

RUBBER REGULATION.

MONTHS	BASIC QUOTA Tons.	PERMISSIBLE EXPORTABLE # 200/500		Net Exports under the scheme Tons.	Excess +, or Deficiency - Tons.	Progressive Excess +, or Deficiency - Including carry over from 1936 Tons.
		% of Basic Quota.	Tons.			
Carry over '36/'37			9964			+ 986
January	2625	75	1969	4015	+ 2046	+ 3032
February	2625	75	1998	2015	+ 47	+ 3079
March	2625	75	1969	1425	- 544	- 2535
April	2625	80	2160	2901	+ 860	+ 3395
May	2625	80	2100	742	- 1358	- 2037
June	2625	80	2160	1890	210	+ 1827
July	2625	90	2362			
August	2625	90	2362			
September	2625	90	2362			
October	2625	90	2362			
November	2625	90	2362			
December	2625	90	2362			
	31500	837	* 26281			
July/June	15750	74	12262	1407	+ 841	+ 1827

† Revised water content adjustments.
* Excluding the carry over.

Rum and Rhinos.

3532

Fifty years ago anyone who shot a rhino was rather disappointed; he couldn't eat it all, it was too far to carry home, and the most that could be obtained from it was an occasional sword hilt made from the horn; these can still be obtained at a fabulous price. Nowadays, a rhino may fetch anything up to \$300-\$400, its horn being the most useful part, but the blood and flesh also fetch a price, solely on account of the supposed aphrodisiacal properties appreciated by the Chinese. Even fifty years ago the far interior, where the rhino lived, was too unsettled for prolonged travel by down-country people, and so, as the up-country people stayed at home, there was neither the supply of, nor the demand for, bits of rhino. With the advent of more peaceful times the animals have become available and in great demand, until it is not too much to say that the rhino has been immolated to provide the Chinese with babies, the Dayak hunters with patent leather shoes, and their girl friends with silk umbrellas.

By all accounts the rhino was, and still is, a sportsman, and runs for days when he finds a man coming after him, being, however, completely impervious to Government Orders, dining well on the local tuba, and proceeding early next morning to the nearest stream for the purpose of stupefying all the local fish for breakfast.

Now it cannot be denied that the rhino was once numerous in the Ulu Rejang, Ulu Baram and Ulu Trusan; without going into statistics each river even ten years ago was good for them from ten to twenty pairs of horns annually. There are almost none now, and, in fact, after a prolonged visit to the Ulu Trusan into a once populous rhino country, I saw

only once a trace made about three years ago and nothing else under five years ago; the locality is remote and high up, but everyone of the many old "wallows" passed had the remains of a Dayak hut within a few hundred yards, and even up on the highest peaks the wandering hunters had left their traces. A once populous rhino district has been wiped out by the Dayaks and one can only feel that it is a good thing that no rhinos have strayed in during the last five years and attempted to re-populate the district as they would have assuredly gone too. Into the ethics of rhino hunting I do not intend to go; the Puman was an uncontrollable curse until he had finished all the rhinos; the Kayans and Kenyabs were, as usual, reasonable, shared their beasts out among themselves, and made them last, until they finally took up a little over-the-garden-wall poaching. To the local inhabitants one does not begrudge a rhino or two, since it is all in the district, but these wandering bands of professional Dayak hunters have been the worst menace; they are really persistent and stay on the beast's tracks from fifteen to twenty days until they catch it up. There are now no more such bands because there are now no more rhinos and it is a fair criticism to say that the indigenous Sarawak stock of rhino is exterminated save for a few individuals on Mulu, Murud, Ladam and Tibang mountains; the odd ones who turn up in the Baram and Trusan now and then being no more than strays from over the borders.

Besides rhinos - now defunct - the Ulu Trusan is inhabited by mosquitoes and Muruts, immediately calling to mind drink and dirt, and yet the last are good sportsmen, unequalled walkers, patient as carriers, and with a fair sense of humour. They are in their way great hunters and on shooting three out of a herd of pigs and letting off the other four they applauded this form of game conservation, but spoil it all by hoping to meet the remaining four on the return journey. To my mind the Murut doesn't drink as much as he used to, not that he is striving after a better life but because there aren't as many Muruts.

After about six or seven days' walk we followed the Lupin river up onto the highlands forming the barrier between Sarawak and British North Borneo. Two days' walk brought us out onto a ridge as flat as a board, but narrow and between 3,000 and 4,000 feet high with some of the thickest jungle and biggest thorns I have ever encountered. Here the rhino lived not long ago, but there is no sign of him now. After two days' very slow walking something went wrong and we found ourselves a way down in British North Borneo for tea, and couldn't get back for supper. Next morning we got back but another day arrived again on the cat-plant at Daye Maga, a large and absolutely flat plain across which we walked for two days. From the hills at the sides this area appears as a marshy "bah", which a purist would doubtless give to British North Borneo whence the Maga river runs. However there is still a large piece in Sarawak and the basin is anything from five to six miles wide, and two days' walk along, or about six to fifteen miles; the vegetation is thick scrub with masses of orchids, in places pure stands of ground orchids, and the soil sandy and water-logged. The whole is so far from human habitation that it is a perfect rhino haunt. Their old "wallows" and runs are numerous, and so, unfortunately, are the Dayak "sulaps" and, as I estimate the plain at over 4,000 feet high, the surrounding lips to the basin must be over 5,000 feet.

They were my downfall, for, on deciding to take the day off to investigate, I was told there was not enough food left and so I begged an odd hour or two to skim the highest hill for a view. This was most unpopular and everyone kept pushing me up trees which weren't at the summit at all; finally I pushed over a couple of Moruts, fell flat among thorns myself, and climbed up the only tree I have never fallen out of unaided. This was not satisfactory, as, after I had half a second's glance, mist and rain gathered and I never saw Labuan at all. On returning I found the coolies had re-erected the nightly hut, and were fishing foot-long cat fish out of the Maga river. A short argument followed about food supplies; I went off to investigate further whilst the Penghulu went shooting and got lost.

Then trouble really came. The next day was fine, the going good, and everyone looking forward to arriving home, although nobody knew the way. We had only one meal at about 10 a.m. owing to rice shortage for we had been out seven or eight nights without being able to replenish the food supply on account of the lack of nouses, and for the first time in Sarawak I spent the night with no water on top of a steep ridge. The next two days were also one-meal days. Coughs and colds became plentiful, the going was undulatory and it generally rained in the afternoon if not before. On the last day we had no food at all and set out early in the morning on some coffee. We then struck a path but tiffin was a farce and some of the coolies were in a bad way. It then began to rain but we arrived at a Murut house at dusk that night instead of, as we expected, next morning.

With the existence of flat irrigated rice plains in the Ulu Trusan and Ulu Baram the discovery of another "bah"—roughly speaking in the Ulu Tengoa—is not surprising. It is uninhabited and would make a splendid health resort, but it is no fun coming or going at present, except perhaps by air.

Chinese Servants.

LIFE IN SARAWAK.

The following is taken from the *Birmingham Post* of June 22nd 1937:—

In answer to my call, Ah Boon, the "boy," appears silently, apparently from nowhere, and waits with a cheerful smile to learn my wishes. I am still new enough to Sarawak to feel that "boy" is hardly the correct term to apply to a middle-aged married man with a family.

Ah Boon's wife is my *amah*, and her name is Chin Yau. Her chief duties are washing and sewing, but she is also the purveyor of local scandal. She is a pretty little thing with soft black eyes, and she gives the impression that butter would not melt in her mouth. But she rules the other servants with a rod of iron, and her tongue is to be feared. I have seen her reduce a six-foot Sikh policeman to a nervous wreck, when the unfortunate man came to lodge a complaint about my dog.

Then there is Kwong Li, the lad who does the rough work. Every morning at half-past six he polishes the floor by rubbing them with a coconut shell, which he holds with his foot. Further sleep after this is impossible, for he loves noise. I came home last week to hear hideous shrieks and wailing coming from the radio, and Kwong Li standing before it with a rapt expression on his face. He said that the music was excellent.

Chong Fat, my cook, is a worker of miracles. He waits upon me after breakfast to learn the day's menu. Having told him that only myself and my husband will be in for lunch, I order a little fish and a sweet. Five minutes before lunch my husband arrives with four men who have appeared that morning unexpectedly. Chong Fat is not perturbed when I summon him, but produces a four-course lunch, exquisitely cooked. He has only one fault. I cannot make him appreciate that there are some dishes which it is not necessary to flavour with garlic.

Chai Lok, the gardener, is a young man who is always about to produce the world's loveliest rose—but never does. In the evening there will be the bud, but by the following morning it has disappeared. According to Chai Lok, either the devils have destroyed it during the night or some bad man has stolen it. I have a shrewd idea that the rose graces the hair of some sweet young thing who is the favourite of the moment. However, when I was ill Chai Lok filled my room with roses, orchids, hibiscus and other exquisite flowers that never bloomed in my garden. My neighbours did complain about that time of the disappearance of their choicest flowers, but I remained silent.

Sometimes at the end of the day I see my complete staff leave their quarters, bound for the *fun-tan* shops. Next morning there will probably be a request for advances of wages to send to sick relatives. Some of the reasons given are even more patently untrue. At New Year, which is in March, they are not quite themselves. They have several evenings off, for the festivities last twelve days. There is an air of tiredness about them; they complain of fever and other illness and there is a decidedly bloodshot look about their eyes. But it only happens once a year and I say nothing.

Banks, E. [signed E.B.], 1937. Rum and rhinos. *The Sarawak Gazette*, August 2, 1937, pp. 163-164.

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[on Muruts]

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After about six or seven days walk we followed the Lupin River up unto the highlands forming the barrier between Sarawak and British North Borneo. Two days walk brought us out onto a ridge as flat as a board, but narrow and between 3000 and 4000 feet high with some of the thickest jungle and biggest thorns I have ever encountered. Here the rhino lived not long ago, but there is no sign of him now. After two days very slow walking something went wrong and we found ourselves away down in British North Borneo for team and couldn't get back for supper. Next morning we got lost but in another day arrived again on the watershed at Paya Maga, a large and absolutely flat plain across which we walked for two days. From the hills at the sides this area appears as a marshy 'bah' which a purist would doubtless give to British North Borneo whence the Maga River runs. However, there is still a large piece of Sarawak and the basin is anything from five to six miles wide, and two days' walk along, or about six to fifteen miles; the vegetation is thick scrub with masses of orchids, in places pure stands of ground orchids, and the soil sandy and water-logged. The whole is so far from human habitation that it is a perfect rhino haunt. Their old 'wallow' and runs are numerous, and so, unfortunately, ate the Dayak 'sulaps' and as I estimate, the plain at over 4000 feet high, the surrounding tips must be over 5000 feet.