from another location which I think was near the Japanese consulate.'[9] This description is not inconsistent with the consulate being at 7 Praia Grande, as it could have been on the corner, with entrances on both streets. A location on the Praia Grande would make sense for the story of the Mocidade Portuguesa parade, as well as for the story of the junk sitting in the harbour with its gun 'practically poking in at my window' (Chapter X).

However, also in Chapter X, Reeves refers to the building next to the Japanese consulate as his 'residence'. But as, by the end of the war, his wife and daughter were living in Skyline (Frederick Gellion's large house on Penha Hill), it could be that the house on the Praia Grande had been relinquished by this time (he spoke of having 'to pay an enormous rent' for it) and that, when his family left Macao after the war, he went back to living in the original consulate. To complicate matters, it seems likely that the refugee administration required more office space than the consulate building alone could provide and that there were other offices being used.[10] In fact, even prior to the war, there was a separate immigration office on the Praia Grande.

For once, perhaps, faith should be placed primarily in the oral evidence, and the consulate at the top of Calçada do Gaio.

Mrs. Reeves

The memoir makes little reference to Reeves' wife, Rhoda née Murray-Kidd. They were married in 1936 in Hankow (Hankou), where their daughter, Letitia, was born in 1937.

As the memoir reports, Mrs. Reeves was trapped in Hong Kong when the Japanese attacked. She was finally allowed to rejoin her husband and daughter in Macao on 10 March 1942. She had spent much of the intervening period with other refugees in St. Stephen's College on Lyttleton Road. She seems not to have taken these experiences well. Mrs. Martin, wife of the consul general in Chungking (Chongqing), recalled: 'Mrs Reeves had been running herself into a nervous decline by refusing to eat and crying all the time.'[11] The Argentinian consul's report includes the detail, 'She was in an extremely bad state of nerves and general health, suffering from neurosis on account of a fracture of the base of her skull some time before.' He indicates that the Japanese authorities would not do anything: 'I could not obtain from the Japanese any alleviation of her situation.'[12] But she was finally allowed to leave and a later BAAG document reports that Rudy Choa 'was instrumental in getting Reeves' wife out of Hong Kong back to Macau.'[13] In addition, 'Sergeant Major Honda Isamu asserted in his war crimes trial that he had defied orders to facilitate Mrs. Reeves' return to Macao in March or April 1942.'[14] More information on Mrs. Reeves is given in the biographical essay.

Sources for the History of Macao in World War II

There is no good source for the full story of Macao in World War II; indeed, Reeves' memoir, albeit from one particular point of view, is probably the fullest account. There are, however, several books worth consulting. Geoffrey Gunn's *Encountering Macau* provides the best discussion of the war and is a very good history of Macao. Richard Garrett's *The Defences of Macau* adds further information on the military side. Entangled as Macao and Hong Kong's stories are, especially at this period, Philip Snow's *The Fall of Hong Kong* is the definitive history of its topic and provides at numerous points insights into the situation faced by Macao. It also provides full references to other sources. Finally, I cannot resist

recommending Jonathan Porter's *Macau: The Imaginary City*, which captures the unique flavour of Macao more successfully than perhaps any other book.

Acknowledgements

Aside from his absolutely fundamental contribution of preserving and making the manuscript available for publication, David Calthorpe has been most helpful in giving insights from his direct knowledge of John Reeves, and in providing photos and other items. Elizabeth Ride's extraordinary knowledge of and access to documents relating to BAAG and other Allied activities in the region during the war, her patience with my questions and generosity in providing information, filled so many of the gaps in Reeves' narrative. Wilhelm Snyman's researches in the National Archives in London provided crucial documents and with his enthusiasm also helped speed the project along. Victor Millard sought out, scanned and sent over appendices, photographs and other material. Richard Garrett brought his deep knowledge of military history to the task of providing the historical and geopolitical context for the memoir and explanatory notes. Tony Banham has generously offered his encyclopaedic knowledge of the Battle for Hong Kong, its participants and their fates. Solomon Bard has helped with his personal knowledge of Sham Shui Po Prisoner of War Camp and of the medical profession in Hong Kong and Macao. Stuart Braga has been most helpful as a guide to the Braga Collection in the National Library of Australia and in tapping the memories of older Macao residents. Stephen Davies has answered every question with a maritime dimension in wonderful detail and shown just how much can be done by really skilful web-searching. Geoffrey Gunn has provided his deep knowledge of the broader context for Macao's wartime experiences and his access to Japanese materials. Sarah and Peter Cunich have contributed in several ways, especially in generously devoting vacation time to research in the National Archives. Others who made valuable contributions for which I am most grateful are Geoffrey Emerson, Paul French, Jorge Graça, Vincent Ho, Marie Imelda MacLeod, Christopher Munn, César Guillen Nuñez, Rufino Ramos, Frances Wong and Jason Wordie. Finally, special thanks to Jessica Wang of Hong Kong University Press whose careful editing and exceptional eye for detail have made an important contribution to the overall project.

A number of people helped David Calthorpe, especially at the beginning of the process of bringing John Reeves' story to a wider readership. He writes:

> I should like to thank Glenn Timmermans of the University of Macau, who put all the role players together and provided much valued support throughout in his official capacity. Equally, I would like to thank Marie Imelda MacLeod of the Macao Cultural Institute as well, for her support and for giving due recognition to the historical significance of John Reeves' memoir inasmuch as it provides a first-hand account of Macao during the Second World War.
>
> I should like to thank Sharon Warr of Cape Town for her dedication, thoroughness and resourcefulness as a skilled researcher, all of which she placed at the disposal of this project in verifying pertinent historical details. Thanks are also due to Wilhelm Snyman of the University of Cape Town for assistance in co-ordinating the relevant persons and moving this project forward by travelling to Macao and by his moral support even when the prospects for publication seemed distant.
>
> To Victor Millard, also of Cape Town, for the enormous efforts and dedication in terms of researching facts, compiling the photographic record of Reeves' life in the Far East and for giving invaluable moral and practical support throughout the genesis of this endeavour.
>
> Finally, thanks are due to my late mother, Marjorie Calthorpe, for her untiring support throughout the years, and to Tessa Schukking, both of whom kept the manuscript intact and the memory of Reeves alive. Personally, I am sure that Reeves would have dedicated this memoir to all the colourful and selfless personalities mentioned therein, especially to his hard-pressed staff of HM Consulate in Macao.

Conclusion

While some weight has been put on Reeves' discretion and lack of specifics, at the end of the day his memoir provides an enthralling story of one man's unique and challenging experiences. It records his extraordinary efforts on behalf of all the refugees that came under his care and were looked after, despite shortages of food, space and medicine. He achieved all this while living with armed guards and operating in an environment that required him to navigate among the Japanese, Chinese of various political groups, Allied intelligence workers and, not least, the Portuguese authorities.

Editorial Notes

The memoir was, as described in the preface, converted to a Word file from the original document. It is believed that the main body of the memoir was handwritten and then typed by a secretary, probably in Rome. Later, Reeves added a number of neatly handwritten addenda, with indications of where they should be inserted in the main text (see Plate 15 for an example). These have been inserted as he suggested; no effort has been made to differentiate those passages from the original typed text. In one instance, in Chapter XI, the additional text badly disrupted the flow of the narrative, so it was placed at the end of the relevant paragraph rather than where the author had indicated it should be. A note has been provided to this effect.

As well as the additions for which he provided complete drafts, there are a number of places where he wrote a word or phrase on the original, presumably to prompt him to add another passage to the text. Wherever these annotations are legible (by contrast with the handwritten passages, they are very carelessly written, and I owe much to David Calthorpe for help in reading these), a note has been inserted at the approximate location of the annotation. In all these instances, disappointingly, Reeves never got around to adding the extra text.

The transcription of the memoir into Word format has followed Reeves' original. In a few places in Chapter IX, where a sentence or a paragraph was inordinately long, the original transcriber added periods and paragraph breaks. As these aid readability, they have been retained. Stylistically, his conventions have been followed, including his exceptional reliance on the semi-colon.

One oddity of the manuscript is his consistent writing of Hong Kong as one word. Although it started off as two words, in 1843 it was decreed that it should be just one — Hongkong. It stayed like that until 3 September 1926, when Gazette Notice No. 479 stated that instructions received from the secretary of state for the colonies required that henceforth it be changed to two words: Hong Kong. It is surprising that Reeves was not familiar with this convention, but here perhaps we see a small indication of his contrarian nature.

The last three chapters were merely given titles and not chapter numbers. For ease of reference, these have been made numbered chapters, X to XII.

The spelling of *Macau*/*Macao* is a continual matter of argument. Reeves is consistent in spelling it *Macao* throughout. Most English books have used the

Portuguese spelling *Macau*. However, in recent years, there has been a shift back to *Macao*, which works better phonetically in English.[15] For this reason and to be consistent with Reeves' practice, *Macao* is therefore the spelling used in this book.

Reeves is rather cavalier with Portuguese names. It is customary to use both surnames, for example, Dr. Elsa Senna Fernandes, but Reeves customarily drops the first surname and writes, for example, Dr. Elsa Fernandes. He also muddles Spanish and Portuguese, thus referring to San Domingos whereas in Portuguese it should be São Domingos. While Reeves' spellings have been retained in the text of the memoir, in the notes the convention is to give the Portuguese place name followed by the English equivalent in brackets. Subsequent references use the English version.

Chapter I

The Beginning

The unbelievable had happened, the unbelievable inevitable, and Japan had attacked. True enough we had all realized that she would, sooner or later, but I, for one, had placed the attack inaccurately; I had expected it between Christmas and New Year 1941 when, I argued wrongly, the Japanese would expect the foreigners in the East to be concentrating more on parties, and on recovery from them, than on defence.

But Pearl Harbour had happened, as one of the communities had heard on the radio at 7.30 and telephoned to me. The first bombs were about to fall on Hongkong, forty miles away. Two British ships had left Macao for Hongkong at 3 a.m. and nothing could be done about them. One, the SS *Saion* remained and was due to sail at eight.[1] I pulled trousers over my pyjamas and clutched an overcoat. Luckily the car was not suffering from winter sluggishness and I tore through town with my fingers on the horn, earning for myself then, perhaps, the unjustified reputation of being the most dangerous driver in the Colony. I stopped the *Saion* from sailing, requesting the Captain to wireless Commodore Hongkong for confirmation. Commodore's reply was succinct "Stay where you are".

My action and Commodore's confirmation was frankly not popular with certain members of the Community who, very understandably, wished to rejoin families in Hongkong or who desired to aid in the defence of the beleaguered Colony. Hot words were exchanged but I hope and believe that I have now been forgiven for the only action which appeared right to me.

One cadet of the Malayan Civil Service had been recalled to Hongkong the night before.[2] The Governor, who heard of the recall, had said at eleven the night before "This means war". He was right, only too right, but all I

could do at that stage was to ask the cadet in question, R.G.K. Thompson,[3] to advise my wife,[4] still in Hongkong for Christmas shopping, to return immediately. The message never reached her and, even if it had done so, she could not have returned; no ships, naturally, could leave Hongkong, already under fire.

The next step was to move all papers from the Immigration Office on the Praia Grande up to my house and Consulate, which was, inappropriately, next door to that of my Japanese colleague.[5] This was accomplished in the morning. One Chinese optimistically applied for an Immigration Office Permit to enter Hongkong. I am afraid his two dollar expenditure was wasted. The Immigration Office, usually packed with a milling mob, was deserted and some of the staff, very sensibly, settled down to play cards. There seemed nothing else to do.

Indeed that seemed the case for all of us for the next three weeks;[6] there was nothing to do. Communication was virtually cut off and no one wanted the services of a Consul who could do nothing. The Fletchers,[7] whose son was in Hongkong,[8] and Mrs. Mitchell, whose husband was second-in-command of the Volunteers in the Colony,[9] reacted magnificently. They were determined to show the Japanese, of whom there were many in Macao, that our little Community was not down-hearted. A round of cocktail parties was organized and some, at least, used to drop in at the Consulate for an eleven o'clock sherry, while the sherry lasted.

For the rest, our feelings were individual in reaction to the sounds of the conflict, plainly heard in Macao, where, indeed, windows would rattle in reply to some particularly big explosions. The wireless was nothing but depressing, bringing unrelieved news of defeat. Gradually friendly stations in the East went off the air and Japanese cackle was all we could hear. Depressing and discouraging it was, but this is perhaps not an inappropriate place to pay my small tribute of praise to the British Community of Macao and its genuine friends, none of whom ever, even in the blackest days, showed anything but courage and faith in ultimate victory. They were at all times magnificent and I am proud to have been associated with them.

Hongkong fell on Christmas Day after a gallant defence in which many lives were lost unnecessarily.[10] It will always be a point of discussion as to whether the Colony was defensible and whether it should not have been declared an open city. One cannot help feeling that many of the men who died, butchered, after surrender would have been saved if the Japanese had not been flushed with armed conflict. Many too of the humiliations suffered by our people might have been spared if the Japanese had taken over without fighting. But, in any case, on Christmas Day Hongkong fell and Macao's long isolation began in earnest.[11] Macao is some forty miles from Hongkong and west of it across the mouth of the Canton river.[12] It consists of five square miles of "mainland" joined to the mainland of the delta by a causeway, and of two islands to the south.[13] The latter are sparsely occupied by fishing villages and it is always of the mainland one speaks when using the word "Macao". It was first occupied by the Portuguese in 1557 and is thus the oldest foreign Colony in the Far East. More than this, during the Spanish occupation of Portugal, Macao was the only place where the old blue and white flag of the Portuguese Empire flew. So the Loyal Senate, the local Governing Council, has this proud motto, "Não haoutso mais leal" (There is none more loyal).[14] I regret to say that in 1622 when the Dutch squadron attacked, and was repulsed, English ships in the bay, in spite of the old treaty of alliance, failed to intervene. The repulse of the Dutch is still celebrated every St. John's Day, the anniversary of the original battle. It [Macao] has survived many troubles and dangers external and internal and was now to face the blackest period of its history, in some ways, too, its most glorious.

Its buildings are a medley of old Portuguese Colonial, Chinese and modern style and there are many who regret the latter intensely. It has, from the very nature of its history, a character of its own, a character which Hongkong, for all its natural beauty, lacks.

Its population is in the very great majority Chinese. The Chinese population had been greatly increased by the influx from surrounding territories as these came under Japanese domination between 1937 and 1941. Whole universities had moved to Macao[15] as well as large numbers of businessmen and their dependents. Normally some 150,000, the population grew during

this period to 450,000, virtually all concentrated in the five square miles of the mainland. Before 1937 Macao was the most densely populated area in the world; one can imagine what it was in the war years, and the problem facing the Government which had to feed this vastly inflated population.

This problem was not made any easier by the attitude of the various Japanese Departments, Naval, Military, Gendarmerie and Financial which only refrained from quarrelling with each other in order to put up a united front against assistance to Macao. The problem was dealt with by the Governor, Commander Teixeira,[16] Portuguese Navy, and by Dr. P.J. Lobo,[17] Director of Economic Services, with consummate skill. Despite their efforts, however, reliable information places the deaths from starvation in 1942 at 27,000 when cases of cannibalism were not unknown.

For imported goods Macao had always depended on the hinterland for natural products and on Hongkong for manufactured and tinned goods as well as for processed goods such as flour, tobacco, sugar. These supplies ceased suddenly on December 8th 1941 and the entire economy of the Colony had to be re-orientated. A sort of sales moratorium was imposed for a few days but Chinese ingenuity found methods of selling and some of the richer members of the community laid in fairly large stocks of tinned food. For myself, I did not, partly because I felt any but the vastest stocks would be exhausted in a very short period compared to the probable length of the war and partly because I felt Macao might at any time go the way of Hongkong in which case I was not very likely to survive to enjoy tinned goods of any sort. I had little faith in Japanese respect for diplomatic immunity.

From now on, from December 8th 1941 till V.J. Day, August 14th 1945,[18] for more than 3½ years we were to get no mail, barring perhaps 6 or 7 stray newspapers, no private correspondence and in fact nothing which could not be transmitted by radio. We were to gather vaguely what a jeep was, for instance, but no picture of one ever reached us. By 1945 toddlers in other parts of the world were far better informed than we were; we were to lead a lively but Rip van Winkle existence.

Such then was our setting, such was the overture. The curtain was to rise. We were on stage, practically motionless, awaiting our cues for speech and action.

Chapter V

Parochial

Supposing we change the subject and get right out of the office.

Macao has been variously known as the gambling hell of the Far East or the Pearl of the Orient. Similarly there has been great play on the subject of its opium "dens" almost as, with more modern habits, one might refer to a chemist's shop as an aspirin "den"; the third industry of Macao facetiously, was sometimes mentioned as being prostitution. When talking, as I am, or shall be, of the "amenities" of Macao it might be as well first to examine these three aspects of its life.

Gambling there was; so there is in England. It was run by a Concessionary Company which paid some HK$2,000,000 a year for the privilege. The story goes that on one occasion the usual sealed tenders were to be opened by Mr. Lobo. One only had up to then been presented, that of the Company which had held the concession for many years. At the last moment another envelope was presented, to the consternation of the Concessionary Company who asked for another five minutes, at the end of which they entered a tender for an extra quarter million. Mr. Lobo then drew from the other envelope a blank sheet of paper and blandly remarked that evidently the Company was not finding taxation too heavy. This story at least deserves to be true.

So there was gambling, recognized and legal and by that fact so much the more regulated; in addition it was in the interests of the Company to see to it that the gambling was straight; I do not believe, myself, that it was crooked. It took three main forms, *fantan*, the three-dice game and *Pakapiu*, though I feel sure I have spelt the last wrong. *Fantan* consists merely of pouring out on the table an unspecified number of counters or

beans. Betting is done on the probability of the remainder, as the beans are removed four by four, being one, two, three or four. One small room in the Central Hotel was still kept for the benefit of the tourist where the bets were lowered, and the winnings, if any, sent up in baskets on strings. The majority of the gamblers, however, preferred just to play round a big table. My story, to be taken with a pinch of salt, is that I once walked into my clinic dispensary to find the lads playing *fantan* with newly-bought sulphanilamide tablets; far from reproaching them I claim rather to have encouraged this to assure accurate counting. For myself, I gambled on *fantan* once while I was in Macao; frankly games of pure chance bore me to tears so my abstinence from gambling was no virtue. The three-dice game amounted to a complicated form of roulette; three dice were thrown and you could bet on combinations of the numbers appearing on the dice, or on the totals. The most remarkable thing about this form of play to me was the system by which the results were electrically signalled to various floors where large facsimile dice would light up on the wall, for instance, above the orchestra on the dance floor. The third game, the one of whose name I am none too sure, was really pure sweepstake; its inner workings I never understood but I believe it was only too easy to lose more than one's shirt.[1]

The gambling season, though it went on of course all through the year, was officially opened by the Governor once a year when he either made the first bet or threw the first dice. At all other times Government Servants were forbidden to gamble though the prohibition was far from effective.[2] At one other time in the year the gambling departed from its really very humdrum and routine character. This was, I think, at Carnival or Chinese New Year, when gambling was allowed all over the streets; this licence had however in some years during the war to be curtailed for reasons of public safety.

Next on our list of "industries" is opium, which was a Government monopoly; the vexed question of the morality of this procedure is no subject for this book. Even doctors, I believe, agree that opium, in moderation, can do no harm or at least no more than eating drinking or smoking in moderation. One can at least say that unbridled consumption is, to some extent, checked by Government Control.

The same applies, after all, to prostitution; there was plenty of it in Macao and it was recognized. Your room boy at a hotel would offer you a girl with as much *sang-froid* as that with which he would announce that your bath was ready. Here I speak from first hand information for I have heard it done more than once; I hasten to add that I never stayed at a hotel in Macao, except in my first weeks when the Consulate Office was in a hotel of great respectability so far as I was concerned. The Government took the familiar line that licensed prostitution is better and cleaner than unlicensed underground prostitution. To this view I personally incline. I can hardly leave this subject without a short note of admiration for the work done for the prostitutes by Madame Gomez dos Santos, wife of the Director of Medical Services, herself a doctor. Her work was too little known and certainly had not enough public recognition.

There were other industries, chiefly dried fish and firecrackers, the latter almost closed up during the war for lack of materials; part of it at least blew up shortly after the war, fortunately on the islands, when materials were again available. Firecrackers could not, in any case, be exploded in Macao during the war without police permission, a very wise precaution; good ones sound too much like shots. The former maintained its redolent self upon the southern quays of the Interior Harbour[3] and spread itself to such an extent across the roadway that at times one's progress in a car closely resembled that of a fishing trawler in a thick shoal of herring.

Amenities and amusements were few. Three or four cinemas operated, largely on films stolen by the Japanese in Hongkong during the war; needless to say the stock was low and even the most ardent film-fans must have found it difficult to see the same film time after time; later hazards were introduced by the playful placing, presumably by "protection" racketeers, of bombs in some of the cinemas; one very good Chinese friend of ours, a Mr. Fong, was killed this way though I do not believe the attack was meant personally. Theatres, except for Chinese theatres were rarely, if ever, open and then mostly for concerts; in this connection I should mention the very gallant effort of Mr. Fernandes and the Melco orchestra who were, competing with great difficulties, making the nucleus of a really good ensemble.

The Portuguese are a musical nation and the Fernandes family was large enough and musical enough to make its own orchestra; musical evenings at their house were a real pleasure.[4] While talking of music one must mention the several choirs organized by, chiefly, the Protestant Schools and Colleges which sang foreign as well as Chinese music; one remembers them particularly at Christmas when they would tour certain houses bringing, to that remote corner of the Far East, some of the spirit of the waits.[5]

The Chinese Universities and Schools were quite a feature of life in Macao. Their students must have numbered 20,000 who had fled from Canton after the occupation of that city by the Japanese and re-established themselves in neutral territory.[6] Some of course were more pro-Central Government than others but I would be the last to dare to say which. One was constantly discovering, post-war, people whom one had mentally condemned as collaborationists or traitors appearing with cast-iron credentials from either provincial or central authorities. It was all very difficult for the simple soul, like myself, to understand.

There were clubs, other than Melco, in Macao, a multiplicity of them; social clubs were, as well as Melco, the Military Club (Gremio Militar)[7] and the Macao Club.[8] One would normally find in each, one or perhaps two bridge fours, very solemn and serious, their games enlivened only by discussions, disputes, quarrels, call them what you will, which led the foreigner to believe that knives would be out and blood shed at any moment. However they subsided quickly and were merely a more violent or Latin form of the post-mortems held at the Unionist Club, Mudbeach-on-Sea. The Argonauta Club was semi-social and semi-sporting; its full activities eluded me.

The senior sporting club of the Colony was, if not by age at least by the reputation it had gained in the Far East, the Hockey Club of Macao of which I was later to have the honour to be elected President, and, after my departure, Member of Merit. At the time of my arrival the Club was inactive owing to the season and it remained dormant for two years after which the two Fredericos, Nolasco and Barros, and Ade Santos-Ferreira got it going again, generously giving me the credit. The hockey in Macao was far from village hockey; touring sides had made a reputation in Shanghai, Singapore

and of course in the neighbouring Colony of Hongkong. Hockey was fast, accurate and, at times furious; it was also only too frequently talkative.

Other prominent sporting clubs were the Football Club, two tennis clubs, one civil the other military, the latter moribund and again of course, Melco Club. For the Football Club there was a large stadium which had been built for dog-racing, an abortive enterprise.[9] There was not really a great deal of football as there were not enough teams, and of those there were it was strange that the Police, somehow or other, almost had to win the Leagues. There was at least one virtue in the Police team, a Comedy King, by nickname King Kong, a barrel-chested fellow named, I think, Collaço, "as a footballer laughable, as a comedian lamentable" who could give a beginner lessons in missing open goals; but he always played for Macao; you are right, he was a Policeman. The Civil Tennis Club,[10] situated on one side of the rocky bastion which formed part of the Governor's residence, had three courts and a wall and this was probably the most active Club of all; it was certainly pleasant to sit by the sea in the shade of the Club house watching the energetic hard at work. The Military Tennis Club[11] despite floodlighting and so on simply did not function: it had probably been started with great enthusiasm and, on the transfer of the leading personality, lapsed; this used to happen to many organizations in Macao; there was plenty of enthusiasm but very little staying power. The Civil Tennis Club had a golf-section which played on a nine-hole, dead-flat course in the middle of the racetrack and that completes the list of sports in Macao, with the exception of Melco which also had Badminton and Table-tennis. There were few non-Chinese restaurants,[12] though one was famous for its roast pigeon, known as Shekki pigeon, whether these were bred in captivity or not I cannot be sure but they were fed on milk and basted on the spit with soya bean sauce till they were a delight and deserved a place on any gastronomic map of the world. There were many Chinese restaurants of course, one of the best being on a houseboat moored alongside in the inner harbour. For my own part I liked Chinese food immensely so there was always somewhere to eat out, if I felt so inclined, but I will not dilate on Chinese dishes and mention those which sound so odd to foreign ears; it is enough to say, with regard to the

divergence of tastes between Western and Eastern gastronomes that many a Chinese dish, served on a plate with knife and fork, has been eaten with delight by the man "who had always loathed Chinese chow, couldn't stick it". The food at the only Portuguese-run hotel was dull, insufferably so; one did not dine there for pleasure.

One could dance at the Central and the Grand Hotels,[13] the former having Chinese dance-hostesses, the latter not; a great advantage of the Grand, during the summer was its roof equipped with a "juke-box" and plenty of waiters with cool drinks. Not being either a good or an enthusiastic dancer I rarely visited the Central, and the Grand I went to purely for the coolness. Both the hotels were Chinese-run.

It was in fact a noteworthy feature of Macao life that virtually all business concerns were run by Chinese; there was no Portuguese tailor, no Portuguese grocer's shop and so on. Portuguese supplied the professions, lawyers and doctors but, after all, the inclusion of foreigners in the professions is prohibited by law in most countries. All one's friends amongst the Portuguese were of the army, navy or civil services, lawyers or doctors; one or two chemist's shops were run by Portuguese but this again was a result of their protection by the necessity for such persons to hold Portuguese diplomas. And, of course, there was the Portuguese Bank,[14] the only foreign exchange and note-issuing Bank in the Colony. It was headed by a gentleman who described himself as a mixture of poet, philosopher and airman; I am told he was a very good poet.[15]

There were, of course, many places of historical interest in the Colony, pride of place in the Portuguese view, going to the Garden and Grotto of Camoens[16] where that celebrated poet is supposed to have written large parts of his *Lusiadas*; some experts, including I believe Major Boxer,[17] cruelly claim that Camoens simply was not in Macao when tradition has him living there; if they are right one of the highest lights of historic Macao is extinguished. There was also the Protestant Cemetery which had claims to attention both for its peace and beauty and for the interest of the graves which included that of the first Protestant Missionary in China, Morrison, and of a relation of Winston Churchill.[18] Apart from that there were many fine

churches and buildings, my own favourite being San Domingos[19] and the old Supreme Court, now pulled down. I cannot help but record my genuine pain at the process which in the name of progress, pulls down beautiful buildings which have been shockingly neglected and replaces them with concrete boxes. No one enjoys modern architecture in its place more than myself but Macao's character depends so much on its antiquity and this character is being rapidly lost.

The most prominent landmark of Macao is the Guia lighthouse, the first modern type light ever erected in the Far East.[20] It was to become a symbol of so much.

> Longest of all has shown its double shaft
> Through many years to guide the erring craft,
> Pitied their plight
> The Guia light.
>
> Many a mariner has blest its steadfast gleam
> Showing a haven with unbroken beam
> The gentle might
> Of Guia light.
>
> The gloom of conflict shadows all the East
> Held in the maw of Moloch, god and beast,
> Yet in this night
> Shines Guia light.
>
> When other beacons flicker, fade and die
> Their friendly shaft gladdens no sailors eye
> One alone is bright
> The Guia light.
>
> Long may it shine; a symbol clear of peace
> From war's alarms bringing a sweet release
> To those in flight,
> The Guia light.[21]

Another historical monument was the Monte Fort with its ancient cannon still grinning from the embrasures.[22] At the time of which I speak it was more prison than fort and had a very domestic atmosphere. This, none the less, leads to a mention of the garrison, a company of Portuguese infantry, a company of Portuguese artillery and a company of negro troops. All were tired of being kept in Macao and the negroes simply could not understand why they were not sent home. I knew few of the officers and it would not in any case be reasonable or fair of me to comment on them. The naval air squadron had two or three planes, Ospreys I believe;[23] one crashed in the town and the others, I was told, were demilitarized and exchanged with the Japanese for rice. I append a guide to Macao (Appendix 13)[24] to avoid a wearisome description of other monuments which I have not mentioned; the historically minded will find much of interest.

Have you by now a picture of life in Macao before the war? I fear not since words are so difficult a way of conveying an atmosphere quite unique; the atmosphere of Macao is as untranslatable as the Portuguese word "saudade", a compound of longing thought, home-sickness and remembrance of absent friends. It is a feeling common to those who have been in Macao, even to the refugees who may not have been happy when they were actually there. I think we all miss Macao now we are no longer there, and the friends we made there. We all had much to be thankful for in its mere existence.

Chapter VIII

Other Countries' Interests

The biggest individual group of nationals was, not unnaturally, the American, apart from the British; the majority were from the Philippines or from Hawaii though there were a few continental Americans divided between the religious denominations of missionaries and Pan-American employees of whom there were only two. The leading missionary was a Mr. Davies and there were also Miss Lowry and Miss Bond amongst those we knew best; for a while also there were a group of American Roman Catholic priests under the leadership of Bishop Paschang but they soon left us for the wider pastures of Free China.[1] Davies naturally took the lead and we started telegraphing the State Department for assistance for the American citizens stranded in Macao. I think I am right in saying that we started on about the 16th January 1942 and went on till October without a reply when some genius suggested we should mention that the daughter of Vice President Osmena of the Philippines was in dire straits;[2] coincidence or not this worked and we got US$5,000 from the American Red Cross. This helped but it was far from enough as were all the sums we received from America. In the end, in fact, the American Government owed us 800,000 Hongkong dollars, about £50,000. Perhaps this was used as reverse lend-lease.

Davies finally left, of which more in another chapter, and took with him a number of Philippine seamen. These had been the subject of considerable telegraphic correspondence with Chungking who were urging us to send these men through. Our end of the exchange of telegrams finished when we sent a wire which referred to those sent by Chungking and added crisply "Using what for money query". A certain comedy level invested much of my

correspondence with the State Department who once asked me how many Americans desired repatriation. I was obliged to reply, as I have mentioned in an earlier chapter, that one was under detention at my request. I similarly had some difficulty over a beautiful form called 430 which was headed something like this "Affidavit in support of application for pre-investigation of national status". I felt that this was hardly a real proof of nationality being merely an affidavit by a Chinese that he was born in the United States. However I was told to accept this for purposes of relief; I kicked when people started coming in who had not been back to the States for twenty or thirty years (one had left in 1895) and obviously had no real intention of maintaining their American affiliations. So I wired the State Department and suggested, mark you, suggested, that a time limit be set to the validity of these documents. The reply was that no one knew where I had got the idea that there was a limit to the validity of these documents. I gave up and merely did my best to check the photograph and identity of what had been a ten-year-old when he left America with the strapping fifty-year-old now applying for a hand-out of American dollars. There was really very little we could do about it except to get guarantors but I have already pointed out that, as regards the British side of relief at least, guarantors were not always reliable. The Americans also wanted everything in quadruplicate and this strained our paper resources to the utmost. We dutifully complied and I can only hope that the mountains of forms have been found useful.

Davies had organized an unofficial committee to gather information and dispense relief but after his departure and when I was put in charge officially of American Interests I felt that a democratic experiment would be in order and in the spirit of the times. I accordingly called a meeting for the election of a committee and held a secret ballot. When the results came to be counted it was only too clear that some of my constituents had learnt some of the less pleasant aspects of lobbying and had learnt also the universal pre-election promise fever habit. After some three or four months I had to get rid of some of the Committee, as elected and put in instead members of my own staff. Nathan Young, Pablino Cespedes, Manalac and Warren Wong remained of those elected and invaluable they proved to be to

the end, except for the last who went into Free China with the paper parcel which concealed an enormous revolver; I have every reason to know he needed one and not because of American relief problems either.

The American relief roll finally reached 940 but it would have gone much higher if we had not made it clear that those who crossed the border into Japanese occupied territory for their own purposes were to be struck off the roll. The problem of trading with the enemy was different in the case of the Americans from that presented by the British refugees; it must be remembered that most of the American Chinese were residents of territory which had been occupied by the Japanese since 1938 and that they had therefore had far more opportunity to escape the clutches of the hated invader than those who were caught in Hongkong in 1941 and who thereafter had their comings and goings controlled.

One American Chinese deserves a special line or two; he was serving in an American gunboat in Manila when that city was invested; he served in Corregidor until the gallant island fell, and then escaped. He worked his way to Hongkong in a Japanese ship and thence came by junk to Macao where he reported for duty. I hope his loyalty has met with reward.

In general the American system of relief applications and so on was the same as ours and worked about the same way except that the numbers were so much smaller. The only difficulty was the matter of funds; the Foreign Office on one occasion when the American debt had grown large told me not to go on using British money for American support but I am afraid I replied that I could not let these people starve and went on using British money though on a greatly reduced scale. In fact I contracted with an eating-house to supply so many meals daily and gave out no money. This was far from satisfactory as it left the way open to abuses on the part of the restaurant but it was really all I could do.

The Philippine boys, most of whom were dance band players, had in general a source of income playing in bands at the Central, the Grand and the Riviera.[3] But they will be the last to deny that money with most of them was easy come, easy go and that even those drawing salaries were never far from the rocks with a heavy onshore wind blowing. One of this community

on being discharged from hospital said he could not get out of bed because he had no clothes; I gently suggested he could use those with which he had entered the hospital; he countered with a knock-out blow to the effect that he had had these taken away and pawned to gamble on a number in which he had faith; clothing allowance and ten per cent per month refund.

There was also a fuss about the appointment of an American doctor, a Philippine. This gave rise to such current and counter-current of internal politics that frankly I would prefer not to embark on the details. It was a distasteful affair.

On the whole however we saw pretty well eye-to-eye and had no serious differences, and none which did not arise from fundamentally differing points of view, both sides having their good and their bad ideas, but we reached a compromise and it worked more than adequately. What more can one ask? The badge given me by the American relief committee is displayed in my present office and it would not be if my memories of American relief were in any way unpleasant.

American commercial interests were centred in the one institution, the Pan American Airways property consisting of a wireless station, a passenger station and a motorboat. The wireless station was sealed and guarded by the Portuguese authorities and I had nothing to do with it. The passenger station was on the Exterior Port and I put my own guard in it as there was valuable equipment there; we also used it as a place to go to get some breeze in the evenings and very pleasant that was, except that the breeze was sometimes laden with the odours from the sampans which were hauled ashore nearby, and you must remember that a family of six or seven may live in one twenty-foot sampan as well as the owner's hens and so on. The building was somewhat damaged in an American air raid on Macao but that is another story. The motorboat really only reappeared once more in the history when I got weird orders that she was to be stolen and conveyed to Free China but I was not to appear in the matter; since she was by then ashore in a cradle in the Portuguese Naval Yard[4] without an engine the orders were marked N.F.A. for "no further action" and could have been marked W.P.B. for "waste paper basket" except that my files had to remain complete.

From the point of view of value on the spot the Dutch had a far greater property in Macao than the Americans; this included dredgers, hoppers, lighters, railway track and engines and all the material which is put into the field when the Netherlands Harbour Works take on a big job.[5] The value of the stuff ran into millions of dollars and was a distinct worry for Mr. van Woerkom the manager, Mr. Nolasco as Dutch Consul, and myself. One of the dredgers was sold to the Japanese under pressure; I would not like to go into the rights and wrongs of this as I was never in possession of all the facts.[6] What is clear in my mind is that Nolasco had no codes so that his telegrams were forwarded by me; to code a name like Vanlidtergeude, as I have mentioned, was a headache, and with the complexity of affairs we could never just telegraph "Following for V". Woerkom and I discussed the vessels and their safety; we were, after all, to have a beautiful example of a cutting-out expedition later. The result of our deliberations was that all the remaining Dutch floating equipment was brought to the inner end of an open dock in the Firecracker Factory area (52 on the [original] map);[7] how it happened I would not of course know but an hour or two later one of the biggest lighters sank at her moorings at the outer end of the dock, by sheer coincidence right across the channel. She would have needed twenty-four hours of pumping to lift and Admiral (*humoris causa*) Reeves went and had a glass of beer with Van Tromp's successor in a state of considerable satisfaction. There was little we could do about the stuff on shore but it was mostly heavy and the water alongside was only shallow, as I was to discover later, so there was no really serious danger. The most serious danger to these premises probably was constituted by the very fine and fat poultry bred by the Woerkoms.

Trigger, whom I have mentioned, the Captain of the *Masbate*, was our Norwegian interest, though there was one other Norwegian, a refugee who came, I think, under the Portuguese scheme but got some remittance from Europe. And Trigger was always an interest whether anchored in the harbour entertaining lavishly, sailing under charter to the Portuguese Government with two unsuspected Japanese aboard (this was a slip of mine; I should have suspected them), lying at anchor near Green Island,[8] getting bombed

by the Americans or living ashore in the Villa Lille Norge at the foot of the "Russian mountains".[9] Trigger and a dull moment were contradictory. When he first arrived he knew little English but later on his "All alone, waiting for the Japanese", though a phonetic spelling of his way of saying this defeats me, and his absolutely Norwegian form of *Ai de nie* (*Ers av nid*) were constant joys.[10] Trigger was mixed up in one of the groups of cloak and dagger boys, unless I am incredibly mistaken and if his reports were not anglicized by someone else's secretary, I should have loved to have read them. We always teased Trigger and were all fond of him. He won't mind if I continue the habits.

His ship was a Panamanian interest, one of those queerly arranged affairs with Chinese beneficiary owners, Norwegian registered owners, and Panama flag serving the China coast ports. Trigger used to refer to her as his wife but others have married plain girls. As I have said she shifted anchorage two or three times to avoid being cut out[11] by the Japanese and did avoid that fate though her Allies, as will appear later, treated her far from kindly. But she survived and was, I suppose, the only decent size Allied ship in the Far East not to fall, sooner or later, into Japanese hands. Far East, by the way means to me Singapore and eastwards and does not include India.

French interests as such there were none. But there was one French family, the Fays. Jean was Commissioner of Chinese Maritime Customs under the old organization of the Customs by which foreigners held many of the key posts, this being because a loan to the Chinese Government by various powers was guaranteed at least in part by the Customs revenue. Jean, his wife and family arrived only just before the war in the Far East broke out, to replace an American. I had no doubt of Jean's sympathies; he was definitely Free French and I had pleasure in putting that opinion in writing; I am convinced that the fact that some Customs equipment went to the Japanese was not his fault but rather that of a doubtful Chinese doctor who was convinced that he, and he alone, could arrange the peace of the world. He went so far as to ask me to get him appointed as a delegate to the peace conference but I had to tell him I was not quite that powerful. Jean always had a few friends round on Bastille Day and always gave a short

speech; I am no lover of speeches but I confess that I looked forward to Jean's; he always said the right thing and said it well. Naturally the family was not happy; they had not only national but personal troubles to worry about as they had at least one son in Paris. But everything, so far as I know, worked out well in the end.[12]

There were of course citizens of quite a number of the Allied nations in the town and all came to me as I had the only Allied brass plate up; but I could do very little for them. I did prepare, and smuggle through, lists of the nationals of some thirteen Central and South American republics but nothing came of this unless some of them got remittances privately. I at one time suggested that I should be put in charge of the interests of all the Allied nations but I can quite understand that this seemed unnecessary to the authorities at home or in the capitals of these nations. The odd Swede or Dane could be assisted individually after reference to his Government and the American Republics seemed to be suspicious of their own passports; I understood later when I heard that Central Europe was a flourishing source of forged or falsely issued passports of this sort. In most cases I am sure that the appeal to me was a try-on; they were nearly all made by Chinese who had settled in Macao many years before and who had virtually forgotten the country whose nationality they now claimed.

Financially, apart from the purely British side, our biggest turnover came in the end from Chinese in the States remitting to their families in Macao. We were asked if we would take on this job and did so, refusing the offer of extra staff which was made to us by the Chinese Embassy in Washington. This was typical of the keenness of my boys; when the request came in Derek Anderson and Willie Reed[13] took the job on in spite of having full time employment already and were quite indignant at the idea of taking on extras. Handling this was far from easy; by the time the family in the States had put their relatives' names into European spelling and those and the Portuguese addresses had been telegraphed to us "Lin Luk Wan, 15 Avenida Almeida Ribeiro" would come out as "Lee Tik On, 150 Avenida Bebida Rempiro"; this would be followed by a figure showing the number of dollars deposited in the U.S. Later on they were given code letters according to the

cities in which the relatives lived and a serial number so we spent hours checking over laboriously SAN 3 (for San Francisco) POR 8 (for Portland) and so on. To be quite frank if the war had gone on much longer I think we should have had to ask for extra staff as the volume of remittances increased monthly.

Tail piece. Circular to H.M. Consuls in China "His Majesty's Consuls may give advice to foreign nationals in time of need but such nationals should apply direct to their own Consular authorities for more active assistance".

Chapter XII

Post-War

I had a nice new big flag.[1] I had let it be known that this flag would go up only when Victory was confirmed, by which I meant when the B.B.C. announced it (and that is the way the whole population felt; "If the B.B.C. says so, it is so."). And then at 7.45 Macao time came the announcement that at eight the Prime Minister would speak. I guessed. I heard the first words "Japan has surrendered" and I was on my way downstairs. The flag went to the mast-head, made-up, at its usual time. But when the flag was broken at the mast-head it was the new big flag. The war was over.

And then materialized an amazing phenomenon. You can imagine how the Chinese felt after eight years of war. You can imagine how my family felt all ten thousand of them. Yet when the Government asked that there should be no celebrations for an unspecified while there were none, at least in public. The Governor had taken a wise step; he wanted tempers to cool; he wanted no incidents amounting maybe to a massacre of the Japanese still in the colony. I took perhaps a greater pride in my community than ever; in this hour of triumph they remained as self-disciplined as ever; they had, under great provocation, caused no incident during the war; they caused none now; they loyally obeyed the orders of the Government which had given them refuge. H.E. would agree with me.

Four hours later there was another materialization.[2] Out of the mist came a grey shape. H.E. and I were at Miramar where was the Government radio station (no. 10 on the map).[3] H.E. was privileged; he was half way up the radio mast. Then a flashing light saying roughly "Request permission to enter and send boat ashore". My glasses focused on—the White Ensign.

It was too much; glasses or no glasses my sight was blurred. It was the greatest—except for one other, purely personal—moment of my life. We had felt so particularly alone, more than ever after V.E. [Day] when, no doubt unjustly, we had felt forgotten. Later we could see a boat coming in; and the Ensign grew till it filled the whole horizon. Do not ask me to recall whether there were official visits or not, nor in what order they were. The emotional tension was, thank heaven, broken by sheer comedy. A signal was received ashore. Would H.E. and I dine aboard H.M.S. *Plym*.[4] Would we? H.E. had served in co-operation with our Navy in the last war; I had been brought up for the Navy till my eyesight went suddenly. Meanwhile the duty-boat's crew had been entertained; among the crew was one man who was quite a local hero as he had played football in Macao—and they were royally entertained. When H.E. suggested we should go out in our boat I suggested that perhaps—; H.E. smiled and called one of his own launches. Our boat preceded us but steered such a wavy course and the crew showed signs of such discomfort for sailors on a glassy sea that H.E. felt it more tactful to pass her and go ahead. The duty-boat had meanwhile signalled the ship on a walkie-talkie "Governor coming aboard does not like red meat?". This had caused a panic. "Is he a Mohammedan? Is Spam red meat? Break out some sardines." However all went well when a correction arrived from the duty-boat, "For meat read tape". This, I consider, ranks with the best signalling stories. And it was so. H.E. introduced himself as "Commander Teixeira, Portuguese Navy, at your service", and the party went informally and most, most cordially. H.E. was not allowed to drink but this one time he had a gin or two and a whisky or two and damned the consequences. It was a great evening whether in the cuddy or the wardroom. I remember particularly the strange impression given me by the fact that I was surrounded by English voices and every kind of English accent. It was some years since that had happened to me.

Around this time, a little before this time, Hongkong had been retaken for us in one of the most daring actions of the war. Mr. Gimson who had been Colonial Secretary of Hongkong for about two days before the war started, without a gun and without any armed force whatever calmly led

his key men out of Stanley and told the Japanese he was in charge. He also sent me a message by junk which I wired home via Chungking and this was the first news to reach London of the liberation of Hongkong. Two enthusiasts even hoisted the Union Flag on the Peak but this was taken down for a day or two until our ships, under Admiral Harcourt, came in, for fear of provoking incidents. I wrote to Mr. Gimson and my letter was broadcast in Hongkong. This resulted in the unexpected comment by Antonio Maria da Silva that he did not know Englishmen could be so eloquent. If any should wish to judge this "eloquence" it appears as Appendix 1.

From now on of course my family began to dwindle, by official and unofficial repatriation and in every craft available from steamers to sampans. Few said good-bye to us but who is to blame them for that? They were very home-hungry even though they knew that their homes might have been ruined. Some of course stayed on and we had to put a time-limit on the extension of aid, after which we had to demobilize ourselves, no easy task, of which more later.

Here I must insert a story which is based solidly on fact though I will not vouch for it in detail. There was a lady of a certain age who had once decided, in the office, that she was Christ. She stood with her arms outstretched and exclaimed: "I have always been a good girl, now I am Christ." (She was, by the way, less alarming by far than the person who developed all the symptoms of cholera on the office premises—and died of it.) She was removed and after a while shed her divinity and returned to normal. On the wharf, as she was about to get into a lighter for repatriation, she was off again, determined she was Christ. Someone asked me what to do about it and I replied, "If she's Christ it's only 48 miles by sea to Hongkong; tell her to walk". No more trouble.

This is not to say we were inactive. There was still plenty to do in all sorts of ways and visiting ships and parties became nearly a full time job. My wife and child left in H.M.S. *Fremantle*[5] for America and home at the end of September and we moved out of Skyline and returned to the Consulate itself, which became a focus of unofficial and official visits.

But to start with first things; after four days the Governor lifted the ban on rejoicings and similarly that on firecrackers. The town immediately went mad; strings of firecrackers were let down from the roofs of buildings, hung from poles fixed in windows and let off. "Strings" of firecrackers needs perhaps a little explanation; they are actually hundreds of what look like small cartridges for sporting guns threaded onto a long fuse with, every now and then, along the line, an explosive box so that the continuous small explosions are punctuated by quite respectably large bangs. The noise of 400 thousand Chinese celebrating this way has to be heard to be believed; and we contributed a string or two ourselves. Meanwhile the Salesian orphanage brass band started practising the British and American national anthems just behind the house and an occasional message had to be sent to the effect, for instance, that the first phrase of "God Save the King" is not repeated. All this led up to the official celebration by the Chinese community. A stand was built on the waste-ground and there was an attempt to keep a more or less free space in the centre of the ground. I arrived, very protocol, a few minutes early all dressed up in white uniform with sword and white helmet with a spike on top. As I fought my way through the potted palms up the steps to the platform the Salesians let loose with "God Save the King". I snapped to the salute my arm in its upcurve shaking the palms till it must have looked like a jungle with a herd of animals passing through and shaking the foliage. I had relaxed and mounted another two steps when the Salesians were off again, this time with the American anthem; again a salute and this time palms, gathered in the stiff bend of my arm were tickling my ears and neck intolerably. I reached my place without further incident and was sitting down to recover when the Governor arrived and the Portuguese and Chinese flags were raised; more national anthems and saluting. One final salute to H.E. as he reached the platform and I really could relax during a long Cantonese speech. Then came my turn and here I confess to a certain deceit; realizing that I would have to speak I had looked up a few quotations from Confucius and scattered them through my discourse; I had also taken care to have my own translation made, which the interpreter read when I had finished the English version. The quotations

caused quite a stir and gave the quite unjustified impression that I really knew my Confucius. This was my first experience of having loud-speakers booming my own sentences back at me from two or three hundred yards away; I did not like it.

Celebrations naturally succeeded each other with no little rapidity.[6] Perhaps the biggest and most successful was the Inter-Allied Celebration at Melco Club. More anthems and speeches of course but I sometimes wonder whether Macao realized in those days how lucky they were that the two chief speech-makers, H.E. and I, were invariably brief. The Portuguese have a phrase for a speech, *Duas palavras* (literally "two words"), which tends to mean nothing less than twenty minutes but neither H.E. nor I as a rule went beyond an outside limit of three minutes. But in any case this was the first time the refugees had really been able to let themselves go for years and they did, indeed they did; when I finally left I was nearly torn to pieces and I was embarrassed by what I believe to have been genuine warmth towards me (Appendix 2).[7]

Another really great event was the arrival of a large party of Hongkong Volunteers to see their families. These lads had fought hard and during their time as prisoners-of-war had behaved in a most exemplary manner. There were large plans for their reception including a march past H.E. and a march past my Consulate. H.E. and I dodged the official committee, went down to the wharf, H.E. spoke very shortly in welcome and that was that, they were free to go off with their families. No one could have blamed them if they had shown a good deal of rowdiness during their visit. But they upheld the reputation for excellent discipline which they had already earned. They presented me with a scroll done by one of their Sergeants-Major and I am particularly proud of this because it was done by the man who, in camp, had added greatly to morale by his illustrated programmes and so on. I believe no one ever found out quite where he got his colours in camp.[8] (Appendix 3)

Other communities too were good to me and gave parties for me. It would look too conceited to rehearse here what was said on these occasions when I was the recipient of more compliments than I deserved. Reports will be found in the Appendices (3, 4 and 5). I suddenly, in fact, found myself

being treated as a V.I.P. a treatment I neither expected nor was accustomed to. The newspapers had done their worst, not just in Macao and I found myself, for a short while, famous. For instance when ships started leaving papers ashore for me I picked up a *Daily Sketch* and found a front page, right hand, I don't know how many point headline "He kept the flag flying for four years". I felt I must read about the evidently interesting person and found it was myself. (Appendix 11)

Divine of the Keensley Press[9] was responsible for that one; my old friend Graham Barrow of Reuters was responsible for a lurid story of my playing hockey with a gun on my hip; this was exaggerated; I always gave my gun to a bodyguard as I went on the field. We had many other newspaper correspondents; one I remember well though I may not spell her name right was Dixie Tighe from America. Bob Shaplen who later had me into *Esquire* and the *Nieman Reports* [10] was another and I have been in correspondence with him since. I suppose such a thing is impossible but I none the less feel that correspondents might send you the stuff they write about you.[11] But that would swell my appendices alarmingly; one American paper went so far as to say that the Chinese wanted us to keep Hongkong partly because of my activities in Macao during the war. Incidentally Divine was the first man in. I think he came in the same sloop as Barry of the Hongkong Government Rice Control. He was immensely interesting to us as he had been on virtually every front from Dunkerque to Tokyo and it was a thrill to get more than the straight facts, something of the background; I am afraid we wore him out with our questions.

Talking of Barry reminds me that H.E. immediately after the surrender offered to share all his Government's food stores with Hongkong and did so to the utmost of his ability. I helped where I could by sending across medicines. It seems silly but around that moment I had more medicines in stock than the whole colony of Hongkong. Later there was another commodity we sent over, money. This went by Otter, an amphibian plane of which we saw much and with very much pleasure.[12] This led to a slightly odd incident; it was realized that the Otter was unarmed and that with five million dollars (£300,000) aboard and more or less pirate-infested sea for 48 miles;

after all even an Otter can come down. She had to have arms aboard and a civilian asked his staff to get a couple of Tommy guns and an assortment of smaller weapons. There remains a photograph of H.M. Consul handing guns into the plane. Civilian officer!

These Otters played quite a part in our lives in all sorts of ways. Twice I remember at an urgent request they brought over medicines which did not exist in Macao and which were needed in emergency. We played this one with a certain amount of drama; I would be waiting at the slipway with my car and would rush the medicines to hospital. Another time in the course of a lunch hour medicines were flown across from Hongkong for me. We had a trying time once; someone rather important had flown over and the Otter was on the apron ashore of the slipway. There arrived on the slipway an American amphibian whose wheels folded gently beneath her so that she subsided on to her hull; we then spent a jolly three hours in broiling heat pushing twelve tons of aircraft gently down the ramp; our V.I.P. got off in time but I was not in a fit state to be seen and did not stay to say goodbye. As a coolie fine; as a Consul, as usual, doubtful.

On another occasion an Otter arrived with white streamers and a white horseshoe daintily disposed about her struts and bracing wires. She brought an R.A.F. officer and his new bride. As I drove them off in my car the pilot, one of the Jimmies I think, came down so low over us that I swear he took some paint off the car roof. "I can't really talk", said the groom, "I am the chap who took a Sunderland under Sidney [Sydney] bridge." Another memory is of Jimmy Blair when things were not working quite right just sitting[13] in the pilot's seat tapping his jaw with his flat hand; just that. Peter Woodham insisting on my putting on a Mae West; and turning up later, by a reversal of the usual process, with a beard, in Rome as stage-manager for Fay Compton. It will show my then abysmal ignorance of the services that when I got my first telegram (sorry; signal!) signed "Nabcatcher" I wondered what sort of a bird this was. Only much later, when I dared ask, was I told that this stood for Naval Air Base "Catcher". They lived, I believe because their Commanding Officer thought it was good for them, not in a requisitioned house but in tents on Kaitak Aerodrome in Kowloon, which could

be quite incredibly muddy. In contrast their R.A.F. opposite numbers had a very comfortable house as a mess and I was asked (flying by Otter) to their house-warming cocktail party. The party was grand but my then hosts will perhaps forgive me if I say that my even greater pleasure was when Japanese prisoners the next morning came to tidy up and saluted every time they passed my chair.

The Japanese surrender brought a semi-funny story.[14] When, finally, my "colleague" was told to hand over to me his Consulate, he asked for an interview and got back a polite but curt note telling him to call next day.[15] I had told my boys not to make any demonstration but when the Japanese came in he was as white as a Japanese can be. Borrowing shamelessly from Marshal Foch I asked him what he had come for and he replied that he had come to surrender his Consulate. I said I would take over next day with my Chinese colleague and told him he could go. I then thought I would find out why he had looked so frightened. There had been no demonstration but every man, at the door or in the General Office had had a gun in full prominence. My colleague must have thought he was about to be killed. One or two Japanese did commit hari kari in Macao; the rest we sent gradually to Hongkong to internment in Stanley though one or two were in Macao at the time of my departure; they, no doubt, had financial backing, as well as political, from ex-enemy friends. The Consul, incidentally, had destroyed everything in his office except telephone directories and dictionaries. I regretted this; I particularly would have liked to have had his flag as a memento.

I would also have liked to have had a bit off a Japanese plane which landed in the Colony by mistake and was interned; I never enquired about the pilot because some of our lads might have dropped in some day and I wanted a precedent for having them left free. The four who did come, you remember, landed out of uniform and so could be handled as civilians anyhow. I kept the Japanese Consul in Macao longer than I should have done; I knew he was on short commons. When he finally got to Stanley however he wrote and thanked me for the courtesy and kindness with which he had been treated. Japanese property in Macao was a headache particularly as by the time I received orders to take it over with my Chinese

colleague, lawyers had been earning good fees drawing up transfer documents so that it all now lay safely in neutral or Chinese names. This applied equally to real estate and to property like ships and wharves. That, I think, disposes of the Japanese story in Macao except to say that the Japanese who left for Hongkong gave a very different impression from the one they had given when they thought they were on top.

One final, totally undignified story; a little while before the end of the war José Lima and his wife Janet, who was British by birth, were visiting us after dinner; we must have been in high spirits as we put a telephone call through to the Japanese Consulate, insisted on speaking to the Consul personally and then said one sentence, "How are your battleships?" Childish but we liked it at the time.

Naval visits were frequent; big ships could not come because of the shallow water but we had sloops, corvettes, B.Y.M.S. (I think these are British Yard Mine-Sweeper), Air Sea Rescue launches and M.L.'s (Motor Launches; I believe they were classified as H.D.M.L. which I guess stands for Harbour Defence Motor Launches). The latter were our most frequent visitors and I think I knew their wardrooms as well as I knew my own sitting room. It did not, repeat not, surprise me much that they always had to come into port from patrol at weekends, carnivals, Easter and so on.

After a while we could talk to the M.L.'s at sea as I was provided with a set and an operator on the veranda. Apart from Official communication with Hongkong and Canton, whose American operator usually replied "Going to PX" (their canteen), we used the set for calling up the M.L.'s and suggesting parties. Hughie's joyful "Drunk or sober, I shall be there" often preluded a hectic evening.[16] My second operator, from the R.A.F., was called Horne, inevitably "Trader". One evening I tried to teach him fencing and, overconfidently, left off my jacket. Either my defence was bad or his methods unorthodox; I still have a four-inch scar on my right arm to prove it.

There were two main incidents connected with their visits which will be long remembered by the participants. One was a night operation in a big way. A dinner was being given for me at Skyline and in the middle of it we had a 'phone call that a British naval vessel was on the exterior breakwater.

Hughie Roskill commanding H.D.M.L. 1105 and I leapt into my car and even Hughie acknowledges he was scared by the way I drove; so was I. After that it was my turn to be scared. There was, sure enough, a British naval vessel on the rocks; she had been the property of the Governor of Macao, had been used by us after the war for piracy control and was being sent to Macao for return to the Governor as a good-will gesture. The gesture never came off; the youngster in charge of her had no maps which showed how far out to sea the breakwater ran, harbour-lighting had not been renewed, the breakwater was awash, and he ran head on into it. We were manoeuvering in the small space between the breakwaters and in point of fact bent a propeller and stripped some planking on them. Hughie was rowing or swimming to get the crew off the wrecked craft, at one moment our lights went off and someone managed to reverse a pump so that it looked as though water was entering the M.L.[17] There was also a fairly heavy sea running. In fact we were having fun; the trouble was that the young sub did not wish to leave the ship, his first command; in the end he realized it was hopeless and came aboard us where he was warmed up with a particularly vicious concoction of Hughie's known as a "Hongkong Telegraph". The ship shortly rolled off the breakwater and was never salvaged. The story, so far as we were concerned, finished the next morning with an incident which typifies the warm-heartedness of the Governor. The sub and I were on the wharf when H.E. arrived and the sub wanted to present his apologies to H.E. I went to the Governor and told him; he replied "Tell him not to worry; as a naval officer I know how such things happen easily; I too have put a ship aground". The last phrase was, I suspect, untrue but was added to make the sub feel better.

Another much calmer expedition was with Chris; an oil-lighter, a big one, was ashore opposite Melco power station after unloading. She was broadside on, bumping and the sea rising. All the necessary formalities to establish a salvage claim were completed, request of master for assistance and all, and off we went on a sunny morning, round the end of the breakwater and north past the reservoir and the Netherlands Harbour Works and then a creep round the corner into shallow water. I had gone along as self-styled

"expert on local waters" and the M.L. drew 5 ft. 9 in. but we had her in 4 ft. 9 in. before we finished. No. 1 went across in a sampan and took the tow rope with him; he made fast and we went ahead the screws churning up the sand, praying there were no hidden rocks. Once round the corner and going south we relaxed and a bottle of whisky appeared magically to rest cosily in the voice-pipe. Then I discovered something; Chris was a poet and we had a lovely session swopping verses in the sun. The session was rudely interrupted as with a twang the tow broke just when we were turning in to approach between the breakwaters. There were visions of the lighter and No. 1 drifting into the China Sea never to be seen again but we passed another tow and were able to signal "Finished with engines" without further mishap. I should say the lighter was then, from rarity value, worth some £75,000. I believe the crew of the M.L. finally got about 2/6 each by the time Insurance Companies had negotiated and the Admiralty had taken its whack. I got nothing but you don't find a much more than competent poet every day.

These were the only two major incidents but we saw one M.L. or other almost every day and could never have too much of them.[18]

One story of a very unfortunate engineer lieutenant known to all of us as Rigor Mortis, a piratical type. One very crowded day in my sitting-room he was talking to a four-ring captain and was saying how pleased he was that by the expenditure of a couple of bottles of gin he had managed to avoid a passage in an uncomfortable trooper. The senior officer heard him out and then remarked bleakly "I am Captain (A)" or Administration, in fact the officer who had ordered him to go home on that trooper. I think Rigger was nearer living up to his nickname at that moment than he will ever be in his lifetime.

The Air Sea Rescue launches usually brought V.I.P.'s like Admiral Harcourt, then Governor of Hongkong, or General Festing[19] the G.O.C. that tower of a man with red hair and always a walking-stick for which the word stout was hardly adequate. These vessels of course had a fantastic power and one could see the immense V of the bow-wave coming over the horizon long before one could see the vessel herself. The other thing which

used to surprise the Colony was that if a signal was received saying "arriving 1300 hours" that was the exact moment that she tied up.

And from the sublime in motor-driven craft to the slightly ridiculous, my own boat. One rainy day a party of officers including Commodore, Hongkong, arrived at low tide and had to come ashore from their launch in a sampan. As Commodore stepped ashore in the rain I remarked that this sort of thing could be avoided if I had my own motor boat. Whether the remark was operative or not the fact remains that a day or two later a landing-craft arrived and there was my sixteen-footer. She was not elegant then but I put her in the Portuguese Naval Yard and she came out "proper tiddly" in all the glory of new paint, with the Consulate badge each side of her bows and collapsible awnings fore and aft. She sailed out, still noisy, but resplendent with a Consul's flag (blue ensign with the Royal Arms in the fly) forward and a red ensign aft. She was useful in many ways. I handled her myself and she was beautiful to handle. Naturally trips in her after office were also popular and we had great fun with her and one somewhat shattering experience.

One night about midnight I found twelve seamen on the beach with their ship sailing next day at six in the morning. Their ship was lying well out beyond the breakwaters. So we piled aboard and off we went and in spite of a long rolling sea we made it in about an hour and came smartly alongside. The troops piled out and then the engine failed, absolutely dead. It was a stroke of luck for us that at this moment the ship's boat arrived and gave us a tow. But, right between the breakwaters, with a good sea running and a heavy wind from the west, her engine also died and that was two of us furiously fending ourselves off the breakwater, I even trying to make sail with my awnings; by the way the breakwater was no nice smooth bit of masonry; it was rocks piled irregularly on one another and they stuck out with sharp corners in every direction above and below sea-level; we were just where the Governor's launch had hit. Fortunately my "acting engineer" who was skipper of an M.L. had told his vessel to come out and look for us if we were overdue. She arrived and towed us in. Time about 3 a.m. Very unpleasant, but I liked it.

On another occasion my boat was extremely useful; I happened to be at San Januario hospital[20] when I spotted an American launch standing in at a dangerously high speed. I rushed down and got aboard my boat just as the American, by a miracle, got in through a small gap in the southern breakwater wall; the gap itself was small but the helmsman cannot have known that half of it had a wall below the surface to within three feet of that surface. I guided her to safe anchorage and went alongside to find aboard, of all people, Mr. Joeselyn, who had been American Consul-General in Hankow when I was there.

Another American vessel which came into our area was a much unhappier story. She was a landing craft loaded with kerosene and butter. Her crew took the ship out of Hongkong, sold the cargo and then sold the ship, which was later blockading or helping to blockade Macao. Their commercial transactions finished they decided to see life in Macao but by now signals were flying. I caught up with them in the early hours of the morning and warned them that unless they took the next boat back to Hongkong I would have them in a Portuguese prison. Three frightened boys took the next boat back and I heard horrific, but perhaps untrue, stories of their punishment.

Yet another American officer caused me some confusion. My staff merely announced "Captain Jones (or Smith)". I was busy and did not look up till a smart click of the heels raised my eyes to a very fine salute—by a woman. Remember we were not used to women in the Services. We had not seen such a thing before. An American admiral also turned up and I offered one of my staff to help him shop; he was anxious to refuse but I insisted politely saying frankly that I did not want markets spoilt by American "damn the price" buying. The admiral saw the point and very decently allowed himself to be shepherded.

Another "foreign" visitor was Admiral d'Aubignan of the French Naval Forces.[21] He arrived just as H.E. and I were on the cathedral steps waiting to go in for some celebration. So the strange solution was made of H.M. Consul deputizing on the wharf for the Governor of Macao. Looking back on it perhaps H.E. will not mind my saying that this incident reflected the

close personal and official relations between us. My deputizing for him did not seem incongruous.

Another party was a group of midshipmen from *Duke of York* who sailed a pinnace across. I received a telegram from Admiral (now Lord) Fraser asking me to "keep a fatherly eye" on them.[22] I wired back that I would do my best but "prefer term brotherly". The midshipmen duly arrived including, I should think, the tallest in the navy; how or if he had slept during the night afloat I don't know. We gave them a Chinese meal and they were then more than ready for bed. They went off again next day and arrived safely in Hongkong though I was more than relieved when I heard they had rejoined their ship. Pirates, after all, were not inactive and ransom has been asked.

The largest single official party to come over was the party to open the N.A.A.F.I.[23] leave centre. The Hongkong press has it that this was General Festing's idea and I know I told them so. But a later perusal of my files showed me a very much earlier letter from me to Hongkong putting the proposal forward. Anyhow it doesn't matter whose was the credit. H.E. as usual was a tower of strength and owing to his intervention we secured the Bela Vista, once a hotel, then a refugee centre, now again a hotel, finer than ever before.[24] H.E. was unable to be at the opening but Madame Teixeira unveiled a notice-board recalling the age-old friendship between the countries and what I believe to be the only leave centre in a place where we had no troops stationed, was open. It got off to a slow start but it was soon in the fullest swing owing to the untiring work of the W.V.S.,[25] of an excellent cook, and of the Provost Sergeant-Major whose tact was supreme. The lads came over for five days, had early morning tea in bed, breakfast, elevenses, lunch, tea, supper and late sandwiches for about five shillings a day. On their last evening there was always a dance and no lack of partners; these were great occasions. I used to go and help at the reception-desk and try and put in a hand where I could. We loved having the lads over and they loved being there (Appendix 6). There were no rules, to all intents and purposes; they could come in and go to bed when they felt inclined and so on; a considerable change from barracks; but we never really had any trouble

from those who came. They behaved most decorously without failing to enjoy themselves.

Of course we had other visitors, hundreds of them and we tried to do our best for them. I remember well Colonel Ryde [Ride],[26] by normal avocation a professor of biology but then head of the army aid group I have mentioned, seated on the floor with a couple of other high-ranking officers playing dice on a low Chinese table. I remember an Easter when Good Friday saw forty, Saturday fifty and Sunday sixty officers of all ranks and forces in my house. I was, of course, completely defeated by the various forms of slang; it was also on this occasion that I swore I would no more make any attempt to remember names or make introductions. I remember a party of WRNS[27] the officers of which annoyed me; 3 officers and 3 ratings had to take four rooms because one officer could not sleep in a double room with a rating. That peeved me. But I was so very seldom peeved at anything and the way our people got on with the Portuguese was nobody's business. I don't think those who visited Macao will forget it.

We had also our repatriates to Macao; Fletch came back with Marjorie and re-assumed management of Melco; he had been controlling war-like stores and she had developed into a sculptress as well as having done war work. And there appeared the almost legendary Gellion,[28] of whom I was scared before I met him, and for whom I cared greatly when I met him. I have mentioned Melco as being one of my worst headaches; roughly, not to go into too much detail, the authorities said they must take the Company over or the Japanese would give no fuel and the city would be without light and water. I was a little sceptical; after all the Portuguese were in general keen to get into their own hands various foreign concessions. The joke was on me, and to some extent on the local authorities; the whole thing was fought and settled at a very much higher level than ours and after the war the Company came back to us as had been intended all along. The joke was on us in Macao, on me because of my furibund righteous indignation, on at least the second rank of local officials because they thought they had got the Company for good.

Anyhow Gellion came back, seemed grateful for my quite futile efforts on the Company's behalf and re-opened Skyline to take its pre-war place as the non-official (and even official from the point of view of lavishness) social highlight of the colony. Freddie liked poker and a game was sure to follow dinner at Skyline; but stakes were by arrangement amongst the players and no one was ever obliged to play for more than he felt he could afford; nor was the game too serious, nor, as was the Portuguese manner, was every other hand a variation on straight poker. Freddie was and no doubt is, the most genuinely hospitable person I know.

He was good enough to lend me Skyline with its wide terraces and lawns for the King's Birthday celebration in 1946. I am not sure that orders, wartime orders, were still not in force against official celebration; but in Macao it just had to be done. (And looking at that sentence, I feel it epitomizes much of our activities in Macao; they might be against orders but they just had to be done.) At the reception after champagne for the toast I served Pym's No. 1. This had surprising results amongst the high Portuguese officials and their wives, some of whom thought it was a soft drink.

All this time, of course, we were demobilizing, recording and generally clearing up. My staff fell as they were no longer necessary as they had mounted on becoming necessary. My orders finally came; I was to hand over a fortnight after the arrival of my relief and he was due on the 4th July. I asked Mr. Hall, our Consul-General in Canton, to come down and see our work which he most kindly did. I begged for more time; my graphs of expenditure, numbers under my care, comparative staff, disease incidence and so on could only be finished by September. There was inexorability, my complete statistical picture was unfinished; I had scored 99 and the captain had declared the innings closed.

One thing I like to feel is that I never hauled my flag down; by a strange coincidence on the day I handed over there was a typhoon which blew the flag from the masthead and I kept the tattered remains. They hang behind me now with our badge and that of the American Relief upon them. And before them hangs the gold and silver diplomatic sword subscribed for not

only by the refugees but by many others inside and outside Macao who had never even entered my office.[29]

Then of course the farewell parties concluding with one at the house from 10 a.m. till the moment I left for the ship. A crowd, including H.E. at the wharf, my flag at the masthead. "For he's a jolly good fellow"; a hard fight against tears. The ship draws away to cheering and *Auld Lang Syne*; as I pass the Consulate I dip my flag in last salute. Macao falls away in the distance, perhaps forever.

My tale is done. *Nunc dimittis*.

H.M.S. *Ranee* Rome
August 1946. January 1949

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