

Sarawak Gazette

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The Sarawak Gazette.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30th, 1963.

Birth.

Loren.—To Judith, wife of N. A. Loren, at Miri, on the 28th May—a son, Harvey John.

Reading Thoughts.

The following is an extract from a speech made by the Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald at Kuala Lumpur on 26th January, 1963. We recommend that all our readers study it seriously.

"In Malaya these days we are seeing solid and remarkably encouraging developments towards the creation of a united Malayan nation. We are making steady, constructive progress in that direction at the same time as we make progress in the destruction of Malaya's enemies, the Communist terrorists.

"Of course, we must still give priority over everything else to the restoration of law and order

throughout the land. That is not only the prime necessity inside Malaya; it can also make a great contribution towards peace and progress in the rest of South-East Asia.

Our friends in neighbouring countries have their troubles with Communist forces too; and what happens in Malaya can influence for good or ill events in Indo-China and Burma, in Siam and Indochina. Malaya is the centre, the capital, so to speak, the heart of South-East Asia. If the heart is weak, the weakness influences unfortunately the diffusion in surrounding territories; but when the heart beats more strongly, then that growing strength communicates itself throughout the whole area of South-East Asia.

South-East Asia is an area of considerable strategic, economic and political importance. The Communists recognise that, and several years ago they launched an attack upon it. They began a civil war in Indo-China, a violent rebellion in Burma, an insurrection in the Philippines, a terrorist campaign in Malaya and an armed conspiracy in Indonesia; and by these they expected to capture the whole area.

So far they are deeply disappointed with the results. After five years and more of effort they have failed to conquer any one of these countries. In every territory they are held at bay. The struggle is very grim, but I believe that if we and our friends continue to act with strength in the region, the whole of South-East Asia can be preserved as a home of free peoples.

These events in Malaya and neighbouring countries have to be viewed against the background of events in Southern Asia as a whole. They are parts of the greater drama which is being played on a vast semi-continental scale. I shall speak now only about events in Southern Asia, from Pakistan in the West across India and Ceylon and Burma and down through South-East Asia to the Eastern tip of Indonesia. I shall say nothing directly about the very different, the smaller events occurring in China.

Contemporary events in Southern Asia are very large indeed. They are as important as anything which has happened anywhere in the world at any time in this twentieth century. They belong to the stupendous events of history, which alter many things and leave the world a very different place from what it was before.

The fact is that a major revolution is taking place over the semi-continent of Southern Asia. In the East it will have consequences at least as important as those which in the West followed the French Revolution nearly two centuries ago.

The great and good nature of this change is not always appreciated by us in the Western world. Indeed, it is sometimes misunderstood in the West. The revolution in Southern Asia is too frequently represented as an anti-Western movement, and that naturally causes resentment on the other side of the world. It has caused a distinct coolness, a certain strain, even a hostility in relations between the East and the West which is a most unfortunate development.

It friction between the Eastern world of Asia and the Western world of Europe and America were ever to reach the point of a serious breach between their peoples—a division of East and West into two mutually suspicious and potentially hostile camps—that would be a very grave threat to human peace and progress.

One of the most important tasks of statesmanship today is to avert that threat: to remove misunderstandings between the West and the East; and to promote in its place a cordial understanding and friendship which will enable the nations on both sides of the earth to work together as partners promoting the ever richer expansion of a happy human civilization. I should like to say something about this vital problem of friendly relations between the East and the West.

I speak of it as a Westerner. We Westerners can do a great deal to help to solve the problem. And the first thing that we must do is to understand properly, and to sympathize sincerely, with what is happening in much of Asia in these days. We are too apt to look at what is happening in the East through Western eyes, to consider it from a too narrowly Western point of view, to judge it by what we think to be its effects on Western interests. That, of course, is natural for us, seeing from a point we are bound to do it. But we must also take a broader view and consider what is happening in Asia from the point of view of the interests of the peoples of Asia.

The first thing that we must understand is that the revolution in Southern Asia is not fundamentally, but only superficially, an anti-Western development. It is not a negative movement, but a positive one. It is not anti-Western; it is pro-Asian.

Of course, it sometimes appears to take an anti-Western form; and that is where much misunderstanding arises. For example, one of its manifestations is the throwing off of foreign rule by many Asian peoples. The Indians, the Pakistanis, the Ceylonese, the Burmese, the Filipinos and the Indonesians have all in the last few years established themselves as independent nations. The Malaysians and the Indo-Chinese are progressing along the same road to self-government. The rule which they are discarding happens to be British or American or Dutch or French—rule by Western colonial powers. Some people in the West are therefore inclined to regard this as nothing but a vicious demonstration of anti-Western feeling, and to view the whole movement in Asia as a huge conspiracy to oppose the West.

But the throwing off of Western rule is not the main purpose of the Asian revolution; it is only an incidental consequence of it. The achievement of national political independence itself by the newly free Asian peoples represents only one part of the

revolution. It is its chief political expression; but the revolution is much more than just a political episode. Its aims in the social and economic fields are equally important. What is being overthrown in Asia is the whole economic, social and political system of society called feudalism.

Let us make no mistake about it, it is good thing that feudalism is disappearing. In Europe we got rid of it some centuries ago. For reasons which I need not go into, feudalism survived in the East long after it was dead in the West. But it was in the logic of history that it should go sooner or later, for it is an out-of-date system of society.

The only difficulty is this. In Europe feudalism was changed gradually over a long period of time; by a process of natural evolution it was transformed into something more modern. You in Asia are now trying to do in a few years what we did in a few generations. It is all happening too fast. That is perhaps inevitable; but it creates some appalling difficulties and dangers.

The friction in relations between East and West is due to remove the misunderstanding which has arisen between them owing to certain circumstances of the Asian crisis, and how to create in its place true understanding and friendship. Some friction at this historic moment was inevitable. The Western peoples grew to resent foreign colonial rule, and they associated the Western Powers with that rule. The Western nations became for them synonymous with colonialism; and many Asian leaders expressed their feelings in violent condemnations of the Western governments and all their works. That in turn naturally produced resentment amongst many peoples in the West.

If I may say so, the attack on colonialism was in principle right. From some important points of view, which I shall mention in a moment, colonialism is a bad system of government. But from some other points of view it was a very helpful system of government in Asia; it was an essential historical step in Asian progress; and it made great contributions to Asia's emancipation. It was in fact a mixture of good and bad. So let us be released by our criticism of colonialism; let us appreciate both its strong points and its weak ones.

A lot of its constructive work in Asia is obvious. It helped to promote the economic development of Asian territories; it introduced modern roads, rail-ways and transport; it opened hospitals and up-to-date medical services; and it built schools, colleges and universities in those Eastern lands. It gave impartial and usually efficient administrations. These material gifts were of immense value.

But, above all, colonial government introduced fresh intellectual ideas. The British Government in particular taught to colonial peoples under its charge the new political philosophy it taught to Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen and Irishmen at home. In India and elsewhere it spread Western ideas of liberalism, of political freedom and of democracy. In fact it spread the very doctrines which eventually caused the present revolution against feudalism in Asia, and the extinguishing of foreign colonial rule itself.

Asia would probably never have produced those ideas itself. In fact the colonial masters themselves taught, trained and produced the very Asian forces which are now triumphantly destroying colonialism.

So when present passions die, and when the Asian peoples can look back objectively on this episode in their history, they will have reason to feel grateful to the Western peoples who for a few brief generations were their colonial masters. Let that be a healing thought between the East and the West.

On our side in the West we should appreciate another point. Western rule could never have been permanent in Asia. It could not be anything but a temporary regime; a fleeting, passing phase in Asian history. After all, whether it was good rule or bad rule, it was foreign rule—and no national people worthy of the name could tolerate that indefinitely.

The history of the West in the last few hundred years is full of stories of national peoples rising and throwing off foreign yokes—the Scots resisting English domination, the French freeing themselves from the British, a host of small nations in Europe revolting against alien over-lords, the Americans Colonists fighting a War of Independence against Britain; and so on.

Why any of us in the West should suppose that human nature would be different in the East, and that the Asians would meekly submit for ever to foreign rule is something that I for my part cannot understand. This Asian breaking of bondage was bound to come sooner or later. It is a great leap the development which we democrats of the West should be the first to welcome. In our opinion it is to be free you in the Orient and we in the Occident are kin. Let that be another healing thought between us.

Then let me come to another point of extreme importance. I have said that Western colonial rule brought some great benefits to Asia; and that is true. But it also had some evil effects. Perhaps its worst feature was a psychological one. It created a superiority complex amongst the white races in the colonies and an inferiority complex amongst the dependent coloured peoples, neither of which was justified.

I have never heard of any proper reason why we Europeans should feel superior to you Asians. It is a ludicrous state of affairs. Your Chinese forefathers and your Indian forefathers, for example, had created in your countries vigorous, flourishing and beautifully flowering civilisations rather richer than anything of the kind sprung up in Europe. Your ancestors were poets and painters and philosophers producing immortal works of art when mine were averages whose only idea of aesthetics was perhaps the painting of a strip of MacDonnell tartan on appropriate parts of their bodies.

The truth is, of course, that we Westerners are superior to you in some things, and you Easterners are superior to us in others. We all have our own particular sets of virtues and vices; but by any reasonable human standard we are equals. That equality between us is a fundamental and essential quality. It is the only basis on which cordial relations between the East and the West can be built.

That is why the worst consequences of the old colonial system of government was the breeding of a superiority complex in the governing races and of an inferiority complex in the governed. There can be no natural, unprejudiced and truly friendly relations between the Western peoples and the Asian peoples until both complexes have been destroyed.

One result of the Asian revolution is that the Asians are losing their complex. We Westerners in the East must abandon ours. That is why I for one have tried, during my years in South-East Asia, to help to break down every vestige of the old superiorities and inferiorities which appeared to set the Europeans and the Asians on two different planes in Asia; and to establish a sense of true, equalitarian comradeship between us. I believe profoundly in that equality, and that if it can be universally established, it will do more than anything else to create a new era of friendly co-operation in human affairs between the East and the West.

I am not alone amongst Europeans in holding that view. Sometimes I am represented as fighting a more or less lone battle in the cause; but that is all nonsense. Some British individuals criticise me for it, but they are a small, reactionary and unrepresentative minority. The great majority in Malaya, from the High Commissioner of the Federation and the Governor of Singapore downwards, agree with me; and we are supported in Britain by 80% of the population. The ordinary British people are the most truly democratic people in the world.

There are some people who feel indignantly that the end of British imperial rule in Asia means the withdrawal of British influence from Asia. They speak as if the historic role which Britain has played for several centuries on this continent is now finished—as if we Britons have no further Asian tasks to perform. These people are wrong. It is true that an old phase of Britain's mission in Asia is ending; but a new phase has begun.

In some ways the new task is even more honourable than the old one. That is partly because it is more difficult. It is comparatively easy to be a colonial master, to boss dependent peoples and decide of your own sweet, unimpeded will what shall be done in this or that circumstance. It is much more difficult to work with others as equals, to find no justice except after consultation with them, and to discontinue by argument and persuasion, by speech and agreement, to guide politics along the paths of truth and wisdom.

The East and the West can only co-operate by these means in the future. More than any other people in the world the British are equipped by experience and temperament to help to establish the new relationship of equality between the old nations of the Occident and the new nations of the Orient which will enable them to work as partners in world affairs.

In the British Commonwealth they have already created a practical working model for that political relationship. In the Commonwealth, nations with a western tradition like Britain and Canada and Australia, and nations with an Eastern tradition like India and Pakistan and Ceylon are learning to work in perfect harmony together. As the young Malayan nation grows up I hope that it too will play a large part in this experiment in international relations, on the success of which may well depend the future peace and prosperity of mankind."

Notes and Comments.

On 14th April, Dr. G. Hagen, Mrs. Hagen and Miss Fain, of the World Health Organization, left for Kuala on completion of their tour. They have been engaged on tuberculous examination and

vaccination for a period of 93 months, and, during this time, 108,000 people of all ages were examined in Sarawak and 30,000 were vaccinated with B.C.G. The WHO experts trained a unit in each Division and these units are now carrying on the work at a very satisfactory pace. In addition to B.C.G. vaccination, penicillin injections are being given in the rural areas in an attempt to stamp out yaws.

In order to maintain the closest possible harmony of policy, it has been decided to hold a conference twice every year between the leaders of the Governments of North Borneo, Brunei and Sarawak. The first conference took place at Kuching on 21st April, presided over by the Right Honourable Malinin Macdonald, Commissioner-General for North East Asia, and attended by His Excellency the Governor of Sarawak (who is also High Commissioner for Brunei), His Excellency the Governor of North Borneo, the Sultan of Brunei and other high ranking officials. It has also been decided to have periodic joint meetings of heads of departments of the three territories to promote as far as possible coordination of policy and administration.

Work on Kuching's new hotel, which will be situated at the corner of Rock Road and McDougall Road, is at last getting under way.

A Scotsman in Singapore, infuriated by the dancing from blazing radios nearby, every now and then lets off steam by counter-attacking for half an hour or so with his bagpipes. Kuching not long ago was the scene of a similar episode when a member of the legal fraternity, having plenty of time on his hands in the evenings, turned to puffing to play the flute. This went on for some months and some proficiency was obtained but apparently the harking picking out of notes irritated one of the neighbours, also a legal light. He decided to retaliate and did so by bringing in a flute (plastic variety) himself. And so on a calm evening one would hear the strains of "The Minstrel Boy" floating in the air and then, a few minutes afterwards, "Buttons and Bows" would start up. This contest was only brought to an end by one of the participants being transferred to another Division.

Comings and Goings.

During April there was a marked reduction in the comings and goings, and those Government Officers who have left Sarawak on furlough included Mr. P. Ratcliffe, Mr. H. P. K. Jacks, Mr. R. J. Bettison and Mr. G. A. C. Field. Mr. Peter Ratcliffe left early in the month and first of all went to Ipoh where he stayed for a few days and then went on to Great Britain for his furlough. Mr. Ratcliffe is to be a Guild Staff Officer at the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second and, no doubt suitably attired in satin knee breeches, silk stockings and silver buckled shoes, will act as an Usher in the Abbey on the occasion of the Coronation. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. K. Jacks left direct for Singapore from the Rajang River and are going to the United Kingdom on furlough. Others who are proceeding to the same destination are Messrs. Bettison and Field of the Trade and Customs Department. Mr. Field will be very

much missed not only on account of his able and strenuous efforts in the rather unpopular job of Chairman of the Senior Service Housing Board, but also as co-editor of this paper.

Only one officer returned from furlough in April and that was Mr. T. B. E. Nicholl of the Education Department.

Another arrival whom many of our readers will know well was Mr. E. A. Edmondson, formerly of the Sarawak Constabulary, who left us three years ago and now comes back to join the Constabulary as an officer on contract and is, we understand, to be associated with the new Field Force. Two newcomers to Sarawak were Messrs. S. C. Larkin and E. C. Hennessy, formerly Police Lieutenants in the Federation of Malaya, who have come to Sarawak as Assistant Superintendents in the Sarawak Constabulary and both of whom are stationed in Kuching. Mr. Larkin is taking over traffic duties as well as assisting the Officer Superintending Kuching Constabulary Factor, and Mr. Hennessy is to be the new Quartermaster. To these new arrivals we offer a hearty welcome and hope that they will be very happy in Sarawak.

Sibu Letter.

Writing the Sibu letter from Baram is rather like attempting to describe a scene observed through the wrong end of a telescope; things seem somewhat remote and disproportionate.

April has seen and is still to see such a lot of departures and arrivals that from a casualist point of view Sibu might be likened unto a gigantic multiple store revolving door—people going in and out at the same time—with, of course, just a few of the inconvertibles going round and round without getting anywhere!

Baram Square was the scene of some jollity on the night of the 25th of April when David Simpson (the originator of the "Sara plans sara glass" system of long house refreshment), David ("William Belcher"), Henderson and the electrical Lavinia Pele were commemorating their imminent departure from Sibu while Maximilian Martin was celebrating his return; Turkey ("Long Playing") Fractor is another personality who will shortly be sadly missed if he hasn't been missed already. Now we don't know where to look for our shining inspirations for a long time to come!

"Tan Seng" Dibble is yet another April leave taker. He will be remembered for many things but principally for his breadth of vision in attempting to open up communication by canal between his home and the Sarawak Steamship office. The project only remained on account of the lack of buoyancy of the Dibble Bicycle—but still, you can't think of everything even in Sibu!

Jim Bettison has already departed on his leave. It is reported that as he quitted the Sacred Soil of Sibu he became seized with the feeling that he ought to return for one last check up to ensure that all was well, but that he promptly stifled these doubtful inclinations by firmly refusing himself permission to land!

On the 28th the Resident is due to depart. Nothing less than poetry (sic) will do justice to such an occasion, and provided that the muse is in co-operative humour this letter should conclude with an appropriate stanza or two.

We have made no reference to our new arrivals as yet, but that is where the wrong end of the telegraph business comes in. It wouldn't be fair to introduce them under such conditions and we must give them time to settle in first. But we do extend to them, one and all, a most hearty welcome!

There is no sensational news from the Bazaar or the language; the continued unaltered combination of the low price of rubber and the high cost of living has rather limited entertainment in the town, but Cecil B. De Mille's spectacular "The Greatest Show on Earth" proved one of the most popular and well attended films ever to visit Sibu. And now for the poetry:—

Ode to a Departing Resident.

Farewell, O noble helmsman! Leave thy wheel;
Right well thou steered our Ship, kept even keel,
Let now another towl the charmed spokes.
Full long thou cared for all us Sibu folks
And for the Third Division
Made excellent provision.
Oh through the dreaded gloom we saw thy form
Staunch on the bridge alike in calm or storm.
From thee no wearied plaint, no cry, no wobble,
Despite the fallen price of Bejeng's rubber.
All honour to thy high intent,
Thou noble, selfless Resident!
Take with thine ease, thy boundless grace
(But not too long for four of Income Tax!)
Speed, in thy Swallow-Tailot, through the
ways
Of simple joys and leisure nights and days,
From morning's tea to evening's supper
Ketchen dull care— and just tillage!

J.R.R.

Visit of His Excellency the Governor to Simanggang and Lubok Antu Districts.

At 10 p.m. on 26th April His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by the Private Secretary, boarded the "La Fayette" at Pongah and set sail for Lianga, where His Excellency was met by the Hon'ble the Resident, Mr. A. P. R. Crawford, and by the Native Officer-in-Charge, Abang Kartin. After His Excellency had made an informal tour of the Bazaar and the Chinese school, the party caught the tide to Simanggang, arriving there at 2 p.m., when His Excellency was met by the Acting District Officer, Abang Mustapha, n.c.w., introduced to the local dignitaries, inspected a Guard of Honour and then walked up to the office outside which were drawn up Major H. G. Findlay Skirras and 80 stalwart Ulu Ai recruits for the Sarawak Rangers. His Excellency addressed them and then declared open the fine new extension to the Government offices. His Excellency then heard requests in the Court room and presented Mr. Paramas Eddy with his well merited Royal Honours Society Medal after which he returned to the new office for tea with the Lands and Survey and Education staffs which are housed therein. That evening His Excellency went to the Club where he met heads of departments and leading citizens and officials.

Next morning His Excellency and party, which now included Dana Abang Zin, n.c.w., left Simanggang for Engkilil, visiting Pongah's Ngai's home

en route where the visitors all carried out a Federal ceremony. The party was joined by the Divisional Education Officer, Mr. Steer.

On arrival at Engkilil His Excellency inspected a Guard of Honour and was introduced to the local headmen and notables by Native Officer Wan Sa'ah. In the afternoon His Excellency and party visited the reading room, walked round the bazaar and were entertained at the fine new Chinese school, after which most of Engkilil moved up to the Local Authority Dayak School building on its hill from which there is a lovely view in all directions. This school is a fine example of community co-operation, as it was built from funds provided by the Iban, Chinese and Malays, and is probably the best built Local Authority School in the area. The opening ceremony ended with a Federal on the top floor of the school and the slaughtering of a pig so that the school's future could be divined from its liver. The ceremonies were good.

That evening the Native Officer organised a cocktail party on the lawn near his house at which Malay, Chinese and Iban dances were done before a large crowd.

Engkilil's natural charms were much enhanced by the many decorations by day and the very simple but most effective lighting by night.

Next morning, the 28th, His Excellency and party left Engkilil in three outboards for Lubok Antu visiting Maribong en route, where His Excellency walked along the road and through the gardens and was impressed with the large area of healthy pepper he saw. After a short visit to Pongah's Jai's house, where a Federal was performed, and lunch and a swim at a bungalow, the party arrived at Lubok Antu where Native Officer Pury Majang introduced leading dignitaries to His Excellency, who then inspected a smart Guard of Honour. Later on His Excellency visited the bazaar, and after a short swim joined the big crowd to the Sabatang and to watch Iban dancing.

On the 29th April His Excellency heard requests and then the party set off up the Bating Ai, stopping at Bating Dagil for a short while, where His Excellency was entertained in the traditional manner. After a pleasant spell on a barge on above Wang Dayi where he swam, attempted to fish and had lunch, His Excellency reached Pongah's Singhar's home where we were all welcomed with plenty of Federal ceremonies and the feast that is so typical at those times.

Next day we found the water was still reasonable being neither too high nor too low and we carried on upstream in our outboards. A swift but very entertaining visit was made to Bantah Abang and by 5.30 p.m. our convey had reached its destination, Pongah's Ngai's house, in good order. Despite the fact the Pongahs was feeling very under the weather due to an attack of malaria, there was much joy when His Excellency started off festivities by killing a pig and then carried on with Federal ceremonies. Later that evening His Excellency gave a talk and heard requests and then announced that he would give a gun to each of eight people who had harboured the late Mr. Arundell and who had supplied him with food, concealed his presence from the Japanese, kept him informed of Japanese activities and who had all suffered hardship and indignities at the hands of the Japanese for this. Mr. T.H. Bantah, T.B. Chong and Pongah's Ngai

were present at the time of the announcement and so His Excellency was personally able to hand their their guns. After this there was Ban dancing.

On the morning of the 13th April the party split. His Excellency, the Resident and Native Officer P. Masing going up the beautiful Delak to fish and the rest going overland to Pengaruh Jimben's house. The Native Officer claims he distinguished himself by catching some fish. His Excellency on arrival was asked to spare a pig at the beginning of the path and to kill another at the steps leading up to the house. In the house he was given the most great welcome.

Next day we set off early and once again the water was just right and we were able to reach Lohok Anta in time for a late tea.

I believe His Excellency's visit to the Ulu Ai and Delak is the first made to that area by the ruler of Sarawak since the 1914-15 war!

On the evening of the 19th His Excellency and party walked to Pengaruh Tumbak's house and paid an informal visit there before walking back to the Kaba in the dark.

Next morning His Excellency visited the partly finished Chinese school building and was gratified to find the Lohok Anta Chinese seemed pleased at his suggestion that it might become a combined Chinese-Iban school.

The journey back to Simanggang was uneventful. That evening His Excellency visited the hospital and also met Mrs. Hogg and her wonderful poultry class, and then went on and walked past the Agricultural Demonstration Farm which interested him greatly.

On the 16th April His Excellency left Simanggang and accompanied by Mr. W. Crocker landed at Samarai, saw the new governors there and then walked to Tawing and also saw the three post offices at Tawing, thus getting a very good impression of what must be the biggest single post area in the country.

After lunch on the "La Fayette" His Excellency paid an informal visit to Selayan, being welcomed by Native Officer Abang Nohima, and then walked to the site of the future stone quarry and the Chinese school, and then went on to Tobelo which had been gaily decorated when word got round that His Excellency would stop there. After that the "La Fayette" anchored off Pulau Darong and set sail early on the 19th for Kuching, which was reached about 2.30 a.m. that day.

It should be mentioned that the happy visit to the Baring Lapor and Ulu Ai was rounded off by the Information Office Mobile Cinema Unit, which showed its films every night and which accompanied the party as far as Pengaruh Ngali's house at Saaga Delak. Probably this is the farthest Ulu cinema unit has been and certainly many of the women and children in those Ulu Ai houses had never seen a film before and they proved to be a thoroughly appreciative audience.

Once again the value of new outboard engines was proved by the way that at no stage of the journey was any one of the three outboards more than five minutes away from the others, though of course the quality of the drivers had a large part to play in this achievement.

Death of a Philosopher

On April 9th 1933 there died in London a man whose name ten years ago was a household word in England, and well-known wherever the BBC's famous Brain Trust was heard—Dr. Cyril Joad. People clamoured for his autograph; jugs and tankards were modelled from his face; he brought Plato and philosophy into every house where there was a wireless set; traffic was stopped in the streets by crowds trying to get into halls to hear him speak.

One Sunday afternoon in 1932 Dr. Joad went to Dartmoor Gaol in Devon to address five hundred of the toughest convicts in England. He spoke in the prison chapel. He was supposed to be talking about the moral issues of the war, but at the last moment, as he mounted the lectern, he changed his mind and gave a lecture on philosophy. He talked for an hour, with striking facility and wit, about the theory of philosophers called "idealism." He argued that hard tangible matter does not really exist, it is no more than an illusion in the mind of man. He finished by saying to those five hundred men, many of them in prison for life: "And as you see, and I'm sure you will all agree with me, that

"None walk so fast as prison make
Nor iron bars a cage."

When he sat down it seemed as if the clapping and cheering would never end.

When silence came at last the Prison Chaplain, a quiet, earnest man, proposed a vote of thanks. He doubted, he said, if all his listeners would agree with Professor Joad's conclusions, "and even some of you who do so now may later say, like a cockney I once knew, 'Blimey, then, I must be 'ypoanised!'" and the clapping began all over again.

The war ended, and later the Brain Trust. By 1945 one Joad and fifty. He turned over to Joad. He started a railway company. He was convicted and fined. The BBC was closed to him. He was expelled from his London club, a place he greatly loved. Yet it is perhaps wrong to call it folly. It was, rather, a mental quirk,—something related, in a hazy way, to his dislike of bureaucracy and to his yearning for the freedom of the human mind and spirit.

He used to illustrate this rebellious force in him by the especial pleasure with which he told of something he had once seen. It was in London, during the General Strike of 1926. The only motor buses then being driven in the streets bore placards with the words "Driven by permission of the Trades Union Congress." No others dared go on the roads. But one day, in the Strand, Joad saw a different lorry go by. It was driven, very fast, by a little red-haired man ("he could only be a cockney," Joad said) with a brilliant red moustache, and on the bonnet there was a poster, larger than any of the others, with the words, "Driven by my own bloody permission."

He enjoyed telling stories against himself. Before the last war, he gave a lecture at a well-known girls' school. After the lecture the headmistress offered him a cheque. "Now," Joad would say, "I'm not in the least anxious to be paid for what I do, but on this occasion I had spoken on a subject near my heart and I didn't

want any money, as I asked the head-mistress if she would keep the cheque and give it to my charity she might choose." He thought no more of the incident until he was leaving. Then it occurred to him that his fee might be given to some object of which he disapproved, and as he said good-bye he asked the head-mistress what she thought of doing with it. "If head-mistresses could hesitate," he said, "she would have hesitated. If head-mistresses could blush, she would have blushed. She did neither. She looked me calmly in the eye and said: 'The money, Dr. Joad, will be paid into a fund for providing the school with better lectures next year.'"

Though he lost much by his strange lapse, he never lost his mental clarity and brilliancy, and he never faltered in his allegiance to beauty as he saw it, or in his generosity. Joad had no connection with Sarawak, except for his vivid interest in her people, his curiosity about all that goes on in the world, and his concern for his friends. One of them, about to set out for Kuching, went to say farewell. Joad was already ill, and knew that he was dying. He lay in his garden, a pale semblance of the tall, vigorous, ruddy-faced man he had been. But he was full of curiosity and questions; the climate, the ways of life, the Rajah and his rule, how the different peoples live and work together. Later, still sicker and interested, he wrote: "I have got steadily worse and weaker. But please keep me on the list of your letter recipients. You may not have to send them for long. Please do that."

In his latest book, *The Recovery of Belief*, finished and published during his last illness, Dr. Joad describes his conversion to the Christian faith. For most of his life he could not accept the religious view of the Universe. It seemed to him, he writes, "no more than a pious propensity to believe in propositions which there was no reason to think true." Through 250 pages clearly, sometimes toughly, argued, he comes to his conclusion: "On the whole . . . I think I can subscribe to the best of many of the innumerable people who have tried to practice Christianity—the thing done, at least sometimes, well."

Now there is no more argument. He may know the answer. All he learned on earth is spent, and all his skill. Memories will grow dim, they always do. The time comes when even the most sensitive human ear can no longer receive the tone and colour of an unbroken voice; and though there are doubtless many records of Dr. Joad's sometimes almost squeaking lip and his "It all depends what you mean by . . ." they will not often be listened to now.

But his writings remain, high in the long line of English prose, lucid, unostentatious; witness to a hatred of violence in an age of violence and to the lifelong service of truth. It is perhaps not foolish to imagine that service still counselled and, not as an incantation of empty words but as a confident prayer for amnesty in a well-thought field, to ask: "Rest eternal grant unto him, O Lord: and let slight perpetual shine upon him."

P.S.J.

Roban Nocturnal.

With little to do this evening at the remote outstation, Roban, having on previous nights read

through all the neatly bound copies of the Sarawak Gazette here, I take this evening the Station Diary, a formidable tome, entered duly and rightly by Court Poon Bata his friend.

It is the night entries which I think are the most interesting, showing as they do the intense helpfulness by which Bata keeps the night watches. The day entries are in black ink and record among reports from the public heavily entered, the time that each Government Officer came on duty and left after his day's work. There are black ink entries also for his hand-over note to his colleague Court Poon Dabkie who unfortunately could not reciprocate being illiterate. Dabkie retired this year and his house in the Kuching slowly, ever so slowly, takes shape.

The night entries are in red ink and I in turn wish to change the ink which I am using to the same medium in honour of these gentle entries. I will give a short typical case first, translating from the Malay and then try and seek out some of the more unusual ones.

- 24.4.33 12.30 a.m. I change the day of the month and put the clock right. The moon is bright but it is dimming slightly. All's well.
- 25.4.33 12.00 a.m. I Court Poon Bata change the day of the month and change the year as well but to a dark night. There are lots of stars and for the rest all's well. Nothing to report.
- 25.4.33 12.3 a.m. Slight rain. Dark as well. Water on the floor but about to dry and all's well.
- 25.4.33 12.3 a.m. A dark night there are lots of stars nothing more to say.
- 25.4.33 12.3 a.m. Bright moonlight many stars. All's well.
- 26.4.33 12.1 a.m. The day seems to have come to a standstill because of the rain; for the rest all's well.

The search for out-of-the-ordinary entries has brought to light nothing, so it appears that Roban at midnight is just a quiet place with Bata alone with the cover, the moon, the stars and the rain. So if possible I cite a usual hand-over note.

22.2.33 9.4 a.m. Court Poon Dabkie receives over charge from Court Poon Bata everything in the Fort the same as it ever was. *Adi-aya.*

Sig. BATA his KEMAN.

Dabkie by written word is silent. We would have to ask the D.O. whether he is satisfied that Roban Station is the same as it ever was. Being reactionary at times, he is very pleased indeed, I think. For one thing he can here read up quietly the back numbers of the Sarawak Gazette.

(Contributed).

Native Court Notes.

The District Officer Kalaka reports that Boreweek is full of surprises but he was never more surprised when, as magistrate in the District Native Court at Ruban, a witness for the Appellant arrived carried in a sledge, the Dyak worker frame for carrying loads, by a young Iban aged about 55 years. The witness was LEMANTAS of Bumah Uap, Sarit, an old lady at least 85 years old. When called

upon her evidence it appeared to the Court that she was so weak as to not understand the oath. But having given it, she backed up so and so and gave her evidence exceedingly well and was calculated under cross-examination. Yes, she knew that the Appellants' grandfather had killed the old jungle. Yes, she had seen him do it. Yes, killed it from the opposite side as far as Lupa Topikan. Her age at the time? She had "broken angles off into days". Yes, that's right she'd have been about 14 years old. She remembered the Kelatua eruption in 1883. She was the seventh settler to come to the Selidik. Heading aside all hope of rebuttal, she asked to go home. The young Iban made ready the sleds, lifted her into it, along it on his shoulders and wandered out of the Court House. In all courtesy, the Native Court continued to hear the depositions of other more important witnesses. But the case was already proved. The appeal had spoken.

Notes on Suble 2 and Bulak Setap 3. By GEORGE KERR.

The two recently concluded unsuccessful deep test wells, Suble 2 and Bulak Setap 3, drilled by the Sarawak Oilfields Ltd., in the UK Division of Sarawak, admirably illustrate the risks that an oil company must take, and the huge expenditure necessary in the search for new oilfields.

Suble 2 was commenced in March, 1931, and abandoned in March, 1933, having drilled to a depth of 14,708'. The total cost of this well was \$3,293,000.

Bulak Setap 3 was commenced in August, 1931, and abandoned in December, 1932, upon a depth of 11,837' having cost \$4,200,000. This sum includes an outlay on road construction of \$1,210,000. The approach road to the location, through difficult country was completed in 1929 and finished in 1931 and, during the whole course of operations, constant maintenance was necessary.

The figures given above, however, only represent the cost of road building and drilling of the wells, to give a true picture preparatory explanation by geological and geophysical methods must be taken into account.

In the case of the Suble and Bulak Setap areas exploration has been carried out for the last 40 years—though not without interruption—during which several shallower wells were drilled. The two deep tests were intended to be the concluding phase of this prolonged and costly integrated exploration programme, to test for oil a considerable thickness of strata in a favourable structural position. It is of interest to note that a geological, gravity and seismic exploration party cost respectively \$100,000, \$250,000, and \$250,000 per month and the total exploration outlay represented by Suble 2 and Bulak Setap 3 can be conservatively estimated at \$15,000,000.

Exploration surveys, even under the most clear cut and favourable conditions, can never give a 100% certainty that oil will be found—they can merely indicate the location where oil is most likely to exist, if present in the subsurface.

The wells Suble 2 and Bulak Setap 3 tested between them a total thickness of 22,545' of strata. There was some overlap between the sections pro-

bedded by the two wells (which are 20 miles apart) and the total stratigraphic thickness tested was of the order of 17,000'.

In the whole of this tremendous thickness (over 2 miles) of rocks no oil or even slight indications of liquid oil were found; small amounts of gas were encountered but were of no commercial value. The old saying, "a swallow does not make a summer", is particularly true of exploration oil wells—even if a well is not completely barren of all indications, as was the case in Suble 2 and Bulak Setap 3, oil found is often in quantities too slight to be of commercial value.

In view of the outlay involved any exploration well is most extensively tested before the final decision to abandon is taken. Suble 2 and Bulak Setap 3 were no exceptions to this rule and even the most doubtful possibilities were thoroughly and conclusively investigated. As all too often in the case of exploration wells the final results have been negative. A large area and an appreciable thickness of strata have been expensively and conclusively tested and the search for oil with its attendant burden of vast capital outlay goes on in other well populated parts of the country.

Sarawak, 1933.

"Sarawak" is a widely used term for Malay and Melanau ceremonies to open a season or new enterprise, being good luck or abundance. Much used in other lands, it has fallen into disuse in many districts now. The last strongly surviving sarawak on the old traditional scale and style is probably that for the turtles, covering the great bay between Sumbong and Tanjung Dua.

It takes place in late April or early May each year and is divided into two parts. The first part is completed on Sating Island by the people of Sintang; the second on the two Talang Islands by Selidik (Iban) Dayak from Puch on the mainland opposite. The two are fundamentally similar in ceremony and identical in purpose (the invocation of a good "saluan" for turtles), but differ considerably in style.

That on Sating has a distinctly Melanau touch and is abandoned, in the occasional intervals, with Malay dancing and (this year) some very fine singing by three sisters from Sumbong. That on Talang has a more Dayak flavour. Dayak spirit invocations, Dayak dances—including the curious Selidik "cigarette dance" with a man singing to two women dancing among the principal guests. Above all, there is the curious egg fight which climaxes the Talang ceremony, puts the islands under protest (Iban) for four days, and symbolically opens the season demonstrated by the slinging of a new turtle flag on the beach, welcoming the turtles ashore. In this fight, the attacking party—representing the new year and eager turtles—land from campers and storm the beach, defended by the old and supposedly paid though they hardly show it at that moment's. Turtle eggs, those with ping-pong balls which spell defeat to some and circling to others, are furiously exchanged at close range. The defenders of course must give way gradually, until the attackers hold the whole beach. Old, rotten or bad-quality eggs are used, and the worse the better. The subsequent efforts to get

belles clean and neatly approachable for the terminal feast, that immediately follows, is not the least part of the struggle.

This year's *Sarak*, although marred by wireless news of the sad death of the Hon'ble the Data Bandar's mother, necessitating him leaving Talangl for Kuching at a few minutes notice on the Jolly Jackhofer) was generally voted the best year. There was an obvious reason for this. But this year there was an atmosphere of energy in the year, a feeling that it would be a good year for turtles even if a late one for fish; already exceptional numbers of turtles had been noted off-shore. Moreover, for the first time, guests were invited to attend both ceremonies; previously the *Sarak* affair has been entirely local, largely by accidental evolution.

The Santabong party, over 100 in number, led by pewee (master of ceremonies) Mad and Ten Kanqung Shakti arrived in the early afternoon of Friday, April 26th, when they were welcomed by the Curator (as Executive Officer of the Board). The guests arrived in two vessels. On the *La Follotte* the Hon'ble the Chief Secretary (Mr. R. G. Aikman), the Chairman of the Board (Mr. W. S. B. Buck), and the Chairman of the Turtle Trust (The Data Bandar) with his co-trustees the Data Hakin and Tuan Muli, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Taylor veteran of *sarak*. Gallant little Jennifer brought Mr. H. G. Gray and Mr. John Smith, the latter having kindly offered also to examine the possibility of pumping seawater and building tanks for turtle-feeding. Mr. Lo Seng Hian, who has developed a system for rearing baby turtles, and Mr. John Ong of the Treasury were, among others invited.

Friday night was taken quietly by those who cared to sleep aboard, but was a sleepless night for those who wished to join in the gay dancing and singing, which went on until nearly daylight,—as is traditional. Mad's ritual incantations and offerings being made ashore, his retinue, with quack beating of drums and firing of crackers, circled the island putting out offerings to the spirits at points about the coast—much as in English "Dancing the bounds". Then they returned to place an impressive votive pole on the lookouts, place the flags which screen off any return of evil or of high indifference. All then set down on mats out-of-doors upon that beautiful beach and ate a hearty Malay meal.

Before noon, the official party and guests moved off for Talangl, the Santabong folk returning thither at their leisure. At Talangl we were greeted by the Officer-in-charge of the turtle islands, Mr. Jamit bin Wahap, who had gone aboard in the *Rawang Bawa*; and by Nimbong, the *Selakau* messenger, in yet another of his extraordinary M.C. uniforms, which he designs himself (apparently from pictures in *Lijet*).

Here also Mr. P. Smith, as District Officer, Lunada, joined the party. Owing to some misunderstanding he had arrived a day too early and not brought the promised party of dancing *Selakau* *Duyak* from Lunada. Instead, however, he brought with him the unexpected pleasure of the company of two mammals also carried here by misunderstanding as (they thought) the direct route to Kuching. (We met Mrs. Kobusta, her daughter Felicitas and Mrs. D. E. Marchand) found what is traditionally a stag-party somewhat disappointed; but if they thought so they graciously managed not to show it).

A violent westerly came up mid-afternoon and by a while the Jolly *Bachelor* and *Sel* *Amatun* (which had brought the *Duyak*) had to up anchor and run to leeward; the *La Follotte* and *Rawang Bawa* rode it out. At last all were ashore.

The limited island accommodation now liberally bedged with people, the *Selakau* in a specially made lean-to upon the beach. This evening all entered into the party which was notable for a clever and funny Turtle Island pantomime, starring the island Mander, Nonda and the Juragan of the *Rawang Bawa* (Haman bin Abang Sakaw), with leading vocal by Abang Kuchai and some lively dancing by young Rajang, son of Sgt. Simul—the boy who made such an impression as the clown in the recent K.D.S. show. Later on, Nonda also did his annual tour de force of parading singing back to the girl drummers. This is very rarely heard in Sarawak now, though it used to be the done thing. Nonda is a *gambler* at it. Laughter reigned and school hours to the right.

In the morning, after the unfortunate departure of the Chairman of the Trust, as mentioned, the egg fight had, of course, nevertheless to go on. Mr. (Rich) rapid commander and Mr. Gray vice-commander of the attacking fleet which first (as on *Sarak*) circled the islands with all craft, picking *votives* at various points. By the new and military strategists of securing two big sampans (loaded to the gunwales with *Duyak*) to the local without a landing in force was achieved instead of the usual diffusion. Even the powerful overseas defence work of the Data Hakin was unable to prevent a particularly rapid retreat by land force, though not before a powerful museum wing counter-attack had driven the vice-commander back into the sea for several egg-bound minutes.

Fasting and exhausted from tramping about on the glaring hot sand, all then fell a-bathing and a-scrubbing; then a-feeding; then home, having participated in something now probably unique in its kind. Only the Curator stayed behind, to clear up the mats and study turtles, with the wonderfully generous assistance of a pantang preventing him leaving the island for days.

In this brief account the secular and lighter side has been stressed. It must equally be emphasized that there is also a deep religious and even underlying spiritual interest in *Sarak*. That falls outside the scope of an account like this. For those who are interested in deeper aspects and fuller analysis a detailed study of Turtle *Sarak* is printed in the *Journal, Malayan Branch Royal Asiatic Society*, volume XXIII, Part 2, pages 156 to 158.

(Contributed).

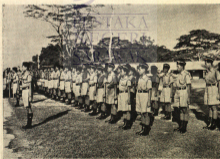
The Museum.

When is an Antiquity not?

Ever since James Brooke brought order back to the west coast of Borneo, there has been an unceasing drain upon rare and lovely things made or owned by the native peoples. Not that this was entirely a new thing. For many centuries before that, as Santabong excavations are showing, traders from afar took native products. The difference was that they brought back in exchange other lovely things, such as the collared bowls and diapaer pots



Photograph by Allan & Son.
Constabulary Band at the Passing Out Parade.



Photograph by Allan & Son.
Recruits at the Passing Out Parade.



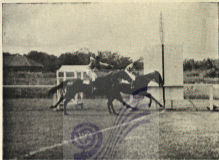
Photograph by Allan & Son.
Arch of welcome to the Countess of Linsatt at the Lepet Settlement.



Photograph by Allan & Son.
Dayak inmates of the Lepet Settlement dancing before the Countess of Linsatt.

SARAWAK TURF CLUB.

EASTER MEETING, 1953.

*Photograph by Allan & Son.*

Mr. Ong Hap Leong's *Atlantis* (Barnett) winning the Fort Margherita Handicap from Alan (Mason).

*Photograph by Allan & Son.*

Messrs. Ong Eng Hin's & We Hin Teck's *Atom Boy* (Mason) winning the Diana Handicap run over 6 furlongs for ponies Division II. Both photographs show a refreshing individuality in riding styles.

of the Sung and Ming dynasties which have become the myopia of the Malayan or the Indolence of the Dutch.

In their wisdom and foresight, the British made a Museum, into which they put much of the best which came their way—or was purchased especially. Otherwise we should be in sad plight to-day and no one out here could any longer see how native pottery was made on the Sarawak or what the Serua carved in stone. Even so, much else has been drained away by government officials, Sarawak traders, tourists,—stuff that is now irreplaceable in some cases. Whereas orchids and rare birds, birds' nests and turtle eggs, have long been protected against uncontrolled export, not so Sarawak's works of art.

It is for this reason that "an ordinance to provide for the control of Antiquities" was passed at the previous Council Night. The object is not to restrict private possession, nor legitimate trade. It is to give some control, not only over sale and export of special things but over sites of historical value which are in danger of the sort of vandalism which has (numerously) destroyed sites of prehistoric interest, for instance in the Niah Caves. Such acts of default in the end reflect only shame upon all concerned.

As people in Sarawak seem sometimes to be rather casual about their laws, it may be as well to give general attention to this, thus avoiding nasty shocks in the future.

For present purposes an antiquity is defined as any monument or object constructed, shaped, inscribed, erected or otherwise modified by human agency earlier than A.D. 1850, but excluding those imported in or after 1850. So no one has to worry about his Queen Anne altar!

Any antiquity, with certain broad exceptions, found after the coming into force of the Ordinance is government property and shall be notified to the Curator, who must either purchase at its value or announce ownership and give a certificate of discovery. Thus (previous) finds of historical gold objects at various places, all some of which has now gone, could not now any longer (though that is temporary) be taken up at home without further ado. There is an arbitration clause assigned and the right of appeal direct to the Governor in Council (unless the matter has been before the District Court, etc.).

Anyone with an antiquity as above defined who is not a native of Sarawak must register it within six months, in which case the question of compulsory sale does not arise, a certificate being issued,—unless anything improper subsequently emerges in regard to ownership.

Subsequent sale and disposal of antiquities is also subject to supervision. Excavation or other search for antiquities has to be licensed. There are considerable prison, fine and forfeiture penalties for breaches of these conditions.

This has been explained here, we emphasize, to avoid future embarrassment. There is no wish whatever to introduce red tape into an area of human interest particularly unsuited to it. There will be no obstruction to owners or collectors with genuine and unselfish interests in Sarawak materials. But it has become essential to have some control to end what has often been an abuse, especially by itinerant vendors selling to the Singapore market. Indeed, Sarawak is one of the last countries to pass legislation of this sort.

The danger is thus passed, too, that recent technological work—which has attracted notice in *The Times* and elsewhere—could bring amateur or collector "diggers" after "birds", with the appalling results so evident in (for instance) the prehistoric cities of Siam.

To shoot or not to shoot?

There are, of course, a lot of laws about. It is not easy to keep up. But some of them, after all, have been with us quite a while.

The other day a friend of ours who has lived many years in Sarawak told us that having seen was excellent eating. He went on to describe the meal of water he had enjoyed on the guest of another leading Sarawakian.

Now the having seen is, as you probably know, the Nanyang Imperial Pigeon (*Myioides nanyangensis*), handsome of form, pigeon. It is only found on the few suitable islands—six to be precise—off our coast. The total Sarawak population of this strikingly black and white bird, the size of a Wood Pigeon, would not exceed a few hundred. Most of these are on the three 'Turtle Islands'. That is why, on the happy thought of Mr. J. B. C. Spurray, the turtle lunch was so named. Our friend's "meal", presumably not a single occasion, could—if repeated say once a month for two years—pretty well exterminate the stock of one of our rarer birds.

An equally alarming state of affairs has been recently revealed by the kind services of Mr. C. Hulse, who obtained from a Chinese turkey a young *Meleis* (scampanus) which he has passed to the Museum live animal section. It transpires that in a house which he visited two live *Meleis* have recently been purchased by turkeys from Dayak for a few dollars and kept as "pets", tethered on the lee footway without any attempt (so thought) of concealment. One soon died. No one seems to have taken any notice; the thing has apparently been going on openly for years there, although to take full advantage of a *Meleis* is an offence under the Game Ordinance,—and the world stock of this fascinating ape, confined to small areas of lowland Borneo and Sumatra, is now dangerously low.

The time may well be approaching when other animals will have to be scheduled by the Game Warden. The rapid increase in the number of monkeys is having a big effect on animal life in the inhabited areas. The gibbon (orang) and beautiful Arvan Phouant (orang or its equivalent in most dialects) are among the principal sufferers, but almost anything is gone in a Balak Han or Tinjar Selang. In the upper Barum most of the deer and monkeys have been blasted out of any hunting range around the villages in the past three or four years and the only common "game" left are the unattractive or obnoxious ground living forms. But such activity is by no means confined to the inland areas. The sale of pigeons, which is not so restricted, is supplying many youths in the towns (such as Miri and Nibui) with a to them pleasant form of "sport". They shoot every small bird or squirrel they see, and some proudly parade their evening's "bag" suspended from their belts.

One notable achievement in the Kolahit country, in the virtual elimination of the Tigrine Dove (*Streptopelia chinensis*) around some villages. This bird, the *Telohit* in local talk, has lately become much scarcer about Kuching also, but for a rather

different reason. Two or three years ago you could see it feeding on the dropped grain and grit of roads even in town. Then there were relatively few cars; it flew up and away before the car hit the spot. As traffic increased—and reckless drivers too—it could not adapt itself to make the pace. Now you rarely see one in Kuching at all. But the Kildahl elimination of a bird which was in 1930 a pest to the rice crop—descending in clouds upon the irrigated fields of the upland plains—was achieved by shotgun. Now they save a deal of padi—but at the cost of a previous protein steadily when too busy (e.g. harvest time) to hunt or snare larger game.

When is a pest not a pest?

The case of this dove raises another and consequential question. When is a pest not a pest?

On the same occasion as the announcement of the Nanyang Imperial medal, which started off the previous question—which, by the way, we will try and answer along with this one in an inch or two—another friend dropped a casual remark which, though legally correct and even in some eyes commendable, shocked (we regret to admit) more than the honey was sweet.

We were talking about Sea Eagles. These are the royalty, the rajahs of Borneo bird-life. Respectful, graceful and handsome, they sail majestically above our lagoons and estuaries, sometimes even hover above a few miles inland. From time to time one floats over Kuching. There are few of them—roughly a pair for every five to ten miles of coastline. For by their size, they need great nourishment, plenty of territory to hunt over as their own.

Our friend sketchedly mentioned that not long ago he had shot one. We literally—in the apt words of a spectator—"gabbed". When he and words came, they framed a question: "But why, why in the devil did you shoot it". This received the affable reply: "Oh, I wanted a leg." A leg? We gasped—reading one ourselves. "Well, they're pests anyway", he added as afterthought, "they take the children".

This remark is not, of course, confined to the press at all and we are not picking us here in other than an example of a responsible, educated person's attitude towards our wild life. Only a few weeks before another older and wiser man told us how he had spent several evenings trying to shoot an eagle in his locality "because they eat the children". This was unskillful of him, as he had none himself. No doubt he is still trying.

It is true that these great birds do take children occasionally. But their staple food on these shores is undoubtedly sea snakes, including especially the large, gold banded poisonous species of which local fishermen are much afraid. But even if they did not render this special service, for which all fishermen respect them, they are entitled to be let live by virtue of their beauty and their scarcity, and their grace. They are well entitled to an occasional intruding leg if its owner does not know how to feed it and shelter it well enough to keep it close to cover and humanity; this is their prerogative, their native land right.

In this writer's view—and perhaps as one in Borneo has had to be concerned with killing so much in the past eight years—there are only three answers to the question from which this discourse started out; only three civilized reasons for shooting or killing anything:

- (1) For scientific purposes to advance knowledge.
- (2) For food, if the thing you kill is in reasonable supply. A "sportsman" will therefore never deliberately shoot a bird that is not in either class (1) or (2).
- (3) For self-protection, either when your own species is directly endangered (e.g. a King cobra but not a harmless green tree snake); or when indirectly your health, diet, etc. are seriously threatened.

This last contains the answer to the past question too. There are border line cases, inevitably. We have to live in the standards of our human society and if mosquitoes are ruining our expensive clothes we must operate against them as pests; anyway, they are in "abundant supply", as one all such "pests" (by definition). But to shoot a Sea Eagle for a fox-girl's mother Matus to get its young is against the ethics of the sort of society man has been struggling to build up for centuries. We might as well go back to the rock—or the head-bashing we compelled others to abandon.

"Intentional Hunting".

This is not intended as a philosophical exposition in the field of morals, but as a practical proposition. We (everyone in the place) really have got to be careful not to denude the natural heritage of Borneo's rich, varied and sometimes unique wild life. That would be to the shame of the land's future, just as would the deprivation of the human part. The thimble was common in Sarawak a few years ago. Nothing was done to protect it until it was suddenly found to be locally extinct. Now there are probably three or four in the colony, which have lately moved across from Indonesian territory—where, in the past, they have been long and rigorously protected. Even at that, and with prisoner protection, at least one has been killed by a Dayak since the war. And all over the interior our back people unaware that they may not bring off this or any other form of wild life. Outdoors might Borneans not to kill each other indiscriminately. Now surely Borneans are reaching a stage further for themselves; the stage, say, of "intentional hunting". Outdoors can do a lot more than they are now doing to give very necessary education at this stage.

A Note from Kuching.

Records of present distribution of Matus (as the above example from Mr. Blake shows) are important and will be welcomed at the Museum. The following interesting information has been received from Mr. A. E. G. Morrison, until lately D.O. Kuching (now Borneo); the italics are ours.

"I was told by a Dayak from Bunkah Pongleh, Java that there are still Matus existing in the Daris area in the swamp forest which extends from the Daris valley over to the Samsan, Assan, Tulu and Madat areas. I had no means of verifying or checking on this nor am I aware as to how extensive is the forest in question. But perhaps Native Officers and Forest Guards could obtain some more information.

There appears to be no Matus in Kuching District but Pongleh Banyang tells me that he remembers Matus being killed and eaten by Dayaks in the *Ulu Nilang, Pahi Talan* about 20 years ago when he was a boy."

Lafuan Kelapang and J. H. S. Evans.

You can drive over much of Lafuan on roads of very varying passability. It is a delightful country, often recalling parts of Dorsetshire or Dorset, except for the little open flat valleys with very tame crops sitting on muddier unimproved ballsoles. Much of this cultivation is in the hands of those powerful, industrious, unpretentious people, the Kelapangs, of whom no proper study has yet been made,—but who clearly have Javanese affinities.

You can see more of the bird, reptile, insect and farm life of Lafuan than in most of Borneo, because of this largely tilled, slowly undulating open land. It is delightful to drive about in it after the monotonies of the Ran or Seviau roads (if you can bear the pain of driving on these latter at all).

The main object of our drive was to visit the domain of Asian curators, scholar and friend of native peoples, Mr. L. H. S. Evans, author of several books of anthropology, including one on Dusun folklore due to be published by the Cambridge University Press in the next few months. Mr. Evans, who started life as a North Borneo government officer, eventually became Director of the Federated Malay States Museum—in job which on his retirement went to Mr. P. Nason, brother-in-law of Mr. D. Trumble, State Treasurer of Borneo now. But where Mr. Evans, many other, survived the Japanese war as a Kuching prisoner, Pat Nason nearly survived at large in Malaya until he died under mysterious circumstances among his special friends, the semi-nomadic Sakau. Mr. Peter Williams-Hunt, who is married to a Sakau, is now Director.

Mr. Evans lived at Kota Belud in North Borneo after the liberation but has now moved on Lafuan and is building a house on an enchanting beach some miles out from the main township.

To talk with him and listen to the generously given pieces of his knowledge over a red field was a pleasure which added to an altogether pleasant day. He is writing various manuscripts for publication by the Sarawak Museum Journal and helping to collect them. He has recently generously donated a set of Bajan poetry, of which we had an example, and so we left this day by kindly grey trip. Divers head-hunting ritual ritual—much in the tradition of Kelahai Tujau, our companion on this little expedition.

Sarawak Museum Journal.

Delay in producing the number now with the printers is unfortunately due to the general congestion in the printing trade and the necessity for having this work done in Singapore, where continuous powercuts—owing to the condition of Singapore electricity—greatly handicap the working of the presses.

It is for this reason that some authors have not yet received proofs. We hope, however, that everybody will have proofs by the end of this month and that it will then be possible to get the copy the press without further delay.

(Contributed).

(Note: The material on inland travel and communications, promised last month, is not yet ready, pending the receipt of some additional facts from the Baram).

A Bornean Tale

(Retold by W. G. Eber)

Buruk and the Fairy Princess.

Once upon a time there lived in a Murut village near Kenyagan a young man who was called "Buruk" (Ugly). Nobody knew why he was called by that name, for far from being ugly, Buruk was quite a handsome fellow, who could play his cards well when the occasion arose, and as truly as Borneo is said to be the stables of hearts, Buruk was a woman killer, for many a village maiden fell to his charming ways. He received an elementary education in one of the Mission schools and knew the story of the Lion and the Mouse by heart, and he no longer wore his "saraw" (loam cloth which every Murut wears up to this day). When seen in his "Sunday best" few would believe Buruk was a Murut, for he was dressed in long blue pants of Chinese manufacture, a clean singlet and his "siga" of multi-bright colors wound round his head and under a turban, which was the pride of every Murut, and, of course, with his inseparable "pang".

Now Buruk was also fond of hunting, and he was an expert with his blow-pipe, and seldom missed his target. Now it so happened that in one of his wanderings in the jungle looking for "tupang", Buruk heard the giggling of girls, and he approached very cautiously to the spot whence he imagined the sound came. True enough it was a pool where two young girls bathing and their conversation, so casual with young unmarried women everywhere in the world, turned out on the merits and demerits of having a husband, which made even Buruk, a pure blooded Murut, blush for shame. On looking up a tree nearby Buruk saw some funny things with wings hanging, and he watched the one closest to him and hid it by covering it with dry leaves.

And the girls, who were hairies, came out of the pool and took the things hanging on the tree (which happened to be their garments) and put them on, but the youngest could not find hers (because Buruk hid it) and started crying. The others tried to take her along with them in their flight upward, but failed to do so every time, so she was too heavy. So bidding her good-bye amid tears and much embracing, the rest took their leave.

Now thought Buruk was the time to act, so out he came from his hiding place and pretended to ask her why she was crying. Immediately she saw Buruk she cast her eyes on the ground. There will be a time when every girl will look in this manner, and woe to the man in whom her glance falls. She asked him if he had seen her clothes hanging on the tree, but Buruk expressed entire ignorance. "Now look", said Buruk, "it would do you no good standing there crying your eyes out, let me take you to my house, where I have a mother who will take you as her own daughter". Upon this the girl said "How do you expect me to go like this", "Oh yes", pretended Buruk, as if he for the first time was aware she was in the same state as when she came out of her mother's womb. "Here take my sige and use it as a sarong", said Buruk handing her his head dress. Thus clothed the two proceeded in the direction of Buruk's house and were received by Buruk's mother with some misgiving, as is the habit of Muruts when introduced to strangers even today.

After a few days had passed, the poor girl seemed resigned to her fate, and helped the old woman in looking after the tock and pigs, as every Murut girl should do. Moreover she had plenty of time to study Baruk in the way in which girls see and examine while looking another way, so when the time came for Baruk to ask her to be his wife, it was not hard for her to find the answer. There was on that day much merry-making, and many dead pigs found their way into Murut stomachs washed down with copious supply of topek (rice beer).

Things went as well for some time thereafter, till a son was born to Baruk and his fairy wife. Now Baruk's mother at this time took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, because the latter could not help harvest the padi or gather firewood, as being a princess, she was not accustomed to do such menial tasks. Moreover she was daily teased by her friends that her daughter-in-law did not bring any dowry with her, as every self-respecting Murut bride should do. Baruk's wife, poor girl, was totally ignorant of all this backbiting, till her son, who was by now 4 years old, began to understand what was going on behind his mother's back, so one day he told his mother all he had heard.

Baruk's wife soon began to get upset and related to her son that she was a princess from Kayanguan (Kayan) who, in company with her father, decided one day to pay a visit to this miserable world to look in one of its numerous pools, but somehow she lost her garments, and therefore could not return to Kayanguan with the others. "Look Ma," said the child, "could it be the same garment that Pa keeps in the old wooden box underneath the stack of firewood?" "Show me son, your" said his mother, and the son soon removed the stack of firewood and opened the lid of the box. "Yes, it is so, my son," said his mother in great glee. "Now let us have these wicked human beings and return to Kayanguan". She put on her garment, (which was none the worse for wear and tear, and quite to take her son, but unfortunately she failed every time.

And thus she bids her son good-bye, "But tell papa when he returns home, that if he still cannot for Mama, he should go to the Jambayan (Jarak) (red bridge) before sunset tomorrow when he will find an old man fishing, dive in the water and get hold of the line, with you on his back securely tied, when the old man will jerk the line up to fairy-land. Tell him he will find the house ready when he sees the three plants with red leaves growing nearby. Now good-bye till then, son". With that she flew away.

When Baruk arrived late in the night great was his grief on being told his wife had gone back to Kayanguan, but his son repeated all that his mother had told him early in the morning. Early the next morning he woke up his son and said "Come, son, let us find the old man quick". With that he securely tied his son on his back and started to leave the house, before the others awoke.

He had not gone far when as he was passing by a dam with a fish trap set in it, he heard his name being called, he looked round but could see nobody; on looking into the water he saw the sound come from this fish trap, where as many as one hundred little fish were caught. "Do release us, Baruk, and one day we may be able to repay you

for your kindness". Remembering the tale of the Lion and the Mouse, which he had heard when quite a small boy, Baruk opened the door of the trap and at once the little mouse jumped about with great glee and thanked Baruk. As Baruk was hurrying along he came across a volcano of ants carrying their eggs, travelling from the jungle to the water's edge, where their line was broken and they were running up and down distractedly; again he heard his name being called for assistance. "Cannot you see I am busy?" said Baruk. "Oh, do please help us, as we wish to go to the other side of the stream", pleaded the ants. Baruk thereupon found a log and laid it across the stream, and the ants were thus enabled to get to the other side.

Not far away, Baruk saw a squirrel caught in a trap. "Oh, Baruk," cried the animal, "do release me, maybe one day I shall assist you, who knows". Again remembering the story of the Lion and the Mouse, Baruk drew back the catch of the trap and so set the squirrel free. On going on still further he again heard his name being called, this time it was a spider caught fast by the hairs in a rat's nose (paw). Immediately Baruk drew his paw and cut the attachments and the poor creature was free.

By this time Baruk was tired of thus being held up in this manner, as aside from this being an ill omen, according to Murut custom, he feared he would miss the old man, so when he again heard his name being called for assistance, he was infuriated. "Oh, Baruk, help me for I am caught in this net, quick for I see the wicked spider coming for me". True enough, Baruk saw a huge spider about to attack a little fire-fly. With one wave of his hand, the net was totally destroyed and the little fire-fly was set free.

It was not long afterwards that the pool was reached and true enough Baruk saw an old man sitting on the top of a big rock which projected over the water with a rod and line, casting into the deep water above the rock. Quickly he got into the water with his son still securely tied on his back, and caught the line with both hands. Now the old man thinking he had caught a fish, jerked Baruk and his son close out of the water, over the rock, over the trees behind and up through a thick cloud until he landed with a bump in a strange country. "Now this must be Kayanguan" thought Baruk, and the next step was to find the house with three plants having red leaves. Soon he located the house, and shouted for his wife to come out. But she came and welcomed both of them into the house, and introduced Baruk to her father, who happened to be the Rajah of Kayanguan. Now this old man was a stern ruler, and a hard nut to crack, as Baruk soon learnt to his dismay.

Baruk explained the purpose of his visit, which was, in effect, to take his wife back to earth. To this her father fully refused, saying he was not even invited to the wedding and therefore he could not see how he could give his consent. Moreover, continued the old man, she had a sister to whom he had promised his daughter in marriage from childhood. "Aside from all this" said the old man, "you are not of royal blood, and would be a disgrace to the family". Baruk felt very sad on hearing this, "But if you could do certain favors, I am willing to look upon you as if you were of high lineage", said the Rajah.

Burak agreed to try, so the next morning the Rajah led a large party to a big pool in the river, and taking a large box of bread from one of his attendants, threw them by the handfuls into the deep water. "Now you must bring the whole lot back with not one less". With that the Rajah and his retinue drew back, leaving Burak alone. Again and again Burak dived in, but he could not find a single loaf, though he was a good swimmer and could stay in the water for a good long while. He at once realised the fruitlessness of his attempts and was about to rise up in despair when he heard his name being called out. "Oh, Burak, why are you weeping", on looking into the water he saw a swarm of little fish, "look we are here to help you in return for releasing us from the fish-trap". "Hold the box under water and we will do the rest". Soon the box was filled up to the top, and Burak took the stuff triumphantly to the Rajah who had to admit that there was not a loaf missing. Burak was about to claim back his wife, but the Rajah said he had other tests to undergo before he considered Burak fit for his daughter's hands.

The next day he led Burak to a field covered with long thick grass and sown with a quantity of rice and said that every grain should be collected back into a gontang and brought to him before sundown. Burak at once realised the job was out of the way, and so he sat down helplessly and started to sob. "Why do you cry, oh Burak", said a voice out of the air, "look we are here to help you in return for helping us across the river". Soon the ants formed into a line and off they went to find the rice, and soon the gontang was filled and Burak returned it to the Rajah with a proud gait and demanded that his wife be handed back to him. "Oh not yet", said the wily old Rajah, "tomorrow you must bring to my orchard and prove yourself master of my daughter". Next day Burak went to the orchard and the Rajah pointed to a large fig-tree five fathoms with fruit in the outermost twigs. Then the Rajah ordered one of his servants to cut through the trunk until the tree was about falling. "Now you pick every fig-fruit on that tree, but see that not a twig is broken or the tree fall".

Now Burak himself was a good climber, but he could not trust his 5 stones to this final test, and realised the hopelessness of the task, and set down to weep. "Oh Burak, why weep, let us help you for releasing me from the trap", with that a squirrel jumped up the tree and with his sharp teeth bit through all the fruit stalks, so that the fruit fell to the ground, whilst even the smallest twigs only bent a little beneath the squirrel's weight, and not one was broken. Burak took all the fig-fruit to the Rajah and bravely asked that this time she should be returned to him. "No, no, not so fast, my son, for tomorrow you shall have an opponent to meet, and of course the better man wins", said the old Rajah.

So the next day the Rajah took Burak and the Fairy Prince (who was the original sower) to a place from which, across a wide expanse of jungle, could be seen a tree with large red leaves on the spur of a distant hill. "Fetch me some leaves from that tender tree, and he who first brings me the leaves will be considered the better man", said the Rajah and after that he left. Now the Fairy Prince despised Burak and thought little of him, because of his lowly birth, so he thought he might as well find a little time to eat some of the fruit that fell on the ground before catching up with Burak. So down he went gathering the fruit and

snatching it. Burak tried hard to find his way, but time and again he fell and hurt himself badly, for thick was the jungle and full of thorns and boulders.

As if from nowhere out dashed a deer "Get on my back, I will help you, oh Burak, for releasing me from the trap", so up jumped Burak and immediately the deer dashed like the wind and soon reached the tree with red leaves. Burak gathered the leaves and presented them to the Rajah, and by this time the Fairy Prince arrived, but Burak was before him, and the Rajah was forced to admit that Burak was the better man.

"There is still another test" said the Rajah "and this is the final, for how can you prove competent to look after the jewels (Siddhams) that I am going to give to my daughter". Thereupon he went into a dark room and closed the door and took a small vial from his dressing and placed it amidst other jars and pots. Then out he came from the room and commanded that Burak bring the exact stuff to him. In Burak went, but the room was so dark that Burak was afraid to move very much for fear of hurting himself. He was ready to come out and admit the impossibility of the test, when by heart a small voice called his name, and on looking round he saw a small fire-fly. "Do not despair, oh Burak, for I am here to help you in return for saving me from that ugly spider, do you remember?" With that it settled on the very vial the Rajah had brought in earlier. "This is it, for I saw it myself, therefore take it to the Rajah bravely and say that this is the very stuff and he cannot deny it", said the fire-fly. Thereupon Burak asked for the door to be opened and went straight to the Rajah's room and showed it to the old man. He was surprised but could not deny that it was the right thing.

"You have won your bride, but you are not to take her back to earth", said the Rajah, "but you are to live here with us." To this Burak was not ready to agree, for he thought of his poor mother and other relatives and relatives down on this earth. So neither now pressing Burak became, the old man was just shaken from his original command, and soon Burak became despondent and unhappy, and nothing would please him. Moreover, he noticed only the coconut tree was seen here and there, with no other fruit trees, like the durian, mango, teryp, bakap-bakap, palaan, or manggis, all of which Burak was fond of. To make matters worse, he overheard the people say that Burak had a peculiar badly odour, which was quite repulsive. This might in part be true, for Burak seldom cared to bathe and soap was "taken" to most of them.

Instead of sleeping in his wife's room, Burak used the long communal verandah as his bedroom, and everywhere the people passed by they would say "Pury, pury what a disagree for a Rajah's son-in-law. Moreover in his chimney he had to make use of a coconut as a pillow, instead of the having one stuffed with cotton, which he was used to. Poor Burak's wife tried hard to please her husband, but nothing could change his attitude, and it could be said he "went on a sit-down strike".

The people by this time were fed up with poor Burak for his badly odour permeated everywhere, and they decided once and for all to get rid of him. "The only way is to cut the bamboo flooring and let the wretch drop back to earth" said one, who appeared the leader. So they cut the bamboo

floating, and ~~down~~ dropped poor Baruk to another north. On waking up he saw his beloved Kayangan and not far was his own sweet home and he rushed to meet his mother, who welcomed him like the prodigal son in Holy Scriptures and there was merry-making in true Murut style.

It will be remembered that Baruk used a coconut as a pillow, so when he fell the mat also fell with him. One fine day as Baruk was up and about he noticed a coconut tree, and this intoxicated Baruk for it reminded him of Kayangan and of the cruel hard-hearted Rajah and the insulting populace. He rushed to his home and took an axe to cut the tree, but the poor tree pleaded for its life saying "Look, if you were in the jungle and thirsty you only need bring down my nut and split it open, and then you will find a most refreshing drink. My flesh is also wholesome eating, and when dried could be expressed into oil for frying your fish, lighting your lamps, my flesh you could turn into brooms, my shell into drinking cups, and what is more I could supply you with beer (toddy) to make you merry during your numerous festivals". "No, no, you are too dangerous I must do away with you for your nuts might some day fall on our heads and we shall be dead before long" said Baruk and was about the use his axe on the tree. But it shouted "Hey, stop, I promise that I shall not drop my nuts when your people are about".

True enough the coconut tree has kept its promise up to this day, for no nut was known to have fallen on a Murut's pate, and the toddy is universally known as the "drink of the fairies".

Sarawak Turf Club.

EASTER MEETING, 1933.

First Day, 4th April, 1933.

Race 1. The Easter Stakes.

Female Division III. 4 furlongs.

			Pickets	Sold
Elizabeth's			595	
1. Phoenix	8.6 (8.1)	Bojeng	799	
2. Bintang Ara	8.8	Too Ek Pak	511	
3. Kuda Prince	8.5 (7.12)	Mat II	56	
4. Bojeng Brunei	8.0	Sold	785	
Also Ran:				
Tanjong Hijer	9.8 (8.11)	Mat III	624	
Bojeng Senoa	9.4	Samsudin	230	
Serampang Laut	9.4 (8.11)	Lamat	50	
Bridham River	8.11 (8.8)	Sold	187	
Silver Star	8.1 (7.11)	Slate	84	
Lintang Lad	7.7	Asing	81	
			3002	

Won By: 1 length, 1 length, 1 length.

Time: 47 sec. Total: 82.29

Race 2. The Kerasa Hurdles.

Female Division II. 4 furlongs.

			Pickets	Sold
Mr. Wu Kheng Ching's			544	
1. Victory Parade	8.3	Samsudin	399	
2. Chateau	7.7	Asing	448	
3. Miss Kuda	8.7 (8.8)	Mat II	254	
4. Suiyan	8.1 (8.10)	Sold	581	
Also Ran:				
Smoke Screen	8.10	Too Ek Pak	740	
			2620	

Scratched: Atan Boy 10.9, Lordship 7.11.

Won By: 2 lengths, 1 length, 4 lengths.

Time: 44 sec. (record). Total: 84.00.

Race 3. The Miss Hurdles.

Female Division 1. 4 furlongs.

			Pickets	Sold
Mr. R. Kirkwood's			544	
1. Savary River	7.7 (7.10)	Klass	675	
2. Chindiah	8.0	Asing	452	
3. Bintang Timur	8.7 (8.2)	Mann	321	
4. Gold	7.9 (8.3)	Samsudin	219	
Also Ran:				
Lucky Boy	12.5 (12.5)	Juan Loi	818	
Happy Ending	8.8 (8.7)	Too Ek Pak	636	
			3102	

Scratched: Kerasa 7.11.

Won By: Neck, 1 length, 1 length.

Time: 49 7/10 sec. Total: 83.00.

Race 4. The Samsudin Hurdles.

Female Division II. 4 furlongs.

			Pickets	Sold
Mr. Ong See Keng's			544	
1. Wamember Ma	9.2	Too Ek Pak	1340	
2. Atlanta	9.4	Bintang	897	
3. Brighton Mineral	8.2	Samsudin	374	
4. Kanda	8.12	Too Ek Pak	472	
Also Ran:				
Horatic	8.18	Asing	471	
Madagascar	8.1 (8.2)	Uap	165	
Red Wishes	8.10 (8.4)	Slate	111	
			497	

Won By: 1 length, 4 lengths, 2 lengths.

Time: 1 min. 15 4/5 sec. Total: 81.80.

Race 5. The Kerasa Stakes.

Female Division 1. 4 furlongs.

			Pickets	Sold
Mr. Ong See Keng's			544	
1. Blondie	10.2	Too Ek Pak	1510	
2. Kua Mena	8.4	Bintang	1843	
3. Sany Wamember	8.0	Samsudin	608	
4. Bunga Sarawak	8.13 (8.8)	Lamat	443	
Also Ran:				
Claret	10.20	Asing	328	
			3896	

Scratched: Alton 8.3, Knight Gallant 8.8.

Won By: 1 length, 1 length, Distances.

Time: 1 min. 15 2/5 sec. Total: 80.00.

Race 6. The Lamas Hurdles.

Female Division III. 6 furlongs.

			Pickets	Sold
Mr. Phillip Soh Pa's			544	
1. Brichane River	8.2 (7.11)	Sold	158	
2. Bojeng Brunei	7.10	Sold	224	
3. Silver Star	8.6 (7.11)	Slate	304	
4. Phoenix	8.4 (8.5)	Bojeng	548	
Also Ran:				
Bojeng Senoa	9.3	Samsudin	246	
Bintang Ara	8.1	Too Ek Pak	812	
Tanjong Hijer	8.7 (8.2)	Sold	355	
Oriental	8.2	Asing	312	
Lintang Lad	7.7 (7.6)	Mat II	83	
			2600	

Won By: Head, $\frac{1}{2}$ length, Nose.
Time: 1 min. 38 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. Total: 844.18.

Race 7. THE SUNDAY HANICAR.
Purise Division II. 2 furlongs.

Mr. Yong Chin Book's	Tickets	Sold
1. Caharet 8.4 (8.1)	Bayang	181
2. Hot Spur II 7.7 (7.4)	Mat II	226
3. Bintang Selatan 8.3 (8.4)	Tan Yau Ku	428
4. Mungel 8.1	Mama	451
Also Ran:		
Atom Bay 10.3 (10.2)	Mat III	283
Lordship 9.5	Joan Lai	681
		2243

Scratched: Sulivan 10.8, Victory Parade 8.2, Hujung Sazan 7.7.

Won By: Distance, $\frac{1}{2}$ length, $\frac{1}{2}$ length.
Time: 2 min. 28 sec. Total: 83.00.

Race 8. THE SUN HANICAR.
Purise Division I. 3 furlongs.

The Ong Kong's	Tickets	Sold
1. Bintang Timur 9.2	Samsudin	471
2. Lucky Boy 12.2 (11.11)	Joan Lai	326
3. Snowy River 7.19 (8.2)	Kham	1001
4. Chindinuk 8.7 (8.8)	Mama	451
Also Ran:		
Happy Ending 10.0 (9.3)	Sold	319
		2568

Scratched: Gold 7.12, Kasuari 7.7.

Won By: $\frac{1}{2}$ length, 2 lengths, 2 lengths.
Time: 1 min. 54 sec. (record). Total: 84.16.

Race 9. THE EASTERN HANICAR.
Open to All Horses. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. Ong Hay Leung's	Tickets	Sold
1. Altan 8.2	Mama	1451
2. First Ka 7.12 (8.2)	Tan Yau Ku	1409
3. Croughan 9.8 (8.5)	Kama	302
4. Gay Bird 9.13	Asing	357
Also Ran:		
Bama 8.9	Ung	374
		3528

Scratched: Bunga Singapura 9.6, Knight Gallant 8.12, Altanta 8.11, Mubetser 7.8.

Won By: 2 lengths, Distance, 2 lengths.
Time: 2 min. 19 sec. (record). Total: 82.00.

Second Day, 11th April, 1923.

Race 1. THE SUNDAY TUA HANICAR.
Purise Division III. 4 furlongs.

Mr. Mungon Chai & Bro's	Tickets	Sold
1. Bintang Ara 10.3	Tan Ki Poh	580
2. Hujung Sazan 9.4	Samsudin	181
3. Tanjung Hijau 9.8 (9.3)	Kidie	195
4. Hujung Bawa 8.8	Sold	719
Also Ran:		
Lintang Lal 7.2 (7.4)	Mat II	57
Silver Star 8.4	Tan Yau Ku	304
Richman River 9.5 (9.8)	Sold	218
Kudat Prince 9.0 (8.9)	Bayang	328
		1885

Scratched: ...
Time: 1 min. 43 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. (New record).
Total: 85.50.

Scratched: Oriental 8.11, Phalaris 10.8.
Won By: 1 length, $\frac{1}{2}$ length, Short head.
Time: 1 min. 32 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. Total: 84.18.

Race 2. THE TANGGA PA HANICAR.
Purise Division II. 4 furlongs.

Mr. Yong Chin Book's	Tickets	Sold
1. Caharet 8.4	Tan Yau Ku	441
2. Lordship 7.7 (7.10)	Asing	114
3. Sulivan 9.0 (8.1)	Kidie	152
4. Hot Spur II 7.12 (7.5)	Mat II	350
Also Ran:		
Bintang Selatan 7.11	Bayang	187
Atom Bay 10.2 (9.10)	Da'an	160
Victory Parade 8.12	Samsudin	2028
Sandar Nayan 8.5 (8.2)	Sold	209
Mia Kudat 8.4	Tan Ki Poh	182
		2891

Scratched: Mungel 8.6.
Won By: $\frac{1}{2}$ length, 2 lengths, $\frac{1}{2}$ length.
Time: 1 min. 12 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. Total: 82.00.

Race 3. THE TAN MAN HANICAR.
Purise Division I. 3 furlongs.

The Ong Kong's	Tickets	Sold
1. Bintang Timur 9.0	Samsudin	448
2. Lucky Boy 12.0 (11.3)	Joan Lai	1122
3. Chindinuk 7.11 (8.0)	Tan Ki Poh	451
4. Snowy River 7.12	Kham	995
		2574

Scratched: Happy Ending 9.0, Gold 7.12, Kasuari 7.7.

Won By: Neck, head, 4 lengths.
Time: 1 min. 16 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. Total: 85.38.

Race 4. TANGGA BAY HANICAR.
Horse Division II. 1 mile.

Mr. Ong See Kong's	Tickets	Sold
1. Hammer Ma 9.7	Tan Yau Ku	1580
2. Star Hammer 8.2 (7.12)	Bayang	845
3. Knight Gallant 9.7	Samsudin	570
4. Kanda 8.6	Tan Ki Poh	258
Also Ran:		
Mubetser 8.0 (8.2)	Ung	177
		3591

Scratched: Brightstar Minded 9.6, Heretic 8.4.
Won By: 2 lengths, 1 length, neck.
Time: 1 min. 40 sec. Total: 84.50.

Race 5. THE FOUR HANICAR HANICAR.
Horse Division I. 1 mile.

Mr. Ong Hay Leung's	Tickets	Sold
1. Altanta 8.2	Samsudin	634
2. Altan 8.5	Mama	1403
3. First Ka 8.8 (7.10)	Kama	315
4. Shadie 8.13	Tan Yau Ku	1728
Also Ran:		
Gay Bird 8.7	Asing	280
		4360

Scratched: ...
Time: 1 min. 43 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. (New record).
Total: 85.50.

Race 5. The Kuala Hanover.
Pondus Division III. 3 furlongs.

			Tickets Sold
1. Phoenix	8.1 (8.10)	Bujang	689
2. Kuala Prince	8.5 (7.15)	Kemas	77
3. Oriental	8.5 (8.5)	Mat I	89
4. Bujang Sunset	9.0 (8.12)	Kidie	285
Also Ran:			
Kelang Ara	9.0 (8.12)	Too Ek Pak	628
Brisbane River	9.1 (8.15)	Sold	249
Silver Star	8.12 (8.1)	Ninich	155
Bujang Brunel	8.5	Sold	513
Tanjong Hijau	8.3 (7.10)	Mat III	375
Litwang Lad	7.7 (7.3)	Mat II	54

886

Won By: $\frac{1}{2}$ length, neck, $\frac{1}{2}$ length.
Time: 1 min. 20 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. Total: 83.80.

Race 7. The Diana Hanover.
Pondus Division II. 5 furlongs.

			Tickets Sold
Mr. Ong Eng Hin & Woe Huan Teck's			
1. Atom Boy	8.12	Mamey	189
2. Calcutt	8.9 (8.2)	Too Too Ek	1429
3. Lookship	8.14	Jahid	819
4. Mungol	8.4	Too Ek Pak	218
Also Ran:			
Victory Parade	8.12 (8.4)	Mat III	276
Sulphur	9.0 (8.8)	Kidie	728
Hilang Selatan	8.10 (8.4)	Bujang	254
Snake Screen	8.4 (8.1)	Sold	182
Hot Spar II	7.10 (7.3)	Mat II	293

845

Scratched: Miss Kulet 7.7.

Won By: $\frac{1}{2}$ length, 1 length, head.
Time: 1 min. 55 sec. Total: 118.75.

Race 8. The Siam Hanover.
Hansen Open. 3 furlongs.

			Tickets Sold
Mr. Ong Kee Cheong's			
1. Brightstar Minstral	7.12 (8.1) Semandis		829
2. Heretic	8.3	Too Ek Pak	387
3. Crayghan	8.4	Too Too Ek	780
4. Grey Mare	8.10	Matner	1340
Also Ran:			
The Bunker	8.8 (7.10)	Sekali	149
Mont Hat	8.12 (8.5)	Lamat	129
*Hua Yau	9.8 (8.3)	Kidie	288

3580

Scratched: Charik 11.7, Alton 11.3, Bangs Singapore 8.3.

Won By: Distances, Distances, 1 length.
Time: 2 min. 3 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec. Total: 84.00.
*114.00. Sold.

Race 9. The Kinross Hanover.
Pondus Division I. 1 mile.

			Tickets Sold
Mr. B. Kirkwood's			
1. Snowy River	8.8	Klom	329
2. Lanky Boy	8.10 (8.8)	Juan Lal	177
3. Biring Timur	8.9 (10.2)	Semandis	713
4. Chindimah	8.8	Too Ek Pak	557

2668

Also Ran:
Kawari 7.10 (7.3) Mamey 422

Scratched: Happy Ending 8.4.

Won By: Neck, head, $\frac{1}{2}$ length.
Time: 2 min. 8 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. (Record).
Total: 84.00.



Turtle Trust Fund.

Income and Expenditure Account as at 31st December, 1931.

EXPENDITURE.		INCOME.	
To Payment of Charity	47,000.00	By July and December sales of Turtle Eggs credited direct	4500.00
Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	11,084.11	Less April and December expenses on Turtle Eggs debited direct	2500 0 000.00
	<u>58,084.11</u>	Balance of Turtle Trust Suspense Account transferred as at 31/12/31	12,400.00
			<u>58,084.11</u>

Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1931.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Fund in Trust—		Cash in hands of Accountant-General	58,084.11
Balance as at 1st January, 1931	5,459.02		
485			
Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	11,084.11		
	<u>16,543.13</u>		
			<u>58,084.11</u>

Examined

ARTHUR G. TAYLOR,
Principal Auditor.

ABANG HAJI MUSTAFA,
Chairman,
Turtle Trust Fund.

Probate and Administration.

Wan Guan Koo or Hwe (deceased), sole proprietor of Chop Chiu Ching, No. 39, Main Bazaar, Kuching, and Chop Chiu Ah of Sibu, Sarawak.

All persons having valid claims against the above-named deceased who died at No. 39, Main Bazaar, Kuching, Sarawak, on 14th January, 1933, are required to submit their claims in writing to the undersigned not later than 31st May, 1933, after which date the estate will be distributed among the persons entitled thereto subject only to any valid claims received by that date.

WEE BOON CHIEW,
CHAN TRICK CHENG,
Executors.

Kuching, Sarawak, 18th April, 1933.

Kwong Lee Bank, Limited.

(Incorporated in Sarawak)

NOTICE OF LOST CERTIFICATE.

Application has been made to the Directors of the above company to issue a duplicate certificate of title to 20 shares of \$100 each fully paid, numbered 1020 to 1040 (both inclusive) and numbered 1080 to 1071 (both inclusive) in the above company and registered in the name of Chan See Thim of Sibu, upon a Declaration by the legal representative of the Estate of Chan See Thim, deceased, to the effect that the original certificate for the said shares has been lost or destroyed.

Notice is hereby given that if within 30 days from date hereof no claim or representations in respect of such original certificate is made to the Directors, they will proceed to deal with such application for a duplicate certificate and the original certificate will be deemed to have been cancelled.

Dated the 20th day of April, 1933.

By Order of the Board of Directors

TAN KUI CHOON,
Secretary.

Sale of Wrecked Vessel.

The Commissioner of Trade and Customs, Sarawak, as Receiver of Wrecks, invites tenders for the purchase of the wreck of the steel vessel *M.V. Kah Mook*, as she lies and where she lies, in the Poinsa Delta reach of the Sarawak River. The vessel is believed to be approximately 525 tons gross register but the Receiver accepts no responsibility for the correctness of this figure. Intending purchasers should arrange for their own inspection and survey of the vessel as she lies.

2. The successful tender will be required to obtain the approval of the Shipping Master, Sarawak, for the intended procedure of dealing with the wreck. The wreck must be demolished where she lies and no methods used which may cause a danger to navigation or may cause the wreck to be left in a condition dangerous to navigation.

3. Tenderer must undertake to demolish and remove the wreck completely not later than six months from the date of notification of acceptance of the tender.

4. The full purchase amount must be paid to the Assistant-General, Kuching, Sarawak, by the successful tenderer within fourteen days of notification of acceptance of the tender.

5. Tenders should be forwarded in sealed covers marked "Tender for wreck of *M.V. Kah Mook*" and addressed to the Chairman of the Tenders Board, Treasury, Kuching, Sarawak, and must reach his office not later than noon on the 20th May, 1933.

6. The Receiver does not bind himself to accept the highest or any tender.

L. D. KENNEDY,

Commissioner of Trade and Customs.

Notice.

In pursuance to section 13 of the Partnership Ordinance, notice is hereby given that I, Ooi Theng Ooi (S.N.R.L.C. No. 8,250393) of Sibu, owner of one-third share in Hap Hin Company, Sibu, vide Business Registration Certificate No. 2/30 issued on the first day of February, 1933, at Sibu, have sold, transferred and made over all my one-third share with all interests in the said Hap Hin Company to Messrs. Ho An Cooen (S.N.R.L.C. No. 8,287371) and Loo Loo Cooen (S.N.R.L.C. No. 8,218533) jointly of Sibu on the 20th day of April, 1933, vide Sibu Deed of Transfer No. 89/1933 dated 20/4/33. All debts due to and owing by the said Hap Hin Company in the prosecution of one-third will be received and paid by the said transferees, Messrs. Ho An Cooen and Loo Loo Cooen who will continue to carry on business at No. 7, Market Road, Sibu, after 20/4/33.

Signature of Ooi Theng Ooi
(Transferee).

Signature of Ho An Cooen and
Loo Loo Cooen
(Transferees).

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I the undersigned, TAN BAK THIAM have retired from the partnership business of Chop Chang Heng of No. 37, Market Street, Kuching, as from the 23rd April, 1933, by mutual consent.

Notice is further given that as from the 23rd April, 1933, the undersigned will have no concern whatsoever in respect of the book debts owing by and due to the said Chop Chang Heng, which shall be the responsibility of the remaining partners.

TAN BAK THIAM.

Kuching, 24th April, 1933.

