

Vol. LXXIV. . No. 1080.

PRICE

KUCHING, Monday, March 1st, 1948.

20 CENTS

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The .

MONDAY, MARCH 1st, 1948.

Birth.

Morris.?At Miri on 21st January, to Dorothy, wife of R. H. Morris, a daughter, Geraldine Elizabeth.

Ins and Outs.

The report of the Borneo Salaries Commission was published on the 2nd of this month and its recommendations are now being considered by Government. There seems little point in examining recommendations that may never be adopted but the time may perhaps be opportune for considering what may happen to some of our embryo chickens if they are ever hatched.

Generally speaking, in spite of what the Old Brigade may say, the cost of living has risen substantially since 1941; the increase has not been met with corresponding increases in pay, but with the temporary expedient of a Cost of Living Allowance. The prices of essential foodstuffs have risen to two or three times the 1941 level and the general expectation has been that this increased cost should be met to some extent by a general increase in wage levels.

The solution, however, is not as simple as all that; there must be some reassurance that any rise in the wage level will be reflected in a greater spending power. An increase of money in circulation can normally be justified by an increase in production or alternatively an increase in available commodities by which that money can be absorbed. Otherwise, money tends to lose its value and up goes the cost of living. There is an example of this tendency quoted in the report :?

"The remuneration paid to Government servants is in almost all the stations in Borneo a major factor affecting the amount of money available for expenditure and the linking of that remuneration too closely with current prices might easily lead to an inflationary spiral.?"

In the case of the Miri area where the amount of money available is substantially affected by the disbursements of the Oil Company, the cost of living is 10% higher than elsewhere in Sarawak. It seems that the explanation for this is the unbalance between Miri and the remainder of the Colony as regards the amount of money in circulation. It is an absurdity for the wage earner in Sarawak to get an increase in pay if that increase is to be swallowed immediately in a fresh rise in the prices of staple commodities. This is the first kick of the inflationary spiral. For the time being, Sarawak must be content, no matter what wage adjustments may be made, with a standard of living which is less than that which prevailed in 1941. .

Early this month, the British Government issued a White Paper which called for a check to be made in rising wages and profits. ?If a general increase in profits, salaries or wages takes place without more goods being made available, no one can obtain any real benefit except blackmarket operators; the rest of the community has to endure dislocation and hardships which inevitably accompany inflation.?

The cause of the present lower standard of living is clear enough. As a result of the war, the world lost a substantial amount of wealth. Not spurious wealth measured in terms of paper money or credit balances but the true wealth of men and material. No less than five major European countries suffered devastation and most countries suffered the impact of war to a greater or lesser extent. This loss must be made good before the normal tendency towards an improvement in the standard of living can be re-established. If anyone questions why Sarawak should be concerned with the devastation of remote countries let him compare the pre-war and post-war costs of Sarawak's imports. War is an ugly and an expensive business and the aftermath

can be cleared up only with more toil, sweat and tears. It is perhaps not extraneous to link up war damage claims with this more general subject of post-war standard of living. There is a hazy opinion that war losses will be made good from a nebulous source and by this the losers will resume their status quo. There can, of course, be no "making good" of losses, there can be no resurrection of property which has been destroyed; there can only be a re-distribution of those assets which remain. Two points stand out. The first is that until the material losses of war have been replaced and pre-

war production regained in Sarawak particularly and in the world generally, the standard of living must be lower than it was in 1941. The second is that a rise in wage levels unaccompanied by a corresponding increase in production may only lead to inflation and serious upsets in the economy of the Colony. Nevertheless, some adjustment in wage levels is called for and the immediate need is to ensure that, from any increase, reasonable benefit will be received. The cupidity of certain traders with their eternal rings and price agreements may well provide a ready maw to envelope any slight rise in wages. Trading has tended to become an exercise in ingenuity to combine the maximum advantage with the minimum risk; minimum risk of loss of reputation or actual transgression of the law. A shop-keeper may not sell any controlled goods which he exhibits for sale at more than the controlled price but some can and do slip them under the counter to await a more favourable profit-making opportunity, and it is not pessimistic to foresee that it is into the black-marketeer's pockets that a rise in wages may readily flow.

It is for this reason that we warmly congratulate the "Junior Service" upon initiative and enterprise in starting a canteen in Kuching which hopes to and, we believe, succeeds in reducing prices for the members. A ten per cent reduction in prices is more beneficial than an increase of ten per cent in wages.

We have specifically referred to Government Officers in considering the possible effects of a rise in salaries. In a community where the level of Government salaries is an important factor in determining price levels, the salaried community of the whole Colony is affected. What we earn and what we get for those earnings is the topic of the moment.

Notes and Comments.

We re-murmur a soft impeachment from a previous issue, that the stands or falls by the written support which it receives. Reading maketh a full man but reading never yet has made a full journal. We sorely need your support.

We congratulate one of the contributors to this issue of the on the Silver Jubilee of his arrival in Sarawak. Mr. B. J. C. Spurway, better known as "Shot," arrived in Kuching on 23rd February, 1923. Although his work on Forest survey, particularly in the Third and Fifth Divisions is notable, it is only

natural his exploit in swimming the Kuching river in full evening dress after a party at the Astana should be

equally well remembered. In his time he has played golf on the 9th hole of the Kuching course where now the 19th stands.

Following on last month's article on "The Sarawak Constabulary" we publish a short description of "Life in Depot" by James Cheyne. James Cheyne, Recruit No. 59, is the first post-war Chinese recruit into the ranks of the Constabulary and, in his own refreshing way, he records his experiences and impressions during the first month of service. We welcome his contribution not only because it presents the other point of view but also in the hope that he sails in the vanguard of other post-war Asiatic contributors.

It will be noticed that "Fifty Years Ago" has no place in this issue. Unfortunately the 5 of March, August and October 1898 are missing and all efforts to trace them have failed. If any reader has a copy for any of these months which he is prepared to lend for a short time, it will be warmly welcomed.

To replace "Fifty Years Ago," we have drawn upon the resources of a copy letter book from Kapit dated 1879. It is not a flimsy press copy letter book; if it had been, it is doubtful whether any of the copy would have survived at all. It is, or was, solid manuscript book and the letters of more than one writer are recorded although most were written by the Court Writer of that time. Unfortunately the passing of time has dealt hardly with it; book worms have burrowed from cover to cover and the silver fish has disported amongst its pages. In places, the writing is indecipherable. For this reason, we have taken extracts from the letters and treated them as a diary, not as of notable literary interest, but as a record of the life in outstations some sixty to seventy years ago.

The following letter was eventually received by the after its journey through British North Borneo and the mazes of the Secretariat in Kuching in search of the Protector. We understand that in certain languages, notably Dutch, the word Dayak (or Dajak) is used comprehensively to include all indigenous peoples of Borneo which not unnaturally gives rise to a certain amount of confusion. In this case, however, it is thought that the writer refers to the Dayak peoples of Sarawak.

Dear Sir Protector,

I am seeking your honourable help for my investigation concerning the Science of Numis- matics, because I could not receive an affirmative answer from the European Public Libraries.

Is it right that the Dajaks, which inhabitant on the Isle of Borneo, have used for the coins of metal spilt cannon-pipes?

Besides please to make me your communication if the native of your country have used by the past centuries cowrie-shells, strings of beads etc, by the barter.

I am wanting this communication for a scientific work.

I am regretting very much, to not be enable at this time because of the situation in Germany, to enclose a coupon international for your answer.

Yours respectfully,

Sgd. Erich Elsasser.

The letter produced an interesting note by the Acting Curator.

".....I suspect that by ?metal spilt cannon-

pipes? he means ?bedils.? If so, of course they were, and still are, used as barter by not only Dayaks but by other races and tribes as well i.e. in Melanau reckoning a pikul was a 40 kati cannon Or gong. These weapons were used for dowries, 'pakan?', fines and many other reasons.. Beads are used as barter among some tribes?but there was apparently no regular scale. It does not appear that there was any regular scale of barter in any commodity or material until coinage was intro- duced. The Chinese were probably the first to introduce coins, and much of their coinage was in ?cash.? The Dayaks, and others, used and still use, all manner of brass ware as barter?gongs, cannon, pots, bowls, etc.?

An unusual fishing fleet assembled for operations this morning (22nd February) off the Steamship wharf in Kuching. The fishermen aroused some curiosity by using hooks that might well have been used for shark fishing. It appears that, when the s.s. "Kepong? was unloading a cargo of rice, a sling carrying ten bags broke, the rice dropping into the river. So far, five bags have been salvaged. Rumour has it that the salvaged rice is suitable for brewing vinegar.

During the month of February there have been sporadic outbreaks of cracker firing in Kuching. If malevolent spirits must abound, then the Kuching Municipal area is doubtless as good as anywhere else for them to lurk. But that they should be so thick on the ground and that they should require to be exorcised so thoroughly and so noisily argues rather less than common sense on the part of the spirits or on the part of pyrotechnicists. The former seem to know little of dispersal and the latter less of concentration.

There is nothing unusual in this desire for bigger and better bangs; the unusual feature lies in where and when the desire is indulged. But perhaps there is good cause for this.

We notice that a similar impatience seizes our neighbours in Singapore, one of whom estimated the cost of bigger and better bangs at no less than \$1,000,000. We admire the resource of a certain Resident who not very long ago converted with considerable ingenuity so many small bangs into so few big ones.

Under the heading of "Terms of Service," we publish the reply of "One of the Old Brigade" to his critics. There has been an uninspired but wide-spread confusion between "One of the Old Brigade" whose letter now appears and "One of the Even Older Brigade" (another nom de plume for our distinguished contributor "Optimistic Fiddler") whose contribution to the controversy was published last month, together with that of Mr. Harding and of Mr. Turner.

Star of the Sea.

At the end of January, an unheralded guest arrived on the coast of Sarawak. About twenty miles east of Mukah a vessel was seen high and dry on an even keel, beam on to the sea and about 300 feet from the sea at low water. There was no crew on board.

Weather conditions were unfavourable for an examination until Friday the 13th of February when a launch from Kuching arrived there. The initial examination revealed that the vessel was an L.C.T. (similar in length and tonnage to the "Lucille" and "Ong Tiang Swee") and, apparently, had been taken out of commission. There were no ships papers on board and the living quarters showed no sign of recent use. On the bow the number 930 is painted in large letters and a stencil on the aft bulkhead reads "This craft reconditioned by Philippine Consolidated Shipyards"; other markings

indicate the probable date of the reconditioning as June, 1947. Of the five engines with which the vessel is equipped only one appears to be complete and in working order. The hull had been smashed about to such extent that the craft was in danger of breaking in two and although refloating would be an easy job the hull is not now worth the expense of salvaging.

The story of the L.C.T., as far as it can be reconstructed or guessed at, is that the craft was a United States naval vessel which had been, laid up probably in the Philippines and probably also alongside other vessels. She had broken adrift during a storm and had badly damaged the upper sections of her hull by rolling against the sides of neighbouring craft. With the remnants of her mooring ropes still dangling from port and starboard quarters, the L.C.T. numbered 930 set off in the North-east monsoon on her 500 or 1,000 mile journey to the coast of Borneo. With side tanks undamaged she retained sufficient buoyancy to weather the landas storms and, at the end of her involuntary voyage, to rest on hard sand 300 feet beyond the low water mark.

At the time of writing, the owners have not been traced.

Many Years Ago.

I am writing this, the third instalment of my "Oldest Inhabitant Series" on the morrow of Chinese New Year, so what with the good cheer and all that, our old outstation song keeps running through my poor head.

"So cheer away, my hearties,

"For you will never go back.

"For thirty years and the B.C.L. beers

"Will kill you in Sara-wak !?

Still, I had better get on with my memories of the outstations. As a matter of fact even in those days we didn't think much of Kuching except as the place where we had our annual holiday. Not that it was much of a holiday in the true sense of the word; it was rapid, riotous and regrettable. One of the greatest punishments was to threaten an outstationer with duty in Kuching, either as Resident, Second Class, or Magistrate, Court of Requests. Those two appointments, now abolished, were all an outstationer could expect, except of course the great post of Resident, First Division. He was

Chief Secretary-cum-Resident-cum every- thing and he had no Secretariat to help him either. There was one case, I remember, where an out- stationer was hauled down to Kuching by the O.A.G. to become Municipal Officer. He was off up-country again as quick as lightening when the old Rajah came out from England. Such posts, the Rajah is said to have observed, were not suit- able or fitting for his valuable outstation men!

It would be difficult, I think, for many to-day to realise how apart Kuching was from the rest of the State. The old Rajah, sat in Kuching and directed all and everything?nothing was too trivial. Divisional Residents exercised little authority over their other Districts apart from going round to hear appeal cases (the Second Division excepted) and each district was more or less on- its own and in direct communication with the Rajah.

Some years ago there was a terrible rumpus about "local orders" and quite rightly dozens of these were abolished. When they were in use, however, they did give the local district officer a great pull as not only had he many previous ones to go on, alter or otherwise embellish but he could make a lot of new ones of his own. Apart from their obvious undesirability from a legal point of view they were not all bad; they were generally the result of intimate local experience, and on the whole the burden ,of interpreting and exercising them was not too heavy for the young shoulders of those who had to bear it.

For instance there was a "droit du seigneur" touch about returning fishing boats having to drop a fish or two each onto the Mukah Government peng- kalan, or the Resident who fined the local spirit farmer for running out of soda water. On reflection I do not think these two were ever written down anywhere.

The old Rajah is said to have observed "an officer in charge of a district is more like a local squire in England than anything else." Like most sayings I expect this is apocryphal but he quite well may have said it. The district officer was expected to know everyone in his country, all their wrongs and difficulties, all their good points and all their failings.

The Cadets in those days went through a pretty severe mill. Not only was it thought good for the "young devils" but there was no one else to do it. In my first station I sold postage stamps, weighed

out gun powder and acted as Dresser. In my medicine cupboard were rows of what I believe doctors call Winchesters. These were labelled "cough mixture," "stomach mixture," "saline mixture," "gonorrhoea mixture" and so on. In little pots were ointments and a big packet of white powdery looking stuff, the use of which I never did discover. There was Dover's Powder (which you never seem to see to-day) Collis Browne's chlorydine and some stuff which I believe was dilute sulphuric acid and which miraculously dissolved quinine powder. In the cupboard too was the salamoniac for the tele- phone (which one policeman stole and swallowed) and an enormous supply of "cholera mixture."

There were still standing most of the old forts of Sarawak. Fort Brooke, where I first lived, was besieged by Kanowit Dayaks in 1870. The marks of the enemy axes (probably belong) were still to be seen.

Coming up from Kuching it was the first thing one saw of Sibu as one rounded the last bend of the river. Standing out white on the banks of the river it was the one building which saved Sibu, from looking like a collection of houses and huts thrown together by some crazy giant. Its demolition some years ago was an iconoclasm.

Mukah Fort was named for Baroness Burdett- Coutts and stood at Penyakub Kubu until 1912 when it was moved bodily to a site nearer the sea. It was here that in 1868 the prisoners captured it in the absence of Rodway and his assistant Sinclair.

Bain a commercial gentleman, who was sick at the time, was killed and it is said that his body was thrown out of one of the gun-ports. I lived here for three years and daily dined off the table on which, it is said, the mutineers divided up the money from the broken-open safe. They did, it is true, use the big guns in the Fort and loaded them with copper coin.

Fort Keppel was in Bintulu, a replica of Fort Burdett. Both these forts were destroyed in the last war. At Simanggang Fort Alice remains. This is said to be haunted by the old Rajah. This is not its only distinction. Every night at eight o'clock the sentry bellows out the famous "call." Various reasons for this have been suggested but the one most likely to be true is that many years ago the old Rajah's Chinese cook, returning from the bazaar rather late, and perhaps bemused, failed to notice

that the drawbridge was up and empaled himself on the chevaux de frise, which up to some years ago surrounded the Fort. Lubok Antu was a real fortification against possible enemy attacks when I first came out. Small guard-houses or out-lying forts surrounded the main building and strict and very necessary precautions were taken to ensure the safety of the officers and men of the garrison. It is easy nowadays to laugh at this small garrison armed with snider carbines and smooth bore muzzle-loading cannon. Planes, tommy guns, radio and all the apparatus of to-day would have made the defence of such outposts and the safety of the local population comparatively a simple affair. I do not intend to give readers the idea that it was all like this in old Sarawak, or that we all lived a wild-wooly-west sort of life.

It was, however, still the days of 'expeditions,' by which name were known so-called punitive columns sent up into very difficult places to capture or destroy breakers of the Rajah's peace. In my time they produced more sweat than blood; there was not much glory but a lot of hard and uncomfortable work. To be honest I was never lucky enough to accompany any of these forces up-river; always it was my job to do donkey work at the Base. I suppose that a pseudo deputy-assistant-quartermaster-general cum cadet did not deserve any glory. There was one thing upon which we always had the laugh over British North Borneo. That State gave out medals for their various expeditions; we looked upon ours as a pleasant episode in our day's work.

There have been some rather big changes in the outstations. For instance Sarikei, now one of the biggest towns in the Colony was merely a small and exceedingly dirty Chinese bazaar and a big and exceedingly dirty Malay kampong. A venerable old Haji ran the entire show without the help of any police. The place had rather a bad reputation for several reasons. I started this place as a Government station, but that is another story; but now we hate Sarikei, motor cars, Ickman Road and all! Rejang was then an important place, where oddly enough one could get electric light and ice. This was obtained from a famous Towkay, Ah Fong, who ran sawmills, ice machine, shipyards and what not.

Mukah, Oya and Dalat were the only outstations connected by telephone. What with the 'landas', disgruntled litigants (who cut the wires) and general perversity it did not always work. Prisoners with

call boxes strapped onto their backs trudged along

those long dazzling beaches or through the Dalat swamps with a policeman behind ringing up on the human telephone from time to time to see where the break was. It is said that monkeys unscrewed the insulators.

Miri oilfields had only just opened and the place as a Government station was run from Baram. Miri was at first really rather wild and wooly, and even a few years later I remember oilfields' officials galloping about on Australian ponies. There was a Government colliery at Brooketon and another at Sadong.

When talking of Kuching versus Outstations there was one more community important, energetic and go-ahead. They preferred, I think, to ally themselves with the outstationers. I refer of course to the Upper Sarawak gold mining community. At Bau alone there were generally more Europeans than there were in Kuching, and what with Bidi and Buso and all the rest of the Borneo Company's ramifications it was a very big affair. There was no road and we took launches and boats to Buso. From there one used a human propelled trolley, but there was a lot of hard walking too. It is sad to wander round the district nowadays and see the remains of its heydays. One laboriously traces out the remains, of factories, and trolley lines, and tunnels and bungalows. As a youthful new- arrival I regarded with awe the Manager of the goldworks; he was, indeed, a merchant prince. From a financial point of view the Government officers took a very back seat.

Then there was the new project at Goebilt. Nowadays one passes Goebilt in the steamer with no feelings at all, except perhaps that it looks a dreary sort of place. When I first arrived it was in full swing. An American affair, as the name shows, it was started off in true American fashion. I forget how many millions the capital was, but on landing there I was told in no uncertain (if nasal) tones that they were going to save Sarawak and really put it upon the map. I must admit that they gave me a royal time, youthful as I was. Machinery vibrated, hooters shrieked, good liquor flowed and the might of Goelet and Vanderbilt was displayed. Alas, all that remains are a few cleared hilis. an old stone jetty and the ghosts of those get-rich-quick-Wallingfords.

Nowadays there is, so it seems, no Kuching? Outstation rivalry. Sunderlands and radio have seen to

that. No longer do rude outstation men sing.

?If they ever have a railway in Sarawak? "The sleepers will be made of Kuching-ites? And on that note I think I had better stop.

O.F.

(To be concluded.)

Waiting for the Tide.

More than twenty-five years ago there was in the Officers? Mess at Fort Alice, Simanggang, a copy of a very rare book; in fact, so far as I knew at the time, it was the only copy in existence. When I returned to Simanggang some ten years later it had disappeared, whither no one knew.

I have mentioned this in one of the chapters of a book I have written and which I hope will some day be published. Two days ago whilst rummaging

about in a cupboard in the Museum Offices I found a copy of this book and I am nearly certain that it is the missing Simanggang one. Mr. Banks now tells me that he got it from Mr. MacBryan, who said that it had been given to him by Mr. Le Sueur.

Many books on Sarawak are becoming rare, but I think that this one, together with another called "A Short Trip To Sarawak And The Dayaks? by the same author, which I described in the of 2nd January, 1930, are, indeed, the rarest of them all. Of the other book I think is left one copy too, and when I wrote about it in 1930 it was in the possession of Mr. MacBryan.

The book I am about to describe is called "Wait- ing For The Tide? or "Scraps and Scrawls from Sarawak. ? . It was printed and published at Kuch- ing in 1875. Part of the Preface reads ".....we

start this annual with fear and trembling, as we are aware it has no pretension to be a skilled literary production.....written by men whose jungle

life more or less unfits them for literary pursuits, the pictures being lithographed in Singapore, and the work printed by a Chinese boy educated in the Mission School here, we trust these facts may be taken into consideration, and that the sharp blasts of criticism may be tempered to this my first born.?

There was an established rule which originated in the time of Sir James Brooke, that all officers who could leave their stations should keep up the old English custom of meeting to celebrate Christmas and the New Year in Kuching.

A party of outstation officers happened to meet on Christmas-eve in one of the small streams which intersect the two branches of the Sarawak river, which is generally used as a short cut; being detained by the falling tide, they were unable to reach the capital that night, and to beguile the time these stories were sketched out whilst "Waiting for the Tide.....?"

From the gist of the first story it seems that the two boats, one containing three, and the other two, officers meet in the mosquito ridden "trusan?" near Kuching just as the tide turned against them and night fell. This would probably be up the Santubong entrance. The party, who came from outstations decided to go back to the sea and spend the night there, and from descriptions in the tales I think we may take it that Santubong was the camp of the story-teller; the picture on the outside cover supports this.

There are six stories taking up 39 pages and 15 full-page pen and ink drawings illustrating the tales. In addition there is a spirited drawing called "Dayak History," and on the cover there is the party sitting under cocoanut palms on the edge of the sea eating, drinking, smoking and talking : a pig-tailed Chinese servant is busy with a kettle for the "hot water, lemons and whisky" which figures prominently in one of the tales.

And now to the authors. This has frankly necessitated a bit of guess-work as they all wrote under assumed names or initials, but I think that I have solved all but one.

The first story is "A Pirate Story" by W. Fraser. This is William Maunder Crocker, the father of the late Harold Brooke Crocker. He was in the Service from 1864 to 1880 except for a period of four years when he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. (The old brick chimney in Mukah Bazaar is evidence of this). In 1888 he was Acting Governor of British North Borneo, there is a range of mountains there called after him. He introduced Chinese pepper and gambier planters into Sarawak and made one of the few reliable maps of the State.

The second story, "A Jungle Heroine" by A. Perry, was I think written by "Long" Houghton, Alfred

Robert Houghton 1863-81. At the time he appears to have been in charge of Sadong district. He had been a volunteer in the campaign under Garibaldi, when he was also a Newspaper correspondent and wounded in the ankle. He tells a dashing story.

"Men With Tails" by T. Skipworth is no doubt Thomas Skipworth Chapman, 1864-96, who did all his service in the Kalaka district. He was a spirited artist and most of the illustrations are his. The other book I mentioned was entirely by him, and I saw some years ago a charming little sketch of his of the old fort at Kabong.

O. C. Vane, who writes "To The Rescue" is Oliver St. John 1860-84. He has the distinction of being the first Postmaster in Sarawak. The fifth story "Adventure With The Alligator" is by H. Roscoe. This may be Oliver St. John too, but that is merely a guess and I do not know enough yet to say who it is. The last story is by W. H. Don who must be W. H. Rodway 1862-84. This was the gentleman who had the enviable distinction of drawing his pension for over forty years. Major Rodway wrote to the Gazette when I was editing it and asked, with a dry sense of humour, to be remembered to any old friends still serving in Sarawak. He was then the last survivor of Rajah James Brooke's staff, and at the time he wrote the oldest officer in Sarawak was one who joined the Service sixteen years after Major Rodway's retirement.

I shall not spoil anyone's pleasure by describing the stories as a lucigraphed copy of the book will shortly be put in the Sarawak Library. The original will not be allowed to be taken away but will be on view in the Library for those who would like to see it.

I recommend this book to readers, especially to the newcomers to Sarawak. It has no great literary merit but it has considerable charm. As an insight into old Sarawak it is well worth reading and digesting with care.

O.F.

Life in Depot.

We have to get up at five early in the morning and take bath at half-pass six. We have to work or drill till half-pass seven, at half-pass seven having our tea, at half-pass eight we all attend lectures till half-pass ten, at half-pass ten school till twelve, at twelve we take food, after food we have rest for

one and half hour, at half-pass one we have lecture again till half-pass three, at half-pass three we have arm-drill till half-pass four, at half-pass four we have tea again, at half-pass five we have our food, after food at half-pass six we have night school, after school, at half-pass nine we have to fall in for rollcall, at half-pass ten we all go to sleep, and we can go out three times a week, but we have to ask permission from the D.S.I. If we have no permission we will be punished (C.B. for seven days and do hard work) unless we have a permission we just can't go out.

Since I start work on 2nd of January 1948 I have received from the Constabulary Fort three and a half suit of clothes and one cap, one belt, one blanket, one mosquito net, one pair of boot, one tin of boot polish, two mess tins, and one mess cup. After I received the things I went to see O.C.T. and asked him where is the place I stay, and he called for Orderly Sergeant to show me the place and I went with Orderly Sergeant and when we came to the place I saw that everyone is not the same race with me and for a while I saw one of them, S. Peter by name, who is my one of my old friend in school at Mukah and when I saw him my heart opened. But for two or three days he went to hospital and I fell very sad again, when S. Peter went to Hospital I made friend with Johnyjanas.

The first day I start drill and learn how to turn that is right and left turn and about turn and quick march. This I only learn it for two days. After that I have follow all my friend is road-running drill and so on, and now I wish to have a gun for myself to train.

One thing makes me dont like the work just because of the food I have taken in the mess. I fell that sometimes I was going to leave the job but cant be helped I have signed the agreement and besides I have just worked for thirty days and now I made Depot just like my own home, and I have made up my mind to continue working.

(Sgd.) J. Cheyne.

A Kapit Diary.

28th Feb. 1879.

"..after the harvest Ineng Erang himself is coming in this way and wants to go to Kuching to see His Highness the Rajah. He is also very' anxious to know about the parang ilang that he sends to His Highness by Matair a Sarawak Malay.

?The two men that were killed by Ranian are said to be Batang Parun's anak beak, living in the next room of Batang Parun. They are not okets. This Eman and Bayon before the arrival of Ranian's people went out on the war path against the head of the Rapas, bringing back with them one head and a captive. Kanin, Chief of the Pengs, is trying to beg the captive from Eman and Bayong and they will not part with it. At last Ranian promising to give Eman a wife of Ranian's own relative, and thinking this a good offer to intermix and marry with dyaks and at the same time it will be safe for his people' to visit our waters. Eman then gave them up the head and captive as bribe. While on part of their way between here and Mekah they called for the night, and, they were fast asleep on account of the fatigue of the day. In the mid-night, Ranian's people took a piece of stick and crossed over the necks of the two, and killed them in cold blood.....? ?

22nd Jan. 1881.

..Will you have the kindness to dun Tulai a Chinese carpenter who had worked here some months ago, he had been summoned here and promised to pay at Sibu his judgment debt is \$5.50+1. The three hundred dollars in copper had come to hand and now I send you the exchange in silver two hundred dollars the other one hundred I kept and you can debit Kapit with it.?

4th May 1881.

?.....Chunnie, a Chinaman living in one of our bazaars, died yesterday evening at nine o'clock; he died of hot fever. All his goods were ordered to be nailed down till further orders. Be please to let Chinamen in your bazaar know this as I hear he is awfully indebted at Sibu."

21st June, 1881.

?Enclosed is a warrant for Ah Chong. Will you have the kindness to serve it out to him. If he does not pay anything on account, the plaintiff is going to shut him up till liquidation of debts.?

25th June 1881.

?I have the honour to inform you that Private Amin has been sentenced by His Highness the Rajah to three years penal servitude in chains for leaving the fort after dark without permission in perilous time and Private Sanh his confederate to one year with labour for closing the door after him. I do not

require any others to releave these two as the Rajah has filled up the vacancies out of his own guard.....?

23rd Sept. 1881.

?Riduns house had complained to me that their house of 30 doors had been burnt down by Abang Bunsu and Munan. Everything in the house was destroyed, and now they wanted to know on what account their houses were burnt down, if it was through the cause of Akune-?it was not Akune?s house as Akune had these last 2 years shifted to S. Poh with his belongings.?

16th Nov. 1881.

?I beg to send you a box of Powder and slugs for the blunderbuss which was left here last expedition. I found it amongst our magazine.?

25th Aug. 1882.

?Your official dated on the 16th August had come to hand and contents duly noted.

1. The Prison door were always shut at 9 o?clock before, but I have made a mistake in telling you at 10. I have spoken personally to you about this, the cause that they were shut up late is this :? 1st that they (the prisoners) were not allowed to dirty the prison. Secondly they have to patch their clothes or trousers for tomorrows work. Now that you want the prison door to be shut up at quarter to eight, it has to be done and I will hold this strict.

2.

No Dyak has ever been admitted in the fort after dark but that night it has been done through your boy, it was him who had admitted the dyaks and if he denies it he is really telling you the greatest lie.

3.

On account of leave of absence, very seldom that I have it. Many times that I have asked and could not get it?18 years I have been in the service the only leave that I could get is only twice to Kuching and once to Bintulu and even that I have only short stay. This last time is awful. I begged from you 3 months but have only stayed 10 days. I begged this on account of the ill health of my wife, most probably it will do her good. I have spoken to you about this but you said it was His Highness the

Rajah that sent me back.?

21st Sept. 1882.

?I send this by dispatch boat, as the Chinese traders in this bazaar wanted the steamer Ghita to come up very much, as they have no rice in the bazaar, the fortmen and prisoner I have sent to Kapit and Mendan to try and get some rice, if you do not send the steamer up at once there is sure starvation in this place.?

16th Oct. 1882.

?A Chinaman by name Tai Tiam, after a few days illness died this evening in our bazaar so the towkays begging me that his coffin be taken on board the Ghita for Kanowit or Sibu for burial as they will not bury their dead here, fearing that the head might get lost. I have given them the order to do so and about the freight they will pay as you charge them.?

26th Dec. 1882.

?I send you a Prisoner by name Benis in charge of a Policeman, he was ordered by the Resident to be put in irons and to be sent to Sibu, so I hope you will receive him the same.

I also send you our spoiled handcuffs, the sergeant who was here some time ago has spoilt it and has never reported to me about it, please get it repaired or else send me some good ones to replace it.?

25th Jan. 1884.

?Rumours are spreading about here that Metair and Abang were murdered some where about Poie while going down. I hope this is not true and if it is I will not be surprised at all as they are swindlers, cheating Dyaks right and left.?

1st March 1884.

?.....Nothing very particular at present, everything is dull and lonely.....?

A few days later.

?Sakil, fortman from Belaga, came this evening with a letter from Drahman. He (Sakil) informs me that about 3,000 men are coming to attack our bazaars and so I am obliged to send him on to you.?

And Twenty Years Later.

SIMANGGANG. Drab.....

Yours of 3rd and Diary for March to hand yesterday. I do not understand what is meant by a case of jalai rampas. I cannot call to mind any case that was brought to my notice by the Con- troleur a year ago by Umpang but I will ask Haji Chek when he comes down. I am very much surprised that Umpang made a disturbance in the Fort and used insulting language about the Sarawak Gov't, and Officers. Such a thing has never happened in my time before. Will you let me know the words used please that this may be remembered against him in years to come.

You say that a bala is being raised by the Ulu Ai. It is necessary to let me know directly you hear where they are bound for.

I trust my old orders against allowing any Dyaks in the Kampong after sundown is adhered to rigidly?more especially with these Engkari?even when they are baik.

The custom of having a blunderbuss in each out- lying tower at night is of anime continued and if there is any difficulty about these weapons going off they had better be re-loaded every three days under the supervision of someone like Dagang who knows about muzzle loaders.

I am expecting the Rajah here during his stay in Sarawak. He is due in Kuching on 12th and I cannot tell when he will come up here. I may tell you that he is anxious (as I too am) about the safety of L. Antu so I beg you to be mostt careful of your defences and if there are any suggestions you can make to me that would tend to strengthen the place and ?make assurance doubly sure? I shall be happy to hear them. You should remember that ?it is always the unexpected that happens? hence you cannot be too careful and circumspect. H.L.O. came back from Saribas yesterday. He wants a change of air and should certainly get one shortly by H.H?s orders.

Yours sincerely, Sgd.

Mr. Poggy and the Hard Boiled Eggs.

?For a month or two now,? began Mr. Poggy, ?I've been coming down in the late car and going back in the early one, so you gentlemen haven?t been having the benefit of my conversation. The fundamental trouble is that I?ve been having kippers for breakfast and I?ve waited to finish them.

From that everything else has flown. One morning I kept the car waiting for two minutes while I was picking the last bone but I was greeted with such frozen silences by the corpses waiting beside the road that chattiness was forbidden until I started work in the office. However I mustn't disappoint you now and kippers have reminded me of something. Last time I was talking about the days when I was a District Officer but I was doing a different job when I met the Hard Boiled Eggs.

I was looking after the repair of that major high-way which for some reason or other is called the Simanggang Road, though the denizens of Simang-gang have never seen it and wouldn't like the look of it if they had. I'm told that the Japs built a bridge across the Sadong river, a project which had been talked about by us for ten years but had been very properly discountenanced. Only a Jap would think that one had taken the trouble to make forty miles of road to a perfectly good river merely for the purpose of going across the darned thing.

I am talking of the days when there was such a pot-hole at the twenty-fourth mile that buses used to run up to it from Kuching and dump their passengers on the edge. The passengers then jumped across the cavity and entered the relay service on the far side, thus completing their journey with an appetite. Only a few fell in and they were mostly old people who provided a firm foundation for the filling on which I was engaged. I lived at Serian as it was the only accommodation available, the Stabun bungalow at that time being inhabited by an 'expert' whose job it was to compile a report on the possibility of running a railway

to Miri. My work consisted of bicycling sixteen miles to the scene of operations, having a look at that horrible hole and bicycling sixteen miles back again, so you can understand I was pretty tired when the Resident rang me up and told me he was sending out some American sailors who wished to see the unspoiled part of Borneo and would I kindly ensure that they did so please. Believe me that Resident knew his Pogy.

By the time four mosquito buses had disgorged their contents there stood between the ponds in the middle of Serian High Street forty figures clad in beautiful white uniforms and averaging about six foot two in height. Twenty of them were taking cine-films of the local populace and the other twenty were offering me cigars. There is an old and trusty public servant known to the Land Dayaks of the

Sadong as Baba James. A fortnight before this event Baba James had acted as guide and counsellor to two dozen British sailors whose sudden arrival in a long-house at night had produced an array of empty spaces chiefly owing to the fact that I was not there to pacify the women. Forty Americans in day-light were clay in his very capable hands, and there was no Abraham Roosevelt role for me.

Kampong Kakai failed us not knowing I was in charge of the party. Two of the guests, busy taking photographs of the local belles, suddenly disappeared through the flooring. I told them what to do about it, and we went on to Kampong Tengah, still forty strong but this time counting me and Baba James. That was a rough walk. Some of those immaculate ducks got badly damaged but I must say they were good on the batang after Baba James had sunk in the mud and I had told them how not to. 'Next time we work on New York sidewalks we'll be turning our toes Outwards,' they said. They hitched their trousers up and suddenly I saw a leech the size of a mushroom on one of their legs. I burnt it off with a cigarette and for the rest of the trip that fellow was so lame that no leech would look at him. Everything was laid on at Kampong Tengah. The girls got happily drunk on the arrack we had brought with us and they hadn't been to Kuching and looked at American films for nothing, although they didn't see why they should not stop where the films stop. 'Sye, Chief,' called one of the Hard Boiled Eggs, 'ask this girl how much she wants for this bangle.' 'Tuan mahu beli kita punya gelang. Berapa harga?' 'Satu ringgit.' 'She wants a dollar.' 'Gee!' says the Yank, looking like a wounded crocodile, 'I guess Americans have been here before.'

Well we eventually got them away but it took some doing. Back in Serian they began buying mementos of the auspicious occasion. 'Sye, Chief, aren't there any picture postcards?', and, 'Sye, Chief, are bananas the only souvenirs in this place?' You gentlemen must understand,' remarked Mr. Poggy solemnly, 'that these hard-bitten men of action called me 'chief.' It is an appropriate application of the old maxim, 'We needs must shoot a line at the highest when we see it.' Well to go on, not for the first or the last time in history difficulty was occasioned by the American dollar. No one could quote any market rates. The Hard Boiled Eggs said, 'We trust you, Chief,' and the locals said, 'Mana kata Tuan,' which probably came to the same thing. So I fixed a rate of

exchange which has caused the name of Poggie to be sung in adulation in Serian at every ceremony ever since but mainly on July 4th.

When they had purchased all the parangs and jars and bananas that they could carry, their petty-officer made the nicest little speech that I have ever heard. He said, 'Chief, we sure thank you for showing us the real interior of the heart of Borneo.' They got into their mosquito buses but a roll-call revealed only thirty-seven. Kampong Kakai had accounted for two but the disappearance of the third had not been noticed and a search was instituted. Eventually he was tracked down in a shop trying to induce the English-speaking wife of a Chinese towkay to sell him a glass of beer.

As we arrived the argument was in full swing. 'Go on, sweetheart,' said the Hard Boiled Egg, 'I'll pay for it.' 'I have not got, have not got,' exclaimed the lady almost on the verge of tears. Now then, sweetheart,' said the Hard Boiled Egg, 'don't take me for a sucker. I know all about your English licensing hours but I'm an Amurrican. If I want a highball I'll get it.' 'Highball, lowball, no have got,' said the lady, slightly relaxed by a glance at the relieving forces with me at their head. 'Now then; sweetheart,' said the Hard Boiled Egg, 'that's enough of that. Don't you worry about the police. Just fetch me a pint of tea in a tankard.' And he slaps her on the bottom with one hand and gives her ten good Yankee dollars with the other. Well we watched and waited and sure enough the old girl goes away and comes back with a tankard and cracks it down on the table and inside is a pint of tea. But what the American words that he said meant,' concluded Mr. Poggie, 'I'm sure I don't know.'

G.

Fire Engines.

"Fire engines" said The Ancient, (I had been led down the Street again for a beer).

"Have you ever been taken home on a fire engine??"

I admitted that I had not and asked for the story which I realised was behind the question. The Ancient glanced at his empty glass and I did the necessary.

'Well,' said the Ancient 'it was like this. There had been a party somewhere, I can't remember where. It was Race Week. Several of us, including some Outstation V.I.P.s, as you would no doubt

call them nowadays, got left behind in the Rest House having one for the road. Then it started to rain and no one was particularly eager to take the road. Some one said they could get a taxi and he was told to get on with it.

In those days, taxis operating at night, and when I say night I mean early hours of the morning, were few and far between, in fact, sometimes you never got up with one at all and had to walk home.

How it really did happen, no one will ever know, but within a couple of minutes the Fire Brigade arrived at the Rest House in all its glory ready and eager to put out the fire. The explanation offered later was that the man who telephoned asked for the Power Station, which was near a taxi rank, (the staff on night duty would pop out and send you a taxi if there was one there) and the Exchange misheard Power Station for Fire Station.

I must add here that at that moment there was a magnificent chorus of 'London's Burning' being sung which had just reached the part about 'Fire. Fire. Pour on water.' Anyway, there was no fire and no Taxi and the senior V.I.P. decided to go home in the Fire Engine and drop anyone off who cared to take a lift. The Firemaster was quite agreeable, so after a round of beer out of a fireman's helmet, we all climbed on board and, with the Senior V.I.P. at the wheel, roared up Rock Road with the bell going full blast and everybody singing as if his life depended on it. Well, several residents in Kuching got a rude awakening that night, and a shock to find the Fire Brigade in their gardens. There were a few caustic remarks over the state of some lawns.

Now, it was routine that when the Fire Brigade was called out two officials were always advised, the Municipal Commissioner and the Commissioner of Police. The former in those days was a rather deaf Scot. They could get no definite information concerning the fire and drove aimlessly around Kuching and finally met in Mosque Road. 'Where's the fire, James?' says the Copper. 'Where's my b . . . y fire engine?' came the reply; eventually they met the fire engine on its way home. It had delivered all its passengers except a member of the Royal Navy, who was living at the Rest House and had gone round for the ride. He was peacefully asleep in a coil of hose and was shaken up with little ceremony, but could give no satisfactory explanation as to what had happened. Next morning the Municipal Commissioner went in wrath to the Chief Secretary who had already had an apology

for the incident from the Senior V.I.P. and was inclined to leave it at that, taking the line 'boys will be boys.' This did not suit the Lord Mayor a bit, he said that he proposed to take it up officially and eventually it got to the Rajah. By this time it was found that there was nothing in the Bye-laws to prevent the Fire Brigade being called out frivolously. So the ruling was that the Bye-laws had better be altered to allow the imposition of a suitable fine for such a case in the future, and this time the passengers were to pay for the petrol. ??(Contributed.)

Stories of Old Sarawak: 9.

It was just after the confusing, academic and thoroughly unwelcome Criminal Procedure Code had made its first appearance in the District Offices of Sarawak that a young cadet was paying a routine visit to a "Sub-station" in the Fourth Division. During his stay it was reported to him that one of the girls of the village alleged that she was about to bestow upon her father a child and a grandchild at one and the same time. This was a case far outside the restricted judicial powers of the young cadet, and he accordingly instructed the "Court-writer" to gather the witnesses and the papers together so that they might accompany him on his return to Miri. The "Court-writer," unversed in the more intricate details of the English language and entirely unfamiliar with the cumbersome Code, laboriously searched the now notorious "Second Schedule" in a painstaking effort to identify, for the purpose of preparing the docket, the particular provision of law against which the accused was supposed to have offended. The young cadet watched the proceedings out of the corner of his eye while he busied himself with checking the books. Suddenly Columbus sighted land! With his finger keeping his place on page 136 the clerk ran across the office and exclaimed excitedly: "This is right, Sir, isn't it? Section 346? wrongful confinement in secret." ??(Contributed.)

This Sarawak.

(With apologies to the New Statesman and Nation.)

.....I would favour diverting the grant, at least temporarily, to financing night classes for the Constabulary in.....?A report.

I shall say that I am the most unlucky guy to have met this two events which happened in.....

Our fearful are indescribable. Each time we heard the G. sound of the gun makes our hair stands on

ends.?A letter

I have the honour to be, Sir X.Y.Z.?Subscription to a letter.

The full tanks etc. were empty.?A report.

?A mimeographed letter.

The godown itself is in excellent repair but it is liable to collapse at any time.?Another report.

The Superintendent of Traders and Customers.? Address on an envelope.

I am herewith attached to the letter from the?A letter.

.....are recommended on the assumption that Government Officers will marry and have families in the normal way.?A report.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

.....has been in charge of the Ordnance Accountancy Section of this depot since its inception. Up to May '46 the depot was grossly under-staffed, and goods were pouring in and out of the depot without respite; the first stock-taking was in May '46, and never in the history of military accountancy can any store have seen bigger or better discrepancies.

.....has been assiduous in tracking down these discrepancies. I have found him a loyal and devoted worker, and he has never spared himself. He has my wishes for his future welfare, and his employment in, any similar position is recommended.?A testimonial.

His Honor The Mayor, Kuching, Sarawak. Dear Sir,

I am a shut-in, a young fellow.

Life is pretty dull for me.....no fun, cannot
enjoy life as other normal people.....life is
very lonely and close.

Since I was in the sanatoriuni, I have been interested in stamp collection. Now, I wonder, sir, if you would be kind enough to help me by sending me a few stamps of your country, or from your foreign correspondents. It would sure cheer me up and make me very happy, and make life so pleasant keeping me busy, building my collection. It will be some time before I shall be well again, but my chin is still up.

My friend works in a letter shop, and he promised me that he would mimeograph this letter to make it look presentable..

I hope you will not look at how fancy this letter is, but oh, please sir, I hope you will not fail me. My mother thinks that I am crazy. I hope you will convince her that she is wrong, by not failing me.....showing her that high position does not change a man's heart.

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. In anticipation, I remain,

Respectfully yours

?A mimeographed letter.

As a matter of fact Dr. Chan hardly needs any introduction from me. In the short time he has been here he has met everybody worth meeting.?A speech reported in the Sarawak Tribune.

"Ah, moustache!" Amah on seeing barrister's wig being given an airing.

WILD MEN FROM BORNEO GOT TO WORK?WITH KNIVES, WIVES.

Wild men from Borneo came down from the hills to Re Jangi on Christmas Day to load timber into the overseas freighter Baluchistan, now in Brisbane ?and they didn't drop a log.

Completely uncivilised, they paddled to the wharf in primitive canoes and paddled away again when the job was done.

Chief Officer F. Campbell, of the Baluchistan, said yesterday the jungle men had been brought to the wharf by a white official at Re Jangi, Mr. Mills. No other waterside labour was available. They were paid through Mr. Mills.

?I've never seen 40 wilder men in all my life,? he said, "They had rings in their ears and sticks through their noses, and wore only a loin cloth.

?They brought their jungle knives and their wives. None could speak English, few have ever seen a white man; and none had ever thought of loading cargo.

?NOT A HITCH.?

?But they handled nine-ton logs in the dark with- out hitch.?

The Baluchistan is discharging some of its timber load in Brisbane. It will be made into Queensland

ply wood.

From an Australian Newspaper. The correspondent who forwards the extract adds that "the white official mentioned is our good friend, Mr. C. L. Miles, Manager of the Borneo Company,. Ltd., Sibu.?

Sarawak Library.

The following new. books have recently been received:?

J. B. ARCHER, for Librarian.

Sarawak Museum.

List of Visitors for the Year, 1947.

J. B. ARCHER, for Curator, Sarawak Museum.

News from Far and Near.

J. B. ARCHER, for Librarian.

Sarawak Museum.

List of Visitors for the Year, 1947.

J. B. ARCHER, for Curator, Sarawak Museum.

FIRST DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident (Mr. Morse) reports that the most important case before the Resident's Court was that of Rex versus Tan Tze Sang for importing chandu. The accused had ingeniously concealed the chandu in the crepe rubber soles of a consignment of shoes which had been purchased in Singapore. The soles had been hollowed out and the tubes, carefully packed in cotton wool, placed in the hollow space and neatly covered with a thin strip of crepe rubber. He was sentenced to twelve months rigorous imprisonment and fined \$2,000, the appeal to the Supreme Court being summarily dismissed.

It is estimated that 40% of the padi crop of the Serian District has been lost through bad weather. The Kuching District seems to have got off lightly.

The Honourable the Resident comments that the Bau Gold Mining Companies appear to be very despondent regarding their future prospects. Meanwhile gold is being worked illegally on a fairly big scale and undoubtedly there is a ring in existence to sponsor this illegal traffic.

The District Officer, Kuching, (Mr. Outram) reports that the Malays at Lundu showed themselves most friendly and the atmosphere was noticeably easier than it was three months ago.

On the 29th and 30th of January, the Sarawak River at Kuching rose higher than for some thirty years previously.

The District Officer, Bau, (Mr. Lloyd Thomas) reports that for a long time Bau was completely cut off by floods. All roads leading out of Bau were washed away at various places, while at least four main bridges have been swept off or wrecked by the floods.

A Dayak received injuries as a result of a muzzle loading gun exploding when he fired it.

The following is an extract from the January report of the District Officer, Bau. "Trade generally suffered a slight set-back during the month owing to constant rain and flood hampering the movement of produce into the bazaars as well as restricting production of rubber. A general increase in retail prices was current, shopkeepers putting forward the utterly unjustified excuse therefor that "Government" is charging increased taxes on all goods." Despite strong propaganda measures against this false presentation of the facts the rise was not checked by the end of the month and additional counter-measures are being sought.

The District Officer, Bau, reports that a bridge on the main Kuching road near Tanjong Durian was stolen and that, despite extensive police activity, the materials have not yet been recovered. The Honourable the Resident comments that the theft of a bridge is something new on the records.

The District Officer, Serian, (Mr. Roberts) reports that a party of Agricultural Experts, accompanied by the Agriculture Officer, First Division, paid a short visit on the 4th January to inspect a cocoa plantation.

SECOND DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident (Mr. Ditmas) comments that the replacement of the telephone line from Saratok to Roban makes a further improvement in divisional communications.

From the 19th to 21st the trial of two Mangut Malays for the murder of two Chinese took place. The two Chinese, who had been murdered in cold blood for their property and money, had engaged these two Malays, and one other, who was called as a witness for the prosecution, to row their boat

down river, on their way back to Sarikei. Both were found guilty and were sentenced to death.

Commenting on the Batang Lupar Native Authority meeting, the District Officer, Simanggang District (Mr. Jacks) writes "Another matter discussed on my recommendation, was the revision of the Second Division Dayak Customary Law. The consensus of opinion was that revision was necessary rather in reducing the law to a more clear and uniform model than in changing the old law. Further, it was recommended that the code be written in both English and Dayak."

Reports of swamp padi, and also to a lesser degree hill padi, crops continue to be good. Pepper planted at Engkilili is making good progress and cotton seedlings have been sent there for planting.

The Cadet Officer, Simanggang District (Mr. Bruen) reported playing in a football game at Empadi. where the goalkeeper at one end could barely see the head of his opposite number, such being curvature of the ground. There was no referee, but one of the "tuai" offered insults and interjections from the touch line.

Three thousand five hundred snake skins were shipped from Simanggang during the month of January.

The District Officer, Saribas (Mr. Waine) states that street-lighting has been discontinued in Pusa as no one is willing to enter into a contract at a reasonable figure.

THIRD DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident, Third Division, (Mr. Barcroft) comments that the demonstration arranged by the Agricultural and Constabulary Departments during Council Negri week were much appreciated and suggests that it is high time that we had a "race" meeting even without ponies.

In commenting upon the volume of Court work in Sibu, the District Officer (Mr. Fisher) writes "Moreover the Foochow Chinese form the bulk of the total population and any one who has had experience in Court of these otherwise charming people will know what is meant, when it is said, that the first four answers called for by a Magistrate are never the answers to the questions asked. For example "Are you a rubber tapper?" (Answer) 'I am sorry I cannot remember very clearly now but it was many years ago when I was a little boy in China.' This is not the interpreter's fault but is an example (not far fetched) which shows up a fundamental defect in the Foochow himself—he is

incapable of answering a direct question and the Magistrate and one and all concerned must just be patient!?

The District Officer, Sibuluan, reports that the Penghulus are taking readily to the idea of Native Treasuries and that they are becoming more enthusiastic as time goes on.

The District Officer, Sibuluan, reports that when the Prison Board held its usual meeting there were a number of frivolous complaints such as 'over work' and insufficient 'freedom.' Those persons concerned had just been transferred from the outstation jails under the new centralisation scheme, the complaints though possibly quite genuine justify the scheme straight away as prisoners are now finding out what it is like to lose their freedom, do some hard work, and conform to strict and just discipline.

The anti-secession movement seems to be dying in Sibuluan. There is now very little activity and the membership of the P.P.M. appears to be shrinking daily.

The District Officer, Lower Rejang, (Mr. Snelus) reports a case where a Chinese dealer was convicted of disposing one hundred bags of Government rice, destined for distribution as rations at Matu, on the free market at Binatang.

The following is an extract from the December monthly report of the District Officer, Lower Rejang. 'Dayak hill padi seems to have suffered more than that of Melanau or Chinese' mainly from wild pigs. Monkeys, rats and 'ulat' have also caused a certain amount of damage. But swamp padi seems everywhere to be thriving, the weather has been favourable and hopes are high of a good harvest to come, provided nothing unforeseen occurs in the next few weeks.'

The District Officer, Lower Rejang, reports that two large merchantmen entered the port of Rejang : the 'Baluchistan' on the 20th and the 'Carrick Bend' on the 21st. After loading a large but unknown quantity of timber, also some firewood and charcoal, they sailed for Australia and Hongkong respectively on the 27th and 28th.

The District Officer, Kanowit, (Mr. Drake) reports that the Dayaks in that area are getting short of food and many requests for relief sago have been received. He added that the padi harvest was expected to start in mid-February at the earliest.

The District Officer, Mukah, (Mr. Morrison) reports that Melanaus were busy day and night in the production of sago. A number of new sago rasping houses in the kampongs were erected.

The District Officer, Mukah, reports that ?The drains and the construction of road shoulders are progressing well (on the Penakub Road) but land crabs are a great nuisance due to their boring activities on the roads and road shoulders.?

The Assistant District Officer, Kapit, (Mr. Rennick) reports that early padi was being harvested in December and that some of the hill padi in the Belaga area was ripe for harvesting.

The Senior Native Officer, (Abang Indeh) reports that on his visit to Belaga, Penghulu Puso and Hang Nyipa expressed great concern about the movement of Kenyahs of Dutch Borneo into Sarawak territory. These people are reported to be settling in the region of Long Hitam, and laying claim to farming land. The Penghulus concerned petitioned the Government to send up an Official to evict these persons.

It is estimated that the cost of sending a Native Officer into these parts would amount to \$800.

Temonggong Koh and his party who left Kapit on the 2nd to go to Kuching for the Council Negri, returned on the 23rd very impressed by the lavish hospitality extended to them during their stay in Kuching.

FOURTH DIVISION.

The following figures showing the number of cases of malaria treated in Miri are of interest.

1946. 1947.

October ... 982 54

November ... 958 54

December ... 582 25

The Honourable the Resident (Mr. Gilbert)

comments that the considerable improvement in the 1947 figures may or may not be due to the anti malaria work which has been carried out, but any way they are encouraging.

The cost of casual labour increased in Miri after the new customs' tariffs were introduced. All tenders for P.W.D. contracts now show a considerable increase on previous months. Contractors all say

that this is due to increased cost of labour and materials.

The District Officer, Miri, (Mr. Lascelles) reports that an old Chinese hanged himself in his house in Luak. His aged wife and his daughter cut him down, and to save face his death was reported as "from old age" and he was duly buried. On information received exhumation was ordered and medical evidence showed clearly the cause of death. The Coroner brought in a verdict of suicide and the relatives were charged with failing to report the unnatural death.

The following are extracts from the December report of the District Officer, Miri :

??A considerable number of guns have been sold, mainly to Dayaks and it is surprising the number of Dayaks who have the money ready to buy these guns, priced, at over \$100.00 each.

New tariffs were brought in on 8th of December. Cigarettes and liquors in the bazaar promptly disappeared underground although imported before the tariff increase.

Several of the Miri traders have intimated that when the new Miri town plan is implemented, they will move to Seria as they will be unable to build a new shophouse here. This will certainly help to get rid of some of the undesirable mushroom shops which clutter up Miri at present.

Weather has been generally bad during the month and seas rough.

On 23rd the Chinese launch "Kiat Lee" while towing in a laden tongkang sank on the bar in heavy seas. Apparently the lighter pulled the stern off the launch. The hull of the launch was washed ashore and salvaged together with the engine. The lighter anchored and suffered no damage.

Census transport difficulties reached a climax when the Government launch broke down at Sibuti, and the alternative Chinese launch "Moy Loon" ran on the rocks at Tanjong Lobang.

The two sawmills at Sungei Merbau, which have up to now been fighting a stubborn delaying action to avoid moving to the industrial area, have now capitulated and are moving fast. They have found their new site better than they expected.

On the night of 16th a Comet was clearly seen

W.S.W. of Miri.

It is interesting to note that among the new immigrants to Miri by far the largest number are agriculturists, wishing to plant padi, vegetables and fruits along Riam Road. The Kheh population

along Riam Road are industrious and produced some very fine padi crops last year.

Heavy seas coinciding with extra high tides have played havoc with the sea wall protecting Brighton Road, and the road has been breached in several places. Repairs have been carried out but it looks as if only a miracle will save the road from becoming unusable in the course of the next year.?

The District Officer, Baram, (Mr. Morgan) writes ?Reports received from Tinjar river indicate that Engkabang crops appeared to be progressing well and should be ready for harvesting approximately in April.?

The District Officer, Bintulu, (Mr. Drake-Brock- man) reports that the first attempt to introduce the use of machinery for pulverizing sago had a dis- couraging effect when a Malay had his fingers crushed when experimenting with it. He was sent to Miri hospital for treatment.

FIFTH DIVISION.

The Honourable the Resident, Fifth Division, (Mr. Anderson) states that he would ?like to record an appreciation of the very impressive, interesting and instructive 'Shows? which were put on in Kuching by the Constabulary at the Depot Training Centre and by the Director of Agriculture.?

Commenting on a Lawas Court case, the Honour- able the Resident says ?The boy who so foolishly tried to saw a machine gun cartridge in half has probably learned a sharp lesson, but he can hardly be described as guilty of serious crime.?

The Cadet Officer, Limbang, (Mr. Smith) reports that padi throughout the district is generally flourishing, and a good harvest is expected. Sparrows are not yet numerous and it is hoped that they will not disturb crops greatly this year.

The Cadet Officer, Limbang, reports ?A few more types of imported goods have appeared in the bazaar but no reduction of price was noted. The new customs duties brought into effect on the 8th (December) have caused much comment and have, on the whole, been fairly well received especially by exporters of local produce such as rotan. Cigarettes virtually disappeared from the bazaar as soon as the new duties were announced but started appearing a few days later.?

From Limbang it is reported that five permits for tuba fishing under the new 1947 Order, given earlier in the year, produced a total catch for all five houses of 42.35 piculs. The house with the highest

total caught 20 piculs and the house with the lowest 5 katis only.

The following is an extract from the Lawas report??Little was seen of any natives until the end of the month when many Malays and Muruts, who are gun owners, came to the Office to purchase cartridges and gunpowder. They were busy tapping rubber or looking after their farms.

About 20 Dutch Muruts again came over to Lawas with rice for sale during the month. After staying at Lawas for two to three days they returned home with Mr. Tom Harrisson?s mail. Most of them had letters of permission from Mr. Harrisson and Missionary teacher of Belawit (Dutch).

Muruts from Fa Matang (B.N.B.) also came over to Lawas with rice for sale. They came in a group of ten or twenty at one time via Punang Tengoa. Pre-war, Muruts from British North Borneo very seldom visited Lawas, as they used to go to Sipitang once in every six months to attend ?Tamu.? When they were asked to give reasons of their coming over to Lawas, they stated the journey from Fa Matang to Lawas is nearly twice nearer than that of Sipitang. They further stated that if they take their rice to Sipitang for sale, they have to eat it all on the way. If they come to Lawas, not only is the journey shorter, but the Muruts here entertain them hospitably.?

CORRESPONDENCE.

TERMS OF SERVICE.

Kuching,

9th February, 1948. The Editor,

,

Kuching.

Sir,

Who would have thought that my modest protest would have evoked such a windy spate of puerility, prejudice, and pomposity? Of course ?young puppies? is a rude and offensive expression. So are ?old fogey,? ?long in the tooth,? and ?blue in the leg?; and so, for that matter, is Mr. Turner?s approving quotation from one of the grosser mono- logues of the coarsest, fattest, and most cowardly character in English theatrical history. The invocation of such support infects the entire argu- ment. I yield to no one in my admiration, at the right time and place, for martial exploits, but the

recitation by Mr. Harding and Mr. Turner of the names of the battlefields of the last war is merely an attempt to bolster up with irrelevant matters an insupportable case. The heaping of insults by age on youth, and of contempt by youth on age, is utterly silly, but like so many other utterly silly things, as Mr. Turner at any rate should know, it is hallowed by tradition. It never did my generation any good to drag in Ladysmith or Omdurman, Waterloo or Crecy, though I cannot pretend that I was actually engaged in any of these affrays.

I am as sceptical of the prices quoted as others are of my salary figures. Naturally drink was cheaper but there are other expenses in life. The statutory fee for drafting and witnessing a Moham-medan will under the 1896 Order was ten dollars. On inquiry at the Legal Office I am informed that the present drafting fee for other documents is one dollar for the first seventy-five words and thirty cents for every seventy-five words thereafter. This is just a small example of the danger of using the price of claret as a reliable guide to the cost of living. I forbear from commenting further on the first letter in your February issue as I detest persons who write anonymous epistles to the press.

At bottom the issue is a simple one. When thousands of families are living on about sixty dollars a month, and thousands also on a good deal less, how can anybody expect to be believed when he complains of the hardship of living on six hundred? The average person in the Far East, both European and Asiatic, has not yet begun to realise that the world is a great deal poorer than it was in 1939, and that consequently he must change his ideas altogether as his contemporaries all over Europe are having to do. It is true that young officers coming out now do not plunge immediately into the purchase of cars as young officers were doing before the occupation; it is equally true that a certain amount of heavy capital expenditure is involved in the upkeep of the vast stone palaces in which the prodigality of the pre-war administration compels officers of the 'Senior Service' to live; but it is also true that the fundamental trouble at present is a resolute refusal to look squarely at economic facts. When I hear, as I heard the other- day, a refrigerator referred to as 'an absolute necessity' I begin to wonder exactly what, sort of cataclysm it will take to bring these entranced souls face to face with reality.

And so, Sir, like the late Datu Patinggi, 'unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,' I sign myself once

more.

One of the Old Brigade.

P.S.?Magna est veritas et praevalebit.

MANY YEARS AGO.

Singapore,

February 11th, 1948. The Editor,

,

Kuching.

Sir,

It is good to have our old friend O.F. reminis- cing again but may I be allowed to correct a small error which has crept into his ?Many Years Ago.? The famous Towkay in the years that have gone by was Mr. Yeo Guan Chow.

Yeo Ban Hock was the name of the Chop under which this towkay traded.

Yours faithfully,

Another Old Stager.

[By arrangement with the writer, this letter was shown to the Optimistic Fiddler who replies below.

?Ed.]

Kuching,

17th February, 1948. The Editor,

,

Kuching.

Dear Sir,

You have most courteously shown me a letter from "Another Old Stager," and I hasten to admit that be is right and I am wrong. He is an old and valued friend and I am obliged to him for pointing out my error. Of course it was Mr. Yeo Guan Chow; we used to call him at Sibu by his Chop, and we had good cause to remember him as by every "Tiang Satu? he used to send us thirsty men in Sibu a box of ice as a present!

Yours faithfully,

Optimistic Fiddler.

From "Adversity": Internment Quarterly.

(The following article was published in "Adversity" on January 1st, 1944.)

SOUND AND SYMBOL.

The crow of a cockerel and his imperious strutting before admiring hens exemplify the two fundamental means of self-expression, sound and movement, common to all members of the animal kingdom. Articulation and gesture, after thousands of years of evolution, are still the primary means by which man, the highest product of life on earth, expresses his needs and his emotions, his thoughts and his reactions. But, like life itself, sound and movement are transitory things, as ephemeral as an echo, as evanescent as a sunset. The curse of the Billingsgate fishwife and the trumpeting of the elephant disperse into the air and are lost for ever. Pavlova's pirouettes and the flight of a seagull thrill the eye for a few exquisite moments but remain only as memories.

Man alone strives to overcome the transitory quality of sound and movement and to record in durable form his thoughts and emotions. From the day when some early cave-man first scratched figures on the rock walls of his dwelling to the day when scientists froze sound and movement on a strip of celluloid, so that they could be reproduced at other times and in other places, the search for a permanent and lasting vehicle of expression, capable at any time of transmitting thought to others, has continued unabated.

It has been said that nothing so abhors men as a sense of personal futility, and the desire to record thoughts and experiences so that others may appreciate us is the motor in this search for a perfect medium of expression. The development of what we call civilisation is, in fact, due primarily to the successes that have attended man's efforts to overcome the ephemeral quality of sound and movement.

Electromagnetic waves have extended the range of sound and, more recently (by television), of movement to include the whole of the earth. But they have not given permanence to these fundamental means of expression. Permanence has been the function of writing, of the gramophone

record, of the cinema film and its accompanying sound track. Sound and movement preserved in these forms can be reproduced at any time. What a gift these inventions have given to posterity ! Thanks to writing we can in some degree visualise and appreciate the thoughts of past generations, of ancient civilisations. But what would we not give to have a few thousand feet of film made by a news- reel photographer during the debates in the Roman Senate, during the construction of the Pyramids or, with all reverence, a talking picture taken during the Sermon on the Mount? Yet this is precisely what we are giving to the men of future civilisations. Our own times, with all their comic customs, will be alive a thousand years hence in our films, our steel tapes and our records. Our follies and our triumphs, the voices and gestures of our leaders, the daily lives of insignificant men, will move to pity, mirth or admiration the men and women dwelling in fortieth century cities built over the buried foundations of New York and London, Tokyo and Calcutta.

It is a sobering thought. Few men would care to have all the expressions, all the words and deeds, of their lives kept, as it were, in a refrigerator and served up as a mental meal for their great-grand- sons. We have all said and done things which, we trust, are unrecorded and lost for ever. Yet, as a race, we are now storing up records which will reveal our souls naked before the mocking or, we hope, sympathetic eyes and ears of our distant descendants. This age will know no oblivion. Scholars of the future will not dispute how we pronounced our words. They will not need to dis- cuss the pros and cons of *veni, vidi, vici* and *waynee, weedy, weeky*. They will not ponder how we reaped our wheat, shaved our faces, dressed, nor how we disposed of sewage and waged war. They will see and hear us doing these things. Sound and movement have ceased to be perishable commodities.

The outward personality of living creatures can be faithfully recorded by these modern means. Churchill and the sperm whale, their faces, voices and gestures, will be available for any who wish to see these extinct figures in the fortieth century. Nevertheless, written symbols do perform a function that remains imperfectly fulfilled by the film and the record. They express meaning.

It is this function of the written symbol that merits our attention.

Written languages, with words composed of alphabetic letters, are in fact phonetic in structure. The

symbols represent sounds and the sounds have meaning. In such languages the written form is a method of recording words by the convention that certain symbols in writing represent certain sounds which can be made by the vocal organs. But written languages based on pictographs or 'characters' are fundamentally different. The written symbols do not represent sound; they are conventional representations of meanings, of mental images. The same quality belongs to the numerals of the West. The symbol '8' does not primarily represent a sound. It is the direct conventional representation of a mental conception. The figure '2' and the word 'two' are different in quality. The former is a mental idea transmuted directly into writing. It has the lightning quality of a photo-

graph. The latter is a mental idea expressed by a sound, and that sound is again re-expressed into writing. It is analogous to a sketch or drawing.

It is likewise with all mathematical symbols. The symbols = , + , \times , \div , $\frac{2}{3}$, and so on (to mention only a few which are familiar to every- one) are written representations of mental images and of operations comprehended by the mind. The same is true of the Chinese characters ????

to take only four examples. These symbols and characters have eliminated sound as an intermediary step in the process of expressing thoughts in writing. They are not ultimately based on sound as are the words of alphabetic languages.

As a means of recording sound faithfully, writing can no longer compete with the gramophone record or the sound track of a film. These devices, based on vibration, will record sound more accurately than any conceivable phonetic symbols. They will record volume, articulation, tone and pitch without ambiguities or uncertainties. By long training and familiarity, a musician can, when perusing the score of a musical composition, hear it in his mind. Beethoven's later works were written when he was almost completely deaf. But no musical score can perform the function of recording music with the same ease and fidelity as the electricity recorded gramophone disc or sound track.

It seems logical to deduce that written symbols as a means of recording sound have a limited future or, at least, a limited purpose. The age of wave- motion has devised instruments which can perform

this function more perfectly. Sound is vibrations of the air (or other transmitting medium) and it is natural that it should be recorded by instruments which respond to vibrations (as does the human ear). Written symbols cannot correspond accurately to vibrations (unless indeed the 'symbols' are in the form of curves and lines produced by an indicator connected to a recording instrument).

The future of written symbols appears to lie in their ability to express thoughts directly. Chinese characters and mathematical symbols may be rich and fruitful forms of expression long after our alphabets are forgotten and replaced by records on tapes or discs. But to perform the service of recording human thoughts these symbols and characters must expand and evolve. The mathematical symbol has been intensely developed during the last two hundred years as a medium of expression. The Chinese character has remained static. If it could recover the dynamic evolution that it must have enjoyed in bygone centuries, it may yet prove to be the most adequate means of expressing human thoughts in durable form.

The development of the brain, the actual machinery of mental processes, requires a medium of expression. Thoughts which are incapable of expression in a form comprehensible to other minds are of no value to humanity. They die with him who thought. It is for this reason that symbols are now the necessary technique of mathematical thinking. Attempts to express the conceptions of modern mathematical theories in ordinary language are, at best, expressions of meaning by similes, metaphors and analogies. The mathematician has developed his own written symbols and has been driven to this step simply because the limitations inherent in the very nature of ordinary language render it useless as a medium in which to express his thoughts. And it is precisely this freedom from the chains of language that has enabled mathematical thoughts in this century to soar into new realms of conception and to plumb greater depths of understanding.

Philosophical thinking of the future?and even of to-day?needs liberating from the limitations of old fashioned systems of phonetic languages. The scope of thought is restricted by our present means of expressing thoughts.

Is it only a wild fantasy to suggest that the earliest form of writing, symbols based on meaning instead of on sound, will be developed as the instruments of human thought and the durable

expression of human inspiration long after alphabets have become obsolete ?

Notice.

The amalgamation under Mr. Malcolm Mac- Donald of the post of Governor-General, Malaya and of Special Commissioner in South East Asia will take place in the course of the next few months. Thereafter in order to relieve him of administrative duties in connection with Brunei it is desirable that another representative of His Majesty should take over those duties.

2. At a recent meeting between His Excellency and His Highness the Sultan and the members of the State Council of Brunei it was unanimously agreed that a number of administrative changes should be proposed. They have now received approval of His Majesty the King on the advice of the Secretary of State for the Colonies and are as follows :?

(a)

On amalgamation of the posts of Governor- General, Malaya and of Special Com- missioner for South East Asia, the Governor of Sarawak will hold Office of High Commissioner for Brunei. As such he will exercise the same powers as were exercised before the war by the Governor and High Commissioner at Singapore.

(b)

Under the new arrangements Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will have the same relationship to Brunei as he will have to the Federation of Malaya and the Colonies of Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo.

(c)

The British Resident, Brunei, will remain under the authority of the High Com- missioner for Brunei and will retain the same powers as he new exercises.

(d)

The heads of certain Sarawak technical departments, e.g., the Education, Health, Public Works and Agriculture Depart- ment, will act in an advisory capacity to His Highness the Sultan regarding their respective subjects. This will assist in meeting the wish of the authorities and people of Brunei for improved education and other services. Colonial Service Officers on the Sarawak Establishment will be seconded for service with the Brunei Administration in the same way as such officers on the

Malayan Establish- ment are now seconded.

(e) Brunei will continue to have its own budget as before, and will pay the Sarawak Government for the services rendered in the same way as it now does for the services of officers in the Brunei Adminis- tration who are on the Malayan Establish- ment.

These changes are administrative and involve no alteration in the position of Brunei as a State under His Majesty's protection nor in the status and powers of His Highness The Sultan and his State Council.

Notice.

It is notified for general information that, subject to certain legal adjustments which are being made, the Belgian Government have agreed in principle to extend to British subjects who suffered war loss or damage to property in Belgium benefits accruing to Belgians under Belgian legislation governing compensation for war damage.

Notification of claims by British subjects should be made immediately on forms supplied on application to Provincial Directeur of Belgian Ministere de la Reconstruction (Dommages de la Guerre) of the district in which chief damage was sustained. Forms should be in duplicate and certificate of British nationality, preferably legalised by nearest Belgian Consul, should accompany all applications. Duplicate copies of insurance policies covering apartments or property at time of destruction or loss should also be furnished.

The addresses of Provincial Directeurs are :?

Antwerp

Brabant

West Flanders ...

East Flanders ...

Liege

Hainaut

Limburg

Luxemburg

Namur

11 Groenplaats, Antwerp.

135 Avenue Louise Bruxelles.

1 Kasteelkaai Courtrai.

15 J van Arteveldeplein Gent.

194 BD D'avroy Liege. .

8 Boulevard Dolez Mons.

48 Koning Albertstraat Hasselt.

"Clos des Seigneurs" Neufchateau.

48 Rue Blondeau Namur.

Kuching Market Price List.

Average monthly Market Prices (January 21st to February 20th, 1948).

iii ADVERTISEMENTS. [March 1, 1948.]

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JESSELTON.

[12-7]

Printed at the Government Printing Office, Kuching, Sarawak, by W. J. Chater,

Acting Government Printer.