

Sarawak Gazette

PRICE

KUCHING, Friday, August 1st, 1947.

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Men of Letters.

After twelve months of solid struggle the *Sarawak Gazette* has at last in this number achieved a respectable correspondence column. We have never deliberately stated untruths; we have not been nearly so provocative as would have been the case if we had not felt ourselves crabbed and confined by our semi-official status, writing in awe of the Chief Secretary's blue pencil; but nevertheless we have from time to time opened our lips and dropped remarks with one and a half eyes on the reflexions of our readers. For the most part the guinea-pig has remained stolid and unmoved, but now it would appear that Success has come. We have much pleasure in presenting a correspondence column rich in merit and full of promise for the future.

The British race falls naturally into two classes—those who habitually write to the papers and those who habitually do not. It is most desirable that this gulf should be bridged; that both the pretentious self-complacency of the inveterate correspondent and the surly indifference, masquerading as humility, of the great majority, should be eschewed; and that, true to all that is best in the national character, a middle course should be mapped out and persistently pursued. In other words the kind of correspondent we want is the man who writes to the *Sarawak Gazette* when he has something worth saying and who refrains from doing so when he has not. It can be properly claimed that the letters to this journal never fail to pass this test, which is to be expected as few men in this part of the world wear their hearts on their nibs. They are decently reticent and taciturn. This is a characteristic not so much of British blood as of British education so that it is common to readers of an English-language periodical irrespective of the race to which they belong.

For more decades now than we like to remember we have stood in the vanguard of the new movement, a member of that small and select body of men who sometimes write letters to the papers but generally do not—a body which we desire to see expand and develop so that the correspondence column of the *Sarawak Gazette* shall be eagerly read in every quarter of the globe by all who seek after erudition diffidently disclosed and learning modestly presented. Our first effort was a letter to the *Daily Herald* in our school-days advocating the selection of eleven named gentlemen to represent England in a cricket match against Australia. It was in the old "Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Hearne, Hendren" days. Much to our pride and delight

The Sarawak Gazette.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1947.

Birth.

WAINE.—On July 21st in Kuching, to Anne, wife of A. C. Waine—a daughter (Elizabeth Kennedy).

Personal.

6th July, 1947.

CHAPEL HOUSE,
WARRGRAVE,
BERKS,
ENGLAND.

As Mr. & Mrs. E. H. ELAM will not be returning to Sarawak again they would like to take this opportunity of wishing goodbye to all their many friends in Sarawak and of thanking them for all the kindnesses they have received and the jolly times they have spent together.

They would like to thank especially all those Natives of Sarawak and Europeans who aided Mrs. Elam and her small daughter through Borneo to Pontianak in December, 1941, and they will be only too pleased to see any of their friends at the above address when they visit England.

our letter was published, and two days later that pride and delight swelled to enormous proportions when we read that somebody or other had taken the trouble to attack our choice, asserting roundly that it "would not get England much forrader." England eventually won "the ashes" but not with our team. After that attempt, apart from controversies in local papers in the county of Essex, our pen remained stilled until the day came when we wrote a letter to the *Sarawak Gazette* containing a savage attack on the then Chief Justice, nor, let it be said at once, for anything done in his judicial capacity, but because he had written a highly critical review of a book which we had not at that time read but which we felt we would certainly like if we did. The inexorable blue pencil of the Chief Secretary came down on our letter but this liberal-minded censor accompanied his edict with an invitation to us to submit a review of our own. We obtained the book, and once more reduced our previous conceptions to writing. The contribution was duly accepted and honour was saved all round.

We have never obtained publication of a letter in a London paper but we know people to whom this triumph has come, and we possess a cousin who, at the age of eighteen, attained the considerable distinction of having a few lines appear over his name in the "Points From Letters" column of the *Times*. We therefore feel qualified to write on this subject. A few months since, when other "copy" appeared sparse, we addressed another letter to the *Sarawak Gazette* and were gratified to find that it was as acceptable as the review of ten years ago, so that we are particularly well qualified to write on the subject of writing letters to the *Sarawak Gazette*.

Attention is drawn to the scholarly epistle of Mr. Leach and it is to be hoped that it will induce more people to take part in this discussion. This Mr. Leach should not of course be confused with the Director of Lands and Surveys who, strange to say, possesses the same name and sticks to the subject with as much tenacity. Two out of five Residents have been stirred into action, a somewhat formidable undertaking; an attempt is made by our Kuching D.S.O.'s to put an end to a regrettable controversy; two knowledgeable readers severely criticise a contribution which appeared in our last issue; the Director of Agriculture soothes the fears of Egypt and restores peace amongst the plantations of the erstwhile Confederacy; and "Baffled" once more shakes a defiant, die-hard dirk at the disciples of democracy. There is one contributed article in this number which would have more appropriately appeared among the letters and this is a difficulty which crops up from time to time. Current controversies are usually better relegated to the correspondence column and if those who send in "copy," in doubt into which category their contribution falls, would kindly give the editor *carte blanche* to insert a "Dear Sir" at the top and a "yours faithfully" at the bottom, when he feels that circumstances require it, both time and trouble would be saved.

The *Sarawak Gazette* claims to be the voice of Sarawak and it is important that it should not degenerate into becoming the voice of its editor or the voice of Kuching, or, for that matter, a mere European voice either. Contributions are always welcome but in default of these we want more letters, bigger and better letters, letters dealing with every aspect of Sarawak life and work, and even with issues outside our own immediate sphere. One of the most beneficial results of the

war is that the civil service can no longer be plausibly accused of suffering from an inability to articulate. It has always been, in theory at any rate, the duty of public servants to see and to hear but it has only recently come to be acknowledged that it is their duty to speak as well. The establishment and development of "public relations" departments, the increasing practice of holding "press conferences," the steady stream of Government pronouncements, warnings, and exhortations show not only that it is now realised that the public must be taken into official confidence but that the advantages of thorough and open discussion and exchange of ideas are also fully appreciated. "Political" controversy in the "party" sense must still of course for obvious reasons be avoided, but the exact spot where the limit should be placed is itself a matter of controversy. Many people would argue that "Baffled's" epistles have no place in a semi-official journal. Too often the expression of the other fellow's view is denounced as "political propaganda" by a critic who innocently regards the expression of his own as mere education and enlightenment. We have recently received a "London Letter," contributed no doubt in all good faith, the publication of which would have rightly laid us open to the charge that the *Sarawak Gazette* was playing with "politics" in the narrowest sense of the word.

Subject to the limitations referred to above the correspondence column of this journal should become a forum for the public discussion of questions of the hour, particularly Sarawak questions of the hour, and of long term policy, not, naturally, for officials in official matters, as they have their own more conventional ways of making their views known to their colleagues, but as between officials on the one hand and members of the public on the other, and for all persons in their private capacity. The more opinions are ventilated, the more controversial subjects are popularly discussed, the more ideas are permitted to pass and percolate, the quicker will be, on the short view, the rehabilitation of the Colony, and, on the long view, the progress of the people of Sarawak towards the status of a self-governing democracy.

The Governor at Grog.

His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by the Honourable the Resident, First Division, the Government Ethnologist and the Private Secretary, paid a short visit to the Bau District on June 23rd and 24th.

Leaving the Astana at 8 a.m. the party proceeded by launch on the flood tide to Buso, which was reached at 10.30, although after passing Siniawan progress was very slow owing to drift wood and shallow water.

At Buso His Excellency was met by the District Officer, Bau, Mr. G. R. Lloyd Thomas, who introduced to His Excellency leading representatives of the communities. His Excellency inspected the Constabulary Guard of Honour. After a pause for refreshments in the Chinese school, during which His Excellency discussed local matters with the Tua-Tua Kampong and Capitan China, the party proceeded by jeep to Bau, where His Excellency was again greeted by representatives of all communities and entertained to refreshments in the Bau Recreation Club.

After lunch with the District Officer and Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, the party was ferried across river at Pengkalan Bau, and with an escort of Land Dayaks set out on a hot and hilly walk of one hour through rubber gardens and jungle to Kampong Grogo. At the outskirts of Kampong Grogo His Excellency was greeted by the Orang Kaya and the Tua Kampong and a large crowd of Land Dayaks which had gathered for the celebration of a feast known as *nubong*.

According to the *adat* His Excellency was preceded into the village by the Tua Kampong bearing a white flag, while His Excellency carried a white cockerel, and the party proceeded to the round house to the accompaniment of the firing of shotguns, ancient cannon and the beating of gongs. As salutes were fired without regard to those in the vicinity or the direction in which the guns were pointing there were some narrow escapes but luckily no casualties—though at a later stage in the proceedings one old lady inadvertently intercepted the blast of a cannon and had to be removed to hospital.

After a rest and a bath in the river at a time which happened to coincide with the bathing time of all the local youth and beauty, His Excellency addressed the assembled inhabitants in the round house.

At 10 p.m. the *nubong* commenced, of which the Government Ethnologist writes:—

"THE NUBONG festival of these Land Dayaks has not, so far as I know, been described before. There is not space to go into it in detail here; I hope to do so, drawing comparisons with Kelabit and Dutch Kenyah rites, in the first issue of the *Sarawak Museum Journal*, (shortly to be revived). It is indeed, difficult today to piece together the bits and pieces of these major rituals among the Land Dayaks, where only the old people preserve a close interest in *adat lama*, and even among the oldest there is much doubt and disagreement. This was much in evidence at Grogo. The result was somewhat chaotic.

Nevertheless, the old function of NUBONG as a pretty widespread type of generation rite 'a group revitalisation process repeated roughly "once per generation"' emerged clearly enough. The long preliminaries of food accumulation and preparation led up to the great day, hundreds of guests crowding the village as we arrived. The second phase began with dusk, and the special "head drums"—long wooden tubes, with deerskin, up to 8 feet long, supported by a cacophony of gongs, to bring in goodness and drive out badness from the round house where relays of men played them by the hour.

Meanwhile, maidens of purity had to be selected to open the proceedings. This, along with the polite hashfulness and reluctance of all "nice" girls, took a long time.

But by 10 o'clock things began to gather momentum,—not unassisted by quantities of varied alcohols in general circulation. Gradually and with much argument a procession formed in the round house, and at last burst out. Ahead, some old men with a gong, a flag, some frilled sticks and drawn swords, fine sarongs worn sash-wise, turbans of leaf, and some with small carrying baskets and tubes of food on their backs. Behind came six women, three very old and the three pure-in-heart, all finely dressed with red and black chequered hats of monkish type, vivid red and black coats, and fine wide necklaces of black, red and white beads.

(I hope soon to have a complete outfit to show in the Museum). Crowds, including the callow, *adat*-apathetic youth (several in gigolo shoes and dark glasses) followed.

The procession, accompanied by numerous cannon explosions and fireworks, went $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the village to a prepared and stockaded place in the jungle, entered by an avenue of long, curved and cleaned posts exactly reminiscent of elephant tusks. Inside, on closely cleared ground, are a series of shelters in a rough square around a tall centre-piece, with a kind of table five feet up, bamboos and tall branches continuing up to fourteen feet; it is reminiscent of certain Murut and Kayan head-feast structures. The six women start to circle this, clockwise. Men rush up and take them strongly by each arm and they are whirled round faster and faster, heads down, submissive, and as if in agony, round and round in a frenzy for nearly half an hour. Scores of men shout and scream and wave drawn swords in a circle all around, while the callow youth looks on. Then a great shout goes up. The "evil" in the women has ascended the centre-piece. They are then rushed into another small house, the floor of which is covered with miniature helpings of food arranged around five skulls—one of them finely decorated with spiral designs. The women are to spend the rest of the night in here, and awake.

The rest of the night is random dancing, drinking, talk and argument. Next day, phase three begins, with the further cleansing of the village and the bringing in of the heads, ceremonially, to the round house. His Excellency the Governor left as the cleansing began; the rest is another story.

Rising early after a short and disturbed night the party prepared to leave. Before doing so His Excellency and the Resident, again preceded by the Tua Kampong bearing a white flag, assisted in the custom of cleansing the village by circulating throughout the village each waving a cockerel while the Orang Kaya called on the spirits to bring the usual blessings. At 8 a.m. the party left for the return walk to Bau, leaving the Dayaks of Kampong Grogo to continue the *nubong*.

After a short rest at the District Officer's bungalow the party proceeded by jeep to Siniawan where His Excellency was greeted by the Tua Kampong and Capitan China, and then at 10 o'clock embarked on the *Chamois* to return to Kuching.—(Contributed.)

The Governor's Sadong Tour.

On Monday, July 7th, His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by the Resident, First Division, Mr. E. R. Leach, Socio-Economist, and the Private Secretary, visited Serian District. Fortunately the state of the road permitted the use of the Governor's car, so that the 27th mile was reached well ahead of schedule. His Excellency's arrival coinciding with that of the District Officer, Serian, Mr. Roberts, and Native Officer Michael Sadin.

A few minutes walk from the road brought the party to Kampong Panchor, a small and not very impressive Land Dayak village. A *pantang* was in operation in one of the two long-houses comprising the village, but in the other His Excellency talked with the Tua Kampong and his committee.

Leaving Kampong Panchor, the next stop was at the 32nd Mile, where His Excellency was greeted by the Kapitan China and entertained to refreshments in the form of beer and biscuits in the Chinese School. At the 34th Mile His Excellency inspected the Government Agricultural Station, being shown round by Agricultural Inspector Morris Liboh.

On arrival at Serian His Excellency proceeded straight to the District Officer's bungalow for lunch. After tea His Excellency walked through Serian bazaar, took refreshments with the Kapitan China and inspected the Malay School.

After dinner His Excellency discussed local affairs with Tua-Tua Kampong in the District Officer's bungalow, and then the *main* for which large numbers of all communities from the neighbourhood had been waiting, some of them since midday, started on the lawn outside the bungalow. An interesting feature was a song of welcome composed by the schoolmaster and sung by the children of the Malay School. This was followed by Land Dayak dancing and Malay dancing, the last reveller not going home until well after midnight, although by that time His Excellency and party were in bed, but not asleep.

Steady rain was falling at dawn on Tuesday morning, but by 8.30 it had eased somewhat and later ceased. In spite of the weather making the track slippery, Tebekang was reached at 11.20. As His Excellency passed through, the bazaar was wreathed in smoke from large numbers of fire crackers thrown in his path by way of greeting from the Chinese community. At the Kubu His Excellency was greeted by representatives of all communities, and then heard requests.

The party was entertained to a curry tiffin of unsurpassable excellence by Native Officer Abang Samsudin at his house in the attractive Malay *kampong*. At the conclusion of the meal an address of welcome was read to which His Excellency replied. His Excellency was much interested in samples of coffee and cocoa planted under the guidance and initiative of Native Officer Abang Samsudin.

Returning to the Kubu, the party watched Dayak and Malay dancing before setting out on an hour's walk to Kampong Pichin, on which each member of the party was escorted by at least two maidens from Pichin. The path from Tebekang to Pichin had been cleared and steps constructed at all steep places.

On arrival at Pichin the whole of this large and prosperous *kampong* gathered to greet His Excellency, and the party spent some time walking through each house shaking hands. Some of the children, not content with shaking hands once with each member of the party, were to be observed running to the end of the line for another shake. Refreshments were then served in the round house, each member of the party being waited on by attendant handmaidens.

As Pichin has three round houses Tua Kampong Jimau put one at the disposal of His Excellency, another for the remainder of the party, while the main one was used for taking meals. This permitted an unusual amount of privacy and comfort to be enjoyed.

The evening's entertainment opened with religious rites, which were somewhat prolonged by alterations on procedure between the officiating priest

and his assistant. This, however, in no way detracted from the enjoyment of the large crowd, while the members of His Excellency's party were fully occupied with the inspection of their watches, torches, etc., by the attendant youth and beauty.

As the evening progressed the rather static traditional dancing by Dayak women gave place to more gymnastic performances by the local bloods, but owing to the excellent arrangements for accommodation the party was able to sleep undisturbed whilst the festivities probably continued all night.

Leaving Pichin at 8 the next morning His Excellency was escorted back to Tebekang from whence the return trip to Serian was made by *perahu* in 1½ hours, the river being in spate. On the way back to Kuching by car, His Excellency visited Kampong Kakai, a most dirty and depressed Land Dayak village, and a complete contrast to Kampong Pichin.

Despite activities amongst the Land Dayaks by certain anti-cession agents, His Excellency everywhere received a most cordial and genuine welcome from all communities. Several Tua Kampong produced prints of a signed photo of Anthony Brooke which they had been persuaded to purchase, and asked what was to be done with them. They also described how subscriptions for the anti-cession movement had been extracted from them. His Excellency explained that so far as the British Government was concerned the question of cession was closed and there was no intention of revoking it, a statement that met with expressions of approval. The Tua-Tua Kampong and their followers were also greatly relieved to hear that they were under no obligation either to buy pictures or contribute subscriptions and that no harm could come to them from refusal; moreover that any cases of intimidation should be reported to Government, which would take action to prevent a repetition.—(Contributed.)

Notes and Comments.

His Excellency the Governor returned from Singapore on July 1st. His Excellency proceeded to Bintulu on July 16th and returned to Kuching on July 25th.

The *Sarawak Gazette* congratulates the following recipients of the British Empire Medal:

Tua Kampong MOHAMED bin HAJI DULAMIT, of Talahak, Limbang.

PENGHULU NGANG of Limbang.

Native Officer BIGAR anak DEBOI of Lawas.

AWAK PENGIRAN of Limbang.

Mr. CHONG AH ONN of the Medical and Health Department.

Mr. EDWARD JERAH, late Officer-in-Charge, Saratok.

PENGHULU JIMBUN of Lubok Antu.

Some Malays in Kuching celebrated Cession Day by holding a protest procession through the town and the *kampongs*. It would be cheap to gibe at this demonstration on the grounds that one of its most prominent members was an escaped lunatic, and all who are devoted to the cause of civil liberties must rejoice that people can express themselves in such a way. This political con-

sciousness was unknown before the war and we tremble to think what would have been the fate of similar "anti-government" demonstrators in the days of the regime which they now wish restored. Not that the Brookes were by any means illiberal, but in "the good old days" open manifestations of political opinion were regarded as highly objectionable and dangerous, and in that respect Singapore was not much further advanced than Kuching. The procession has long held an important place in British political life, and, if the demonstrators behave themselves and do not occasion a breach of the peace, there is no reason why the practice should not be copied in the Colonies.

As a foot-note to the last preceding paragraph it must be said that demonstrators are not behaving themselves when they parade round individual houses and shout insults at the occupants. We are credibly informed that this outrage was perpetrated by the July 1st procession though it is not clear that the organisers had any responsibility for this departure from the undertaking into which they had solemnly entered. In these circumstances the fact that law-abiding elements are becoming irritated beyond words is forgivable. Both the "pro-cessioners" and the "anti-cessioners" are for the most part decent people. For years they have lived together in peace in their *kampongs* and even now, when a political procession was permitted to parade in this manner, owing, it may be added, to a very liberal construction being placed by the authorities on the Kuching Municipal By-laws, the police were conspicuous by their absence, as would not have been the case in any other country in the world. Yet, stimulated and encouraged by a handful of strangers, and by persons outside Sarawak many of whom have never been in the country at all, some of those Malays in Kuching (which, after all, is only a very small part of the Colony), who still oppose cession, wreck the harmony previously prevailing, set father against son and brother against brother, contrive to produce a state of affairs in which official action of some sort or other becomes inevitable, refuse to co-operate with Government, and for what? Not for independence but in order to obtain the accession of Mr. Anthony Brooke as Rajah. It is not suggested that Mr. Brooke has any part or lot in these proceedings. It is to be hoped that such a rotten cause will not be assisted by the Dutch attack on the Indonesians.

On July 7th Nor bin Hassan, a member of the Committee of the Malay National Union, was fined \$10 in Kuching District Court for distributing a leaflet, purporting to be a re-print of an article written by Anthony Brooke, which did not bear the printer's name. The magistrate rejected the contention of the defence that, before such a prosecution could succeed, it was necessary to prove that the leaflet was printed in the Colony. It is understood that an appeal has been lodged.

The *Sarawak Gazette* heartily congratulates its friend, the Junior Service, on receiving the well-deserved increases in pay, together with certain arrears of such pay, which were announced during July. This hard-worked, loyal, hitherto underpaid, and not easily spared branch of the service, should now feel that its honest labours, continued without complaint or demur in particularly difficult times, and eschewing the temptations offered by the get-rich-quick men of the bazaar, are fully appreciated and have at last been duly rewarded.

Do readers think that something should be done about film advertisements? To the sophisticated they are merely funny and absurd, but they must give to the unsophisticated a completely false impression of western life and particularly of western women. The personal responsibility of the local cinema magnates is probably negligible as no doubt the blurbs are received ready-made from the distributors whose over-heated imaginations produce such extraordinary results. The whole question of the cinema and its publicity appears to some people to be one of the few matters in respect of which a rigid censorship is most desirable and this view is said to be reinforced a thousand times where a young and unspoilt community is concerned.

Government examinations have recently been held. We feel that one remark of a Senior Service officer deserves publicity but we have been at a loss to fit it into any appropriate place in this number. This examinee explained that when an offence was "compoundable" it meant that the complainant had sold mercy, as opposed to having showed mercy, to the accused.

This Is The Law.

The following selection from the answers returned in a recent Sarawak law examination is published for the instruction and improvement of our readers.

Incest.

e.g. Uncle and step-daughter.

Hurt.

A person is said causing hurt :-

(iii) privation of ear, head or face.

Public Servant.

"Public servant" means any person who by virtue is in actual possession of a public.

Negligence.

"A" is warn by "B" ("B" A's father) not to over use his things, but of which A did not follow, wherefore A is charged as "Negligence."

Public Nuisance.

Public Nuisance is an act which will endanger human life, properties and safety. The offender who commits such offence behave himself foolishly, and takes it as nothing, whereas on the hand the public is damn annoyed by such offences or acts which are committed by such guilty person.

Complaint.

A person, who is not satisfied to any act committed by another person upon him, or with the knowledge that another person is doing the law offence, may report to the authority and calls for justice. This is called a complaint.

Compoundable.

If person are going to blackmarket when he entered the blackmarket he saw a Chinese person stealing his hat, and he came up to the officer and reported to the Magistrate, but the Magistrate said two of you must be "compoundable."

Unlawful Assembly.

"Unlawful Assembly" is an Assembly of more than one Person's normally ten or 30.

Duty Of Magistrate Recording Confession.

When reported by a police stating that an accused wishes to confess his offence to the magistrate. The magistrate before hearing the accused confession must make a letter or certificate or document stating that the accused from such date make a confession on his offence and after that is done a finger-print (left) thumb of the accused must be applied. Then when all was done, the magistrate must dictate every word what the accused had to say.

In Defence of Pusa.

On reading the article "Perintah Peripatetic" in the May issue and the reference therein to "What is the most depressing sub-station in Sarawak?", I felt inclined to remain silent on the subject and to wait for someone to launch an attack on Pusa. It was then my intention to write and defend that station. Since then, however, it has been my misfortune to spend a night at Sebuyau, without a launch in which to stay, due to the vessel in which I was travelling breaking down between Lingga and Sebuyau. As a result of this enforced visit I feel in a position to write these few notes to show, by comparison, that Sebuyau is by far a more depressing sub-station than Pusa. To some readers this may appear to be an impossible statement, but I hope these facts will prove conclusive.

There are probably many who will say that I did not know Sebuyau in the "old days" when there was a pleasant bungalow on top of the hill. This bungalow is no longer there and it is of the Sebuyau and Pusa of to-day that I write. In case the young Native Officer at Sebuyau should chance to read this I hasten to express my appreciation for his very kind hospitality while I was there. It made my short visit almost enjoyable—and woe betide the traveller who should stay there when the Native Officer is absent!

The first point to depress the would-be visitor to Sebuyau is that there are no European quarters provided. The quarters which presumably were intended for European visitors, consisting of two rooms, are now used, one as an office and the other as a dwelling place for one of the policemen stationed there.

If you arrive unexpectedly, and late at night as I did, there will be a hurried exit of the policeman to some other equally frightful room, where he will spend the night (poor fellow!). The room normally occupied by him is then at your disposal. I will not harp on the conditions of cleanliness (or otherwise!) that will confront you, but it is what one would expect to find in the circumstances. The outlook from this room, through the one small window provided, is on to the bazaar and river bank—neither a very pleasant sight. The scene in the *dapor* defies description, but, as usual, your boy will cope with this and make no comment.

One other matter concerning the "European quarters" is worthy of mention. What are the bathing facilities? It is true that Sebuyau has a wonderful supply of fresh water straight from the hill-top and for this reason is the envy of most other sub-stations nearby. But—what bathing facilities are there? The answer is "none." If you like "mixed bathing," amongst the rest of the village who are nearly always there, then you will be fortunate, as fairly close by there is an abundant supply of excellent water. If it should be a wet, dark night, then you will not be so fortunate, and will probably go to bed without your bath.

So much for the "European quarters" at Sebuyau—but what of Pusa? Here the visitor will find two rooms and a bath-room at his disposal. The sitting room has a splendid outlook on to the wide stretch of water where the Rimbas joins the Saribas. There is no "one window business" here, and a full view of 180° can be had of the surrounding country-side from the sitting room. The sunsets as seen from the fort at Pusa must be amongst the most beautiful anywhere, reflected as they are in the large expanse of water which might easily be mistaken for the sea.

I hope I have not dwelt too fully on the question of European accommodation, but the accommodation provided in any out-station in my opinion goes a long way in formulating one's likes and dislikes of the various places visited. One parting glance at Sebuyau! If you should contemplate staying there, and still possess your gas-mask, take it with you. It will help you to combat the acrid fumes from the acetic acid stored in the *kubu*, which otherwise will get into your eyes, nose and throat and keep you awake at night.

On the subject of gas-masks—if you are at all touchy about smells, then it might be as well anyhow to take your respirator to both Sebuyau and Pusa. In the former place you will experience the indescribably horrible stench of drying fish, combined with that of stale blood, which one associates with the butcher's shop. This will permeate to the very depths of your inside and you will find yourself eating, drinking and breathing fish and stale blood. On the other hand, Pusa will provide you, at times, with the rather delicate perfume one gets from the manufacture of sago. At first you may not like it, as it is a smell to which one must be accustomed to appreciate, but after a time you will scarcely notice it. Of the two evils I am sure the smell of drying fish is the worse, but this must be left as a matter of personal choice.

Finally, on comparing the two bazaars, although both are equally an administrative officer's nightmare, I am inclined to think that the one at Pusa is superior to its counterpart at Sebuyau. The former can at least boast of conforming in parts to the Standard Type "B" shophouse, whilst the latter conforms to no design whatever. The less said on the subject of the bazaars, the better for both places.

In conclusion, I should not like any reader to think that Pusa is the ideal sub-station in which to stay, but if he should find himself stranded at Sebuyau, as I was, with his next stop Pusa, he can confidently look forward to his arrival there, and to relaxing in the comparative comfort of a sub-station which is nothing like as bad as it is made out to be.—(Contributed.)

Flannelled Fools and Muddled Oafs.

At the end of May a visitor from North Borneo described to us a game which, he said, was a great favourite in Africa. It is called "From Cadet to Governor" and is played on the "Snakes and Ladders" principle. The idea is that you throw dice to find that you have written an excellent report and go shooting up, while your next effort makes you responsible for a serious loss of public money and down you crash. After plodding back a little you succeed in making a throw which marries you to the Governor's daughter and this keeps you prospering until you unwittingly affront the Secretary of State's mother-in-law. Then, when a long series of cautiously emptied dice has gradually taken you to the top of the tree, a hasty ejection reveals that you have got drunk in Government House and hurls you headlong to the bottom once more. Altogether very exhilarating and exciting. It is just one of those harmless athletic pursuits which British rule has brought to the dependent peoples.

And of course there are many more. They may roughly be divided into two categories—those which appeal to the local races and those which remain practically exclusively a European preserve. Amongst the latter must regretfully be classed the game of cricket. Fifty years ago it was different. The pages of the old *Sarawak Gazette* reveal that Asiatics often took a leading part in local cricket matches and the *Gazette* of July 1st, 1897, records a great victory by one run of the "R.C. School" over their rivals the "S.P.G. School." Why has that skill and keenness disappeared? Only a handful of Chinese turn out for cricket nowadays with possibly one or two Malays. That is in Kuching. We do not know what is happening elsewhere but the cricket team of the pre-war M.R.C. in Miri, consisting mostly of Indians, was as good as the G.C.M. In Kuching European supremacy has been long unchallenged. And yet in a match played on August 1st, 1896, on the Fort ground between Kuching and H.M.S. *Porpoise* the former team included Snabong, Lance-Corporal Aise, Bandsman Api, Sergeant Kasim, Bandsman Seman, and Lance-Corporal Ahit, and we read in the *Gazette* that "Api, who filled the vacancy together with Aise, began to bat in most spirited style and drove the Marine bowling all over the field." The glory has departed! Perhaps it is because matches are now played in the glaring heat of the noon-day sun instead of, as then, in the cool of the evening, and those who are not Englishmen do not see why they should lay themselves open to the charge of being mad dogs. Perhaps Constabulary or Rangers' discipline in those days required a certain proficiency at the most respectable of games. More probably, however, the explanation is to be found in the enormous popularity of soccer.

Soccer is essentially the game of the proletariat. In certain localities in the United Kingdom, the "West Country" for example, rugby may be able to attract bigger crowds, but over the greater part of the land thousands of people turn up to watch the local soccer team, while the ex-public school-boys, in the next field but one, exercise themselves amidst empty spaces. The increasing popularity of soccer has both contributed to, and been assisted by, the breaking down of class barriers. Nowadays

it is almost as possible to play soccer and still be a gentleman as it is to be a respectable member of society and not be a gentleman. And yet there is something radically wrong with it. The last page of the *Straits Times* has recently been prolific with comments concerning the bad spirit in which certain games have been conducted in Malaya. But let it not be thought that this is a purely local evil. Deliberate fouling is no doubt exceptional, but the dishonest "appeal" when the manoeuvre has been lost, the ragging of the referee, the blind partisanship of spectators, seem to be typical of soccer wherever it is played, or at least wherever it is played by people who are not gentlemen. Far be it from us to decry soccer. Its popularity is the test of its worth, but it is up to those who brought it to the East to discourage its more disreputable manifestations to every extent in their power.

Well ahead of other games soccer has made great strides in the hinterland, in spite of the "boots or no boots" controversy which crops up from time to time. To a large degree it is learned and encouraged under the watchful eyes of the administrative officers which is all to the good. We remember that some years ago a District Officer, who was refereeing a match in an outstation, was so scandalised by a particular piece of rough play that he blew his whistle, stopped the game, grabbed the two offenders and marched them off to the local gaol, where they spent the night, emerging next morning, it is to be hoped, wiser and better players.

A well-known local soccer enthusiast of the Scotch race, who was eventually murdered by the Japanese, once praised a native footballer, not on the ground that he abstained from fouling, but because he fouled in such a manner that the referee could not notice it. The critic in question was, by the way, in all other respects a very honourable and decent man. Most people, surely, would shrink from that argument when applied to soccer, but would it have the same effect on them in connection with water-polo? This is a game to which Asiatics in Sarawak are strangers because they have had no opportunity of learning it. It is a good deal more than high time that there was a public swimming-pool in Kuching at least. As far as we are aware the only place in which water-polo has been played in the Colony at all regularly is in the excellent pool which stood, and perhaps still stands, on the premises of the old Gymkhana Club in Miri. There, under the guidance, and subject to the severe strictures, of "Matey" Rowe, we learned a little of the art. The first thing that struck the beginner was that he was liable to be ordered "out of the pool" with considerably more alacrity, and, it should be added, considerably less moral opprobrium attached thereto, than is usually the case with the "sending off" of a player on the soccer field. The whistle blew so frequently that it was extremely difficult to know how one could play the game without fouling, until a real water-polo expert arrived from Singapore. From that day we understood that all that was required was to churn up the water sufficiently so that the referee could not see what was going on under the surface, and then to go on under the surface.

Another sport of which the Asiatic has been bereft by lack of opportunity is "bowling" as played on the old alleys of the Sarawak Club. This game is rare enough in England and many Europeans played it in Kuching for the first time

in their lives. Night after night the roll of the balls resounded throughout the Club as the enthusiasts sent the pins flying and marked up the "doubles." The idiosyncrasies of the leading performers were very marked. There was the man who always took the largest ball and sent it whizzing down at a furious pace to score a "double" more often than not, the old boy who tottered to the line and, using both arms equally and placing his feet wide apart, sent a ball rolling very slowly right down the centre, and the optimist who used the smallest ball, not counting the close relation to a cricket-ball which was hurled only in moments of drollery or delour, and invariably dispatched the middle pin, which in its fall knocked down two or three of its more distant companions while the others remained, firmly rooted at irregular intervals, looking like Stonehenge on a wet Sunday.

There are of course some games which can never attain the same popularity here as they have in England principally because the environment in which they are played is lacking. We are particularly thinking of darts and shove'alfpenny which can only properly be enjoyed in an atmosphere of mild and bitter. Outside the English pub these pastimes are insipid in the extreme. It would be interesting to know whether they will find a place in next year's Olympic Games and if so where they will be played. Malaya apparently is to send a team to these Games and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when Sarawak, or, if our population is too small to produce athletes of sufficient quality in sufficient quantity, at any rate British Borneo, will also be able to compete. We read in the *Straits Times* that a newspaper campaign is being conducted in England against the holding of the Games. No doubt the objections emanate for the most part from some of the people who groused about the Victory Parade in 1946, the people who bitterly resent any suggestion that Britain, under a Labour Government, can be anything but a place of unmitigated gloom. The probability is that the campaign will fail as did its predecessor. Great Britain is in no small measure responsible for the popularity of sport in the world and she is now doing for her dependent territories what she has already done for Europe. The importance of athletics is often over-stressed, but they do at any rate bring physical well-being to the performers and entertainment to the spectators. Further they serve to gather on a plane of equality men who have widely differing fortunes in other walks of life. This last point is perhaps not always sufficiently realised, particularly in a primitive and authoritative society. When the Scotch soccer enthusiast, referred to earlier in this article, had newly arrived in Sarawak, he attended a local match. An exceptionally pretty bit of strategy induced him to applaud and even to ejaculate "Well played, well played!" Immediately he felt a cold wind on his cheek and turning his head he found himself staring into the hard and contemptuous eyes of an old-time Resident. "What do you know about it?" said the mouth below the eyes, "you've only been in the country three months."

This brief review has perforce omitted mention of many excellent recreations and space does not permit us to cover the whole field. The second most popular game in Sarawak is probably badminton at which it is only a very outstanding District Officer who is not defeated by his junior clerk.

Chess of the English, Chinese, and Malay brands has many devotees. The writer, when "casting" against a Junior Service colleague, used to be asked: "May I do that too, sir?" and it was only on investigating the reason for this strange belief in class discrimination that he discovered that his opponent was playing the Malay version in which "casting" is not allowed, although many strange manoeuvres are permissible. Fortunately his opponent's proper sense of subordination invariably inhibited him from executing them. Then there is tennis, substantially a European preserve though the Chinese are usually the best players; golf, and in this connection we remember vividly the Simanggang green-keeper, an excellent musician and homicide, who used to sneak off from the course, on which two gangs of prisoners were employed to preserve it for the three Europeans who disported themselves there occasionally, and play tunes in the Resident's stables on an old piece of wire he had found, a worthy who can now frequently be met in the streets of Kuching; and, of course, Chap Jee Kee and horse-racing. Hunting is another favourite occupation, and one in which we ourselves have recently indulged, sallying out at night, holding an ex-Astana spear in one hand and our *sarong* up in the other, in chase of pigs which have been ravaging our sweet potatoes.

But the Englishman is not often the victor of yore. He is generally defeated at cricket by the Australians, at soccer by the Malays, and at gambling by the Chinese. He can no longer adopt a lofty attitude to other races on this subject. Gone, gone are the days when *Punch* could superciliously print a drawing showing a shooting party, which good-naturedly included an odd French guest. A partridge was disturbed and waddled along the ground. The inevitably excitable Frenchman levelled his musket. "Don't shoot her running, man, don't shoot her running," exclaimed his outraged host. "Noa, noa, noa! I noa shoot her running," shouted the guest, "I wait until she stop." Instead of looking down his nose, the Englishman has nowadays to look up it, a difficult physical and moral feat.

Sarawak Museum Journal.

The Kuching Museum has a small stock of some past volumes of the *Sarawak Museum Journal*. Each volume contains articles, notes and illustrations on matters of interest and importance to all intelligent Sarawak citizens. A set provides a great deal of good reading, as well as practical information of value on all sorts of aspects of Sarawak life.

For instance, Number 15, the last published, includes articles by Pollard and Banks on the Baram tribes, Banks on "Native Drink," Elam on the Land Dayaks, other articles on deer's horns, birds of the high mountains, turtles and Turtle Island, edible birds' nests, the freshwater fish of Sarawak, and Kelabit stonework and carving.

Number 14 has Pollard on some 5th Division tribes, Banks on *parangs*, vocabularies of Punan, Land Dayak and Kelamantan, articles on leopards, Mount Mulu and mountain animals, the local climate and shore collecting in Sarawak. Among other things in Number 13 is Buck's invaluable and scholarly vocabulary of Sarawak Malay.

All numbers back to Number 1 (issued in 1911) are available, excluding Numbers 3 and 4. The older issues contain plenty of stuff still topical and useful to-day, because the Journal only published contributions of lasting value, based on serious research.

The set as above can be had, on application to the Curator of the Museum, for \$12.00 (post free inside Sarawak). Single copies of any issue for \$1.50. The set is strongly recommended. —(Contributed.)

Our Museum.

WHAT IS IN IT, AND WHY.

BY

TOM HARRISSON.

(Curator of the Museum and Government Ethnologist.)

Visitors to Kuching have usually heard of its Museum. They as usually expect to find a couple of rooms in some other Government building. And indeed the first beginning was a room over the then Clock Tower, until the purchase of H. Brooke Low's Rejang collections necessitated removing to a larger space over the market place—opened to the public by H.H. the Rajah in October, 1886. But few visitors expect to find the present large and pleasant building on the hill opposite the Rest House.

The Kuching Museum is not only a pleasant surprise to visitors, who find a whole upstairs floor of fascinating native objects, and downstairs a wide selection of birds and mammals, fish and reptiles, butterflies, scorpions, centipedes and all other known forms of insect hell. Even the Sarawak veteran does not always realise the rich treasure-house of history and adventure awaiting his closer scrutiny in the middle of our pleasant municipal gardens.

A Museum is not simply a place which displays dead things in cases. What goes on behind the scenes is (or should be) just as important as what the visitor sees on show. And there is certainly plenty on view in the Kuching show cases. . . . As you go in under the portico through the fine pot-plants (daily sent over by the Chairman of the Municipal Board), the bird gallery lies to the left. Each case contains some family or other natural grouping of birds. The great hornbills are of special interest, since they play such a big part in native design and art, as well as supplying the feathers for dancing cloaks, shields and war hats of which the Museum has several. It is rather a pity this case does not show one of the oddest facts about hornbills:—the way the hen is mud-walled into her tree-hollow nest by the cock (with her assistance), until only sufficient space remains for her beak to stick out and receive food. There she stays until she has reared the family. The centre hornbill in this case may before long achieve a double immortality, for Mrs. Soward has been painting him as a possible cover design for Mr. J. B. Archer's forthcoming book "*Saravak*."

The pheasant and partridge case is another speciality. Perhaps later on we can add an example of the remarkable peacock-like Argus Pheasant in full courtship display, when it fans its

wings and tail into one vast, hypnotic arc, sticks its head through one wing, then dances in tight, trembling, self-intoxicated circles of self-adoration, to impress the rather disinterested and more plainly coloured pheasantesses.

There is also a case including fine kingfishers (Sarawak has many sorts, several of which have given up fishing in favour of an insect and lizard diet in the jungle), and the few but delightful parrots we have here,—including the tiny ones which upland natives love to keep as pets. The case of mountain birds on the right by the stairs as you come in is of particular interest, too. Above 3,000 feet in Borneo the whole climate, and with it the animal and plant life, changes. You move in a weird, eerie, fairy world of stunted trees festooned with huge, deep, squelching masses of green moss, vivid orchids and pitcher plants. Many peculiar birds are found on our mountains—Pen-rissen and Poi, Mulu, Murud, Dulet. This case, like many others, at present lacks explanatory labels and information. These I hope to be able to provide before I go up-country to continue my Kelabit studies.

The wild ox is the only one of the big game animals we have on show—a bull and a cow. We should certainly aim to add the big red Sambhur Deer, the Pygmy Rhinoceros (now virtually extinct inside Sarawak), the kindly-looking Native Bear (the only common animal which can be really dangerous), and the Clouded Leopard; also I have an extraordinary black leopard I took on the Tutoh in 1946, with which we might be able to do something. The orang-utan ("maias") exhibit is a dramatic one, and so is the case containing that monstrosity, the Long-nosed or Proboscis Monkey, so widely and impolitely known as "orang belanda." There are some pretty, slightly moth-eaten wild cats, flying squirrels, lemurs, otters, a porcupine, and the strange scaly Pangolin. In the end galleries, which offer future opportunities for fuller use, some crocodiles are suffering sadly from their too-convenient location as seats for visiting children. Several cases along the centre of the downstairs room house a remarkable collection of butterflies and other insects. Along the side galleries there is a goodly array of snakes (including the most deadly), fish, frogs, and assorted skeletons ranging from whales to an ape which seems strangely reminiscent of someone I know!

So I could go on, for pages! Suffice it to say of the upstairs that there is a very representative, varied and colourful ethnological collection, covering pretty well the whole of Sarawak (and Brunei) culture and life. The numerous items are arranged rather loosely at present. Eventually they might be better placed partly to show the character and culture of each main native type and partly according to subject—for instance, all the varieties of swords, beads or baskets together, with full explanation of differences and similarities, how made, used, valued, traded and so on. This approach can also be further extended to the animal and plant collections. Thus it should eventually be possible for a traveller passing through Kuching, or a person freshly arrived to stay in Sarawak, to get, in an hour or two, a rough idea of the main sorts of life in this land, and then, if he or she so wishes, to go on and delve more deeply into any special aspects that may attract, from tattooing to spiders, from canoe-designs to poisonous snakes or preserving human heads. Meanwhile, the show cases, both upstairs and down, are so full of rich,

rare things that it would take a lifetime of casual visits to exhaust all the angles of interest.

In the two buildings down the hill below the main Museum we keep a great quantity of other material. This is generally termed, in the museum world, "the reference collection." Here are series of preserved skins of birds and mammals arranged in deep trays; many hundred of bottles of reptiles, batrachians, nematodes, molluscs, and crustaceans in spirit; duplicates, oddities, specials. Tens of thousands of items are thus systematically arranged and classified for scientific analysis, expert comparison, and individual identification. This part of our collection contains many species new to science, of which the "type specimens"—sometimes the only ones known—are deposited here.

This reference collection is a fine one, of interest and value to scientists throughout the world. There is plenty of work to be done on it still, and plenty of gaps to fill in. Gifts of every sort of animal, plant and ethnological item are always exceedingly welcome. But we may well be proud of Sarawak's reputation in this field. The reference collection of birds will soon, I hope, be under active revision, with the idea of producing a new handbook of Borneo birds based on comparisons of our material here with that in the Raffles Museum, Singapore, where Mr. C. Gibson-Hill is in charge of birds—we have ties of long-standing friendliness and co-operation with the Raffles, its Director, Mr. M. F. Tweedie, and its Curator, Mr. H. D. Collings.

This "reference collection" is not intended for display to the general public. To mount all the skins for show would take years, and to show them all would probably take up the whole space of the Secretariat and the Treasury, with overflows to the Vegetable Market, Chartered Bank and Junior Service Club! The carefully selected display in the main building is the Museum's regular service to the general public, old and young, Malay, Chinese, Dayak, and European, as well (I regret to say) as some extremely voracious rats. The much-larger reference collection is the Museum's service to scientist and expert, and through him again to the community as a whole. The first function is mainly aesthetic, educational and entertaining; the second mainly scientific and informational.

I will show, in a second article, how both these functions can contribute significantly to Sarawak life, provided that people in Sarawak themselves contribute ideas and intelligent interest to the Museum.

(To follow: "The Two Way Job of Our Museum.")

Stories of Old Sarawak: 2.

The peculiar attractions of the telegram have long been recognised in Sarawak. The principal advantage of this kind of communication is that it facilitates incisive and succinct reply without exposing the sender to the charge of premeditated and contrived malice, which can so easily be brought against the writer of a letter, or the danger of personal combat attendant on verbal invective. Indeed satirical and aggressive telegraphers always leave open their way of retreat up the lane of ambiguity or down the alley of haste. Even in

these days, when in absent-minded moments use is occasionally made of the barbarous term "signal," a word which, in this context, invariably leads one to imagine a small boy with outstretched arms and an orange envelope in each hand, the fine art of telegram manipulation has by no means been lost.

It would be interesting to know whether it is mere coincidence that places the Third Division as the site of two telegram stories. The first one has no claim to senility as it was only a few years before the war that a certain District Officer, now a very senior official and no doubt repentant of his former pranks, received a telegram from his Resident containing the names of half-a-dozen persons who were about to descend on him at Kanowit from Divisional Headquarters, and straightway replied, "What about Cobleigh?" The other story is much more of a veteran. Many years ago, when Mr. Kortright was "Resident" in Mukah, a telegram arrived from His Highness the Rajah: "Intend visit Mukah middle September stop, when does landas start Rajah." In a few hours the following reply was opened in the Astana: "Landas starts September 28th God."

This Sarawak.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.)

After the Preliminary Inquiry at _____ accused made a statement to me to the effect that since Sarawak was now a Crown Colony the law must be different since in spite of all the evidence against him the Magistrate did not send him for trial.—*Evidence of witness.*

Each involves frequent but erotic expenditure of small sums in cash.—*Application to hold Petty Cash.*

Mrs. _____ is certainly to be congratulated in presenting the prizes for the winners of the football match played on the occasion, incidentally Government team the winners, which was afterward followed by the party, Ronggeng dance and completed with beer plus arak to forget and killed the heavy rain which the Meteorological Science got to be blamed.—*A report.*

Circumstances compelled me to do this thing. I had to pay a fine of \$100 and had not got the money.—*Statement of prisoner on house-breaking charge.*

The Propaganda Officer shall propagate for the interests of the Association.—*Draft rules of Society.*

(The Editor is unable to follow the example of our illustrious contemporary and offer a prize for the best entry in this column. Contributions from all parts of "This Sarawak" will, however, be warmly appreciated and the most favoured will be given pride of place.)

Fifty Years Ago.

THE SARAWAK GAZETTE, AUGUST 2ND, 1897.

WHETHER it is right to do ill that good may come of it has been a vexed question for centuries, but a certain Orang Kaya, a Brunei subject living in Belait would, from all accounts, appear to have taken the Jesuitical view of the subject. During May last a Baram trader, a Chinese named Wan Ka, went on a trading expedition into Belait (Brunei) waters and whilst there was murdered. The Resident of Baram, on the crime being reported, set inquiries on foot and after some weeks had elapsed received information that the murderers were people of Orang Kaya Sundai's house where a head feast had been held for Wan Ka's head. Further inquiries resulted in four names being given as those of persons implicated in the murder, viz: Jan, Suban and Sagum, Long Kiputs, and Munan, a Katibas Dyak. Hearing that these men had come to Long Tutau Mr. Hose proceeded thence and was enabled to capture all those named as being concerned in the death of Wan Ka, except Munan, who was already in custody at Baram on another charge.

Once in safe custody in irons at Baram fort the prisoners admitted the crime. Jan stated that he and Sagum killed the Chinaman but Suban and Munan were not present. He acknowledged cutting off the victim's head and hands and taking \$40 in cash and two silver belts from his boat. His excuse for the crime is instructive, and this is where the Brunei Orang Kaya comes in. Jan maintains that the object of the murder was not plunder, nor the desire for a head *per se*, but that Orang Kaya Bar, of Belait, who had a grievance against the Sultan's Government, owing to his having been unable to obtain any help from it when his stores of rotans were burnt by some evilly disposed persons recently, persuaded him to commit murder on the person of a Sarawak subject in order that, to avenge the crime, the Sarawak Government would take rigorous steps, which might result in Belait being annexed by Sarawak; which Government, said the Orang Kaya, protects and assists its subjects, whereas ours does not. This explanation shews how some Bruneis regard the Sarawak Government and compare the comparatively law abiding state of this Country with that of their own, where there is no attempt made to govern, or protect, but only to extort as much revenue as may be possible. Brunei has long been a disgrace, a blot on the map of Borneo. There, murder and robbery thrive, and criminals from all around find a refuge from the punishment merited by their evil deeds, with the knowledge and sanction of the Sultan and under the protection of the British flag.

News from Far and Near.

FIRST DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident reports that the most interesting case in the Resident's Court during the month was the trial of Mastor bin Biratmaja on a charge of murder. The trial occupied three days and resulted in a conviction, the accused being sentenced to death. The Resident says that the murder took place in September, 1945, and only recently came to light.

The District Officer, Kuching, reports that much headway has been made by the police in clearing the town of bicycle thieves.

A sentence of a fine of \$200 and imprisonment for three months was imposed in Kuching in July on the *juragan* of a *kotak* for importing opium. The District Officer says that "the Court dwelt on the culpability of this type of offence and laid emphasis on the moral issue involved."

The District Officer, Kuching, reports that the Committee of Kampong Quop have instituted legal proceedings against their former Tua Kampong, Spencer Chung, to recover from him the Exemption Tax collected in 1946 at two dollars per head in Quop and alleged to be still in his hands.

The Malay crocodile catchers appear to have been doing remarkably good business of late, says the District Officer, Kuching, and they have practically exhausted the District vote for rewards.

The District Officer, Kuching, reports that a dangerous fire broke out at Santubong one night during June. This might well have proved disastrous to the bazaar and neighbouring houses but for the united efforts of the Chinese and Malays, strenuously assisted and organised by Mr. Turner and Dr. Clapham who happened to be on holiday there with their respective wives at the time.

Court work in Bau was heavy in June, there being many cases concerned with illegal entry from Dutch Borneo, the smuggling overland of dutiable goods, possession of opium and the distillation of *arrack*. Both the Honourable the Resident and the District Officer, Bau, comment at some length on His Excellency's very successful visit to Kampong Grogro which is reported elsewhere in this issue. The Resident says that he had not been to Grogro since 1936 and was "most surprised to note the change in the people, particularly the women who are now adopting the Malay attitude of shyness and the European mode of dress, neither of which improves the Grogro's ladies." The District Officer says, with reference to the *Nubong* ceremony, which he is reliably informed is held only once in thirty years, that the Orang Kaya "seemed to experience some difficulty in collecting the required young virgins and the assistance of the Honourable the Resident and the District Officer was required in this and other matters."

The District Officer, Bau, reports that in June Kampong Serabak people requested to be allowed to farm on land belonging to Kampong Babang (Dutch Borneo). The District Officer told them that he could not authorise this but promised to visit the Serabak-Stass area very shortly to see what can be done in the matter. The Honourable the Resident makes the interesting comment that this request is not by any means new, the Dayaks having undoubtedly lost a lot of land when the boundary between Sarawak and Dutch Borneo was laid down many years ago. He believes that this is the only section of the border properly demarcated and agreed upon by treaty.

The District Officer, Serian, reports that sales of photographs of Anthony Brooke and collection of money by anti-cessionists continue. Kampongs who do not wish to subscribe have been threatened with all sorts of punishments (including death and

deportation) "when the Rajah returns." The Honourable the Resident comments that many things are being done in the name of Mr. Anthony Brooke in the Serian District and elsewhere which will undoubtedly result in the once honoured name of Brooke being dragged in the mud. It is not suggested that these proceedings have Mr. Brooke's consent, acquiescence or approval.

The District Officer, Serian, is gratified to note that many new schools are opening. Both Malays and Dayaks are taking it upon themselves to build and open schools. The District Officer comments that few of the teachers are really up to standard but this enthusiasm will help to fill the two or three years gap till trained teachers are available.

In June a Dayak woman in Lundu was murdered. Her husband was alleged to be responsible but he is reported to have gone to Dutch Borneo.

SECOND DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident reports that it is gratifying to note that the Pusa Malays, after suggestions from the District Officer, and the Native Officer, Debak, have recently completed a raised earth path to replace the dilapidated and dangerous raised plank walk through the *kampong*.

The District Officer, Simanggang, reports that on June 29th a Chinese gardener complained that his son had been killed at Sungei Maloi, Dutch Borneo, by a Sarawak Dayak. The alleged assailant has since been arrested. He is a boy aged about fifteen.

The death of Pengarah Sambaw of the Ulu Delok, Lubok Antu, was reported on July 1st.

The District Officer, Simanggang, reports that some forty Ulu Ai Dayaks have been offered work making *padi* bunds at Bijat. They prefer clearing, handling *changkols* not being their strong point, adds the District Officer. The District Officer, Simanggang, also says that some sixty Dayaks were selected by a certain *mandor* for work on a tobacco estate at Lahad Datu, North Borneo. One has since returned "due to having had a series of bad dreams in Kuching." (A phenomenon not by any means confined to Dayaks.—Ed.) The District Officer comments that there would be less cause for dissatisfaction if future recruitment was done through Government channels.

The District Officer, Simanggang, fears that the Dayaks may run short of *padi* before the year is out, since many of them are exchanging *padi* for every-day necessities of life now that they have no ready cash from the sale of rubber.

The Dayaks at Lubok Antu are building a school there and a number of the police are assisting them.

There is very little demand for surplus textiles in Simanggang. No longer, says the District Officer, is it a question of no cloth but of no cash.

The District Officer, Simanggang, reports that the Dayaks appear to welcome the coming census, and their co-operation seems therefore assured.

The Bangkit murder of last September in the Saribas is still being investigated and a certain amount of progress is being made.

A case of attempted bribery of a Penghulu was the subject of a conviction in Betong District Court in June.

The District Officer, Saribas, reports that two boats were sent from Kuching during June to collect patients from Betong. The first one left Kuching within four hours of a stabbing case and removed the woman victim. Two days later the *M.L. Karina* was sent to collect a gun-shot wound case, the result of an accident. The District Officer comments that the quick despatch of boats from Kuching in serious cases is greatly appreciated by the local population.

The clerk at Spaoh has been unable to deal with the large numbers of people coming to the *kubu* to pay quit-rent.

Holders of lots in Betong bazaar are objecting to the Government type-B shophouse, although one modification has been approved by the Director of Public Works. The District Officer anticipates similar difficulties in Spaoh.

The District Officer, Saribas, reports that a wireless set was received during June for commercial entertainment. It has been given to the Senior Native Officer to start with, and large numbers of people have been visiting his house every night.

The District Officer, Kalaka, reports that sea raiders bisected a Government cow feeding on the foreshore pastures at Kabong, carrying off the forepart of the beast. No information has been received as to who was responsible.

The District Officer, Kalaka, reports that a Malay Association is in the process of being formed in Kabong. It has been brought into being, the District Officer says, largely through Kabong's resentment of interference in local Malay politics by hotheads in Kuching. The Association's proposed premises are attractive and, when its immediate aim of countering outside propaganda has been accomplished, will supply a useful social purpose.

THIRD DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident reports that an outbreak of fire occurred in Sibü Bazaar on May 6th but was successfully dealt with by the Constabulary. As a result of this fire precautions were tightened up, and the District Officer, Sibü, reports that before the end of the month thirty-five traders were summoned for storing kerosene oil in excess of the amount allowed under the Municipal By-laws.

Two reports of cholera were received in Sibü during May, both from up-river. On investigation by the Health Department these turned out to be nothing worse than attacks of diarrhoea. The second report, received *via* the District Officer, Kanowit, alleged five deaths a day. The dresser who investigated said that he found only one recent death in the area and that was from old age.

Owing to the sharp drop in price, by the end of May practically no rubber was being sold on the Sibu market.

The District Officer, Lower Rejang, regrets to report the death of Abang Drahman bin Abang Zainudin of Rejang. He was a Native Officer and a member of the Council Negri in the time of the second Rajah. He was said to be one hundred years old but both the Honourable the Resident and the District Officer appear to be sceptical of this claim.

Maling anak Kerbau and Tuai Rumah Nyawai were interrogated in May regarding the party of fifty-six Dayaks from the Ulu Julau, armed with spears, swords, and shields, and alleged to be organised and led by these two men for the purpose of attacking the Krian Dayaks in the Second Division. The District Officer, Lower Rejang, says that the trouble arose over a cock-fighting dispute. The matter was amicably settled.

The following is an extract from the May report of the District Officer, Lower Rejang: "On my visit to Matu and Daro meetings of the Assessment Appeal Committee were held in these stations to consider the applications from the rate-payers for reduction of the current year's assessment. At Matu it was resolved by the Committee to reduce approximately 40% of the amount originated fixed. At Daro the assessment was altered and reduced to the minimum as all the shop-buildings at this station are in a dilapidated condition."

Thirty wooden shop-houses at Sarikei have been ordered to be demolished by the end of 1948 and the remaining six have been ordered to be demolished by the end of 1947.

The following is an extract from the May report of the Senior Native Officer, Kapit: "There was a crime of using dangerous weapon committed during the month by a Dayak named Manching anak Gira, who was very sick at the point of death. All his relatives had prepared all his belonging for his death, such as spear, knife, tajau, etc. All of a sudden he crept up from his bed and carried his knife and inflicted several wounds to a Chinese trader named Cho Ah Lai, Cantonese. This matter was reported to the Police Department and Police and Dresser were sent immediately to the scene. On arrival of the police the Dayak was too sick to walk and he was carried down to Hospital. Some questions being asked and he admitted he had committed the crime, because he saw every human being like monkey and he did not like monkey in his room, so he carried out his knife and started to kill. This was a very peculiar instances, it was so unlucky for the Chinese. Manching was sent to Sibu Hospital on 14.5.47 and on 23.5.47 a telegram was received from District Officer, Sibu, stating that Manching had died."

The Senior Native Officer, Kapit, says that several reports were received during May from anak biak of Temonggong Koh that their houses had been disturbed during evenings from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. Pebbles and pieces of wood had been thrown at the houses but the thrower could not be seen. The Dayaks were unanimous that the culprits must be Ukits attempting to murder them. The Senior Native Officer, however, comments: "But the Senior Native Officer could not make himself to belief it was the Ukits, might be some devil's work --Antu Inong."

The District Officer, Kanowit, reports that the small schools started by the Mission are proving successful. Penghulus are in some cases straining everything to obtain teachers, but two of them can find only Chinese. Meanwhile there is a group of young men, the District Officer says, whose education has been interrupted by the war and who are keen as mustard to go on. They tend to spoil the small schools which are meant for children below the age of twelve.

The District Officer, Kanowit, says that reports have been received that a Malay from another District has been in the Entabai spreading anti-cession propaganda on the pretence of collecting *engkabung*. He is also alleged to have impersonated a public servant and to have called himself "Abang."

The following is an extract from the report of the District Officer, Kanowit: "Crocodiles are becoming numerous in the lower Kanowit. They have not yet seized anyone but it is already necessary to use large boats, especially when moving animals or travelling after dark. This moon, the fifth of the Dayak calendar and corresponding roughly to June, is said to be the time when the brutes are most savage and bold. A Dayak in Ngemah was bathing alone, and there was a dog near-by on the river. The dog had been sold to a Chinese for meat and was whining and struggling in a bag. The sound attracted a crocodile who snatched at the Dayak. The Dayak yelled out and the crocodile let go, presumably puzzled at not grabbing a dog. When his friends arrived the Dayak had a bitten arm and a scratched side but he was free and in no further danger. The crocodile got neither dog nor Dayak but is still at large."

The District Officer, Mukah, reports that all Melanau in the District have been badly scared by reports of head-hunters (*penyamun*). The head-hunters are, however, nowhere to be found.

FOURTH DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident says that a certain Singapore paper has misconstrued His Excellency the Governor's Council Negri address, and on reading some of the recent articles one might get the impression that there is a lot of oil in Miri. This, says the Resident, is not the case. The known sands have been worked out, and, although the Company is hopefully drilling on, no success has so far been obtained. It is, however, possible that there is oil at a greater depth than any well yet drilled in Miri, and when the necessary machinery becomes available an intensive deep drilling programme will be started.

The Honourable the Resident reports that, as a result of a visit of the Acting Director of Medical and Health Services, plans are underway in Miri for an anti-malarial drive. The work will be carried out on the basis of a report by Dr. Webster and a sum of \$25,000 has been approved for this purpose.

The District Officer, Miri, reports that at Niah in May three Dayak women were fined \$25 each for causing hurt by a dangerous weapon. This was a result of their efforts to put a mark of shame on a lady of easy virtue.

One case of typhoid was reported in Miri on May 8th. No further cases had come to light by the middle of June.

The following is an extract from the May report of the District Officer, Miri: "On my visit to Niah and Suai the question of farming land predominated. The Dayaks are everywhere encroaching on Malay and Kedayan land. Whereas formerly the aim of the Dayaks was to get up the *ulu* as far as possible, they now tend to move to the richer down-river areas. Some "borrow" land from Kedayans and refuse to return it. The Suai river is comparatively sparsely inhabited and naturally offers great attractions to land hungry Dayaks. There appear to be large areas of swamp land but expert agricultural advice will be necessary to ascertain its *padi* possibilities."

The District Officer, Miri, reports that throughout the visit referred to in the preceding paragraph every opportunity was taken to discuss Cession. In no case was any dissentient voice raised. The people were merely concerned with the *perentah*.

The District Officer, Miri, reports that while at Niah he visited the caves in connection with guano. The present method of abstraction, he says, is laborious and uncertain. Casual Dayak labour at piece-work rates has to be relied on. The present "monopoly holder" pays Government \$350 per month and still makes a profit. It is unlikely, however, that he will put up capital for "improved abstractions facilities." The District Officer points out that the possibility of modern methods interfering with the birds breeding must also be kept in view.

A meeting of all shop-keepers in Miri was held in the Chinese Chamber of Commerce in May, and the question of the re-building of Miri Bazaar was discussed. Government proposals were explained and counter-proposals considered. The traders, says the District Officer, have put forward a rough plan of the design of shop-house which would be most popular.

The District Officer, Miri, reports that on May 23rd Sarawak Oilfields Limited successfully launched a new sea line at Lutong. "It is understood the usual ceremony on the occasion of splicing the main brace was duly performed."

As a result of a meeting with all pork butchers in Miri the price of pork was to be reduced as from June 1st. The middleman has now been cut out, the District Officer says, and pigs from Kuching have been put on a quota basis.

In May the Dayak chiefs of the Baram District reported that their *anak biak* were so disheartened by the falling price of rubber that they were looking for other work.

The District Officer, Bintulu, reports that *padi* was, in May, being brought in great quantities for sale to Government at Tatau, Sebauh, and Bintulu. Over 3,000 *piculs* were awaiting shipment at the end of the month.

FIFTH DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident reports that the facilities of Brunei Hospital are now open to the Division and it is hoped that all races will take advantage of it.

Preliminary discussions have taken place with regard to the re-building of Limbang Bazaar. The general opinion appears to be that the present temporary bazaar cannot last longer than two more years. Land and shop owners seem to favour re-building on the present site while tenants prefer to move.

Officers who have served in the Fifth Division and ex-internees will both be delighted to hear that on June 23rd Mr. J. S. Maclaren was married by civil ceremony in Lawas to Dr. Eva Cairns, late of Stirling, Scotland.

The District Officer, Limbang, reports that four prisoners, convicted of murder, arrived in Limbang in June "on their way to Kuching for execution." The Honourable the Resident comments that it would be more correct to say that they "were proceeding to Kuching to facilitate their desire to appeal to the Supreme Court, pending ratification or revision of their sentences." The convictions of these men were eventually quashed on appeal.

The Honourable the Resident reports that it has been noted that "quite a few children" of Merapok, Lawas, attend a school at Mengalong, across the North Borneo border. Mengalong is only a short distance from Merapok.

Address of Colonial Office.

The following announcement has been issued by the Secretariat:—

"It is notified for general information that, with effect from the 31st of August, 1947, the official address of the Colonial Office will be Church House, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

SARAWAK COTTON.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
SARAWAK.

KUCHING, 12th July, 1947.

The Editor,
Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

DEAR SIR,

On page 131 of the *Sarawak Gazette* for July 2nd, 1947, you quote a report from the District Officer, Saribas, with regard to cotton production in the Second Division.

I consider there is some risk that this report may raise extravagant hopes with regard to the possibilities of cotton growing in Sarawak and therefore consider it necessary to point out that Sarawak's

climate would not generally be regarded as suitable for large scale cotton cultivation. Whilst the local production may be of some interest for a cottage industry I am doubtful if it will ever be of interest for export; I think it most unlikely that Sarawak would ever be able to compete with the great cotton producing countries of the world either as regards quality or cost of production.

Certain types of cotton are being cultivated on a very small scale experimentally on two of Sarawak's agricultural stations but it is too early as yet to give a firm opinion as to their performance.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. R. MILLER,
Acting Director of Agriculture.

LAND AND CUSTOM.

KUCHING,
19th July, 1947.

*The Editor,
Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.*

SIR,

I have read with great interest the article under the above heading which appeared in the April issue of the *Gazette* as well as the commentary which appeared in the May issue. It is with some trepidation that I venture to butt in upon a controversy between two such experts as yourself and the Director of Land and Surveys but nevertheless the views of a rank outsider may be of some interest. As a matter of fact the Director of Land and Surveys has already offered me some very valuable comments upon an earlier draft of this letter, and he tells me that your original correspondence was in any case intended to start an argument.

Dr. Meek, whose book started off this discussion, is like myself a social anthropologist and holds a post at Oxford University somewhat analogous to one that I myself hold at the London School of Economics, so I am perhaps a suitable person to enlarge upon Dr. Meek's viewpoint.

Social anthropologists do not go around measuring heads or describing weird and wonderful exotic rites just for the sake of their oddity; they are simply sociologists who take for their special field the life of primitive and peasant communities instead of the civilised urban communities which form the subject matter of sociology proper.

The one common factor in all primitive and peasant societies, whether the people be nomadic or settled, is the direct dependence of almost the whole community upon the immediate resources of the land; there is a marked absence of wage earning craftsmen, technicians, tradesmen, entrepreneurs, bureaucrats and the other middlemen who occupy such a crucial role in sophisticated society. For this reason, under primitive conditions, land is of overwhelming importance in comparison to any other of the factors of production.

Rights in land are thus always a key administrative problem under colonial conditions and the recent spate of books and articles which take "Land Tenure" as their theme is an indication of the somewhat belated recognition of this cardinal

fact. The realisation however that land rights can be, and usually are, extremely complex, and that the terms communal and private ownership only represent extreme, and rare, instances of a very varied phenomenon, has not been an unmixed blessing. For one thing it has created the impression that "Land Tenure," like arithmetic, is a subject of study all on its own, and that its rules can be worked out formally like a game of chess.

It is here I think that the viewpoint of the social anthropologist tends to clash with the legalistic viewpoint which you yourself and the Director of Land and Surveys must both, almost of necessity, uphold.

In law the land is vested in the Crown and the Crown at any time not only has the right to allocate unoccupied land but also to reallocate abandoned land as it shall think fit. Land regulations are a corollary to this by which the Crown guarantees the right of usufruct under limited title provided certain conditions are fulfilled. That is the position in the "mixed zones" and in the surveyed portions of the "native areas" and it is presumably held that registered crown tenants understand their legal position. In the rest of the country, whatever may be the legal theory, the actual disposal of land use is according to "native law and custom." The Director of Land and Surveys, if I understand him correctly, would have it remain that way, gradually, step by step, extending the sphere of the land regulations at the expense of the sphere of "native law and custom." He seems to argue moreover that this process can proceed smoothly without any fundamental analysis of what "the native law and custom" really is. Land registration from this point of view is merely the substitution of one law for another and the sphere of operation of the two laws do not overlap.

But does this represent the facts? Is it true that there is no conflict of laws due to inadequate understanding? I can hardly believe that, seeing that throughout the First Division the Dayaks are now clamouring for the recovery of land alienated to the Chinese during Japanese occupation. The alienation was certainly illegal according to the land regulations, but in a considerable number of cases was perfectly in accordance with Dayak Law and Custom.

The point I am getting at is this. To the Land Office land title implies only right of usufruct and not the whole complex of ideas associated with "ownership" or "possession" but the peasant does not departmentalise his ideas like this nor does he appreciate that the *Orang Puteh* does not understand his ideas. In my experience the administrator discussing land rights with a peasant is usually talking at cross purposes; for the former "my land" implies a personal individual form of tenure, for the latter it may involve a host of obligations towards abstrusely connected relatives not to mention their ancestral spirits. It seems to me altogether too much to suppose that the enterprising Iban who acquires registered land in a native area suddenly adjusts his legal notions to those of the Land Office. Surely it is worth while trying to find out what really happens, as opposed to what is supposed to happen? But to do this the Social Anthropologist claims that a legal approach is inadequate, a balanced appreciation of the peasant's attitude can only be achieved through a study of the wider ramifications of community organisation particularly in respect of kinship, inheritance, authority status and above all religion.

No question of codification or settlement is here involved; it is simply a case of trying to find out what are the fundamental principles underlying the peasant's attitude to his land. The Director of Land and Surveys is I think rightly suspicious of excessive codification since codification may prevent the modification of traditional *adat* to suit changing conditions, and, as anyone with experience must know, despite its theory of rigid conservatism "applied *adat*" is a flexible and changing thing. Yet despite this risk that the Administrative Officer may misinterpret and overcodify the findings of the research worker, I cannot but help feeling that research into the fundamental *principles* (rather than the *details*) of local land tenure and social organisation generally would be of the utmost value to administrator, legal officer, and land officer alike.

Anyway I hope so. At H.E. the Governor's request I am here to plan and put forward projects of research in what has been labelled a Socio-Economic Survey. Any work which develops as a result of this planning will have social organisation in relation to land as its central theme.

This long letter, Sir, has merely been an excuse for introducing myself. Socio-Economic Survey is a pompous sort of title; "another b. . . . expert"—and Sarawak seems to have had a surfeit of experts lately. This is merely a plea that I may be considered a useful one.

In the past the principle of "leave well alone and don't ask too many questions" has often been the soundest of all administrative policies, and there are naturally many who feel that "research" is merely a cover for unnecessary and unjustifiable interference. Anthropologists too have their nostalgia for the past, and as sentimentalists would often prefer to preserve the primitive as he is rather than help equip him to face the future. But the days of *laissez faire* are over, and if we are heading for a planned economy, we had better wake up and face the consequences.

Yours faithfully,
E. P. LEACH.

SIBU.

22nd July, 1947.

The Editor,
Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

DEAR SIR,

I notice in your issue dated July 2, 1947, a letter written by Mr. C. B. Murray regarding land matters in the Third Division in 1941. I have also read with interest the comments you make about Mr. Murray's letter.

May I therefore explain that I spent 8 months of the year in question as District Officer, SibU, and wish to say that the difference of opinion over native rights was not caused by "some Administrative Officers" but by one Administrative Officer only—a senior one at that time who is now no longer in the Service as a result of the Japanese occupation.

In point of fact the difference of opinion that undoubtedly existed in 1941 lay between the Officers of the Administration and the Land Office on the one hand versus the one senior Administrative Officer on the other.

Yours faithfully,
J. C. B. FISHER,
Acting Resident, Third Division.

[We are grateful for this letter but, in order to blow the last cobwebs away, it should be pointed out that the "senior officer" was the Resident, to whom all other administrative officers in the Division were subordinate, although no doubt they held their own views on the subject.—Ed.]

THE SOLDIER AND THE ALMANACK.

July 22nd, 1947.

The Editor,
Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

DEAR SIR,

The article under this title in the issue of 2nd July relies too much on the patently defective memory of the soldier. The White Knight records the mumblings of the old man upon the gate, and both need shaking.

In my time I have met people who claimed Lang Indang as an ancestor and they should know the truth rather than a trooper who took his orders and his rations and asked no questions.

Lang Indang came from the usual "trouble" area south of Sarikei and not from Katibas: there is no truth in the story that he was deformed. "Lang Indang" means the "Soaring Kite" and should not be spelled "Lang Endang." The man's proper name was Kedu and another title of his included the epithet "Bari" (steel).

The main branch of his descendants lived at Merbai by Julau and used to be enemies of the Lobang Baya and Delok people—probably they still are. They seem to have moved to Bawang Assan where Gani is the direct descendant of Kedu and of Lintong "Moa Hari" (Storm-cloud).

As for Wong Adai, your contributor does not mention that there was a whole fleet of boats involved of which the Bong Kap was the largest. There was the Bong Loi, also built of "tekam" wood, and many more. Sawang was there, he who had held Bukit Entimau in 1860 odd as an ally of Rentap; and Asun also as a young man, who started trouble himself in 1929. Survivors were many and the chief of them, known as Batu Cheleng, took refuge in the Poi together with his followers and their heads. "Tuan Haus" promptly went up the Poi and burned every house he found.

The Cholera Expedition, Wong Adai and Bukit Balong are no doubt connected, taking place within two years of each other. The chief at Bukit Balong was Ngumbang "Nyelipan Api" (fire-scorpion) who was with Asun and is alleged to be still alive. Apai Bakum was at Bukit Jalong in the Mujong at the time of the Bukit Batu Expeditions.

"Major Cunynghame"—please!

The Nanga Pila encounter means "Tuan Jiput" again—Mr. Gifford. Old records existing at Kapit before 1945 told the story. Balleh Dayaks had gone head-hunting up the Rejang, being interested in Kayan heads, then as now. Gifford had word of this and scraped together what force he could: the "Fortmen," stray locals and travelling Kayans. These he armed with muzzle-loaders and anything handy. He prepared a position just by Nanga Pila where the old pillar-tombs are, and slung a rotan across the river. It was this rotan that upset the fleet, for there was no stopping in the swift water. The soft sand did help the slaughter, but there were some survivors of whom one at least is a well-known figure to-day. The similarities between the Wong Adai and the Nanga Pila are obvious.

If your contributor cares to call after seeing the Editor, I will spin him yarns both true and tall for as long as the drink lasts. He will not have to sit cross-legged but he must be prepared to make a late night of it.

Yours faithfully,
TEX.

MIRI,
24th July, 1947.

The Editor,
Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

DEAR SIR,

I have read with interest the article appearing in the *Gazette* of July 2nd, under the heading "The Soldier and the Almanac." I cannot refrain, however, from pointing out that the "old soldiers" account of Nanga Pila differs considerably from that of Mr. Gifford who was D.O. Kapit at the time and headed the ambush of Dayaks returning from a headhunting expedition.

As D.O. Kapit some years ago I derived considerable pleasure from reading D.O.'s diaries of former years especially those of the really troubled years. A full description of the Nanga Pila affair appeared in Mr. Gifford's diary of that year and I am sure readers of the *Gazette* would be very interested if extracts of some of the Kapit diaries relating to such incidents as Nanga Pila could be published; that is to say of course if the diaries have not been destroyed by the Japanese.

Yours faithfully,
D. R. LASCELLES.

TRUE DEMOCRACY.

KUCHING,
July 23rd, 1947.

The Editor,
Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

SIR,

Frankly, I never expect to bring the hornets' nest about my ears for writing the results of my observations of one of the prices we all have to pay for war. It was more unfortunate still that you, Sir, had to bear the brunt on account of my letter until you cleared yourself. I am sorry my views had provoked our illustrious *Sarawak Tribune* to

such an alarming extent. As a matter of fact, I would have missed reading, "True Democracy" if not for your denial in the *Tribune* that you are not the "Baffled" man.

I admit I am not as learned as the author of "True Democracy" for these words, "this national renaissance is a logical outcome of the great holocaust of a war against aggression, etc., etc.," do not convey to me any explanations at all for the unrest and discontentment after World War II, comparatively after World War I. Far from being simpletons, I will say they were clever people and they become more clever after a dose of the Japanese "poison." I will make myself clear by asking, would we consider Soekarno a simpleton? They can very well regard the Japanese propaganda with "magnificent contempt" just as we have noticed those who curried the most favours from the Japanese were loudest in their condemnation of Dai Nippon in their hour of defeat.

I wish the author of "True Democracy" would be more careful in drawing conclusions. I never said I do not believe in "social equality" but what I tried to say was such a breach does exist among some people, and I can assure your readers that I am positively not one of them. It seems now there are different definitions of "social equality" but I would still call a spade, a spade, and nothing else.

If I have advocated the use of kempeitai methods, I recommend them for the gunmen, gang-robbers and sundry "bad-hats." I was a victim of the kempeitai, and I dare say that the methods used would be an effective deterrent of crime.

I must apologise for occupying your valuable space for the second and of course the last time on the subject, but before I close I wish the True Democrats well in their vows that they will strive with all their might for the principles of freedom, and for equality and tolerance among races and in society—deeds, I hope and not just empty words.

Yours, etc.,
"BAFFLED."

[For the benefit of readers outside the Colony it should be explained that two English periodicals are published regularly in Kuching, the *Sarawak Tribune*, a daily, and the *Sarawak Gazette*, a monthly. Members of the public seem to be getting into the habit of writing letters or contributing articles to one in criticism of articles or letters which have appeared in the other.—Ed.]

FINED FOR DIVING.

SIMANGGANG,
July 26th, 1947.

To the Editor,
Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

SIR,

With reference to the last paragraph of Second Division news published on page 131 of the *Sarawak Gazette* of July 2nd, the Dayaks in question were fined under Section XIV of "Sea Dayak Fines and Customs, Second Division,"

which only allows diving with the approval of the Resident's Court. Diving is prohibited in criminal cases, in adultery, or paternity cases, and in big land disputes. The diving contest in question was over a minor civil dispute but had not the approval of the Resident's Court. The parties were therefore fined the customary fine of one picul (\$28.80).

Yours faithfully,

W. P. N. L. DITMAS,
Resident, Second Division.

A REPLY.

To

The Editor,
Sarawak Gazette.

Sir,

Toby Carter's letter contains inaccuracies.
We prefer to leave it at that!

W. L. P. SOCHON.
TOM HARRISSON.

From "Adversity": Internment Quarterly.

(The following story was published in "Adversity" on October 1st, 1943.)

THE DOLL.

Thucydides relates that Pericles, in his funeral oration over the Athenians who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, said:—"To famous men all the earth is a sepulchre: and their virtues shall be testified in all lands wheresoever in the unwritten record of the mind, which far beyond any monument will remain with all men everlastingly."

"Si monumentum quaeras, circumspice" expresses, with the brevity appropriate to an epitaph, the same reflection. Great men need no grandiose sarcophagus, no sculptured mausoleum to enshrine their physical remains. Shakespeare's memorial is not in Stratford-on-Avon; it is in English poetry and in the theatres of every land. Muhammad's tomb is a trivial memorial so long as faithful millions follow the way of life that he ordained; and when Islam is a dead creed surely it's founder's tomb will be forgotten.

For decades the grave of Sir Stamford Raffles could not be located, nor was it a matter of consequence when it was later discovered in a small churchyard in England. On the other side of the world, the great city of Singapore remembers daily—in its streets, its squares and its buildings—the name of its founder and Singapore is a living tribute much worthier than engraved granite.

Why, too, should stones and urns, crosses and columns, be lavished on lesser men? No monument will perpetuate the memory of a man whose

life had only a transitory influence among the few who knew him. Yet among all peoples of the earth is found this pathetic custom, and in the cities of every country acres are devoted to recording the places where nonentities are interred.

Thoughts such as these drifted through my mind one day while I was walking in Bidadari Cemetery in Singapore. Around me were hundreds of paltry stones—slabs, pillars, crosses and carved figures—each the unsuccessful attempts of fond friends or relatives to keep alive the memory of someone whom the world saw no reason to remember. Graveyards, like wine, need time to mellow and mature. Modern Singapore, little over a century old, is too joyous a setting for these grim reminders of decay. The zest and vitality of the city ridicule the folly of remembering the dead. The aesthetic qualities of an ancient churchyard may evoke the mental peace and calm which have given us Gray's sombre Elegy, but the garish graves of a modern metropolis jar on the nerves. These petty tributes to petty men are as unseemly and as purposeless as the vast mausolea which insult the living memories of the great.

What, then, is the motive that impels human beings universally to make this feeble gesture in the face of death?

At the further side of the cemetery an interment was in progress. It was an European funeral and women were decorously snuffing into handkerchiefs. Along one of the paths that separate the plots came an European lady with an amah and a little girl. They apparently had no connection with the burial party far away on the other side, for the lady was prettily dressed in a gay summery frock with a wide-brimmed hat. The little girl was chatting in a mixture of Malay and English which could be understood by both her mother and the Chinese amah. All three were laughing and smiling at each other and delightfully impervious to their gloomy surroundings.

The little girl carried a china doll in one arm and her other hand clung to the amah's.

While idly reading the inscriptions on a nearby stone, I heard the little girl discussing excitedly the qualities of her doll. She speculated whether Dolly needed to sleep so much or whether she might be held more upright and thereby enabled to take a more active interest in the sights about her. This important matter was keenly debated by mother and the amah and it was decided that Dolly should rest on her other side and be transferred to the left arm. To achieve this, the three of them halted quite close to me and the girl let go the amah's hand.

What happened next I did not see, but a sudden cry of grief made me look round. Dolly was in broken pieces on the ground. Her hollow head lay in fragments, a hand and half of one arm were grotesquely detached in a shallow drain and the dainty little frock was dropping in dust and dirt over the plinth of a white marble cross. A minute ago the girl's face had been lovely with laughter; now, her mouth dribbled as she bellowed with uncontrollable sorrow; she puckered up her streaming eyes, and her hair was disordered.

So noisy was her anguish that some of the mourners the other side of the cemetery were distracted from their own burden of sentiment and gazed in our direction.

The girl made no attempt to pick up her beloved doll. As soon as there was a lull in her paroxysms of tears, she would take her fists from her eyes, see her shattered doll again, and at once be driven into another spasm of hysterical despair. The mother did her utmost to silence these outbursts. She uttered soothing endearments; sympathetically scolded and even appealed to the child's cupidity. Some special treat was promised—a favourite but normally forbidden food or the right to sit up late for an extra hour that evening—if only mother's darling would stop crying. Why—they would go straight back into Singapore and buy another doll exactly the same as the old one. Then everything would be the same as before; the incident could be forgotten.

But the little girl gave scarcely a second's reflection to this reasonable proposal. The doll on which she had lavished her childish affection, for whose welfare she had planned and whose well-being occupied so many hours of her simple day, was now broken, a thing of the past. No substitute, however alike, could replace it. Not even a new head and a new arm fitted to the old trunk would satisfy her. Nor was she willing to leave the site of the tragedy. She refused to be torn away.

Embarrassed by the child's conduct, the mother turned at last to the amah and, her patience exhausted, told her to bring the child along without more ado,—to drag her along if necessary.

This harshness and lack of understanding produced bellows more violent, if that were possible, than before. The little girl was temporarily bereft of her reason and behaved like a wild animal.

Suddenly the amah made a suggestion. She told the girl that, as Dolly was broken, there was one thing they could do. They would reverently gather up the pieces and Dolly should have a proper funeral, be buried like any other person and have a stone erected to mark the spot.

The child stopped crying. For a moment she gazed with wide-open tear-blotched eyes at the amah. Then she embraced the idea. Yes, yes,—of course,—mother would help. They could pick up all the pieces, make a little grave and she would be able to put flowers on it, in the same way as grown-ups do on grown-ups' graves. Impelled by the urgency of this new notion, she gathered up the pieces and, smiling again, insisted that the grave be dug forthwith and the burial completed.

There were vacant spaces of ground between many of the graves and the amah proceeded to scratch a shallow hole with her hands, the girl enthusiastically helping. Soon the hole was big enough to hold the fragments of the doll.

Every piece was meticulously collected and dropped in the shallow hole. With a cheerful smile the little girl said goodbye to her doll and put the loose earth on top. She picked some love-grass and placed it on the tiny mound.

During this pitiful ceremony, the mourners from the funeral returned towards the entrance and passed close by. One of them, seeing the little girl's doll being buried, jogged her companion's arm and said indignantly:—"Really, John! Can you imagine any decent mother amusing a child with that sort of make-believe? It's a dreadful mockery!"

But the little girl was happy again, as people should be, and her grief had been certainly no less genuine than the more restrained sorrow of the adults at the grown-up funeral.

Moreover, the question in my mind was answered. The stones are not that we may remember. They are to soothe our consciences in forgetting.

The burial of a doll in Bidadari Cemetery solaced the conscience of a little girl. In the same way, the interment in Westminster Abbey of the bones of an Unknown Warrior salved the conscience of a nation horrified by its deeds—a nation which, while its lips murmured "lest we forget," was obeying the unconscious dictate of its heart: "Let us forget."

Kuching Market Price List.

Average monthly Market Prices (June 20th to July 20th).

RICE—(per gantang)

| | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|-----|--------|
| Local, white milling No. 1 | ... | ... | \$1.90 |
| " " polished Dayak " 2 | ... | ... | 1.69 |
| Pulut, local | ... | ... | 2.00 |

SUGAR—(per kati)

| | | | |
|-------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Nipah Sugar | ... | ... | .20 |
|-------------|-----|-----|-----|

MILK—

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Bean Curd 7 sq. | ... | ... | .10 |
| " (white) | ... | ... | .10 |
| " (yellow) | ... | ... | .20 |

EGGS—(each)

| | | | |
|------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Duck, fresh | ... | ... | .13 |
| " (white) salted | ... | ... | .13 |
| Fowl | ... | ... | .12 |

EDIBLE FATS—(per kati)

| | | | |
|-------------|-----|-----|------|
| Coconut Oil | ... | ... | .33 |
| Lard No. 1 | ... | ... | 1.00 |
| Lard " 2 | ... | ... | .70 |

PORK—(per kati)

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----|-----|------|
| Lean No. 1 | ... | ... | 1.60 |
| Lean with fat " 2 | ... | ... | .94 |

BEEF—(per kati)

| | | | |
|------------------|-----|-----|------|
| Beef steak | ... | ... | 2.14 |
| Beef curry meat | ... | ... | 1.07 |
| Buffalo No. 1 | ... | ... | 1.74 |
| " curry meat | ... | ... | .87 |
| Kambing (daging) | ... | ... | 2.00 |

POULTRY—(per kati)

| | | | |
|---------------------|-----|-----|------|
| Capons | ... | ... | 1.40 |
| Duck | ... | ... | 1.19 |
| Fowl, Chinese breed | ... | ... | 1.32 |
| Fowl, Dayak breed | ... | ... | 1.20 |

FISH—(per kati)

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Fresh fish No. 1 | ... | ... | .77 |
| " " " 2 | ... | ... | .53 |
| " " " 3 | ... | ... | .28 |
| Prawns " 1 | ... | ... | .71 |
| " " 2 | ... | ... | .48 |
| Crab " 1 | ... | ... | .40 |
| " " 2 | ... | ... | .30 |
| Salted fish " 1 special cut | ... | ... | .70 |
| " " 2 | ... | ... | .40 |
| " " 3 | ... | ... | .29 |
| " Roe | ... | ... | .25 |

VEGETABLES—(per kati)

| | | | |
|------------------------|-----|-----|--------|
| Banguang (Yam beans) | ... | ... | \$.05 |
| Bayam | ... | ... | .19 |
| Bean Sprouts | ... | ... | .20 |
| Cabbage, imported | ... | ... | 1.09 |
| Changkok Manis | ... | ... | .29 |
| Daan Bawang | ... | ... | .60 |
| Enaschi Puteh | ... | ... | .33 |
| French beans | ... | ... | .75 |
| Garlic, fresh | ... | ... | .20 |
| Kachang panjang | ... | ... | .20 |
| Kangkong | ... | ... | .19 |
| Keladi (Chinese) | ... | ... | .23 |
| Ketola | ... | ... | .22 |
| Kribang | ... | ... | .07 |
| Kundur | ... | ... | .10 |
| Laba | ... | ... | .06 |
| Ladies Fingers | ... | ... | .36 |
| Lettuce | ... | ... | .53 |
| Lobak (Chinese radish) | ... | ... | .26 |
| Lobak, salted imported | ... | ... | .50 |
| Onions, Bombay | ... | ... | .24 |
| Onions, small | ... | ... | .61 |
| Potatoes, Bengal | ... | ... | .30 |
| Pria (Bitter Gourd) | ... | ... | .37 |
| Bamboo shoots | ... | ... | .16 |
| Tronc (Brinjals) | ... | ... | .17 |
| Yams | ... | ... | .10 |
| Cucumber (timun) | ... | ... | .15 |
| Ginger | ... | ... | .49 |
| Chillies (red) | ... | ... | .89 |
| " (green) | ... | ... | .35 |
| Sauerkraut, imported | ... | ... | .69 |
| " Local | ... | ... | .27 |

FRUIT—

| | | | | |
|---------------|-----|----------|-----|------------|
| Pisang Umbun | ... | per kati | ... | .08 |
| Pisang Tandok | ... | each | ... | .04 to .08 |
| Pineapples | ... | per kati | ... | .08 |
| Papayas | ... | " | ... | .10 |

SUNDRIES—

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-----|----------------|-----|------|
| Sauce (kitchup) | ... | bottle (local) | ... | .50 |
| Blachan | ... | per kati | ... | .40 |
| Dried prawn | ... | " | ... | 1.61 |
| Coconut, fresh | ... | each | ... | .07 |
| Sago flour | ... | per packet | ... | .10 |

PUSTAKA
NEGERI
SARAWAK