Vol. LXXXI No. 1171

# Sarawak Gazette

PRICE KUCHING, Friday, September 30th, 1955 50 CENTS

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The Sarawak Gazette

*FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1955*

### BIRTH

ZAINUDDIN MAT—At Green Road, Kuching, on the 10th September, 1955, to Pudini Assim, wife of Zainuddin Mat, Sarawak Administrative Officer, Bintulu, a son—MUSTAPHA.

### ENGAGEMENT

The engagement was announced between Mr. Michael Crossley, 3rd son of Mr. F. L. Crossley, Binatang, and Miss Ong Sui Lang, 2nd daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ong Yan Hua, Binatang, on 27th August, 1955.

## Saying for the Month

"That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers."

FRANCIS HUTCHESON (1694-1746)

## A Broadcast Message on the 10th Anniversary of the Liberation of Sarawak by Brigadier-General T.C. Eastick

During March, 1945, the planning team of 9th Aust. Div. left Queensland by air for Moratai to plan the series of operations against Borneo with the code word "Oboe". These operations were designed to secure air bases for attacks on Malaya for the relief of our forces held prisoner by the Japs.

Oboe I was carried out by by 26th Australian Infantry Brigade against Tarakan and was completely successful, but kept that Brigade on the Island until the end of the War. The remainder of 9th Div. was to have carried out Oboe 2 against Balikpapan but this was not possible because a whole Division was required for the task. Oboe 6, the Attacks at Labuan and the Borneo mainland was then planned and carried out by the remainder of the Division in June, 1945. Opposition on Labuan was stubborn and took a toll of the attackers before being completely overcome. The other mainland operations were also successful and the Division secured all its objectives.

Late in July, 1945, the G.O.C. 9th Aust. Div., Major General G. Wootten C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., made a decision that was to give me the opportunity of carrying out the most satisfying task allotted to me during 6 years of war. The General realised that the war was drawing to a close and that the Japs. would no longer stand and fight when our troops made contact with them. This extended the Divisional Front to the utmost and made the troops of the Division very sparse on the ground. Always in our mind was the Kuching Prison Compound, some 400 miles away, controlled by fanatical Japs who might well repeat the forced marches and massacres carried out by them at Sandakan and Ranau, which left only 5 survivors.

The General warned me that I was commander designate of Kuching Force, which would be formed on the cessation of hostilities with the task of relieving the Prison Compound at Kuching, and the movement through 9th Aust. Div. Camps at Labuan of all released persons, before final repatriation to their respective countries. Also for the liberation and removal of the Japanese from Sarawak.

At that time the actual end of the war was uncertain, as was the number of troops who would be available for the force. Another and very real problem was the shipping that would be required to move the force from Labuan to Kuching.

The Japanese force was estimated to be about 9,000 including all services and the Prison Guards. When the war finally ended 2/4 Pioneer Bn., 1 Battery of 2/8 Field Regt. and detachments of all the ancillary services, together wth 2 ships of Royal Australian Navy and a component of the R.A.A.F. was allotted to me as Kuching Force. The Senior Naval Officer, U.S. Navy Capt. Jennings co-operated to the full and made his H.Q. Ship, many P.T. Boats and other craft available to move the first part of the force to Kuching.

On 8th September by arrangement with the Japanese H.Q. a meeting was arranged at the mouth of the Kuching River between my Headquarters and the Japanese Headquarters. The trip was made by R.A.A.F. Catalina and the Japs met us at the appointed time. They came aboard the plane and I detailed to them the preparations they were to make preparatory to the Surrender which was fixed for 2.30 p.m. on 11th September at Pending aboard H.M.A.S. *Kapunda*. They were polite but indicated they had had no direction from superior authority about surrendering and that they would do nothing about it. I assured them that the Senior Japanese General in Borneo would be surrendering the next day at Labuan to General Wootten and that the surrender at Pending would take place as detailed.

Arrangements were made with Col. Suga the P.W. Senior Officer, to allow two Medical Officers with blood and other medical supplies to be received the next day to do what they could for the prisoners, who were dying at the rate of 6 per day. He assured safe passage and every aid, and the team were flown in the next day. From then, until all prisoners were evacuated, there was only one further death.

A very mixed collection of ships set out from Labuan on 10th September with the first component of Kuching Force of approximately 600 troops: very far short of the number considered necessary to carry out the task set us. Other troops followed, finally bringing the number to near 2,000. The fleet concentrated at the mouth of the river and slowly proceeded up stream to Pending were the surrender was scheduled to be signed at 2.30 p.m.

When we reached a point opposite the Pending pier a large Japanese Flag, also a large white surrender flag, was tied to the end of the pier. As the time drew near for the ceremony, with the Guard of Honour drawn up on the deck of H.M.A.S. *Kapunda*, a boat was seen to put out from the landing: as it drew near it was seen to contain only 2 officers instead of the 3 detailed. The Japanese Chief of Staff paraded before me and explained that the General had a bout of malaria and that he had been deputed to sign the surrender document instead of the General. He was instructed to return to the landing, pick up the General and bring him to sign the document. It was obvious that the General had sought to prevent the humiliation of handing over his force and his sword.

After the ceremony which went through without incident, except the reluctance of the General to hand over his sword, the General was dismissed to return to his quarters and the Chief of Staff was instructed on the hand over and take over of the various depots, arms and ammunition dumps, etc.

Following these talks, Capt. Jennings, Major Rodriquez, M.C., my Brigade Major, an interpreter and I left the ship where we met Col. Suga who had two Japanese cars to drive us to the Compound. At the camp I met the commanders of the various sections of prisoners and told them I would like a parade of as many as could attend in about half an hour. Of the 2½ thousand inmates over half were able to attend the parade. I addressed them and gave them a message from Gen. Wootten and explained the reason for the delay in relieving them. I then said, "From this moment you are again free people". I have never experienced such a thrill: that simple statement simply electrified them; some laughed some cried, others hugged each other, some threw hats into the air and did all manner of things as the meaning really sank in.

An explanation was then made about the method of repatriation, together with my decision to send the women and children with the ships returning to Labuan the next day, whilst the rest would return by air and sea, as transport became available. Within a few minutes a deputation from the women asked me to reconsider sending them first, as they and the children were comparatively fit, but to send the sick prisoners first. On their insistence I changed the plan as they requested.

Next day a meeting was called of all the civic leaders and I can recall with pleasure meeting the late Hon. J. B. Archer well-known to you all, the Datu Patinggi, the Kapitan China, Leaders of the Indian Muslim League, Dayak Community and several former Government officials. I told them of our intended assistance to restore Kuching and Sarawak as soon as possible to a similar state to that that existed prior to the Jap. invasion.

The co-operation of every section of the Community was marvellous, and when I suggested a celebration in honour of the birhtday of H.H. the Rajah it was entered into with enthusiasm and energy. No doubt there are many who will recall that March, at which each of the leaders in turn took the salute of their respective communities, the salute fired with live ammunition from the lawns of the Museum and the reception that followed.

Later there were the celebrations on double 10 day, the various dinners and receptions given to my officers and myself in appreciation of your liberation. The regatta staged on the river at which I was privileged to present the prizes. The opening of the amusement park, and the many other facilities given for the entertainment and welfare of the troops under my command was deeply appreciated by all of us. You will recall the large numbers of Jap prisoners who were set to work restoring some of the wanton damage they had caused during their occupation, the restoration of schools and churches, the leper colony, etc., which helped to make your beautiful city more like home.

Then there was the marvellous send off you gave me when I left Kuching to take over Command of 9th Aust. Division, also the glowing accounts you published of the work of Kuching Force. I have always felt and freely expressed my belief that my stay amongst you was the most satisfying experience I have ever had and amply repaid me for the years of my war service. The appreciation you expressed to me in person on the work of Kuching Force was followed by a marvellous gesture on the part of H.H. the Rajah, who in 1946 conferred on me the honour of Companion of the Most Excellent Order of the Star of Sarawak. This decoration has been worn by me with pride since my return home, and I can assure you I will continue to do so.

On this 10th Anniversary of the liberation of your country I desire to express, on behalf of the members of Kuching Force, to the members of the British Borneo Civil Affairs Unit, who accompanied the force and afforded us so much assistance, and to the Leaders of the various Communities together with their people, our deep appreciation. Our congratulations on your becoming a part of the British Commonwealth under our beloved Queen Elizabeth and a sincere wish that Sarawak will continue to prosper in a peaceful world for all times.

Good luck and best wishes.

## Notes and Comments.

September 1955 can be accounted an historical month for Sarawak. On the 7th September, 1955, Council Negri passed a resolution that a message should be conveyed to Her Majesty the Queen that the Council Negri would welcome, and believed that the people of Sarawak would welcome, a new Constitution for Sarawak, and went on to submit proposals of what that new Constitution should be. Much has clearly been said and written about the proposed Constitution and we do not intend to discuss it in this edition of the *Gazette* but rather allow a period for the full significance of the various proposals to "sink in" before discussing and commenting on them further.

Liberation Day which was celebrated on the 12th had the special significance this year of being the 10th Anniversary of the liberation. An excellent programme was broadcast by Radio Sarawak in commemoration, and of the addresses which were made—everyone of which was worthy of publication as a permanent record of this occasion—we have selected as leader to this edition that of Brigadier General T. C. Eastick. It has in it not only the historical details but, more important,the very spirit of liberation.

The public holiday marking the birthday of His Highness the Rajah fell on the 26th this year and was made the occasion, together with the two days preceding, of the staging of Kuching's 1955 Regatta. As we go to press there is no time to include the results of the various races or make any comments on them; these must be held over till next month. Suffice it to say that despite some occasional sulks on the part of the weather this annual pageant showed in convicing fashion this year that it loses nothing of its traditional colour and romantic appeal but rather gains in stature as the years go by. It proved a brilliant spectacle.

Sir Francis Fressanges, Commander-in-Chief Far East Air Force, accompanied by Lady Fressanges and his A.D.C. arrived on 26th September on a short official visit and left on 27th September. The Air Marshal and party had visited Lutong, Miri and Bintulu as well as called at Jesselton, Labuan, Brunei, Seria and Kuala Belait before coming to Kuching. They were the guests of H.E. the Governor during their stay and before departing Sir Fressanges inspected a Guard of Honour mounted by the Sarawak Constabulary at the Pangkalan Batu.

The Baroness Ravensdale arrived from Singapore on 8th September on a private visit of some weeks. Lady Ravensdale is the eldest daughter of the late Marquis Curzon of Kedleston (one time Viceroy of India) from whom, by special remainder, she inherited the Barony of Ravensdale and so became one of the small band of peeresses of the United Kingdom in their own right. She has a deep affection for the peoples of Asia among whom she has made many journeys and has many friends. In England her greatest interest is in the young people and in Youth Clubs, being the founder and Chairman of the Highways Club for boys and girls in the East End of London. She is also a member of the Council of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, Treasurer of the World Congress of Faiths and a member of the Royal Geographical Society. During her stay here, among her many commitments, she found time to pay a visit to the Fourth Division and give a talk to the Kuching Youth Club.

Mention must be made of the visit of the Very Rev. Bro. Lawrence, Asst. Superior General of the Christian Brothers who is on a tour in South East Asia. Accompanied by the new Brother Visitor, Rev. Bro. Fintan, Bro. Lawrence attended the badminton finals between the old and present boys of St. Joseph's School and gave away the Challenge Shield to the winners. He took the occasion to pay tribute to the Sarawak and Brunei Governments as well as the old boys and friends of the School for their assistance in the erection of the new Science Buildings.

The Acting Resident, First Division, Mr. A. J. N. Richards, presented Long Service Badges to the following officers in the Main Court Room (Supreme Court) on Liberation Day:

*Government Printing Office*: Mesrs. Zainudin bin Bujang, Satem bin Nasir, Chia Bok Ghee and Amit bin Salleh.

*Forest*: Messrs. Yakup bin Abdul Manar, Eddiwi bin Yahya, Awang Ahmat bin Awang Zen.

*Education*: Mr. Shim Phu Hong.

*Trade and Customs*: Messrs. J. A. G. Benson, Yap Chong Howe, Bohari bin Tahir, Hassan Wani bin Taha.

*Public Works*: Messrs. Khoo Kit Kheng, Ong Hap Ann, Jee Ah Chew, Hiri bin Marasin, Pavadi, Ahmat bin Hassim, Savarimuthu, Sim Kim Teck, Reggie de Rozario, Bujang bin Allie.

*Residents & District Offices*: Awang Assim bin Pengiran Osman.

*Constabulary*: Mr. Chong Kong Hin.

*Land & Survey*: Messrs. Mohamad bin Sarpan, Peter Yap Kim Sang, Dominic Pek, Bakri bin Mohamad, Jajol bin Usop, Sidek bin Junit.

*Medical*: Messrs. Liu Nyuk Onn, Adon bin Serudin.

The Bishop of Borneo, the Rt. Rev. Nigel Cornwall, left Kuching by air on 7th September, for Singapore on his way to Australia to attend a Commonwealth Conference with all the Bishops of South East Asia and the Pacific. He expects to be away for two months during which he will have a series of engagements, speaking and confirming during the six days in Western Australia, before going from Perth on 17th September, to Adelaide where, in addition to a similar round of engagements, he will ordain Michael Chin to the Deaconate on 21st September, the Feast of St. Matthew. Michael left Brunei for St. Michael's, Crafters, in 1952 and has nearly completed four years' training in Australia.

Members of the Kuching Rotary Club bade farewell to Rn. H. Earnshaw at their lunch meeting on 22nd September. Rn. Earnshaw was attending the Rotary lunch Meeting for the last time in Kuching, as he was leaving Sarawak on 27th September with Mrs. Earnshaw, on furlough prior to retirement.

He will be long remembered in Sarawak not only as its Director of Education for most of its postwar years but as an active Rotarian (he was President of the Rotary Club for the year 1953—54) and social worker. He was one of the original members of the Advisory Committee on Social Welfare established in 1948 to advise Government on social welfare generally and was the Vice-Chairman of the Social Welfare Council up to the time of his leaving Sarawak.

It is learnt that Mr. & Mrs. Earnshaw will eventually settle down in South Africa.

We wish them both happy retirement and every success.

## Arrivals and Departures

Between 4.9.55 and 24.9.55.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Arrivals* | |
| Mr. F. K. K. Kitto | By air on 5th September, 1955. Returning from Conference in United Kingdom. |
| Mr. Justice D. L. Smith | By air on 6th September, 1955. Returning from leave. |
| Mrs. J. D. Finlayson and 3 children | By *Rajah Brooke* on 29th August, 1955. To join Dr. Finlayson. |
| Rev. and Mrs. D. R. Rawlins | By *Rajah Brooke* on 29th August, 1955. Returning from leave. |
| Inche Daud bin Abd. Rahman (Newly engaged Junior Tech. Asst., Land and Survey) | By *Rajah Brooke* on 29th August, 1955. On first appointment. |
| Miss Ethel G. Sharpe (Newly appointed Secretary/Stenographer) | By air on 2nd September, 1955. On first appointment. |
| Miss Joan E. M. Smith (Newly appointed Secretary/Stenographer) | By air on 3rd September, 1955. On first appointment. |
| Mr. N. T. Andrews | By air on 6th September, 1955. Returning from Extraordinary Leave. |
| Mr. Justice and Mrs. D. R. Lascelles | By air on 15th September, 1955. Returning from leave. |
| Mr. J. C. B. Fisher | By air on 19th September, 1955. Returning from leave. |
| *Departures* | |
| Mrs. J. F. Storey and 2 children | By air on 5th September, 1955. Proceeding to U.K. |
| Mr. Michael Buma (Education Department) | By air on 6th September, 1955. Proceeding to U.K. on a Teacher's Training Course. |
| Mrs. V. B. Anderson | By air on 10th September, 1955. Proceeding to U.K. on leave. |
| Mrs. C. E. Sandback and 2 children | By air on 10th September, 1955. Proceeding to U.K. |
| Dr. H. W. Harcus and family | By air on 29th August, 1955. Proceeding to Australia on leave. |
| Mr. Lai Chong Kiat (Broadcasting Dept.) | By air on 2nd September, 1955. Proceeding to U. K. on a Course in Broadcasting. |
| Inche Taibi bin Ali (Broadcasting Dept.) | -do- |
| Miss P. Lai Min Nyuk, Miss Ong Nyuk Chow, Miss Teo Whye Geck (St. Teresa's School) | By air on 2nd September, 1955. Proceeding to U. K. on a Teacher's Training Course. |
| Mrs. R. J. Bettison | By *Rajah Brooke* on 3rd September, 1955. Proceeding to U.K. on leave. |
| Mr. Justice A. S. Bodley and family | By air on 19th September, 1955. Proceeding to Johannesburg on leave. |

## Over the Usun Apau

(II)

It began to rain. It continued raining. It was still raining in the morning. They said, "Not today. The river is too high". We went to look and sure enough the stony *krangan* where we had had our last night's meal was now covered by four feet of water. But fortunately it relented and we were able to start off later in the morning. Now we found that there were only eight *perahus* instead of ten and that the party of men had grown to twenty-five as well as our eighteen. Nevertheless we got all our *barang* and all our party in and we paddled out into the Baram. A mile or so upriver we paddled across and entered the Mujan.

At first this was very quiet and peaceful but very soon we reached the first rapids. We managed to pole through those and were soon at the next set. The men got out to pull. Then the next rapids and we all got out to pull. And so it went on: in—out—heave—pull—walk in the water—well over the bank and back into the river. Rather early in the afternoon we stopped and made our first camp by the river. This was a straight forward process of chopping down everything over an area of about twenty feet square. Saplings, with forks left at the top end, were stuck into the ground to form uprights and others were lashed between them to form the roof supports. Two of these frameworks were soon erected and one was covered with our light fly-sheet while the other one was thatched with large leaves, the two roofs being enough to shelter the whole party. All the materials, poles, leaves and lashing of rottan came from within a hundred yards of the camp, of course, and the job was completed in an hour or so.

In the midst of this busy building work two or three students soon had a fire going and water boiling for tea while others went off with guns. Two or three distant shots were heard and back they came with a wild pig and some birds. These were soon chopped up and in the pot and not much later we squatted on the boulders at the river side to have supper.

The next morning some were up very early to prepare our breakfast and we were on our way well before eight o'clock. The great advantage of a camp like this is that, with the exception of the fly-sheet, to strike camp one merely wakes up in the morning and walks away leaving it as it stands, to rot slowly away. The day's progress was much as the day before except that there were more rapids, higher rapids and altogether bigger, brighter and better rapids, including a sizeable waterfall up which the *perahus* had to be lifted and hauled.

Very soon there was frantic waving from the leading *perahu* and half-a-dozen students were out of the *perahus* in a flash and into the jungle with the guns. A bang and they were soon back with a barking deer. A few minutes later a wild pig. And then our whole progress became like a mad Sunday school picnic—throwing circular *jala* nets and leaping into the water after them to come up time and again with foot long fish. The leading man in my *perahu* suddenly leapt into the river to come up with a small turtle. A man appeared with a large scaly ant-eater. All this acompanied by whoops and shouts from everyone until, again, wild gesticulations from the leaders, a couple of shots and we had a large turtle and an otter. We had come upon three otters attacking the turtle and we were just in time to get one otter and the turtle. Very good for supper, especially the turtle!

Here we stopped and made our second camp on the river bank. The time was even earlier than the day before but it was not until later that we slowly realised that it is better to be paid three dollars a day for helping for two short days than for one long day!

Camp making went as before and our evening meal now included fish, fowl, deer, otter and turtle. But no soup. Our student taxidermist skinned the otter and spent the whole afternoon and evening cleaning, rubbing in preserving salt, stuffing temporarily with cotton wool and sewing up the skin again—the last two hours by the light of one candle and the fire. A very praiseworthy effort after a hard day in and out of the water.

The height of this camp above sea level was 640 feet and Long Palai being at 360 feet we had risen in two days and over a map distance of about only 8 miles, 280 feet. No wonder the rapids. Anyway it was now too much for the *perahus* and we said "Goodbye" to them and set off walking up the ridge beside the river. Our way lay between big trees, steadily upwards over ground which was free of heavy undergrowth but full of large size leeches.

Occasionally we would clamber down into a valley, wade across the stream and climb up the other side again. At about midday we came on the junction of two rivers where they poured over several waterfalls the three or four steps being about fifty feet in height. Over this roaring torrent there was no way of crossing but we soon set to work on a large tree and in very few minutes it came down, crashing over the river above the roaring waterfall. The upper branches reached the far bank and the first across hacked away the leafy foliage and small branches leaving a clear way for the others. The start of the crossing on a broad tree trunk was fairly easy but when walking on a six inch branch which sags just below the level of the rushing water one feels a distinct inclination to lean with the water and I was very pleased for the arm which came from behind and gave me a push in the opposite direction.

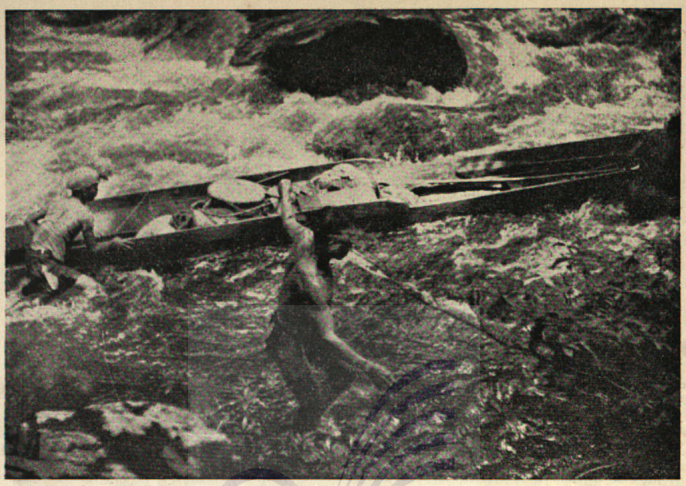
## Over the Usun Apau

The expedition poles up Sg. Muyan.....

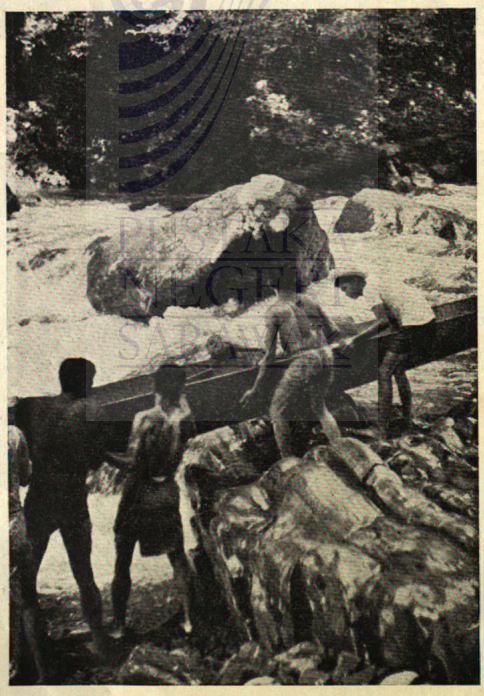
*Photographs by Wong Ung King*

.....and makes camp on the river bank.

## Over the Usun Apau



A *perahu* is pushed.....



*Photographs by Wong Ung King*

.....and lifted up a waterfall on the Sg. Muyan.

For another hour or two we pushed on steadily upwards amongst the big trees, often along narrow ridges with the ground falling away steeply, close on either side. In the early afternoon we began to find much more moss-covered undergrowth and at about half past two (another early day for three dollars) we stopped and made our third camp at 1820 feet in the light rain which began to fall.

Leaving camp at eight o'clock next morning we walked up a knife-back ridge which rose steadily until it joined to the face of a precipitious tree covered slope. The way became very steep until clambering under a fallen tree we pulled ourselves up the last few feet and over the edge of the Usun Apau plateau. There really was almost a right-angled edge between the near vertical slope and the horizontal top which was here at a height of 3370 feet.

This beautiful flatness was not to last for many yards for soon we found that we were again descending and shortly we were down another hundred feet and resting beside a small, dark and still stream in a completely different world. The trees were small and growing close together. There was dense undergrowth and all was covered with thick moss. It was the dark, dripping wet, green world of silence that we were to live in for the next five days.

Here our guides said that they knew of no way to go further on but we persuaded two of them to come another two days to help carry food supplies. With one student in front cutting a path with his *parang*, on directions from one behind carrying a compass, we slowly proceeded to the sound of "Straight on—A little right—Straight on—Left" and so on. Down we slithered and up we scrambled, sometimes as much as 500 feet between the valley bottom and the crest of the ridge. Sometimes 50, sometimes 250 but always up and down and up until in the early afternoon we scrambled to the top of a ridge, the highest point we were to reach during our journey, at 3680 feet above sea level.

The western face of this ridge was extremely steep so that few trees obscured our view and we were able to see the mountains rising on the western edge of the plateau. Towards the southwest was tall Bukit Selindang; away to the northwest Bukit Kenawang and immediately to the west double-peaked Buon. Buon would be our check mark if ever we could see it again. We slithered down off the ridge through the thick scrub and after crossing a very small stream we made our fourth camp at only 3350 feet; over three hundred feet below the ridge. Here our collector shot three birds which he skinned and preserved—one a beautiful grey with its eyes set in vivid scarlet diamonds. The second a long tailed shiny brown. The third an irridescent green.

As the dim light from the hidden sun rapidly faded into darkness the day's still quietness was harshly broken by the most extraordinary noises which gave an effect rather like a mixture of a bustling farmyard and a busy factory. Firstly there was the invisible gentleman (or lady) who seemed to follow us every day to commence operations at the same time each afternoon with the most ear-splitting and high pitched shrieks, apparently delivered through several loudspeakers at about two yards range. I believe he was something like a grasshopper. The next was the more distant machine operating at a lower pitched buzz. Probably some kind of hidden circular saw. A third and fourth operated with single blows of a light hammer on hollow logs of different sizes and at irregular intervals. We therefore had "plink" from away to the left followed half-a-minute later by "plonk" away to the right and then another "plonk" a few seconds later. After a long wait a delicate "plink" of enquiry and later a strong negative "plonk". Meanwhile every one of the invisible performers was really getting into his (or her) stride and the noise was incredible until darkness fell. I would suggest that perhaps the Programme Organiser of Radio Sarawak might go to make recordings for use over the air. He need only take a portable recorder (the smaller the better) and he will find a path prepared for him even if it is rather narrow and overgrown by now.

Our camp was cut from the dripping wet scrub and that night it was cold,—dribbling, wet cold. We wore everything possible to sleep in and we kept a fire going too but still it was cold. We were pleased to get up early and drink some hot tea.

We started off quite early on our slow cutting march, up and down and up and down. We crossed a number of small streams mostly flowing, very slowly, to the west or south probably to join up with Sungei Selio to the south of the plateau. All these streams were similar in that they were flowing in smooth shallow troughs of very soft, light grey rock, just like carefully made cement drainage channels. Under the trees it was dim and silent and we saw no signs of animal life, only occasionally hearing a bird above the trees and even the leeches were less in number than on the upward journey. There were pitcher plants in red, in green-striped red and spotted red. Large pitcher plants and small pitcher plants. The most common orchid which we saw had tiny white flowers like a small grape hyacinth but few others in flower were seen.

A long day's toil over the yielding floor of moss-covered, rotting vegetation made us pleased to set up our fifth camp and get into bed but again for a damp, cold night at 3240 feet.

Our next day's struggle continued ever up and down, across the ridges and valleys, hacking and cutting until, in the afternoon, we reached the top of a ridge where some students climbed the tallest trees they could find. Not being as agile as they I had to be content with their shouted comments and pointed directions. They said that on all sides could be seen mountains except perhaps to the north where none were seen to stand out as they did in other directions. On our journey we noticed that many trees did not have the normal buttresses seen at the base of many jungle trees but instead had "flying buttress roots" rather like mangroves. In places too the fallen, moss-covered, rotting vegetation formed a false floor above these roots especially where the trees grew on sloping ground and several times one of us suddenly found that we had "dropped through the ground" and had to be hauled out by the others. This day, too, we crossed three larger streams, twenty to thrity feet wide, but not very deep, probably flowing to the Selio. There was only one similar stream, with very little water in it, flowing to the North probably to join the Julan. Camp six was made, rather later than usual after a very long day, by a very small stream and at a height of 3110 feet. We were tired and the cold did not keep us awake so much this time.

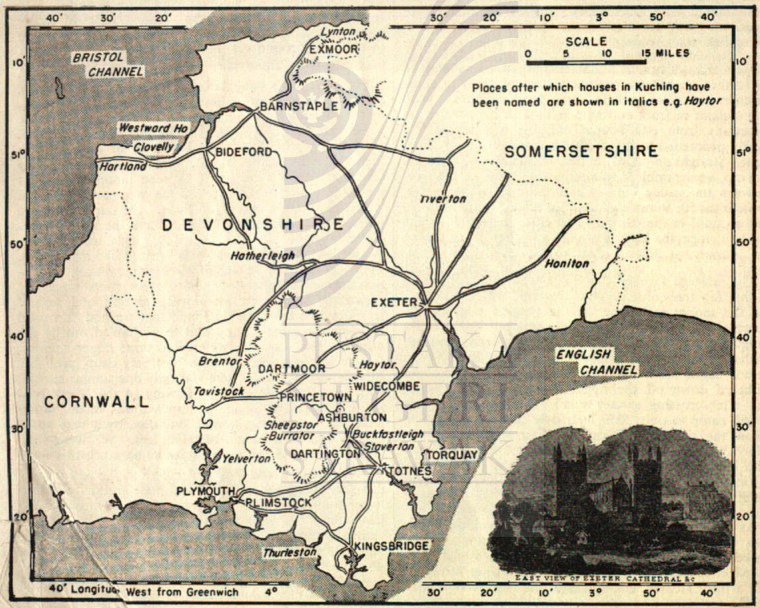
After crossing the 3600 feet ridges at the east side of the plateau the general level had been gradually getting lower until the ridges were now down to around 3200 feet. After camp six we found that these heights gradually increased again; at 8.30 a.m.—3240 feet, 11.00 a.m.—3390 feet, by 4.00 p.m.—3490. This increase was also noticed the next day when we reached over 3500 feet. This rather confirms Dr. Roe's statement in his article in the Gazette (No. 1160) that "the top of the east tableland is a shallow, jungle-covered depression, approximately saucer-shaped" and it also accounts for the "mountains all round" which the students had seen from the tree tops. The impression gained from our observations was that the ridges generally run from north to south and that they are higher on both the east and west of the plateau with the highest general level in the east. The streams therefore tend to run north and south and most crossed in our traverse ran south.

Our day's journey to camp seven was a long day, a hard day and a day of reward. We started early and we finished late. We finished late because we could not find any water! It was a hard day because the ridges seemed to be higher and steeper. It also appeared to be getting dryer. The undergrowth was even thicker and became thorny and very difficult to cut through but we saw for the first time one or two very small saplings

and twigs that had been cut some considerable time earlier by a *parang*. This was evidence of earlier visitors who had most probably come up one of the streams from the south in search of *damar*, but as there were no signs of any tracks it was evident that it had only been a party of one or two. But it was also our first indication that we were getting near to the western side of the tableland. We crossed a small stream but it was still too early to stop and we went on, up the ridge and down the other side. But no stream. Over the next ridge but still no stream. Over the next ridge and then the reward. We hacked and cut our way through the scrub down the steep slope until when we reached the bottom there was a cry from the students, "The big trees! The big trees again". And sure enough on the opposite slope were big, tall trees with clear ground beneath. The fact that there was still no water in the valley did not matter so much now—we knew that we must be nearly across the plateau. We pressed on up this ridge and across another valley finally to scramble and climb down an almost vertical face into a narrow slit of a valley with a small stream falling down from its head. The valley was so narrow and steep that we had to use a rope to climb up fifty feet the other side to find a space big enough to make our seventh camp And having got there all our water for supper had to be hauled up by rope. No bath for me that night! We were very tired again and even though this was actually our highest camp at 3400 feet we didn't feel the cold.

(*To be continued*)

MAP OF DEVONSHIRE
SHOWING PLACES AFTER WHICH KUCHING HOUSES HAVE BEEN NAMED



## Devonshire influences in Kuching

Devonshire, situated in the West of England, has over the centuries occupied an important place in history. From this county's shores men such as Drake, Grenville, and Hawkins sailed westward to found new Colonies in America and the West Indies and many other pioneers,—and buccaneers—followed. Others came East and played their part in the ships, the regiments, and the trading of the East India Company. In December 1838 the 142 ton *Royalist* sailed from Devonport on a voyage which brought James Brooke up the Sarawak River, to anchor in August 1839, off a small settlement; this is now Kuching. A link with Devon was started which has continued over the years. Later in his life James Brooke, then the first Rajah, chose this corner of England in which to spend his last days, amid the damp, mild breezes, lush vegetation, and palms and cannas so reminiscent of Kuching's Museum Gardens.

Many men from Devon served in Sarawak; the connection is shown by roads bearing well-known Devon family names such as Pearce and Bampfylde, but more markedly by the names of numerous Kuching bungalows, called after the county's ancient boroughs, villages, and hamlets. Something of the country's atmosphere has also been introduced; a visiting newspaper correspondent recently wrote: "In Kuching, in the spring, people will be wandering out among high-banked roads that were designed, and not without success, to look like Devonshire. Along the garden fronts they will admire fences of orchids, soft, mauve at evening." A brief historical account is given below of places in Devon after which bungalows are named: many of the details have been taken from a chapter on Devonshire in *Magna Britannia*, compiled by Camden between 1720 and 1734. Something of the quaint, old styled writing of that period has been retained in the form used by Mr. Risden and Mr. Prince, two natives of Devon, who helped write this section. A few new townships have arisen since Camden's time and there are notes on some of these places. On page 220 is a map of the country showing the situation of localities whose names Kuching houses bear.

*Burrator* and nearby *Sheepstor* are hamlets of particular interest because of their association with the Rajahs. Burrator was the residence of Sir James Brooke and both he, and his successor Sir Charles Brooke, are buried in the churchyard at Sheepstor. Burrator is one of the most charming spots at the edge of Dartmoor: to the north it looks over the rugged granite moorlands to Sheepstor, and to the south, in a wooded glen, runs a pretty, bubbling spring forming a series of cascades beneath the trees. Mossy granite boulders and trees bordering the Mew valley completing the setting. In summer, when the honeysuckle and other climbers are in full leaf, one could fancy oneself in Sarawak. Sheepstor church and its surroundings are attractive: on the east is a fine old tree, nearby the tomb of Sir James, in handsome red granite. In the chancel is a splendid window of stained glass in affectionate remembrance of Sir James, who, as churchwarden, took great interest in the restoration of this church. This window on the left bears the coat of arms of the Brooke family, and on the right the Flag of Sarawak. Sir James was buried here in 1868. His successor, Sir Charles Brooke, passed away in Circencester: his body was embalmed with the intention of conveying it to Sarawak but circumstances prevented this and he now rests near his uncle. In 1950 at Sheepstor a memorial window was dedicated to the officers of Sarawak who died in Kuching prisoner-of-war camp during the Japanese occupation.

*Brentor*, as described by an old chronicle on *Magna Britannia*, is on the edge of Dartmoor near the Cornish border. It is situated on a high rocky place on the top of which is St. Michael's Church which serves as a seamark for sailors entering Plymouth Haven: the land is so rocky that there is hardly enough soil to bury the dead. Nearby is the village of Gubbins whose people are a barbarous race.

*Buckfastleigh*, in south Devon, is famous for its abbey. Amid ancient ruins two monks, working alone, started in 1882 building a new church, others joined them and the work was completed in 1932. Planned after Kirkstall Abbey, one of Yorkshire's most famous Cistercian places of worship, Buckfast Abbey is a masterpiece of contemporary church building. The first abbey of the Cistercian Order of White Monks was founded by Duke Alfred before the Conquest, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, but was later destroyed.

*Clovelly*, on Bideford Bay and near Hartland Point has a small harbour protected by a pier to resist the Atlantic waves and safeguard small ships and herring boats. It is a small village nestling on the hillside; its one main cobbled street is so steep that it is built in steps, and pack-donkeys are the usual means of transport. The cottages are on hillside terraces, amid wooded hills overlooking rocky cliffs; views are quaint and magnificent.

*Thurleston* is a hamlet on the River Avon near Kingsbridge in south Devon.

*Hartland*, on Hartland Point which forms the western boundary of Bideford Bay, is an unspoilt village amid fine cliff scenery and surrounded by wooded country: it has a beautiful old church. At Hartland Quay there is little now except a hotel with a grand view of waves and rocky cliffs. Tradition has it that Ptolemy called it Hercules Promontory, and it was later referred to as Herty Point. Early writers say Hercules came here; others disclaim this and vow that neither he—nor Bacchus—ever made a visit, and most likely British admirers of the Greeks gave it this name. Camden records that "The church is known by the name of Stoke St. Nectan and was famous in former times for that holy man's relics, to whose honour Githa, wife of Earl Godwin, built a small monastery because she verily believed that through his merits, her husband had escaped shipwreck in a dangerous tempest. In Queen Elizabeth's reign a Bill was preferred in Parliament for making a port here."

*Hatherleigh*, a small market town, lies in mid-Devon on the main road from Exeter to Bideford. Near this place the Towride—sometimes called Torridge—flows from the west and joins the Ock. The manor belonged to Tavistock Abbey and part of the common land was given to the inhabitants. Jasper Main D.D. was born here; he was a great sufferer in Charles I's cause, later became chaplain to Charles II, Canon of Christ Church and Archdeacon of Winchester.

*Haytor* is a rugged granite height of 1,491 feet, with boulder-strewn slopes, lying north of Totnes. Extensive views of the rolling moorlands and surrounding district gives a true picture of Dartmoor. From a rock in this parish, which the inhabitants call a 'tor,' the Hundred of Haytor has taken its name. On a high hill called Croken-Tor, is kept the King's Court of Parliament for the Stanniers of the Duchy of Cornwall. In the fourteeth year of the reign of King Charles I a violent storm of thunder and lighting happened in the time of divine service, and a ball of fire fell into the church in the midst of the people and killed three persons, wounded sixty-two, overturned all the pews and seats and did as much damage as amounted to the value of £300. Nearby, and approached by a steep, winding, road is the village of Widecombe-the-Moor famous in song for its annual fair; its church is called the 'Cathedral of Dartmoor.'

*Honiton* lies on the main road from London to the West, and with its great market and fame for lace, is one of the most ancient boroughs of Devon. Camden records that 'it is well seated both for corn and pasture. Before the Conquest it belonged to Saxons, but then became the inheritance of the Earls of Devon. In 1713, at Christmas, a charity school for thirty boys was opened, who are part of them clothed. One of the burgesses for this town in Parliament has, by his good offices procured that several indefinite charities to the value of £24 per annum, should be appropriated to this use, which, with the addition of some subscriptions, encourages the organist of the church to teach in the

school. Lady Isabella, who possessed the Earldom of Devon in her own right, claimed in the reign of Edward I to have the return of Writs, a gallows, assize of beer and bread, a pillory, a ducking-stool and a free warren and this was certified by the King's Justices to be worth £20 per annum. The parish church is half a mile above the town upon a high hill which is tiresome to ascend, yet is patronised by the gentry who come on horseback and in their coaches to it, and is handsomely adorned with an organ, etc. There is a chapel in the town consisting of a body and chancel, commodious for the use of the inhabitants; yet it is kept in poor repair and rarely officiated in. The borough was governed by a Port-reeve, chosen annually at the Court of the Lord of the Manor, and the Members of Parliament were elected by all the inhabitants at large, called Burgageholders; being 200 in all.'

*Lynton* lies on the northern edge of Exmoor overlooking Lynmouth, a fishing port consisting mostly of fishermen's cottages: both are now popular holiday resorts lying amid particularly scenic country. The ascent from below up Countisbury Hill is notoriously steep, but the climb is well repaid as from the top there is a magnificent view of a rugged coastline, far stretching sea, and inland, the remote vallays of Exmoor with lofty summits clad with heather, gorse and cranberry bushes, where one can walk knee-deep gathering their purple staining fruit. This part of the country is famous as the setting of Blackmore's classic, *Lorna Doone*. In the winter of 1953, the flooded Lyn broke its banks and many Lynton cottages and fishing vessels were swept away in the raging torrent.

*Staverton* lies on the bank of the Dart; it is a hamlet often mentioned in ancient annals but is now of little importance. Nearby is Dartington Hall where an interesting experiment in progressive co-education is in progress in association with native industries, crafts, and experimental work in agriculture, cattle breeding, and cloth spinning.

*Tavistock*, in southwest Devon near the Cornish border, is on a main road from Exeter to Penzance. The little River Teave has its source hereabouts in several streams which unite near this ancient borough originally called Teavistoke. Malmesbury describes this place thus: "it is pleasant for the convenience of wood, fine fishing and an uniform church. The banks of the river lie along just by the shops, which, by the force of the current washes away all the filth and rubbish of the town. It was of great note when Organius, Duke of Devonshire, kept his court here and was more famous by the celebrated beauty of Elfleda, his daughter, whom King Edgar, the first unresisted monarch of this land, was so enamoured with, that he made a way to her bed by the slaughter of her husband Ethelwold as he was hunting with him near Warlewood. Ordulph, son of Orgar, was of that huge growth, bulk, and gigantic strength that he is said to have broken bars of gates and to have strided over rivers ten foot wide." Plimstock belonged to Tavistock Abbey till the dissolution; this came about so. Anciently Plimstock belonged to an only child, who, having himself no issue, gave it to the church in which he should happen to be buried. It happened that he being ahunting in a very cold season upon Dartmoor Forest, lost his way in the night and was starved to death. The Tavistock men, hearing it, seized his body to bury it in their abbey, which the people of Plimstock endeavoured to prevent by possessing themselves of a bridge over which the burial party were to pass, but the Tavistock men ran up a slight bridge, still called Guile-Bridge, and conveying the body to their abbey, secured his lands to themselves.

The glory of Tavistock was anciently the abbey, a most magnificent building whose abbot sat in Parliament as a baron: it was destroyed at the dissolution of the monastries. The abbey was noted for the promoting of good literature, for here a school was erected for the teaching of the ancient Saxon language so that the antiquities, laws, and histories, written in that language by our ancestors, might be preserved from oblivion. Printing was established here by the abbots soon after the invention of the art, as is evident from several books printed in this abbey.

*Tiverton* lies on the main north road from Exeter, which runs besides the River Exe giving some beautiful scenery. This town, from its situation between two fords, was anciently called Twiford. In the Domesday Book, as it belonged to the Crown, the town is described as 'Terra Regis' and was so named until King Henry I conferred it upon Richard Redgers, Earl of Devonshire. The last of the family in 1262 bequeathed this manor and others in dower to his wife, with certain privileges such as frankpledge, assize of bread and beer, gallows, pillory and three yearly markets which was assessed at sixty marks per annum. Though this town was an ancient borough it was never privileged to return burgesses to Parliament, until James I gave them a charter in 1615, 'in consideration that it was an ancient town which had lately suffered a loss of £35,000 by fire, it shall be allowed to send two members to Parliament. Further none but Freemen of Tiverton shall expose wares for sale, and a Pye-Powder Court shall pay the king and his successors 5 marks yearly! As described in 1720 the town was 'a populous place driving a considerable trade in making stuffs and wollen cloths, of which the best sorts are called Tiverton Kerseys, and the town is double what it was a hundred years ago. But the greatest glory of the town is the free school founded by Peter Blundel, a wealthy clotheir of this borough who gave £2,000 for purchasing lands to maintain six scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, to be elected from the school. They are now augmented to eight and placed at Balliol College in Oxford, and Sidney in Cambridge. This school is a large pile of buildings with a cupola in the middle, having convenient apartments for the master and usher. A more ancient charity school was opened in November 1613 for the teaching of fifty poor boys, maintained by a subscription of £150 per annum and there are hopes of another school for as many girls.' In the church, is a chapel built by the Earls of Devon and appropriated for their burials, but now demolished; wherein was a tomb for Edward Courtney, Earl of Devon, and his Countess having on their richly-guilded effigies of alabaster, which time had not so much defaced as men, with the following inscription:

"Ho, ho, who lies here?
'Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,
With Kate my wife, to me so dear,
We lived together fifty five years.
That we spent, we had;
That we left, we lost;
That we gave, we have."

*Westward Ho*, of modern growth, is situated on Bideford Bay. It has a fine stretch of hard sand with good surfing on the Atlantic rollers and an excellent golf course. The land came within the jurisdiction of the Grenvilles, who were Lords of the nearby Manor of Bideford; as a place it seems to have been 'put on the map' by Charles Kingsley's classic, *Westward Ho*. Guarding the low-lying town is a pebble ridge, probably thrown up by ocean waves; connected with this is an old custom. In August the inhabitants,—and visitors, —gather displaced rocks and stones and replace them on the ridge, and all who partake are provided with bread, cheese and beer. How the workers fared during the war-time rationing period we don't know! Here too is the United Service College, the scene of *Stalky and Co.* by Kipling, who was a pupil at this college.

*Kingsley*, son of a clergyman is a well-known writer who lived in Devon: one of his best-known books is mentioned earlier. A stained glass window to his memory is in Holne Church.

*Yelverton* is a small village lying near the road between Tavistock and Plymouth.

*St. Austell* in Cornwall has been included as it is an interesting West Country town. Travelling on the main west road to Truro in the distance is what looks like

a tented, army, encampment: these are white cone-shaped heaps of kaolin used for making some of the world's best china.

Let this tradition of place names be continued: what could be more appropriate than the Devon village name of *Maidencombe* for the new block of flats in Crookshank Road? Then there is the last outpost of Kuching, amid the rough Ridgeway country, the final settlement, beyond which extend the wide spaces of Sarawak stretching away to the interior. Here Cornish names would be appropriate; such names as *Helston, Lostwithiel, Mousehole, Redruth,* and *Lands* End seem naturals.

E.R. & F.W. ROE

## American Journey

(III)

*January 5.*

Lunched at the University Club with John Ford, the new consul here, very pleasant, intelligent, and curious about life in Borneo: he didn't cry, as Sidney Griller did yesterday when I mentioned the word "B-but, *Borneo*—that's a desert island, isn't it?" The day is absolutely cloudless—no speck in any quarter of the sky—and you see much sky here.

At dinner someone mentioned a friend, a woman, well-off, who has had several operations for cancer and now knows she cannot live long, but who goes on with an active, cheerful, hospitable life, and we spoke of her courage. It *is* courage, great courage; but it would be greater if she were poor, and I began to wonder, too, whether it would not be greater courage if the sentence of death lay on someone she greatly loved and not on herself. This is no derogation to her bravery and that of others in her position, but we are selfish beings, and so surely it is a harder thing to bear the loss of a life we love than the loss of our own?

*January 6*

We dined at the Rathskeller, very German, delicious *Sauerbraten* and black beer, and went to the Opera House for a performance of Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ,* and it was one of the most beautiful performances I've ever heard of any music anywhere. The S.F. Symphony orchestra needs no praise of mine; the *A Capella* choir from the State College sang beautifully and looked so much more sensible than choirs often do—clothed as they all were, boys and girls, in light academic gowns; and the soloists were all excellent—Martial Singher and three Americans, Florence Kopleff, a *bright* contralto, never foggy or booming, and with very good style; John McCollum, a most agreeable light tenor, sure and absolutely firm in his sound: no trace of any pressure or *vibrato;* Donald Gramm—from Milwaukee, a young bass with one of the most beautiful voices I ever heard and no apparent fault of style, manner or diction (all their French was good).

*January 7*

Many people don't like purple passages. I do, if I think they are true and good. I re-read today one I have cherished for 25 years. It is from G.K. Chesterton's *St. Francis of Assisi* and here, in St Francis's city, I am going to recall it: the passage about his death:

"A man might fancy that the birds must have known when it happened, and made some motion in the evening sky. As they had once, according to the tale, scattered to the four winds of heaven in the pattern of a cross at his signal of dispersion, they might now have written in such dotted lines a more awful augury across the sky. Hidden in the woods perhaps were little cowering creatures never again to be so much noticed and understood; and it has been said that animals are sometimes conscious of things to which man, their spiritual superior, is blind. We do not know whether any shiver passed through all the thieves and the outcasts and the outlaws, to tell them what had happened to him who never knew the nature of scorn. But at least in the passages and porches of the Portiuncula there was a sudden stillness, where all the brown figures stood like bronze statues, for the stopping of the great heart that had not broken till it held the world."

I typed lecture stuff for 8 hours today and felt I could hardly sit up when I finished.

*January 8*

More work at the typewriter this morning and then, being Saturday, I gave up. John Pearson took me to Coit Tower in the afternoon to take photographs; and we talked of Borneo, drank tea, and the houses of San Francisco gleamed through the wide window. I asked John to come to Borneo for a holiday and he said what so many San Franciscans say, "We don't want to leave this place even for a week-end, we love it so."

*January 9*

Pat Palmer and Bill Amsden came for dinner and we talked of Junior Achievement Inc., which has Pat's enthusiasm after his escape from the horrors of "merchandising", or "presenting a product", as it is called. The movement is financed by business men (annual budget is now $3,500,000) to teach the young the methods of capitalism. They found and run their own companies and businesses; suffer, administer, and profit like their elders.

*January 10*

Dined with Graham Black, John Pearson and Walter at a new small cafe near the Embarcadero, the *Marguerite,* and while Walter advised the proprietor on alterations to be made to improve the place, Graham (who is very intelligent and acute) and I discussed the place of America in the world. He holds that America has not a single friend among the nations of the earth, and he attributes it to the conduct of Americans abroad, for which he does not much blame them. I said that it was difficult to be as categoric as he was. You have to discriminate between governments, many of which would in a crisis be, for their own hope of salvation, America's friends, and individuals, many of whom have become antagonised by the behaviour of Americans abroad (but many of whom must have made firm friends too, surely?). Graham could not blame the bragging of the ordinary simple American abroad. He comes from a land and a way of life he has been born in and has accepted, rich, noisy, productive, clever. He knows no other; he knows his to be good, and it is too much to ask of his imagination that he should see that the life of the Italian peasant or the French labourer or the English clerk, from one of which he may be descended, is as satisfying to its owner as the American's to him. And so he brags like a happy, kindly child.

I took a pair of shoes to a cobbler round the corner in Union Street. I wanted rubber heels putting on them. They are a good pair I bought in Singapore. Walter said this man would do the job quickly if he is not painting, but he has a passion for painting bad landscapes and if the passion is upon him the shoes may have to wait several days.

I explained what I wanted and he at once put one shoe on the last and ripped off several layers of leather. "Are these American shoes?" he asked. "No, English," I answered. "Well, they may be good shoes," he grunted, "but they are made all wrong". And he went on pulling off leather—"I dont know if I can do it." I said I would come back in two days. "Oh, you can have them in ten minutes if you've time to wait." I said I was on my way down town and would come back in two hours. I did, and the shoes were ready. I asked the charge. "Seventy-five cents. It really ought

to be a dollar, but if I charge you 75 cents, maybe you'll come back again." I told him I was leaving in a few days for New York, London and Borneo. "But maybe you'll come back: 75 cents," he said.

*January 11*

In the afternoon K., ex-fellow passenger, took me to Muir Woods, cool and quiet. The largest red-wood, 246 feet high, is 1800 years old. To the beach and the long Pacific rollers with the wind giving to each a plume of spray. To a most remarkable and hideous housing development called Westlake: thousands of small houses, white, pink, green, yellow, all tightly packed together and each one of a different design and no wall or division between (there never is). A notice at the opening of the road says "Westlake. 11,715 people live here now. Watch us grow. A Henry Dodger development."

A little further on there are larger houses, in more spacious grounds, and there an even larger notice says "For Prestige Living. Lakeside Country Club Acres." *Prestige Living*!

Dined about 20 miles across the Golden Gate, in Kent Woodlands, with Richard and Sheila Cooley, a charming young couple with three children and a spacious house, with verandahs, corridors, and many rooms, large and small. Dick lost his right arm in the war—aeroplane—and remade himself as a champion squash player with his left arm only. He is flying to Vancouver this week-end to play in championships there.

*January 12*

A long walk in the sunny afternoon, along Marina Boulevard, past the yacht clubs, towards the Golden Gate. Passed a large sign announcting "Jim's Body Shop". It was not a necrophilist's, but an "auto reconstruction works."

Dinner at the San Francisco Museum of Art—a pleasant party of fourteen to meet Dr. de Vries, the Director of the Maritshuis in Amsterdam. I was much questioned about Borneo, with a slightly gloomy overtone from the three Dutchmen there and by a middle-aged woman who is about to go to the Belgian Congo and thought Borneo might be near and I could give her useful advice. I sat next to a wealthy and beautiful woman whose husband is dead and children all happily married, and who has in the past ten years taught herself to be one of the two or three most esteemed bookbinders in the world. I am told her work is of astonishing skill and beauty.

De Vries told me that Princess Wilhelmina, the former Queen, still takes very great interest in the Museums of Holland. "She came recently to the Maritshuis, as badly dressed as ever, with one friend, in very good health," he said, "and refused to allow her presence to be known or recognised by me or anybody else. She telephoned when she got home to Apeldoorn to say how much she had enjoyed herself."

*January 13*

Up at 5.0, packed, picked up Francesca (who is going with us to Los Angeles for an Opera Guild Meeting) at 7.0, and set out southwards: so much future to think of that there was little time to mourn as we left this fantastic and beautiful and most kindly city. (Last night, for example, Bill Amsden came round with a copy of the Boston Cook-Book, the best cook book in America, because he had heard me say I was interested in it—though I shall never be capable of lighting a gas stove).

430 miles in 11 hours, with an hour out for lunch at Pasa Robles, a charming place girt with leafless wintry trees, yet warm and sunny. At Santa Maria, suddenly, acres of antirrhinums, white mauve and rose, stretching far and wide and very beautiful.

Francesca said she thought (and we didn't disagree) that the most astonishing and depressing evidence of the present state of American thought was the fact that one can now buy from Sears Roebuck, for $6.00, an imitation television aerial, to put up above your house so that you do not lose prestige among your neighbours by not appearing to have television installed. Keeping up with the Joneses.

Reached Los Angeles by the lovely coast road through Santa Barbara, at 6.0, and drove about 17 miles up Wilshire Boulevard from Santa Monica to the hotel chosen by Francesca. Given a vast suit for $17.00 per night. Shower with sliding glass doors that slide so smoothly I almost guillotined myself. We had reserved single rooms.

Shop windowful of bottles of "Italian Swiss California Port".

*January 14*

Set out in a taxi at 9.45 for the ——— Studios in Culver City to keep an appointment at 10.15 a.m., made at some length and with precision on the telephone with Mr. ——— (commended to me by B.I.S. New York) on my arrival in Los Angeles last night. On the journey, of five miles, the friendly driver asked me would I like him to wait for me, because taxis are hard to get in Culver City and they charge a fare and a half to come back into Los Angeles (the two places join). I asked how much it would cost for him to wait and he said "$2.40 an hour." Thinking a rich corporation like ——— might have a car to send me back, I said thank you and no, and paid him $3.20.

The Studio is an enormous place of 40 or 50 acres. I entered the portico and asked for Mr. ———. In a few minutes a pretty secretary emerged and said "Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so pleased. We were worried about you. We hoped to hear last night. We thought you might have had an accident."

"But I telephoned last night to Mr. ———," I said, "and I made this appointment and here I am."

"You *did*? Well, I spoke to Mr. ——— this morning and he said he had not heard anything from you. Did you call him *here?*"

"I did, and we spoke for some time, and we fixed all the details."

"It must just be that Mr. ———forgot. He has so *many* things on his mind."

It seems to me a bit odd that a long conversation of 12 hours before had entirely escaped even the most occupied and intelligent Executive's mind, but I didn't begin, yet, to doubt my own sanity, and let myself be ushered into a small theatre, where I was presented, in the dark, to Mr. ——— and by him, to three others there.

When the film was finished the lights went up and Mr. ——— turned to me and said "You are yourself the White Rajah, are you not, Mr. Jones?" I swallowed a little, began to wonder where I was, and explained, as fast as I could consistent with coherence, where Sarawak is and what she is and who the Rajah is. Mr. ——— then spoke of the films, of which I had brought six. I arranged them in order of interest, as I thought, and we spoke of the time: it was now 10.45 and I had to leave at noon.

One film was shown and then Mr. ——— said "stop" and picked up a telephone and said "Put on *Lives of the Courageous*" (or some such title) and in a moment we were plunged into the life story of a very guttural Dutch farmer, old, with a hard-faced, grim wife, both of whom stab leopards with spears in the Brazilian jungle—or did, till they retired to live a life of luxury in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. This went on for 20 minutes, and at the end Mr. ——— said "I thought that would interest you, Mr. Jones". We resumed my programme.

After three films Mr. ——— said "I like your films very much; they'e just fine; but they are not good for our program because there's not enough danger. You

must put yourself in danger, Mr. Jones. You know" —pointedly—"the film can be made to say *anything*." I gaped a bit, perhaps, and he went on, "If you'll produce a film with some danger in it,—say, of you fighting a crocodile—we'll fly you here from Sarawak at any time to tell your life story, written around the film."

He thanked me for coming, and telephoned for a cab. When the cab was announced, he said, "In consideration of your making this journey to Los Angeles especially for this appointment, Mr. Jones, and I consider it very courteous of you, I shall walk to the front door with you."

The cab took me back to the Town House for $4.20 and I found Walter recovering from a bout of Irish temper over the $17.00 charge, which he also had suffered, for the single room. They refused to reduce the charge, but sent a bottle of whisky to each of our rooms "with the Manager's compliments" and we icily returned these, saying we desired neither whisky nor compliments.

We drove from the city as fast as its endless sprawl permits, both hoping never to set foot in it again, and soon were on the desert road eastwards for the border. with the snow-covered and lovely Sierra Madre mountains towering over us to the north. We drove 160 miles on the road to Arizona and diverged to go through Palm Springs which struck us both as the very model of drab ugliness. We went on to Indio, where we had booked rooms in the Travelodge Motel, and found it a welcoming, pleasing town, from the first garage mechanic who guided us to the motel, to the date-shop girl who bade us good-bye. This is the "Nation's Date Capital". Date palms are everywhere, acre on acre, and "191 varieties of dates" are advertised. We went into a shop and bought some and ordered more to take to Phoenix. Then we watched a train — or I did — the *Golden State Limited*—all gleaming orange paint and chromium—leave the station, and found a restaurant, the *Sans Souci*, on the main highway for dinner. Quiet, tidy, well-furnished, and of the kind you expect to see in New York: a well conducted bar, opposite which we sat, small booths, excellent food. friendly attention from a woman "captain" who might well have played hockey for Roedean—or Bryn Mawr, if they play hockey there.

We ordered drink and food, and soon were interested in a young ashen-blond boy of about 10 at the next table, calling for a telephone. This was brought and connected to the table and he called up his mother in Burbank, 160 miles away, to say he had arrived safely to stay with his aunt and uncle (who were also at the table) and had "washed up" and come for dinner. He then went off to the barman—obviously an old friend of his, to watch some conjuring tricks, with flags and cards, put on specially for the boy's arrival, the first day of his holiday.

*January 15*

Set off at 9.00 and drove 261 miles of desert road—purple mountains, cacti and sunshine. We stopped at Salome for a poor and expensive hamburger and reached the American School for Foreign Trade in Phoenix— that is, Thunderbird Field in Glendale—at 5.0 and were welcomed there as we knew we should be, and we talked the sun and almost the moon to bed.

*January 17*

Gave first lecture to a class of about 150, men and women. Spoke for 50 minutes without realising it, and they were apparently not bored. I gather from Carl it was a success, and I am greatly relieved. As soon as I had finished, we drove to Phoenix for me to speak again, at the Advertising Club, in the Westward Ho Hotel.

*January 18*

Spoke at the Kiwanis Club. About 120 there. They were rowdy at first: when a guest (and there were about a dozen) was announced, they all yelled "Hi, Larry" or "Hi, Man"; and then they sang; sang dreary songs very loudly.

To Dean Carman's house, and with him to the Cathedral Mens' Club. Dinner first, a hundred or more men there in the Cathedral Hall. Spoke for half an hour, my first attempt on the work of the Missions, and showed *The Last Candle*. I think it went well but I was not satisfied.

I had a shoeshine at the Westward Ho hotel yesterday and I had with me the *parang* the boys of St. Thomas's gave me when I left Kuching. The coloured boy who did my shoes was fascinated by it, and he was so disappointed when he saw me today without the knife that he asked me if I could bring it again, so that he could see it and show it to his "mate", a much older negro.

At the Cathedral meeting last night a man, one of twenty or more who came to speak to me after the talk, said he was a Zionist and he has always held a very strong prejudice against the British, but that what I had said this evening had quite changed his views and he wanted to thank me.

*January 19*

Took the *parang* to Phoenix. Spoke to the Hiram's Club, a Masonic organisation of about 130.

Carl Sauer introduced me and did very well. Had my hair cut at the Adams Hotel where the barber talked at some length about his amatory adventures. "I can still be a good lover seven nights a week." Went to a bookstore to buy some luggage labels, and the woman who served me said she would give me them "for free" because I spoke such beautiful English, and so I was morally bound to buy a book from her.

Spoke in the evening at the Press Club, a good audience with a number of good questions; but it was much harder because I had to stand out in the middle of the floor, in front of a microphone, with no place to put any notes, or watch, or anything at all. I finished with great relief, my sixth talk here, and look forward to three days' break except for a film show tomorrow night.

*January 20*

Carl took us motoring, to see the desert. To Scottsdale—"the most Western town in the West, where horses have the right of way," and lunch there at Lulu Belle's, a complete Western parlour, pink gas globes, wall-papers, bar, brass, Turkish Corner, glitter and all.

*January 21*

Set off at 5.30 p.m. by train for Denver. Thought first of my impressions of the School for Foreign Trade now so well established and thought of—its vigour and intenseness—it is a one years's course only—the little boxes in which languages are learned, like hens laying eggs in batteries—the liveliness, vividness, and warm kindness of the students—the generosity of Carl and Billy Myers and all the staff. Then the great beauty of the Arizona landscape, the desert and the air, the real intoxication of the air—and this was driven most vividly home by the sunset as we left Phoenix. One tries often to write of sunsets, and it is a foolish occupation. Yet what else can one do? They are the most evanescent and the most splendid of all earth's beauties, and this is the only honour one can pay them.

Tonight's was most splendid. A clear sky, and it was all colour: no cloud to break or differentiate. The sun went down behind a jagged line of hills, and the light was so clear that you felt there was a great bowl of it there, into which you could fling your hands and drag it back to earth. The orange turned a deeper but clearer red, and it seemed to be clinging to the wider, calmer blue above, which changed much more slowly.

*January 22*

When we left Phoenix last night the temperature was something like 60°. This morning the porter on the Chief (Santa Fé—our train) told me that at Gallup, where we had just stopped, it was 18°.

All morning through New Mexico, and Colorado, through the Raton tunnel in the afternoon. Pueblo, Colorado Springs all very cold, but brisk and clear.

In Denver, at 9.30, Tom Tull, the Consul, an old friend from the Foreign Office, met me and took me—getting *all* my baggage somehow into his Hillman—to his home, with the warmest of welcomes.

*January 23.*

To St. John's Cathedral. where there was a good family service in a handsome large building and after it I spoke to about 500 people.

In the evening, showed films, including *The Last Candle* which had a great success, at the Vice-Consul's house.

*January 24.*

Very cold, and very dry. The city is mile high. Lips congeal. Till you get accustomed to it, kisses must be harsh, Saharan, ashy, here. Lunch with Vice-Consul, Douglas Brookfield, intelligent and friendly and excellent company. With him to studios and one in whose program I appeared—after he advertised dry cleaning laundering and before he advertised milk. I suppose I had 15 minutes of his 30 minute program. I felt surprisingly at ease, thanks to his quite extraordinary skill—except when I suddenly realised—I hadn't been warned—that there was a T.V. screen immediately at our feet, in which we and all we did was reproduced. The purpose and advantage of this appeared when we showed one of my films—Bill Smith's Baram film—and it went over very well, and I commentated on it as I watched it on the floor before me.

Spoke in the evening at the University of Denver School of Social Science—their Monday forum. Many questions, on education, religion; communism; loyalty; a kind of creeping vine that a young man thought came from the Sarawak jungle and would be good for window-dressing; the usual enquiries for friends. None this time, as I had in Phoenix, for spare parts for a Jaguar.

Dinner afterwards with very kind University hosts at a restaurant run by an ex-boxer and known as Joe's Awful Coffee. Excellent food but far, far too much of it; the Ms. & Ks. took home *five large paper bags* of meat remains for their dogs. K. was in the Czech-Slovak diplomatic service till the Communists took over in Prague and is now Professor of International Relations at the University of Denver.

*January 25.*

Lunch at the Denver Club with Jack Foster, editor of *Rocky Mountain News* and three of his staff, Chase, Lucky, and Perkin, all most friendly and pleasant. Club on 17-20 floors of a new building, and very handsome.

To Boulder, 35 miles, to speak to a meeting at the University of Colorado, in the new and beautiful memorial building. Small meeting but good—very intelligent questions.

*January 26.*

Free day. Walked after breakfast to Dr. and Mrs. Dale Fuller's house—40 blocks, they said, but I've never been good at calculating blocks. Anyway it took 1½ hours' fast going in brilliant sunshine and frozen air. We set off for the mountains and Central City, a place I've wanted to see ever since I was first interested in opera; for it is here, in this ghost town, that in summer there is a month of opera, by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and a month of theatre. Now in winter the town, still with the buildings of the 1870's, the days of its mining wealth, really is a ghost town, but we found a pleasant dark bar, full of cowbells, where a pleasant young man mixed us good whiskey sours, and a lunch place next door where the mountain trout was excellent. It was a drive of 60 miles through mountains, by frozen streams and black fir trees.

*January 27.*

Left Denver 12.50, Rock Island, after morning at Consulate. Flat journey across Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska to Lincoln, 10.13 p.m. Met by a pleasant Mr. Hill of the Kiwanis Club. Lincoln seems greatly grown since I was here with Dick Cooper in July 1946. Temperature then 105°, now about 8° below zero.

*January 28.*

Mr. Hill came to the Cornhusker Hotel and gave me breakfast. The State Senate is in session and the coffee shop was full of senators who kept being summoned to the telephone and of business men beset with sales problems.

A large Kiwanis meeting nearly 200—with the usual endless preliminaries—including a *sung* welcome to all guests: "Hello, hello. hello, we're glad to see you." Those members having birthdays in January were put at a separate table, given a cake, and sung at also. Prospective members are given, and made to wear, a large linen apron, on which they must get one hundred signatures from fellow-members before they can become members themselves. It is almost too matey but I'm sure the spirit is alright.

Saw in the town a large black-and-white board outside a building announcing "Chirothisian Church of Faith Inc." What is *that?*

Went out to K.F.O.R., a radio station far out in the country and did a fifteen minute interview. Snow sparkling in bright sunlight.

*January 29.*

Went to the State Capitol, that vast skyscraper in the midst of this flat town, hoping to watch the Senate in session, but, this being Saturday, only a handful of senators were sitting at their rich-looking desks chatting; and the Assistant Sergeant at Arms, entirely bald, very, very aged looking and grumpy. as though his years in the world had been too much for him, told me they would sit at 10 on Monday morning. They sit two months, once every two years. It is a fortunate State that can so infrequently put new legislation in its Statute book.

Leo Hill had bidden me lunch and I joined him and his wife in the Tee Pee shop at the Cornhusker. There is a Tee Pee Shop and Pow Wow shop side by side, and if I didn't call it the Pee Wee shop it was because of a determined effort.

After lunch I collected my retinue of baggage. The atmosphere in the hotel is most friendly, and all the bellboys (or porters, or whatever they are) are older than is usual—in their early twenties, I should say—and very interested in things: my *parang* caused a sensation. They are nearly all students at the University of Nebraska, working their way through.

The Rock Island station is very small, on the outskirts of the town, and it sat this afternoon in a slosh of melting snow, under a cloudless sky. There are two trains each way daily—the Rocky Mountain Rocket, on which I came here, and a three-car train—two freight cars and one passenger coach—in which I left. I found myself sitting next to a friendly, talkative fellow, who turned out to be on the faculty of Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. He told me he had applied for and been granted a Fulbright scholarship seven years ago for a year in S.E. Asia. and just as the award was made, his wife found she was pregnant. Some months ago he was given a second, similar award, this time for Cairo, and as they began their preparations, his wife was attacked by infantile paralysis (they now have two boys, 6 and 3). She felt tired one evening and was prostrate in the morning. For 44 days she has been in hospital in Des Moines, having artificial respiration through a tube let into her throat and being fed entirely intravenously. He has visited the hospital daily—30 miles away—all those days, and they think there may be some hope of his wife's recovery because she has for the last three or four days been able to speak, and there is some sign that her spirit is reviving. But in 3 minutes, he said, so delicately poised is the tracheotomy pipe and so powerless her

nerves and muscles, she might at any time suffocate. He looked 40-45, and said he had aged 10 years in the past few weeks.

Omaha at 5.0 p.m., grey; snow and slush everywhere.

At the Cornhusker today, in Lincoln, there was *immense* activity. The Daughters of the American Revolution had a "Contest Committee"—whatever that may be—and as usual with the D.A.R., they could not move without orchids: there were baskets, bunches and "corsages" everywhere. And on the next half floor there was a vast and noisy gathering of—Fruit Products: scores and scores of men bearing labels in red and white, talking hard about sales problems and eating a noisy lunch. I heard one ask another if he were going to drive home after the day's functions were ended. "Yeah," was the answer. "But we shan't get out of this place till 2.0 a.m." said his questioner; "and the roads are bad." "I know," replied the other, "but I've got to get my stuff lined up tomorrow so as I can hit the road at 7.0 a.m. on Monday."

I am sure that you can pay the penalty of natural wealth. It had never struck me so strongly before what all this vast material richness means: a great army of men made hard and tough in the endless, merciless competition of selling limitless tons of things to one another: "merchandizing"—that word Graham Black and Pat Palmer felt so violently about in San Francisco.

All the way from Lincoln to Omaha—only 50 to 60 miles—the land is under deep snow. Undulating country, white, untouched: the stalks of last year's corn a yellow gray against it, and the trees pale brown.

*January 30.*

Sunday. When I went down to breakfast I found the hotel in a swirl of women, with a group or two of rather delicate-looking men among them. It is the opening of the Nebraska Hairstylists' Convention. The lobby, the coffee shop, is full of delegates—of women holding themselves in attitudes, lest one false move should dislodge a curl. I think the few male delegates must feel a bit overwhelmed. Proceedings began—with a Hammond organ recital in a large open room adjoining the lobby, and then an address to "the hair stylists of Nebraska."

I went to St. Barnabas's Church, far out at 40th Street,—the singing excellent and the sermon good—a youngish priest spoke on the Four Freedoms, quoting F.D.R. with deep respect and speaking strongly against the preventive war.

Walked back, about 40 minutes, to find the hairdressers just breaking up for lunch. Women wore strange devices: one a tall erection of white and green glass on top of the crown of her head; another a circlet of small electric bulbs she flicked on and off; and a man in a pink shirt wore a grey tie with the words "Goddess Wave" embroidered on it in pink.

To the Joslyn Art Gallery, which for some unknown reason I didn't visit when I was here before—this afternoon. There is an excellent small collection, including a Rembrandt, a Van Ruysdael, a Rubens, Constable, and much smaller stuff; one or two beautiful *sang de boeuf* vases and a lovely Siamese Buddha; a good "Chinese Lowestoft" collection; all very well arranged. And this afternoon there was, first, a good film show, two Pan American Airways films of England and Ireland; and after that a violin recital by a girl from the University of Nebraska. She played very well indeed, and so did her accompanist, and both looked charming. The main thing in the programme was an early sonata of Richard Strauss.

I walked in the icy air and returned to the hotel to find the hairdressers being even more surprising. They flocked down to the large coffee shop in the basement for dinner—many with hair in strange mechanical devices or in net bags, all looking as if the only thought in their heads was for what grows out of them, all posturing, posing, stiff. One girl wearing scarcely anything above the waist flounced in with her hair all curls, half of it white, a quarter crimson, and a quarter bright blue; another was bright henna with a white streak right across the crown. Few people gaped at these sights because nearly all were part of them; but the four or five Negro boys who do all the fetching and carrying for the waitresses were momentarily shaken from their calm outward peace. What they were thinking I could not guess, and I suppose nobody would ever tell them that their heads were much more handsome than the scraped and twirled nonsense all around them.

(*To be continued*)

## Deep Peat

A question which is still often asked is what should be planted in deep peat. It is not unreasonable to say that probably the best use for deep peat so far known is to produce timber such as ramin, or to let it remain under jungle, acting where near to them, as a sponge for padi lands also. Pineapples, some vegetables and fruit trees may give a return over a period of years but the deep peats here are of poor quality and will not 'last'; often this deep peat is very low lying, draining is out of the question economically, and particularly dangerous where salt water may be put in to nearby padi areas.

This problem of what agricultural use to make of peat is common in other countries, in Malaya and Indonesia, of those near to Borneo, and so far as the writer knows no really satisfactory solution has been found. In West Borneo some settlers who were given *deep* peat to farm at their own request struggled to make a living for about 3 years, and then gave up. In Malaya much experimental work has been done with padi and other crops and such work will doubtless continue. Rubber has grown for years in deep peat in this country and it is natural that people who have made money out of rubber should say that rubber is the answer as it has been in the past. Swamp being the natural home of *Hevea Braziliensis* it is not surprising that it grows in such places in this country but no one would, I think, recommend such places for the growing of *high yielding* rubber trees whether grown from clonal seed or budwood. The impracticability of drainage has been mentioned already.

One is left with the conclusion that where peat is now covered with rubber trees which are worn out and dying it might be worthwhile felling the old rubber (for firewood, or perhaps some other use may be found?) and letting the self-sown seedlings grow up, thinning these out to a reasonable stand per acre (say avenues 30′ apart and the trees 9′ apart in the rows) and seeing whether these self-sown seedlings will 'do' any better than their parents in ground which has settled a little. They may grow up like mangrove trees as the parent trees so often have. Budding a few might be tried but only when there was no danger of flooding, of course. This then is a possible way of making the best of very poor conditions—only by trying it out can we tell if it is worthwhile for a smallholder to do this.

(*Contributed*)

## Travels With a Land Dayak

(VI)

We left the village in the early evening. It was cool and pleasant and we felt slightly melancholy as we bade our farewells to the old village headman who had entertained us so well. But the melancholy air was soon dispelled, for the whole of the younger village set were going with us to attend the *Nubong* at the next village and when Land Dayaks travel in company on an excursion of this sort it is not long before their natural high spirits get the better of any blues there might be. So we picked our way on for a couple of hours along the banks of a clear rocky stream, stopping frequently to rest and chat or to drink sparkling water from the springs beside the path.

We had been able to hear the gongs and drums from the village we were going to, the whole time we were walking but now, as the path took a steep upward course the sound grew suddenly louder and, after negotiating some rather perilous mountain bridges, we were out of the jungle and at the entrance to the village. It was an idyllic spot. The village was built on a flat outcrop from a high mountain which dominated the scene on one side. The houses clustered round a wide clean open "square" through which a bamboo conduit brought water to the very doorsteps of the houses. All around, the view was closed by palms, tall fruit trees and flowering shrubs etched against the rapidly darkening blue of the sky.

It was a scene of animation too, for the square was crowded with the whole population of the village in their best clothes. We were ceremonially greeted by a salvo of canons and shot guns and then offered cool, sweet coconut juice to drink by four stately old men wearing the traditional loin cloth and headdress of basket work and hornbill feathers. Unhappily, the rest of the villagers were arrayed in the usual non-descript shirts, trousers and "gowns" whilst some had affected the most bizarre costumes. Red shirts or trousers were popular while one old gentelman sported a bright red and green quartered shirt and pantaloon, like a jester without his cap and bells.

We were conducted through the village square and along the verandahs of several houses to the "round house" at the end of the village. This structure was set on stilts about 12 feet above the ground and was about thirty feet in diameter. We mounted a rather rickety log ladder to get into it. Inside, the steep pitch of the roof, tapering to a point perhaps twenty feet above us, gave the already large room an impression of even greater spaciousness although much space was occupied by a large square hearth and fireplace in the middle of the room and by a full set of drums and gongs to one side of it. One special drum was outstanding. It consisted of a hollowed out tree trunk some twenty feet long sticking at an angle through the floor so that one end, covered by a hide to make the *timpan*, was in the room itself while the other rested on the ground far below. Around the perimeter of the room there was a raised platform about a yard wide and two feet high. Several of the roof sections were hinged so that the thatches could be raised and propped open. By one of these openings there were hanging four rather moth eaten skulls and other objects which appeared to be bundles of dried leaves. Above these, in a kind of loft, were other things which I was told were the most sacred objects in the village but the light was too dim for me to distinguish them and as they were to be produced on the morrow I did not peer closely at them for fear of offending against some taboo.

Everyone had followed us into the house and it was packed to capacity. The drums and gongs beat out the sombre Land Dayak rythm, a little wine was passed round and some of the old men danced sporadically or chanted old sagas or invocations as the spirit took them. After about half an hour the drums and gongs stopped beating and the "round house" emptied. The *Nubong* had not really started, I was told, but the celebrations in the "round house" such as we had just seen had been going on for the last twenty four hours and would go on all night to welcome each new party of guests to the village and to add to the festive atmosphere. We stayed and witnessed several more performances until about 9.00 o'clock when we walked back to the house in which we were to spend the night.

It was hard for me to get to know just what the *Nubong* was or meant. It was plainly a great social and spiritual experience for the entire village. I gathered that at this celebration the supreme spiritual guardians of the welfare of the village, the spirits of the first founders of the village and many others would be called upon to return to the village for a brief spell of feasting and rejoicing and their aid would be sought in ensuring the success and prosperity of the village in the coming years. The past season had been very poor for both felling and burning and it was felt that a celebration might help to improve the farming conditions but this was not the sole reason for the celebration and I understood that it would probably have been held anyway. But for the moment the *Nubong* was forgotten in the excitement of listening to Radio Sarawak and other stations, on the small portable radio that I had brought along with me.

There was no danger of oversleeping the next morning. At dawn there was a tremendous explosion of canons and a great fusillade of shot guns and Chinese fireworks all followed by a wild cheer and much laughter and clapping. The *Nubong* had really started. The gongs and drums were beating their loudest and for about half an hour the whole village was in ferment and then just as suddenly all was quiet. We got up and after a bath and a bite to eat walked out to the end of the village to see the celebrations. Under a huge *tapang* tree at the end of the village farthest away from the "round house" several temporary sheds had been erected. There was a platform of split bamboo completely surrounding the tree and on this had been erected an altar on which were large pieces of pork, cooked rice and wine. Hanging on the altar also were bead necklaces and garlands made from arica palm leaves and flowers. To one side, in a small shed the old ladies of the village dressed in their dark blue jackets, red, white and black quartered caps, and *sarongs* trimmed with bells were superintending the preparation of more offerings of cooked rice, pork, chicken and wine. The old men were seated in another shelter regaling themselves with wine and superintending the beating of the gongs and drums which occupied the same shelter. On the platform were spread out several rows of whole dried fish and two full grown live pigs were tied down on their sides. In the men's shelter there were several spears but two very old ones were conspicuous. One had a barbed head while the other had a blade shaped like a cork screw. These I was told, were old spears which had been handed down since the very formation of the village.

This area was to be the centre of the celebration. Here would be brought the heads and sacred objects from the round house in due course and it was to this spot that the spirits would descend when called. Relatively few people, however, were concerned with the preparations and the rest of the villagers were occupied in visiting with friends and relations and in generally having a good time, like any bank holiday crowd anywhere in the world. Every family had killed at least one pig and made a contribution to the general store of offerings on the altars. There was plenty of food and drink and we were constantly pressed to step inside various houses and partake of some of the delicacies with the family.

But at about 11.o'clock there was a change in the atmosphere. Everyone hurried out into the open square and the old men walked in procession from the *tapang* tree through the village to the "round house". The gongs and drums reached a new crescendo of sound. It was a solemn moment. The old men entered the "round house". The sacred objects and the heads were to be removed to the altars.

(*To be continued*)

## Rescue

On 16th July, 1955, M.V. *Kaka* was lying off Kampong Bruit. In the evening four of the passengers and some members of crew went ashore in a kampong boat and the ship's dinghy to go to a picture show by the Government Information Service at Kampong Bruit.

Just about 10 o'clock calls were heard on the *Kaka* for a boat, and not far off the launch it was seen that the kampong boat was sinking as it returned. There was no boat available for the ship's dinghy was also on its way back from ashore. The tide was as fast as usual but most fortunately was making. Members of the crew on board were quick to throw life-jackets and three of these were thrown in the seconds whilst the sinking boat was within range, two were gathered by the people clinging to the sinking boat which was drifting rapidly up the river on the tide. The night was dark, luckily the one member of the crew with the sinking boat had a torch and kept it alight. Whilst this was going on the ship's dinghy drew alongside the *Kaka*, off loaded its passengers, and manned by one member of the crew set off after his friends. On board, the engine was started up, the anchor weighed in the quickest time imaginable and the ship was steered in pursuit of the men in the water.. The ship's dinghy caught up with the men first and the men part boarded, and part clung to this, but still hung on to the boat which had swamped, and as the *Kaka* drew near a rope was thrown to them and they were hauled alongside and one by one hoisted aboard. The last man aboard was the member of the *Kaka's* crew who baled out the offending boat, and saw that it was tied up before he joined the other rescued men. The reason for the swamping of the boat was that the boat needed caulking, and the water, being slightly choppy, made its way through cracks along the top when a small wave hit it

That this was all over quite quickly and ended with the loss of one life jacket only was due to the most efficient handling of the situation by the crew of the *Kaka* who did not go to the pictures, and also to the behaviour of those in the water who clung on the swamped boat with the man holding his torch to guide rescuers. It is a pleasure to place on record this story of a Sarawak launch's crew. An entirely unexpected situation, which might so easily have ended in tragedy, was tackled with calmness and efficiency by the seamen to which the landsman gladly pays tribute.

(*Contributed*)

## New International Airport at Singapore

The task of transplanting a sacred tree weighing about 30 tons which was growing in the middle of the proposed runway, was one of the problems which faced the engineers who have just completed the new international airport at Paya Lebar, seven miles from the city of Singapore.

The airport, officially opened on Saturday, August 20, by Britain's Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd who was visiting Malaya, is one of the largest in South-East Asia, and has cost about £4,500,000 sterling to build.

Although it will be used immediately by the civil air services which call regularly at Singapore, some of the buildings including the passenger terminal will not receive their finishing touches until next year.

Paya Lebar will replace Kallang, the main civil airfield for Singapore since 1937, when it was constructed by the waterfront on reclaimed land two miles from the city. But post-war developments of passenger aircarft, including the British jet and turbo-prop engined types, required greater safety margins for approaches and take-offs than Kallang could offer, and there was no room to extend its airstrips.

Kallang will now become a housing area, and the money obtained from its conversion will go towards paying for the cost of Paya Lebar. A substantial part of the other funds for the new airport have been raised from a grant of £1,160,000 sterling provided under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act, and a contribution of about £500,000 sterling from the British Government. The maintenance of the airport will be the responsibility of the Singapore Government.

Paya Lebar has been built by the Public Work Department in Singapore, under the supervision of the P.W.D. superintending engineer, Mr. J. J. Bryan and with labour recruited in Malaya. Before the project was started, Mr. Bryan toured the principal airports of the world to study the latest methods in construction and design.

Giant earth-moving equipment was used to clear the heavy growth of the trees and vines, and prepare the ground for the thick layer of concrete for the main runway, which runs almost due North and South.

The discovery that the sacred tree would have to be uprooted brought protests from the Malayan workers. But the engineers carefully excavated around its tangled roots, and moved it about 500 yards to the airfield perimeter. There it has continued to flourish.

The Singapore Government, looking to the future, has bought sufficient land around the airfield to extend the runway—now 8,000 ft. long—by 2,000 ft., and if necessary to construct a second runway.

But this extension should not be needed for several years, as aircraft manufacturers are tending to build passenger aircraft which can use existing aerodromes. Some of these "aircraft of the future" will fly at the British aircraft constructors' and designers' annual display at Farnborough, near London, next month, in a preview of the types of commercial aircraft which are expected to operate over world routes in the next five years. The industry has recognised that nations cannot alter airfields indefinitely to keep pace with the foreseeable technical advances in faster and larger aircraft.

Paya Lebar, in its jungle setting of rubber trees and small villages where Malayan workers live, is one of the primary junctions in the trunk routes between the Eastern and Western worlds. Two principal roads link the airfield with the city, already a major telecommunications centre and a strategic base which covers a vast area of South-East Asia and the Far East.

Passenger aircraft from Britain, the United States, Australia, Holland, Burma, Thailand, Indonesia and Hong Kong fly scheduled services to and from Singapore. Japan has secured rights to use the airport but is not yet operating an overseas airline there. The aerodrome will provide a 24-hour, all-weather service to these aircraft, and during the forthcoming year will handle more than 5,000 arrivals and departures.

Traffic on this scale calls for skilful organising, and a joint air traffic control in which the British navy, army and air force units are co-operating with the civil air authorities has been set up.

In the cramped area of Singapore Island are three British military airfields with a variety of aircraft, from jets to light reconnaissance planes and a continual liason will be maintained to keep the civil air lanes free from the intruding service aircraft at the critical times of setting-down and taking-off.

Many of the air traffic control officers who will guide the aircraft are Chinese and Malayans, who have been trained in Singapore. A feature of the new airport which will assits them is the freedom from obstructions for a considerable distance from either end of the runway.

Behind the six-acre concrete parking apron stand the workshops, four hangars, the interim terminal building, and a well-equipped fire-fighting establishment.

Paya Lebar represents one other significant change in the future of aviation. Its predecessor, Kallang, was not only fitted to cope with land planes but also had facilities for flying boats which once gave a regular service to Singapore and pioneered the commercial route. But flying boats are, at least temporarily, out of fashion, and with its inland airfield at Paya Lebar Singapore will for the time being be exclusively a staging point for land planes. If flying boats should be used again in the future the landing facilities provided for them at Singapore will no longer be adjacent to these used by land aircraft.

NORMAN KEMP

## U.S. May Launch Six to Ten Satellites

BRUSSELS: Professor Homer E. Newell said Friday, September 9, that the United States may launch six to ten artificial satellites of the earth during the International Geophysical Year (IGY) 1957-58.

He made the announcement in a meeting of the special IGY committee which is making plans for the most comprehensive study of earth that science has ever undertaken.

Newell explained that the satellites would weigh about ten pounds each, and would be about 20 inches in diameter. They would supplement, but not supplant, the present study of the upper air carried on through rocket research, he said.

He listed several types of study which satellite-borne instruments could be expected to make, such as the shape of the earth, including the oblateness of the poles, high-altitude atmospheric densities, solar ultra violet radiation cosmic rays and micrometorite-dust particles in outer space.

Newell predicted that advancement in propulsion and instrumentation techniques will mean bigger and more efficient satellites in the years following IGY. These satellites may then be used, he said, in photographing and televising the earth and its clouds, in carrying electronic telescopes, and finally in carrying human passengers. "But man's flight is in the far distant future," he added, "and I won't attempt to say how far."

The U.S. Defence Department, Newell said, will launch the satellites into chosen orbits, and then the scientists will take over.

At an altitude of 100 miles, Newell said, the satellite would not circle the earth once. But at 200 miles, it will circle the earth about every 90 minutes and stay aloft from 15 to 30 days. At 300 miles, he said, the satellite would be expected to stay aloft one year.

Sidney Chapman, chairman of the special committee, noted that the U.S. is the only country that has so far announced a definite satellite programme for IGY.

Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner, of the United States delegation, who heads the working group on rockets and earth satellites, Thursday said that the U.S. programme of artificial satellites will vastly widen scientific knowledge of the earth, and among other gains, may substantially narrow the margins of error in inter-continental distance measurements.

Berkner explained that the margin of error in the known distance "between the heart of Brussels and the heart of New York" would be reduced from about 500 feet to about 50.

*—United States Information Service Bulletin*

## Suburbanalia

From time to time I have drawn attention in prose and poetry (sic) to the sufferings we Ridgewaves endure in the great cause of suburbanism on account of noise. What is the answer? How to endure these hardships? Well, of course, it all depends on the noise: but there are basic principles. Let me (quietly) consider one or two.

(*1*) *Wagerism.*

This is the common counter. You know the sort of thing: "I wager you 100 to 8 that in the next quarter-of-an hour No. x's dog will produce more high-pitched yaps than No. y's will produce long drawn out howls. Are you ready? —Go!" Skilfully conducted, Wagerism can invest your night noises with all the thrill of the Casino.

(*2*) *Scientificism.*

Take a scientific interest in what's going on. Study it intelligently and keep records. For instance, the tick-tock bird: what is *your* record? I achieved 252 once—in Sarikei. It was a fast scoring bird with a remarkably slick action .....

(*3*) *Counter-irritism.*

If your neighbour plays his sackbut too loudly, tune in with your psaltery even louder. That's the basis of the system, but the cure sometimes proves worse than the disease—especially to third parties!

(*4*) *Aggressivism.*

Go out and abate the nuisance. How you do it depends on the nuisance. No. 14, for instance, made a frightful mess of it the other evening. With a bunch of Chinese crackers clenched firmly in his teeth he had wormed his way undetected into No. 15's ditch with a view to bombarding No. 15's dogs at lethal range. He had just got into the firing position when a high treble voice spoke up from the home ground with the clarity of a bell: "Daddy, what *are* you doing in Mr. S's ditch?" Getting no answer for obvious reasons, the query was repeated in louder tones. It was no consolation to No. 14 to realise that he had been guilty of the elementary error of sending out a fighting patrol without notifying his own sentries. He decided to make smoke and withdraw from a position which would shortly become untenable. It was a wise decision but unskilfully executed. Transferring the Chinese crackers from his teeth to his right hand and a box of matches from his left hand to his teeth he struck a match with his feet and ignited the fuses of the crackers. He then cast his matches at the dogs retaining the crackers firmly in his right hand ..... As No. 14's own communiqué put it the next morning: "Several of our fingers failed to return from this operation—at any rate not till sometime afterwards."

(*5*) *Stoicism*

Not practicable on Ridgeway.

(*6*) *Cottonwoolism.*

Probably the best idea of the lot.

*Yolkless eggs.*

Years ago Cookery Books used to be full of such carefree recipes as—"Take 12 eggs; throw away the yolks and the whites, moisten the shells and grind to a thin paste" Nowadays we have to be a little more circumspect, but even so there are still plenty of recipes which make use of whites to the exclusion of yolks and sometimes vice versa. This can lead to some very unbalanced situations in the household and I can well remember in the early years of my married life battling valiantly through a dense conglomeration of white with odds of 10 or 15 to 1 against my ever finding any yolk. It is therefore of the very greatest interest to report that yolkless eggs are now being laid and that quite a number have actually been seen across river in the area bounded by Sg. Bedil Besar and Sg. Bedil Kechil. I feel I can now look forward to meeting my "Cocotte" in the home and elsewhere with vastly increased confidence in the future.

—PROTOZOON

## The Museum

*Giant Sawfish*

*Ikan Eyu* (*Ngu*) *Parang* is the local name of the great fish of the ray family (*Hypotremata*) related especially to the other part of the order of sharky fish (*Selachians*). Rays are really sharks who have developed especial forms adjusted to their especial ways of life. The true sharks are surface creatures: that is why the thin fin cleaving the water is their feared signal and our symbol. The true rays are bottom fish, and thus their symbol of fear is the misplaced foot on the sandspit, standing upon that toxic stinging tail—one of the more agonising pains there are.

A shark breathes largely through its mouth, as befits a surface beast. Rays can do this too; but more usually take in water through spiracles with ingenious moveable valves (Marine Department please note) so that they can stay down without becoming clogged up with sand, mud and silt.

In this distinguished company of the world's largest fish, a respected member must be this Sawfish (*Pristis*). It is remarkable for the long projection of bone-like tissue with "saw-blades" each side. Last month as is well-known, we won one alive from off Santubong with a "sword" (*parang*) of 4 feet 10 inches. It weighed approaching a ton. Inside it were about 40 embryo sawfish, some far developed towards hatching. Also—and almost cannibalism—a decomposed but clearly quite large pure ray it had swallowed.

Sawfish normally feed by foraging the sea or estuary bottom with their great saws. Thus they scoop up lots of little stuff. Records of bigger feed in them are rare. Their wide *lateral* mouths and lack of teeth hardly favour taking on fish, turtles, octopi and other food of the true sharks.

Not that the Sawfish is a sissy. There is a good record of one cutting a human bather in half with one sweep of its tremendous *parang*.

But in general the Sawfish wishes no harm to man. Where he does befoul him (in Borneo) is within the nets. A big Sawfish netted can, with its huge power, virtually destroy a *rentoh* or *pukat* net in a matter of minutes.

The new specimen obtained by the Museum was caught, however, by the dry (baitless) hook fishing system, about 2 miles off Santubong. This way, a fish strikes one bright silver hook, mills around, and in doing so drags a chain of hooks all round it. In this case, the Curator (for definition see below) had alerted the Santubong fishermen friends to announce the next fish for the Museum. He was on hand when the fish was reported late one evening, and succeeded in towing it up to Kuching—a major operation which no local launch was capable of undertaking (needless to say he did it in a Kuching launch, not his teeth).

The flesh is of practically no commercial value, being coarse and tasteless: just blotting protein. The liver, which no doubt has a high commercial oil content in developed countries, is useless here since no extraction facilities exist. Taken straight it is often toxic.

It is hoped the Museum can mount this Sawfish. It is not the largest ever recorded. But—if it can be successfully preserved—it would be far the largest fish in South-East Asian Museums to date. So far, all is well with the specimen, now being brine treated.

Of interest also is the successful collection of two fishes closely associated with most great sharks and rays. One is the sucker-fish (*Remora*) often by sucker attached to them. The other, the various form of pilot fish which follow them and are unharmed by them. In the present case, both sorts of companion of the Sawfish were taken with it or behind it, alive. It is hoped (with luck) presently to exhibit them all together. We stress: with luck..... There are few things in museumology harder than preserving the really big fish.....

*Walk About Birds: Storks and Cassowary*

Three Adjutant Storks (*Burong banggau*) have been presented by Mr. Alistair Morrison, who found a number had been taken in the Kabong area during June-July—evidently a breeding colony. These ungainly and comical birds make good pets, but have avaricious appetites, catholic tastes.

As there is already one in the Museum grounds, we decided to move these three to Satang Island with a view to seeing if they might possibly live or even later breed in peace and security from disturbance there.

Unfortunately, one died quite suddenly on the way down. It choked to death. In its throat was a sizeable chicken—a last stab at the cross river poultry! The other two are so far doing well on Satang, but may not be a pair (even chances). Fish supply is more easily provided there.

They are, however, rather afraid of the Cassowary which had become a nuisance to Kuching traffic—through its habit of sitting, large, and immoveable, on the Pig Lane tarmac—that it was moved to Satang last month.

This splendid emu-like bird, native to the islands of the New Guinea coast, is now perfectly tame. It regards itself as cock of the island and the storks it considers *arriviste*.

What will happen next remains (of course) to be seen. If they can settle down together and thrive, fine. Then one can think of supplying more cassowaries and storks.

They can't do any harm there, except to baby turtles—and these are already protected and cared for from the night the egg is laid until the baby is strong enough to swim well and resist the smaller fish who previously ate up nearly all the newly borns which reached the sea. (P.S. Since writing the above we have obtained two more storks for Satang. And all have made friends with Cassowary).

*Conservation: Jesselton and Kuching*

Jesselton and Kuching are closely comparable towns. This column recently lamented (in print) a decline of birds about Kuching. It was interesting, then on a recent visit to Jesselton, to find several of the birds now become so scarce (or invisible) in and about Kuching in recent years yet remain common and easily observed in the capital of North Borneo.

Conspicuous examples are the Tigrine Dove (*Terkorkor*), the Pied Triller (*lalage*) and the Nightjar (*toktok*), once abundant in Kuching, still abundant in Jesselton!

In general, there are many more birds about the settled areas of North Borneo. One suspects this is partly because there has been less wholesale felling and hygiene—more planning and caution, based on short budget perhaps—up north. But there also seems to be a different approach up there, to the indiscriminate use of firearms and the indiscipline of school children.

Anyway this column records the above as observed fact, as of 1955. For further study.....

*Curatorship*

No one here seems quite sure what a Curator is. The Oxford Dictionary has it primarily as:

*"Person in charge, manager"*.

The Hon'ble the Chief Secretary and Mr. Tan Kui Choon should, by this, be classed Curators.

A subsidiary definition is:

*"Guardian of a minor, lunatic, etc."*

This might exclude the C.S. and Mr. T.K.C., but would add Dr. Jack Finlayson and others.

But when we come to be termed also:

"Government Ethnologist"

confusion quadruples. We are often offered to ourselves as Government Entomologist—i.e. insect collector (and may be there is something rather personal here!?). Or alternatively Government Ethologist—that

is, from Greek *ethos*—"Science of character formation" expert.

The other day a foremost modern *ethologist*, Dr. W. H. Thorpe, a Fellow of the Royal Society with whom we correspond, sent us a paper on "Some Concepts of Ethology", which contained this warning, which we pass on to whomsoever cares, thinks, or studies here; Dr. Thorpe writes:

> "But we have above all to beware of falling into the trap—which has so frequently caused the downfall of past students of living matter—of supposing ourselves objective when, in fact, we are being subjective. First and all the time we must know precisely where and to what extent we are using and relying upon subjective concepts. It is essential to avoid confusion here if biology is to deal adequately with the vast theoretical problems that confront it."

But as a (semi) sober corrective to this higher thought let us add two of the many noteable addresses awarded to us on recent envelopes. The first is from a Melanau native and is natural enough:

Curatur
MANJIUM
Sarawak

The second, more surprisingly, comes from the Librarian of one of the greatest of British Museums in South Kensington. This learned and august body sends its latest publication to us addressed:

THE AVIATOR
The Sarawak Museum and Library
Kuching.

We trust the Civil Aeronautics Department will not take umbrage at this *double entendre*.

*Sematan*: *More Prehistory*

In the past month we have located more probable prehistoric sites at the far—Tanjong Datu—side of the great bay in which is Santubong, with its impressive prehistory.

We now have a whole set over there—all worth further digging.

These apear to be rather later than most of the Santubong (easterly) places—perhaps in the general time period 1300 to 1600 A.D. But the recce material is different from most Bornean stuff and still unclear.

Near Telok Seremban, right under Tanjong Datu, we have just located a bronze object, iron slag again, and some massive Chinese pottery.

It has long been thought that this exposed end of the bay—exposed to monsoon, piracy and head-hunting—was more or less uninhabited until the Brookes made it safe for settlement on the coast. It looks as if these new finds may cause drastic revision of this view. But there is much work to do before we can say more about it. Except that this further extension of archaeological sites in S.W. Borneo confirms our belief that a really big trade went on through this area for centuries. There is no reason to suppose that we are anywhere near the end of discovery yet.

*For the Gourmet*: *Winkles, Oysters etc.*

Few people in this country—of any race except Malay—esteem the shellfish which abound upon our shores.

One of the commonest and nicest is the dull-coloured wrinkled little winkle which is common on rock and reef. It looks like nobody's business. Looks deceive. Boiled from the shell, then lightly fried, these are quite delicious. Bottled in vinegar to soften, more so. You can collect a kati in an hour or so. That will make a course for four.

Another attraction is that they'll stay alive in a basket or bag, so are portable.

Oysters are more difficult to collect, cook and keep fesh. These are still abundant on sea rocks exposed at low tide, even close to our only and one holiday resort (Santubong).

Oysters should always be eaten fully fresh; preferably with a dash of lime. If your want to detribalise the winkles a bit, that is no great grastronomic heresy. The ghost of Brillat-Savarin will not haunt your tummy.

Try this novel Sauce Curateurial (for four large helpings of winkles):

1 terong (egg plant) well cooked; then cut in long strips and fried.
2 tablespoons olive oil.
4 local (Chinese) small onions, chopped very fine.
2 tahils butter
2 small tomatoes (sweet).
1 or 2 savoury leaves (local).
¼ pint white wine.
Salt and pepper to please.
A flash of Creme de Menthe (*Ijau*).

Stir, mix, serve with winkles. Novel? Why, after that, *anything* CAN happen!!

If your are still alive next month you may have our recipe for Durian Ethnologique.

Or, if you insist, our still more famous recipe:

DURIAN AU DETTOL LAUT

Up our sleeves, also, is IKAN TALANG2 BENZADRINAL.

(avec Sauce Archaeologue)

(*Contributed*)

## The Good Old Days

(Extract from *Sarawak Gazette*)

March 1, 1909

VI—THE DAYAK FEAST CALLED MANDI RUMAH

When a new house has been taken possession of by its future inmates, certain ceremonies must be gone through to make it habitable, such as the rite of making it lawful for the house to receive food for its inhabitants. But the rite of *mandi rumah* (house washing) may be deferred although the house must be under certain restrictions until it has been performed.

*Mandi rumah* literally translated is "to bathe the house". Yet the term is more common than the more exact phrase *masu rumah* 'to wash the house.' *Muai rumah* (lit. to abolish the house) is also used as the name of this feast, having reference to the abolishing of restrictions by its observance.

It is hard to say what was the original significance of this observance, for nothing but the name implies anything about washing, the ceremony as now performed having nothing to suggest it. Perhaps, however, there is a hint of the original idea remaining in the restriction that prevents anyone polluting the water of the bathing and watering place, by fishing with the aid of *tuba* (poisonous root) which is thrown into the water to stupefy the fish or kill them, before the *masu rumah*.

Again, if, as the name implies, a cleansing of the house is meant it is difficult to divine its purpose. The washing of an old house might signify the purging of some stain of guilt attaching to it or its inmates, but in the case of a new house it seems to imply a sort of consecration to good purposes, and the formal renunciation of all that is accounted by Dayak custom immoral.

Its actual present significance to the Dayak does not seem to go beyond the observance of a custom made binding by tradition, and made desirable enough by the irksomeness of restrictions that tradition also enjoins until the *mandi rumah* has been duly observed. And these restrictions are irksome enough.

The Dayaks, having no separate buildings for courts of justice, workshops, factories or the like, transact all business and perform all indoor labour with the house they live in, where the *ruai* or broad covered verandah affords ample space. But until the *mandi rumah*, no court may be held in it by the chief for settlement of disputes; fines, if imposed may not be paid; wearing and the making of blankets from bark (*tekalong*) are prohibited. Any person violating any of these rules must incur a penalty, which takes the form of a sacrifice, to avert the misfortune resulting from such offence which would fall upon the inmates. This condition of things prevails until the *mandi rumah*.

Now to consider the fesat itself, to which the Dayaks commonly add other ceremonies to save the expense that separate observance would entail.

It is generally held after a good harvest, preparation having been in hand for two or three months. When the time draws near "a promise of three days" (to borrow Dayak phraseology) is made.

The first day is devoted to *beban tangga* (making the ladder for the house). The second day is occupied in the cooking of *piring*, i.e. offerings that are to be made to the gods at the feast. Invitations are sent out, fighting cocks are set, and on the third day the feast commences. Three rites properly belong to the feast, namely; (1) *beban tangga*, 'the making of the ladder,' (2) *mangkong tiang*, 'striking the post,' and (3) *ngiga igi engkuni*, 'seeking the seed of the *engkuni* tree,' which is used as a charm.

Now to consider these rites in detail.

When all the guests, who include all the men of importance in the neighbourhood, arrive they are received with great ceremony and a pig is sacrificed for them, or a libation made of their homemade toddy. This is by way of an offering to their patron saints or gods. The opening ceremony is *miring ka tangga*, (the offering to the ladder). As soon as the new ladder is placed in position, Pulang Gana and other gods are propitiated by an offering, which is hung underneath the ladder, and the sacrifice of a pig. An old man then recites as follows:

"But thou art the heart of iron wood,
"Come up, and bring with them brass-ware,
"As gongs, *tetawak*, and *bebendai*,
"Let their merchandise be cheap, etc."

The second ceremony is *mangkong tiang*. The same old man enters the room of the chief of the house first to perform the rite. Another offering is prepared in the room, and is placed on the shelf of the kitchen for Pulang Gana, the god of the earth.

The old chanter then strikes a post of the house with a bamboo containing *pulut* (rice ready cooked) meanwhile reciting this incantation:—

"Thou art not a common bamboo,
"Thou art the heart of iron wood,
"Be thou a supporter to fill the paddy bin,
"And cause the Malays, the Chinese, the Europeans,
"To come and buy paddy, and help us, O Pulang Gana."

The chanter must repeat the ceremony in every room, and if the house be a long one, a great part of the day will have slipped by ere the drosy old man, now an object of mirth and laughter, has finished his task.

In the *ruai* or reception room of the house the professional reciters are deeply engaged with their incantation called *pengap* to look for *igi engkuni*. It is a long recitation (and is done at the top of their voices) to implore the father of Nendak to descend from above and give them the *igi engkuni*. *Apai*, or the father of Nendak, when he comes down puts the *igi engkuni* in the *engkuni* post and it is taken from there. The incantation begins from four in the afternoon and goes on till day light the next day.

The feast lasts a day and a night and the house or village is generally quite full. The confusion and the noise are so great that it requires a good writer to describe it. At the approach of daylight much stir is made, when Apai Nendak, Pulang Gana, and the rest of the gods are supposed to arrive at the feast. Offerings are made to them and the musical instruments are struck louder and with more vigour. Shouting and laughter, the crowing of cocks and dogs fighting all about the place are enough to drive any one mad. Such is this religious feast of the Dayaks.

Revd. Wm. Howell

## Excerpts from Reports of Administrative Officers for the Second Quarter 1955

Acting District Officer, Simanggang
(Mr. H. R. Harlow)

*Obituary*—It is greatly regretted to have to report the death of Orang Kaya Jaol ak Lawan at Rumah Jarum, Seduku on 23rd June, 1955.

In 1921 he was made Penghulu of the Balau district and in 1931 was promoted to be Orang Kaya. He received the Long Service Decoration in 1941 and retired after 26 years service in 1947. He is succeeded by his son, Penghulu Charles Intai.

*Native Affairs*—During the earlier part of the quarter the people throughout the district were busy harvesting and at the end of the season there was a great influx of people to Simanggang mainly to pay taxes. The off season enabled people to get away from their farms to attend Regatta. In April 31 doors from Engkari in the Lubok Antu district who were moving to Limbang spent several days in Simanggang, and in May a batch of recruits for the Sarawak Rangers passed through Simanggang.

Requests to pindah became more and more frequent during the quarter. The greatest number were from people living in the Skrang.

Hari Raya Fitrah was celebrated on May 23rd and 24th this year with all the accustomed splendour. At night the Kampongs were ablaze with lights and during the day the station was brightened by the colourful costume of the Malay Community. Visiting started early and finished late.

*Education*—The Divisional Education Officer toured extensively during the quarter and visited most of the schools in this district.

In June the Scholarships Committee approved the award as from May to December of $25 per month each to fourteen St. Luke's School boys whose longhouse at Abok was completely destroyed by fire in April. It had been feared that their education might be interrupted. Thirteen of these grants have been accepted.

Tuai Rumahs, both when they visit Simanggang and when they meet officers while travelling constantly ask for schools to be established but when they have it pointed out to them that they will have to help to provide buildings and guarantee a minimum attendance at Schools their enthusiasm soon fades.

During the quarter a start was made on the erection of a new wing to the Chung Hua School.

*Public Works*—Good progress was made, on the drains in the new Simanggang bazaar. The road contractor's men were busy in the bazaar area filling in roads and tidying up the vacant place.

A start was made on the transporting of river gravel for use as surfacing on these roads and work was completed on the dressing of the road in front of the bazaar with white earth.

With the employment of a new road contractor the condition of the Simanggang roads generally has improved enormously.

The Government offices and Visitors' quarters at Lingga were completed during the quarter as also was one Junior Service Quarters type C. In Simanggang itself engine house for the V.H.F. was built.

Work still in progress includes the erection of fencing at the Stumbin Godown and a ten-room barrack for the Simanggang hospital.

On 13th June, the Divisional Engineer, 2nd Division, the Assistant Executive Engineer and the Colonial Road Engineer arrived at Simanggang on a tour of inspection. They left on June 15th.

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*Food Control*—During the quarter 2,935.50 pikuls of padi were shipped from the Government godowns to Kuching. Had it not been for shortage of storage space in Kuching more would have been sent as purchasing of padi in the district was heavy, 8,752.55 pikuls having been bought.

Movement of produce from the bazaar included 204.10 pikuls of white pepper, 672.60 pikuls of black pepper, 3,154.50 pikuls of smoked rubber and 748 pikuls of padi.

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*General*—Much consternation has been caused this quarter by the complete inability to obtain spare parts for the repairing of G.E.C. "Corned Beef" radios. All minor repairs to these radios in the district have been carried out by Government Staff at Simanggang but by the end of the quarter there were almost fifty sets stacked here vainly awaiting the arrival of spare valves and other parts.

Prior to the Simanggang Regatta on 26th and 27th June, concerts produced by the *Hiboran Pemuda* Music Party were staged in the Brooke Memorial Hall on 24th, 25th and 26th June. The boat-races were particularly late in starting on the first day and went on until 3 p.m. The final of the Dayak Football competition followed and the trophy was presented by the Honourable the Resident. On the second day Government servants took part in a Fancy Dress football match and a Beauty Contest was also held before the prizes were given away by Mrs. J. C. Graham-Stewart. On both evenings free film-shows for the public were held on the *padang*.

A party of Posts and Telegraphs employees came to Simanggang during the latter part of the quarter to lay telephone cables but will leave shortly.

Film-shows by the Yong Yong and Cathay travelling cinema-units have been much more frequent this quarter and these shows are greatly enjoyed by all, as visits by the Information Service mobile unit are not very frequent.

On the evening of April 18th a disastrous fire took place at Rumah Belon, Abok. The entire house was burnt to the ground and the people, almost without exception, lost all their belongings. Help was given by the Social Welfare Council and the Red Cross. An appeal by the Resident for relief led to a very generous response by the people at all stations in the division.

### Acting District Officer, Saratok

(Mr. D. S. Cottrell)

*Medical and Health*—One meeting of the Health and Welfare Committee of the Local Authority was held during the quarter. This Committee has now arranged for every school in the district (twenty-three) to be supplied with powdered milk; the milk is being distributed at the time of writing.

The committe is also taking an interest in fire precautions, and an offer by the Kuching Municipal Council to take one trainee for a month's course has been accepted. A sub-Committee is dealing with fire precautions, and it appears to be getting support from the public.

*Agriculture*—Magic padi hit this district too. It had its tragic aspect as some farmers left their harvesting to go over to see the "original" Magic padi. One Penghulu from this district actually flew over by plane from Kuching.

On my tour of the Roban area a high proportion of houses had their own piece of ground which was clever at manufacturing padi seeds, and some people seemed to be making a very good thing out of it financially. I think the subject is dying down now, but it will be interesting next year to see how the "special" padi seeds do against ordinary ones.

Deaths among pigs and fowls on the Roban side of the district were extremely heavy in the majority of houses. The Veterinary Officer Mr. Merry came to Roban to investigate the matter, but as deaths are sudden (after 2 or 3 hours of sickness only) he was unable to find a sick pig. There was nothing that could be done about fowls, and the disease had to run its course.

There have been no deaths reported for well over a month now, and I hope that we have had the last of it.

Harvests were good in most of the district, particularly in wet padi areas. In Kabong over 2000 piculs of local padi were bought by Government and in Saratok over one thousand pikuls, during the second quarter.

*Native Affairs*—After a record catch of *paya* at the beginning of the year (easily the best since the war), fishing at Kabong during the second quarter has fallen off. Very few *jongkat* are to be seen now off Kabong, and many of the younger men have gone off to 3rd Division to Timber Companies and for other work.

After many months' discussion in Divisional Council, further discussion in Dayak houses and a recommendation by a Penghulus' meeting, it was resolved during this quarter by the Local Authority to recommend that Dayak Customary fines be raised 100% in the Second Division.

Three Penghulus out of five say that they want the fines to be raised $100%, one says 50% and one dosen't seem to have any opinions at all. Opinion in the Krian seems to be fairly solidly for the raising, sometimes with certain variations of the present fines, whereas opinion in the Seblak seems to be fairly equally divided for and against.

The matter is being brought again into the Divisional Council in August.

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*Public Works*—The most interesting scheme afoot at present is the Sessang/Nyabore ditch (or canal). The proposal has been put up by the Finance and General

Purposes Committee of the Local Authority to deepen and widen a ditch which was built with local labour by the Japanese. This ditch is 3 miles long and joins the district to Tanjong Mani and Sibu by inland waterway, and would be invaluable for the cheap conveyance of logs. The scheme will probably cost in the nature of ninety thousand dollars, but could probably pay for itself in ten to fifteen years from a tax on logs passing through.

A preliminary inspection was made for the Authority by the S.T.A. Simanggang, but the scheme has not yet been finally approved by the Authority for submission for a loan from Government owing to the unexpectedly high cost.

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ACTING DISTRICT OFFICER, BETONG

(Mr. A. M. Phillips)

*Native Affairs*—The quarter saw little farming activity as harvest had been completed in March. The natives of the area found more time for visiting the Government offices for paying taxes, and for opening litigation etc., A fair number of Malays left for Mecca and Dayaks held their usual *gawai*. However, these latter were not on a large scale especially amongst those houses farming in the hill parts of the District due to a poor harvest.

An interesting feature of the *gawai* here was the number of *gawai padi datai* i.e. the celebration for padi which appears to fall from the sky. This is a continuation of the Gani story from Batang Rejang, and at the end of the quarter most houses in the Layer, Spak, Padeh, and also in the Rimbas and Paku, had either performed the *gawai* themselves or had at least attended one or two. A feature of this *gawai* is that padi which is alleged to have fallen from the sky is brought from other houses to the house which is about to celeberate. On arrival at the foot of the ladder a "*Babi bland*" and "*Manok labang*" (white pig and spotted white chicken) are killed and an offering made at the bottom of the ladder. From the landing stage (*Pendai*) to the foot of the ladder, thence up the ladder on to the *ruai*, and from the *tanju* to the *bilek* and into a *tajau lama* run strings, either of decorated rotan or of red cotton threaded with hundreds of puffed rice grains (*letup*). The whole house is spread out with mats covering all the *ruai* and the whole of the *bilek*. The visitors with the *padi datai* sit on the *ruai* together with 11 or possibly 13 women dressed in white, as men, with feathered hats and parangs, who make the offerings etc., After this, during the night, grains of padi are found from time to time either on the mats or on the ground outside the house. Stones and animals' teeth are also found, sometimes on the mats, sometimes in the offerings themselves, sometimes falling from the roof. All these grains of padi and pebbles etc., are supposed to bring good luck. Most of the padi probably falls out of the *tibang*, padi bins, in the roof whence it is disturbed by the usual rats, cats, or shaking of the house caused by the crowd of visitors. The stones and animals teeth could also be placed *in situ* by subterfuge. If it is a hoax it is a big one and is yet undiscovered by the locals. The houses carrying out this *gawai* and who place not a little faith in its efficacy include houses with many Christians. This phenomenon impresses or seems to impress, much more quickly and effectively than such mundane benefits as local authorities or, indeed, V.H.F. telephones.

NATIVE OFFICER, LUBOK ANTU

(Mr. Umar bin Kassim)

*Dayak Affairs*—Di-masa quarter ini hampir tiap2 buah rumah Dayak sedang sebok bergawai Batu. Bagitu juga Recruiting Officer Colonel C. J. Baird telah mengambil 49 orang Iban dari Engkilili District, ontok kerja Sarawak Rangers di-Malaya. Boleh di-kata kan tiap2 buah rumah yang berhampiran dengan pasar Engkilili hendak minta pindah ka-Baram dan Limbang, Indai Penghulu Sigan dengan 50 orang perempuan yang lain telah datang ka-kubu dan berjumpa dengan Tuan Resident kerana minta kerja di-Seria, ia-lah pertama kali perempuan Dayak yang hendak minta berkuli menchari kerja tetapi banyak dari orang laki2 Iban yang tiada membenar perempuan itu keluar dari rumah-nya menchari kerja di-lain2 negeri kerana takut merika tiada balek lagi ka-tempat nya. Permintaan mereka itu telah di-jawap olih Tuan Resident tiada ada perkerja'an ontok perempuan choma laki2 sahaja.

Olih kerana di-masa quarter ini getah ada berherga mana2 rumah yang terkena ampoh ayer bah (besar) tadi tiada-lah berapa susah menchari wang ontok merika membeli beras.

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## Kuching Rifle Club

The unsettled weather during the latter part of September has delayed the completion of the monthly contests, but at the time of writing this report, it is possible to say that the Quarterly Cup, which is on a straight shoot basis, will undoubtedly go to J. F. Storey who has maintained his leading average throughout the quarter. As the cup cannot be won twice by any individual, it leaves a far more open contest for next close averages and anyone may achieve the trophy.

The entries for the monthly medal have been good and it is hoped that the contestants will be able to complete their cards without interruption during the remaining days of the month.

On Monday the 12th September, Liberation Day holiday, the club staged a sporting event. The first two contests on a handicap basis were won by Eileen MacGregor who shot consistently above her registered handicap. The third contest was won by J. F. Storey.

Team practices for the forthcoming shoot against Seria have suffered on account of weather, as already indicated, but the shoot will definitely take place before the end of the month. Seria have been challenged to results of straight shooting and handicap.

The averages for August are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| J. F. Storey | 97 |
| G. J. Van Kan | 94.8 |
| Jimmy Sim | 94.2 |
| Thelma Baird | 94 |
| Ong Thian Chuan | 92.8 |
| Max Whiting | 91.6 |
| Anthony Ng | 91.2 |
| Eileen MacGregor | 86.8 |
| Joyce Kingsley | 83 |

As averages are now only taken from competition entries, several others who shoot regularly but have not entered the competitions are not recorded here.

J. F. STOREY

## Report on a Visit to the Upper Trusan in April and May, 1955

(I)

*Introduction*

Our party consisting of S.A.O. William Ngir, Travelling Dispensary Assistant Jambol, P.C. Latip and the writer set out in the afternoon of the 13th April. Following the only route and the normal travelling procedure we arrived at Bah Kelalan, the furthermost group of Murut hamlets in the district, ten days later. Here we heard news that Penghulu Lawai of Bareo was anxious to meet us . Accordingly, a meeting at Pa Trap, the nearest Kelabit house, was arranged. From Pa Trap the intention was to proceed, via Belawit, to Long Bawang, the local Indonesian administrative headquarters. Permission for such a visit had been obtained from the Kiai beforehand. However, the path to Belawit was much dissected by hunters' tracks and having followed one of the latter instead of the former and lost a day thereby, it was reluctantly decided, on account of lack of time, to return direct to Bah Kelalan. It also happened the Kiai was away from Long Bawang at the time. We left Bah Kelalan for Lawas on the 1st May, completing the return journey in eight days. Fortunately the weather was not too adverse for most of the time. It does not take much rain to make parts of the track a morass.

*Depopulation and Track Improvement*

Depopulation continues with a steady trickle of both householders and families going down to Lawas and staying there. To hear the Penghulu of the area chiefly concerned (Long Lopeng and Long Semadoh) speak one would think the trickle was a flood. But as far as I could see not more than a dozen doors were affected during the year. For a total interior population which does not exceed 1,350 this could be accumulatively serious over the years. One ingenious suggestion to discourage emigration put forward by the Penghulu was for Government to call upon the emigrants as through-coolies on officers travelling from Lawas to Bah Kelalan. It was pointed out in reply that the only effective answer to depopulation, short of immigration, was to get the track fit for pack transport as quickly as possible, and this depended largely on the Muruts' readiness to set the pressing need for track improvement which will enable them to market their goods easily, and their personal action to achieve it. It is important, however, to ensure that in the meantime new arrivals from the interior continue to return to their original kampongs to help in communal tasks, like the annual clearing of the track or the building of suspension bridges. This will check departures to some degree.

As is to be expected, enthusiasm for the 5 year Ulu Trusan Track Development Scheme grows in proportion as one advances into the interior. There should be comparatively little difficulty in completing the last sections. Bah Kelalan people, for example, appear to see clearly the scheme as the answer to their problems. Villages two or three days removed from Lawas tended, at first anyway, to be rather lukewarm, showing apparent surprise when they were told that they would have to do the work and that Government had no intention of recruiting Iban or Indonesian labour for it. Carrying sixty katties of padi or damar on the back to Lawas is not so bad a proposition viewed from, say, Long Sukang. However there is no reason to believe that promises made will not be fulfilled, and work on the track will not proceed this year to, anyway, near Ruan Spakol. This first section is all important, since once a definite start has been made and government's intentions are beyond doubt, for even the most cynical, enthusiasm should be yet easier to engender.

As the year is already well advanced, and one of the four relatively slack periods in the farming calender (April) has been lost, leaving only three more this year, and also on account of the position stated above, it has been arranged for more people to work on this first stretch than would be the case if strickly based on population proportion. The villages of the late Penghulu Itai Lakai, and of T.Rs Kurus, Sita and Singa, (all very near Lawas), Long Lutok, and Long Sukang will, therefore, be working on the track in 1955. The exisitng tebassing limits of these kampongs will have to be altered somewhat, and each village's stretch of track is to be based, as far as can be guaged on expected difficulty and Labour strength. The Muruts pressed for the commencement of the work to be delayed till the end of June, since in May and the first part of June they would normally be busy clearing the area for the coming year's hill padi sowing. Although one would have liked an earlier start to have been made, it appears from external enquiries made that it is as they say. Therefore, it would be unwise to compel them to leave their farms at a time when they were seemingly, genuinely needed there. Also, the short respite gives us an opportunity to receive the tools which the Government should supply a (non-recurrent expenditure, since they would be loaned out also to the villages involved in next year's section).

The first part of the track to be developed this year —from Kampong Gaya, 3 miles from Lawas, to as far as the last crossing of Lawas Damit, a little over 3 hours further walking,—should present relatively little difficulty. The going is at least flat; but there are considerable sections of swamp land to cross with no chance of economic diversions. Drains will have to be built here. From Natad Batu, 1½ hours on from the last crossing of the Damit, the hilly country begins in earnest and bearing in mind that the mule (probably the toughest of pack animals) works best on a maximum 1 in 6 gradient, there will have to be diversions or traversing before Ruan Spakoi, 3½ hours from Natad, is reached. The rock climb directly after leaving the Beriwan in particular must and can be avoided. This diversion will be of some distance, probably adding at least ¾ mile to the journey. Elsewhere—as far as Ruan Spakoi—traversing would suffice.

It is needless to say that regular supervision will have to be kept up. As the journey to and back from Ruan Spakoi can—if one starts very early—be done in two days, this should not be difficult. The distribution of the money for payment of labour this year, which will be $10,000 less cost of tools, should be straight forward once the stint of each kampong is settled. (The Tua Rumahs have agreed in principle to the rough delineations suggested. It will be necessary, though, for them to be fixed with precision, and this will be done in early June). It is probable that there will be about 100 men in all from the kampongs concerned working in 1955. It is therefore probable that payment per man will work out at something like $80. The payment for the annual tebassing is $10.—, and it is a fair inference that the exertion required on the new track will be about eight times that needed in the past. At PWD rates, of course, payment per man would be much higher, possibly double, for both present cleaning and future development. This aspect is quite a salutory check to a feeling it is difficult to escape at times, namely that some of the Muruts are being somewhat 'obstinate' and 'unco-operative', to progress. Semi-free labour when no very obvious advantages are to be gained, as in the case with the downriver Muruts, and not sanctioned by tradition, must involve a no mean concession on their part.

For 1956, presuming Ruan Spakoi or its vicinity is reached this year, the aim, it is suggested, should be Punang Brayong. Labour should be supplied by, in addition to the last named kampong, Pa Brayong and Long Lopeng. This would involve between sixty and seventy able-bodied men. The tragets for the remaining three years could be conveniently Pa Merarap, Long Beluyu, and in 1959, Bah Kelalan. All are approximately equidistant from one another if distance is measured in effort. The average yearly expenditure authorised after this year is just under $19,000— though the cost of maintenance and the probable provision out of the total vote of perhaps two or so of the pack animals (when their species is chosen) for a prelimary experimental period under Government ownership.

would have to be taken into account. If Ruan Spakoi can be reached for a cost of $10,000, there *should* be no financial worries over the completion of the track. This year undoubtedly will be the most testing one in all ways.

Again on this tour much spontaneous interest was shown by the Bah Kelalan people on the question of what animal was eventually going to be used. They were told there were arguments for other animals besides the mule, but there was no need for an immediate decision. Before too long, however, a decision will have to be made, and it is to this end the Honourable the Resident is arranging a visit by half a dozen Murut leaders to North Borneo in the hope of our drawing lessons from their experience of pack transport. While an open mind must be kept at this stage when no expert advice is available, the writer's personal tentative opinion would be that mules are the best proposition. They are expensive and will need trained personnel for a while to manage them, but their toughness and capacity to carry heavy loads (three times as much as men) should more than outweigh the initial finanacial disadvantages—from the Government's point of view, too, if the expenditure on the actual track can be, as seems probable, confined well within the $85,000 limit. The Curator in one report wrote favourably of Indian cattle. The Muruts would know how to handle these straightaway and it happens they can carry similar loads to mules, but it has been suggested they would be too slow. A very pertinent question asked was what mules feed on. It would be interesting to know. I suspect they would not be self sufficient in the terrain they would have to pass over, and it is with them in mind probably that long grass has been planted in the Long Semadoh Agricultural plot.

It was a source of disappointment that the annual clearing of the track had not taken place by the time this journey was made. The excuse was that they had not received explicit instructions from Government that it wanted the track cleared on this occasion. As for some years past the track is always cleared by the first of the District Officer's two annual visits, the excuse was very lame.

*Public Works*

Some progress was made with the erection of the suspension bridges—though it must be admitted not so much as one would have liked. There seemed to be three reasons why the Muruts have been most reluctant to put up these bridges. And they seem not to be altogether without weight. Firstly, the one erected at Pa Tengoa (and before this trip that was the only one erected besides that at Sungei Gaya) was found to be too much of a test for all but the strongest nerves. Three cables were supplied, two on top, and one at the bottom to hold together the planks that formed the base. The result of three cables only, said the Muruts, was that the bridge swayed viciously when one tried to cross. As a result the other villages were not too keen to put up theirs. It is a pity they did not tell Government before about their fears. No doubt we can help make these bridges more secure by the supplementary use of ordinary wire fencing. In Burma, apparently, suspension bridges at great height have been secured by rattan with mules continually passing to and fro.

Secondly, the people are very keen that all their ex-villagers who have in the last couple of years or so lived in Lawas, should return and help them in the task of erection. Again, not very difficult to achieve, and during this tour word was sent down to such persons formerly of Long Lopeng. To the credit of their new headman, Kurus Kitang, and the Long Lopeng Tua Rumah, Sia Teko, who could have both without much difficulty found excuses even then, they at once proceeded to Long Lopeng and the bridge was put up immediately on their arrival. This incidentlly in high water, and must continually be used by children. Word was also sent down to those who had recently left Pa Tengoa, and the bridge, which had been up some time but was quite useless on our arrival since for the most part only the cable survived, was put in good order before we left.

The third reason for the Muruts not showing much zeal over the bridges is their almost passionate desire for the burden to be equally spread. There was a general feeling that the Long Semado group were being more than a little fortunate in having no work to do in connection with this. Understandably Pa Brayong were most sensitive of this since they, admittedly under another Tua Kampong, had undertaken to put up two bridges—at the Metalan and the Mabang both of which were upriver and which they would have relatively little use for. In the end, Long Semado agree to collect the wire for the one for which the wire still remains uncollected (collection to be made at the end of June) and Pa Brayong and its satellite kampong, albeit reluctantly, agreed to keep to their last year's promise and put both up at about that time. The collection is every part as troublesome, though involving of course fewer people, as the erection, and Long Semado, I think, have shown quite a commendable spirit in accepting impositions which were never theirs. It must be admitted, however, that it took some time to persuade them, and even now care will have to be taken they do not find plausible reasons why they should not carry out their newly made promise. Besides those already mentioned, the only other suspension bridge mooted it for Long Beluyu. Long Beluyu had not even collected the wire —but as they are eight days straight walking from Lawas one cannot say that the other villages would not have been similarly negative if they were in their position. A promise was extracted to fetch the wire at the end of the coming month. Even if Long Semado and Long Beluyu do collect the wire then, unless we can give them something to make the bridge less rickety than Pa Tengoa's we can perhaps expect further delay in the absence of firm—and possibly antagonizing—compulsion. One item they could remedy themselves is their present practice of putting up the bridges at a height too well above any foreseeable flood level. The psychological effect of walking high above rocks and a rushing noisy torrent can be imagined. I could not discover how many days a month on an average the high water makes the bridges inescapable if one wants to continue—but is is agreed by all that travellers are held up 'many times' and are fortunate if they only have to wait two days. Our party, happily, did not *have* to use the bridges. Their 'factor of safety' as the engineers call it is, I suspect, uncomfortably low.

The *Sultan* at Ruan Spakio whose roof had suffered in a gale last year has been repaired, and the *sulap* is now in pefectly good condition. Long Ukang is in a similar state. That at Long Merarap is showing some signs of strain—especially the floor, and an order will soon have to go out to Long Luping for its repair. The maintenance of the *sulap* is unpaid as far as labour goes, with the Pa Brayong and Long Tengoa Kampongs responsible for that at Ruan Spakoi, Long Lupin for that at Long Merarap, and Bah Kelalan for that at Long Ukang. No complaint has yet been received from these villages that they are helping other villages out free. I heard no requests for an additional *sulap* at Long Mebuang, and cannot myself, as yet see the need for one there. Perhaps the matter can rest until some vocal demand is created.

The proposed quarters of the Sarawak Administrative Officer at Long Semadoh are in good order though long since unoccupied. Their resistance to the rain was put slightly to the test while we were there. It passed this test quite well though the few patches in the roof will have to be filled before he moves in—preferably a short time before he does so, to give the repairs a more effective life.

(*To be continued*)

## Recent Books

The following books are new additions to the Sarawak Library:—

| AUTHOR | TITLE |
|---|---|
| **Crime and Detection** | |
| Alligham, Margery | *The Beckoning Lady* |
| Brand, Christianna | *Tour de Force* |
| Burton, Miles | *Heir To Murder* |
| Carmichael, Harry | *The Vanishing Trick* |
| Christie, Agatha | *Lord Edgware Dies* |
| Christie, Agatha | *The Mystery of the Blue Train* |
| Christie, Agatha | *Murder On The Orient Express* |
| Christie, Agatha | *Taken At The Flood* |
| Christie, Agatha | *Three Act Tragedy* |
| Cory, Desmond | *The Phoenix Sings* |
| Creasey, John | *Inspector West Makes Haste* |
| Cronin, Michael | *Loser Takes Nothing* |
| Farjeon, J. Jefferson | *Castle Of Fear* |
| Farjeon, J. Jefferson | *Cause Unknown* |
| Ferrars, Elizabeth | *Enough To Kill A Horse* |
| Ford, Leslie | *Invitation To Murder* |
| Franklin, Charles | *Prechance To Kill* |
| Franklin, Charles | *The Stranger Came Back* |
| Garve, Andrew | *The Cuckoo Line Affair* |
| Garve, Andrew | *A Hole In The Ground* |
| Garve, Andrew | *No Mask For Murder* |
| Garve, Andrew | *The Riddle of Samson* |
| Gielgud, Val | *Special Delivery* |
| Gilbert, Anthony | *Death Knocks Three Times* |
| Gray, Berkeley | *The Half-Open Door* |
| Gray, Berkeley | *Seven Dawns To Death* |
| Grex, Leo | *Ace Of Danger* |
| Gunn, Victor | *The Crippled Canary* |
| Gunn, Victor | *The Crooked Staircase* |
| Gunn, Victor | *Death Comes Laughing* |
| Gunn, Victor | *The Whistling Key* |
| Jay, Charlotte | *Beat Not The Bones* |
| Jay, Charlotte | *The Yellow Turban* |
| Lorac, E.C.R. | *Death Before Dinner* |
| Lorac, E.C.R. | *Murder In The Mill Race* |
| Maxwell, Brigid | *The Case Of The Six Mistresses* |
| Meynell, Lawrence | *Give Me The Knife* |
| Meynell, Lawrence | *Too Clever By Half* |
| Muir, Thomas | *Death In Soundings* |
| Powell, Lester | *The Black Casket* |
| Reed, Eliot | *The Maras Affair* |
| Scott, Denis | *Murder Makes A Villain* |
| Smith, Clark | *The Speaking Eye* |
| Upfield, Arthur | *Cake In The Hat Box* |
| Vickers, Roy | *Double Image And Other Stories* |
| Walsh, J.M. | *King Of Tiger Bay* |
| Wentworth, Patricia | *Vanishing Point* |
| Wilkinson, Lawrence | *Appointment In Tangier* |
| Wilkinson, Lawrence | *The Salamander Sword* |
| **Fiction** | |
| Appleby, John | *The Captive City* |
| Baker, Richard St. Barbe | *Kabongo: The Story of A Kikuyu Chief.* |
| Baron, Alexander | *The Golden Princess* |
| Bates, H.E. | *The Nature of Love* |
| Bell, Josephine | *Hell's Pavement* |
| Coles, Manning | *The Man In The Green Hat* |
| Golding, William | *Lord of The Flies* |
| Graham, Winston | *The Little Walls* |
| Innes, Hammond | *The Blue Ice* |
| Kaye, M.M. | *Death Walked In Berlin* |
| Kemp, P.K. *ed* | *A hundred Years of Sea Stories: From Melville to Hemingway.* |
| Kennedy, Margaret | *The Oracles* |
| Koestler, Arthur | *The Gladiators* |
| Lewis, Norman | *The Day of the Fox* |

| | |
|---|---|
| Lodwick, John | *The Starless Night* |
| Macinnes, Helen | *Pray For A Brave Heart* |
| Mackenzie, Compton | *Ben Nevis Goes East* |
| Moore, George | *Esther Waters* |
| Mottram, R.H. | *Over The Wall* |
| Pape, Richard | *Arm And Audacity* |
| Remarque, Erich Maria | *Arch of Triumph* |
| Remarque, Erich Maria | *Flotsam* |
| Sarasin, J.G. | *The Corsair* |
| Stokes, Sewell | *Beyond His Means* |
| Swinnerton, Frank | *The Summer Intrigue* |
| Warner, Sylvia Townsend | *The Flint Anchor* |
| Wodehouse, P.G. | *Jeeves And The Feudal Spirit* |
| Zweig, Arnold | *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* |
| **Non-Fiction** | |
| Anderson, Patrick | *Snake Wine: A Singapore Episode* |
| J. D. Jump | *Matthew Arnold* |
| Ashton, George | *Taking Colour Photographs* |
| Badley, John Haden | *Memories and Reflections* |
| Banton, Michael | *The Coloured Quarter: Negro Immigrant in an English City* |
| Butler, Edward Harry | *An Introduction to Journalism* |
| Campbell, George Archibald | *The Civil Service in Britain* |
| Church, Richard | *Over the Bridge: an essay in autobiography* |
| Duncan, K.S. | *The Oxford Pocket Book of Athletic Training.* |
| Eden, *Sir* Anthony | *Sir Anthony Eden: the chronicles of a career by Lewis Broad* |
| Epstein, *Sir* Jacob | *An Autobiography. Revised & extended edition* |
| Fitzpatrick, *Sir* Percy | *Fitz: the story of Sir Percy Fitzpatrick by J.P.R. Wallis* |
| Fletcher, David Wilson | *The Children of Kanchenjunga* |
| Golding, Louis | *Teach Yourself Local Government* |
| Haverbeck, H.D.S. | *The Commemorative Stamps of the British Commonwealth* |
| Henriques, Basil | *The Home-Menders: the prevention of Unhappiness in Children* |
| Lane, Frank Walter | *Nature Parade.* |
| Mannin, Ethel | *Land of the Crested Lion: a journey through Modern Burma* |
| Marion Crawford | *Margaret Rose, Princess of Great Britain* |
| Peacock, Irene Cynthia | *Their Royal Highnesses Prince Charles and Princess Anne* |
| Political and Economic Planning | *Colonial Students in Britain: a Report* |
| Ryder, John | *Printing for Pleasure: a Practical Guide for Amateurs* |
| Shaw, Alan George Lewers | *The Story of Australia* |
| Smith, Amy K. | *Needlework for Student Teachers* |
| Speaight, George | *The History of the English Puppet Theatre* |
| Swinnerton, Henry Hurd | *The Earth Beneath Us* |
| Williams, Emlyn | *The Wind of Heaven: a play in six scenes* |
| Young, A.W. *and* Young, Jenny C. | *Typewriting: touch and tabular: a complete course of instruction in the art of typewriting* |

PUSTAKA NEGERI SARAWAK

## Sarawak Turf Club

**First Day Saturday, 3rd September, 1955**

AUTUMN MEETING, 1955

RACE 1. THE RUMPUT AND PADI STAKES

All Ponies which have run but never won under S.T.C. Rules. 4 Furlongs

Messrs. R. Kirkwood & Ong Kee Chong's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Swan River** | 10.1 | Nani | 631 |
| 2. Nonya Balleh | 7.7 | Ali | 246 |
| 3. Mengalai | 9.4 | Da'an | 414 |
| 4. Jet Rocket | 7.12 (8.5) | Junaidi | 372 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Blue Bird II | 7.7 (8.0) | Wahed | 243 |
| Mutiara Timor | 7.7 | Wahab | 69 |
| | | | 1973 |

Won By: 4 lengths, ¾ length, 2½ lengths
Time: 1 Min. 09 seconds. Tote: $2.50.

RACE 2. THE AUTUMN SCURRY

Ponies Division III. 4 Furlongs

Madam Lily Goh's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Bintang Selatan** | 8.10 | Medin | 1098 |
| 2. Smoke Screen | 8.2 (7.11) | Wahed | 97 |
| 3. Brisbane River | 8.9 (8.4) | Sebli I | 219 |
| 4. Begawai | 7.13 | Manan | 632 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Phoenix | 7.9 | Asing | 207 |
| Kudat Prince | 7.7 (7.2) | Mat II | 570 |
| Boy Valiant | 7.13 (7.8) | Suhaili | 186 |
| Atom Boy | 8.10 (8.5) | Mat I | 297 |
| Menari | 7.7 (8.4) | Samsudin | 132 |
| Cabaret | 9.3 | Tan Tau Enn | 161 |
| Silver Star | 7.7 (7.12) | Sintek | 43 |
| Miss Kudat | 10.3 (9.10) | Sirat | 59 |
| | | | 3701 |

Won By: ¾ length, ½ length, 1½ lengths
Time: 1 Min. 06⅗ second. Tote: $2.60.

RACE 3. THE SEPTEMBER SCURRY

Ponies Division II. 4 Furlongs

Mr. Loh Yong Chin's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Bintang Aru** | 9.4 | Medin | 1565 |
| 2. Kaswari | 7.7 (7.12) | Manan | 387 |
| 3. Tanjong Hijau | 9.3 | Samsudin | 718 |
| 4. Darling River | 11.2 (10.11) | Mat I | 147 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Puca Architect | 9.5 | Asing | 801 |
| Borneo Boy | 8.4 | Liben | 296 |
| Jambu | 9.9 | Matnor | 75 |
| Happy Ending | 10.3 | Tan Tau Enn | 142 |
| Tanjong Aru | 8.10 (8.5) | Wahed | 98 |
| | | | 4229 |

Scratched: Mutiara Itam 10.1, Dondang Sayang 9.9
Won By: ½ length, 3½ lengths, 3 lengths
Time: 1 Min. 06⅕ second. Tote: $2.10.

RACE 4. THE AUTUMN SPRINT

Ponies Division I. 4 Furlongs

Mr. Ong Hap Leong's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Sea Dragon** | 7.7 | Asing | 679 |
| 2. Selamat Pagi | 7.9 (7.4) | Mat II | 230 |
| 3. Bintang Timor | 9.8 | Manan | 643 |
| 4. Chienlimah | 9.9 | Liben | 1033 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Bachelor Days | 9.11 | Mat I | 403 |
| Lucky Boy | 12.0 (11.7) | Sirat | 205 |
| | | | 3193 |

Won By: ½ length, Neck, 3 lengths
Time: 1 Min. 06 second. Tote: $3.70.

RACE 5. THE SEPTEMBER SPRINT

Horses Division II. 6 Furlongs

Mr. Wee Kheng Chiang's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 **Impala** | 9.8 | Samsudin | 1762 |
| 2. Craughan | 8.0 | Tan Tau Enn | 632 |
| 3. Orgeon II | 9.10 (9.3) | Putit I | 1166 |
| 4. Swift Arrow | 8.5 | Medin | 292 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Capitol | 8.8 | Teo Ek Pah | 357 |
| Stars Remember | 8.10 | Matnor | 227 |
| | | | 4436 |

Won By: 3 lengths, 1½ lengths, ¾ length
Time: 1 Min. 22⅘ seconds. Tote: $2.00.

RACE 6. THE GOVERNOR'S CUP

Horses Division I. 6 Furlongs

Mr. & Mrs. T. H. T. Wee's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 **Secret Love** | 9.0 | Samsudin | 2751 |
| 2. Avilor | 9.4 | Matnor | 1522 |
| 3. Crescent | 8.2 | Medin | 417 |
| 4. Entertainer | 8.10 | Teo Ek Pah | 306 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Bangsawan | 8.11 | Manan | 571 |
| | | | 5567 |

Scratched: Bras Queen 8.0
Won By: 3 lengths, 2 lengths, Distance
Time: 1 Min. 23 seconds. Tote: $1.60.

RACE 7. THE SABAH HANDICAP

Ponies Division III. 6 Furlongs

Mr. Philip Soh Fu's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 **Brisbane River** | 8.8 (8.3) | Wahed | 814 |
| 2. Begawai | 7.7 (7.11) | Manan | 337 |
| 3. Bintang Selatan | 9.4 (9.11) | Medin | 237 |
| 4. Phoenix | 7.9 | Asing | 177 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Atom Boy | 9.10 (9.5) | Mat I | 225 |
| Tanjong Hijau | 9.10 | Samsudin | 306 |
| Kudat Prince | 7.8 (7.3) | Mat II | 210 |
| Boy Valiant | 8.7 (8.0) | Suhaili | 1147 |
| Mengalai | 9.1 (9.3) | Da'an | 67 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Menari | 7.12 (7.11) | Wahab | 28 |
| Borneo Boy | 10.0 | Liben | 94 |
| Silver Star | 7.7 (8.1) | Sintek | 37 |
| Jet Rocket | 7.7 (8.5) | Junaidi | 40 |
| | | | 3719 |

Scratched: Dondang Sayang 9.12, Miss Kudat 7.7
Won By: ¾ length, 1 length, 2 lengths
Time: 1 Min. 44 seconds. Tote: $3.60.

RACE 8. THE KUCHING HANDICAP
Ponies Division II. 6 Furlongs
Mr. Tan Teck Soon's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Tanjong Aru** | 7.9 (7.4) | Wahed | 425 |
| 2. Kaswari | 7.12 | Manan | 872 |
| 3. Puca Architect | 8.9 | Asing | 929 |
| 4. Darling River | 9.10 (9.5) | Mat I | 266 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Swan River | 7.9 (8.2) | Medin | 234 |
| Mutiara Itam | 8.2 (7.9) | Suhaili | 105 |
| Sea Dragon | 9.11 (10.4) | Matnor | 39 |
| Cabaret | 7.7 (7.2) | Mat II | 173 |
| | | | 3043 |

Won By: ¾ length, ½ length, Distance
Time: 1 Min. 43⅖ seconds. Tote: $5.70.

RACE 9. THE ANNIVERSARY HANDICAP
Ponies Division I. 6 Furlongs
Mr. Phillip Soh Fu's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Happy Ending** | 7.13 (7.8) | Wahed | 1094 |
| 2. Bintang Timor | 8.10 | Manan | 331 |
| 3. Selamat Pagi | 7.7(7.2) | Mat II | 1367 |
| 4. Bintang Aru | 7.12 (8.5) | Medin | 921 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Chienlimah | 7.12 (7.13) | Liben | 302 |
| Bachelor Days | 8.9 (8.7) | Mat I | 445 |
| †Lucky Boy | 10.7 (10.0) | Sirat | 130 |

Won By: ¾ length, ½ length, 2 lengths
Time: 1 Min. 40⅖ seconds. Tote: $3.30.
†Did not complete course.

**Second Day, Saturday, 10th September, 1955.**

RACE 1. THE TALANG TALANG HANDICAP
Ponies Division III. 5 Furlongs
Messrs. C. E. Sandbach & Ong Kee Hui's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Tanjong Hijau** | 9.3 | Samsudin | 500 |
| 2. Bintang Selatan | 8.12 | Medin | 1232 |
| 3. Brisbane River | 9.2 (8.11) | Sebli I | 403 |
| 4. Phoenix | 7.7 (7.10) | Asing | 114 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Begawai | 7.8 (8.1) | Manan | 490 |
| Atom Boy | 9.0 (8.10) | Mat I | 125 |
| Kudat Prince | 7.7 (7.8) | Mat II | 105 |
| Smoke Screen | 8.2 (7.11) | Wahed | 279 |
| Mengalai | 8.10 | Teo Ek Pah | 65 |
| Menari | 7.8 (7.12) | Wahab | 27 |
| Silver Star | 7.7 (8.2) | Sintek | 8 |
| Jet Rocket | 7.12 (7.6) | Suhaili | 50 |
| | | | 3398 |

Scratched: Nonya Balleh 8.0, Boy Valiant 7.11
Won By: 1 length, ½ length, 1 length
Time: 1 Min. 25⅘ seconds. Tote: $5.40.

RACE 2. THE ZAHORA HANDICAP
Ponies Division II. 5 Furlongs
Mrs. Sheila Wai Meng Ng's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Puca Architect** | 9.1 | Samsudin | 946 |
| 2. Swan River | 7.12 | Asing | 447 |
| 3. Darling River | 9.10 (9.6) | Mat I | 866 |
| 4. Kaswari | 9.5 | Manan | 346 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Mutiara Itam | 8.5 | Keram | 91 |
| Tanjong Aru | 8.10 (8.5) | Wahed | 768 |
| Printers' Error | 8.3 (7.10) | Suhaili | 77 |
| Richmond River | 8.3 (8.1) | Wahab | 50 |
| Cabaret | 7.7 (7.9) | Liben | 218 |
| | | | 3809 |

Won By: ½ length, 1½ lengths, 2½ lengths
Time: 1 Min. 25 seconds. Tote: $3.20.

RACE 3. THE ASTANA HANDICAP
Ponies Division I. 5 Furlongs
Mr. Loh Yong Chin's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 **Bintang Aru** | 8.3 | Medin | 1393 |
| 2. Happy Ending | 8.8 (8.3) | Wahed | 982 |
| 3. Bintang Timor | 9.2 | Manan | 532 |
| 4. Selamat Pagi | 7.12 | Asing | 753 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Chienlimah | 7.7 (7.10) | Liben | 413 |
| Bachelor Days | 8.3 (8.0) | Wahab | 276 |
| Lucky Boy | 10.7 (10.2) | Mat II | 355 |
| | | | 4704 |

Scratched:—
Won By: ¾ length, 1 length, 3 lengths
Time: 1 Min. 24 seconds. Tote: $2.70.

RACE 4. THE SERAPI HANDICAP
Horses Open. 5 Furlongs
"Sarawak Stable's"

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 **Stars Remember** | 7.7 (7.8) | Asing | 263 |
| 2. Crescent | 9.6 | Matnor | 620 |
| 3. Impala | 10.1 | Samsudin | 2323 |
| 4. Secret Love | 11.8 | Usop | 2146 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Entertainer | 9.8 | Teo Ek Pah | 182 |
| | | | 5534 |

Scratched: Bras Queen 9.4, Oregon II 8.13, Craughan 7.9
Won By: ¾ length, 1½ lengths, 1 length
Time: 1 Min. 084⅘ second. Tote: $16.80

RACE 5. THE 1955 AUTUMN CUP
Horses Open. 1¼ Miles
Messrs. Lawrence Ho & D. S. J. Noot's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Craughan** | 7.7 (7.6) | Wahed | 1387 |
| 2. Oregon II | 9.4 | Samsudin | 870 |
| 3. Swift Arrow | 7.13 (8.3) | Medin | 1364 |
| 4. Avilor | 10.1 | Matnor | 542 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Capitol | 8.7 | Manan | 570 |
| Bangsawan | 10.5 | Teo Ek Pah | 631 |
| | | | 5364 |

Scratched: Secret Love 11.4, Impala 8.13
Won By: 3½ lengths, Distance, Distance
Time: 2 Min. 24⅖ seconds. Tote: $2.80.

RACE 6. THE SEPTEMBER HANDICAP
Ponies Division III. 1 Mile
Madam Lily Goh's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Bintang Selatan** | 9.-0 (9.5) | Mat I | 267 |
| 2. Brisbane River | 9.5 (9.0) | Wahed | 1789 |
| 3. Phoenix | 7.7 | Asing | 404 |
| 4. Atom Boy | 8.6 (7.13) | Wahab | 554 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Tanjong Hijau | 9.7 | Putit I | 193 |
| Begawa | 8.12 | Manan | 867 |
| Kudat Prince | 7.7 (7.10) | Liben | 570 |
| Mengalai | 9.4 (8.11) | Junaidi | 107 |
| Silver Star | 8.4 (8.1) | Sintek | 83 |
| Jet Rocket | 7.7 (7.13) | Ek Pah | 71 |
| | | | 4905 |

Scratched: Boy Valiant 9.3, Menari 8.9
Won By: ½ length, ½ length 1 length
Time: 2 Min. 25⅘ seconds. Tote: $14.60.

RACE 7. THE LIBERATION HANDICAP
Ponies Division II. 1 Mile
"The Triple Kongsi's"

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Kaswari** | 7.7 (8.0) | Manan | 751 |
| 2. Swan River | 7.9 (7.2) | Ali | 95 |
| 3. Puca Architect | 7.8 (8.3) | Samsudin | 461 |
| 4. Bintang Aru | 9.8 (10.1) | Medin | 297 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Printers' Error | 8.2 (7.9) | Suhaili | 41 |
| Tanjong Aru | 10.2 | Tan Tau Enn | 371 |
| Cabaret | 8.12 | Liben | 64 |
| | | | 2080 |

Scratched: Richmond River 8.2
Won By: 1¼ lengths, 1½ lengths, Distance
Time: 2 Mins. 21 seconds. Tote: $2.20.

RACE 8. THE PRINTER'S PRIZE
Ponies Division I. 1 Mile
Mr. Ong Hap Leong's

| | | | Tickets |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. **Sea Dragon** | 7.7 | Asing | 1668 |
| 2. Bintang Timor | 9.9 (9.2) | Putit I | 534 |
| 3. Darling River | 8.4 (8.8) | Mat I | 448 |
| 4. Bachelor Days | 8.10 (8.3) | Wahab | 266 |
| Also Ran:— | | | |
| Chienlimah | 8.2 | Liben | 144 |
| Selamat Pagi | 8.11 | Medin | 882 |
| †Happy Ending | 8.12 (8.7) | Wahed | 1772 |
| | | | 5714 |

Scratched:—
Won By: 3 lengths, Distance, Distance
Time: 2 Min. 22 seconds. Tote: $2.70.
†Jockey fell at 6 Furlong Post.

PUSTAKA NEGERI SARAWAK

## Kuching Market Price List

*21st August to 20th September, 1955*

**RICE—(per gantang)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Local White Govt. Milled | 1.62 |
| Local, White Milled | 2.00 |
| Siam A | 2.10 |
| Siam B | 1.90 |
| „ C | 1.86 |
| „ Broken | 1.44 |
| Rangoon | Nil |

**SUGAR—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Java, White | .30 |
| „ Brown | .40 |
| Nipah Sugar | .25 |

**SALT—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Coarse | .10 |
| Fine | .11 |
| Nipah | .70 |

**FLOUR AND BREAD—**

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat Flour, per kati | .30 |
| Bread per small loaf | .25 |
| Bread per large loaf | .50 |

**MILK—(per tin)**

| | |
|---|---|
| (a) Nestlés per tin | .60 |
| Pokok | .55 |
| Red Ruby | .55 |
| Milk Maid | .70 |
| (b) Local Fresh Milk per pint | .80 |

**EGGS—(each**

| | |
|---|---|
| Turtle | .08 |
| Duck, fresh | .17 |
| „ salted | .15 |
| Fowl | .18 |

**EDIBLE FATS—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Butter per lb. | 2.20 |
| Coconut Oil | .80 |
| Peanut Oil per tin | 2.75 |
| Lard No. 1 per lb. | 1.00 |
| Lard No. 2 | Nil |
| Ghee per lb. | 2.40 |
| Dripping per lb. | .60 |

**PORK—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Lean No. 1 | 3.40 |
| Lean with fat „ 2 | 1.80 |
| Fat | 1.20 |
| Ribs | 2.00 |

**BEEF AND OTHER MEATS—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Beef, steak | 3.00 |
| Beef, curry meat | 1.60 |
| Buffalo No. 1 | 3.00 |
| „ curry meat | 1.60 |
| Mutton (Australian) | 2.80 |
| Mutton (Local) | 3.00 |

**POULTRY—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Capons | 2.50 |
| Chinese Cocks | 2.30 |
| Pullet | 2.60 |
| Chinese Hens | 1.80 |
| Dyak Fowls | 2.00 |
| Ducks | 2.00 |
| Muscovy | 2.00 |
| Cross-breed | 2.00 |
| Geese | 2.00 |

**FISH—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Fresh fish No. 1 | 1.60 |
| „ „ „ 2 | 1.00 |
| „ „ „ 3 | .50 |
| Prawns „ 1 | 1.80 |
| „ „ 2 | 1.00 |
| Crab „ 1 | 1.20 |
| „ „ 2 | .80 |
| Salted fish „ 1 | $ 2.40 |
| „ „ „ 2 | .90 |
| „ „ „ 3 | .60 |

**VEGETABLES—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Bamboo shoots, salted | .30 |
| Bandong (Ubikayu) | .15 |
| Bankuang (yam beans) | .20 |
| Bayam | .33 |
| Bean Sprouts | .20 |
| Cabbage, imported | .70 |
| Changkok Manis | .35 |
| Cucumber (timun) | .27 |
| Chillies (red) (per tie) | .10 |
| „ (green) 18 for | .10 |
| Daun Bawang | .71 |
| Ensahi Puteh | .41 |
| „ Besar | .39 |
| „ Bunga | .36 |
| French Beans | .47 |
| Garlic, fresh | .67 |
| Ginger | .98 |
| Kachang Panjang | .27 |
| Kangkong Ayer | .29 |
| Kangkong Roots | .39 |
| Keladi (*Batawi*) | .12 |
| Keladi (*China*) | .40 |
| Ketola | .30 |
| Kribang | .18 |
| Kundor | .15 |
| Labu | .15 |
| Labu Duri | .35 |
| Ladies' Fingers | .55 |
| Lettuce | .62 |
| Lobak (Chinese radish) | .30 |
| Lobak, salted, imported | .60 |
| Onions, Bombay | .30 |
| Onions, small | .60 |
| Potatoes, Imported | .25 |
| Priak (bitter groud) | .50 |
| Sauerkraut, imported | .80 |
| Sauerkraut, Local | .45 |
| Tamarind (Buah Assam) | .40 |
| Tomatoes, fresh | 1.00 |
| Trong (brinjals) | .22 |
| Sauce per bottle No. 1 | 1.80 |
| Sauce per bottle No. 2 | 1.20 |
| Sauce per bottle No. 3 | .55 |
| Salted Fish Roe | 2.40 |

**TEA—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Tea, Lipton per lb. | 5.10 |
| „ Chinese per parket | .80 |

**COFFEE—(per kati)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Raw, Java No. 1 | 2.15 |
| „ Java No. 2 | 1.90 |

**FRUIT—**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Pisang Umbun | per kati | .15 |
| Psiang Tandok | each | 10 to .15 |
| Nanas per kati | | .06 |
| Buah Betek per kati | | .20 |

**SUNDRIES—**

| | |
|---|---|
| Bean curd per piece | .10 |
| Bean cake white per piece | .15 |
| Bean cake yellow per piece | .25 |
| Blachan per kati | .60 |
| Charcoal per picul | 9.00 |
| Coconut, fresh each | .20 |
| Corned Beef per tin | 1.20 |
| Dried Prawn per kati | 3.50 |
| Kerosene Oil per tin | 5.00 |
| Kerosene Oil per bottle | .25 |
| Matches Local per box | .05 |
| Matches imported per box | .05 |
| Soap, washing local per bar | .80 |
| Soap, washing imported per bar | .80 |
| Salmon per tin | 1.40 |
| Sardines per tin | .60 |
| Bako Wood, per panchang | 27.00 |

*CIGARETTES*:

| | |
|---|---|
| Players per packet of 10 | .40 |
| Rough Rider per packet of 10 | .30 |
| Craven "A" | .40 |
| Torch Light | .30 |
| State Express per tin | 2.60 |
| Capstan per packet of 20 | .60 |

# SARAWAK TURF CLUB

**Results—Autumn Meeting, 1955—3rd and 10th September, 1955.**

## TOTALIZATOR

| Race | 1st Day 3.9.55. | Dividend | Race | 2nd Day 10.9.55. | Dividend |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | SWAN RIVER | $ 2.50 | 1. | TANJONG HIJAU | $ 5.40 |
| 2. | BINTANG SELATAN | 2.60 | 2. | PUCA ARCHITECT | 3.20 |
| 3. | BINTANG ARU | 2.10 | 3. | BINTANG ARU | 2.70 |
| 4. | SEA DRAGON | 3.70 | 4. | STARS REMEMBER | 16.80 |
| 5. | IMPALA | 2.00 | 5. | CRAUGHAN | 2.80 |
| 6. | SECRET LOVE | 1.60 | 6. | BINTANG SELATAN | 14.60 |
| 7. | BRISBANE RIVER | 3.60 | 7. | KASWARI | 2.20 |
| 8. | TANJONG ARU | 5.70 | 8. | SEA DARGON | 2.70 |
| 9. | HAPPY ENDING | 3.30 | | | |

## $1.00 COURSE CASH SWEEP

*Race* *1st Day, 3.9.55.*

1. 1st No. 1050 $383.—2nd No. 1031 $191.—3rd No. 1734 $95.—Acceptors: 1043, 1032, 1483, $31.—each.
2. 1st No. 1644 $605.—2nd No. 1021 $302.—3rd No. 1823 $151.—Acceptors: 2985, 3186, 1265, 2573, 2966, 2936, 1068, 2170, 1882, $16.—each
3. 1st No. 1520 $630.—2nd No. 1120 $315. 3rd No. 1225 $157.—Acceptors: 1823, 1726, 1318, 2631, 1006, 1700, 2992, 1049, $19.—each.
4. 1st No. 2629 $642.—2nd No. 2863 $321.—3rd No. 3220 $160.—Acceptors: 1222, 1951, 3170, $53.—each.
5. 1st No. 2058 $586.—2nd No. 2946 $293.—3rd No. 2012 $146. Acceptors: 1193, 1726, 1686, $48.—each.
6. 1st No. 1365 $512.—2nd No. 1126 $256.—3rd No. 2881 $128.—Acceptors: 1296, 1404, 1187, $42.—each.
7. 1st No. 1213 $449.—2nd No. 2571 $224.—3rd No. 1641 $112.—Acceptors: 2026, 1336, 1573, 1035, 1739, 2138, 2070, 1632, 1465, 1846, 2524, 1870. $9.—each.
8. 1st No. 2122 $375.—2nd No. 1578 $187. 3rd No. 2090 $93.—Acceptors: 1567, 1152, 1628, 1356, 1373, $18.—each.
9. 1st No. 1620 $339.—2nd No. 1540 $169.—3rd No. 2104 $84.—Acceptors: 1202, 1747, 1423, 1028, $21.—each.

*Race* *2nd Day, 10.9.55.*

1. 1st No. 2560 $632.—2nd No. 1486 $316.—3rd No. 3262 $158.—Acceptors: 2831, 2545, 3251, 1191, 2003, 2543, 1989, 1436, 2585, 3381, 1214, $14.—each.
2. 1st No. 2138 $659.—2nd No. 1878 $329.—3rd No. 1979 $164.—Acceptors: 2172, 1435, 2223, 1434, 1592, 1147, $27.—each.
3. 1st No. 3193 $724.—2nd No. 2732 $362.—3rd No. 1107 $181.—Acceptors: 1436, 1980, 2299, 2900, $45.—each.
4. 1st No. 2305 $728.—2nd No. 1450 $364.—3rd No. 1735 $182. Acceptors: 1579, 3288, 1571, 1663, 2644, $36.—each.
5. 1st No. 1163 $713.—2nd No. 1276 $356.—3rd No. 1253 $178.—Acceptors: 1805, 1464, 2899, 2163, 2793, $35.—each.
6. 1st No. 3185 $737.—2nd No. 2492 $368.—3rd No. 1118 $184.—Acceptors: 3228, 3363, 2109, 1604, 1964, 1317, 2573, 1457, 2917, $20.—each.
7. 1st No. 2361 $684.—2nd No. 1541 $342.—3rd No. 2906 $171.—Acceptors: 1020, 2650, 1473, 3185, 2610, $34.—each.
8. 1st No. 1846 $687.—2nd No. 1517 $343.—3rd No. 3253 $171.—Acceptors: 2873, 1238, 1692, 3261, $42.—aech.

## $1.00 UNLIMITED SWEEPS

DRAWN ON RACE NO. 6, SECOND DAY, 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1955.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| VALUE OF THE SWEEPS ... ... ... | | | $124,507.00 |
| Less: | 10% Government Tax ... | $12,450.70 | |
| | 10% Charitable Organisations | 12,450.70 | |
| | 10% Sarawak Turf Club ... | 12,450.70 | |
| | 5% Added Money ... ... | 6,225.35 | 43,577.45 |
| | POOL DIVISIBLE | | $80,929.55 |

| | *HORSE* | *NUMBER* | *PRIZE* |
|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST | BINTANG SELATAN | 108968 | $40,464.00 |
| SECOND | BRISBANE RIVER | 123274 | 20,232.00 |
| THIRD | PHOENIX | 144268 | 8,092.00 |
| ACCEPTORS: | TANJONG HIJAU | 224084 | 899.00 |
| | MENGALAI | 213175 | 899.00 |
| | BOY VALIANT | 157389 | 899.00 |
| | BEGAWAI | 197788 | 899.00 |
| | MENARI | 214667 | 899.00 |
| | ATOM BOY | 108416 | 899.00 |
| | SILVER STAR | 121418 | 899.00 |
| | KUDAT PRINCE | 107097 | 899.00 |
| | JET ROCKET | 122528 | 899.00 |

20 Consolation Prizes $202.00 each.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 162039 | 131132 | 148008 | 207179 | 123013 |
| 171057 | 123630 | 182859 | 202902 | 133524 |
| 213885 | 179606 | 208188 | 175108 | 128027 |
| 230704 | 103405 | 195560 | 201864 | 108915 |

## SCRUTINEERS

UNLIMITED SWEEPS —Messrs. A. T. Wedgwood, John Lim, J. R. Baxter, Phillip Soh Fu, J. Owen, Ee Ghim Seng, M. F. J. Whiting, Song Thian Cheok, Ong Guan Tee, Chew Hock Guan and Datu Abang Openg.

CASH SWEEPS —Messrs. Tan Kui Choon, Song Thian Cheok, Ngui A Shin and Chong Kia Huan.

TOTALIZATOR —Messrs. Ee Ghim Seng, M. B. McCabe, H. B. Rowland and Abang Haji Mohd. Kassim.

## ADVISERS

(Combined Sweepstakes — Sub-Committee)
Dr. W. Glyn Evans (Chairman)

Messrs. Ee Lai Watt (A.T.A.S), Ong Kee Hui (S.T.C.), A. T. Wedgwood (Social Welfare Council), Chua Teck Hak (British Red Cross), C. E. Sandbach, R. Nicholl, Lee Swee Ling (Sibu Benevolent Society).

HENRY ONG,
*Secretary.*

ONG HOCK GUAN,
*Treasurer.*

Kuching, 11th September, 1955.

# Rotterdam Trading Company (Malaya) Ltd.

*Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Penang, Kuching, Malacca, Ipoh, Kota Bahru.*

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEPARTMENT:**

*Chemicals*
*Foodstuffs and Beverages*
*Metals*
*Paper*
*Engineering*

**PRODUCE DEPARTMENT**

*Rubber*
*Timber*
*Pepper*
*Sugar*
*Tin*
*Tea*
*Coffee*
*Gums*
*Rattan*

**SHIPPING DEPARTMENT (SINGAPORE)**

*Royal Rotterdam Lloyd*
*Java - New York Line*
*Holland America Line*
*Java - Pacific Line*
*All leading Airlines.*

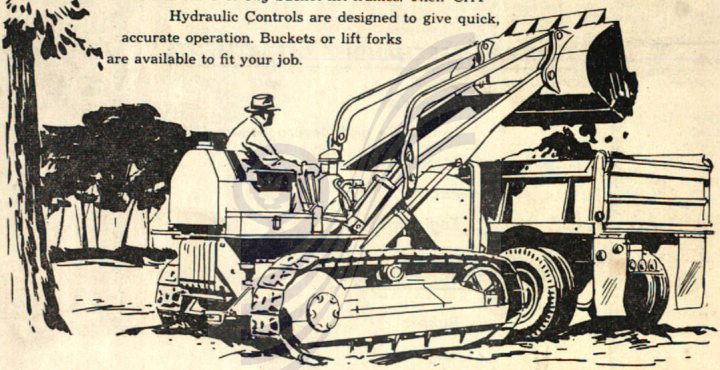
[12—3]


PUSTAKA NEGERI SARAWAK

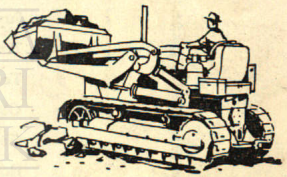
CAT.3/55

# Traxcavators are BUILT for digging and loading

These Caterpillar-built machines have *extra-long* track roller frames and *extra-strong* bucket lift frames. Their CAT* Hydraulic Controls are designed to give quick, accurate operation. Buckets or lift forks are available to fit your job.



**HT4 Traxcavator...** takes a standard bucket of 1¼ cubic yards capacity, or a choice of special-purpose buckets. The HT4 dumps at any height up to 9' 6".



**No. 6 Traxcavator...** has a 2¼-cubic-yard bucket as standard equipment. The No. 6 is also equipped with an oil clutch, which is well adapted to high-capacity operations. Maximum dumping height is 10' 9".

**CATERPILLAR***

*Both Cat and Caterpillar are registered trade marks

Whatever the material, if you want to pick it up and load it or pile it, you should consider the advantages of using a Traxcavator. We will gladly provide full information at your request.

Sime Darby 美那森

**AVAILABLE FROM SIME DARBY**