

Satulwak Gazette

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The above words written by Sir James Brooke in a letter dated 25th February, 1865, to his nephew Charles Johnson, then Tuan Muda, and destined to succeed him as second Rajah less than four years later, led to the formation of the General Council—the first Council Negri of Sarawak. The inaugural meeting was held at Bintulu on the 8th of September, 1863 under the Presidency of the Tuan Muda with 6 British and 16 Malay members. "The purpose of the Council" read the first of the five Regulations, "is to deliberate upon any matter of great importance to the population in the countries under the Sarawak rule, or should any difficulty arise among the different peoples about laws and customs, giving rise to hindrances and disputes, the meeting of the members and majority of their voices may determine on one course in preference to another, and subsequently should their decision meet with the approval of the Rajah or his representative at the head of the Government, the said custom would become law, and be duly entered in the Minute Book."

Some 12 years before—on the 2nd of October, 1855—the first Rajah had written: "I followed Lord Grey's advice and appointed a Council of State composed of Broder, C. Johnson, Dato Bintangor, Dato Imban, Tuan Kath and myself. The four native Chiefs and myself were present at our first meeting." This was the first Supreme Council whose centenary was celebrated by a State Banquet at the Astana on Saturday the 2nd October, 1955, when His Excellency the Governor, the Dato Bandar and Mr. Tan Kee Choon all delivered speeches which were broadcast by Radio Sarawak. But it was the introduction of the Council Negri which marked the laying of the foundation of the democratic constitution of Sarawak, which we have slowly but surely been building and developing ever since. This Council Negri met for the most part only once in 3 years and its business, constitution and powers were in many ways very different from the Council Negri we know today.

But in 1941 there came a major change. On the 1st of March of that year H. H. the Rajah in commemoration of the centenary year of Brooke Rule proclaimed "the inauguration of Constitutional Reforms which will replace our Absolute Rule by a Form of Government on a Broader Basis and Facilitate the gradual development of Representative Government on Democratic Principles"; and on the 24th of September—180 years and 16 days after Sir James Brooke had accepted the government of the country from Muda Hashim—a new Constitution was granted. But short the sands of time and freedom were fast running out, and within a few weeks "constitution" and "liberty" had little meaning in Sarawak any longer, until on 11th September, 1945, the country was finally liberated from the Japanese invaders and began to move forward once more.

The 1941 Constitution was a good constitution—so good that it survived with only consequential amendments the Cession of Sarawak to the Crown on 1st July, 1946.

And now we come to the latest, and in some ways biggest, step forward. On the 7th of September, 1965,

Mr Sarawak Gazette

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31st, 1965

Saying for the Month

"Never is the element in which great things fashion themselves."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Constitutions Old and New

"Your project for a Council in the different provinces I entirely oppose, and leave you to carry out. You may subsequently consider whether, upon important occasions, it may be right to form a national body, composed of all the Councils, to be convened by the Rajah or his representative, to meet at Sarawak. The Rajah, or his representative, should be president, and the governors of the provinces the vice-presidents of these local councils; and there should be fixed standing orders limiting their action, so far as to prevent their clashing with the Supreme Council."

Mr. Khoi Peng Long, seconded by Abang Haji Abdurrahim, moved a resolution before the Council Negri that "a message be conveyed to Her Majesty the Queen that this Council should welcome, and believe that the inhabitants of Her Majesty's Colony of Sarawak would welcome, the grant of a new constitution for Sarawak . . ." The resolution went on to describe the details of the proposed new constitution, and after a number of members had addressed the Council the motion was agreed to unanimously.

To many people the word "constitution" conjures up a picture of a rather complex page of legal drafting too involved to understand and a bit too boring even to bother to read. Such people take their constitution for granted, and provided everything goes all right—for them—they are satisfied. But when a young country like Sarawak is growing up it requires its citizens to take a wider and more practical interest in the process—and, moreover, to endeavour to contribute to that process. The details of the proposed new constitution have already been made public in the press and were the subject of a lucid address by the Attorney-General over Radio Sarawak. The fundamental office of them is to give more say in the government of the people of the country to persons elected by the people of the country—the so-called "unofficials"—and correspondingly less to persons nominated by the Government itself—the "officials". Apart from the four standing members who are members for life—and naturally remain so—the broad effect of the proposed changes in Council Negri is to adjust the proportion of "unofficials" to "officials" from a majority figure of 11 to 14 to a majority figure of 26 to 19. Moreover, these "unofficial" members will all be elected members and not appointed, as hitherto, by the Governor in Council.

The proposals in regard to the Supreme Council are to somewhat similar effect. Whereas formerly the Council had to comprise a majority of "official" members of the Sarawak Civil Service (and also a majority of members of Council Negri), the proposed constitution envisages a total of 16 members of whom 5 will be members of Council Negri elected solely by the "unofficials" of Council Negri. As the Attorney-General stressed in his broadcast these members will have to be chosen with great care; their responsibility will be considerable. Without going into the details of the election process, much of which remains to be settled, it is obvious that there will be a clear chain of responsibility extending from those 5 important members of Supreme Council, through the unofficial members of Council Negri who elect them, down to Divisional Councils, who are responsible for the election of the unofficials in Council Negri. As Divisional Councils will, in the main, through Local Government bodies, and other units, be themselves selected in accordance with the wishes of the citizens of their Divisions, the citizen's responsibility in assisting in this selection will be of vital importance. In the ultimate, in every fully democratic state, the basic responsibility of government relates right back to the individual citizen himself.

In these modern times we have, not for every, many examples of countries and states who are progressing along similar roads. Many are beset with problems and difficulties, and early enthusiasm has been checked by later disappointments and frustrations. Let us profit from these example. Let us in our own programme wholeheartedly but calmly, mindful of our duties and responsibilities and diligent in their discharge; sensible, tolerant, considerate. In the preamble to the Constitution Order of 1941 there is set out the "Classical Principles of Human Rule". They were republished without amendment as part of the preamble to the Constitution Ordinance of 1955. Listen to the wording of the last two—

"That the goal of self-government shall always be kept in mind, that the people of Sarawak shall be entrusted in due course with the governance of themselves, and that continuous efforts shall be made to

insure the reaching of this goal by educating them in the obligations, the responsibilities, and the privileges of citizenship."

"That the general policy of our professors and ourselves whereby the various races of the State have been enabled to live in happiness and harmony together shall be adhered to by Our successors and Our servants and all who may follow them hereafter."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Flag Officer, Malaysian Area, Rear Admiral H. Shattock accompanied by his Flag Lieutenant, Commander A. M. Ralph, visited Sibu on the 10th of October, and after 3 days in the Third Division sailing Kapit, Kuching, Jitra, Maran and Dato returned to Kuching where he spent the weekend at the Astana as the guest of His Excellency the Governor before returning to Singapore.

Mr. W. L. Whyte, Manager of the Sarawak Electricity Supply Company Limited left Kuching by M.V. Pangkor on the 15th of October on retirement. "Willie" first came to Sarawak in 1949. His familiar figure will be much missed—particularly in golfing circles. He had the distinction of winning the last Monthly Medal for which he competed with a very low score—a truly grand finale. Willie was first President of the Kuching R.F.C. Club and just before he left he very generously presented the Club with a Cup for 200 competitions. We wish him and Eleanor the best of health and every happiness.

Mr. E. W. Bartram, C.M.G., D.A.Q., O.B.E., the Labour Adviser to the Secretary of State for the Colonies arrived in Kuching from Tresor on the 24th of October after an extensive tour of North Borneo. Mr. Bartram visited Sarawak some years ago in his official capacity but did not have an opportunity to meet representatives of Trade Unions in this country. Since his arrival in Kuching Mr. Bartram has already met officials from various Trade Unions at a Conference at the Secretariat and been invited to an informal tea party at the Asia Officers' Union.

The Patronal Feast of the Cathedral Church of St. Thomas, Kuching, held on the 6th of October, the ancient custom date of the consecration of the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, Patron Saint of the Parish, had a special significance this year. Although only the second year in which this Feast has been held it will be the last celebrated in the old Cathedral itself. Next year at this time the New Cathedral will be in use for worship. The building has been proceeding apace and the Consecration has been announced for the 10th of June next year. Thanks to the generosity of the Board of Directors of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, a pulpit of marble and granite specially designed by Mr. Chock of Morris, Sims and MacLaren, the Cathedral architect, is to be presented by Royal Naval of Hongkong, and will be presented to the Cathedral.

And talking of granite is it too much to hope that somehow, somewhere, a place will be found in the New Cathedral for some of our own granite—the fine native granite of Borneo?

The Reverend Mother General of the Franciscan Sisters of St. Ursula honoured St. Teresa's Convent with a farewell visit in the middle of October at the end of her 4 months' tour of British Borneo. Our own Kuching Sisters belong to this Congregation which maintains Huguenot as far apart as in Africa, America, the British Isles and on the Continent. There are 10 Mission Stations in Sarawak staffed by over 50 European Sisters and some idea of their work may be gleaned

from the fact that in 1954 alone they gave treatment to nearly 25,000 out-patients and over 2,000 in-patients and their schools taught a total of 2,100 local girls. These figures do not take into account the maternity work and teaching done by the localborn Sisters who form another Congregation known as "The Little Sisters of St. Francis." The Reverend Mother General takes the very best wishes of all of us with her.

Friday, 21st October 1955, marked the 120th anniversary of the death in action of Horatio, Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson, at the Battle of Trafalgar. The ceremony was celebrated at the Sarawak Club by a "Mum's Party" party given by a number of hosts and hostesses who had served in the R.N., R.N.R., R.N.V.R. and W.R.M., followed by a dance which was very well attended. It was a most enthusiastic evening.

October deserves special mention as an unusually busy month where Red Cross activities were concerned. To do full justice to them all will require many pages in these columns. We will, therefore, refer to them but briefly in the order in which they occurred.

First, the Annual Bazaar, held on 1st October at the Health Centre under the chairmanship of Mrs. A. H. Seckel. The Bazaar was formally opened by the Lieutenant-Governor and was graced by the presence of H.E. the Governor. This year the Bazaar Committee set out with the object of raising funds to assist the Branch in the purchasing of a Transit Rest House to facilitate but already been acquired on behalf of the Government by the Social Welfare Council which will be used by the Red Cross for this purpose for hospital patients who come to Kuching from long distances for treatment.

Months of hard work put in by Mrs. Seckel and her helpers in getting the Bazaar ready proved highly rewarding for, in spite of a heavy and continuous shower early in the afternoon, large crowds of people patronised the stalls and before 6 p.m. over 1,000 sets of cards as well as all raffle tickets had been bought. It is learnt that the net profit from the Bazaar together with cash donations received totalled \$10,070.00—the highest record known of any Red Cross Bazaar held in this country.

Following on the above, the Kuching Division gave a tea party on 8th October, to thank all Red Cross workers for their splendid work for and during the Bazaar. Mrs. E. H. Williams, Divisional President, spoke on behalf of the Division and Mr. E. Bonaparte, Branch President, added the thanks of the Branch. Next Mrs. Seckel was presented with a basket of flowers by a Junior Unit member and congratulated on her appointment as Asst. Director of the Branch which she had accepted. Then followed a presentation ceremony in which Mrs. G. E. Strickland kindly presented certificates and badges to various members.

Dr. P. P. Gayala Pillai was awarded the Life Membership Badge and Certificate from National Headquarters for "generous assistance in devoting so much of his time to the work of the Society in the Branch." Dr. Pillai has been for many years hard staff in conducting first aid classes for Red Cross members and this honour is well deserved.

Badges were presented to Mrs. Marjorie Farnas, Commandant, Women's Detachment; Miss. Mary Linjen; Mrs. Luboh Jawi; and Miss. Mary Wong, for having completed three years' "nights" service, that is, having carried out all the work of their Detachment in that time.

Certificates of Advanced Nursing were awarded to Mrs. M. James and Miss Lena Bickerton, and Certificates of Advanced First Aid were similarly awarded to Mr. Chen Qui Cheng, Commandant, Men's Detachment and Mr. Israel Ihs Nor.

Elementary First Aid Certificates were awarded to ten members.

In addition there are two other important items of Red Cross news. The first concerns Madam Barbara

Bay whose election as an Honorary Life Member of the British Red Cross Society has been approved by the Executive Committee of that Society. This rare honour is conferred on Madam Bay in recognition of her continuous services to the Red Cross in many fields throughout the years. Well done, Barbara.

The second item is that thirty-one members of the Sunny Hill School Junior Unit were enrolled and took their promise at an impressive ceremony held at Headquarters on Wednesday 19th October. This was the third Junior Unit to be formed in Kuching area since the beginning of the year. The Leader Patron is Mrs. Kingsley. For the first time the words of the promise and the Red Cross song were recorded by Radio Sarawak for use in their programme, "The Sarawak Series."

Another fashionable wedding took place at the Sarawak Union on Sunday, 26th October, when Miss Kho Sook Hua, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kho See Eng, married her cousin Mr. Ong Hock Beng, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ong Hock Leng.

The bride was given away by her father. She was dressed in a trailing bridal gown of white lace and carried a bouquet of white carnations. She was attended by her sister, Miss Kho Sook Kiew, as bridesmaid, and by a flower girl and a page boy. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Ong Thian Hock.

A large number of guests were present to witness the civil ceremony conducted by the Acting District Officer, Ahang Mempape, and to attend the reception which followed immediately afterwards at the same place.

The results of the finals in the Inter-Station Badminton Tournament came to an too late for inclusion in last month's Gazette. We make reference to it in this issue for the special reason that it was the third tournament of its kind to be held in Kuching under the sponsorship of the K.R.A., and that Kuching, having won the matches three years in succession now has the right to retain the Coronation Cup. Judging from the large crowd of some 2,000, including some very distinguished guests, who turned out to watch the matches, it would seem that interest in badminton has in Sarawak increased with the years rather than abated as some would have us believe. Whilst Kuching is to be congratulated for having done so well, it is to be hoped that they will not rest on their laurels but spur on to greater efforts.

Arrivals and Departures

(Between 23.9.55 and 29.10.55)

Arrivals	By air on 23rd September, 1955. On first appointment.
Miss L. H. Wilson (Newly appointed Secretary (Administrator))	By air on 23rd September, 1955. On first appointment.
Miss D.V. Tolin (Newly appointed Nursing Sister)	By air on 23rd September, 1955. On first appointment.
Mr. Chia Cheong and family (Newly appointed Assistant Inspector K.M.C.)	By air on 23rd September, 1955. On first appointment.
Mr. Sander Singh & family (Newly appointed Assistant Veterinary Officer)	By Pan American on 8th October, 1955. On first appointment.
Miss Wong Chua Yuen & son	By air on 8th October, 1955. To join Mr. Wong of K.M.C.
Mr. A. M. P.G. Stevens	By air on 13th October, 1955. Returning from leave.
Mr. & Mrs. W.G. Morrison	By air on 13th October, 1955. Returning from leave.
Mr. Yoon Meng Choon (Newly appointed Rubber Development Officer)	By air on 14th October, 1955. On first appointment.
Miss D.D. Pitkayanan (Newly appointed Secretary (Administrator))	By air on 18th October, 1955. On first appointment.
Miss E.N. Lewis	By air direct to Kuching on 20th October, 1955. To join Mr. Lewis.
Mr. J.C.B. Fisher & son	By British Reserves on 20th October, 1955. To join Mr. Fisher.

Mr. H. M. D. Arnold (Newly appointed Assistant Collector P.W.D.)	By air on 20th October, 1955. On first appointment.
Mr. & Mrs. T. A. Bertram (Newly appointed Assistant Treasurer)	By air on 20th October, 1955. On first appointment.
Mr. W.P.L. Davies	By air on 19th October, 1955. Returning from home.
Mr. Roy Ross King (Medical Department)	By air direct to Sibu on 18th October, 1955. Returning from the United Kingdom.
Miss J.M. Read (Newly appointed Nursing Sister)	By air on 20th October, 1955. On first appointment.
Mr. F. Hodder (Newly appointed Plant Pathologist)	By air on 19th October, 1955. On first appointment.
Inspectors	
Mr. A. D. Morris	By air on 20th September, 1955. Proceeding on leave.
Mr. A. McClellan	By air on 20th September, 1955. Proceeding on extraordinary leave.
Mr. Ong Kee Hian (Department of Agriculture)	By air on 20th September, 1955. Proceeding Diploma on "Pigging Course".
Mr. & Mrs. H. Hartman	By air on 20th September, 1955. Proceeding on leave prior to retirement.
Mr. & Mrs. G.R. Wilson	By air on 20th September, 1955. Proceeding on leave.
Mr. K.J. Bottom	By British Airways on 1st October, 1955. Proceeding on leave.
Dr. L. Frazer	By air on 10th October, 1955. Proceeding on extraordinary leave.
Mr. Anthony Fox (K.M.C.)	By air on 20th October, 1955. Proceeding to Australia on Training Course.
Mr. J. H. Nelson Smith	By air on 17th October, 1955. Proceeding on leave prior to transfer to Northern Rhodesia.
Mr. John Cawdron	By air on 20th October, 1955. Proceeding on leave completion of使命.
Mr. & Mrs. C.E. Robertson and 2 children	By British Airways on 20th October, 1955. Returning to United Kingdom.
Miss G.A.C. Field and daughter	By British Airways on 20th October, 1955. Returning to United Kingdom.

An account of a visit by His Excellency the Governor to Sibu and the Ulu Rejang.

On the evening of the 9th September His Excellency accompanied by the Private Secretary and Abang Mantabut, the Information Officer photographer, left Pending in M.V. Zulora. At Muara Tebas a party was seen ashore to lay out while Zulora anchored for the night.

At 4.00 a.m. on the 10th Zulora weighed anchor and sailed for the Rajang. At 4.30 p.m. she arrived at Sibu where His Excellency landed to be greeted by the Resident, Third Division, Mr. D. C. White, and the District Officer, Sibu, Mr. G. A. T. Shaw and other local dignitaries. After inspecting a Guard of Honour His Excellency then drew out in the football ground to watch a friendly game and afterwards presented the Governor's trophy to the League winners.

That evening His Excellency opened the Sibu Boys Club and was presented with a golden key. His Excellency then inspected the excellent building assisted by the Chairman of the Club, Mr. D. C. White and by the Secretary Mr. Lee Seng Ling. Speeches were afterwards made by the Chairman and His Excellency followed by a speech of thanks by four boys of the Club in English, Chinese, Malay and Iban. A most enjoyable concert was then given by the boys of the Club and pupils of the Sibu schools and Scout troops.

At dawn on the 11th Zulora left Sibu with His Excellency, Resident, Third Division, and the Private

Secretary aboard. It was a most unpleasant morning, the river was in flood and it was raining heavily. At Kanowit the party transhipped to a speedboat and arrived at Sungai at 12.00 p.m. Here His Excellency was met by the District Officer, Mr. G. G. White, Native Officer Abang Ahmad, Father Officers and by other local dignitaries with whom he shook hands before proceeding to the office where "Neoprene" were stored. His Excellency then visited the Chinese School and was shown round by the master Mr. Chua Kuan Hin before giving a short address to the school children. Later the party were entertained to drinks in the bazaar. At 4.15 p.m. Zulora arrived and His Excellency concluded his journey ashore.

At 5.30 p.m. His Excellency landed at Kapit to be greeted by a large number of people headed by the District Officer. A Guard of Honour was formed up outside the Kapit and after the inspection His Excellency visited the bazaar which looked particularly smart. That evening His Excellency gave a cocktail party aboard Zulora followed by a small dinner party.

At 9.00 a.m. on the following morning the party with the addition of the District Officer left Kapit in a fleet of four sampans. At the foot of the Pelagus Kapit His Excellency and party disembarked for the walk along the hillside path whilst the boats fended off against the turbulent water beneath. After lunch at the top of the rapids we continued on up river to Pengahau Sandai's house which was reached in the late afternoon. The children of the Local Authority School were lined up on the raised footpath and greeted His Excellency by waving paper flags as he walked up to the house preceded by Pengahau Sandai and a Dayak carrying a white cloth. On arrival at the house gifts welcomed the guests in the traditional manner. The evening was spent quietly listening to the Radio Sarawak Literatur Day programme and we were all asleep at a relatively early hour for a Dayak longhouse.

The next morning after a prolonged sojourn with some particularly aggressive pigs we said goodbye to Pengahau Sandai and carried on upstream. The water level had risen appreciably during the night and it was some time before we found a suitable sandbank for landing, but eventually a little dry land was located and on this we had lunch. At 4.30 p.m. we reached Belaga where Abang Amat and Nanaid were waiting to greet His Excellency. The School band outside the Kapit then played "The Queen" on bamboo instruments which was followed by a short concert. After this His Excellency visited the school, the new Government quarters, the bazaar and the road, well kept, winding where villages of firecrackers were lit. That evening the school band gave a concert on the platform. It was a remarkable performance on home-made instruments and much credit is due to Chegah Penimbahan and his wife who formed the band and trained it. His Excellency afterwards attended a dinner in the bazaar.

The next morning the river was very much lower and although still badly coloured the water level was still falling. The weather was perfect. Wong Rakan looked very impressive and we were glad to have solid ground beneath us as we watched the boats being hauled up on long lengths of rattan.

After lunch and a refreshingly cool bath at Kenggana Lukas we arrived at Pengahau Sung Nyipai's house in the Masaan, the girls of the house looking most attractive in their headwear headbands. That night after the usual festivities we retired early only to be kept awake well into the small hours by the meows of courting cats.

On the following morning, the 13th, the party continued on upstream as far as Kensi Jambu arriving the same afternoon. That evening we dined in the bazaar using "makan" as best, but without success. After dinner the guests were seated on mats completely covered with sarongs whilst the hosts sang, plied them with drinks and smoked endless cigarettes. There was little sleep for anybody that night. When one did begin to doze off a dog under the bed would suddenly

bent into song and one by one the other dogs of the house would follow suit until the whole house was in an uproar. One old bird sang through the night until 5.00 a.m.

On the following morning, the 16th, we left the house on the return journey. We had hoped to go some fishing, but in this we were disappointed, there had been rain during the night, the river was rising rapidly and although many casts were made nobody hooked anything apart from the bottom. At Karamang Belanga we stopped for lunch. A dugout had been built here in which we had proposed to spend the night, but the river was rising so rapidly that we had to retrace twice during lunch and we reluctantly decided that we would have to get down river of Balau while the going was good. As a result we reached Kuala Balau a day ahead of schedule, but our hosts had everything prepared for us and after the speeches were over we had the liveliest party of the tour.

The following day after a brief call at Belaga to say goodbye we went on down to Kapit arriving that evening. Later His Excellency gave a dinner party on Balau for T.S. Abang Sabah and his team of drivers and page boys who had taken us safely through some very tricky bits of water.

Next morning, the 18th, His Excellency went ashore to hear "Wesleys" in the Chapel followed by a visit to the Methodist Mission, the bazaar and the new and greatly improved Chinese School. At 11.00 a.m. His Excellency sailed in Zabana for Sibu. That night was spent in Sibu and early the following morning Zabana sailed for Kuching. The weather was perfect and we had a pleasant crossing to Kuching arriving at the Astana the same evening.

(Contributed)

Over the Usun Apau

(Concluded)

Next morning we climbed to the top of the ridge but we were not through yet. We still had one or two more ridges to cross and a lot more thick, thorny scrub to cut before we came out on top of the last ridge at 2520 feet. Here with an extremely steep drop away below us, meaning few trees to block our view, we could see far away to the south and southwest and in the north down the broad steep-sided Dapoi—Menawan valley—a magnificent view of mountains and valleys and trees such as one does not often see in Sarawak.

We were very pleased. We were across the eastern table-land. We stayed a time looking at the view, taking photographs and just being very pleased at being able to see more than twenty five miles. But we still had a long way to go and so we started off along the top of a narrow ridge running south westwards out into the valley. We scrambled along a steep slope down into the head of a steep and very narrow valley. At first there was no water but soon we came on a trickle of water dropping from stone to stone and, for the first time we were on a stream flowing towards the west—a stream flowing into the Dapoi. And by this time we had decided to return by the Dapoi—Tinjar route as it was evident that it was going to take a longer time than we had available to continue on as far as Belaga. We were very pleased and we scrambled and clambered and slipped down the little stream. Over miniature waterfalls, through tiny gorges but now always getting lower and lower.

By mid-day we were following a river bedwinding over smooth round stones and occasionally bounding over great rocks. We lost count time (and half the party) looking for a non-existing track away up the river bank but eventually we returned to the river, found the rest of the party and made our eighth camp,

now at only 1570 feet, beside a pleasant, fifteen feet wide and four feet deep pool in the river. There was much washing of clothes and bathing in the clear cool water and even some catching of fish although, of course, the big ones always got away. We were beginning to feel quite relaxed but it was rather early for that yet. We were not quite "out of the wood", so to speak, as we were later to find out.

We left camp quite early the next morning after a refreshing bath and continued down the river, sailing hard going in rubber-voiced boats over wet, smooth, round stones. At about noon a wider, deeper river and one Long Borneo student at once said, "This is the Dapoi and we have come down the Paser". He had remembered the spot from a previous journey with T. Harrison in 1951 when they had travelled up the Dapoi valley across into the Menawan and down the Maran to Belaga.

The Dapoi was quite deep and a little difficult to wade across but safely on the other side we continued along the river bank, now sandy, now rocky, now away up the bank and now in the water making many signs of life but no people. We passed several old and deserted Pasau camps, a few clumps of activity filled with bamboo growing carriers, a bamboo raft tied under some trees waiting for its Pasau owners to return with bamboo to float down the river. But no people until early in the afternoon. We were scrabbled down a steep river bank when suddenly a student behind shouted excitedly, "Mau! Mau! I saw a man over there". There was a sudden rush forward to see this strange sight and the rush, and sight of our large party, must have been so frightening to the poor Pasau that they began to run away, for it was a small Pasau camp that we had come across. Our Pasau speaking student was well in front, however, and was able to reassure them and slowly they came back. There was a small thatched shelter for three families but when we arrived only one man with three women and three small children were there. Soon two boys came back with loads of bamboo shortly followed by a man carrying a wild pig he had killed and then a third man arrived. The pig had been killed with the aid of four dogs, by a spear although one of the men had a gun. It was interesting to note the almost entire lack of personal possessions visible. There were the spear shaft in the ground, a gun, what appeared to be a spear sheath and paring but nothing else and no sign of a box or container which might have held other articles. Cooking was evidently done in bamboo, in leaves, or on wooden sticks. We stayed for a while and took some photographs. The Pasau said that if we followed the track we would reach another Pasau camp when the sun had fallen to "base" (indicating the height of the sun at about four o'clock). We said goodbye and were on our way and shortly before four o'clock we came to the second camp where two families were living and here we made our ninth camp.

That evening we had fish and food and monkey for supper but I didn't appreciate the monkey flavour very much. We also cooked some wild sago given to us by the Pasau. This was a sparse brown flour which was cooked with water until it became a thick brown glue which tasted like—thick bayou glue. We had a little sugar left and sprinkling this on top it then tasted like sugar—on thick, brown glue.

Sixty off in the morning we continued to follow the Pasau track used by the Harrison party in 1951 and we made fine time. The track led away from the river road to the north westward towards the Nibong. At first it was rather what we had been used to—up and down and across many smaller rivers and streams but later we followed the rag of a high ridge sometimes with a steep drop down to the Nibong valley on one

side. We were walking fast as I was anxious to get as far as possible and to try and reach Long Borneo by the end of day because our rice and other rations were running low. It was then of course that we had our first

delay. I thought that a quick reverie at midmorning might spur us on so we stopped by a very small stream to make a quick pot of tea. It had just been made when real heavy rain started so we sat under leaves and got wet and cold. We had been sitting on the stones in the bed of the stream but we soon drove out of that as the water rapidly rose. However it did not last much more than an hour and with the hot tea inside us, we carried on and were soon warm again. Instead of stopping rather early at a small river, we pressed on along the top of a high ridge through tall trees but finding no safe water, as our student guide had warned us, until four thirty in the afternoon. Then we suddenly found ourselves at the top of a roaring waterfall well over a hundred feet in height. The waterfall on the Sungai Lipat, a tributary of the Nibong, was a welcome and most beautiful sight and has no doubt our teeth and what was to be our last camp at a little over 1200 feet. Again we had a most refreshing bath in the deep pools a few feet from where the water poured over the edge to hurt itself on the rocks far below.

We discussed the next day's journey. Our "local boy" said, "A day-and-a-half to Long Baru", but I thought that by walking hard and, if necessary later than usual, we could get there the next day. We went to sleep and after a pleasant sleep in this warmer and more pleasant atmosphere we were on the move by seven next morning. Much of our way at first lay along the top of a ridge but after some three or four hours we came upon a small river down which we walked for some time until we arrived at its junction with a larger river and here we came out blinking into the clear sunshine after ten days of dim, tree-shaded light.

Wading, wading, climbing over the bank and back into the river we continued until we saw five ponies tied to the bank below a small Patan house. We were excited, but the ponies were not for us as the river was so shallow. However we piled all our packs into three of them and away they went down the river while we went on with our wading. A little over half-an-hour later we came up with the ponies again waiting by a larger Patan house at the junction of the Sungai Balau.

After giving the Patans some tobacco we shouldered our packs again and set off up the narrow Balau. Turning a bend we suddenly came on fallen trees, smoke and crackling fire. Our narrow, steep-sided valley was filled with tree trunks, branches and logs piled in wild confusion. And not only that but the valley sides had just been set alight to clear the land for padi planting. Our only way now lay up the valley, so forward we went. Over, under, between, round and through the branches and fallen trees we went, often with blazing leaves or smouldering branches on either side and always with thick, choking smoke all round. We struggled and we climbed until at last we were above the burning but not this little, narrow valley twisted and turned and climbed between its steep sides with now but a trickle of water amongst the rocks. And finally even this little trickle of water disappeared and we climbed up and up until we reached a high, knife-like ridge and we were over, climbing and sliding down the other side towards the Barau valley.

We were on our last walking leg and were now living on our last or two in reserve. First the tiny trickle of water amongst the rocks. Then the babbling brook, the leaping waterfalls and finally the wider, broader stream. We were on our last legs, and beginning to spread out in a line half-a-mile or more long. In and out of the river. Over the bank at the big bends. Back into the water, all going as fast as we could until at last, just before five in the afternoon, we came round a bend to see Long Baru high on the bank across the wider Sungai Dugoi. Several ponies were seen across the river and we were fertid over. A welcome bath in the river and how pleased we were to lay on good hard boards once again. We needed no riding that night.

The rest of the journey was to be simple, plain sailing—almost. After buying some lamps, a washet and

some bats we got away in four ponies in reasonable time in the morning. Piling, paddling and drifting down river with the current was a pleasant, quiet relaxation after our previous exertions and we made the most of it. We called at all the houses of the people from Long Baru but, even so we arrived at Lepo Luja bazaar soon after four to enjoy a nice warm beer and biscuits!

We stayed the night in the longhouse and wrangled about the price we were to pay for two outboard ponies to take us down to Marudi. This time we made a contract—so much so matter how many days? It surely was "no matter how many days"!

We were to have early in the morning! First we had to get packed from the bazaar. That took time. Our outboard motor wouldn't start and nobody really knew anything about it. After half-an-hour I got it going but very badly. We decided it would do. We went for our horses to find that the ponies we were to use appeared to be full already with the goods of our contractors. With a struggle we got all ours in too. And us as well. At last we left for Long Tra at twelve thirty! The engine of the second pony kept stopping so we linked the two ponies together and got on quite well for a time. The second engine seemed to go better after we had emptied the sand and dirt out of the petrol tank! We unlashed the ponies and went on separately again. It got dark and it began to rain but as by now there was almost continuous lightning we could see most of the floating trees and other things as we went on at reduced speed but even so we lost the second pony. The rain continued to come down in sheets while we, in our open ponies tried to shelter under one wide Kewak butt but not with much success. We still managed to be a long way from Long Tra and at eight o'clock seeing a small light on the river bank we pulled in and took shelter—two of us plus six Patans in a very small Patan longhouse made of shaly bamboo strips. Sometime after this that night torches were seen flitting on the river and our second pony came paddling down. As our longline was already greasing under its extra inhabitants the second party paddled off again and eventually arrived at a Dayak longhouse sometime before midnight.

Early next morning we were on our way again and met the second pony just leaving the longhouse. We both arrived at Long Tra before eight thirty where we were all able to have a good bath before taking our rooms in the school master's house. Here too we were able to buy padi and oranges and ponies straight off the lines beside the bazaar. By chance, I have met the District Officer on his way up river and was able to arrange to stay in his house when I arrived in Marudi the next day—and arrangement of which I was very glad the next day.

It was here, too, that I had the pleasure of hearing the Tua Braham from the longhouse across the river saying, "They told me that a man and a party had just arrived in the bazaar from the sea but I didn't believe it so I came to see". He was very pleased with his invitation to visit his house so over we went for him and Amali finally leaving after noon. Now the journey down the wide Tuar became boring and dull and we tried to sleep propped up amongst the leaves but it was not very successful. An hour-and-a-half of very heavy rain before we reached Marudi just before six in the evening made us all very cold and very wet and I was more than pleased of a good bath, oranges and a warm meal in the District Officer's house.

I will draw a veil over the rigours of the railway writer's journey from Marudi to Kuching via a Chinese launch, disconcerting P.W.D. transport from Kuala Berang to Miri and the wondering of the good ship *Preston* over the waters of Sarawak.

It was a month of hard work but a month of enjoyment and new experiences for all who took part and it is the type of "holiday" which must be repeated in other years.

Over the Usun Aparu



A camp meeting.

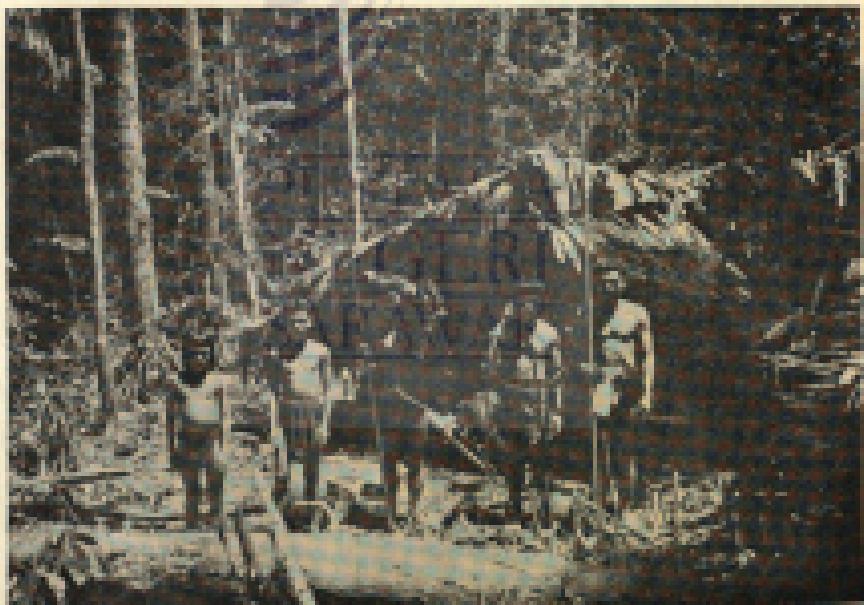


Carved posts at Lago Laja.

Over the Usun Apau



Down the *ala' Parau.*



A Parau hunting party return to their home in the *ala' Dapoi*.

American Journey

(Concluded)

January 27

I think one of the most hopeful things in America today is an organization called Books Abridged Inc. It cuts four or five books and puts them into what it describes as "a few hard-bound literary editions, for busy men and women who can't find time to read books." That is nonsense, of course, for any man or woman who wants to read a book can find time to do so, just as he or she can find time to eat or drink. The abridgment business does little harm so far, because the books they abridge are not the sort that are worth reading any way, but the principle is misleading. Soon, no doubt, we shall have recordings of one third of each movement of the Beethoven symphonies for those who have no time to listen, and reproductions of one quarter of the Moon Line for those who have no wall-space for the whole.

The latest Ford motor advertising is interesting too—"America's New Buying Habit—Fords by the Pair." It goes on, "For many modern families, two cars are becoming a must"—but it nowhere indicates that if you buy cars by the pair you will get a reduction. With that infuriating habit of American advertising of not mentioning any prices, the advertisement simply says, "It doesn't cost as much as you might think to own two fine Fords."

As I walked here in Omaha this afternoon I tried to analyze the reasons for the dreary impression the place makes. I think it is largely the buildings. Except for the Joslyn Museum there is no building with even the beginning of a claim to distinction, and there are not enough of the tall, solid kind which, piled closely enough together, can give some kind of dignity to a town. But here it is like a month with half as much missing: tall buildings, all of drab, finish, yellow at first floors, jumbled side by side with one or two shabby shrubs.

The Hotel Fontenelle has, to be sure, one thing the Comodoro has not, and that is continuous radar in all the elevators. Whether that is worth \$10 more per night is doubtful—I found it a little confusing yesterday, when the elevator doors opened to the yelling mob of hair stylists on the massage floor, as I find myself at the same time hearing the Lord's Prayer reverberating through the inside of the elevator.

Spoke this afternoon to the Chamber of Commerce. I was momentarily put out when the member who was to introduce me asked me whereabouts in Great Britain Horace Lee, but we got over that, and, with the ever-present help of the St. Thomas's parson, I was soon interviewed. After lunch I walked down to the bank of the Missouri—or at least as close as one may get in the cluster of railroad tracks, warehouses, and mountains of grey sand.

Lodged Omaha at midnight after spending the evening at the Union Station, eating dinner, talking to a Union Pacific Railroad man who had just taken his wife and two sons to Florida—he must be a mechanic or driver, not rich—because she has lost a lung through tuberculosis and Florida is her only hope, the doctors say, and talking also to an Ulster—a senior ranking partner who had served through the war in China and the Far East and thinks the Americans are much too much concerned with getting dividends on the money they had allotted for foreign aid. Stayed awake to cross the Missouri, all freight and news covered, wakened at Davenport, Iowa, at 5.0 to see up across the Mississippi, as white as the Missouri and four times as wide. I've crossed the Mississippi six times but still find it exciting.

February 1

Bill Teller met me on a grey Chicago morning at 8.30 at Englewood, took me to the apartment he has now in South Chicago, and showing it to me, and later to lunch at the National Biscuit Company factory where he manages the personnel. I saw 17 acres such a hundred

yards long and each disgorging biscuits in fantastic numbers. One oven was producing "big newtons" in banks, chopped into squares as they come from the ovens, and they make nine boxes of big newtons a day—in this case of a score of factories.

Went off to be interviewed at 6.15 on Disney Custer's T.V. show; talked to her, a handsome and engaging and intelligent creature, as she made up in her dressing-room. Interview went off quite well and the best thing in it was the Transwongong Oyoung Lawai Jau's beautiful singing—the other to give me is Brunei last August.

February 2

Into town at 6.45 a.m. for Don McNeill's breakfast club T.V. show; Bill got me fed and off at 9.30. Into downtown—called "Down-Town" Morrison Head in Madison Street—as audience and performers collected—band, singer (i.e. crooner), sponsor's men (trans) and Staff's men, announcers, general musicians, 3 cameras at different levels, audience perhaps 200, and dozens, it seemed, of others. Walked off 8.30—"call for breakfast"—as a group; was questioned, unheated and worded power; got through and out (unheated yesterday took quite different form) and down the steps of coffee at hotel drug store counter, and journey caused sensation—guitar collected, man questioned me and finally one came and said he was born in Scarborough and wished he could go back there (completely American in appearance and voice) and another said he felt sure his manager at the First National Bank would like to talk with me if I would call. I did.

Lunch with Dean McMurtry, Foster Buckley, Prof. Dole and Merrick, of North Western University, at Sherman Hotel, followed by half hour's recording of radio forum on *The Answer to Communism*. I think I held my own, and I got in good words for the Christian Missions and for Malcolm MacDonald. I was pleased when Buckley applauded the latter. It was a concentrated effort, and I went straight on to Radio W.C.F.L. (syndication of Labour record) for an interview in the Battery at the Ambassador West. Then train from North Western Station to Barrington, Illinois, accompanied by pleasant Joseph Oliver at his best, after visiting Foster and inspecting his new church. Party of 12, who kept questioning me and extracting my talk substance by sentence—talk at Parish Hall, then film show, followed by coffee and cake. Stayed eight at Elgin House full of toys and magazines, slopes climbing bedrooms don't shut, but all very comfortable and friendly. But tired out, for the first time.

February 3

To High School at Downey. Spoke at 8.45 to 300 boys and girls. Hope they enjoyed it. They were patient, and the very pleasant head of the student union brought me a change. He was smiling and diffident, and I could not take it for doing so little—so I asked him to use it for a student's fund and he agreed.

Film show for all the Canadian-General Staff in the afternoon.

February 4

Council for Foreign Relations in morning. 2.0 p.m. University of Chicago Far Eastern Department: 3-hour meeting (and films) on Korea. Antiquated projector, thus badly visible, asked to lecture during revising of films, "if you can be heard above the noise," came away quite exhausted. But audience very interested and intelligent.

February 5

Shopping in snow and ice and slush: Marshall Field's is the most astonishing store in the world; I thought so seven years ago and still think so. Played all my tape recordings at Comodoro: Dayak, Malay, Chinese, Chicago dead grey. Set off in the Lake Street El, or thought I did, by River Forest, to be met at "the end of the line, I don't know the name of the station. But the one next to it is Harlan," said Father Hayes to me on the telephone. The girl in the ticket office assured me

I must take the Garfield Park Line as I did, and the last station but one was Harlem—but it was an hour and a quarter, not the half-hour Hayes told me, and when I got to the end of the line there was no sign of a closed office or a car. I asked at the ticket office and got a grumpy and unhelpful answer, but a drunken Australian overheard and came to offer help. He was quite useless but very friendly. He was waiting (for two hours) to meet his wife. After half an hour I telephoned Mrs. Hayes and then her husband telephoned and at last he appeared. He had been waiting at the end of another line, of which the last station but one was also Harlem. The winter suburbs of Chicago, on a very cold winter night, can be confusing.

At the victory charming children came down to talk to me from their beds and I was regaled with an excellent Muscat wine.

February 6

Communion at 10, breakfast at 7:45 and I talked to a good meeting, all men, till 8:45.

I had particularly wanted, on this my only Sunday in Chicago, to go to St. Luke's Evensong, because the Bishop of Bremen rejoined me to do so, but it seemed impossible as I had to speak at St. Christopher's in the centre of Chicago in the afternoon. But at the party on Friday I was talking to a fellow-guest I didn't know—and he enquired about my plans, and when I told him, said, "I'll be at Christopher's, River Forest, at 9:30 and take you to St. Luke's, and then you'll come back for lunch to my house, which is very close to St. Christopher's, and I'll drive you there." He did, although, as I discovered only in the afternoon, he had very bad toothache and should have been in bed.

February 7

Up at 6:30, packing. Bill put me on the Pennsylvania train for Pittsburgh at 8:45 a.m., and we plodded all day across flat, snow-patched Indiana and Ohio, stopping intermittently and reaching Pittsburgh and the William Penn Hotel at 7:30 p.m.

February 8

British Consul, to be interviewed and photographed, with press, by representatives of the local papers. Very friendly. From this performance I hurried away in a cab that was held up for 10 minutes and gave the driver a chance to hold forth with rousing speech on the importance of not having done away with the steam cars years ago. To Mount Mercy College and received most charmingly by a student who gave me lunch and showed me the school, including a sumptuously furnished greenhouse where students learn "household economy" practically. Six in pure live there by six weeks and each one of the six in turn cooks, shops, budgets and entertains for the other five.

Spoke, in the large and acoustically excellent auditorium for some 45 minutes to several hundreds of girls.

Walked in the afternoon to the point of the famous triangle where the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers join to make the Ohio. Spoke at the Church of the Ascension and showed films.

February 9

I saw a home bearing this legend outside: "Paul's Doggie Home—Vegetarians Personalised Boarding". Make what you will of it.

A quiet day's Baltimore & Ohio train through the Appalachians, dead with winter but beautiful. If ever country was beautiful, in their remote stillness and the snow.

Dorothy Campbell met me in Washington, took me to her and Chas's new house, most attractive, once Harry Hopkins', 3340 N. Street, in Georgetown.

February 10

Embassy: old friends and new. Broadcast from NBC studios in the afternoon, in the Sherman Park Hotel.

Dorothy had a party for me and all my closest Washington friends came and none knew each other; but it was enormous fun.

February 11

Up at 5:30 and to the Sherman Park again, this time to do a T.V. "show" at 6:30—a 30-minute straight talk in a programme Local to this Day. Who can earth look in at this time of day? I managed, with expert help from one of the half-dozen men there, all friendly and lively in spite of the hour, to take it well and was very thankful when it was done.

Breakfast at the Linzbagars. Paul gave me an article for the Sarawak Gazette, comparing Sarawak with Florida.

State Department to see Mr. Hansen, Bradfield USAID. For Paul—interesting—asked him to come to Boston; and Charles Baldwin. Much talk of the Far East. (I forgot to note that the other day in Pittsburgh I had my hair cut by a Chinese barber in the William Penn Hotel and he told he had been cutting hair for 30 years at that same chair and he had cut hair from all over the world but never before from Boston). Went to the National Gallery to lunch and found that all the wonderful collection of Chinese porcelain, the Wedgwood collection, had gone—returned to Philadelphia.

The snow began to fall heavily and road on all traffic closed. I walked to the Baldwin for more Far Eastern talk and the warmest of welcomes.

February 12

Francis Scott Key Book Shop in the crackling snow and glistening sun; clear Doris and Mary. Talk, coffee, books, for an hour. Then to Arlington for lunch with Ann and Alice Hansen. My only driver didn't know the way but made up for getting lost by his talk. He was very fat, and is working for his Master's Degree at Amherst University. And about the Marine Memorial that we passed—"put up by voluntary subscription from the U.S. Marines—you subscribe—or else." It was a shining day, the snow blinding. We were lost. "Let's get to the Buckingham Drug Store," he said, "they stay open all night. Maybe they'll know where North Henderson Road is."

A real Malay carry, and all the Hansens warmth of friendliness and absence of intelligence. Then John Foy gathered me up and we tried to cover five years in an hour. John: gentle, sensitive, disturbed, urban, as always.

February 13

Up off in a dark house and got myself and my bags out of it and into the snow without disturbing anybody, and to the station for breakfast and a nine am train, Wilmington and that Mary Rupert at 11:0. The sun on the snow so beautiful.

February 14

Left Wilmington 6:45—New York, noon. John Miller met me and I felt I had come home. The sun shone in a bright sky and all the old wild magic of this place—the nothing else in the whole world—captured me.

February 15

Walked down Fifth Avenue to the office. Still don't quite believe it. Busy all day on the phone for more work—but nearly the end—for which Tim thanked. Long talk with dear Jim Cullen, who still comes for speakers so faithfully and well, and others of the staff. Took at least all to go to the Museum of Modern Art to see an astonishing photographic exhibition, *The Family of Man*. And I couldn't stop gaping up like a new boy, at the pinnacles and towers. Also, Bill, in his book *My Dear America* makes a great fuss of having fallen in love with New York—at the age of 50. This made me feel young, because I fell in love with New York at 18 and have stayed that way. Dined at Goldie's New York and met Louis Horwitz for the first time in nine years. A good thing he stayed in New York instead of returning to Fort Deposit, Ala-

house, to manage the family drug store, as he planned to do when he left the army.

On Nancy Craig's T.V. show at 11:30—was quite well, I think, and I liked her enormously—and her assistant, whose only name, as far as I heard, was Tom, and who asked for paper seed for her plantation in Brazil. She brought £20,000 acres from a man on a bus whose father had just died and who was en route to market to sell the estate.

At lunch spoke to the Young Republicans Club at the Trumper Restaurant. The organization was very casual—the lunch began 45 minutes late and only began then because I said that I must have at 1:30 for a radio engagement. But the talk seemed to please them, and when it was over a charming girl in gray with dark hair came to me and said with great compliment, "You are splendid. This is the first time I have ever heard a speaker who managed to bring God into a twenty minute talk."

Went on to the Mutual studios, in Broadway just opposite the Metropolitan Opera House, where I heard Marquand and Farmer in *Cavalcade* exactly 30 years ago, and was interviewed for 20 minutes by Ruby Meyer, and then to a party given by Jim and Alice Jinx at Peggy Schelling's flat. Nearly all the guests were U.S. people.

When I got home last night very late I had no time to write a script for a 10½ minute tape recording, *Windows on the World*, a nation put out by R.R.P. for radio stations all over the country. I did it somehow and recorded it this morning, and then went on to lunch in the Rainbow Room at the top of the R.C.A. Building with Bill O'Farrell, who did a proper public relations party for me; Cecil Brown (here re Shampover), George Woodhead, forty years in China, Donald Strook, a Mr. Ross from Detroit, and others, and I had to address the place. Hurried away to speak to the English Speaking Union, a packed meeting at their HQ, in E. 51 Street. An 8½ cocktail party at Alfonso McColl's. The last dinner was a woman, plump blonde. She told me she had taken Monday and Tuesday off from the office to play last Welsh tennis at the New York Dog Show in Madison Square Garden. She also told me she had gone to work, the other day in her personal laundry, because it was so cold, and the supervisor had said to her, "This is the first time you've ever come to work looking shabby." She also told me her third husband had been English and she had lived in England for six years.

February 18

To UN, for lunch with Mary Williams, Jan Jax, Gerald Cannes, Surveyor all the buildings by Gerakil. Went on to the opticians. I was looked after by the senior partner, who said, "I shan't overcharge you—I wasn't born in this country, but I've lived here for forty-three years. Can you tell from my accent where I was born?" "Vienna," I said at once. "Yes," he beamed—*"Vienna."*

The evening I spent with Clarence Chambers, whom I'd not seen for seven years. He is quite unchanged—looks years and years younger than he must be, and is unmarried entirely by choice—the first Negro to be superintendent of one of the largest hospitals in New York.

February 19

Walked to look at the new Lever Building in Park Avenue. No photograph could give any idea of its beauty; of how it seems almost to float detached in air, and yet all in precise sight on the ladies, bordered rock of Manhattan, of its symmetry, and of the translucent green of its glass—and it is all glass. Then, after packing once again, off by train to the peace and beauty of Bedford Hills and the country.

February 21

The Review of Books picked me up in a handsome car and took me first to his Rectory for a good dinner and then to see his handsome church, mostly built in the 1920s, and then to address the Men's Club, where the meeting started an hour late. My last speech.

February 22

General Washington's birthday. Letters all day—some thing done now—except for a sharp walk in the afternoon, in the damp misty country looking very beautiful,—the brown fields, the long thin seeds of birch, with small bright drops of water along their boughs, the hills and hollows and the greying drifts of snow.

February 23

New York. R.R.P. all morning, clearing up loose ends.

In the afternoon to the James Ewing Hospital—new, and beautiful in a sharp clear way. It is entirely a cancer hospital. I wonder how that affects those who work there! Clarence Chambers welcomed me. Dinner on the eleventh floor as the sun went down and all the lights of Manhattan came out. Then a medical film show—an hour of color film on cancer of the head and neck. I sat through it and afterwards showed three Sarawak films. They liked them and want more next week.

February 24

Lath Clouston's house in Washington Place at 9:00 and it was a truly invigorating New York morning. Blue sky, no clouds, sharp air that is like no other. Went by bus up 59th Avenue, gazing at the people, the buildings and the light, and was captivated again, like a giddy child, by this city. "Which not to look upon would be like death."

February 25

All yesterday in the country and today in the town, to meet Graham Black and go with him to Maxwell Anderson's play, *The As I Loved Her*. Excellent to see Graham again. I am less sure about the play. If it is proven, and psychologically accepted, that a girl of nine is capable of carrying out these murders, and with considerable skill, the play is basically justified.

It was dark as we left the theater and crossed Times Square, and the lights of Broadway had come on, and I felt aemporary reminiscent at being there again, and a greater pleasure in walking to Grand Central and returning to the country.

March 1

New York. Episcopal Board of Missions all morning. Mrs. Williamson and the editor of the Church paper.

March 2

James Ewing Hospital to give me special film show of Sarawak films before their weekly medical film. I told Clarence I didn't think I would sit through another hour and a half of cancer films this week. I could sit in the lounge and read. "By all means sit and read if you would like to," he said. "But I had arranged a different diversion for you: the patients are being entertained this evening by Ruth Draper and Paul Draper, and I have arranged that you may go." This was a most astonishing piece of tact. I had tried in vain to see Ruth Draper in Chicago a fortnight ago, but had no free time. She is as magnificent as ever. How is it that there is no human being measurably like her? The subtlety of voice, the brilliance of memory and mind. And I have never seen dancing like her nephew's either. The combination of these two superb performances, and the audience, all cancer patients, many bowed, disfigured, motionless, was moving beyond words.

March 3

Up Broadway to 87th Street, the Sun Web Restaurant to see Mrs. Chia-Chia Kwei's mother-in-law. A long talk about her widely separated family—husband in Hungary, daughter and in Virginia and one in Sarawak, and two sons in China. A delicious Cantonese lobster luncheon.

March 8

To St. Bartholomew's on Park Avenue. One of the most splendid services I ever heard. The preacher was Dr. Christian, Bishop of Qu'Appelle, and his text came

from a Cavalier's epitaph in an English church: "He served King Charles with a constant, courageous and expensive loyalty." It is not difficult to imagine how those words were applied to the status and purpose of a Christian. It was superbly done.

To the re-arranged Metropolitan Museum. All restored, in restorers and not schools, and on the whole very well done; interesting, violent contrasts. The new Dali Crucifixion lately given to the Museum. The marvellous skill of the painting. What I feel so good (as in Dali's Christ of St. John of the Cross) in the physical conception of Christ. No one knows what He looked like on earth, but we know that the man who cleaned the Temple, who said, and knew His meant "I, when I am lifted up into heaven, will draw all men unto Me," was not a weak man. Dali, and Epstein too I believe, though I've not seen his Christ, have given to their figures all the strength and beauty they could conceive and express.

March 7

With Moyra to the dress rehearsal of *Giovanni* at the Metropolitan. The perfect opera to see thus without paying, and without any artiste shock no matter how often the music is interrupted or repeated. It must be quite the safest opera that remains in the repertoire, it asks for all the criticism, all the paradox, over made of grand opera; the nonsensical story, the posturing, the ridiculous drawing.

March 8

At lunch I mentioned Ovile to the Metropoleans and my vain attempts to get a seat and Lady Gabriel said she thought she could help—"I am just about the oldest box holder," she said and at 4.00 she called up to say that a seat in Box 3 would be ready for me if I would pick up the ticket within 24 hours.

To the Frick Collection. Lunch in the open air in Central Park.

Joy Wright's and with her to Christopher and Moyra Clarkson's at 1 W. 76th—the oldest apartment building in New York, they say solid, wood polished everywhere. Moyra now works for the *Reporter*—which means it must be a liberal and intelligent paper. Chris, for Vickie, selling aeroplanes. Talk as usual as always in this house.

March 10

I thought, as I came out in the train to Mount Kisco, all the things I cannot do. I cannot care, or sing, or paint, or dance, or lay a brick, or shave, or sing; nor a novel or cut a harvest. What can I do that is worth while? When I got home, I picked up last Sunday's New York Times and saw this, from the last volume of George Santayana's autobiography: "Imagination is potentially infinite; the presence and variety of alien things fascinate the traveller. He is aware that however much he may have seen, more and greater things remain to be explored, at least ideally, and he need never cease travelling, if he has a critical mind." So, travel? But has any of it been worth while—at least for anyone but me?

Coming out in the train there was a pleasant-looking Chinese sitting across the aisle from me, reading a Chinese newspaper. He smiled at me early in the journey and I smiled back. Then I closed my eyes and dozed. Suddenly my shoulder was loosely shaken and the conductor said, "Pleasantville. You want to get out here, don't you?" "No," I answered as graciously as I could: "Mount Kisco." Nothing more was said till the train had left Pleasantville, and the conductor came and apologized. "I'm sorry I disturbed you, but it was that Chinese sitting across there. He got out at Pleasantville and told me he thought you wanted to get out there."

I can only think that, as they say (quite wrongly) that a European all Eastern faces look alike, so to an Asian we Europeans look alike and he mistook me for another.

March 12

Moyra and I went in to the opera, Ovile. I am inclined to think the best operatic performance I've ever seen and heard. It renewed my belief that opera is, at its height, one of the greatest forms of human art.

What chiefly made this great was Mario del Monaco's Ovile. Faultless and beautifully sung, with subtlety and strength, and very well acted; though he is not tall—his Delmonico was slightly taller, he never failed to dominate. Tribich sang beautifully most of the time, and sometimes exquisitely, but she has not del Monaco's artistic integrity.

March 13

Communion at Bedford. Mr. Keehans, then mainly away, is back, and it was a great pleasure to see him again.

Ernest drove out—a cloudless day—and brought me back to town. Dinner at the Sutton, and a long talk, of the kind and quality we had so often during the war: of love, and death, and human relations, and above all, of tolerance. All his past story, all his courage and achievement, came back in my mind. He says he will never be so happy as he was in England, because there the people seem so kind. All he has gained by coming here, and qualifying again and practising here, is, he said, money, and that is not enough.

We talked of Clarence, and E. said he considers him to be lame, if not quite, the most brilliant man he has ever known, and that is a very considerable tribute from one very good doctor to another.

March 14

The second day without a cloud, cool, fresh. New York at its best and most beautiful. Spent the morning at R.I.S., saying farewells.

Got my sailing permit, i.e. my tax clearance—in the lurch-body of the tax office in Grand Central Palace. Walked in Central Park and ate lunch in the open air restaurant and the sunshine there. Thought that this is the fifth time I leave New York; and three of those times I saw no prospect of returning. Perhaps I may still come again.

March 15

Bob and Alice Halfband took me to dinner at the Russian Tea Room—because it is next door to Carnegie Hall—a remarkable pre-concert place with good food and no atmosphere. Concert: Philadelphia with De-Staudt. The orchestra is better, richer, even more perfect than it used to be. They began with an Ornate arrangement of a Bach organ prelude and fugue in C minor. Very strict, edgeless, plash. Then the Stokowski Philharmonic played the Beethoven violin concerto. Shades of what once was probably great: feeling, respect for the music, but little more.

March 16

Leave Mary at Pier 90 by 8.45 and on board within half an hour; very efficient handling. Letters telegrams: visitors: the usual board of shooting people, the usual parade of plain fares and pleasure. Thick fog—we were due to leave at noon. No view of anything—deep quarters of the ship invisible, bows blowing, bells clanging, as traffic moves about the North River. New York is gone; white emptiness. Sailed at four.

I always find myself looking a little curiously at ships as they sail and I sail in them: they seem to change so much as they move: a ship at a pier, a ship at sea, a ship in a river, are three quite different shapes and yet even more surprisingly the same, as I thought when I came to the pier this afternoon, an hour after we had sailed, and saw in the distance there the ends of two cigarettes one of my visitors had smoked this morning, when we were still tied up in the fog and the noisy people were all around. But the essence of it is that this is the land, and especially here in New York, the land and buildings dominate and make her subject to them: at sea she is where she was made to be.

March 17

Sherry saw this morning, already swept up into piles a long day by the bulkheads when I went out at 11.0 after working all morning. In the afternoon, I talked and walked for two hours with Arthur Chishell from the Sedan and Tanguayka who has also been doing a lecture tour for B.L.S. A very pleasant, incisive, questioning man—brother of Hugh Chishell. He did much of the talking—questioning me about Sarawak, Indonesia, and my impressions of the United States. The ship suddenly stopped rolling. Talked also with a very friendly colored man, from New York, going for a month's holiday to London and Paris. He gave me his card, which describes him as a "Mosaologist".

The sun shone a little this afternoon, but it didn't make me like the dreary, rutless North Atlantic any better. When it's no longer a cruel sea, it is still a dreary, drab one.

March 20

I do, after all, love America as much as ever—my America; my dear America, the land of its own beauty and my friends; San Francisco, the Arizona desert, the gray stone of Chicago and the bright splendor of Manhattan (when one is in Manhattan's master and not its slave). My old friends, unswerving, intelligent, and kind. Reflecting in thankfulness, and more melancholy, as we draw to the end of this voyage and another chapter, and fresh faces, fresh stories, fresh demands, fresh pleasures will appear; but not so until the old, the old, the ended. Reflecting, too, on the reasons why that image remains, and why the melancholy is there. It is partly inherent in America and me, but it is partly because this was the very first holiday I have spent in America, the first time I could give myself to the enjoyment of the country and my friends.

And then recollecting: trying to catch small things, but I do not see them again. I take my memory back to each day when its memory had not yet come and there seemed endless work, travel, anticipation and pleasure before me. It seemed unusual then as I looked ahead; it almost seems so now, as I look back.

March 21

An absolutely cloudless sky and calm blue sea. So they remained till dark. We came by the Southern Channel route, into the port of Cherbourg at 10 o'clock. The place is greatly reduced since 1940, but still chaff looking. Many gendarmes, many soldiers, all staring. All the baggage and passengers were gone by noon or earlier, but we sat in the sun, waiting for the tide, off half-past three, and I talked for the first time again with the pleasant Pakistani I met in the fog en deck in New York, and read Agusti Sitjarrom's Coll for Gravetum. A splendid piece of work.

The ending of even the dimly familiar leaves a pang. There had been eating two tables from me three fat Italians, a man and two women, elderly, benign-looking. They ate everything except soup with their fingers, and somehow Comard had found them a waiter who spoke Italian. They disembarked at Cherbourg and their empty chairs, though I had never spoken or even smiled to them, assailed this evening—well, empty. But I suppose that is always so: when human beings have been and left their traces, there is a kind of paradox when they're gone—like a child's toy when he's gone to bed, or, as I still remember, all the tidy tiers of American soldiers' uniforms and underwear I once saw during the war in a deserted British laundry.

And leaving the cabin, small and unconvincing though it was—the place where friends had had happy? in New York. That, again, is the odd thing about ships. That armchair in the cabin is the same, but then, behind it, was Pier 90 and 50th Street and all Manhattan; later, through that same portico, the Atlantic, grey, blue, green, white, and its sky above; the cranes and hills and that French house of Cherbourg all day yesterday, and now the drowsy and the faint-colored sky of England and the flat expanse of Southampton.

Disembarked at 7.30 this morning, March 22nd, and was through the Customs and out at the motor car platform at 7.45 waiting for my brother Maxie. The Customs Officer couldn't have been more friendly.

P. S. J.

Batu Lintang Heritage

The other day I read with pleasure and perhaps with forgiveable pride of the expedition of a group of Batu Lintang students headed by their Principal, Mr. A. Gordon Smith, across the Usum Apas. The achievement itself seems certainly worthy of record, but the things for which it and other expeditions (I would prefer the word adventures) stand are perhaps of even greater significance at a time when schools in Sarawak are at a crossroads.

In the early days of the Training Centres a young Dusun of slender build was challenged one evening after sailing practice to a swimming race across the river at Kuching. He swam over and back again and won. As a member of the School sailing boat *Palau Perhut* he showed both skill and courage in the face of considerable danger when the ship ran into a storm somewhere off the mouth of the Rajang. At the end of his two years' training he went back home to open a school for upriver, proved himself a hardworking and conscientious teacher. And in two years he was dead, a victim to the dreaded consumption.

In the course of its comparatively short history, Batu Lintang has striven to provide for its students opportunities for enterprise and adventure within the framework of an otherwise inevitable routine. From its beginnings, those responsible for its running have endeavored to give the qualified teacher a tool for living rather than a mere livelihood. Too often in other parts of the world Training Centres have demanded a high academic standard of their students, and the result has been to sacrifice that flexibility of method and of syllabus, without which it seems impossible to run a jungle school. From time to time the critics have said, "But your school provides no passport to an adequate living wage"; and the answer has always been that it never intended to do so but that it has in some small measure prepared its products for a fuller living. In the words of Sir Richard Livingstone, its education has been "something to get" rather than "something to become". Other agencies, not Training Centres, provide salaries.

It is readily admitted that the material in those early days was not always the soundest from a scholastic point of view but that a beginning had to be made, and what better for boys whose lives had been lived in close contact with nature than to stimulate and maintain a real desire to learn through the medium of "adventure". The exercises might be on a larger scale—across country from Simanggang to Sarawak, or this recent trip across the Usum Apas—but in each of these series there was always a purpose: to prompt the young men of Sarawak and Brunei who came for training, no matter what their race, to seek a mastery—the confidence of their own innate ability. On the mountain side, across deep gorges and over lonely stretches of rough country, the qualities of courage, endurance, persistence were to be discovered—to be found wanting in some cases (for we had our failures, too), or to be strengthened. In the forests, a love of adventure in its true sense supplied the spur for adventure which lies deep in my nature and without which "any civilization, however enlightened, must wither and wane".

Tough tasks are the lot of most teachers in Sarawak and tough training is consequently demanded. Not many miles from Kuching you can find a dozen or more schools whose only protection from the elements is a thatched hut, whose equipment is rude and ob-

maturity, but whose children are discovering the wealth of adventure on their own doorsteps, who are learning the same things as children in Kuching or in London for that matter but in a different way, who are learning to be what their fathers are, but in a better way. I remember but one evening sitting in a long house above Long Mok. It may have been in Long Skai's. Up the steps trooped the teacher from Long Mok followed closely by seven or eight bright-eyed pupils, the water still glistening on their sturdy legs as they had stepped from the *pekar*, which they had paddled up from the school. With pride they held up a fish which they had just speared. Later that night they set off to paddle back the long stretch of rough water to the school and the next day you would find them in school at their books, looking no better nor brighter than a class of other children. But surely here were children who were being taught to preserve their vigour. Here there were no fake university students to learning but a sound spirit of endeavour deliberately fostered. Education you might say has become an appeal to their will rather than to their emotions. The flagging energies were restored, not by an overblown dream nor a *yakky* in a Happy World, but by the cool waters of a quiet *seku* after a tramp with a roaring rapid. The ear was being finely tuned to the whispering of the bush and the waters, the hand learned to detect the earth ground, a dangerous and the nostrils on the ready for the scent of a hidden orchid. These are all got by physical hardship and in the realization of oneself; everyone must go through in boyhood some sort of adventure and hardship which is real, some battle with the natural elements and yet short of conflict which would hurt and injure the young lad. Again, it is no mystery over nature that is aimed at by our school from Long Mok—only the achievement of the mastery of himself.

It is almost a truism to say that well-adjusted freedom is attained only when the qualities of self-devotion and self-discipline, endurance and generosity, have been firmly established. Those who are concerned with education in any way—and especially in any place—have to contend with an overburdened curriculum. It is not the contention of Baba Linjong that Science should yield to sight-seeing, or Maths, to mountaineering, but that a place can be found within the framework of a salmed year's programme for the development of a youngster's finer instincts. The external stimuli of films, tape recorders, school broadcasts and books of adventure are inadequate substitutes for reality. Nor has Baba Linjong ever advocated a Spanish training for the young men it cases for. Rather is he trying to say what a cultured Athenian demanded of the Guardians of the Republic. "We must introduce them to fear, proving them far more vigorously than we prove gold in the furnace. If they bear themselves well and are not easily banished, if they show themselves self-reliant and maintain in themselves in all circumstances the principles of balance and harmony they learned in their education, then they may be expected to be of the greatest service to the community as well as to themselves". We have painted our tasks on the uncertainty of the exploits of "Rusty, of the Rocky Mountains" and neglected the certainty of the Hoe Mountains!

Rev. A. G. Glazier

Travels with A Land Dayak (VII)

Drums, gongs, fire crackers and canoes burst out into a deafening crescendo of sound as the sacred "votive" were carried from the round house to the altar at the other end of the village. Each of about ten old men, soberly dressed in their brightest clothes and with gaily coloured cloths wrapped around their heads to serve as turbans, carried one article. The three skulls in little receptacles by now, and held together by their

basket-work holders were followed by an ancient tripod jar of Chinese origin. One leg of this jar was missing and had been replaced by a wooden peg. I was told several times that the jar had been damaged when the village had been razed by Chinese rebels fleeing from the Rajah's forces after the troubles of 1862. The relic at that time had been hastily transported to a place of safety but none had been lost and others damaged. The jar, which was about two feet tall and perhaps a foot or more in diameter at its widest point, was highly revered and was said to contain the "soul of the village". Precisely what, if anything, the jar contained, I was unable to ascertain. I do know that there was a more detailed story about this object but with the excitement of the day and the inadequacy of my only common language with the Dayaks, I was unable to elicit any further history. Certainly the jar was treated with the utmost care and was placed in a central position before the altar.

Another article was the trophy of a large deer. The deer itself had manifested supernatural powers when it had visited the village some generations previously and its horns and skull were treasured yet with these powers. There were also, wonderful old bone necklaces, on the strings of which green, blue and white glass beads were interspersed with the teeth of wild pigs and lizards, and those of various shape and texture. And, finally, the usual basket of palm wine, cooked meat, pieces of wine, and bunches of dried flowers of the *assam* plant were added to the collection so as once the *shara* and were flattered by joints of pork from freshly killed pigs.

Two live pigs had been tied down in the open space before the altar. The pigs lay on their sides and a small round ring was secured on each immediately over their hearts. As soon as all the articles had been assembled by the elders, the old man seized spear or sticks and began a macabre dance round the two animals. As each was passed the "target" he poked or prodded the writhing animal until they screamed in pain and fear. The dance continued for about ten minutes, the direction changing after every half dozen or so circuits. I expected the pig to be despatched at every prod but after a while the prods stopped and the old men returned their seats in their shelter and refreshed themselves with wine and food. The time for the slaying was not yet. The spear carried by the leader of the ceremony would be essayed by the spirits when the time was ripe, and when the time came it would enter the pig of his own accord and until that time would not pierce the skin, however hard a blow was struck.

After the dance the crowd who had watched the ceremony drifted away. Life in the village went on almost as normal except that the air of festivity permeated to all corners. Every family had killed a pig and there were good things to eat and drink in every house and groups of villagers passed to and fro paying calls upon their friends and relatives. At intervals the day long the dance was repeated but towards evening an air of expectancy came over the village. The old men got up to dance in the same way but the prods seemed to beat more loudly and the whole village gathered round to watch. The dance went on and on and became more and more frenzied. The shouts of the old men grew louder and louder and wilder and wilder. The pig shrieked and screamed continuously as though they knew that and was near. This seemed to stand still but I suppose the dance must have gone on for nearly half an hour until quite suddenly the leader drew his spear from one of the pigs and a hideous flood of blood followed it. I had not noticed him make any special preparations nor had I seen him exert any great pressure on the pig than he was wont to do as he prodded it in the dancing. But now the spear was red and the pig screaming in its death agonies. The second pig was struck and there was a tremendous shout from the crowd and another fusillade of shots and crackers. The other dancers in turn plunged their spears into the hapless beasts. I felt a little sick. The pigs were

new neatly opened and some blood collected in bowls and the livers examined for worms. The men came around and secured a little of the blood mixed with tiny yellow seeds on everyone's forehead and hands. The Dayaks crowded forward to receive this token and the blessing with it. Mothers brought their babies to be anointed. No one was missed. The omens were pronounced to be satisfactory, the crowd drifted away and the old man returned to their shelter.

The ceremony was over but the village would be passing for seven days afterwards. During this time no one may leave or enter the village precincts. It was raining and almost dark by this time but we joined a party of youths from another village who were going our way and set off for home. I left alone and dictated at the same time, my mind full of the sights and sounds of the past forty-eight hours. But for the boys still at it had been a time of unresisted policy. There was no discipline here. They were going home after a fine holiday and it was not long before their infectious good humour had driven any morbid thoughts from my head.

(To be continued)

Welfare Organisations in Sarawak

(V)

The Kuching Boys' Club and Hostel

The history of the Kuching Boys' Club and Hostel goes back to the immediate post-war years. The war which had been responsible for many changes in the social life of the people of Sarawak left also an quota of juvenile delinquents and problem children. Whilst most of the latter were absorbed into the school system and in time settled down as normal children, the former were dealt with by various court processes there was the intermediate class of under-privileged youngsters who lacked the opportunities of normal children and who in the absence of proper guidance and leading outlets for their energies were in danger of turning to delinquent behaviour.

In 1948, Government formed an Advisory Committee on Social Welfare to advise on welfare problems generally. This Committee sat from time to time under the Chairmanship of the then Chief Justice, Dr. H. Y. Hedges and made recommendations to Government covering a wide variety of welfare matters which included old and infirm Tamil women working on the relief gang, extensions to the Aged Home, the appointment of a resident warden for the Boys' Hostel, a survey of some voluntary welfare organisations, the provision of a place of safety for women and girls, the problems of juvenile delinquency and finally the establishment of a boys' club and hostel in Kuching. The original recommendation of the Committee was "that the hostel be established to provide a home for homeless youths as part of the after-care work for juveniles, and that it form the nucleus for the formation of a boys' club".

This project received the whole-hearted support of Government who provided shophouse No. 1st, Padang Road, for the purpose and undertook the repairs. The Rotary Club contributed an initial \$1,000!—. The Advisory Committee appealed for funds by means of a public lottery and a grand fancy bazaar which met with very generous response from the public. In all a total sum of \$22,000!— was collected, and in June, 1949, the Club and Hostel came into being with the appointment of a full time Warden.

The Club and Hostel serve a twofold purpose, namely, a provides board and lodgings for the needy and a club house for boys who live in the locality. From its inception the following types of boys have found refuge in the Hostel:

(a) Homeless and destitute boys for whom work or schooling have to be arranged;

- (b) Working boys whose homes are far away from town who pay in full or in part their board and lodging;
- (c) Boys whose home circumstances are such that it is in their interests and for the good of their future, for them to be placed in an institution where they could be looked after;
- (d) Some cases of Ex-Home boys whose homes are not suitable or probation boys in similar circumstances.

The Club, as distinct from the Hostel, aims, at providing healthy recreation for boys who otherwise may have to spend their free time roaming the streets.

The Hostel is situated in the same premises as the Club-house. It occupies the first floor where there is accommodation for 12 boys. Boys ranging from the age of 10 to 16 years have been admitted to stay there. A resident Warden stays in a back room with his family. Food is prepared by a salaried cook. From the Hostel the boys go out daily to school or work.

The grandfather of the Club, until comparatively recently, housed all the indoor games. At the beginning of 1954, partly with the help of a monk, a new Recreation Hall was erected on Sung Kiang Mu Recreation Ground which has made a parlour for existing facilities to be expanded. The outdoor activities now include football, basketball, badminton, hiking and visits to local places of interest. Among the popular indoor games are table-tennis and chess. A carpet-golf class has been recently introduced.

The Club and Hostel is run by a Board of Management one third of whose members are Government nominees. Its funds are partly supplied by the Social Welfare Council in the form of grants and partly not from public subscriptions and donations. Recently the boys of the Club staged a concert to raise funds and it proved a great success.

The present members of the Board of Management are:

Chairman:	Mr. D. J. Chandler
Hon. Secretary:	Mr. Long Te Seng
Hon. Treasurer:	Mr. Ong Kee Hui
Members:	Mr. M. G. Dakin Mr. T. Atkinson The Data Bunder Mr. John M. Chin Mr. E. W. Russell Mr. Spencer Ong Mr. Tan Poh Tin

T. H. Wong

Fighting the Locusts

The locust, cousin to the familiar grasshopper, can be, and periodically is, a deadly enemy of man in his struggle to produce the food he needs. Swarms of these insects—sometimes as large as 250 square miles and weighing in aggregate as much as 300 tons—fly out from their breeding grounds and strip to bare stalks the fields of our crops in their path.

Man has been fighting this plague for more than 2,000 years, but it is only within the last 20 years that scientists have begun to develop methods for its suppression.

No Respite Of Frontiers

The campaign is widely based and never-ending. Guided by forecasts of locust movements sent out to more than 40 countries from a headquarters in London—the Anti-Locust Research Centre in Kensington—which is kept on the insects wherever they may be, for the locust is no respecter of frontiers. Insects which develop in as little as 40 days from eggs laid in one land can wipe out crops in another country many miles away. They fly in monstrous clouds from one country to another in Africa, the Middle East and Asia. Other kinds of locust are similarly active in Australia and Central and South America.

Once it was realised that great locust invasions are due to initial beginnings, plans were made to keep the breeding areas constantly observed and prevent the formation of swarms. For the locust leads a chequered life. In certain conditions the insect changes from being solitary in habit to a gregarious phase. It is then that it migrates in masses. A rise in locust population precedes the change from one phase to the other, but the conditions which bring this about are not yet fully known.

Once, however, "outbreak areas" have been identified control is possible. The most effective method now is use larvae spraying poisoned bait over the breeding grounds. This bait, especially when moist, is preferred by the locust to green vegetation and death follows within 48 hours. But sometimes the scientists are unable to deal with the insects before they start their flight. Then other methods are used. A poison is sprayed in an oil solution from aircraft flying across the path of flight of the swarms, or is sometimes sprayed from aircraft on the swarms when they are settled on the ground. Other difficulties of distance or of terrain limit the usefulness of these methods.

Several Species

Several kinds of locust exist. Of these the Desert Locust is the most wide-spread and destructive. So many countries are involved in the battle against this insect that co-ordination of control is difficult to achieve with the necessary speed. With the Red Locust, which breeds only once a year, the campaign is seasonal. But with the Desert Locust and the African Migratory Locust, which breed more than once yearly and at different seasons according to country and climate, the fight goes on all round the calendar.

Spreading from West Africa to North Africa, from East Africa to Arabia, and through the Middle East to Pakistan and India, the size of the Desert Locust territory is terrifyingly large. Countries concerned in the constant fight against it meet to co-ordinate their work under the auspices of the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations which has set up a Technical Advisory Committee to guide its members.

The initiative in this vast offensive against one of mankind's most dangerous enemies was taken by the British Government more than 20 years ago after various outbreaks in Asia and Africa. Statistics had pointed to the need for energetic action. In the following decade it became increasingly clear that measures to be effective must be on an international scale with close co-operation between all the countries involved.

Today news of locust movements is cabled repeatedly to Kewstington where it is mapped and collated so that monthly forecasts can be sent out whenever they are needed and action taken on the spot without delay.

Dawn Weaver

Serian to Simanggang— the Hard Way

Most readers will probably know of the many expeditions into various parts of Sarawak, undertaken by students of Bato Lintang Training Centre and School, last July. I chose to accompany one party of civilians who hoped to walk from Serian to Simanggang. Rucksacks were sent on by bus, while the students cycled to Serian. This being a distance of some forty miles, I was discreet enough to follow by car, joining up with the main party in good time to commence the first part of our walk the next day. Heavily laden, we trudged across the Serian bridge around 8.30 a.m. on Friday, July 8th.

Going at first was good, but the path very soon grew indistinct and by midday we had lost our way. Being conveniently near a stream, we decided to have lunch. It is quite an education to see these boys prepare a meal. Parangs are very much to the fore and wood which abounds everywhere, is soon cut down. These stakes are hastily sharpened, each at one end, and driven into the ground. In a matter of minutes, a pot of rice is resting comfortably above and a fire burning cheerfully below. I am afraid I was too busy cooking my feet in the stream to be of assistance.

We regained our lost track after lunch and by late afternoon reached Blimbing, where we hoped to make out first night's stop. We rambled our perspiration-laden bodies into the crystal-clear water of the river which ran close by the longhouse. This is a wonderfully refreshing experience, difficult to describe, but certainly, the labour of the day's tramp was amply rewarded. Unfortunately, the local people came along to tell us that we would not be able to enter their house because, I think, of sickness there. However, we were unable to determine the precise reason. And we had no alternative but to press on to the next longhouse, a couple of hours' walk away. A very noisy and tired-stained party arrived at Antapay, just before dark. After the usual greetings, we hurriedly bathed once again before retiring to the longhouse to enjoy a meal, cooked most graciously by our new hosts. Thereafter, longhouse doors swung slowly to and fro as the menfolk emerged to sit on the mats and engage us in conversation.

I was just deliberating how I could retire discreetly when it was announced that dancing would take place in our honour. Any illusions I harboured about Dayak maidens swaying gracefully to the frantic beating of drums, were quickly dispelled. Dancing took on the all too familiar Malay pattern of gesticulating youths and hidden talents. We were permitted but a fleeting glimpse of the young women, arrived in all their finery, before they disappeared behind the inevitable screen, slipping out of sight, if not out of mind. I find this type of dancing most disappointing, as girls are naturally more rhythmic and graceful than boys. Anyone who has taught children country dancing will corroborate what I say. It was a very fatigued body that I dragged under the mosquito net sometime after mid-night, I fell asleep at once.

Still feeling the exertions of the previous day, we took our breakfast leisurely and preparations for departure were quite uneventful. We eventually left about mid-morning and soon found progress becoming increasingly difficult. We had hoped to reach Bala Ringin for lunch, but did not arrive there until around 3 p.m. We decided to call it a day and make the most of this opportunity to wash our souls. We stayed the night in a rather unspeakable rice barn, kindly placed at our disposal by the Chinese towkay. We were not kept awake by the incessant beating of drums on this occasion, and enjoyed a good night's sleep, undisturbed except by the scratching of an odd rat or two.

From Bala Ringin the river went away from us and some miles further along doubled back, looking on the map rather like a letter U. It was across the two arms of the U that our path lay the next morning. We borrowed boats and rowed across the river to begin what proved to be the most difficult part of the whole journey. The forest was a wilderness of fallen logs and overhanging branches. Only here and there was I able to detect any sign of a path whatsoever. We spent the whole morning literally climbing over logs, branches and tree roots. It was virtually impossible to find one solitary piece of solid earth on which to put one's foot, as there were endless roots lying just above the surface of the ground. Movement was extremely slow and arduous. Perspiration dripped continuously from our steaming bodies. We found it necessary to take frequent rests and while taking one of these short breakers, I removed my shoes and stockings to cool my tortured feet. What a shock I had! Chipping

unconsciously no body feet were several leeches. These disgusting pests are about half the size of a worm and similar in appearance. They inhabit damp forests and fasten themselves on to the legs of unsuspecting pilgrims, burrowing through socks and boots, seeking a convenient place to start their grisly work. It is foolish to imagine that you have avoided unscathed, simply because you are not aware of their presence. While I announced my discovery, the rest of the party removed these loathsome and without exception, all had received the same ghastly attention. We stopped at intervals thereafter to remove and destroy these loathsome creatures, who would by this time be quite bloated with blood. We despatched them by the simple expedient of running a sharp knife across their middle bodies. It was rather fascinating to watch them deflate immediately, as one's blood drained rapidly away.

It was lunch time before we reach Rauching, having negotiated but a few miles in several hours. The usual refreshing bath followed before we sat down to a meal with our new hosts. It was here that I had my first taste of locally-brewed beer. A rather befuddled party later embarked on a hot, blistering afternoon's walk. This was one occasion when it would perhaps have been wise to feed our Beaufort friends who implored us to stay overnight. Thereafter, it was a succession of hot, sticky and tiring days, walking through swampy country, most of which was negotiated by means of logs thrown across the ground. On many occasions one had to search with one's feet, for the logs below the surface, during which time, the water-cam-shade would be doing a water-cooling act around one's knees. The non-feetlessness of my comrades had to be seen to be believed. Eventually, someone took an occasional excursion into the more marshy to the amusement of the onlookers, but discomfort of the victim. I certainly did not escape unscathed but contrived not to miss my footing more often than the rest. However, I relied a great deal on my trusty double-peppered stick, the use of which was declined by the students. They slipped across these thin, greasy logs without slackening pace, and thereby, I believe, for the most of preserving one's equilibrium.

There were numerous longhouses en route, and it was seldom found necessary to cook meals out. Invariably, we would pass on in the afternoon, though our lunch time hosts would entice us to stay. We would sleep at whichever longhouse lay along our route just before dark. Evenings in the longhouses followed a similar pattern to our five night's stay at Amayan, with long possews on the verandahs and dancing later for those still energetically inclined. The most tantalizing evening we spent was at Gua where emancipation of women has indeed already begun. The girls there had no such inhibitions as their counterparts in earlier villages, and danced with abandon. All this, of course, we all thoroughly enjoyed and the girls decided that it was our turn to give exhibitions. Unsuspecting students were mimed by the dancers and thrust bodily on to the floor. They were not permitted to escape until they had acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of their female captors. Later the girls dressed up in various guises and gave mimed performances, which at times bordered on the hilarious. One actress, wearing a monkey costume, received her not unobtrusive attentions in my direction. In a rather half-hearted bid for freedom, I climbed up the nearest supporting pillar. Everybody was highly amused and it was all great fun. Though all along the route, the hospitality of the people was almost embarrassing, I shall say that we bade our most reluctant farewell to the inhabitants of Gua.

Practically the whole of the journey led us along overgrown jungle paths and swamps. Only on our last day's walk to Simanggang did we really strike open country and here it was necessary to cross a large range of hills. We found the going unbearably hot, and it was a relief to sit at long last safely encircled

in the little shop two or three miles from our destination, and within reach of civilization for the first time in two weeks. We sat gulping down long cool drinks, while we waited hopefully for the local bus which unhappily never came. Of all days, it had chosen this one to break down. After waiting for more than two hours, we reluctantly loaded on our rucksacks once again, and plodded on our laden-dotted way to town. We had but another mile to travel, when a diplomatic bus arrived and an offer was made to take us the rest of the way for twenty cents apiece. It took us a full two seconds to reach a unanimous decision. From the alacrity with which we accepted his offer, the driver was left in no doubt that he had missed a glorious opportunity of making more money. Looking back, I feel we can really lay claim to having completed the whole distance from Serian to Simanggang on foot, and in one foul sweep, as it were.

In order to keep the description of this journey reasonably brief, I have, of necessity, made no mention of a number of our interesting experiences, as they would take many more chapters to record. However, one incident in particular I omitted purposely, for it was the highlight of the whole trip, and deserves a separate paragraph to itself. We had been travelling for four or five days and on that particular evening stopped for rough Piasang, where V.J., one of our party died. He was greatly enjoyed at the prospect of seeing his people, especially so when bringing along many of his friends from Batai Lintang. By late afternoon we were still two hours away from Piasang, and a large longhouse being conveniently in hand, decided to stay there the night. V.J. was bitterly disappointed and asked permission to continue alone. This was readily granted. The main party would join him the next day, probably before lunch, and then have a lazy afternoon and evening, as V.J. would have been deeply grieved but we met upon the night sleeping on his longhouse verandah. So off he went to his village and we to the river for the usual bath. The next morning we breakfasted most leisurely as we had but two hours walk ahead of us. We were just about to leave when V.J. put in a sudden and unexpected appearance. He just couldn't sit around awaiting our arrival and had left early that morning to hurry on on our way. He sportingly offered to carry my rucksack and although I remonstrated, albeit very freely, my arguments were overruled and I found myself descending the longhouse ladder, feeling almost airborne. Walking unaccustomed, even through this type of country, can be something of a joy after lugging a hefty pack and what-have-you around for several days. However, we had much swampy land to cross and I was the usual hot and sticky traveller by the time we reached Piasang. We sat down gratefully on the home-made chair placed out on the verandah for our use. For a moment I thought my eyes were deceiving me. There on the rough table were two large bottles of beer (brewed in Scotland). I handled them carefully and longingly to reassure myself that this was not, in fact, a mirage. Since we were very far from where such stuff could be obtained, I naturally inquired from whence it came. Apparently, V.J. was determined that we should be entertained royally at his village. He bought these two large and heavy bottles of beer in Kuching and had since carried them in his pack for several days, over the most difficult country imaginable, just so that I could have a drink of beer on arrival at his longhouse. I trust that even the most ardent teetotaler will forgive me for saying that this was the most wonderful drink of my life. Nectar indeed. Certainly such kindness and loyalty are admirable attributes for this student to possess and more of his type are needed to grace our teaching profession. I earnestly hope that on some future graduation day, he will be among those to whom certificates are awarded. My only regret is that he cannot be given two such certificates—one for each bottle.

The Ascent of Mount Santubong

[It is always pleasing to be able to pay tribute to achievement of the greater men. Santubong has been climbed before, and by ladies too, but in this account by a first year student of Sarawak Training Centre, there is a refreshing spontaneity of approach which fully merits publication. It is reproduced by courtesy of the *Sarawak News Letter*.—Ed.]

It was on a fine Sunday morning in July that a party consisting of a number of secondary school boys and ten charming lady students attempted to ascend this familiar mountain. I am one of this lady students who had never made the ascent before; but whatever thoughts we might have of the hazards on the way up were overshadowed by the thought that the conqueror of the third peak would number us among the first ladies ever to set foot on that elevated piece of land.

We set off from the Bata Lintang Rest House at about 8.45. We took the path which led from the seashore up the sloping side of the lowest peak. All of us were so eager to reach the top that we rushed up at a very fast pace. However, we soon found that we could not keep up with it and had to go at a much slower pace. By the time we reached the top of the first peak we were panting and were indeed glad to sit down and rest for a while.

The short rest on top of the first peak reinvigorated us immensely and the view we saw as we looked around us, filled us with renewed vigour to climb. We began our assault of the second peak at a leisurely pace. Experience had taught us that the adage "never haste less speed" was now more true than on a mountain slope. We made our way up slowly, sometimes dragging ourselves up by a creeper, sometimes by the root of a tree. Every now and again we stopped to rest and look around us, then went on again challenging and poking as we went along.

The summit of the second peak had now come into view and our immediate desire was to get up there and rest for a while. The boys who got ahead of us were now showing encouragement to us from the top. After a lot of stumbling over rocks and creepers, we sat down to rest feeling happy that we had successfully completed the second stage of our ascent. We had reached this point earlier than we had calculated, and since we were told by Mr. Abang, the leader of the party, that the west was still to come, we decided to take a longer rest before making the final ascent. We looked up at the third peak to get some idea of the way before us. From where we were standing, it looked more formidable than ever. It seemed so high and yet so far.

The climb up the third peak was as difficult as promised. From the very beginning we were impeded by the steepness of the ascent. Every few yards or so we were faced with precipitous rock walls where the only foothold was afforded by the roots of trees growing on top of these miniature cliffs. Up these walls of almost bare rock we literally dragged ourselves, scraping the skin off our elbows and knees as we went along. Many of the boys had climbed this mountain before, and they proved most helpful at this stage of the ascent. Several of the lady students were frightened by the height and they were virtually pulled over the rock surfaces with ropes by the boys. At last, after what seemed an age passed, we stood on the summit of the highest peak. Here, the view filled us with awe. The mighty Sarawak River and its tributaries looked like silvery threads interlacing a wide expanse of green. Fishing boats with their "bocan" sails looked like toy boats on little footpaths used to play with in a pond. In the distance we could see Kuching town with the sun shining white against the whitewashed walls of its shophouses. When the first thrill of success was over, we began to realize how thirsty we were. On the summit, was a dampond with some water in it, and though

the water did not look very clear, we were glad to drink from it. After the drink, we buried ourselves, chiselling our names on the rocks, and leaving as many mementos as possible of our having been there. Mr. Abang had in the meantime taken out his camera, and everyone promptly forgot all else except that he or she wanted photographic proof of his or her achievement. Thus before we began our downward journey, Mr. Abang had not less than three rolls of exposed film in his pocket.

The climb downwards was much easier. The problem now was to prevent ourselves from going too fast. It was 2.00 p.m. when we got back to the Bata Lintang Rest House. We were so tired that we were ready to sleep, and it was not long before every available seat in the Rest House was occupied. But no sooner had we sat down than we began to laugh at one another's appearance. We had started off in the morning looking fresh and tidy, and now we were so grubby-looking that we could hardly recognise ourselves as the girls who set out in the morning.

MARYANN CHOO

Work Has Begun On Earth Satellite Apparatus

WASHINGTON: The Defense Department announced Thursday, October 6, that work has begun on the apparatus to launch the earth satellite which will be rocketed into outer space as part of the United States' contribution to the International Geophysical Year (July, 1957—December, 1958).

The Department said the Glenn L. Martin Aircraft Company of Baltimore, Maryland, has been awarded the prime contract for "a major part of the project."

Martin, builder of the Viking rocket which holds the world altitude record of 138 miles for a single-stage rocket, will develop the launching vehicle for the "baseball-sized" unmanned satellite.

The General Electric Company will supply the rocket motor which will be used in the first stage of pushing the earth satellite into its orbit in outer space. Other parts of the launching will be produced by different industrial sources.

Thursday's announcement was the first official news released on the project since President Eisenhower on July 29 announced plans to launch the satellite to gather scientific data from outer space.

The satellite has been acclaimed by U.S. space experts as the forerunner of space travel by mankind.

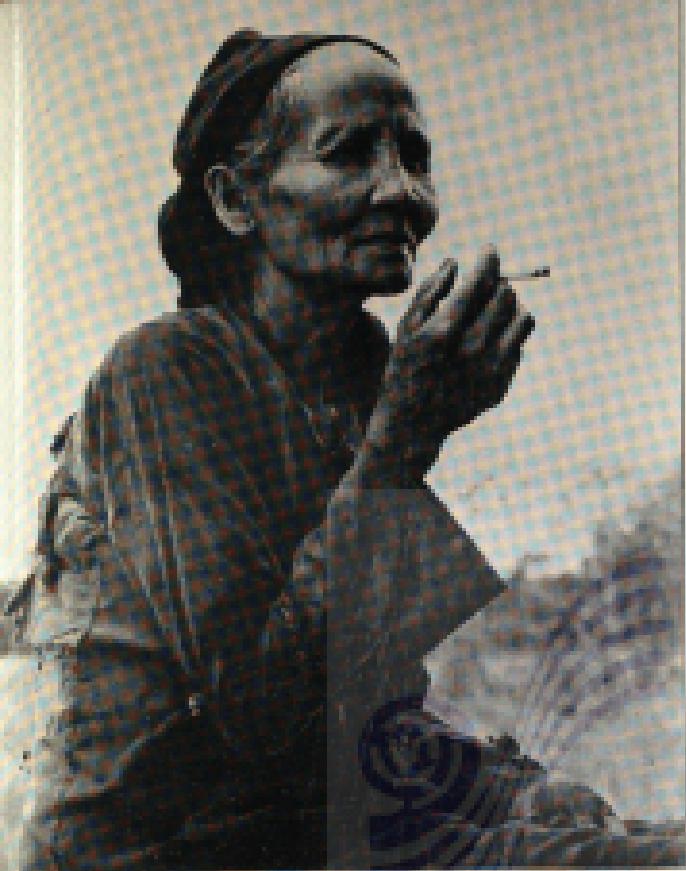
The announcement said a site will be selected soon "on a scientific and functional basis" for the satellite's launching.

A three-stage rocket will push the small, instrument-packed unit into space. The rocket's first stage sends the satellite straight up in the air. The initial rocket disengages and the second stage rocket takes over, pushing the satellite further into the thin air above the earth's surface. The third stage rocket will boost the satellite's speed to more than 18,000 miles per hour, establishing the satellite in its orbit.

This tremendous speed is necessary to "balance the centrifugal force of the satellite against the earth's gravitational pull."

Space experts predict the satellite's path around the earth will be elliptical rather than circular. At its nearest point, the unit will be approximately 200 miles above the earth's surface and will circle the globe "once every one or two hours for several days."

Gradually the satellite will move closer to the earth, until the heavier air near the earth's surface causes enough friction on its surface to disintegrate it "like a shooting star."



"DATAK GRANDMA"

Lim Peck Chong, 35s



"DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW"

Tan Kee Wee, 35s



"CRANE WORK"

Chin Kiong Food, Miri



"BATH"

Chin Kiong Food, Miri



Lam Poh Chiang, 1998

"AWAKENED"



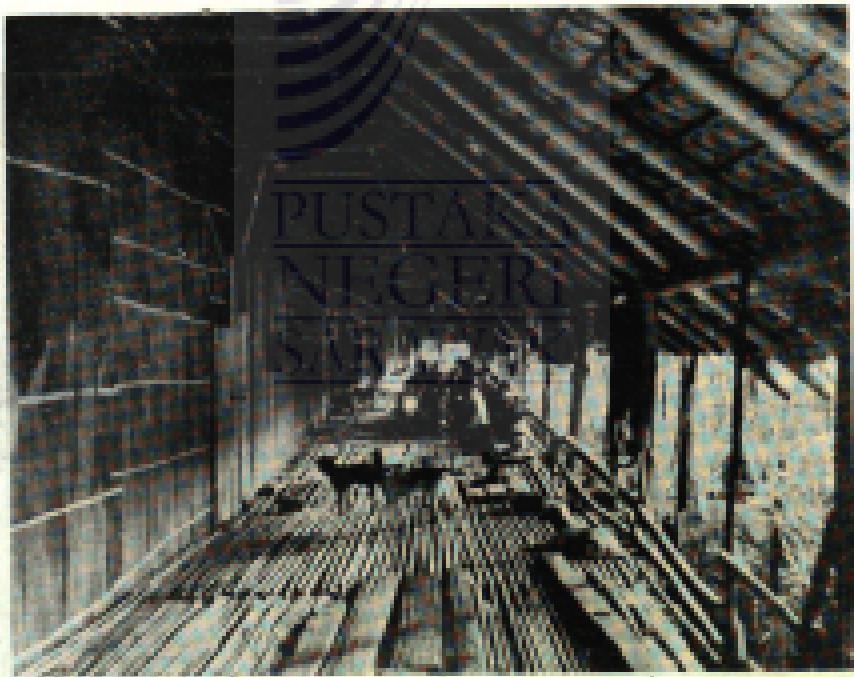
Ma Ah Choon, 1998

"WATER LILY"



J. E. Shaylor, Kansas

"TURTLE ISLAND"



Wayne Day King, Sioux Lakota

"LONG HOUSE CONFERENCE"
LONG SAN

The satellite's exact shape and size have not yet been determined, the Department stated. "It will be small but large enough to contain scientific instruments and to be used by optical and radio devices."

Detailed information on the satellite will be provided to scientists from some 40 nations taking an active part in International Geophysical Year activities.

—United States Information Service, Sarawak.

Photographic Competition

The Photographic Competition closed on the 3rd October with a total of 16 photographs received from 20 entries. (9 Chinese, 5 Europeans, 4 Malays, 1 Dayak and 1 Filipino). This was a good deal more than at one time seemed likely and the Editors wish to express their gratitude to *The Sarawak Tribune*, *The Sarawak Postcard* and *The Sarawak Radio Times* for their generosity in giving free publicity to the Competition. There was no rule preventing members of the Editorial Staff from competing—in fact when entries were rather few and far between they were encouraged to compete—but they were ineligible to receive prize money. The \$100—the 1st Prize accordingly goes to the entrant of the photograph placed 1st in the Competition, who certainly deserved it since he also secured 2d place with another of his photographs.

The Panel of Judges—Mrs. Hock Morrison, A.S.A., Mr. K. P. Wong, A.S.A., and Ahang Moribah bin Ahang Haji Jara were asked to place the first 5 photographic in order of merit and in addition confer "Honorable Mentions" on such other photographs as they thought deserving of that honour. Their awards were as follows:—

1. "Doggy in the Window"
—by Teow Koon Wee, M.M.
2. "Water Lillies"
—by Ho Ah Chon, Kuching.
3. "Turtle Island"
—by A. K. Blapton, Kuching.
4. "Deputy Grandma"
—by Lim Poh Chiang, Sibu.
5. "Awakened"
—by Lim Poh Chiang, Sibu.
6. "Long House Conference"
—by Wong Ung Kiong, Sarawak Library.

Honorable Mentions:—

- "Water Lillies"
—by Aw Yong Nang Gon, Kuching.
- "Crane work"
—by Chai Kee Fook, Miri.
- "Sarawak"
—by J. F. Story, Kuching.
- "Evening Solitude"
—by John M. Chia, Kuching.
- "Hugh"
—by Mohamed Raduan, Kuching.
- "Approaching Storm"
—by H. T. Arsh, Kuching.

The judges' comments on the photographs submitted and on the Competition generally may be summarized as follows:—

1. Always make a close study of the Rules of the Competition and make sure that your entries conform to them.
2. Prints must be fixed in fresh "breeze" and properly washed after fixing. If you are not doing your own processing inquire upon your dealer the importance of these operations, otherwise your prints will not last.

3. Pictures that are taken to show a certain mood of nature, storm, calm and the like must be printed to bring out and accentuate that mood. H. T. Arsh's "Approaching Storm" would have got a higher place if it had been printed darker so as to stress the impending storm.
4. Pictures should be dynamic rather than static. Chai Kee Fook's "Crane Work" was good enough to get an Honourable Mention—but the picture would have been much more effective if the cranes had been shown in action.
5. There were some really good still-lifes, flower pictures and landscapes, but a paucity of more human subjects. Stories is particularly rich in its variety of human activities and interests. Try and catch some of these. If possible, every picture ought to tell a story.

Miri Letter

Back in Miri after a four months' absence in Europe, I was half afraid the occupant of a spacious and well-appointed office. Truly we live in a changing world! Education has ever been the Cinderella of the government services; it is Sir Ronald Sturz, I think, who relates the shameful admission of an old school-fellow that he was in fact in the Education Department, but had obtained his family into believing that he played a piano in a brothel. In my charge of accommodation I see a significant change of focus on the part of the powers that be. For the last few years I have occupied, on average, a minor hall of justice, in which movement was impossible without eliciting the often hoy, overbearing the dark and bidding defiance to the Information Department, which claimed half the floor space. Further, it was depressing in the extreme to work in the shadow of the gallows, with conversation interrupted by the clash of gongs and the door darkened by innumerable processions of criminals being led to execution.

Small wonder, then, that I experience a falcon exuberance upon taking over half the former Land and Survey office; the other half being dedicated to the harmless aberration of the Co-operative Department. I can now expand at my ease in spacious furniture, and sitting at a window overlooking the Forum, I can at least where persons of distinction or high above at those of slender virtue. A further advantage is that I have inherited a cool and spacious study room garnished with antique shelves. I have therefore laid down two rules of law, so that I can dispense scholastic entertainment in the tradition of Oxford's Oxford. It is significant that, whereas under the old dispensation it was rarely visited by any save deranged persons or fops who had lost their way, it is now visited upon the quality, and those in authority that nothing of calling is to pass the time of day.

In a second-hand book shop in Paris near the Port Saint Michel I was surprised to come across a volume entitled *Sarawak, the Art Chamber and Fisher* by a certain Professor Mjoberg. My interest deepened when, in the privacy of my garret in Montmartre, I read it, and discovered that the author had been Curator of the Sarawak Museum in 1926-7. He was the first person systematically to explore the Kelabit Plateau, and gives a detailed account of it. The real interest him, however, in three chapters which are consecrated to a furious attack on the Sarawak Government of the day. As a chronicler, remissive of the series, review. In its decline it must be quite without parallel. Prof. Decker tells me that before the war the possession of this volume anywhere in Sarawak was utterly prohibited. He himself was able to read it only because the Mission kept a copy for intimate circulation.

At the moment the book is in high demand in Miri, but it is my intention to present it to the Sarawak Library, with the firm proviso, however, that if ever, for dynastic or other reasons, the public are denied access to it, it shall be returned to me. Mr. Harrison is sometimes sharply taken to task for questioning the wisdom of Government. From Professor Mijburgh's work, it would appear that he is merely exercising the time-honoured function of a Curator of the Sarawak Museum with great moderation.

In the column of *Museums* in the September issue of this journal Mr. Harrison noted the appearance off our coasts of the *remora*. This is indeed an event of ominous import, for this small fish possesses the power of arresting in full course even the largest vessels, as the chronicles show by many authentic examples. The *remora* first made its impact on European shipping in the eleventh century, and continued to menace navigation all about the end of the sixteenth, when it became extinct somewhat at the same time as the *unicorn*. Its sudden reappearance in Sarawak waters is comparable to the re-appearance of the *coelacanth* a few years ago after millennia of oblivion.

The means whereby this small fish is enabled to halt a vessel exercised for long the best minds in Europe. It was first thought by some by attaching itself to the hull, and thus preventing further progress, but this was never scientifically established. In the thirteenth century, however, the doctors of Paris finally showed that its power rested on magnetic attraction, and the force of this will be appreciated when it is recalled that the vessels of that day were largely of wood.

Although the name of *remora* has always been the sign of misfortune, A thing so small which could attack bodies so much larger than itself was the perfect prototype of virtue (*tertius virgo*). Hence this little fish became the subject of sermons as innumerable as they were interminable, until by the sixteenth century it had come to occupy a place in literature more important than any other fish, save only Jonah's whale.

Mr. Harrison's detection of the *remora* in our waters solves a problem which has been baffling the maritime community of this country for a month and more, namely the inability of masters, agents and comprehenders to give any rational explanation for the total abandonment of shipping schedules. In the light of this discovery representations of urgent urgency must now be passing closely phrased letters of apology to shipping firms, for obviously the report that an *remora* in a vessel on the Ong Jang River had stood still for several days on end, should have been treated otherwise than with ribald incredulity, and the vagaries of most impudent harpies should have been accepted with toleration.

It still remains to find a remedy, and this is by no means easy. Although there are various formulae for exterminating the *remora*, none are of complete efficacy, and even the most experienced marines treated rather to avoiding it than to offensive action. However, this is a technical matter which is no doubt deeply engrossing the attention of the Shipping Department. I can do no more than give the historical background to the pest that now confronts our shipping.

Roger Nelson.

Fictitious Case For A Road Compensation Ordinance

The prize of \$500 offered by the Kuching Express to the first person to guess the number of roads along which road traces have been cut between Sarikei and Simanggang, was won by Poughla Pujam with the correct number of 47. Poughla Pujam, whose age

is about 72, lives with his family on a small isolated hill surrounded by swamp several miles from Balai Kengia. Many years ago, he and his family spent their time growing rice and a few vegetables. In recent years they have earned a living from compensation received every time a road trace was cut across the hill on which they live. As the hill was the only dry land for many miles around, all the road traces cut in the vicinity naturally converged upon it. The compensation received, he told the *Express* reporter, from the felling of trees and rubber trees for one road trace per year was sufficient to keep him and his family in moderate comfort. As an average of two per year were now being cut he was quite well off. When asked what he was going to do with the money he replied: "Use it to plant more fruit and rubber trees, of course." This, one feels, may well prove an excellent investment for his great-grandchildren.

T. Barr

The Museum

Short?

Lately we may have got a bit backward in thinking—in print—our many benefactors. Reasons of space and time are partly responsible.

Let me think: their generosity and/or trouble is not appreciated, this month this column proposes to devote itself to some of the things that have come in the past month or so (mostly the past one week).

250,000 and New Acquisitions (Everyone's?)

First we have to thank many voluntary helpers for the gift of time, work and interest this past summer: Thank you.

The largest single sort of addition to Museum collections has resulted from excavations and is in process of transport up from the flats to Kuching. It consists of a very large—but by no means complete—collection of prehistoric pottery, porcelain, beads, metal work, gourds and so on, dating from about 500 to 1200 A.D. and from four different localities in the Sarawak area. All this material is of scientific interest. Some of it is also of high intrinsic or aesthetic value.

These Sarawak excavations now hang fire in the basement. Rain is the worst enemy of outdoor archaeology. Not so much because it is uncomfortable for the workers as that it makes the earth less malleable and the excavation trenches into ponds and mosquito-willows.

But digging the earth out and up to much it is only one part of the job. Five other main operations must also occupy the winter of monsoon, for a division but necessarily skilled staff.

First, all the stuff taken out, which was initially sorted and bagged by quality, locality and depth, must now be individually examined, where necessary cleaned. To give some idea of the scale of this work, here is a rough (preliminary) tabulation of the number of pieces excavated in 1955 at two Sarawak sites only—excluding the big Sungai Rambu dig and the Tawau Kebab site done by the Boys' Home and Beta Limbang Training Centre.

Figures preliminary:

Site	Ash Pottery	Other Pottery	Brass Beads	Ceramic Cremains	Other Beads & Simples	Wood Fragments
Reptiles	1500	1100	1000	1000	100	10
Marlstone	2000	100	100	100	100	100

To this tabulation should be added nearly 200 shaped or extraneous stones; and many minor items. The total of all pieces so far unearthed from Santubong alone, in 1955, far exceeds a quarter of a million. That is not counting the quantities of prehistoric iron-slag. Many of the other objects are valuable.

Even the crude tabulation strikingly documents differences between these two sites. The Bokit Maras pottery is overwhelmingly soft "Indian" earthenware, as before a site that has given us a Gupta Buddha, elephant in glass and a beautiful wall tile and other Indian evidences. The downhill Bongkisan, by the Santubong creek, is much more a Chinese junk-trade deposit, of probably later date (up to as late as 1300 A.D.?).

* * *

The second job is to label these things in more detail, and to start to classify them.

The third job is to reconstruct as many whole pieces as possible, from fragments. This is most laborious and patient work, only to be done in the peace and quiet of good indoor pastimes, lighting, fixatives and chemical aids.

The fourth job is to plot all the year's work exactly so that it can be resumed again at any numbered point at any future date. This requires theodolite surveying, placing of metal tags, census and token pegs for key points.

Fifth, all trenches have—in our circumstances—to be protected. We work in other people's gardens and around their houses. The Santubong folk are extraordinarily good in the way they let us clear up their land. But we must leave all safe, so that children and animals don't fall into pits. These must be filled with what we took out of them—taking great care not to put in anything else and thus affect future work. Or they may be fenced around.

Just to indicate the size of this problem, again, here is a list of the trenches dug for excavation in 1955. Some were less than 12 square feet, many over 50, the largest over 2000 square feet.

Trenches dug, 1955 Filled or fenced
as required October:

Bongkisan	...	137	16
Bokit Maras	...	239	149.

This work continues . . . and in 1956 much more help will be welcomed.

It is hoped to give a full report in an issue of the Gazette early in 1956.

Flower Mantis (Mr. Haworth's Orchid Bug)

John Haworth sang on the other evening to say he had a large insect "with pants on" in the house. He dropped it in next day. It proved particularly interesting, as it was a *Praying Mantis* of the kind called Flower Mantis (*Mymenopsis*).

Dull white, with an extraordinary extension on each of the four walking legs giving very much the effect of old-fashioned "trousers".

This Mantis is even more odd before it is adult. The adolescent form—Mantids do a series of skin molts to reach full stature—is light pink, the rear section bunched up and forward to curve over the back. This makes the thing look like no insect imaginable—but like a large, soft-coloured, bushy orchid instead.

This remarkable transition from very close mimicry of an orchid flower (*Botanical Improvement Society* please note, in case of a first one for first prize) to a fairly normal, if blossomed, grown-up Mantis, is performed on a twig or leaf-stem. The odd, floral design splits off, revealing the next white gaudycoated adult beneath.

No doubt this transition has been observed in life by Malays. That explains why several Kuching people we have shown the Mantis to, insist that it is born directly out of a flower; not from egg or larva or in any animal way. It would be not at all unusual deduction, and no more absurd than the belief that orangutans (Orang) with enlarged cheeks are a different species from ones with double-chins. (Ask you there, I.A.N.U.)

What makes Mr. Haworth's specimen all the more interesting is that this group of Mantids is little known in these parts. The genus belongs mostly to the mainland. Mr. M. W. Tweedie of the British Museum, has not heard of it in Singapore Island, for instance. New species in Borneo are quite possible.

We should be glad of more Mantis specimens. Quite often these records go in waste-like fashion but year. For years and decades there is no record; then suddenly several in a few months; then no more once more

Scutigerous Centipede (Mr. Harper's whip-job)

Across-river residents seem to be running strong on queer beasts just now. The same day as Mr. Haworth's Mantis, in came another oddity from Mr. Ian Harper.

This was a centipede. Millipedes differ from Centipedes—some of which can give a very nasty poison—this—in being non-poisonous, peaceful; and having more than one pair of legs to each segment or division of the long body.

The Harper Centipede is rather special. It is one of the family Scutigeridae (no English name in general use, but no expert "Whip-Centipede"). These Centipedes have unusually long rear legs and forward antennae, so that they look as if they were sporting the sort of elegant long fine hairs which elderly Chinese gentlemen of standing sometimes permit to eke out facial moustaches.

They like dark places, and move very quickly in the dark—whereas most millipedes, like the long known ones common in houses, go very slow. In Niah Caves they crawl on the guano deposited by the myriad of bats and birds' nests overhead. They do come into houses but very infrequently.

They look so odd, that you would not take them for centipedes at all. In fact, they cannot give you a poisonous bite, like ordinary (Scolopendridae) centipedes can with their forward claws.

They're quite handy about the house, too, as they eat small insects. (Millipedes are strictly vegetarian). Overdrive (lit. Miller's parasite-shave)

The past month has certainly been rich in interesting gifts. From the Director of Agriculture comes Crickets. It isn't as bad as it sounds, though!

We received from Mr. R. W. Miller a little black female "rat" and two little baby ones. They were found on the Agricultural Scheme at Paya Magog, 27th mile, Serian Road, on October 5. Reported to damage palm, climbing and eating the green-shoots, etc. . . . Again asked Mrs. to identify.

Mrs. did and does so. These are no rats, nor mice; not even of that family, the Rodentia. Instead they are shrews, Insectivora,—so called because they feed almost entirely on small insects. Among or closely related to the Insectivora are those little ground shrews, a remarkable mole which is known only from the top of Mt. Kinabalu (where we collected several above our 12,000 ft. camp in 1953), the tree shrews (*Tupaia*), the remarkable Pen-tailed Shrews (not before), and the ugly big white "Mole-Rat" (which exists).

How to tell a shrew from a tree rat? A long, thin, mouse-like muzzle with little bristles on it. Feet with small curved toes—legs squat, body barrel-shaped, fat. No stream-line or speed job, as with

If you'd told me—a week ago—that ANY fish could measure even one full size (female) King-crabs, we'd have flushed in a dry way and thought you a liar. That long, sharp rigid, spiny tail—a foot or so of it would seem too much for any stomach; let alone the solid three-quarter moon, strongly spined, carcass. Never mind. We mostly think that this fish had little King-crabs and followed over (2), swallowed whole, intact it.

No wonder a bathur's leg is no bother at all....

Fruitful Affairs (Mr. Parryglove's Plants & Plants)

Plants are not too exciting when they are dried and preserved in boxes in a Herbarium. But such a Herbarium is an essential facility in any country. In Sarawak we happen to have a good one, a valuable collection the basis of which was established by the first Curator, Dr. Harwood (who moved over from D.M.S. to the new Museum) late in the last century. Important additions were made by J. C. Nicolson (who moved over from the Museum to become Chief Secretary!). Subsequent Curators have rather neglected the collection. After the Japanese occupation we found it in a deserted building, lying in open cupboards, higgledy-piggledy.

Through the good offices of the then Director of the Botanic Gardens, Singapore, Prof. R. W. Holttum, we were loaned the skilled aid of Mr. James Sinclair to refreshen the collections. Prof. Holttum also paid two personal visits.

Now, happily, his successor, Dr. R. W. Parryglove, has kept up the tradition. His advice on refreshering the collection in the New Building has been most timely. He has also made collecting trips to Mt. Pol and elsewhere, with Museum and Forestry Dept. help, and we hope he will come again next year. We shall receive a share of all the plants he collects, divided between Singapore and Sarawak.

Meanwhile, the specialist job of curating the herbarium has kindly been undertaken by Mr. John Seal, an experienced and very enthusiastic botanist. Mr. Seal makes one second "Herbarium Curator", along with Mr. Hale and his sonies. Others please....

Amery Books (Mr. Dickson's) and Sarawak Chauvinism (Mr. Horn's)

One result of Dr. Parryglove's local stimulation of interest in plant collecting has had a side-effect of value. Mr. Murray Dickson has presented to the Reference Library the volumes of Ridley's standard work on Malayan plants. For this we are duly grateful.

As also for other book gifts, including "Malayan Prefecture" from Mr. M. W. F. Tweedie; the bound-up issues of the *Borneo Archives* from the publishers; several reference books from the Library of Congress, Washington and the Institute of Pacific Relations.

For the archives Mr. Charles Horn has sent the first printed rules and members' list of the Sarawak Club, 1882. We note that one of the three ex-officio members of the Committee was then, by name, the Manager of the Borneo Company. Also that in those days that ancient social organisation did not find it necessary to have a rule barring all resigned members from its majestic perambulations as naughty boys....

Sarawak (Miss Four's)

Barnacles greatly damage wood under water in Borneo as elsewhere. Few people realise there are several kinds, with such their own peculiar habits, which—if understood—can be used to control them or repel them at certain optimum periods.

We knew little about this here. The thought has been stimulated by a colony of large barnacles just sent in for identification by Miss Josephine Post, M.B.E., of St. Thomas's School. More would be welcome....

Asok (Mr. Marjai's)

Finally, for the King-crabless month, an older contribution from Mr. Marjai, a Dusun. He writes one old controversy on jowettian rats in North Borneo by sending a jar of staggeringly "high" (but not alcoholic) rice, rice and all. "We eat it—start and all."

Under these internal conditions, however, we do not feel up to contributing the promised cooking recipe (Dusun as Dato!) for this month. In its place, a new soft drink....

A Chinesean Fix!

Take a shrew (Krischian) from Peys Megat as above. Take a bottle of beer—Tiger would seem symbolically suitable (also Assay: the Lion and the Mouse). Place the glass beside the shrew, within range of its musky odour. Light a Dusun cigarette from Ranta. Smell it until you feel good enough to forget the Matuk Asay you had for breakfast. Now, open the beer. Drink it. It may taste extremely queer if drawn from man's nose. For it is widely held that a shrew will void beer "off", even beer in an unopened bottle.

The above is another good reason for collecting up all the shrews loose around Sarawak and sending them in at this column.

(Contributed)

The Good Old Days

(Extracted from Sarawak Gazette)

March 18, 1909

VII—DUSUK DIVORCE

Much as the Dayak marriage ceremony seems to be binding, yet when it comes to the question of divorce it recalls the whole society, and lowers its tone before the eye of civilization. The divorce is of two kinds, a temporary and a permanent one.

A temporary divorce is effected through an ill-omen or a bad dream. A permanent divorce is brought about by incompatibility of temper, inhospitality, ill-temper and adultery.

A temporary divorce is called by Dayak, *batua* or *bela*. The marriage will be renewed again after a short interval.

A permanent divorce cannot be effected before it is brought before the chiefs or elders. The guilty party is arrested. The innocent party takes the law and divides it with the chiefs or elders and friends who witness the settlement of the case. If the husband is the guilty party he pays a fine not only to the woman but towards the upbringing of the children also if he has any. The woman's fine is called *peling* and the upbringing of the children is called *pintaj*. The man's fine is called *gutai*.

The fine is imposed according to the offence. If both parties will not submit to the settlement of the chiefs or elders, or even if one party will not, it is to be settled by a diving contest. In so doing not only the fine is fixed but the bet also. The losing party will have to meet not only the fine but the shame also.

The temporary divorce which is called *batua* or *bela* may sometimes bring about a permanent divorce, if so, it is not a feasible offence. The news or occurrence of death in the neighbourhood of the newly married couple may result in a permanent or temporary divorce. It is generally more favored if a death occurs upstream.

The Dayak religion or superstition seems to be an advantage to them in creating a plan or evading them from punishment. If a man says he has had a very bad dream or an ill omen, says that plus he is justified in putting away his wife. In view of such religion of superstition a great many of them have simply invented a story and have had divorce with impunity. The same thing has been also practised by women. Such a plan is not recognised in the Government Court of Judicature.

The binding nature of a Dayak marriage seems to depend on the child. The child seems to be everything. It is never punished and is allowed to take any amount of liberties even at the expense of the parents. Before it comes to the age of puberty it wanders about like a chicken, goes wherever it likes.

Once a most unusual case occurred. The wife of a certain man had already misbehaved herself three times but her husband forgave her. The fourth time she did so with a relation and her husband swore by the gods of his ancestors that he would put her away. The case was brought before the Court of Justice, the man divorced his wife and the wife was fined, but the children all agreed and said to their father that unless he lived again with their mother they would have nothing to do with him. The father gave in and took his wife back and paid her fine for her.

Once by mutual consent a couple divorced. The man after a short time married a wife and likewise the woman married a husband. After a year's time the man had an ill dream and divorced his second wife. In the same month also the woman was visited by an ill vision and she also divorced her second husband. Hardly a week had elapsed when the former couple who had been divorced again married one another. They lived together happily for several years and were blessed with wealth and health. The wife only died a year ago through an accident and the husband mourned her death deeply.

One day a man came to me at the height of his rage and said that he was one of the most unfortunate of all mortals. He had once divorced his wife because she was jealous. After an interval of six weeks he came back to live with his child in her arms and he wept over his child and recovered his wife back. Now he said she practised the same game of jealousy and exacted off from everybody. He went on and told me half a dozen other stories. Finally he said he came down to divorce his wife and to pay up the fine. I asked him if he had any other children than the one he told me of. He said he had another child. I brought him to reason by asking him whether it would not be better for him to give off from women friends and relations, than from his own wife and children.

There are cases of divorces amongst people who have children but still they are not very common. If a man or woman is so influenced, it is a fact that he or she has already made love with some one.

A ring or a bracelet given by the party that brings about the divorce, if it is received by the other party, is an ample sign of divorce. Before a person can consider himself or herself properly divorced according to the Dayak point of view such person takes away all his or her belongings from the room where they lived together.

REV. WIL. HOWELL.

Suburbanitis

An important event in the history of suburbanism, or perhaps I ought to say *non*-suburbanism, in the last month was the launching of the good ship "Gold Links Flats" complete with well trained and smartly turned out crew. I record it a mile in the tablets of suburbanism because it seems to me that there is a definite affinity—one might even say antipathy—in this case—between the qualities in flats and the inhabitants of suburbs. Yes, I can hear the cries of "Hoosier!" even above the crackling of the small山谷 web-footed amphibians that are native to these parts, but dispassionate consideration will show I am right. Flats, for all that you may designate them as "Cosy", "Closes", "Halls", "Houses", or even with the somewhat out-moded dignity of "Mansions", really represent nothing more nor less than the parasitic successor of the parasite in the charms of suburbanism. Not that they are the same—for from a *Geometrically*, for instance, whilst a flat has length and breadth it has no height,

whilst a flat has length and height but substantially no breadth. Look at Gold Links Flats endwise and you will see what I mean. This naturally leads to a slightly different shape of inmate—a point that has not, I trust, escaped the attention of the tenants and would-be tenants of Gold Links Flats. The flat dwellers really have the advantage, because the dimensions of length and breadth are necessarily limited by the contiguity of geographical features, while as far as height is concerned the sky is the limit—though even here one must not forget that flying saucers, private space travel, interplanetary flight schedules and related celestial civil servants circling in free orbit may prove a bit of an embarrassment.

The inauguration of this new building has provided the imaginative with much food for thought, and impractical and inappropriate suggestions have been made ranging from "Midwives' Close" to "Bachelors' Caught"—sorry, "Court". The selection of "Gold Links Flats" represents a balanced and tasteful compromise. The getting-together are to be congratulated on this tact complement to their innocuous proximity.

The Great and Gross Game in Malaya.

The temporary postponement of the Happy World All-in Wrestling Festival caused rather less disappointment on Malaya than elsewhere owing to the magnificent series of contests staged by the Chinese Olympic League. Routs have taken place regularly each evening with entries coming just before dawn, when, as everyone knows like it is at its lowest ebb and there is therefore a better chance of lethal injuries being inflicted. Premiums among the contestants have been "Roughhouse King Ray", "The Devil", "Mr. Justice Scratchy" and "Darkie Darkwood"—their owners should have no difficulty in recognising them under these names. Seldom has there been such a gay galaxy of "India Death-blows", "Bottom Crabs" and "Flying Masses". Invariably the situation has got out of hand and spectators have frequently had to intervene to avert the possibility of a fatality. One of these interventions nearly led to an ugly incident when one householder had a complaint that his neighbour, under pretence of breaking up a dog fight, was surreptitiously bombing his garden with Giant African snails. Very definitely anti-Antwerp Convention.

—Percussion

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors,
The Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

Education Office,
Mr.,
Sarawak.

10th October, 1955.

Sir,

I have just been reading a fascinating article in the September issue of "History Today" on the career of that ubiquitous cox of Maria Theresa planter of 1755, which we mis-pronounce as the "dollar". The author shows that as late as 1883 dollars were worth 47 to the pound sterling. Today they are worth 8.57 to the pound. I wonder can any of your readers who includes the vaults of the Treasury in Kuching tell me at what date the rate of exchange was altered? As an historian I should regard such a date as something significant in the history of Sarawak (like the unknown date of the introduction of rubber), rather than the bloody catalogue of slaughter and massacre which is the Second Alliance and elsewhere passes as the history of this country.

Yours truly,
ROBERT NEWTON.

The Sarawak Gazette,
Kuching.

Sir,

It is widely said in this country that holders of Sarawak passports require visas for visits to France and Italy. During my recent leave I spent a considerable time in both these countries and previously approached their consulates in London. The reply was in both cases the same. Holders of Sarawak passports, who are described therein as British subjects by birth, do not require visas.

Yours truly,
ROBERT NICOLL.

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

(II)

Agriculture

Padi harvests were generally reported as being sufficient for local consumption, though everywhere it was said that less had been produced than last year. The reason for this was primarily the inundatory factor—nearly per cent more of the padi until Bah Kelalan being fall padi. As Bah Kelalan floods just before harvesting were responsible for the decrease.

Actually bumper harvests in all but the most inaccessible areas would, in the present state of the track, be quite useless. They could not be marketed without much exertion, while generally each village has a store of accumulated padi from past surpluses which could not stand much adding to without deterioration. It seems that the people do at least have enough rice to eat even if they cannot sell what they could produce given the transport. Mention must be made in connection with this year's harvest of the losses at Long Belinya near Long Belinya which ran into an undisclosed amount of sickness, and according to the Tua Mamah, Racha Ulong, a lot of the padi could not be harvested for lack of hands. Monkeys, wild pigs, squirrels and rats had also been generally noted. Each Kampong had its posters advertising in Javan, Chinese, and English the killing of rats with the help of Agricultural Department poison. It was interesting to find that Long Belinya alone of the hill padi Kampongs followed the advice. The reason here appears to be the fear of what will happen to their dogs. Indeed the extent in which these diseased and deathless disease giving parasites are held is remarkable. One could wonder what good they are, but it seems they make good hunters, and as the Marau says, with a gun and a dog you can get a bear or deer to eat every day, while a buffalo you can only kill once. As a result the present currency at Bah Kelalan is a "good" dozen buffaloes—1 gun (qua of course being a most highly-prized possession to the Marau).

Two villages—Pungut Brayong and Pa Brayong—with to turn over to wet padi. They asked if it was possible for them to get a Government loan for this purpose. While that no doubt would not be feasible, certainly every assistance and encouragement should be given to those people to make the change. They are fairly accessible—only 3 days from Lurau—and the Agricultural Department could perhaps send written advice (which we would have translated into Marau) even if a personal visit cannot be made. It is apparent that there is no intention in the other hill padi areas of changing to annual. It is admitted that the handful of families that have in the past cultivated wet padi have gained yields slightly higher than the average hill farmer. And this is in spite of their wanting to do such things

as plowing the land deep before sowing, weeding the land more than once during the growing season, or planting first in nurseries. It is not previous low yields that discourage wet padi cultivation. For the more intensive areas, there is the fact that overexploitation is likely to result while for all there is the knowledge that they cannot plant cucumbers and Indian corn with the padi if fall methods are abandoned. This latter reason appears to count for much. Also there is the difficulty—outside the Kelalan valley—of controlling the water for irrigation padi. The cost of a pump and the power for 10 acres of irrigation would double the Larau price of a ton of tobacco for a six days' journey! is rather a lot for small communities like these Marau villages to bear. Penghulu Sibul Banah, who is outside this area, is reported to have a 1,200 pump and achieving successful results with water control. His experience might be a guide to the use of such pumps in the farms along the Ulu Truson track.

The main capital of the Marau, besides their jars, is buffaloes, in the more wet places, and cows and bulls in drier. For many years past now these animals have suffered from what I can only presume are internal complaints. It appears that they take two or three months or more to die, gradually growing thinner and thinner. It seems that these apparently do not necessarily linger in the process. At Bah Kelalan buffaloes are now being used for drawing barrows. As the owners always give for my using buffaloes in the wet padi fields is that they will lose weight and therefore meat value, it is not logical to suppose that perhaps one day buffaloes may be seen in the scrubby again. Judging from an article by Mr. Rickitts in the 1952 Sarawak Gazette, they were so employed in former years. Pigs also fairly frequently die before their time—and the average Marau household keeps perhaps six pigs. When they seem to expire in two or three days after falling sick and a noticeable feature is what looks like water running from their noses during that period. Long Loeng also mentioned some cases of pigs dying suddenly while eating their meal of boiled rice without any visible prior sickness.

In the case of both cattle and buffaloes, and goats, sickness makes no discrimination between sex, and age. Poultry are frequently wiped out in large numbers—as they are near the country. I do not know whether this is Marau birds alone. As the Marau are keen on racing, bicycling etc, and as the various tribes have worked them for sometime without, they say, any prophylactic or curative treatment being recommended, it would be most desirable for an Agricultural Officer qualified in these matters to make the Bah Kelalan journey with the particular object in view of diagnosing the trouble and recommending remedial action which can be followed up. It seems from Mr. Sanyik's report last year that Red Water and T.R. are common among cattle especially, in addition to intestinal parasites. A few goats are kept at Bah Kelalan. There does not seem to have been a recurrence lately of the foot rot reported last year. Bah Kelalan also appears to show an increase in the number of ducks raised. The country is ideal for them, and there many. It is doubtful as a result that the worms have caused less harm to padi this year.

The Agricultural Officer, 5th Division, in his report of a visit to the Ulu Truson in May, 1954, mentions the difficulty in getting accurate information about the maturity, live size, and mortality of pigs. We encountered the same difficulty, the details between different areas varying quite considerably. In the event, however, of future research in this area into the question, it might be worthwhile recording what was told us (in an atmosphere of some confidentiality it may be added). It would appear that the Bah Kelalan pigs mature somewhat earlier than those nearer Lurau, some having litter when they are little more than one year old. The Bah Kelalan Penghulu states he has a sow aged 1½ which has just littered, but the general opinion

was that normally no more litters could be expected once the sow was 7 years. The litter size might be anything from 2 to 10, small litters being born to sows not so accustomed to pregnancy and to those who at the age of 3 had litters at least three times. It would also appear that mortality of pigs before maturity was somewhat higher in Bah Kalatas. They reported a mortality rate of 30%, while Long Semadoh reported 4 out of 9 to survive.

It had been reported by the Divisional Agricultural Officer last year that there were some interesting specimens of fish in the Bah Kalatas streams. The U.R.A.O.'s, with very kindly caught for us two of the three specimens to be found there, and preserved in alcohol, they have been sent to Limbong for examination. It is to be hoped they might prove of some use, and turn out to be other than such types as *Rutilus Argenteus* which are widespread in the break and wet past of South East Asia. Both specimens that were caught are eaten by these interior people.

Bananas, papayas and pineapples are the main fruits and are a useful dietary supplement. Both at Pa Brang and Bah Kalatas the local oranges have lately lost their sweet taste and have become bitter. No explanation was suggested for this. Pa Brang has 3 coconut trees, but elsewhere coconuts are not to be found except at the old deserted kampong of Lopangau where secondary jungle is quickly taking over. Fruit too suffers from the various predatory animals. Sugar cane is very common, and the heavy timber is inevitably handed a stick on his arrival at a village. Vegetables are not normally cultivated by Muruts, except cassava. In the last few months a Murut Agricultural Field Assistant has been posted at the Agricultural Station at Long Semadoh. For the past year and more the Local Authority School teacher has been spending a little of his free time at the plot, but with the A.F.A. now there there should be some progress. A Government order was issued to the Penghulu to clear the futility at the plot and to repair the fence. It was very pleasing to see this work had been completed by our return.

Cocoa is the main crop planted at the station. It would appear from an authentication recently received in the Straits Press that a bright world future lies ahead for this crop, particularly if it is said, it is suited to smallholders. There are some 100 bushes at the station, all Forestex. Some bear fruit shortly before the Agricultural Field Assistant came and soon after the squirrels left of the pods seem to have been quite successful. A further frassing is expected at the end of July. There seems no reason why the recommendation made in the Agricultural Officer's report last year that West Africa should replace Forestex should not be implemented soonest.

The first fruit of the Robusta coffee is expected in about a year's time. There are plenty of leaves on the 70 bushes. The 20 bushes of mra have not long to go before ripening. There are between 20 and 40 leaves on each bush. One wonders though what chance the Muruts have of successfully cultivating what is supposed to be primarily an estate crop.

The Plot's pineapples are not doing well—probably because they are planted too near each other and compete heavily for the limited humus. The banana trees which provided the shade for the young coffee and mra were reported as formerly very good, but now they suffer from old age.

Health

A few days before our departure, Dr. Lee of the Mission reported that an epidemic of influenza had broken out on the Indonesian side of the border, and if anything like the similar virus of 1950, it seemed as if our Dispensary Assistant was in for some heavy work. Accordingly an immediate instant for mosquito netting

from Brunei Hospital was made, and these arrived in time for our departure. It turned out there were no deaths in the Ibaning villages and four on our side, all at Long Kerbaung. Penghulu Pana' Abai had on his own initiative closed the border temporarily until the epidemic was spent.

Malaria is the main health and probably only problem of the area. Out of the 274 cases that man treated during this tour, just over 200 were for this cause of the Ulu Trusses. It seems at time of writing that the hope for more quinine on the Baram Style is still in the balance. It is encouraging to know Government intends to recruit three men for anti-malaria work. They will go to Miri for a year's training and then return to their villages to give health-assisted aid to the anti-mosquito campaign. The second most common type of case treated was for unidentified fevers, of which there were 116. Here it is in large part a question of remaining quiet when subject to the first stages, and not indulging in the natural reaction of jumping into the nearest river. There were many cases of diarrhoea. The Superintendent of Travelling Dispensaries, Mr. Collins, who had not long before gone as far as Long Semadoh, had urged the people to use rain water for drinking purposes, and if they did take river water, to boil it. It would seem that boiling is the general practice these days, though I believe travellers crossing a river would not think twice of taking a mouthful or two direct. Boiling is not yet used, though there is no longer the objection that it contains spirits of the dead. There is a general misconception about flies on food, from which diarrhoea gains much ready recruits. My estimated morning off of this was expanded, no doubt, as a pacifico, but banana leaves were politely put on my food anyway when they saw my hands begin to rotute.

I should imagine flies also play their part in causing the eye trouble, which is particularly noticeable in Bah Kalatas. 11 cases were treated in all for "boss liver"; the Dispensary Assistant doubts whether any were conjunctivitis. However that may be, it is imperative that the sufferers should come out of the interior and down for more specialised treatment before blindness sets in. Such people cannot always be expected to make the difficult journey by foot to Lawas, and here the Mission could give invaluable help by flying out the unfortunate. In this respect, it is very reassuring to hear from the Chairman of the Borneo Evangelical Mission, that, now Mr. Morton has returned, the Auster will be flying in a week or so (though there will have to be some work on the less intense airfields). I will have a word with Mr. Fletcher on this. T.B. Mura Asai of Bah Kalatas, himself on the way to blindness, told of Dr. MacLaren's granting full powers to these persons well advanced.

There were only four cases of Yaws, a great improvement on a few years ago when, I am told, it was something like ten in each Kampong. Karvo, or common river rat is also infrequent here, while only one instance was found of tropical ulcer which had also previously been common.

One may wonder at first why so many Muruts have T.B. seeing they live a hard open-air life. Part of the answer is probably to be found at night—when closing up the access of what little outside ventilation there may be to be found in the day, people sit, chat and eventually sleep, round the fire. The nights are cold and certainly some warmth is needed. How much better if it was obtained from blankets. Of these there are very few to be seen in the Murut villages. The absence of mosquito nets is also remarkable and an open invitation to malaria. The Kalabitis at Pa Timp on the other hand had both blankets and mosquito nets.

In general it seems the Muruts have low-resistance to all health, although mothers have much prepared for the better. I could not but help notice the hideously appearance of the Kalabitis, and especially the children. This may be in part due to the more frequent visits by

the Hospital Assistant from the nearby Pn' Main Dispensary, but I somehow doubt if that is the full story. As regards cleanliness of Morau houses, Mission Instructor has led to all houses, single and long, having the underneath fenced to keep out the pigs if not the chickens. Latrines separate from the houses are now also the rule. It may be said that a few houses are reminiscent of those of the pagan Limbang Morau both in structure and general appearance. But with these exception houses and village standards are fairly satisfactory. The change over from hill to wet padi would be a great help in this respect. It is much easier to take pride in a place you know you will live in or return from work day in and day out for years, than in what is really a temporary hideaway in the slack season of the hill padi season, and a place to return to at those times from one's farming hut.

This was about the 20th trip made by Dispensary Assistant funded to the Ulu Tryam. It must give him much satisfaction to see the health of the interior people, bad as it is, gradually improving—and this in large part due to the good work he has himself put in. Ghad Pongia is scheduled to complete his hospital training this year. A site for the proposed Long Berendoi dispensary and Ghad's quarters will be selected, on the November tour. When Ghad finally arrives, a new chapter in the medical history of these remote villages should be opened.

(To be continued)

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

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER, KARU (Mr. E. G. White)

Rubber Affairs—The padi harvest, as was expected, has been very poor, and by the end of April many houses were forced to buy rice from the market. At first both Sarawak grown and Siam rice were in sale but by the end of the quarter the Sarawak rice had been all bought up. The Siam rice is in fact cheaper than the home grown product.

The rubbery at first showed great promise but the buyers, due to the long dry weather, shirred up and fell to the ground. Some sulphur will still be available particularly in the Belait, Kuching and the Belaga area. Generally it will be a poor overall crop.

Medical—On the 27th May Dr. Finlayson accompanied by Mr. M. Page of the School of Oriental and African studies left Kapit for Belaga where they undertook a six weeks tour of the Belaga area. Dr. Finlayson to give a mass injection campaign and Mr. Page to record native music. In fact Mr. Page became so adept with the needle he himself ably assisted Dr. Finlayson. Their trip went off successfully, apart from one mishap in the Belaga Rapids where their boat sank, but without loss of life or property. Hospital Assistant Adensen and Court Press Ells were commended by Dr. Finlayson for their prompt action during this emergency.

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER, MATAH (Mr. A. McClellan)

Obituary—Tua Kampung Mat of the Trilok, Matah died in harness after 21 years' service.

Bell anak Lingping, a leading member of the Naaga Sekana School Committee and Co-operative Padi unit was shot dead whilst hunting in the Ulu Oya.

Tua Bumbu Telian under Pengkola Garja in the Ulu Belaga died of tuberculosis.

These men were highly respected and their deaths are a great loss to the District and all who knew them.

Rubber Affairs—Owing to harvest time and then the low water only a few Ibans came to the Government Offices. The number coming down from the Ulu Matah to sell betelnut also decreased.

Several longhouses in the Ulu Matah did not send parties to collect magic posts from Sibu as Amru Raboi apparently went on tour to Lubok Lupeng and Lubok Sanggling in Matah District. Pilgrims naturally paid their respects.

A number of families in the Sungai Selangau area of Ulu Matah have requested permission to move to Niah. The Selangau farm land, which is very hilly, is infested and heavy erosion has removed the topsoil. A protected forest prevents the opening up of new land.

At the request of the Belaga Ibans the Co-operative Supervisor from Mukah visited each longhouse and explained the principles of Co-operation to them.

As a result of the bad burns and the floods most Ibans families have only enough padi to last about six months.

Agriculture and Fishing—The Ulu mat padi crop is a failure.

The padi harvest has been extremely bad.

The rice fishing yields have been adequate. The fishing averages one ton of their catches to the Chinese trawlers at sea for about 20 to 60 cents a kilo. Sold in the Sibu market the same fish is believed to fetch a price in the region of \$1.20 per kilo.

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER, SARAWAK (Mr. John Pike)

Chinese Affairs—The article on Chinese problems in a recent issue of the Sarawak Gazette is of particular application locally and has been welcomed by local English speaking Chinese as a fair and sympathetic appreciation of the situation. Chinese S.A.O., however, think that the suggestion of long-term leases of native land by Chinese is unlikely to make much appeal and cannot be considered a real solution of the land problem. The clamour for permanent title to land continues unabated.

Agriculture—Padi harvesting was completed early in the quarter and earlier impressions of an average harvest have been confirmed; clearing for the new planting season began late in June.

The Rubber Regulation Officer has been extremely busy instructing and advising the new rainforest planters who wish to follow modern planting methods, and the systems to which his work is valued locally has been amply demonstrated by a petition for his return to Sarawak after leave. Mr. Rooley will certainly be missed when he goes, as much as anything for his enthusiastic work in running the local Troop of Boy Scouts.

There have been no further developments in the matter of the pepper disease mentioned in the last report and therefore all the more reason to hope that it is not the "yellow death" disease encountered in Kuching.

Enquiries regarding coffee and cassava have been received and this interest in diversification of cash crops is encouraging.

Forests—Guards have continued working at high pressure, though there is currently some concern over prices. The low purchase restrictions imposed on the United Kingdom are not thought by local smallholders likely to impose a permanent reduction in price but these restrictions followed by the General Election have served to stop buying rather earlier in the year than usual. Some recovery in the flow of orders is expected towards the end of the coming quarter.

There has been some trouble over the granting of permits to cut timber on G.T. land, the big firms complaining that this is frequently no more than an excuse

to cut timber illegally in their concession. Formal complaints are under investigation by the Section Forest Officer.

The Conservator of Forests visited Saribor on May 29th in the company of the Section Forest Officer, who again came down on June 20th and 21st. A.C.P. Mr. Merton has been resident in Saribor since early in the quarter and is engaged in investigations on cutting cycles for the big forest areas.

Two further deaths of邵工 workers in accidents occurred during the quarter. Again no traces of homicide could be found at the autopsies.

Port and Shipping.—Tanjung Mani has been declared a Conference port and this has led to an easing of shipping difficulties as timber companies, who now no longer required to ship only by the shipping firms for which they are agents. It is also an indication of the port's increasing importance. At one stage during the quarter there was a total of eight ships all of about 10,000 tons lying at anchor there. This was a most impressive sight.

The increasing number of ships coming to T. Mani means an increasing number of complaints from masters at the lack of buoys, lights and leading marks. Although work on the re-location of the Lobs Kutan Beams buoys in June, it has still not been possible to do anything about the Jurong lighthouse, all the new equipment for which has been lying at Jurong for the past three years merely awaiting installation. The Shell Company's desire to have the T. Silok and T. Data lightships repositioned first is fully understood, but it is hoped that the claim of Jurong will not pass unheeded. There would seem to be a case for dealing with the Jurong light after T. Data but before T. Silok.

Rajang port development is proceeding steadily, more of the Government quay now being in an advanced stage of construction though work on the Customs Godown has not progressed much further. The Colonial Timber Company has finally decided not to proceed with the extension of their launch wharf at Rajang, and this unfortunately means that Government will have to construct its own launch wharf before the facilities being provided there can be fully utilized. A launch also must of course be provided, but this is not a new requirement.

M.V. Rajang replaced M.V. Melaka on the Kuching—Sibu run during the quarter and is a vast improvement. It is always depressing, however, to see how quickly a brand new ship can deteriorate when adequate discipline and training are lacking. It is understood that already certain items of mechanical equipment have broken down and have not been repaired. It seems a pity that a European Master and Chief Engineer could not have been spared for this vessel, at any rate initially.

M.V. Duyong arrived from Indonesian ports with a cargo of mangrove bark in June and proceeded direct to Schabang, for which port she had no clearance. She had already put one of her crew ashore at a coastal village in the Pini Division, but as the leaders of the village were clearly due to ignorance, no prosecution was instituted.

A special watch was kept on one vessel at T. Mani which had come (indirectly) from Communist Chinese ports and about whose crew her Master had expressed concern, but nothing untoward occurred.

The Superintendent of Shipping visited the district in May. The Port was extremely busy throughout the quarter.

ACTING DISTRICT OFFICER, BINTANGOR

(Mr. A. T. R. Jackson)

Native Affairs.—The Malays farming in the Palas District and its vicinity as well as the Dayaks in the Ulu have completed the harvesting during the quarter. Though bad crops were expected before harvest due

to continuous rain early in the year the crops in most cases turned out to be fair. The padi crops at Mata and Dara were poor due to flood. The Malays and Dayaks are now busily engaged in tapping rubber and attending their pepper gardens in order to get cash while the Melanas at Mata are engaged in fishing work.

Merl-Kere-Praha was celebrated on May 22nd by the local Malays instead of 22nd as scheduled in the 1955 Almanac. The Binatang mosque was filled with people soon after dawn as huge numbers of Malays from the outlying villages came to the mosque for morning prayer. After the prayer Dusang Usah, woman teacher of Sunggung-Vermicular School who was on Belau Praha holiday at Binatang kindly gave away the prizes to winners of the Reading Contest competition.

A Doek of Batuan Blok found a stone weighing approximately 60 carats at Tanjung Ranjau, which is a few hundred yards distance from the house. The area where the stone was found is sandy and it was the only stone of that size found. The Dayaks believe that it was a magic stone for it contains what appears to be fragments of glistening quartz. With a little imagination all manner of images can be perceived. Several hundreds of Doekas within the Third Division have already paid a visit to the house to see the stone and have taken some chips from it to keep as charms in the belief that good padi crops will result. My predecessor expressed doubts as to its efficacious properties.

DISTRICT OFFICER, KANOSOI
(Mr. A. R. Steele)

Health.—There have been no epidemics of a serious nature during the Quarter. With wider publicity both from the Radio and from touring officers more people are coming down from upriver areas to take advantage of the Government Dispensary and the Mission Hospital in Kanosoi. The eight beds in the Government Dispensary are usually occupied. In addition many people from the District have successfully undergone treatment in Sibu Hospital. The average number of out-patients has also shown a considerable increase.

The incidence of pox, helminthic diseases,alaria, etc. in the ab areas remains high, as does the death rate in young children. Little improvement can be expected until a house-to-house health campaign takes place.

The Travelling Dresser continues to tour the Iban and Chinese in Song and Jala. In addition one trip was accomplished up the Pei of eight days, when a record number of patients were treated. The Dresser reported that that sort of travelling was too much of a strain.

There is an enormous amount of venereal disease in the S. Nyaru. This has probably spread northwards from the Klabat where it is also very prevalent. The rest of Kanosoi District is comparatively clear of these diseases.

One pugilistic Pengihau Besepan, pressed his pigs away from the house but unfortunately omitted to dig pit latrines. The result was three cases of typhoid.

In one house in the ab area the incidence of polio was counted. There were 24 persons affected out of a house total of 82. These patients make themselves evident in young children of only 12 and 13 years.

Native Affairs.—The Iban population, after a poor harvest settled down to rubber tapping, hunting and fishing. Many are still short of money owing to heavy expenditure earlier in the year on auto-pali.

The exploitative crop after a promising start failed to develop. This was said to be due to the exceptionally long and severe drought.

Pengihau have familiarized themselves with the newly published Tutan Pengihau. For some time past various sections have not been strictly enforced by the

pergolas, particularly those sections dealing with racing, with cheap labour; and with bringing the new pad back to the long-house. The result has been the splitting of altogether too many longhouses, and also too many people living almost semi-permanently in small, untidy-looking dwellings. Although it may be argued that the eventual future of the Iban lies in the construction of his own house in his own garden, this haphazard splitting results in nothing but ill-health. Building standards of these longhouses are at present probably low. Steps have been taken during the Quarter to persuade pergolas strictly to enforce these sections of their code.

Agriculture.—The pad harvest was even worse than expected. Very few houses have sufficient pads to last them till the next harvest. Many will not have pads after August, and a fair amount of rice has already been brought in the bazaar. Purchase of pads by Chinese from Iban is negligible. The situation down river is not so acute, as the Ibans there have considerable quantities of rubber which can be tapped and with which they can buy their rice. The possibility of nutritional disease as a result of a prolonged diet of polished rice needs to be watched. In up-river areas the situation is far more critical, particularly in the areas of Pengalat, Rujus, Sungai Poi, Sungai Lebat and Sikes. There is very little marketable rubber in their areas, nor do they find it easy to maintain vegetable gardens owing to depredations of wild pigs. In poor years in the past they have existed on a diet of wild sage and other jungle vegetables.

Rubber.—The increase in the price of rubber and the prospects of famine has resulted in increased tapping of low-grade material.

Great interest continues in landed rubber and all but four pergolas have nurseries for coastal budding. A few other houses have also planted nurseries. It is unfortunate that adequate supervision of these nurseries cannot be undertaken by the Agriculture Field Assistant in Kinarut, as the amount of his Transport and Travelling vote precludes him from doing any more than very limited touring in the nearby areas. He is forced to sit in his office for much of the time.

Rapata continue to come in of diseased papaya. The cause is not the "madam death" disease but remains obscure. The prolonged drought has had a bad effect on the vines in many areas. Little new papaya has been planted during the Quarter.

Chinese Affairs.—The census in July was a considerable loss. No owner was anxious to sell rubber could not obtain a satisfactory price. Placed with this quandary he lit on the happy solution of raffling it. Government, however, did not see eye to eye with him about this and his application was turned down.

Economy.—The economic state of Kinarut bazaar has materially improved during the Quarter. Factors are three: firstly, own pads, which brought considerable revenue to the bazaar from all over the Upper Rajang; secondly, the continued improvement in price of rubber and the necessity of so many Ibans for tapping; and, thirdly, the Bazaar then benefited from the crowds coming down for the Rapata. The result has been a considerable increase in the number of goods offered for sale. Unfortunately, overcharging is still too common.

Kuching Boat Club

Report of Outboard Racing Meeting held in conjunction with the Second Regatta held on 24th and 25th of September, 1955.

24th September, 1955.

There were not many entrants for the Longboat and Utility Handicap Races on this day both of which resulted in wins for boats owned by Haji Settim.

Race 1—Longboats—Class "A"

1. Haji Settim's "Layang Layang A" (Omar Said)
2. Utility Handicap.

1. Haji Settim's "Ranger" (Haji Osman)
25th September, 1955.

Race 1—Class "B"

There were six starters in the Class "B" 10 H.P. Race. Two boats were scratch—SPLINTER and KERSA SUKA. "WONDING" got off to a good start but "SHOOTING STAR", even though far behind when the Master's gun went off, caught up before the completion of the first lap and lead throughout the six laps to win with ease. "WONDING" developed engine trouble between lap 3 and 4 and eventually had to give up the race. Ahmad Liasan drove "FLYING FISH" to a good second and Jemah brought Haji Muhammad's "HURRICANE" in for third place.

Results:

1. Haji Osman's "SHOOTING STAR" (Owner)
2. Ahmad Liasan's "FLYING FISH" (Owner)
3. Haji Muhammad's "HURRICANE" (Owner)

Race 2—Class "A"

Race 2 was for the smaller boats with engines up to 35 H.P. Much was expected from the new 2-polter—SPLINTER and "HURRICANE"—but owing to engine trouble neither managed to get on top of the water and both retired before the end of the race. The race was won by "FIREFLY", who went through steadily and well deserved to win. "SEAGULL" was second and KERSA SUKA—a newcomer to Outboard Racing—filled third place.

Results:

1. J. Bateman's "FIREFLY" (G. Bateman)
2. Feyn's "SEAGULL" (Owner)
3. Ismail's "KERSA SUKA" (Mohamed)

Race 3—Class "C"

Race 3 was for boats with engines up to 15 H.P. It was one of the best of the day. Struggling for 1st and 2nd places were "BURONG KENYALAND" and "BURONG PERAK"—driven by John Seedy and A. G. Smith. "B. PERAK" managed to hold the lead for two laps but the slightly more powerful engine of "B. KENYALAND" pulled it ahead to win. 3rd was "SPLINTER" now going very well with a bigger engine and being driven with great nerve and spirit by Omar Said. "SHOOTING STAR" was lying 2nd in this race when his fit was broken in the 3rd lap, with the result that he started creeping wide on the outside. Seeing that "SPLINTER" (from the same master) was just behind, Haji Osman withdrew "SHOOTING STAR" from the race.

Results:

1. J. Seedy's "BURONG KENYALAND" (Owner)
2. A. G. Smith's "BURONG PERAK" (Owner)
3. Haji Osman's "SPLINTER" (Omar Said)

Race 4, 5 and 6—The Handicap Series.

The Third Handicap came next, comprising three races. The system was new to some drivers and there was a certain amount of confusion at the start of the first of the series. "WONDING" managed to beat the Handicapper to win comfortably with two laps and a 2nd. "FLYING ARROW" was boosted around the course by Chan See Boon with his customary vigour to cross 2nd, and steady driving by E.A. Barron made "ANGELINA" 3rd in the whole series.

Results:

1. Mohamed Haji Bakri's "WONDING" (Ahd)
2. Chan See Boon's "FLYING ARROW" (Owner)
3. E. A. Barron's "ANGELINA" (Owner)

Recent Books

The following are new additions to the Sarawak Library, Kuching.—

AUTHOR	TITLE
New Fiction	
Dawes, Sir Charles	<i>African Crossroads</i>
Dupeyron, Andre	<i>Michael: Twenty-five years among the Papuans.</i>
Kerr, James Lennox	<i>The Great Storm: being the authentic story of the loss of one of the "Pioneer Fleets"</i>
Kerr, James Lennox	<i>Following the Adventurer... of Merchantmen in the Second World War</i>
Nicholl, Alasdair	<i>World Drama from Auschwitz to Auschwitz</i>
Stevet, Philip	<i>Beyond the Tide</i>
Crime and Detection	
Bennett, Norman	<i>The Lady's in Danger</i>
Bennett, Norman	<i>The Eleventh Floor</i>
Bennet, Nigel	<i>Motive for Murder</i>
Bennet, Nigel	<i>Blood in the Bank</i>
Bennet, Henry	<i>One Down and Two to Stay</i>
Capua, Paul	<i>Twelve Days Until September</i>
Capua, Paul	<i>Death on a Wet Sunday</i>
Capua, Paul	<i>No Time for Death</i>
Captain, Henry	<i>The Woman Doctor Mystery</i>
Captain, Henry	<i>Living Stairs Below</i>
Chambers, Leslie	<i>A Enigma</i>
Chambers, Leslie	<i>Meet the Tiger</i>
Chamber, Helen	<i>Danger at the Rhine</i>
Craibost, W. H. Lane	<i>One Man's War</i>
Cross, Mark	<i>In the Dead of Night</i>
Cross, Mark	<i>The Strange Case of Pamela Wilson</i>
Cross, Mark	<i>The Law of Darkness</i>
Faulkner, Ferguson	<i>Remember the Fire</i>
Hanning, Joan	<i>The Man Who Looked Back</i>
Forbes, Donald	<i>The Eleventh Hour</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Lord Blackthorn</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Blackthorn Counter-Spy</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Blackthorn Assassins</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Blackthorn Double Back</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Sons of Blackthorn</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Dead Pigs at Hungry Farm</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Lady in Black</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>The Web Out</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>In Sharp the Razor</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Roger for the Judge</i>
Graeme, Bruce	<i>Murder in the Cupboard</i>
Hawthorn, Robert	<i>The Case of the Fingerprint Legs</i>
Hawthorn, Robert	<i>A Kiss Before Dying</i>
Kerley, Harry Stephen and Keith, Basil G.	<i>Find a Father</i>
Leven, Ira	<i>The Man Who Wanted to Die</i>
MacDonald, John Ross	<i>Death Before Zero</i>
MacKinnon, Andrew	<i>Death Under Page</i>
Malt, Thomas	<i>The Macmillans</i>
Malt, Thomas	<i>George and Georgina</i>
Nichols, Beverley	<i>Death Uncovered</i>
Philips, Elin	<i>Kill and Tell</i>
Pollard, A. O.	<i>You can't Keep the Corpse</i>
Ripley, Howard	<i>Death Reckoning</i>
Robertson, Colin	<i>Out, Damned Spot</i>
Safford, Ken	<i>The Serpent's Fang</i>
Seale, Nancy	<i>The High Wall</i>
Stuart, Brian	<i>The Devil's Curse</i>
Trotter, Selwyn	<i>The Man Called Leon</i>
Wright, June	
Young, George	
Fiction	
Allen, Clifford	<i>The Uninvited Visitor</i>
Allen, Clifford	<i>The Sheen Lamb</i>
Moore, Ursula	<i>How Dark, My Lady!</i>
Moore, Ursula	<i>The King's Wife</i>
Moore, Ursula	<i>Twilight of a Tudor</i>
Moore, Ursula	<i>The First Elizabeth</i>
Moore, Ursula	<i>Days of Dorothy</i>
Bourne, Peter	<i>Gatesay in Fortune</i>
Bourne, Peter	<i>Ten Thousand Shillings</i>
Bourne, Peter	<i>Short Sago</i>
Bourne, Peter	<i>Greenmantle</i>
Buchan, John	<i>Drancy Street</i>
Cheswynd, Bridget	<i>The Nigards</i>
Church, Richard	<i>The Peacock is a Gentleman</i>
Conwell, Vivian	

Author	Title
Conrad, Joseph	<i>A Set of Six</i>
Dane, Simon	<i>Gold Dust</i>
Gage, Ernest	<i>Japan in the Sky</i>
Gage, Ernest	<i>The High and the Mighty</i>
Gage, Ernest	<i>Pagliero's Green</i>
Gage, Ernest	<i>Soldier of Fortune</i>
Gibbs, Philip	<i>The Spoils of War</i>
Gibbs, Philip	<i>The Golden Years</i>
Gibbs, Philip	<i>The Middle of the Road</i>
Golding, Louis	<i>The Glory of Eddie River</i>
Golding, Louis	<i>Hippocrene Street</i>
Golding, Louis	<i>The Dangerous Places</i>
Goodchild, George	<i>Doctor Jekyll Experiment</i>
Grubb, Davis	<i>The Right of the Hunter</i>
Hawthorne, Hector	<i>Operation Superior</i>
Jacobs, Naomi	<i>A Late Lord Mayor</i>
Jacobs, Naomi	<i>Collected</i>
Jacobs, Naomi	<i>No Easy Way</i>
Jacobs, Naomi	<i>The Cup of Youth</i>
Jacobs, Naomi	<i>Fade Out</i>
Jacobs, Naomi	<i>"Womans Come Back!"</i>
Jacobs, Naomi	<i>They Left the Land</i>
James, Henry	<i>The Europeans</i>
James, Henry	<i>The Wings of the Dove</i>
James, Henry	<i>The Tragic Muse</i>
James, Henry	<i>The Portrait of a Lady</i>
James, Henry	<i>The Ambassadors</i>
James, Henry	<i>Ruin in the Wind</i>
James, Henry	<i>The Sun Climbs Shyly</i>
James, Henry	<i>The American</i>
Kennedy, Joan	<i>Never Die the Dream</i>
Knight, Briget	<i>The Merry Millions</i>
Knight, Briget	<i>Mr. Rider in Triumph</i>
Landon, Margaret	<i>The Great Knight</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>The Shadow of the Red Barn</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>The Scavenger</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>Fool's Wedding</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>The Captain</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>Bring me a Sword</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>Lady of Justice</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>Wider Horizons; a sequel to "Flying High"</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>Flying High being the life-story up-to-date of America in Space</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>The Part that is Missing</i>
Lindsey, Philip	<i>The Silver Fortune</i>
McKenna, Stephen	<i>The Best of O. Henry; one hundred of his stories</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>More O. Henry; one hundred more of the master's stories</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Eleventh Plague</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Sadder and Wiser</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Woman Woman</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Hidden Hand</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Through a Glass Darkly</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Pleasure Garden</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>More Than Love</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Give Me Back My Heart</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Strange Morning</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Edemander Touch</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Lost King</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>King in Prussia</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Snowbound</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Third Man</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Cimmerian</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Columbus; a romance</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Land in Beyond</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>The Road Back</i>
Morrison, Margaret	<i>Most Dangerous Drunks</i>
Scott, Rogers Montagu	<i>The Invisible Ships</i>
Scott, Rogers Montagu	<i>Summer Storm</i>
"See-Like", pseud.	<i>Published Company; a Winter's Tale</i>
(ie. Geoffrey Martin Bennett)	<i>English Mother; parable of a happy life</i>
"See-Like", pseud.	<i>Thankless Child</i>
(ie. Geoffrey Martin Bennett)	<i>On the Seashore</i>
"See-Like", pseud.	<i>The Fortunate Lady; a dramatic chronicle</i>
(ie. Geoffrey Martin Bennett)	<i>Unseen Money</i>
Swinnerton, Frank	<i>The Lamp of Golconde; a love story</i>
Swinnerton, Frank	<i>The Mew's Egg</i>
Swinnerton, Frank	
Tancock, Malcolm	
Vachell, Horace Asquith	
Walkerha, Kian Marni	

Author	Title
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Comandor</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Black Baroness</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Strange Conflict</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Haunting of Toky Jugg</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Sixty Days on Land</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Uncharted Seas</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Mediterranean Nights</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Secret War</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Devil Holds Out</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Lamenting of Roger Brook</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Forbidden Passports</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Scarlet Imposter</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Guileless Standard</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Black Anger</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Come into my Parlour</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Fair Fengeance</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Forbidden Territory</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Three Dangerous people</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Such Power is Dangerous</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Sound of Fury</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Rising Sun</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Fabulous Valley</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>Colonel—Colonel Please</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Man Who Abused the War</i>
Wheatley, Dennis	<i>The Ghost of Julius Day</i>



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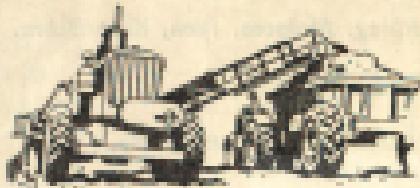
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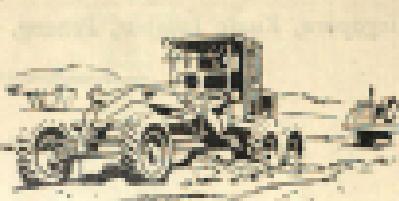
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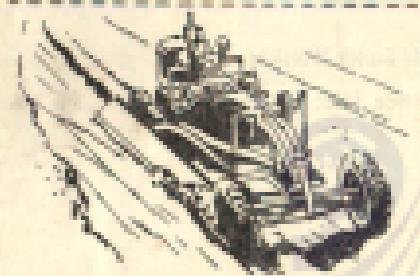
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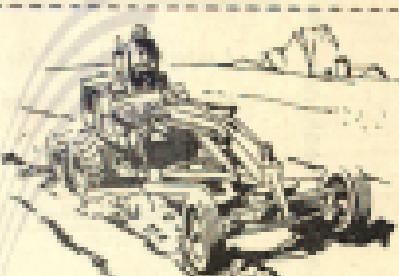
Loading, with Diesel Hammer breaker attachment



Road grading, with good operator's view of blade



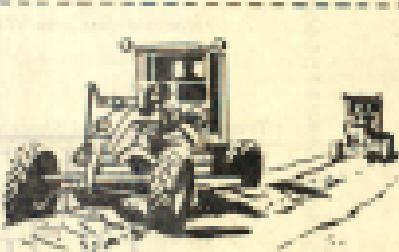
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