

C. 1

Three Months in Pahang In Search of Big Game.

A REMINISCENCE OF MALAYA.

BY

THEODORE R. HUBBACK

AUTHOR OF

"ELEPHANT AND SELADANG HUNTING IN THE FEDERATED
MALAY STATES."

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

Singapore :

KELLY AND WALSH, LIMITED, PRINTERS,
AND AT SHANGHAI, HONGKONG AND YOKOHAMA.

ERRATA.

PAGE

- 2 Thirty-second line *substitute* "shot" for "short."
4 Thirtieth line *after* "the" *add* "Datoh"
37 Sixth line *substitute* "rhinoceroses" for "rhinoceri."
39 Twenty-ninth line *substitute* "Krau" for "Karu."
40 Thirty-eighth line *substitute* "rhinoceroses" for "rhinoceri."
42 Seventeenth line *substitute* "rhinoceroses" for "rhinoceri."
47 Twentieth line *substitute* "Kemaman" "Keman."
49 Ninteenth line the word "variety" to follow "giant."

PAGE 67—*Note.*—A Big Game Enactment has been brought into force in Pahang since the beginning of 1912.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I THE TRIANG RIVER	I
II AN ELUSIVE ELEPHANT AND AN OBLIGING SELADANG	6
III THE KRAU RIVER	19
IV THE TEMBELING	35
V THE LUCK OF THE SULPHATE OF ZINC ...	47
VI WANTED, A RHINOCEROS?	60
VII CONCLUSION	65



THE BAG.

THREE MONTHS IN PAHANG IN SEARCH OF BIG GAME.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIANG RIVER.

The old Datoh Rajah Kiah of Pertang said that it would be most unlucky if I started for my trip into Pahang on Monday the 7th of June. He had consulted the jungle spirits and had been advised that Tuesday would be a much more auspicious day on which to leave home; the *langkah* would then be *baik*, so Tuesday I decided it should be. But to avoid waste of time I sent all my goods and my tracker, Mat Yasin, to Kuala Jerang on the Monday, where I had arranged to have a boat in readiness to take me down the Triang River. A bicycle ride from Pertang of about fourteen miles brought me to Kuala Jerang early on Tuesday morning, where I found everything in readiness, most of my goods on board the boat together with my collection of three Malays, my Chinese cook, and the said Mat Yasin.

One of the Malays was a curiosity, and deserves more than passing notice. His name, Mat Linggi, gives one the locality of his kampong, but many years had passed since he had seen Linggi. In fact, if report be true, he was in his younger days quite a respectable specimen of a Malay pirate, but considering that he must be well over sixty he has some excuse for pretending that he has forgotten the stirring incidents which must have been connected with his long past youth. He is still as tough as a Malay of half his age, can carry a load of fifty cattles quite comfortably all day—what Malays of the younger generation will do this, or even can do this in the jungle?—and is afraid of neither man, beast, nor spirit.

He was invaluable to me when I wished to break up my camp, because I could always leave the old man behind by himself to look after the boat, or whatever I did not take with me, and I knew perfectly well that he would do exactly what had been told him, and would die sooner than let anybody interfere with the goods he had been told to look after. The other two Malays were father and son, the elder man, Juansa, being a Pertang villager who made his living chiefly by collecting damar, his son being still of the age when a Malay looks about for easy work at a large remuneration. He had not been on a shooting trip before and did not find the work

easy. The Chinese cook, Ah Tong, was just an ordinary Hylam cook of about 30 years of age, who had been with me for several years. He says he likes the jungle, always gets fever, can make very good bread, but was generally more nuisance than he was worth. Mat Yasin I will not describe here, his description is so intimately interwoven with this narrative that anything more than that would be superfluous. He has hunted with me for years, and has been in at the death of many a noble quarry.

"All aboard the lugger" and we start off from Kuala Jerang soon after eight o'clock, two men poling. The Triang is too full of snags to paddle a boat with safety, despite the constant expenditure of money on clearing the river. The work being done by Malays is never done thoroughly.

I did not intend spending much time looking for game down the Triang. I knew where the best heads were likely to be found if they were in the vicinity of the river at all; but railway construction and other annoyances have sadly interfered with the haunts of the Triang big game, and the older beasts with their great cunning and their fine trophies are difficult now to find in that part of the country.

Near Pasir Neran there is sometimes to be found a noble old seladang who is generally by himself but occasionally with a herd. He is easily distinguishable because he makes a noise when he breathes like a tank engine panting up a steep grade. He has a track so round that most people would mistake it for that of a buffalo, and his horns—well he is, as far as I know, still alive and one of my readers might meet him, so I will not say how big his horns have appeared to me; but, if you come across him and are anxious to get a trophy that will probably rival the great head that was shot by Mr. da Pra and now lies in the D.O.'s house in Kuala Pilah, follow him up and get him if you can. He will be well worth any trouble that you may go to.

Near Kuala Triang an elephant with a fair-sized track occasionally crosses the river; as he clammers up the bank, if it be steep, he generally uses his tusks to help himself up by; look for the marks of these tusks, and if the points are about nine inches apart and you can comfortably get your fists into the hole, follow him also. He has got six feet tusks if they are an inch, but he is very cunning, I know; he bushed me once and I was very hungry for twenty-four hours, consequently I have a feud against him; he is, I expect, still laughing because that little incident happened five years ago and I have never seen him again—but that is a tale that will keep for some other day.

About once a year a very large elephant crosses the Triang near Kuala Pertang Kanan; now that is an elephant, or the *hantu* of one, I have not quite made up my mind where to place him, but as I came across him on my return from this trip I will tell you my opinion of that elephant later on. With the exception of these two or three beasts I doubt whether there is anything really big in the Triang now, so I decided to look for their tracks only, and failing to find them to push on to the Pahang River and go into the valley of the Jinka, a tributary of the Pahang, where there used to be a very big elephant which I was anxious to go after. Below the Negri Sembilan and Pahang boundary at Sungei Dua there are a series of padangs commencing a little above Plangai and continuing down to Kuala Pertang Kanan: these open spaces are sometimes almost connected, sometimes as far as a mile apart, with exceptionally thick jungle all round them. There is a large herd of seladang which lives in this locality, probably about twenty-five beasts in all, but they generally break up into small parties of six to ten, and having been much hunted seldom stay very long in the same place. One of their most favourite haunts is a padang known as Padang Menggas, which lies about a day's journey down stream from Kuala Jerang, so I made up my mind to camp there the first day out and visit the padang in the evening on the chance of picking up new tracks.

The padangs near the Triang are frequently burnt off by Malays who pass up and down the river, and as the lalang with which they are covered burns up completely when fired in the dry weather, there is at times a supply of the most attractive food for the seladang when the new shoots spring up.

We camped about four o'clock, a little above Padang Menggas. A nasty drizzle had set in which looked like lasting, and as we had to make a camp a site on the river bank had to be cleared for it. I did not think it worth while going further down the river. About five o'clock Yasin and I went through the jungle towards the padang, and approaching from the land side were at once rewarded by the sight of some half a dozen seladang quietly feeding well in the middle of the clearing. We watched them for some time, trying to make out the head of a fair-sized bull which was feeding at the far side of the herd. I never saw his head plainly, but I do not think that he was anything very much, the dorsal ridge which I saw quite plainly was not very well developed. What interested me most was the attitude of an old cow who was obviously acting as sentry: she stood practically stock-still with her

nose pointing up wind, very occasionally turning her head round to survey the padang, but never, as far as I could see, putting it down to feed. We tried a manœuvre to reach the far side of the clearing to get a better view of the bull, but unfortunately in carrying this out we had to pass very close to a half-grown cow who, I expect, heard us. Anyway by the time we arrived at the other side the entire herd had vanished. However, we had a good evening's entertainment and I returned to camp well satisfied with what I had seen. If my old friend with the heavy breath had been there, perhaps I would not have been quite so contented had I failed to get a chance at him.

Early next morning I went with Yasin to the padang on the off chance that the seladang might be there again, and with seladang in the district one never knew when the old beast might not turn up, but we drew blank, so returned to camp and were soon on our way down-stream.

We arrived at Buntar shortly after ten o'clock, the place where the Pahang Railway crosses the Triang River, at the moment a very busy spot, construction work being in full swing. The temporary bridge spanning this river for construction purposes appeared to me to be very near the water which was comparatively low for the Triang; in times of heavy flood some difficulty would be experienced in taking a boat with an awning under the bridge at all, in fact it would be an impossibility if the awning were a high one.

We stopped here about half an hour, Ah Tong going ashore to buy some fresh provisions. While there he met a Malay who had been on a previous shooting trip with me who told him that he had lately been with Imam Prang Samah, the brother of the Raja Kiah, after elephants, and that 'Mem Prang had wounded three elephants, one of them a very big tusker, somewhere in the district of Ulu Rompin, at least that was what Ah Tong understood him to say. I did not see the Malay, but as I hoped to see Imam Prang himself in a day or two I expected to get the news first hand from him.

We pushed on down river and arrived at Jerneh near nightfall where we made our camp.

A herd of elephants had been along the banks of the Triang the previous night, but no signs of a big one with them so we did not bother about them. Jerneh is a great place for peafowl. I have seen as many as eleven at one time on the river banks, and on this occasion on the following morning we saw quite a number, but were unable to get the chance of a shot. A young peafowl is a great delicacy, but avoid an old peafowl unless you have the teeth of a beast of prey. We came out on to the broad flood of the Pahang River about ten

o'clock. The river was fairly high and it took us until noon to get up to Guai, 'Men Prang's *kampung*, which is only a little way up stream on the other side of the Pahang River. Imam Prang Samah had gone down river to Kuala Bera for a Malay funeral, but was expected back that evening, so I had to camp at Guai and await his return, because I wanted him to accompany me on my trip.

When he did turn up, about dusk, I at once tackled him about his late hunting trip, and soon had plenty to think about. It appeared that he had wounded, during the last three months, four elephants and bagged none, and to my utter disgust he told me that one of the unfortunate four was the Jinka bull which I was so anxious to go after. He also incidentally mentioned that he had fired at three seladang, all of which he had *missed*. To make matters worse from my point of view, I felt that I was myself to blame, because I was responsible to a great extent for the pass which 'Men Prang had so grossly abused. To depart from my hunting experiences, let me go back a year to explain how 'Mem Prang came to shoot big game, or more correctly at big game, at all.

In 1908 I was in Pahang on business connected with the route of one of the main roads, and 'Mem Prang went with me. I came down the Triang, as on this occasion, and picked him up at Guai. He was then in a great state because a rogue elephant had been doing a great deal of damage to his crops, and had repeatedly broken down the fence that was put up to protect them from the depredations of deer and pig. He lamented the fact that he was unable to shoot this elephant, it gave him no chance at night when in the crops because he could not see it, and it was forbidden for him to follow it up under the existing game regulations. I was then naturally unable to devote myself to sport until the completion of my work, but told 'Mem Prang that I believed, under the special circumstances, I would be able to obtain a permit for him from the Government to shoot *this particular elephant*. In due course I arrived at Kuala Lipis, and saw Mr. C., the Resident, and told him the tale of 'Mem Prang's woes and asked that a pass might be given to him to go after this elephant. 'Mem Prang also saw Mr. C., and was so pleased at getting a pass for the elephant that he at once asked for a permit to kill a seladang, *any seladang*, which, rather to my surprise, was given to him. As events turned out, the result of this permit, which was renewed at the end of six months, was a long list of wounded elephants and three very frightened seladang; that is to say

Tembeling. The following morning I said good-bye to Wan Hadji with many regrets. He had shown me a great deal of more or less unknown country, and had enabled me to add a fine trophy to my collection. Going down the Tembeling we very nearly lost everything in Jeram Pandjang, losing control of the boat which fortunately managed to keep its "feet." What vast possibilities the enormous volumes of water that comes down the Tembeling suggests to one's mind. Possibly in some future age this power will be harnessed in the service of man, and the haunts of the elephant and seladang given over to the thunder of machinery generating power for the electrically worked Peninsular Gyroscope Railway.

On the 22nd of August I slept at Kuala Tembeling, and was shewn there a fine male Marbled Cat (*felis marmorata*) which the owner had lately trapped. He thought it was a young tiger and was going to send it down to the Sultan at Pekan. The Malays in Jelebu call this cat *rimau totok* or *totoh*, owing to its peculiar bird-like call.

Mat Yasin told me after we had left Pulau Besar, and after it was impossible for me to question Wan Hadji on the subject, that Wan Hadji had told him that he knew of several Malays who had killed rhinoceroses up near Pamah Ruan when they were *getah* hunting, but that it was a year or so ago and that he had no idea they had so thoroughly cleared the place of rhinoceroses. That the rhinoceros badly wants protecting if it is not to be exterminated altogether from these States a further incident in my next chapter will I think shew, but how it is to be done is a very difficult question.

CHAPTER VI.

WANTED, A RHINOCEROS?

On my way down the Pahang River I stopped at Kuala Krau to collect my two seladang skulls, and on the night of the 24th August slept at Kuala Tekal. I spent some time the next day investigating a story I had heard of a big elephant which was supposed to be in the vicinity of Kerdau, but although we had a long tramp found no elephant tracks except those of a few small cows and a young bull. I proceeded to Badoh where I slept the night. Next morning we went on to Kuala Semantan where I picked up my letters and then returned up stream to Telok Mengkuang on a short trip after rhinoceros. Following the native path towards Bukit Si Gumpal we soon came to a clearing through which the

path passed, and at the edge of this clearing we made our camp. There was a salt lick quite close to the path, and when Yasin was in this part of Pahang in 1908 he had seen many rhinoceros tracks at this lick and had also come across quantities of wallows and fresh tracks in the jungle in the vicinity. As a last chance I thought I would try to pick up a specimen of a rhinoceros in this district as I was very anxious to obtain one for my collection.

In the evening we visited the lick but there had been no rhinoceroses there for three months, in fact we found no signs of tracks at all. There was a broad game path leading from the lick in a southerly direction and we decided to follow this on the morrow. Next day we set out at daylight and had a long walk without finding any new tracks although we found plenty of old ones. In the afternoon however we struck tracks which were about three weeks' old. We followed these tracks to "heel" for a short distance to try and find a lick which was supposed to be in the vicinity. We presently noticed that someone else had followed this spoor, so to make matters quite sure we continued to follow the track and were soon convinced that this particular rhinoceros had been quite recently hunted. No sane man except one after that rhinoceros would have gone through the jungle we did. Late in the afternoon we came to a small stream where we found a comparatively new camp. The hut there had been occupied by Sakais, and here we found what I believe were the rib bones of a rhinoceros. In the Bukit Si Gumpal district there are some Sakais who have guns and who were no doubt responsible for what we had seen. I collected what evidence I could of their presence, which was sufficient to prove that Sakais and not Malays had been the occupants of the camp. Part of the skin of a monitor lizard and the shell of some species of tortoise, the owners of which had obviously been used for food, proved I think the presence of Sakais. The next day we scoured the jungle in the vicinity but found no new tracks although we found quantities of old ones and many disused rhinoceros wallows. We camped again at the Sakai shed. The following morning we returned to the Pahang River and crossed over to Kuala Semantan, where I once more partook of the hospitality of Mr. P. the District Officer. I told him about the rhinoceros which I believed had been recently killed near Telok Mengkuang and gave him the "exhibits" that I had collected for evidence. I also gave him a written account of what I had seen.

In a case of this sort one naturally wonders why the Sakais should go after rhinoceros, when they know perfectly

well that it is against the law, and must know that they are running a great risk hunting so near to the headquarters of the District, especially when it is in charge of so zealous an officer as Mr. P. Well, I think the answer is easy to find. At the bottom of the whole thing there must be a Chinaman. The Sakais would not go to the trouble or take the risk of hunting rhinoceros for the sake of the meat so close to the headquarters of the District, especially the Sakais from Bukit Si Gumpal who are more or less civilised. They undoubtedly hunt rhinoceros for the horn and the horn only as the main object. Chinese will give very heavy prices for rhinoceros horns, and in the old days when Malays used to hunt big game, they preferred to go after rhinoceros to elephant because the horn was so much more valuable in weight than ivory, and generally speaking the beast was more easily killed. I have no doubt in my mind but that the Sakais of Bukit Si Gumpal, of whom Batin Rajah is the head, were being provisioned by some local Chinese shopkeeper with the express object of obtaining for him the horns of rhinoceroses and possibly seladang. The difficulty of checking a business of this sort is very great, but if the big game is to be protected, vigorous steps should be taken. I will refer to this in my concluding chapter. I left Kuala Semantan on the 30th of August, put in a night at Guai at Imam Prang Samah's kampong and was soon on my way up the Triang *en route* for Pertang. But there was still one more hunting incident before my journey finished, a short account of which will now, I think, be out of place. About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of September we arrived at a spot on the Triang called Pasir Pulas, which was the landing place for a track to a salt lick about three miles inland called "Sesap Kepong." I took six days' provisions with the party and left old Mat Linggi in charge of the boat. Shortly after leaving the river we crossed the trace of a road which was running practically parallel with the Triang River. I had been informed that it was proposed to construct a road to connect Bentong with the Pahang Railway. This trace apparently followed the Triang from the proposed railway station at Buntar until it nearly reached Plangai and then cut up towards the Negri Sembilan boundary, joining the Pahang Main Road (Kuala Pilah to Bentong) near the old road construction boundary. The trace had been very nicely cleared and was no doubt an excellent one to walk along, but even to reach the 42nd mile from Bentong (approximately the boundary) it should never have been so close to the river as it was at Pasir Pulas. The country all about

that district is flat or very slightly undulating and a direct route could easily have been obtained from Buntar to the 42nd mile. It is, however, hardly conceivable to me that this proposed road could be for the purpose of connecting Bentong and the Railway, the distance being about sixty miles by following the Triang River and joining on to the main road at the 42nd mile. Supposing that it was necessary to join Bentong with the Triang Station rather than with the nearer station on the Semantan River a road trace could easily have been found from the foot of the watershed on the Triang side which would considerably shorten the distance to Bentong. I personally know this country, and am convinced that no route for a road to connect Bentong, or the Bentong Road, and the Triang Railway Station should follow the Triang. The Triang River is liable to very heavy floods and any wise engineer who knew the country would leave the vicinity of the river as soon as possible when laying out a road survey.

We arrived at Sesap Kepong early in the afternoon and made a camp about a quarter of a mile away from the lick on the banks of a small stream. Later on we went into the lick and found old rhinoceros tracks and the comparatively fresh tracks of a very big elephant. This elephant proved to be the old bull which I mentioned in my first chapter that occasionally crossed the Triang near Kuala Pertang Kanan. I was very pleased at finding his tracks which appeared to be about thirty hours old, and looked forward to meeting this old warrior at last. I do not know what was the matter with this elephant, something out of the ordinary undoubtedly. Round about the salt lick he had pulled over and pushed down about a dozen trees several of which were quite big ones. In fact he had "played the devil" all round the place. Something had annoyed him.

We found that within the last twelve months some enterprising gentlemen had been trying to kill rhinoceroses here—the spot was a favourite one for rhino—by setting several *berlantek* (spring spears) on the main game tracks into the lick. I do not know whether they had been successful or not. Starting at daylight next morning we hoped to catch up to the elephant in two days at the outside. He had made for a well-known elephant wallow called "Kubang Ebit" which lies almost due west from Sesap Kepong. Well we followed that elephant for six days and at the end of that time were no nearer to him than we were when we started. First of all he passed

through Kubang Ebit, then followed up the Pertang Kanan and crossed the Kuala Semantan-Manchis bridle path, still going west he crossed over into the Semantan watershed utilising a pass between the valleys of the Triang and the Semantan which was so low that we scarcely realised that we were rising to it until we were in the pass. He then followed down one of the tributaries of the Telemong and wandered about there for about a day. Here we found extensive old gold workings, the jungle was literally honeycombed with pits. This part of the country did not seem to please the elephant so he turned back, crossed the watershed by the same path that he had previously followed and then practically retraced his steps towards Sesap Kepong. The day he returned we got fairly close to him, finding in the morning that during the night he had crossed the tracks that we had passed as late as three o'clock the previous afternoon. We did a forced march that day expecting to get up to him only to be disappointed. The spurt was too much however for one of my coolies who failed to make camp and slept the night up a tree. As he had all my spare clothes and some of my food I was not very well pleased with him. He also delayed us till nine o'clock the following morning. When we found on the fifth day that we were within about a day's march of the salt lick, and we only had at the outside two days more provisions I realised that we could only go on after this elephant provided he continued to take us in a homeward direction. This he did not seem inclined to do after he had crossed the Pertang once more, so we made straight for Sesap Kepong on the chance that he had gone there by another route. He had not however and I saw his huge tracks no more. During the six days that we had followed him he had eaten very little, had only lain down three times, and had in fact behaved in quite a different fashion to any other elephant that I have ever followed. He may have been wounded at some previous time and his wound may have been worrying him, but he was not incapacitated at all as far as his walking powers were concerned. That he is an old elephant I am convinced from the shape of his track, the imprint of his toe nails standing out quite clearly from the line of the foot itself, in fact one might well compare his track with that of a tiger's track although of course with no reference to size.

We arrived at Sesap Kepong fairly early in the morning and found that during our absence a herd of elephants, a herd of seladang, and two rhinoceroses had visited the lick. The

elephants had obligingly pulled down our camp. The rhinoceros tracks were quite fresh and Yasin and myself followed them, leaving the others to repair the camp. About 1 o'clock we came fairly close to the rhinos, but in such thick jungle where we could see nothing even within two yards of us, that I never had the least chance of a shot. We never got near them again and towards the evening we returned to camp. Neither of the rhinoceroses were particularly big ones. During my three months hunting this was the only semblance of a chance that I had at a rhinoceros, although I tried to obtain news of them wherever I went. It should be remembered that Malays frequently state that they have seen rhinoceros's tracks when they have only seen those of the tapir, the former animal being undoubtedly very scarce now in this part of the Peninsula. We slept near Sesap Kepong that night and the following morning returned to our boat, poling up the river as far as Sungei Dua where we spent the last night of the trip. The next day, the 12th of September, I walked up to Pertang, my trophies and goods following in two days' time.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

Before closing this article I wish to make a few observations on the present state of the game regulations as they exist in Pahang. There is an Enactment in vogue in the States of Perak, Selangor and Negri Sembilan which protects big game, and which makes it necessary for those who wish to follow the fascinating sport of big game hunting to take out a license which varies somewhat in price according to the domicile of the hunter.

I do not wish to go into the details of the Enactment, but would like to remark that the fee of \$50 which covers five head of game, the fee charged to those resident in the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States, is only available for a full period of 12 months. Considering that a sportsman in this country would be exceptionally lucky if over a period of years he was able to average *two head* of big game per year, it seems somewhat hard that the fee should only cover a period of twelve months.

I do not think that the time under which the license is available in any way helps to protect the game, in fact it might conceivably work directly against it. Some ardent sportsman anxious to get his five head under a time limit might shoot a

youngish beast which he would have spared had he known that his license could be utilised on some other occasion. This is of course an extreme idea, but it might occur, keeping in mind the very few opportunities that one has when hunting of getting a shot at all. In Pahang the big game laws as observed in the other States have not so far been introduced. The present regulations make it necessary to obtain permission from the Resident to shoot big game, a permission which carries no fee.

It may perhaps have been noticed by those who have had the patience to read the foregoing article that during my three months' hunting I came across many tracks, and heard a great deal of more or less unreliable news of both elephants and seladang. It may also have been observed that I did not come across many beasts of the "old bull" type. During the last few years the introduction of the cheap twelve bore shot gun and the granting of permission to natives in Pahang to *shoot at* big game has undoubtedly had its effect in making the older beasts very scarce and very wary. I believe that many seladang and elephants are wounded that one hears nothing about. I have frequently found native bullets in seladang that I have killed. Another point to be remembered is that natives cannot understand that a permission to shoot an elephant or a seladang is given to the individual, and is in fact a personal permission in the shape of a privilege or for some definite object as in the case of Imam Prang Samah. A pass is handed on to the man in the kampong with the biggest reputation as a hunter, and if he is successful the beast is credited to the holder of the permit. As an instance of this I will give one case. When I was in the Ulu Tembeling I was informed that a big tusker which was shot some two years ago under a permit given to the headman there, Wan Ahmat, was actually shot by one Dowd Kelantan, a *professional elephant hunter*, from over the border.

Not very long ago a headman was killed in the Jelai by a seladang which I believe he attacked with a twelve bore shot gun as his chief weapon. People who do these things require to be protected against themselves. The escapade of Iman Prang Samah has already been described.

I believe the objection to a Big Game Enactment in Pahang was that elephants did so much damage that it would be a hardship to the native cultivator if they were strictly protected.

The damage done by elephants is often greatly exaggerated, and anyway this does not hold good as against the non-protection of seladang and rhinoceroses.

The big game of the Malay States is undoubtedly disappearing under the opening up of the country. This is inevitable and cannot of course be met by any regulations; with the destruction of the primeval forest the game must go. But in Pahang there is still much game, and still time to take steps to preserve it if it is seriously desired, an object which I am sure all good sportsmen will hope is seriously contemplated.

First of all the Big Game Enactment should be introduced, and no free permits issued under any conditions at all, with the one exception of a rogue elephant which is a danger to human life. The export of elephants' tusks, seladang horns, and rhinoceroses' horns, except as genuine trophies whose history should be quite clearly defined, should be prohibited. A heavy penalty should be the price of evading this law.

Game preserves should be located, preserves which should be looked upon as permanent ones for the purpose of preserving the fauna of the Malay States.

The revenue received from game licenses should be utilised as far as possible to provide rangers to look after these preserves, and the appointment of a Game Warden to look after the interests of the big game in the Malay States would no doubt be of great assistance towards their efficient protection.

I also think that an Advisory Board of big game hunters and others would be of assistance to the Government in drawing up the regulations for the protection and the preservation of the big game of the Protected Malay States.

