RAPE OF THE DREAM PEOPLE

Richard Noone

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I wish to acknowledge with gratitude the assistance and advice given me by Mr Dennis Holman in the preparation of the manuscript.

R.N.

Illustrations

Glossary

atap: palm thatch

baju: the Malay blouse

barang: baggage

gunig: the shaman's familiar or attendant spirit

halak: a shaman or medicine man

kampong: a Malay village

kuala: the confluence of a tributary with a larger river

ladang: a jungle clearing for dry cultivation

padi: growing rice; rice in the straw or in the husk

pano-hut: a shaman's small magic hut

parang: a jungle knife

rangoin: the Temiar jew's harp made from the midrib of the langkap palm

ruwai: the collective soul of a Temiar group

saka: the hereditary territory of a number of inter-related aboriginal groups

seladang: the Asiatic bison (*Bibos gaurus*), among the largest of the wild cattle

stengah: literally 'half'; a small whiskey usually drunk with a tumbler of soda

tuan: lord, master—a title of respect formerly given to Europeans

Preface

In their revolutionary wars in Malaya, Laos and Vietnam the Communists have, in each instance, made use of ethnic minorities, the tribespeople of the remote regions that in these countries constitute the greater part of the areas within their territorial limits. Of the three, Malaya is the only country in which the Communists have been successfully countered, but this in itself could not have been done without the help of the very tribes they had dominated.

The solution to the Malayan problem was achieved only after eventual acceptance by the government of the day of a complete reversal of their approach to the tribes involved. This action was suggested by me, and I was given, as a result, the job of winning them back to the side of the government.

But I am putting the cart before the horse. My own involvement goes back a good deal further, indeed to the discovery of one of these tribes by my older brother Pat. It was Pat's knowledge and understanding of them that I was applying to a practical military task, so the story really begins with him.

Pat first arrived in Malaya forty years ago. Who could have guessed that the work he would do would influence the course of history?

R.N.

Bangkok

I

Pat

In a sense this is a mystery story, so let me present it as such. When the Japanese surrendered in 1945, and news from Malaya began to reach the outside world, we in his family were eventually informed that my brother Pat had disappeared. Pat was one of a number of white men who had been cut off during the Japanese invasion of Malaya and had taken to the jungle. It had been generally felt that if any of these Europeans had managed to survive the next three and a half years in the jungle, Pat was likely to be among them. But as the handful who came through the ordeal began to emerge, we became more and more anxious, and then, as the months went by, more and more despairing.

Normally we should have become resigned to the fact that he had not survived—so many others had succumbed during the Japanese occupation to sickness, exposure, and starvation. But rumours to the contrary persisted, and these buoyed up our hopes. There were people, officials in the Malayan Government and several of Pat's experienced colleagues and friends, who were convinced he was alive, and for good reason. Was he not, they pointed out, revered by an entire tribe of aboriginal jungle people who would have looked after him and ministered to his needs? Hadn't he made this tribe, the Temiar, known to science? Hadn't he lived among them, studied them, fought for them by piloting through the government enactments for their protection so that their unique society would be inviolate?

Pat and I had lost touch with each other in the disastrous retreat down the Malayan Peninsula. A reconnaissance

party he was with had been separated from the main body of their battalion in an outflanking movement. I was able to establish that they had made desperate attempts to get back to the unit, and, when there was no longer any hope of this, that he and the four British soldiers still with him had gone to live with the Temiar in the jungle. I later contacted people who had been with Pat in the jungle. I was able to trace his movements and piece together a record of what he did, even at times of what he thought and said. But that record ended on a date in November 1943 when he said good-bye to two Europeans he had been staying with and set out on a journey with a party of Temiar, and was never seen or heard of again.

From there on I could get no further information about Pat. Besides, a sinister note was added to the mystery when I learned that not only were the Temiar refusing to help in the investigation, but they had actually put a taboo on the very mention of his name—the name of one whom they had called *Tata* (grandfather), a term of respect they reserved for their most venerable elders although he was barely in his thirties.

I did not know what to think; the implications were unthinkable. One obvious inference from the taboo was that the Temiar were responsible for his death in some way or had betrayed him to the Japanese, but this cut right across their character. They were a pacific people and, from what Pat had established regarding their racial psychology, emotionally too well adjusted to be capable of committing any act that was violent or resulted in violence. Crime and fighting were unknown to them; they considered selfishness the greatest sin. No, the thought was outlandish.

On the other hand, their jungles had been violated; for the first time in their history the Temiar had been exposed to men with guns from outside the jungle, and the tribe were under very great pressure.

So it was with the other theories that presented themselves. Each was followed up till it too came to some inconclusive dead end.

In pursuing my inquiries a variety of curiously unrelated factors emerged, but these only confused the issue further, and at the back of it all remained the disturbing taboo that is the sort of thing the Temiar resort to only when they need to protect themselves from something they believe would be harmful to them.

I said nothing of this to my parents; there was no point in distressing them unnecessarily. When at last I had given up hope, I wrote and told them as gently as I could that all we could now sensibly do was presume that Pat had died. They were prepared for it by then, and my letter gave them I think a sense of its finality. It was different for me. I was haunted by this mystery of my brother's fate. I would never rest till I had discovered the truth.

I was younger than Pat by ten years and had hero-worshipped him as far back as I could remember. Although christened Herbert Deane, he had acquired the name Pat, which seemed to fit him perfectly. He was one of those fortunate individuals who do brilliantly in examinations without apparently trying, and he excelled at games. He was popular and assured. He had my mother's good looks and colouring, being fair and blue-eyed, and like her was on the short side; I towered over him as I grew older. Spaced between him and me were our two sisters, Sheelah and Doreen.

The four of us had been born in India, where my father, Herbert Vander Vord Noone (H.V. to his family and friends), worked in a firm of East India merchants, Shaw Wallace and Company. My mother came of an army family, and she and my father had met and married in India. H.V. had done well, well enough indeed to retire at forty-four and devote himself to a life of study.

First he took the family to live in London so that he would have easy access to major museums and libraries. But London proved too cold and damp for him, so we moved to Dymchurch, in St. Mary's Bay, between Folkestone and Dungeness. The Kent coast too was not suitable—too windy —so we moved again, to the Brittany coast, and then again

farther south to Saint-Jean-de-Luz, on the west coast of France near the Spanish border, although spring would bring us back to England every year, like the swallows, and my early memories are of these migrations by train across France and then by boat to Dover.

At that time H.V. was immersed in a study of Buddhism—his interest in religions had begun in India. It led him to the conclusion that Buddhism was the best of the lot; so, although we were not actually brought up as Buddhists, every Sunday morning we all had to listen to a talk on Buddhism from my father and make notes.

From religion his interest was eventually diverted to prehistory, and he began visiting archeological sites. Later we went to stay in Les Eyzies, west of Bordeaux, where habitation layers have been exposed dating back to the dawn of human history. Here we spent a good deal of our school holidays, picnicking at cave sites and digging for flint and bone tools. One day my mother picked up a flat piece of schist that had, on the back of it, a beautiful engraving of a reindeer. It proved to be a paleolithic relic of the Magdalenian Period and is now to be seen in the museum at Les Eyzies. As you can imagine, when the family visited London or Paris the museums had to come first, and quite frankly we children got a bellyful; so much so that my sisters were put off museums for life. Our education followed the conventional English pattern. Pat went to Aldenham, a public school in Hertfordshire, and then to Cambridge, where I followed him after an interval of ten years, finding myself expected, in school at any rate, to emulate his all-round achievements. He had left school with a leaving exhibition and an open exhibition for history, money prizes to take him on to university, but which my father had declined.

At Cambridge (Corpus Christi) Pat read history and anthropology, and came down in 1930 with a double-first. Those qualifications led to his being offered a job as the field ethnographer of the Perak Museum at Taiping in Malaya, as it was then called. It was an opportunity to do original field work among the tribes in the Peninsula, and he

promptly accepted. It was the year before I went to Aldenham myself, and I remember eagerly following his adventures from his letters home.

Pat was delighted with Taiping, which was a charming upcountry town. The museum with its fine dome and balustraded verandahs was an important attraction for the inhabitants, who streamed through the doors in family outings to view the collections of weapons, lepidoptera, stuffed animals, artifacts, costumes, jungle produce, rubber, musical instruments, geological specimens, and the rest.

Pat began with lessons in Malay but was soon absorbed in the literature on the aboriginal races of the Peninsula. "Not that much anthropological work has been done, though it is a fillip to my interest that one of the investigators, who has published two books on the subject, is none other than Ivor Evans, the Curator and my boss."

Pat stressed the importance of this work "since four-fifths of the Peninsula is jungle inhabited by indigenes generally referred to as Sakai".*

Subsequent letters revealed his increasing preoccupation with the indigenes and the interior jungles in which they lived. He mentioned he was reading the story of the pioneer exploration of Malaya in Sir Hugh Clifford's *Further India,* but pointed out that it was Clifford who elsewhere referred to an untouched "aboriginal block" of territory centered on the main range. Reading the letters again, one can sense his disappointment when he notes the fact that the "aboriginal block" had been penetrated by road from the south and west and by railway from the east, though the northern half of the area, between the Cameron Highlands and a peak called Noring, was unknown. It was the one remaining blank space on the map of Malaya, and was a region of jungle mountains that he had heard described as awesome and forbidding, in shrouds of clinging mist, their sides plunging into a maze of valleys. "To obtain porters and guides to take one into these

* A Malay word meaning "dependent" or "slave," a most unfair description of the aboriginal tribespeople, which is no longer in ethnographic or administrative use.

mountains is virtually impossible, so strong is the belief that they are haunted by malign spirits and inhabited by cannibals," he wrote. "Nonsense, of course. The area is inhabited by a people who are said to be quite remarkable. I have to confess I am vastly intrigued."

Those lines, written on February 2, 1931, were the first intimation any of us received of Pat's interest in the jungle people who were to occupy the rest of his life and a good deal of mine. I confess that still, after forty years, I cannot read them without being strangely moved. The hopes of the family were pinned on Pat. My father was certain he would become famous. In Pat he saw the fulfillment of his own frustrated dreams of attaining distinction as a scholar, and he was devoted to his gifted son. Although in character they were very different, their rapport was immense. They talked the same language. At least, it was Pat who did most of the talking and H.V. the listening, with a rapt face and doting eyes. So the fact that Pat was "vastly intrigued" was big news at home. I have a picture in my mind of H.V. in his armchair under a reading lamp burrowing into anthropological tomes, checking references, scratching notes in his spidery handwriting.

To trace the anthropological discoveries in the Malayan jungles from the time the British first began opening up the Peninsula in the 1880s is to wade through a mass of confused theorizing based at times on the flimsiest evidence. For some reason the early explorers believed there was only one non-Malay aboriginal element, and the tribes they saw were described as differing merely in terms of the degree of apparent admixture of the Malays with this single aboriginal strain. Thus there was the Pan-Negrito theory of de Quatrefages, Vaughan Stevens, de la Croix, and de Morgan; while Miklucho-Maclay maintained that the aboriginal element was Melanesian, and he spoke of the Melano-Malays and Malays. By the time Pat arrived on the scene, however, it was generally agreed that there were broadly speaking three main ethnic groups.

In the north and northeast were the Negritos, a race of

small, dark-skinned, woolly-haired, very primitive nomads. These Negritos lived solely off their environment by hunting with the blowpipe, trapping, and collecting edible roots and fruits. Their temporary settlements were no more than circular arrangements of lean-to shelters.

In the south were the lank-haired Proto-Malays, a racial hodge-podge who resembled the Malays and spoke an archaic form of their language. Theirs was a higher mode of primitive life, which involved the planting of catch crops and the building of more permanent dwellings, although the diet was still largely dependent on trapping and the blowpipe.

In the remote mountainous jungles more or less in the center of the Peninsula were a wavy-haired race of hill people called the Senoi. They followed a third mode of life, a refinement and extension of the second, which was thought to improve progressively as one moved up from the southern lowlands to the highlands of the main range. These Senoi were believed to consist of two tribes—the Semai, in the southern and comparatively lower-lying parts of this central area, and the Temiar, to their north.

The Negrito groups had been adequately described by two men: Pat's boss Ivor Evans, and Father Paul Schebesta, the German anthropologist, whose research had been sponsored by the Vatican. Evans had also done some useful work on the Semai and the Proto-Malays. So, as we presently heard, Pat's attention was inevitably drawn to the Temiar, the highlanders astride the main range. Pat was to be envied. Here was a tribe whose very existence was still only conjecture based on rumour and highly coloured reports. Apart from Father Schebesta, who had merely passed through part of the Temiar country on a rapid river journey on which he had formed what Pat suspected was a very wrong impression, no anthropologist had penetrated their remote interior. For Pat it was the challenge and compulsion of the mysterious unknown.

He had been asked by Evans to choose a first task for himself as the new field ethnographer. Evans, shortly to

retire, had long dreamed of exploring the secret of the Temiar, but was too old now for the hardships it must entail. In volunteering for it, Pat was, as it were, taking the first steps toward acting out his superior's wish fulfillment.

In April 1931, Pat received formal permission from Evans to undertake an expedition into the interior, and he began quite characteristically: "I'm attacking that layer of tissue acquired at Cambridge with fifteen minutes of Müller's exercises each day and diet and vegetable laxative to keep me regular. There is a veritable cage of muscle round the insides now, which has formed from the fat that used to be there. I always do my exercises in front of a mirror, and you can imagine the joy to see the old lines coming back."

But not for long. Pat had a weight problem, and as the years passed his short, slight figure fought a losing battle against his epicurean tastes.

In May he went up into the Cameron Highlands and stayed in the resthouse at Tanah Rata, which at that time was still only the site of a proposed hill station. The new road had come to a stop against a wall of jungle, and a few Chinese shops had sprung up around the road-head. He was enthusiastic about the spot and reported that during the day it was beautifully cool and at night really cold. Not only the climate made the Cameron Highlands such a wonderful spot. The altitude and soil produced the finest tea, coffee, quinine, citrus fruits, and vegetables. Several Europeans Pat met had chosen the area to settle in permanently after retirement, in preference to hill stations in India, Burma, or Ceylon, where there were already large domiciled European communities. Pat noted that land in the Cameron Highlands was available at 4·70 Malayan dollars* an acre.

Pat raved too about the friends he made in Tanah Rata, in particular a young doctor who he said was doing dedicated work in the field of malaria. Pat was often carried away by people he met—he either liked or disliked a person on sight. On the voyage out to Malaya he had become involved in an argument and, I believe, a fight with a fledgling admin-

* At that time the Malayan dollar was worth about ·46 of a US dollar.

istrative officer who had made facetious remarks about the weight of the white man's burden. Pat was nothing if not passionate in his views—there is a bit of Irish in us from both sides!

He was having trouble getting porters and wrote in an indignant vein of Muda, headman of a local fringe Semai group, who was proving a tough negotiator. In time I got to know Muda well. His *saka,* or tribal territory, had been violated by the road, which had cut deep into virgin jungle. His young men, to whom money was previously unknown, had been hired to clear the jungle. They had discovered that the discs of metal they had received in return for their labour could be exchanged for such things as sarongs, beads, knives, and axes, and they had become, Pat noted, corrupted and greedy. Anyhow, he was eventually able to engage a party to carry his baggage in forty-pound loads, the food packed for protection against the rain in tinplate boxes he had had made in Taiping.

He wrote again the day before leaving Tanah Rata. "I am steeled for a high purpose. I carry that pistol H.V. gave me, and a *parang* (jungle knife) at my belt. I am taking a mandolin and a 'self-tutor' to while away the hours if need be, and of course a few books, including *The Complete Works of Shakespeare* and Arnold's *Light of Asia.* So I shall be well accompanied. We set out tomorrow morning at seven." Was he taking himself a little too seriously? Possibly, though I cannot help feeling it might have been rather for the benefit of H.V. to whom he had written for money as he had run into debt and several tradesmen were pressing for payment. The date on the letter is May 24, 1931.

The only means of travelling through mountainous jungle was by aboriginal paths that followed the river lines. I know the route Pat took from the Cameron Highlands near the headwaters of a stream called the Boh. This trail began for him as a single foothold that descended into a ravine, twisting and turning around boulders, through tunnels in matted clumps of bamboo, sometimes detouring to avoid an obstacle, and, when the going became impossible, crossing and re-

crossing the stream. Higher up, the river was spanned by slender tree-trunk bridges that the barefooted Semai streaked across; Pat, in boots, would follow, performing what he felt was a circus feat. In places they waded through water sometimes up to the chin, holding on to a length of rattan strung from bank to bank as a handhold. In places the current was so strong they were swung off their feet. Pat was astonished at the way the porters coped, in the seething, ice-cold waters, with loads on their heads. Some of the smaller men he thought must be washed away as they were caught by the full force of the current, yet somehow they reached the other side.

The Boh flows into the Bertam, which in turn joins the Telom. They had passed through Semai country, but northward from the *kuala* (confluence) of the Bertam with the Telom is a borderland between the two related wavy-haired Senoi tribes. The Samai of the Bertam Valley had already been studied by Father Schebesta and by Evans, and through these Semai Pat hoped to meet the Temiar, who were astride the Pahang-Kelantan divide—the crest of ridges and peaks dividing these two states. After four days' march, during which the going got steadily hotter and more clammy as they descended, they reached a tributary called the Lemoi.

A Semai group at Kuala Lemoi had been reported as being friendly, but Pat found their settlement deserted. There was nothing else for it but to go back up the Bertam to another tributary, the Relong. Here they camped for four days.

Word had got around that Muda was with them, and Semai began to arrive from all around to meet him. Pat gave them Javanese tobacco, which they liked, but, as he noted, "I came up against that amazing sullen reserve which Evans and Schebesta have deplored about the Semai. It makes me despair of ever making any headway. The most distressing thing about them is their appalling bad manners, accentuated perhaps by contrast with the Malays, who are gentlemen to the last degree in their *kampongs,* where their hospitality is magnificent. The only answers I could

get from these Semai to my questions were '*Ta tahu*' ('I don't know') or '*Entah*' ('I am not sure')."

Pat struck camp and moved up the Relong to a site on a spur jutting out from Gunong Bujang, a dominant mountain in the area. From it he was able to overlook the river and a settlement on the opposite bank, but overnight all the women and children of the group disappeared. He waited and was relieved to see, after two days, that they had returned. He thought he might now cross to pay them a visit, but the moment he and his men stepped into the river the alarm was given, and the women again took to the jungle with their babies and back-baskets.

Pat was received by a very sullen headman, who at length invited him into the longhouse. There Pat found one old woman too feeble to move, and he gave her some tobacco. Greetings were exchanged, which by custom are protracted and elaborately diffident. Pat then took his leave, and the party returned to camp. The next day, however, he noticed the women coming back. He sent more gifts of tobacco by Muda, and eventually there came an invitation from the group.

Pat found them in the longhouse, eight families numbering just over fifty men, women, and children. He spent another week at his camp, crossing every day to make anthropometric measurements and notes, but nothing of any great consequence, and he wrote, when he returned to Taiping, that he had not been able to find the magic password to unlock their hearts.

Pat's report to Evans was subdued, and Evans made him sit down and listen to some heavy advice from an old-timer. I doubt if Pat listened. For the first time in his twenty-three years people hadn't fallen for his charm.

2

The Rening River

I am grateful to my mother for preserving a bundle of Pat's letters, which in his early days in Malaya were long and frequent. Without them I would have been hard put to it to furnish details of his progress toward the true discovery of the Temiar, for no record was ever kept. From them I learned that Pat began his second trip into the jungle on July 7, 1931. He went down the river trail from the Cameron Highlands road to the Telom, and down that river to a Semai settlement at its confluence with the Cherkok. He camped just opposite on a lip of sand, a charming spot, with the Telom about two hundred and fifty feet wide and flowing over a shallow bed of sand and gravel.

Pat had hoped that some favourable word of him would have reached this place from the friends he thought he had made on the Relong. To his surprise, the moment he attempted to cross the river on a bamboo raft, he saw the women and children taking to the jungle. The men, all looking very sullen, met him as he came ashore. He tried to be cheerful and friendly, but in the end gave them some tobacco and returned to camp.

He waited, hoping the headman would invite him back to the longhouse, but a whole week passed without an invitation, which must have taken my naturally impatient brother to the limit of his endurance. Then something happened, one of those sudden, fortuitous situation-saving events that seem to charm the lives of specially favoured people like Pat. A young Malay in his camp, named Puteh, came across a small hut in the jungle about half a mile from the settlement. Going in, he

was startled to find what he thought at first was a dead body and was about to run out when a slight movement stopped him. It was a young girl, her body covered with sores, and so emaciated that her ribs and the bones of her limbs stuck out. In a faint voice she asked for water.

Puteh brought her some, then went running to the longhouse to find out who she was and why she had been left in the hut without food or water. He was told by the headman that she was dying and that it was taboo for any member of the tribe to go near her until she was dead.

When Pat heard about it, he went immediately to the girl, examined her and sent a letter by runner to the medical officer in Tapah, describing her condition and asking for medicine. He then had her brought to his camp, where he and Puteh nursed her. When the runner returned with the medicine, they began treating her for what was diagnosed as tertiary yaws. The girl got better; indeed, she improved so rapidly, with her skin clearing and her body filling out, that he was able to get the taboo lifted and she was taken back to the longhouse. As luck would have it, she happened to be a daughter of the headman, Batu, who could not do enough to show his gratitude. Soon he was escorting Pat to other settlements in the area, introducing him to groups and spreading word of his power as a healer. Thus Pat was accepted wherever he went. He worked in a state of elation, making extensive notes on beliefs and ritual connected with birth, marriage, and death and recording myths in the actual phrases of the aborigines, which he transcribed phonetically. He made charts of genealogy and family relationships, besides collecting data for a scheme devised by the Dutch psychologist Van Loon for using character traits and responses of individuals in a group to arrive at a composite picture of their racial psychology. As it happened it was the first indication in his letters that he was probing deep. Did the Semai, who were related to the Temiar, give Pat a clue to the remarkable psychology of the latter? I have often wondered, for so much concerning his disappearance hinged on this factor.

Puteh had been rewarded: "I have had to dismiss my cook-boy Mat, but the vacancy has been filled admirably by Puteh bin Awang, who is a *kampong* (village) Malay and only 15. The *kampong* Malay, unspoiled by the town, has all the instincts of a gentleman, and an amazing delicacy of manner. Add to this a presentable appearance, real charm, and the best Malay infatuation for cleanliness, and you will realise why I am content. His elder brother, in the Forestry Department, has one of the most magnificent figures of any Malay I have seen, and Puteh shows every sign of developing as powerfully. *Puteh* means white and indeed his complexion is honey-coloured, and, like most northern Malays, nearly white under the arms."

Another Malay on Pat's early trips was a hunter named Pandak Ishmael who was "rather medieval in that he wears lustrous tapestries woven out of skins and feathers, the trophies of his berserking." Pandak's function was to keep the party supplied with venison, though at the time Pat was keen to cut down on his meat intake. "Life becomes much simpler on the sexual and emotional side if one avoids too much meat in the jungle," he wrote. "I relish a large plate of hill rice, and now maize is ripening so I can add that to my diet. There are two or three native vegetables which are delightful. Tapioca, which tastes like potato, is excellent, and there is also the pith of the sago palm that can be made into a substitute for suet pudding with Lyle's Golden Syrup. Thus I am practically living on the jungle and eating the food of my savages."

He had brought a bottle of whiskey with him but so far had not opened it, for he had not, he assured his parents, developed the prevailing habit of drinking *stengahs*, a small whiskey in a full tumbler of soda. However, he had begun to smoke a pipe. In the evenings, when the crescent moon showed up over the Telom, he would light his pipe and they would talk the talk of the campfire. He had taken to the pipe not without some deliberation, and he would use it "for *impressement* during a chat. But when I put it back in my mouth the dashed thing has gone out."

Toward the end of his third month in the jungle, Pat passed through a phase in which he tended to become depressed in the afternoons. He lost weight, and, when at last he set out to return, the march back proved too much for him. The day after he reached Tanah Rata he ran a temperature of 105 degrees F., with severe pains in the limbs and lower backbone. It was dengue or "break-bone fever," and he was laid up in Batu Gagah Hospital for three weeks.

In December, my mother and Sheelah arrived at Penang to winter in Malaya. My father had not been able to accompany them, but they had been charged to report back to him regularly and at great length in case Pat omitted to mention any significant facts in his letters. They did, and he would have heard that it was a happy time for everybody, particularly Sheelah, who met her future husband during the vacation.

In March 1932, my mother and Sheelah returned to the south of France, and Pat again went down the Bertam River, this time accompanied by a young planter on leave, named Bellamy-Brown. The trip began as a chapter of accidents, from their first night in the jungle, when the river suddenly rose and their camp was flooded out. For more than a week they marched and camped in almost continuous rain, and it was pouring rain when they reached the Telom and crossed it, jumping from rock to rock above a foaming spate. They camped for three days, during which it did not stop raining, and when they could stand it no longer they moved on to Batu's settlement at Kuala Cherkok.

By now Putch was expert at producing a meal under adverse circumstances, but just as he was dishing it up bees swarmed around their tents, and they hastily put out into midstream on a raft, leaving behind all they possessed. However, Batu was waiting on the opposite bank to offer them shelter in his longhouse. It was three days before the bees left the camp and it was safe to return.

They continued down the Telom to a tributary, the Misong, and camped at its confluence. Pat was interested in

a settlement about a mile up the Misong. This was approached by a track leading past a salt lick, and here, as they were returning one evening, they had an experience that suggests they must have all been pretty weak on jungle craft. A little past the salt lick they found an uprooted tree lying across their path, which had not been there before. Thinking they had taken the wrong turning, they went off in search of the right way. The jungle around the salt lick, which was no more than a muddy, saline wallow, was thinner than elsewhere, with countless animal tracks, those of elephant and rhinoceros literally making avenues through the scrub. These confused them, but wisely, each time they found they were on the wrong trail, they retraced their steps to the point where they were certain. To add to their difficulties, it then got dark. They had torches, but the light from these had the effect of distorting the pattern of the jungle. Eventually they came up against the side of a hill, suddenly stepping into a muddy pool still bubbling after the elephants had wallowed in it. Then they heard them no more than a few yards away. They put out their torches and waited, scarcely daring to breathe. At last the herd moved off, and they tumbled at last to what had caused their predicament. The elephants had pushed over the tree that had made them go astray in the first place.

What they now had to do was find it, which in the end they did, and continued along the same tack. But then, when they at last got back to camp, it was only to learn from Putch that the elephants had been trumpeting on the ridge above the site.

They ate an apprehensive evening meal and turned in with their shotguns ready to hand and loaded with ball. They had scarcely lain down when a tree crashed quite near. Then another crashed. Then another. It is not unusual to hear falling timber in primary jungle, but not so frequently. So, when a few minutes later there were two further crashes in rapid succession, they quickly moved to where their two rafts were moored. In an emergency they could board the rafts and push off. It did not arise, however, and just as

well, for the Telom was swollen with rain and moving very swiftly. It would have been no easy matter negotiating the rapids that began just below their position.

After that night their luck changed. Batu had thought of a way to get them up into the Temiar country and took them up the Telom to a border Semai group. Batu said that the headman, Kerani Hondai, had influence with the Temiar chiefs.

Hondai was a small, dark man with protruding teeth and "peppercorn" hair clinging tightly to his scalp, the product undoubtedly of the group's intermixture with Negrito and possibly even older and more primitive strains. His expression was almost a personification of cunning, which probably accounted for his reputation for being wise and the title, given him by the aborigines in the area, of "Kerani," a Malay word meaning "clerk." I got to know him well. He proved an unreliable humbug and worse besides, if the truth be known. It was Hondai who would be mainly responsible for the sinister taboo that was put on the mention of Pat's name after he disappeared.

When Pat's party arrived, Kerani Hondai made the most of the situation. He insisted that they wait three days while he considered the matter. He would strike postures suggesting deep thought, while the rest of the group and the visitors sat in silence and nobody was allowed to smoke. Finally, he got up and announced in a hollow voice that he had been directed in a dream to send word to the Temiar to come down to meet the visitors.

I have often thought about this moment when my brother waited in a state of increasing excitement. At last he was going to meet the Temiar, who to all intents and purposes were an anthropological enigma. Had he any idea of what lay ahead for him? I am sure he knew he was on the verge of a discovery. Everything pointed to the main range being inhabited by an unknown tribe. It would be a nice feather in his cap as an anthropologist and a good start to his career in the Museums Service. But it is unlikely that he had any inkling then of its importance.

I know the settlement at Kuala Rening; I know it well, for so much was to happen there. The Rening comes rushing down from the north through steep, dark gorges to emerge into the bright sunlight of its *kuala* with the wide and slower moving Telom where the jungle is pushed back like a green backcloth daubed with vividly coloured flowering creepers, the forest behind raucous with the echoing shrieks of birds. At this *kuala* the Telom is already a heaving breast of water, full of river sounds and smells, the air above it alive with insects, with swiftlets darting about in an orgy of flight, and the occasional hornbill helicopting awkwardly across. The sun is blistering. This is the picture I always see, though I have known the river at all hours and in all its moods, having searched its banks in my hunt for Pat or for any clue to his fate. For me the Telom is haunted.

The opinion current when Pat began his anthropological field work was that, of the two branches of the Senoi, the Semai were probably the purer stock. Schebesta had described the Temiar as a mixed tribe. But, as Pat pointed out, Schebesta's route through the Temiar territory had taken him largely through an area of Negrito admixture and, moreover, he had measured only 30 of these Temiar. Pat felt that it was a mistake to assume that Negrito elements persisted throughout the Temiar breed. Many of the hill Semai were refined specimens, and it was likely that progressively, through natural selection, the higher level Temiar of the more inaccessible interior would be finer still.

He was not disappointed by his first impression of the Temiar as they stepped out of the gloom of the jungle into the sunlit clearing, a line of braves led by a man in his thirties wearing a leafy headdress and carrying a long blowpipe lightly against his shoulder. He was Along, chief of the group at the headwaters of the Rening, with Andor, his son-in-law, and some of their kinsmen. There was a palaver and Along agreed to take Pat and his companions to his settlement.

The ascent up the Rening was not without its thrills.

Twice they surprised a herd of elephants crossing the river, and that night a *seladang* (Asiatic bison) rushed past their camp snorting and grunting. The following morning, as Pat was going to the river to bathe, he saw a tiger on the opposite bank lowering its head to drink. It bounded away but returned, and Pat, thinking it was going to cross on the stones, ran back to camp and fetched his gun. Seeing him approach, it sheered off.

They were now ascending to the source of the Rening. Four years later I climbed the same path. I had been sent out to Malaya during my school holidays, and Pat sent me on a trip into the jungle with a friend of his named Gerald Thunder. Along's longhouse was high on a spur no more than a few hundred feet below the Pahang-Kelantan divide, which, as I have explained, is the watershed, the border between the two states. I first saw the house in the fading evening light, a flimsy ark on stilts with fires twinkling through its bamboo walls and the smoke seeping like mist from its thatched roof, which overhung it untrimmed all around. It was about eighty feet in length.

I remember climbing to the entrance of the building by a sort of bamboo ladder and stepping to a floor that was so springy it was like treading on a gigantic trampoline. All around along the walls were family cubicles on a platform two feet above the springy floor, partitioned from each other with matting that was just high enough to screen off the families when they were sitting down. There were thirteen of these family compartments, each with its hearth and fire at the entrance: the hearth being of beaten earth about four feet square and held together by a framework of split bamboo; the fire fed by logs arranged around it like the spokes of a wheel. The floor of each cubicle was of bamboos splayed open by slitting the pith along the inside, leaving the hard outer skin of the bamboo intact so that the sections could then be opened to provide a piece of smooth, flat floor covering. At intervals along the walls were compartments used for storing grain and other foodstuffs, while on the rafters above were stored each family's possessions—

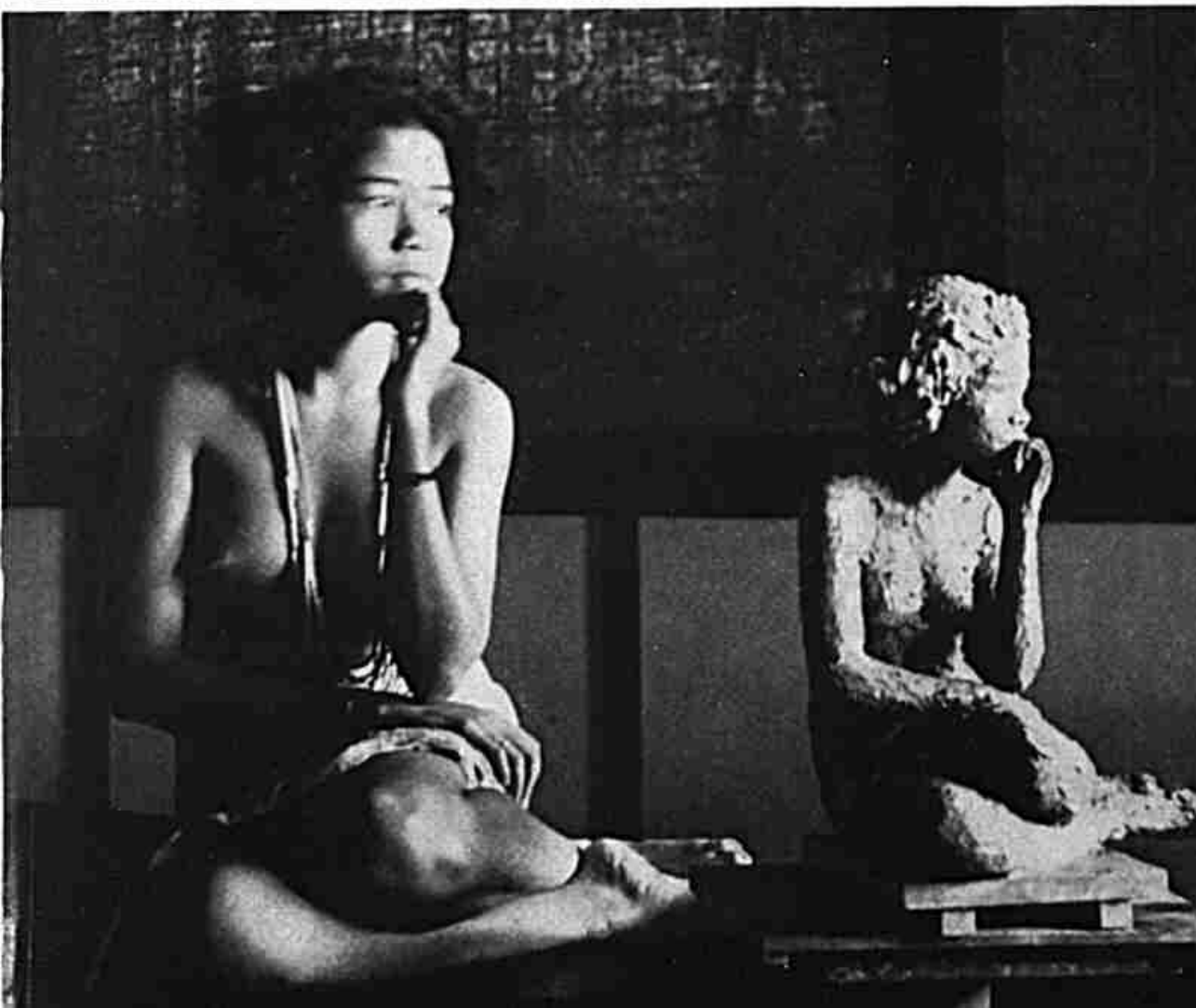
blowpipes, dart quivers, weapons, tools, baskets, and other objects.

The families were at their evening meal—their laughter and chatter suddenly dried up as we entered. I have a vivid picture in my mind of a frieze of peering faces highlighted by flickering hearth fires and dramatized by wood smoke. Indeed, at that moment a gust of wind blew acrid clouds of it back down from the thatch, and my eyes began smarting. A woman with a baby at her pap smiled as we passed. Below the house dogs began fighting—children were dropping food scraps to them through gaps in the floor. We were being taken to a dais at one end of the house, the same dais on which, I was told, Pat had spent many nights. We were honoured guests, for by now Pat's fame had spread through the Temiar jungles and I was his brother.

The next day we were taken out into the hot glare of the group's *ladang*, as the jungle clearing is called. We saw their crops growing amid a confusion of felled trees charred by the fire that had burned away the leaves and undergrowth, leaving a cover of ash that streaked our clothing and shoes. We saw water taken from the stream by a simple but effective aquaduct consisting of bamboos split in half with the nodes cut out and laid one into the other on a series of supports. We marvelled at the multitude of uses to which bamboo was put in fashioning household utensils of all kinds—tools, baskets, rafts, musical instruments, ornaments, fish traps, weapons. We tasted food pressure-cooked by putting it into a thick section of bamboo with a little water, stopping up the open end and placing it on a fire and rotating it from time to time till the bamboo began to char. We were taken hunting and followed Along and his son, who slipped like wraiths through the jungle. Suddenly Along stopped—a small berry had dropped. Slowly he lifted his blowpipe to his mouth, raising the long, light barrel till it was pointing upward with both hands cupped around his lips. There was a quick contraction of his chest, and a dart shot out faster than the eye could see. A pause. Then came the sound of something falling, and the furry body of a

Pat shortly after his arrival in Malaya in 1931

Anjang, Pat's Temiar wife, posing for a model by Mrs Tina Wentscher



Three Hill Stock Temiar with blowpipes

Hill Stock Temiar girl
(*Photographs from Pat's monograph*)

monkey landed with a soft thud a few feet away. That night we were given some of it for supper. It tasted something like duck but with a tangy flavour all its own.

The Temiar diet is mainly vegetarian. It is based on cassava root, their staple, and three other crops, rice, maize, and millet. These are supplemented, but only to a limited extent, by fish and game. In addition the Temiar cultivate small vegetable plots in which they grow pumpkins, marrows, spring onions, sweet potatoes, peppers, bananas, paw-paw, sugarcane, *sumba* for dyeing and decoration, the flax plant from which twine for fishing nets is obtained, tobacco, and some medicinal plants. The surrounding jungle supplies the Temiar with wild vegetables such as mushrooms, tender bamboo shoots, the pith of certain palms, certain edible leaves and roots, and a large variety of fruits; with medicines; with building materials such as wood, bamboo, rattan, and palm leaves; with poison from the ipoh tree for tipping blowpipe darts; with bark fibers, leaves and grasses for clothing and personal adornment; with rushes and other plants for plaiting mats and baskets; with tuba fruit for stupefying fish—quantities of the fruit are pounded on rocks so that the milky juice runs into a stream; the fish, on becoming drugged, float to the surface and are collected. This method is used in fish drives in which several groups take part. Individually, the Temiar fish with a line, the casting net, or the three-pronged spear. Traps are also made for fish, especially for use during the rains.

Pat's hunch had been right about the breed of the high-level Temiar. Let me quote from his report on the tribe: "As one proceeds further up the rivers on the eastern and western slopes of the Main Range, the breed begins to change. This is not merely gradual diminution of Negrito admixture, but a gradual replacement of the basic Older Strata* types by other far less primitive types. To this extent it is permissible to speak of the Hill Stock in contrast to the Older Strata. The Older Strata may predominate for some way up the bigger river valleys, but once their tributaries, which flow more

* See page 60.

precipitously down from the higher ranges, are followed up we are in the presence of the Hill Stock who inhabit chiefly the sources of the rivers. The stature has increased considerably: some individuals reaching five feet eight or more, and the average lying around five feet three. The build is slim and 'Mediterranean,' giving the appearance of tallness. The skin is a light fawn or pale cinnamon in colour, many individuals, particularly the women, being lighter than the Peninsula Malays. The face is lozenge-shaped with well-marked zygomatic arches and corresponding narrowing over the frontal region. The hair on the head hangs down in loose waves but is usually cut short, often leaving a tuft in front of the forehead. The body hair is scanty except for the pubic region and an occasional pencil of hairs over the lip, and straggling from the chin. The nasal bridge is medium with no marked depression at the root; there is often a convexity about it. The eyes are a deep brown and the lips only of medium thickness. The head is longish in proportion to the breadth. . . . This Hill Stock is frequently refined in appearance, the women having well-proportioned figures and the men being fine specimens of manhood, capable of great muscular development. Skin diseases are on the whole rare and the people may be observed to bathe frequently."

Pat developed a great affection for Along's group. They were the first true upper level Temiar he met and it was from them that he got the first hint of the phenomenal psyche of the tribe. His letter describing the settlement begins with a cautious and formal record of what he had observed. He says he has made a plan of the house and recorded the genealogies of the families. There are notes on their customs, music, and dancing. Then comes the fact that alcohol was unknown to them, yet they had found a means of attaining a trance state that not only provided a release of tension but played a profound part in the social and spiritual life of the group. He goes on to observe that, although these primitives practiced a form of agriculture that was probably the earliest in human history, they nevertheless possessed an emotional maturity that was quite phenomenal.

"As you see, there are many interesting avenues of research for me to follow, particularly those concerning their psychological and sociological development," he wrote. "I have come across evidence which suggests that I am on the verge of a discovery. I have a feeling, dear parents, that I am about to make anthropological history."

The excitement this letter produced at home can easily be imagined—then and later, when so much of what Pat had surmised turned out to be true. The thrill of it still excites my memory with an indescribable nostalgia, for those were years of unclouded optimism. Courage and intuition would take Pat further and further into his study of the Temiar. He would find not only evidence of phenomenal emotional maturity, it would be such that it made these primitives in their jungle backwater appear the most perfectly adjusted people on earth. And, in addition to that, he would uncover the strange secret by which this remarkable state was achieved—through the manipulation of dreams. It was this factor alone that made it seem psychologically impossible for any harm to have come to him from the Temiar, and their taboo on his name therefore all the more baffling.

Bellamy-Brown, Pat's companion on the trip, had a job to return to by the end of April, and Pat decided to accompany him out of the jungle for a short break. Instead of returning via the Bertam, they went up the Telom to the Cameron Highlands road. No white man had previously seen these reaches of the Telom. They passed through miles of a flat, open valley with the Telom flowing softly like an English river and no boulders or rapids (as elsewhere there are) to disturb the peace. Pat gazed in wonder at brilliantly plumaged birds, the like of which he had never seen in any book or museum. They climbed up granite gorges where the Telom descended in a series of giant steps in one waterfall after another, each eighty to ninety feet in height with crystal pools hollowed out of the rock beneath. There was a stupendous and violent beauty about these falls. At one of them the whole river crashed over in a single pouring, so that the spray rose back up to the crest; and as they came up

from below they could feel a rush of cool air being blown through the jungle a good hundred yards from the falls, while all around the drenched trees were weeping from the tips of their leaves and from ferns festooned from their branches. Later, the journey was reported in *The Straits Times,* an English-language newspaper.

After a few days in the Cameron Highlands, Pat returned to Along's settlement, where the group built him a stout bamboo cabin to protect him at night from a man-eating tiger that had become a menace. He continued with his study of the Temiar, emerging again about the middle of June to find that Evans had applied for retirement. Soon the family heard that Evans's application had been accepted and that Pat would succeed him as curator of the Perak Museum.

Pat's promotion could not have been more opportune, for he was able to apply his newly acquired authority to a campaign for recognition of the aborigines' inherent right to the jungles they inhabited. He submitted a stream of reports to the government on the distress caused the jungle folk by the clearing and development of the Cameron Highlands where tea and market gardens were encroaching on their hereditary tribal territory. Pat's reports called for a high-level policy decision. This might have taken months, only he met the district officer, the senior administrator of the region, at a luncheon party in Tanah Rata and he was able to plead the aborigines' cause in person.

The district officer was sympathetic. "What do you think should be done?" he asked.

"All that these jungle folk want is security," Pat said. "Couldn't some territory be designated a reserve into which Europeans in the hill station should not spread?"

"It seems reasonable."

Pat spread his map before them, and the district officer suggested an area north of the Telom River between two of its tributaries, the Wi and the Misong, to the Kelantan border. Pat promptly agreed.

"We would need to appoint a chief," the district officer said. "Have you anyone in mind?"

"Yes," said Pat. "There's Along, the headman of the upper Rening. He's a good type, with the authority and personality for the job."

The district officer made a note of the name. "I'll have an appropriate letter of appointment drawn up and signed by the resident," he said.

The letter of appointment was a well-tried instrument of colonial administration. Over the decades the British had perfected the art of delegating just the right amount of authority to suit a particular situation, and now for the first time it would enter the unexplored interior, or deep jungle as it is known in Malaya. Pat considered it a good morning's work and it was that for not the only aborigines. Fate would use that letter of appointment as a means of saving his life.

On his next trip he went up over the divide into Kelantan and camped in a remote spot on the Brok, the name by which the Nenggiri River is known at its source. One night torrential rain caused the river to rise while the camp slept—Pat was roused by the sound of water rushing against his tent. He shone his flashlight to see a number of his possessions floating beside his camp bed and gave the alarm. They just managed to save the tents, food, and baggage but their medicine box was swept away in the spate.

By the time the average jungle dweller reaches adulthood he has built up a natural immunity to malaria. For anyone without that immunity the limit of survival in the jungle is about six weeks unless he takes a prophylatic, in these days quinine. Pat knew this, but was feeling very fit, and foolishly he decided to stay on in the jungle without it. All went well until he suddenly went down with an acute attack of malaria, and with nothing to control the fever he was racked by very high temperatures every other day. He would fling the bedclothes off his burning body and rave in delirium. Then the temperature would plunge downward and he would shiver, with teeth rattling uncontrollably, while his terrified staff heaped blankets and raincoats over him.

After a few days of this his aborigine guides and porters, thinking he was going to die, deserted for fear of being

haunted by his ghost. This left the party with no means of getting out of the maze of jungle-clad mountains and valleys in which they found themselves. To make the situation hopeless, the Malays also became sick. Then in this extremity, when all seemed lost, who should miraculously appear in answer to their prayers but Along. A few days before, he had received his letter from the British resident of Pahang, the senior officer of the state government, appointing him tribal chief of the newly gazetted Temiar Reserve with the title of Dato (Chief), and he had come looking for Pat to thank him for his recommendation. Nothing could have been more opportune.

Before long, Along had summoned the young men of his group, and Pat and his Malays were being carried along a little-used trail to the Cameron Highlands. On the Pahang border, at an altitude of five thousand feet, Pat got a chill on his stomach from drinking cold water and was tortured by cramps. He had not eaten solid food for a week, and the pains, in his exhausted condition, were nearly enough to drive him out of his mind.

When they were two days' journey from Tanah Rata, he wrote a note to Hannyington, the assistant district officer at that station, asking for quinine. Andor, the Dato's son-in-law, was sent on ahead with it, and Pat's thoughts turned to home.

"Curiously enough," he wrote, "the only thing that worried me as I lay near a warming fire, trying to ease my pain, was the grief and trouble I would cause the family if anything happened; then my work—unfinished, the goal not yet reached; and lastly the untidiness of passing away like that. I thought of those lines of Kipling:

> If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew,
> To serve your turn long after they are gone,
> And so hold on, when there is nothing in you
> Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

"Bless Kipling. He knew the wilderness that surrounds a man away from his people when the grim tests of life arrive,

and his words helped me, not only to support my own determination to survive, but to contend with the fatalism of my Malays. True Moslems, they lay inert under *kismet,* bemoaning the accumulation of ill-luck which had dogged us this month of November.

"Next morning I woke feeling less pain. The journey to Lubok Nanga took all day, and by evening the pain had gone completely. Lubok Nanga (The Dragon's Lair) is a great open space with tapering trees and shrubs growing on sandy soil, where the Telom in a big flood has deviated and left a lake. In this delectable flat spot we camped, and the next day Andor returned with the medicines and letters. I slept that night, the first for close on a fortnight, the sleep of the gods. I awoke very early, my whole body invigorated by the cool, fresh air of dawn. I walked out into the gathering light; to the east a soft pink glow heralded the rising sun. I saw my Sakai huddled round the flames of their fires in their leaf shelters. I heard them say, *'Tohat na med: saka Senoi selamat!'* (Our master is well: the Senoi land is safe!). I wanted to pray, and I poured out thanksgiving: a solitary confession of my own humility and joy at finding that my spirit was not to be easily broken."

Pat had taken his portable clockwork record player on the trip. Now he turned for solace to the Interlude from Noel Coward's musical, *Cavalcade.* "The music of Elgar seemed to suit the jungle just then, and Coward's own spoken dedication at the end of the record struck a strangely apt note. Speaking of England he says: 'Let us drink to her sons, who made part of the pattern, and to the heart that died with them. Let us drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage which made strange heaven out of unbelievable hell.' With me it was perhaps not so much a case of 'gallantry and courage,' but I had surely passed through 'unbelievable hell.'

"Andor had brought back some letters from Mummy, Sheelah and Doreen, wishing me many happy returns of my birthday. Here was a happy return indeed. A return from the darkness of the pit to a bravery of earth. I was overcome

as I read of the light-hearted hopes that I was well. How splendid to be able to read them."

Years later, when I talked to Puteh about this trip, he recalled a conversation that suggests that Pat was already very much involved with the Temiar. Pat and Puteh were resting in Tanah Rata between jungle trips. Pat was smoking his pipe, a frown on his face.

"Puteh," he said, "they are hiding their secrets from me, these Temiar. How can I reach into their hearts, Puteh?"

"*Tuan,* be patient," Puteh said, addressing Pat by the title meaning "lord" or "master" formerly given to Europeans in Malaya. "Their secrets will come when they get to know you better."

"They like me and look up to me, that I know. Yet they hold back." Pat was silent for a few moments while his servant waited. "Puteh."

"*Tuan?*"

"If I became a Temiar by marriage, then there would be no barriers."

"*Tuan?*"

"I am a stranger, an outsider to them—how could I be anything else? But there is a way into their inner councils."

"*Tuan,* it is for a man to find a wife among his own people. There are many beautiful European girls," said Puteh.

"Puteh, my work would not make me a suitable husband for a European girl."

Puteh shook his head. Even a purely academic discussion along those lines was not to his taste.

3
The Temiar

When you have a mystery on your hands, a mystery that is painful as well as baffling, you leave nothing to chance. You look everywhere for any fact or link that might throw light on it, and in doing so you tend to become more and more engrossed. In this way my search for the truth about Pat became almost an obsession, and there was nothing that gave me greater satisfaction than piecing together the jigsaw from the detail in his letters, his minutes in departmental archives, his published monograph, and other data collected over the years from various places and all sorts of people. Of all these sources, none are more revealing of his character development in the early period than his letters, and it is fascinating to see how rapidly he matured.

In October 1932 he began an intensive study of the Temiar, and it was accompanied by a sudden change in outlook. There was no more melodramatic introspection, which one cannot help feeling was sometimes laid on with half an eye to the next "touch" from H.V. Pat is quietly determined now. His terms of reference are clear, his methods systematic, his goal is ahead.

He began by studying the tribe's breed and culture, and to do this in sufficient depth he went to live for three months with a group in Perak at the source of the Plus. His hosts built him a charming bamboo hut overlooking the river as it fell away through a necklace of boulders into a beautiful jungle valley. The evenings were a delight. After the day's work, Pat would bathe in a little pool dammed by a felled tree, on the upturned roots of which he would hang his

towel. He would take the plunge and splash about for a while in the cold, clear water, climb out onto the flat top of a boulder and towel down his tingling flesh. He would inhale the pure mountain air, and his spirits would rise in a surge of well-being. After squinting mentally all day in an attempt to read the interior lives of these people, he could relax. He would don a light shirt and sarong, his garb during leisure hours and in bed. He would step into toe sandals and stroll up a path to his leafy villa, with its single room with a window and a verandah furnished with his camp furniture and baggage.

Putch would have been watching, and a *stengah* would appear on the table like magic, the tumbler topped up with soda from his Sparklets siphon. Pat had come to accept the need for a couple of whiskeys at sundown as an antidote to depression and a prophylactic against tropical ills, though he hastened to assure his parents that he was aware of the necessity to control the habit.

After he completed his study of the Plus group, Pat spent a further three months with a group in the upper Brok, on the Kelantan side of the divide, in order to get a balanced picture of the tribe. Much of the work he did is purely scientific and does not concern us here. However, since an acquaintance with the organization and culture of the Temiar is necessary to follow parts of this story, and indeed to understand some of the extraordinary things that happened, I will summarize Pat's results, to which little of any significance has been added in these past forty years.

To get down to the first important fundamental, the unit of Temiar society is what Pat termed an extended family. This is an intimate association of a number of individual families linked to one another by blood relationship who live in a communal longhouse and work a *ladang*. This is a word I need to use and, I repeat, it means a jungle clearing for dry cultivation. An extended family is usually composed of a man and some of his younger brothers and sisters together with their spouses and families, though

in the process of descent several generations may still be living and uncles and aunts and other relatives of these in-laws will have raised families also.

Each family consists of a man and his wife or wives with their unmarried children. The families occupy their own living compartments and cook their own food separately. Thus the extended household approximates to a small village with the central floor as the street and the compartments around it as houses.

Family ties go beyond the settlement, for an extended family is part of a still wider grouping composed of a number of such households. This grouping Pat called a kindred. The kindred owns a hereditary area of common land known as the *saka,* on which the groups clear *ladangs* and their members hunt. To the individual Temiar, the yield of his *saka*—the fruits and other produce of its jungle, the fish of its streams, its game and bird life—is part of his heritage. Beyond his own *saka,* every Temiar has the right of passage or access, but if he wants to hunt, fish, or cut jungle produce he would normally obtain permission from one of the local headmen.

Perhaps the most admirable aspect of the Temiar way of life is the spirit with which it is imbued. They have a law: "Where a man has given his labour he has a share in the harvest." All the families that constitute an extended family share in the work of clearing, planting, fencing, and harvesting, and this gives every member the right to partake of what they reap. But each man receives, not in proportion to his skill and labour, but according to his family needs.

In some *sakas* the groups constituting a kindred will agree to plant their *ladangs* on a cooperative basis, one household planting rice, another maize, another millet, in addition to cassava, which they all plant. Here again the same principle applies, so that dividends accruing to a group are worked out on the number of mouths to be fed, not on how many able-bodied men the group provided to do the work.

Individual ownership is not entirely absent from the

scheme. A man makes or barters for his own blowpipe and quiver, his loincloth, headdress, beads, and other decorations. He can earn money outside the jungle through selling rattan and other jungle produce. If he finds a fruit tree off the beaten track, it is his provided he marks it. If he goes fishing or hunting, what he kills is his. Yet so much is the custom of sharing taken for granted that the habit of keeping food to himself was quoted to Pat as the chief symptom of a certain youth's insanity.

This attitude certainly had a bearing on the tribe's subversion by the Communists, but what really made that grotesque situation possible was the social basis of the Temiar system of ethics. Society is very much a family affair with the Temiar. Everybody is addressed or referred to by his or her appropriate kinship term, and although there is semantic recognition of real parents and actual blood brethren, terms such as *father, mother, brother,* and *sister* are used for whole groups of relatives between whom certain reciprocal obligations exist. These obligations and the privileges they imply are regulated by the fact that bonds unite not merely individuals but groups of relatives who are social equivalents, and a man stands to lose in privilege where he fails in duty.

Behind this is the concept that man has to contend with many hostile things in nature and he would be mad to think he could manage without the help and goodwill of others. "Cooperate with your fellows," is the Temiar maxim. "If you must oppose their wishes, oppose them with goodwill."

Pat noted that a society based on such a code depended on the right social behaviour, without which it would break down. He found a remarkably high standard of social morality. Crime and legal procedure were confined almost entirely to marital disputes.

Marriage among the Temiar is a simple affair provided it does not infringe on their strict laws of incest. When a lad reaches adolescence, he leaves home and starts visiting the surrounding groups in search of a bride. When he sees a girl

he fancies he stays with her people, striving to impress them with his diligence in the *ladang* and his skill as a hunter. Courtship involves premarital intercourse, although the youth must avoid actual penetration for at least one month after he has begun sleeping with the girl; if she has not reached puberty, he is not permitted actual penetration until after she has started menstruating. As it often happens, he may be one of several lovers. However, if the girl favours him he becomes her habitual companion, sharing her sleeping mat at night. Although there is modesty in jungle dwellings, absolute privacy is impossible, and when the girl's parents observe that union between her and the favoured young man is being regularly consummated they will usually arrange that it should persist.

Bargaining between the groups represented by the lovers may become involved over the question of the bride price, but eventually agreement is reached—perhaps a *parang*, a few sarongs, a quantity of beads. In the jungle there is no marriage ceremony. The couple merely take over a vacant cubicle allotted to them and sleep alone together for the first time. In some instances, if the families can afford it, there may be a feast. Customs vary. In the upper Rening, for instance, the couple will get up after they have eaten and walk together to their cubicle, followed by the good wishes of everybody. The couple walk slowly and with great care, for it is unlucky to stumble.

The young couple reside for the period of a *ladang*'s cultivation in the wife's household. They may then try living with the husband's people, and so on until eventually they settle down in one *ladang* or the other; the extended families are always changing as far as the younger marrieds are concerned.

The Temiar are no less faithful than most to the marriage pact. Unions are contracted soon after puberty and are cemented by the breeding of children, who form a tie that is rarely severed. Either husband or wife may find temporary bedmates, but these do not affect the union. A younger brother will often sleep with his older brother's wife in the

husband's absence; while on the other hand it is permissible for a man, if he is away from home, to spend the night with any female relative of his wife. Such accommodations usually become known to the husband or wife, but it is bad form to show jealousy.

Custom allows two wives, although one is more general—a man must be very diligent to satisfy the parents of a girl whom he wishes to make his second wife. Attempts to marry more than two wives are very rare and are regarded with the utmost disfavour. In some areas polyandry occurs.

When adultery is committed outside the family, the guilty parties are warned. Should misconduct continue it may lead to divorce, which consists of no more than a husband's telling his wife to leave his hearth and never return. If the husband is in the wrong, the wife may tell him to leave or leave herself. That is the accepted pattern. When it varies there is trouble, and one such case came up when Pat was in the Menlik River area in Perak.

The cause of all the trouble was a fickle young woman who was torn between two lovers, one named Long and the other Alo. She finally chose Long, but after he had paid the bride price she suddenly changed her mind and ran away with Alo. Long's answer was to brew a deadly concentrate of poison from the roots of the ipoh tree. He lay in wait and blowpiped Alo, who fell dead in his tracks.

It is Temiar logic that, when an offense is committed by an individual, the entire group to which he belongs are responsible and any of its members may be punished for it. The victim of the retaliation by Alo's group was Long's younger brother. Long and his brethren then killed another from the other side. That was when the local elders stepped in to prevent further bloodshed.

All the headmen of the area gathered together to hear the case. It went on for two days, argued by spokesmen representing the two parties, while those directly involved kept silent and appeared quite unconcerned. There was never any doubt about the final decision. It was that the group that had lost two of its members should be allowed to even up

the score by claiming a victim from the other side. Then the bloodshed had to stop.

The debt was paid before Pat left the area. Long, the man who had lost his bride, went up to his dead rival's group to claim her back. It was virtually an act of suicide.

Such then was the picture Pat obtained of life among the Temiar of the interior, and, as he remarked, it was the nearest approach to Utopia that he had ever heard about. In the letter describing it he does a sort of double-take: "*But it is a Utopia.* Why, apart from a single blood-feud—and such, I am told, are extremely rare—I have found no friction, much less fighting, between groups, no abhorrent tribal practices such as head-hunting, cannibalism, ritual mutilation of the body or immolation of widows. There is not even corporal punishment. People are not incarcerated or restrained. Theft is unknown as are sexual offences and offences against children."

Pat found no absolutes in Temiar society, no rigid laws to make the system run smoothly. There were taboos, as one would expect among a primitive people, but even these could be broken by individuals if they believed that such a course was the right one. Provided a man did not harm or endanger others by his actions, he could do as he pleased, though Pat recorded that he did not hear of many such individuals. A Temiar was not even entirely responsible for his misdemeanours—if he committed a crime or offense against an individual of another group, all his relatives in his group were, as I have shown, collectively accountable.

As the individual had complete freedom of action in matters affecting nobody but himself, so the group had the sovereign right to live within its limits and seek out its own salvation. Authority within the group was the voice of the majority—the headman was no more than a sort of chairman of the group's council of elders. His office was hereditary—usually the eldest son succeeded to the title, though, if this was not possible, it was by no means rare for an able-bodied son-in-law to take over when his wife's father died or became too old. When in the course of time a group became too

large and split into two or more separate households, the eldest son of the middle generation generally became headman of the splinter group. The headman had the place of honour in the longhouse; his family usually occupied the dais at one end. He was treated with respect. But at morning councils, when group matters and projects were discussed, he had, like the other male adults, only one vote.

Occasionally people disagreed with group actions, and went their own way, but when this happened they were usually following the dictates of their dreams, to which the Temiar gave a mystical significance.

Pat found that Temiar children, like children the world over, were naughty, selfish, greedy, and aggressive. Yet they developed into unselfish, cooperative and self-reliant adults, who reacted instinctively according to their kindly code without any apparent effort at self-discipline or self-control. Within the extended family, quarrels between adult persons were rare. Odd individuals, who might otherwise have caused trouble by reason of their bad-tempered, selfish, and antisocial actions were regarded as backward, overgrown children and treated with tolerant good humour. To Pat's way of thinking this peace-loving people had created for themselves a true democracy. Pat was an idealist. No wonder he was enamoured of the Temiar.

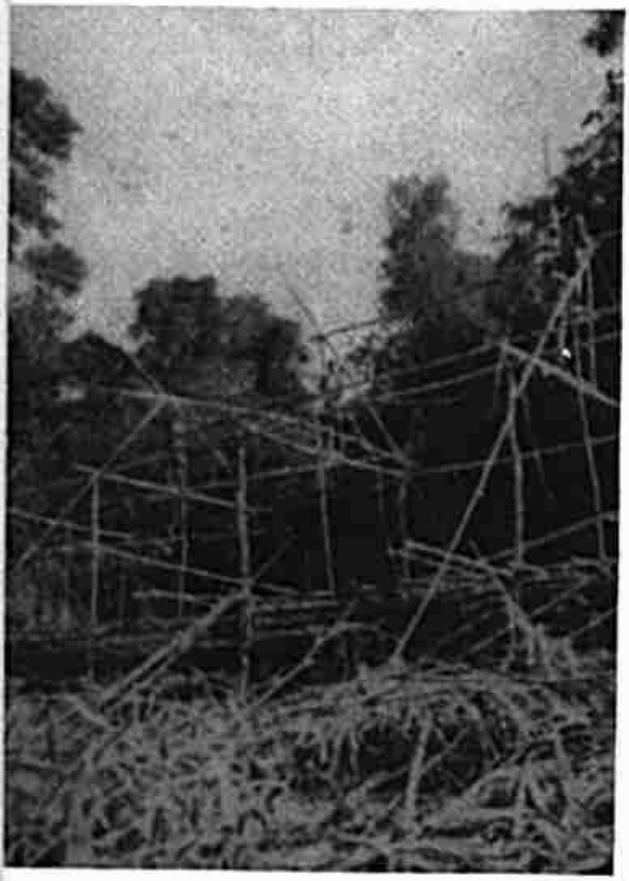
"Anthropologically speaking, such a tribal personality is unique and there is undoubtedly some scientific explanation for it," he wrote. "Personally I believe that the Temiar have hit upon some psychological trick in their educative process which enables the majority to reach this high degree of emotional adjustment as adults. I am not sure of my ground as yet, but I feel it has something to do with their dreams."

In piecing together this story I have tried where possible to establish the stages that led Pat to the key to the Temiar group psychology. There are pointers in several letters, but now for the first time, just before Christmas 1932, he suggests the possibility of an association with dreams. Pat never ignored his intuition. He had picked up a scent, and his

Above left. A research camp built for Pat in the Temiar jungle
Above right. Expedition on the march up the Sara River in Perak
Below left. Rafting on the Plus River in Perak
Below right. Shooting the rapids

(*Photographs from Pat's monograph*)






Above left. A large tapioca root
Above right. Temiar clearing a *ladang*
Below left. Temiar building a longhouse
Below right. Interior of the longhouse, nearing completion

(*Photographs from Pat's monograph*)

nose would lead him to a remarkable discovery that will be fully described in the next chapter.

Pat had more or less completed his sketch of Temiar society. Now he needed to plot the distribution of the population with the various physical and cultural variations. This involved a survey of the Temiar territory at the very heart of the interior. Up to that time only a handful of explorers had penetrated it. In 1888 an Italian named Bozzolo had gone some way up the Plus River and followed one of its tributaries, the Menlik, to near its source on the watershed. In 1905 a surveyor named Sheffield had taken a survey party to the headwaters of the Piah River and after great difficulty had succeeded in erecting a survey beacon on Gunong Grah (6,904 feet). Edwards, another surveyor, had reached Gunong Noring (6,194 feet), to be attacked by Temiar with bows and arrows on his way down the mountain. Hubert Berkley, a memorable district officer of Upper Perak, had reached the headwaters of the Temengor, and Clifford had reached the headwaters of the Plus. Father Schebesta had crossed the watershed from Upper Perak to reach into Kelantan. Otherwise this region of interior jungle nearly the size of Selangor state was unknown. The only maps were based on observations made by Sheffield and Edwards and readings taken from outlying ranges. These merely indicated the direction of an expanse of highlands with at least sixteen peaks of over 6,000 feet.

Within three years Pat had visited most of the settlements in the Temiar country, made himself known to the families, and carried out a census of every group. Where it was not possible for him to visit a particular longhouse, he either invited the headman to meet him or he obtained details of the group from their neighbours. This demographic survey was carried out at intervals between spells of museum duty, visits to Singapore, a visit to Celebes, and another to England. There were probably as many as fifteen separate journeys on which he followed up most of the rivers to their sources. He crossed the main range five times, in addition to

travelling forward and backward between the valleys by the ancient trade routes used by the Temiar in their search for blowpipe bamboos. On one of these trips Pat actually opened up a new pass over the Pahang-Kelantan divide through the valley of the Ledlad River, a sacred burial ground of *saka* chiefs of long ago believed by the Temiar to be haunted.

In his letters he was carried away by what he described as one of the edens of this world, and I can recall the irresistible lure of his picture of that region of valleys above four thousand feet, lushly beautiful and landscaped with spectacular waterfalls and in the background the mighty guardian peaks of the divide. The air was like wine, the forests abounded with game, the rivers teemed with fish, the *ladangs* were fertile. It was above the fever belt, so it was healthy, and the climate was perpetual English spring.

I too came to know the Temiar country well, and I endorse Pat's view. On the watershed itself you are in a strange, unbelievable world, for the sustained character of the heights along the divide give a special quality to the climate and therefore the flora. The higher peaks are almost always shrouded in mist, while the heights around Gunong Grah are so close together that the mist never clears from all parts of this mass simultaneously, though it appears to be perpetually seeping downward into the surrounding lower altitudes. Up here the trees are stunted and misshapen like weird specters draped with tangles of moss that hang in decorative festoons from tree to tree. Underfoot the moss makes a thick soft carpet through which run numerous rivulets of brownish water with here and there pitcher plants and clumps of white and yellow flowers. Most beautiful of all are the orchids, of varying shapes and colours, growing in clusters on the ground or on the smaller trees. Warming sunlight leaks through the low roof of this moss forest, but ghosts of white mist stalking about will touch you as you pass with clammy, spine-chilling fingers. At the higher altitudes there is an almost continuous drizzle. The temperature is comparatively low.

Five main rivers drain the western slopes of the divide and run down into the Perak River: the Singor, the Temengor, the Piah, the Plus, and the Kinta. The eastern slopes are drained by the Jenera, the Perias, the Yai, the Betis, and the Ber, into a magnificent mother stream called the Nenggiri, which itself begins as a drizzle channel on the slopes of Yong Yap (7,113 feet) and is known at its delightful upper reaches as the Brok. Up here there are numerous hot springs in great slabs of rock open to the sun. The water has a remarkable curative property, as Pat discovered on his first west-to-east crossing of the watershed.

He had started out from Perak, travelling up the Plus and the Yum, up through a high pass that led him over the state boundary into Kelantan. Following an old Temiar trade route, the party descended by a stream to the tumbling upper reaches of the Ber and down along its banks to its junction with the Brok. A few days before, Pat's Temiar porters had given him a certain wild fruit that he had eaten. He described the experience:

"It was delicious, except that the part next the stone was fibrous and seemed to hold a peculiar mango flavour but with a sudden intense bitterness which somehow impelled me to suck the stone dry. The effect on me was immediate. The fibres stuck in my throat like hairs, causing me to lose my voice for two days, and I suffered severe gastritis.

"The fruit was a wild mango called *machang*. It grows on a tree of the genus *rengas*, one of the most sinister trees of the Malayan jungle. To touch its bark or leaves will raise a rash on the skin, and its sap is poison. Some people are so allergic to *rengas* that while walking in the jungle and chancing to pass under one of these trees their skins tingle with irritation, and they will feel uncomfortable until they have moved out of its influence. The *machang* itself is not poisonous, and had I contented myself with eating only the fruit I should have suffered no ill effects.

"However the interesting part of this incident is the remarkable way in which I was cured. When I got to Kuala Ber I went once more to see the hot springs I had discovered

there on a previous trip into Kelantan. Here is a vast stretch of rocks, open to the sun, like a scar in the dense jungle. Steam hisses as the water comes bubbling out at boiling point, and there is a strong sulphurous smell. All kinds of wild beasts visit these hot springs when the day is cool: I surprised a couple of seladang that bolted away; and I saw the tracks of barking-deer, wild pig, leopard, tiger, rhino and elephant.

"Now the ordinary salt lick is generally a lukewarm trickling of water, salty to the taste. But there is nothing salt about these springs. The beasts, I am convinced, drink the waters for their tonic effects, as the chemicals clear the blood and generally benefit the body, counteracting any digestive troubles. Puteh and I bathed our faces and arms, and found the water invigorating. He drank some and swore it cured his fever, which the cold of the heights had brought on. So the next day I also drank a glassful when it had cooled down. In ten minutes I felt pleasantly drowsy. On reaching camp I slept for nearly two hours, and I woke feeling tremendously fit. No trace of my sore throat or stomach trouble remained, and that night I ate a square meal of curried chicken and felt no ill effects."

Pat was the first to record the curious similarity in the character and pattern of all the rivers of the Temiar country. After starting as trickles on or just below the watershed and swelling to form mountain torrents, they plunge cascading down immense flights of rock steps. The falls of the Betis, called Lata Gajah, are the most impressive, though for sheer beauty those of the Plus, which thunder into a vast "devil's punchbowl" to join the Yum, almost surpass them. When the rivers descend to about four thousand feet, they generally flow through a series of alluvial flats, each separated from the one below by a waterfall. Two of these river valleys are scenically outstanding in my opinion. One is the Talong, a tributary of the Singor, where the stream slips along without a murmur over sand with patches of green water plants here and there, its windings suggesting a good breadth as well as length to the valley. The other is the

Mering, one of the loveliest tributaries of the Brok. After leaving the watershed this delightful stream glides crystal clear over golden sand set with rocks and gorgeous shrubs from under which the traveller sends shoals of fish darting to find new cover. The whole area is dotted with hot springs that become focal centers for game for miles around.

Below the flats the rivers again become mountain torrents rushing through deep ravines usually too precipitous to follow, and they have to be bypassed by tracks that rejoin the river again at about two thousand feet. From this level most rivers are navigable by raft, though formidable rapids have still to be negotiated at intervals, and frequently the narrow stretches are blocked by tree trunks washed down by the river in spate. Dugout boats can be brought up to about the thousand-foot level, but even this is a good distance above the more peaceful lower reaches, where the fringe Malay *kampongs* first appear. Downward from the raftable limits the taller jungle begins, with trees with massive, buttressed trunks rising two hundred feet and more.

Basically two types of rafts are built by the Senoi—the narrow sixteen-bamboo affair for the upper reaches, and one with forty or more bamboos in two layers, with a sitting platform, thatched canopy to shade passengers from the burning sun, and four high rowlocks for bamboo sweeps by which the craft is steered.

Rafting is a restful and wonderfully quiet mode of travel—indeed so quiet in certain circumstances as to be dangerous. Puteh told me of an occasion on which a party were drifting down the Betis River on a line of rafts a hundred yards apart, not making any sound at all, when a sandy island appeared in midstream with the right-hand channel rippling over a bed of pebbles while the other swept round the island through a gap between two large boulders, tumbling into a wide pool. A herd of elephants were in the pool, eight adults and two calves.

Pat, in the leading raft, shouted to the two raftsmen to steer for the bank and stop, but the current was too strong. Helplessly they floated toward the herd, the leader of which

had turned and was demonstrating angrily by flapping its ears. The only weapon Pat had on that trip was a shotgun—in a canvas bag on another raft.

The leader elephant was twenty yards away, its trunk raised, waiting for the flimsy craft to drift within reach. Pat was about to jump into the water and try to swim for it, though it was doubtful if he could have made the bank before being carried in among the herd by the current. Then the raftsmen began yelling and splashing the water with their sweeps. The leader trumpeted hysterically in reply, but to the travellers' relief, they won the argument. The herd stampeded out of the pool and crashed off into the jungle, leaving a gap of frayed and broken undergrowth and a strong, familiar smell of elephant.

Malaria remained the constant hazard of Pat's jungle work. After his experience in Kelantan when he was saved by Dato Along, he never travelled without an adequate supply of quinine. But it was impossible to insure against accidents. In 1934 he went up to the headwaters of the Temor, but after three weeks decided to return to Taiping in order that the two Malays in his staff could be with their families for the Moslem festival of Hari Raya Puasa at the end of the fasting season. On the way back one of the Temiar porters slipped as they were crossing the river, and his load, the medicine box, was lost. There were further delays, so Pat sent the Malays on ahead and again risked staying on in the jungle without quinine. Again he went down with a sudden attack of malaria, and again the porters, thinking he was going to die, deserted, leaving him in his tent with a burning fever. On this occasion he was alone for five days, but once again he was lucky—a Temiar friend happened to be passing. The man sent his son for help, and Pat was carried out of the jungle as far as Lasah.

He returned to his home in Taiping, very thin and still shaky on his feet, to be met by a young psychologist named Kilton Stewart, who had been waiting for him for ten days. Stewart was studying the influence of dreams on primitive minds. He had heard from a common friend that Pat had

discovered that the Temiar used dreams in an educative process that was unique, and he asked if he could join him in his research. Pat had collected a mass of data and was delighted to have an opportunity of discussing it with a qualified psychologist. Stewart accompanied him on his next jungle trip.

Pat's permanent staff on these survey expeditions consisted of just Puteh and his museum collector, Yeop Ahmat, who had formerly been in the Survey Department and was responsible for making a contact traverse of the routes taken. A third member of the permanent staff was a down-river Temiar who helped to contact porters who were hired at the settlements as they moved from one *saka* to the next. This greatly reduced expense, as these tough, tireless hill men, who had never worked before for any motive beyond their food quest, were prepared to march great distances for the price of a *parang*.

Once Pat became known to the Temiar, there was never any difficulty about porters. But during the early expeditions he had been obstructed by propaganda put out against him by Malays who lived in down-river jungle *kampongs* and resented any European attempting to contact the aborigines except through them. Aborigines who came down to trade were told that Pat was a dangerous medicine man seeking to gain a hold over the Temiar by magic, and one morning he woke to find their porters had gone. They were camped near a settlement, but it was deserted, though some of the hearth fires were still burning. They searched for miles up and down the river, coming upon one settlement after another that had obviously been vacated in a hurry. They waited, hoping the aborigines would return, but when after ten days there was still no sign of them the situation looked desperate. They were in deep jungle and entirely dependent on the aborigines to get them out.

Eventually Puteh, who had managed to find his way into the next valley, met a headman whom Pat had once successfully treated for fever, and the headman, on hearing what had happened, immediately went with a party of his people to

fetch Pat and take him out to the Cameron Highlands. Later Pat heard that the groups in the area had been told that he could make men impotent and wither crops with a wave of his hand.

Once the propaganda was countered and Pat became known, he had the freedom of the Temiar jungles, and his success with the tribe came largely from his ability to identify himself with them. He spoke their Mon Khmer dialect fluently. He was scrupulous in observing their customs and usage, and his understanding of their character enabled him to react with them in such a manner that they soon forgot he was a stranger and a white man, the first of his kind most of them had ever seen. To win their respect he became proficient with a blowpipe, he learned to play their simple musical instruments, he joined in their dances. Once when dancing, he leaped so high that his foot went through the split-bamboo floor of the longhouse as he landed, and his leg was lacerated up to the thigh. His warm personality attracted the tribespeople to him, and he was particularly good with the children, whom he would amuse with stories and antics. Michael Tweedie, later director of the Raffles Museum in Singapore, told me that he once saw Pat standing on his head to make some children laugh. He gave the Temiar seeds. He suggested they try vegetables that were unknown to them. He advised them about prices they should receive for their jungle produce, which they shipped by raft to the down-river trading posts where the Chinese traders had been exploiting them outrageously.

Pat completed his survey just before Christmas 1935. He had listed the settlements, plotted the distribution of the population (which he put at 10,064), and examined factors bearing on fertility and elimination. He had made anthropometric measurements and studied the breed. He had recorded genealogies, myths and beliefs, analyzed the tribe's health, their economy and trade, their contacts with the Chinese and Malays.

His map, which was the only map of the Temiar country

that existed until an aerial survey was completed in 1952, was actually built up for him by a friend of his in the Survey Department, Captain G. H. Sworder, who correlated Yeop Ahmat's traverse readings with earlier bearings made from outlying peaks. The results were surprisingly accurate and coherent. Not only was the map itself of immense value during the early years of the Communist Emergency—when it was the only map of the area in existence—but, since Pat had also shown the position of the groups with the names of the *saka* chiefs, I was able eighteen years later, with this information and the statistics and other essential data about the tribe, to cope with the assignment I was given.

By that time the Temiar had become a vital factor in the Emergency, and a knowledge of their culture and psychology was the key to the jungle situation. Pat had provided the key.

4
The Tiger Familiar

The trouble with Pat was that he made no attempt to come to terms with the colonial society of his time. Today the idea of the lone administrator solemnly dressing every evening in a dinner jacket with a black tie and stiff collar for his solitary repast at his outpost is almost a cartoon joke, but when Pat was exploring the interior of Malaya it was familiar practice. "Morale, old boy. It impresses the natives and keeps your pecker up," was a standard remark of the diehard. But it was not Pat's way of impressing the natives, and he often said so.

He was even more outspoken about some of the social niceties that were scrupulously observed by upcountry officials' wives. The story is told of a mother and daughter who called to leave their visiting cards at Pat's house in Taiping—an account of one of his jungle trips had appeared in a local magazine, and the daughter was intrigued at the thought of meeting a young man who had been described as "the romantic figure of a boyish-looking anthropologist and one of the most intrepid explorers of our time."

The ladies' car pulled up under the porch of the rambling bungalow on low piles known as Museum House, which had been allotted to Pat as curator of the museum. They were surprised that no servant in spotless sarong and *baju* (blouse) rushed down the front steps to open the car doors for them. The mother sounded the horn, but still no servant appeared. They could hear music. Curious, they got out and went up the steps. The front door was open and the mother led the way. The sight that met their eyes shocked them beyond belief.

Sprawled on the floor of the two main rooms on either side

of the central corridor were bare-breasted women and near-naked men. The mother called to them in broken Malay but got no reply—Pat's house guests understood only Temiar; moreover, in their country the formalities to be observed by visitors entering a dwelling are protracted and unhurried. Then the gramophone needle stuck in a groove, and the phrase began repeating itself. A child woke, and seeing the two strangely apparelled figures, began screaming; and the ladies retreated at speed.

Pat had received a lot of press publicity in Malaya, most of it uninformed and sensationalized, and for this he was criticized in scientific and government circles. Stories about him proliferated, like the one about his journey in the Golden Blowpipe, the east coast express that travelled through four hundred miles of jungle. Suddenly the train was brought to a screeching emergency stop, and, when the guard and driver rushed down the length of the train to see what had happened, it was found that the communication cord had been pulled in Pat's compartment, but he had disappeared. A week later he turned up at a wayside stop in the jungle. He had been reading in the train when he happened to look out of the window and see two Temiar near the track. As the place was outside their tribal territory, he had promptly stopped the train and gone out to investigate.

I still have a clipping of a newspaper article that credits Pat with being able to communicate with elephants in their secret language. Though it is unlikely he ever made such a claim to the newspaperman responsible for the article, knowing Pat I doubt if his disclaimer to the question on the subject of elephant talk would have been strong enough to have prevented its getting into print. I think he secretly enjoyed newspaper articles of this sort in the way one can enjoy nonsense. They never annoyed him. I remember drawing his attention to a comment on his work in a Malayan English-language paper. After noting that it was nice to have Pat back in civilization after an extended period with the hill tribes, the writer inquired with a solemn note of caution: "But is the sum of $1,000 (Malayan) a month,

which represents the cost of Mr. Noone's expeditions in the jungle, warrantable during the present slump?"

Pat snatched the paper from my hands and read the passage again. "I'd say it's worth it," he said. "But I'll have to buy that fool a drink and put him right on the figures. It isn't 1,000 dollars a month, but a mere 560 dollars* in salary and expenses."

In 1933 Pat was studying the effects of the contact of other cultures on the Temiar. A road had been cut into the jungle from Sungei Siput in Perak. It had reached a spot called Jalong on the Korbu River and exposed a large down-river group of Temiar located there. The jungle was being cleared for plantations. Houses and shops were springing up, and the group were coming into contact with Malays, Chinese, and Tamils.

"The effects are far from encouraging; indeed my worst fears are confirmed," he wrote. "The group has rapidly become quite sophisticated, the men wearing sarongs and the women being well groomed, although their breasts are still uncovered. They have quickly learned the value of new crops and grow a variety of vegetables and fruit. They are being employed on the new estates and have become quite prosperous but I have a feeling something is wrong. I can't put my finger on it, but every time I go there I get a nagging feeling."

He visited Jalong with Puteh fairly often, and every time they entered the place Pat would look puzzled. Suddenly one day he tumbled to it. He had been studying the settlement's population by age groups when he noticed there were no babies under one year, and it struck him that the families had ceased to breed. After tactful inquiries he learned the reason, which was that couples had come to believe that an evil spirit was poisoning their unions and that deformed or imbecile children would be born to them. Some women had sterilized themselves by drinking an infusion made from a certain plant that causes salpingitis or inflammation of the fallopian tubes and results in sterility. The few

* 260 US dollars at the then current rate of exchange.

babies born to the group in the past year had all died—victims, Pat suspected, of infanticide: "They call it 'bajang.' They say an evil is brought in at night by a big insect like a grasshopper with a red body and black teeth—its buzzing is greatly feared. The baby's tongue goes white, then yellow, then falls back into the throat and the child dies of suffocation. But I have never heard Temiar talk of 'bajang' outside Jalong, and I can't help feeling it is a euphemism."

Today, oddly enough, the problem with groups in this situation is overbreeding, but the pressures, as we shall see, have completely altered. At Jalong twenty-eight years ago the group had never been better off, but the culture contact, as Pat called it, had brought fears and uncertainties that they did not understand and with which they could not cope. They had begun to feel themselves inferior to the Chinese and Malays, who looked down on them. It seemed that for some reason nature was withholding her blessings.

One day at Jalong, Pat was speaking to the headman Bintang, when a girl came and sat on a log in the longhouse a few feet from them. Bintang said she was his niece, and he told her to bring food for their guest.

That evening Pat remarked to Puteh that he had seen many girls in the Temiar country, but none as beautiful as Bintang's niece.

Puteh agreed she was beautiful.

Pat said: "Her name is Anjang." He laughed. "They say she has a will of her own."

For me in the fifth form at Aldenham, a red-letter day was May 25, 1934. It was the day my brother was invited to lecture at the school and show a film of his work in the deep jungle.

The film was somewhat marred because of the headmaster's insistence on the removal of all scenes which included bare-bosomed jungle belles. However, in deference to my avowed interest in anthropology, I was allowed to assist Pat in the editing, and that night Aldenham was edified by an entirely masculine version of Temiar life. Cleverly cut in were shots of

the expedition on the march, of Pat interrogating aborigines about their customs, and of his being exorcised by a medicine man as he lay sick with malaria in Kelantan. It was a thrilling account, and Pat left with three rousing cheers from the entire school. He was the stuff schoolboy heroes were then made of, as he was brainy, good at games, amusing, a good sport, young in heart, and youthful in appearance.

He was twenty-six that year, though he looked younger and was embarrassed by it. "The trouble is that I can never get anybody in the scientific world to take me seriously," he complained to me. He was wrong, of course, for the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Faculty of Anthropology met for a second time that year, an unprecedented event, to hear his lecture "The Dream Psychology of the Senoi Shaman." Later he gave the same lecture at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, where the entire audience of several hundred people rose to applaud him.

I clearly recall his state of excitement every time he returned to the hotel after giving these and other lectures—there was a full program, and my parents and I accompanied him. He had discovered an unknown tribe that he now revealed to science as a phenomenon. He had fulfilled an ambition nourished in the heart of every inhabitant of that esoteric world to which he belonged; indeed he was a bright star in their firmament, and his eyes shone every morning as the mail arrived with letters of congratulation.

Unfortunately I cannot trace the actual text of the lecture. However, having worked under Pat and followed up the same lines of research myself, I am able to reproduce the substance of his lecture, which, coming as it did like anthropological revelation, left his audiences spellbound.

I have outlined in an earlier chapter the social organization and material culture of the Temiar. This tribe, as I explained, followed a distinctly higher mode of life than that of their northern neighbours, the Negritos. I have described the mature, well-adjusted tribal personality of the Temiar, which Pat considered unique and which, according to Kilton Stewart, "is a miracle to minds built up by Western thinking.

It is such an oddity that both scientific and religious prejudice prevent Westerners from believing that it exists, unless they see clearly how it comes about in terms of Western religion, philosophy and psychology."*

A complete contrast is the personality of the Negrito, which is so inhibited that from mental tests it would seem that from about the age of seven he does not develop his power to think as we do. Stewart, in searching for the reasons, concluded that it was owing primarily to the difference in the use that the two tribes made of their dreams.

To the Temiar the dream is spiritual experience, in a sense as real and important to him as physical experience in his waking hours. So great is the significance attached to dreams that few important decisions are made by a group without one of its members having had a dream that points to a certain course of action.

If a man dreams of a particular spot in the river, he will fish there. If his dreams suggest a valley or settlement in which he should seek a bride, he will look there. Most Temiar inspiration comes from their dreams. I have met men who dreamed up mechanical inventions such as fish traps, complicated puzzles, decorative patterns, medicinal remedies. Their poetry, their songs, their music, their dances, are all dream-inspired.

Since all dreams are considered important, Temiar children are encouraged to talk about those they have, and Pat and Stewart believed that it is the special advice they receive from their parents concerning their dreams that enables them to mature into nature's true gentlemen; while on the other hand they held that the type of advice Negrito children receive from their parents has the effect of holding back that tribe from seeking a more secure life through agriculture, husbandry, and building longhouses and other dwellings.

Both the Temiar and the Negritos are animists. They believe that the jungle is peopled with spirits who haunt the

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rivers and streams, the rock pools, river junctions, rapids, waterfalls, mountains, in fact practically every natural feature. These spirits are like people in that they possess certain human attributes, although they are on the whole more powerful, besides being indestructible. Of itself, this is a familiar pattern of primitive belief, but Pat had found that the spirits or images of places that a Negrito had perhaps visited or even passed by during the day often appeared to him in his dreams and threatened or made demands on him. Like the Temiar the Negrito believes that a dream experience is a glimpse given him in sleep of a spirit normally invisible to him when he is awake, but there is a wide difference in the way the two will react to it.

To the Negrito the dream is a clear indication of a local spirit's state of mind, and if a warning or threat is received in the dream, it would be a brave Negrito indeed who failed to do something about it.

As a result of his dream and his act of submission to the spirit of a rock or pool, the Negrito has yielded to it some of his own power and in so doing has lost a particle of his spontaneity and flexibility of mind. Never again can he regard that particular place as he did before he had the dream; its spirit is now his master, at least while he is in the locality: and thus a situation is created in which, through his constant submission to ordinary landmarks, the Negrito becomes subject to his environment. He is there as it were on sufferance, forever apologizing for what he takes out of it by way of sustenance and shelter, and living as a result a life that is about the most primitive on earth.

Now the Temiar does not believe he must automatically obey or propitiate the images he sees in dreams. To the Temiar the dream tiger and the dream rock are not dangerous, provided that in your dream you assert your authority. If you are master the spirit can be made to work for your good. So the Temiar child is taught to struggle against dream images until he is convinced, and his parents and advisers are agreed, that a particular image is genuinely benign and acting in his interests.

Almost from the time the Temiar child can speak, his dreams are manipulated by advice, encouragement, and autosuggestion. These dream directions run parallel to, and are closely linked with, the growth of his social consciousness as an adult member of the group. The morning meal is the time for a gentle and unselfconscious dream inquest. The child will hear his parents describe their dreams of the night before and hear the one who had the dream criticized or congratulated for his or her actions during the dream. In his turn the child will also be called upon to say what he dreamed about, and he will hear his dream interpreted and his actions in it discussed. He will also be given advice to guide him in future dreams.

The theme of the advice is aggression and action. To dream correctly, the child is told he must never be afraid. If he dreams of smoke, he must not avoid it as he would smoke during his waking hours because it stings the eyes. He must go boldly into dream smoke, for deep inside it he may find something of value, perhaps even the spirit of the smoke, which he can overcome and bend to his own will.

Adventure in dreams is important. The Temiar child is told that if he dreams he is soaring or falling, he must let himself go, as these sensations represent the efforts of one of his souls* to get free from his body; but if he is afraid of hitting the bottom or of reaching too high, the soul will be impeded in its need to arrive somewhere. And it is necessary for him to arrive somewhere in his dreams if he aspires to being a *halak* (shaman). The belief behind this is that man can only gain ultimate power over the forces of evil if he has courage enough to reach out boldly, while on the other hand fear makes his souls withdraw deeper into the body, becoming repressed and paralyzed.

* The Temiar believe that a man possesses several souls, which animate different organs or functions of the body. The principle souls are the head-soul, the eye-soul, the breath-soul, the heart-soul, and the liver-soul. The last named, which is primarily concerned with learning about the future, is the peripatetic soul, although the head-soul, which is the thinking soul, goes out on special errands and to gain experience.

That is Temiar doctrine. The psychologist's interpretation of such dreams is that they represent an impulse on the part of the dreamer to break away from the group and express himself as an individual. The bold seeking of dream adventure and the fulfillment of arriving somewhere satisfy the impulse, so that the effect on the dreamer is toward greater identification with the group, a greater desire to cooperate, and better team spirit.

Implicit in all dream advice is the idea that man with the assistance of friendly spirits can dominate the forces of evil, provided he asserts himself. But the individual cannot do it alone. He is dependent on his relatives and friends, as they are on him; if he helps other people while he is awake he can call on their souls to assist him in his dream exploits.

The same laws of sharing are applicable in the dream as they are during waking hours. Not to share what one has with others is to ally one's souls with the earth demon and be drawn down into the slough of selfishness and stupidity. At the same time with truly extraordinary psychological insight the Temiar do not forbid violently antisocial actions in a dream if there is no alternative. For example, if the child finds himself in conflict with a dream image of his father or brother, he must fight it to the death. Similarly if a dream image tempts him into a taboo love relationship with his mother or sister, he is advised to assault the image sexually and destroy it. It is good to kill in dreams even if the adversary appears to be a relative, for a dream image can only be judged by its actions; if these are antagonistic it is obviously a malign spirit masquerading as the relative.

The child must advance boldly against dream monsters, dream animals, and dream ghosts. If he defeats them, they become his slaves, but if he runs away, they will plague him until he seeks them out and fights them. The Temiar believe that violence in dreams is good. Through dream violence the spirits can be made to serve you; by killing them you can destroy their power to harm you: which, according to Stewart, is psychologically sound. For when a person does something

to you an image is left in your mind that is charged with your subjective feelings—anxiety, guilt, fear, envy, or anything else. If in your dream you destroy that image, you have paid him off and therefore you will be able to regard him and his act objectively. In this way the dream acts as an emotional safety valve to release tension and pent-up feelings of inferiority, prejudice, irritation, anger, intolerance, and any other sparks generated in the friction of living with people.

Dream interpretation and manipulation are not the whole picture. There are other important factors in the emotional development of a Temiar child, who receives neither punishment nor reprimand for something he has done wrong. Instead, especially if it is antisocial, the act itself is discussed and condemned. The only real sins the Temiar recognize are those against one's fellows. From his earliest days the child is made aware not so much of his own identity as of the fact that he is part of a group. Within the group he is secure from the terrors of the jungle, and he is protected by the *ruwai* or group-soul from evil spirits seeking his destruction. There is no material insecurity in group life. If his parents should separate or die, he would be cared for by the group, and there is no concept of illegitimacy.

In the morning councils, when important dreams are discussed, the elders will consider not only the adults' dreams but those of the children. This inculcates in children a sense of responsibility, besides removing one of the prime causes for the feeling so common among Western children that adults have no real interest in the child as a person but are only concerned with making rules to impose their will upon him and receiving back from him echoes of their own ideas and attitudes. It is accepted by psychologists today that it is the failure in our society to appreciate and accept the child's spontaneous expression of his ideas that leads to inferiority and persecution complexes and at times to the type of pent-up hostility that can overflow into delinquency and crime. As opposed to this, the Temiar child, growing up in an atmosphere of give-and-take with his

parents, is not only receptive to direction into the accepted social attitudes but gets the best possible start from the psychological point of view.

From dream collections Pat made in various age groups, it was noticeable that the child's dreams evolve as he grows older, so that by the time he reaches adolescence, if he has the makings of a *halak*, or shaman, he begins to have a certain type of recurring dream in which he acquires a *gunig*, an attendant spirit or familiar, which for most *halaks* takes the shape of a tiger. From the pattern of the *gunig*'s actions and suggestions, the elders can generally gauge the degree of maturity as a *halak* to which the individual may attain. The *halak* is the link between the group and the world of spirits. He can invoke the good ones and enlist their help, which he does through his familiar, his *gunig*.

Here the dream is used as a ritualistic mechanism, for it is only by dreaming that one can contact a *gunig*. When a man sleeps, his head-soul leaves his body and goes wandering in the jungle. Also wandering in the jungle is a *gunig* who has previously selected the man as a medium, and when they meet, the spirit will try to persuade the other to accept it as a guide and guardian. At first the man will automatically resist the spirit's overtures, for how is he to know the true character of the spirit? Evil spirits are capable of the grossest deception; they have only one impulse, the destruction of mankind. However, once a relationship is established, the spirit teaches the man a dance with accompanying words, music, and floral decorations—whisks to carry, and fragrant leaves and certain flowers to wear. In some instances precise instructions are given as to where and at what time of the day the leaves and flowers are to be picked.

The young Temiar who aspires to be a *halak* will try to persuade others to follow the dance taught him by the *gunig* of his dreams, and the group will always give a novice a chance; though if the conditions imposed are too difficult, he may be told to get himself a less exacting *gunig*! A man has to prove the originality and efficacy of his dances before he is

generally accepted as a *halak*, but once established a *halak* can demand food taboos, fasts, even continence, and the group will submit to them.

As the *halak* is the intermediary between the group and the spirit world, his dance is the principal religious function of the group. Through it the *halak* enlists the aid of his *gunig*, and together they struggle against the malignant spirits, of which there are a great many in nature.

At the climax of these dances those taking part will suddenly collapse and lie writhing or rigid on the floor in varying degrees of catatonia.

After a while this trance state subsides. The dancers get up and wander about in a state of dissociation—which the Temiar recognize as possession by the *gunig*—making flourishes with their leaf whisks, blowing and sucking through their clenched fists, uttering spells in unintelligible spirit talk, or conversing with spirits outside other people's bodies. In this condition a man's voice may drop an octave lower than normal. He is no respecter of persons and is likely to tell individuals in the audience a few home truths, but he is amiable about it and motivated by a desire to impart the tonic effect of the spirit's essence. At times an entranced dancer may start acting like a bird or animal, and when this happens the Temiar say the forces of good and evil are struggling for possession, and in the spiritually immature the torment may even result in violence. Pat quoted the case of one of his assistants, a very strict Moslem named Mohammet Ali, who professed a great contempt for Temiar beliefs and ceremonials but habitually went into an involuntary trance whenever he was present at a dance. He would jump up, start crowing like a cock, and join in the dancing. Yet when he was brought round from his trance he would remember nothing. The difficulty was that he was quite unpredictable. Usually he was a lugubrious sight, but on occasions he was violent; eventually, after he had cut open a dancer's head by hitting him with a bamboo slat, Pat advised him to stay away.

During the trance the *halak* may decide to ascertain the

state of the group's luck, and it is an intensely dramatic moment. Grabbing a handful of tapioca cut into small pieces, he assumes a posture of great tension and throws with his half-open hand. Their luck will be good if an even number of pieces remain in his hand, bad if it is an odd number.

During a trance an experienced *halak* may diagnose illness and prescribe treatment. He may even prophesy, but these are side effects compared with the essential purpose of his dance, which is to preserve and reinforce the *ruwai*, the collective soul of the community, to ward off evil, and to strengthen the *gunig* itself. The spirit is better for hearing its song sung and seeing its dance performed, because its power and prestige in the spirit world depend on the extent of its recognition by people.

The actions of members of the group are also believed to reflect on their *gunig*. Bad behaviour may cause it to lose power; conversely good conduct has the opposite effect, and, in order to please and honour their *gunigs*, many *halaks* lead austere lives.

A feature of some dances, such as the *Jinjang*, is an ordeal that dancers undergo in the trance state. There are three such ordeals—fire-eating; pouring boiling water over the head and body; and, the most spectacular of the three, the ordeal by rattan, which is performed periodically to ward off smallpox.

Rattan is a climbing plant with feathery leaves and large barbed thorns with which it hooks itself onto jungle trees as the pliable stem climbs upward in search of the sun. In the rattan *Jinjang*, coils of the creeper are heaped on the dance floor. At the climax of the dance, the dancers with one shout throw themselves upon the rattan and roll about in the thorny tangle.

I have often witnessed these ordeals and later examined the participants, on occasion with a doctor, and I can truthfully say that I have never once seen any mark on the skin much less tissue damage resulting from an ordeal. The purpose behind the ordeal is to demonstrate to the spirits of

disease that the group's *gunig* or *gunigs* have such power that it would be a waste of time trying to make any of its members sick.

The foregoing briefly covers the ground of Pat's lecture. Thinking back to that summer, what seems to stick in my mind is the feeling that Pat was trying to tell me something, but I for some reason was never able to open up sufficiently to encourage his complete confidence. There was the occasion once when he mentioned quite casually the name of a *halak* whom he said was a relative of his. The name did not register at the time—I was too occupied, trying to work out quickly whether he had simply gone slightly mad or had acquired a *halak* for a blood brother. Pat was a master of the throw-away line, and I concluded he was pulling my leg. Yet I did think it was an odd thing to say. I don't claim to be particularly intuitive, but it seemed to me that behind all the gaiety and success of that wonderful summer something was on Pat's mind. How often it happens that things you hear merge into things you find out for yourself! There is inevitably an overlap, so I cannot be sure whether I heard it then or found out later that Pat's Dream People were facing a major threat to their existence, and that their greatest *halak* was struggling to understand a fear for which he could find no expression. I am not just saying this now because I have seen the Temiar act out their destiny in fulfillment of this *halak*'s epochal prophecy. I just know what I know.

In October 1934, Pat returned to Malaya, having turned down an offer of the chair of anthropology at Cambridge. His first letter home caused something of a stir in the family, with his announcement of his engagement to a girl he had met on the voyage. None of us knew her, but I seem to remember from general remarks that she appeared to be the sort of girl of whom my parents approved.

That winter H.V. took Sheelah out to Malaya. He had recently published a monograph on some stone implements at Bandarawela in Ceylon, and he wanted to inspect some undisturbed neolithic slab graves that Pat had found near

Slim in Perak. My father and sister returned to Europe in March 1935.

In July of that year I left school and went out to Malaya with my mother for six months. Pat was excavating a prehistoric site at Gua Baik, near Jalong, and he took me up there to see the work. He had discovered it in 1933, and this had led to a correspondence with the prehistorian Dr P. V. van Stein Callenfels, who was excavating a proto-neolithic site on the Karama River in central Celebes. Pat had visited Celebes, and what a strangely assorted pair he and Callenfels had made—one short and slight; the other gargantuan, so huge in fact that he had to be carried about on an outsize rattan chair lashed to poles on the backs of twenty natives.

Pat had told me of their all-night arguments, in which several bottles of whiskey and several score bottles of beer would be consumed at a session. But they did nonetheless find that no separate racial group akin to the Veddas existed in Celebes, but rather that there, as elsewhere, remnants of migrations earlier than those which had brought the Indonesian cultures were still surviving in the inaccessible interior. These elements were not representative of a single race but were the residue of several. An Australoid and Papuo-Melanesoid element seemed to be present, and probably others. Pat had found representatives of early types of man among the border populations of the Temiar. These he termed "Older Strata" to avoid premature definition, and he decided to leave the chronology and identification of these early migrations to be determined by the systematic excavation of prehistoric sites in Malaya, of which Gua Baik was one of the first.

A trial trench had been put down in a cave shelter under a limestone cliff at the site near Jalong: Pat had already discovered two skeletons, besides pottery, stone implements, bones, and skulls. We spent the afternoon at the site. That evening after dinner Pat picked up a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a cushion in the other.

"Come on, Dick," he said. "We're going to watch the

dancing in Bintang's longhouse. The party may go on all night. You can sleep if you like during a dance, but it's bad form to leave, unless for a very good reason."

To a stranger a Temiar longhouse is a mysterious and not particularly inviting structure, with the airy impermanence of a house built of cards. Bintang's was one of the largest in the area. As the group had settled down permanently, in the center of five large *ladangs* that they worked in rotation, the house was older and rather more dilapidated than most in the Temiar country. Anyhow, darkness had repaired it temporarily.

Inside, the place was festive with jungle flowers, fibers, and palm leaves cut and plaited into a variety of ingenious decorative patterns. Blazing hearth fires all around illuminated the convulsive movement of glistening bodies circling to a slow, dynamic rhythm that kept the springy floor in a state of constant undulation The entire structure shook to the rhythm, and everybody was singing. The dancers on the floor, garlanded with leaves, were swaying and waving leafy whisks in either hand in elaborate, scythelike movements, while the women in contrast moved almost mechanically, holding themselves upright and restrained, hands limp by their sides. Several women were weeping as they danced, their limbs heavy it seemed with an ineffable sadness.

In the living compartments around the floor were the uncertain silhouettes of children and old people, many smoking their hill tobacco rolled in dried *nipah* leaves that burn well and make a good wrapping for a cigarette. As I followed Pat to a dais at one end of the floor, I saw a child of about two at its mother's breast let go of the pap and reach out for her cigarette. The mother put it in the mouth of the child, who puffed at it contentedly.

A few yards from the dais sat an orchestra of girls, striking a log with sections of bamboo of varying lengths to produce a weirdly attractive music. They sang as they pounded the log, echoing the words of a gaunt, wild-eyed old man outside the circle of dancers, who was singing or rather groaning out his song in low-pitched agony. At moments he

would become convulsed with a shuddering that was transmitted to his fluttering leaf whisks.

"That's Bintang," Pat told me. "He's headman and *halak,* probably the greatest *halak* of the Temiar."

As we took our places on the dais, I noticed that the girl in the orchestra nearest to us was smiling at Pat as she sang.

"A friend of yours?" I asked.

Pat looked at me. Then he said quietly: "That, dear boy, is my wife Anjang."

The impact left me speechless. I looked at her, trying to adjust myself to the idea of having a Temiar, a jungle girl, for a sister-in-law. She was attractive enough, with a round, serene face, and thick hair that hung down to her shoulders in waves. Her skin was a honey colour, flawless in texture, and her arms and breasts were exquisitely shaped. She sensed that we were talking about her, because she looked away in embarrassment, pounding vigorously with her bamboos.

"I thought you were engaged to somebody you met on the boat coming out," I said after a while.

"A very nice girl, but we both realized it wouldn't have worked," Pat said. "She later became engaged to a fellow named Goode, and some wag in the New Club said it was a case of 'Goode after Noone.' "

"This girl isn't just your mistress?" I asked. "Most of the bachelors I've met out here seem to have one somewhere in the compound. There's no reason I suppose why you shouldn't have an aborigine."

"No, Dick, she's my wife," Pat said. "Headmen came from all over the Temiar country. There were about two hundred people at the marriage feast. The party went on for days."

"Have you told anybody else in the family?" I asked.

"No, and it's going to be damned difficult."

I later learned that when he had made up his mind to marry the girl, he had gone to Bintang and asked for her.

The headman had looked at him without surprise. "*Tuan,* what will you give for a bride price?"

"I have brought it with me," Pat said. "There are beads, sarongs, *parangs*, salt, copper wire, and fish hooks."

"It's a fair price. Take the girl if she desires you, and sleep with her."

While we talked, Anjang came up to the dais and stood before Pat, her hands by her sides. Strands of beads were draped crosswise from her shoulders and under her arms. Waxy-white frangipani were blooming in her hair. Pat spoke to her in Temiar. She fetched two bamboo drinking cups and a length of bamboo containing water, which she placed on the dais. She returned to her place in the orchestra.

"Open that bottle, Dick, and let's have a drink," Pat said.

Bintang now joined the circle of dancers, and Pat said: "The basic pattern of this circular type of dance is always the same. We are still at the stage of the slow, highly accentuated rhythm, which relaxes the bodies of the dancers and gives them a heightened coordination and elation."

He listened for a while. "He's singing about us. He's glad we are here. His *gunig*, who incidentally is his wife, is glad we are here. We have come from a faraway *saka*, but we do not come to steal their *saka*. We do not poison their fish. We do not tap jelutong, nor do we rape their young girls, nor do we explode gunpowder in their rivers. We come as brothers. We bring good things. We bring good luck. We have many dollars—heavens, how that man is mistaken! Our medicine is good."

Pat became serious. "These people are going through a profound social crisis, and for them this dance is a spiritual lifeline. The dance is called the *Chinchem*, and its origins suggest that there are far stranger things in the jungle, my dear Dick, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Pat went on to tell me how, when he returned to Jalong after his leave in England, he found the group in a bad way. They had had an influenza epidemic that had caused several deaths. Their crops had failed. There were cases of their girls being seduced by the Chinese. To add to their troubles it seemed that Bintang, their great *halak*, was losing contact with his *gunig*. Instead of warding off their persistent bad

luck, he was expending all his spiritual energy fighting for the life of his wife Siti Minang, who was dying of TB.

Pat explained the Temiar beliefs underlying mystical healing. Death, like the malevolent spirits of disease and calamity, has to be kept under human control. It is personified as a gigantic old woman named Sankal, who lives on an island in a lake at the bottom of a vast pit. When a person dies at the end of his natural life, his souls go to the left armpit of Sankal. But if death comes before his time it may have happened because his heart-soul was captured by Sankal's allies while he was asleep and carried off to the Death Island. This would result in his becoming sick and losing the power to live. While the patient still has life, it may be possible to save him if a *halak* has a *gunig* powerful enough to escort him to Sankal's domain and hold her allied spirits at bay while he outwits the Death Mother and recovers the heart-soul of his patient. This feat is usually carried out by tickling the old giantess so that she throws up her arms, laughing, thus giving the *halak* an opportunity to rescue the soul.

To get to the Death Island, the *halak* requires the ability to sit in a small conical affair of bamboo and thatch called a *pano*-hut in a self-induced trance that is infinitely deeper and more dangerous to the *halak* than that attained in the dances. It is vital, too, before he attempts to intervene personally in the spirit world, that the *halak* should ascertain from his *gunig* the true nature of the patient's illness. He has to make certain that the patient's soul has in fact been abducted before its time, for to contend with the forces of nature in an attempt to save the life of a person who is dying naturally would be to risk his own life.

The *pano*-hut *halak* requires great sensitivity and courage, and the men who attain to this medico-mystical grade of jungle priesthood are all outstanding characters. From time to time, Pat said, a *halak* had risen among the Temiar to almost messianic fame, his *gunig* possessing almost cosmic importance in the spirit world, and its dance because of its efficacy spreading throughout the jungle. Such a *gunig*

identifies itself with the welfare of human society as a whole, and its *halak* takes on the task of averting catastrophe and insuring the survival of his race. Bintang was a *halak* of this stature, but unfortunately he had allowed his shamanistic judgment to be overruled by his love for his wife. Siti Minang died while he was in a trance, trying to tickle Sankal, and when he came round in his *pano*-hut in the center of the longhouse floor and heard she was dead, the shock nearly drove him out of his mind. He developed a high fever but insisted on attending his wife's funeral.

Her body was rolled in her sleeping mat and bound with three lashings of rattan. A long pole was inserted through the lashings to enable it to be carried, and it was borne to a place on the other side of the river where a grave was dug, a sleeping platform inserted into it, and the corpse laid on the platform with all her intimate possessions. These are always buried to make sure the ghost will not return to the longhouse to claim what it owns. A covering of poles, slit bamboo, and banana leaves was put over the body, and the grave was filled with earth. A simple mound was heaped over it. On the grave the woman's family placed little offerings of food and tobacco, and a low leaf-shelter was erected over it. The area was fenced around, and fires were lit at the corners to help the spirit on its way. Then the mourners returned to the longhouse.

By this time Bintang was very ill. That night he became delirious, and for two days he raved. On the third morning when he woke his fever had gone, and he announced to the group that his wife's spirit had appeared to him in a dream, and that she had spoken to him.

"Husband," she said, "I have left you behind in the *saka* and I now dwell in the place of spirits. I am very lonely, for there are no birds and I yearn for the smell of burning incense."

"Wife, why have you come back to me now?" he asked.

She said: "There is a reason, and that is to teach you about food. You eat rodents and pigs, which the Malays say are unclean, and therefore they despise you. Do not eat rodents and pigs."

She then told her husband to perform her dance, to which she gave the name *Chinchem*. "My *Chinchem,*" she promised, "will drive out the dark spirits of disease and calamity."

"How do you wish me to dance your *Chinchem*?" he asked, and she taught him the steps, the tune, and the sad theme of the song, full of regret for lost happiness, and compassion for the dead.

Bintang had asked for a sign to prove she was not an evil spirit in disguise, and Siti Minang said that if the group danced the *Chinchem* the following night her betel box, which had been buried with her, would be returned during the dance.

"And was it?" I inquired.

"Bintang swears it was," Pat said. "There was a woven grass mat on his sleeping platform, and during the dance the betel box is supposed to have suddenly fallen on it. Kilton Stewart and I questioned him under hypnosis to see if we could find out how he managed to bring off the betel-box trick. But his account under hypnosis agreed entirely with his original story and with the evidence of others in the longhouse who saw the box fall."

"Surely there must be an explanation?" I said.

"I could find no evidence of deception," Pat said. "Bintang showed me the box, which they were all certain had been buried. Everybody had been told about the promised sign before the dance started, so you can imagine the effect on them when it appeared. About half the group had seizures. When they came round a cold wind was blowing through the longhouse, and all those who were sick were cured."

The rhythm of the *Chinchem* had become faster, and the dancers, nearing the point of exhaustion, were becoming more and more abandoned. Suddenly with a piercing cry Bintang leaped up into the air and collapsed on the dance floor, and almost in the same instant some of the men and all the women dancers staggered and dropped to the floor, where they lay in a sweating, writhing heap.

Their frenzy lasted possibly five minutes, during which the other dancers struck them with leaf whisks and relatives

pulled them away from the heap and laid them on their backs.

The *halak* was the first to get up. He walked around the longhouse, making impulsive flourishes and rattling his whisks. Presently he approached the dais, and Pat went down and brought him over to where I was sitting.

"Feel his sweat—it's ice-cold," Pat said. He spoke to the shaman in Temiar, then turned to me. "I have asked him to prophesy through the spirit of Siti Minang."

Bintang flourished his whisks. He threw one of them down and blew on us in turn through the fingers of his fist. His breath came out cold like his sweat. He began speaking, and Pat interpreted.

"He has a vision of Siti Minang's *Chinchem* sweeping across the country of the Temiar. He sees many dark spirits, and black trees, and red suns. He sees the navel of Sankal like a black pit from which spirits come up bubbling. He sees fierce men invading the *sakas* from the distant *kualas* where the jungle ends."

The shaman made several passes with his whisk. He went on speaking, and Pat continued interpreting: "He sees in us the future of the Temiar—this *Chinchem* as the spiritual agency to fight these perverted evil forces, and ourselves to lead the Temiar against them. You're definitely in it, Dick."

Thinking back through the years on that night of flickering firelight and glistening bodies stamping strange rhythmic patterns, of hollow bamboo music, of too much whiskey and the smell of wood smoke, hill tobacco, and drying foliage, my most vivid memory is of the old *halak* during those tense minutes of prophecy and Pat's interpretation that charged the jabbering with tremendous significance. I was eighteen, and I think I can say that I enter the story at this point. It is a love story if you like. Not one of individuals for each other but of my brother and myself for these people. I cannot say I had any special feelings about the Temiar up till then. I had become interested in them, of course: how could one have been otherwise with a brother like Pat? But now suddenly there was the thrill of being picked out

and ordained for a high purpose by the *gunig* of the greatest shaman of the Temiar. It's funny, the things that shape our lives.

A few days later, a party of nine Temiar braves arrived from the Rening River with an invitation from Pat's great friend Along to visit his longhouse.

"I can't leave the dig just at the moment," Pat said. "But why don't you go?"

And that was how Gerald Thunder and I came to visit the Rening. I have described Along's settlement. What I have not conveyed perhaps was my sense of thrill and marvel mingled with, I suppose—on that first jungle experience at eighteen—fear. Before that, jungle had merely been a topographical feature that I had vaguely registered in geography classes as something distinct from say steppes or tundra. Now I *felt* the jungle. It possessed an entity of its own. It was a living thing, timeless and all-engulfing, self-renewing. It existed within itself and for itself. No wonder the Temiar had peopled it with hostile spirits.

I shall not forget my horror, on undressing on that first night out, to find a cluster of leeches like a bunch of black grapes around my groin. Later as I lay in bed I couldn't help thinking how vulnerable we were in our flimsy tent to any passing tiger, rhino, or elephant. Yet these at least were tangible. The intangible was so much more menacing.

There was the feeling too that everything around you sensed your presence, even the lianas, which, you suspected, had changed course perceptibly to entangle you.

Then I realized that if I wanted to work like Pat among jungle people I must adapt myself to their environment. At Aldenham a boy had stood up after Pat's lecture and asked what the chances were of survival for a European alone in the jungle. Pat had replied that to beat the jungle you had to know the jungle, for it contained all that was necessary to sustain human life. I resolved to get to know the jungle, which meant putting fear behind me, the instinctive fear of the unknown. From that day I began my study of it, of

Above. Temiar girls at work
Below. Temiar settlement overlooking the Telom River at Kuala Rening

Above left. Pat making anthropometric measurements of the head of a Temiar at Jalong
Above right. Sheelah with Puteh, Pat's personal servant, in England in 1939
Below. Pat's house at Jalong, near Anjang's *ladang*

its plant life, its creatures, its people. Out of what I learned came interest, then fascination, and finally love.

In February 1936 my mother and I returned to Europe. Sheelah was married in Paris to Dennis Trumble, an officer in the Malayan Customs and Excise Department, and after the wedding I went up to Cambridge, where I entered Pat's old college, Corpus Christi, and read modern languages (French and German) for my degree, with archaeology and anthropology for a diploma.

During the next two years we heard very little from Pat. In my mother's collection of his letters I could find only four written between October 1936 and October 1938, all of them principally concerned with the causes of his financial difficulties. There was for instance the Coronation Carnival in Taiping in 1937. He explained that he had been asked unofficially to organize an aborigine raft on the lakes for the Carnival. All the other rafts and barges were run by clubs or associations. Pat put on an elaborate floating exhibition of aboriginal life and handicrafts with aborigine young men and girls to demonstrate exhibits and dance before an invited audience of officials and visitors from the other rafts. These guests had to be given drinks and refreshments—the party, I believe, went on all night—and Pat had to foot the bill. "I thought of putting in a claim afterwards but I am no good at that sort of thing," he wrote when attempting to explain his predicament.

The following year he had again got into debt with tradesmen, and when H.V. asked an old family friend to inquire tactfully into his son's affairs it was found that possibly three-quarters of his salary was being spent on the Temiar. The friend wrote to say that there were rarely less than twenty to thirty staying at his house in Taiping at any time. They would come out of the jungle with some petition or complaint, and Pat would not only be expected to feed them but to pay for their transport back to their point of entry into the jungle. He was running at his own expense several schemes that he felt were a practical means of solving

problems that arose as a result of Temiar being exposed to encroaching rubber, mining, and lumbering interests. In Sungei Siput, Pat had employed, again at his own expense, a Malay irrigation expert; to him he sent lowland Temiar to learn about wet cultivation in order to save their having to go on felling valuable timber to clear fresh *ladangs* for dry cultivation. In the Cameron Highlands he maintained, also at his own expense, an aborigine to act as a gillie for trout fishermen who came up from the plains, the idea being to encourage other local aborigines to take up this sort of work. Further, he had engaged a stenographer and additional field staff for his ethnographic research, but as these were not authorized on his establishment they had to be paid out of his own pocket.

Pat's personal establishment was both expensive and complicated. Wherever he travelled—and he was constantly on the move—he was accompanied by Anjang, with Puteh as his cook cum major domo, and a young aborigine whom I shall call Uda as his jungle guide, tribal public relations man, and personal assistant. In the latter years before the war, as Pat became increasingly involved as an adviser on aboriginal affairs to the government, there were more visits to cities and towns than trips into the jungle. Yet, although Uda had no particular function on these tours, he was never left behind.

One possible reason is that Uda was useful as a front to cover the presence of Anjang, who could have been a serious embarrassment in certain situations. She was kept discreetly in the background; it was not the done thing in European society to flout an association with a native woman, and my parents certainly knew nothing of Anjang. Whenever Pat stayed at a hotel or as a guest of an official, Anjang went into the servants' quarters with Puteh and Uda. Which brings us to the question of Uda's curious position in Pat's *maison,* as he liked to call it.

Uda came from the Rening and had tacked himself on to Pat during one of the early trips to the Kelantan border. Though he was only about sixteen at the time, Uda had

proved an extremely useful member of the party, and Pat had brought him out of the jungle for a spell. Later, Pat took to engaging him as a porter. In time, Uda found himself on Pat's permanent payroll, and by 1938 he had assumed the status of a blood brother.

I have never understood Pat's reason for putting their relationship on such a basis, unless it was, as I suspect, Uda's idea. In this event, Pat would have acquiesced to the suggestion in order not to embarrass the other by declining and also possibly because he did not stop to consider exactly what it involved. In the jungle, where relationships are clearly defined, one accepts the reciprocal rights and obligations implicit in so close a degree of kinship. As an adopted brother, Uda would have been entitled to ask for certain privileges of Anjang, and she of him, when her husband was away.

Whether or not the two were intimate at this stage, with or without Pat's knowledge, I cannot say, though on the face of things it would be highly unlikely if they were not. Custom permitted it, moreover aborigines do not attach any special significance to a sexual relationship. Sex in the jungle is often largely a matter of either or both parties wanting to be accommodated. Children grow up accustomed to seeing their parents and others performing the sex act. In their games children may be seen playing at performing it themselves, much to the amusement of grown-ups. Uda was a young man. He had not taken a wife of his own for the simple reason that his duties with Pat would have made it extremely difficult. It would not have been unreasonable or disloyal for him to turn to Anjang for his physical needs.

In retrospect, and the more I think of it, I must admit that Pat was throwing the two of them together unnecessarily, and if he did not condone a liaison between them he was taking a quite unrealistic attitude. Of course, this may have been an area over which he had a blind spot. I know he admired Uda, whom he liked to show off as a magnificent specimen of the true Hill Stock Temiar. I remember Pat's pointing this out to me on one occasion.

I looked at Uda. There was no denying he was very good-looking and beautifully proportioned. There was a string of small blue-and-white beads knotted at his throat, and he was naked but for the briefest of loincloths, which did not entirely cover his pubic hair but nevertheless could support a gleaming *parang* at his hip. The heavy jungle knife accentuated the man's narrow hips and taut abdominal wall. I have seen few men as poised, as deft in his movements. He wielded that *parang* with careless ease—it used to scare me, watching him slash through undergrowth at times within an inch of his foot.

Was Pat blind to the situation and the possible problems it might create? Or did he realize it and countenance what was probably going on? At times the thought has crossed my mind that he may even have been preparing the ground for some future break with Anjang. It was in the cards that before long he might be based in Kuala Lumpur, administering the aborigines on a federal basis, and it is possible he felt that for her sake it would be better to return her to the jungle, where she belonged. He often talked to me of the harm it did keeping aborigines in the towns over extended periods. Was he being unselfish, unpossessive and rational, after the Temiar fashion? An honest answer has to be no, for the time would come when Pat would behave like any normal, old-fashioned jealous husband. What the truth is I don't know, I just don't know. The affair is at times inexplicable, and Pat's *maison à trois* remains an enigma.

In a rafting accident Pat lost a lot of his field notes on the Temiar, together with his Temiar–English dictionary and his motion-picture camera. "It was a terrible blow," he wrote. "Months of intensive work were lost in those rapids. But I look back on it now as both a test and a purging. In my black despair the realisation came to me that the great deal I had to do could never be achieved if I did not pull myself together and become a reservoir of basic wealth, which would be behind me in all I did. I felt my word was not carrying enough weight in some quarters because I was becoming known as an eccentric scientist who was quite

unreliable over money. This thought was suddenly quite intolerable to me, and I determined that those who may hope to discredit my efforts in the humanitarian field because of these previous failings of mine would from now on be grievously disappointed. I gained an altogether objective view of myself as I sat on the bank below the rapids, my clothes wet, staring at my bearers trying to recover what was left of the raft.

"I saw in those moments of insight that I have had, on the one side, too much flattery, and then on the other side, too much jealousy. Flattery did not spoil me, but it did make me drive my convictions forward without the round-about nonsense and timidity which characterizes minute-paper government. This I know has aroused resentment in certain quarters. I could see the reaction in my own department to my misfortune, for the Director of Museums wants me to be a museum curator first and a field ethnographer afterwards. So I decided not to report the full extent of the loss, and the next day I began to re-record all over again."

Soon Pat was able to inform us that he was rewriting his notes from memory and that he was finding that he could recall most of the material. He could visualize, he noted, a beautiful plan for a thesis, whereas before he could not see the wood for the trees.

Other important developments were to follow. For years he had been urging the government to adopt a coherent policy toward the aboriginal tribespeople. He had warned administrative heads of trouble breeding where Chinese jelutong-tappers and tin-washers had come and settled in tribal territory. He had urged that the tapping of jelutong should be made an aborigine monopoly, as their methods did no harm to the trees, whereas the methods used by Chinese tappers eventually destroyed them. He had pleaded for official recognition to be given to the aborigines' tribal laws and customs, since they lived in an ecological balance with wildlife and their culture was in harmony with their environment.

He had argued the hereditary right of the aborigines to jungles they had occupied for centuries before British enterprise opened up the interior. In a minute, "Examination of the Present Circumstances Affecting the Status of the Ple-Temiar* Senoi," he wrote: "Previous to the intervention of British rule, the Ple-Temiar pursued the independent existence of a hill people on the mountains of the Main Range. Only the decision of the British Government that the boundaries of the states of Perak and Kelantan should be defined by the watershed has made the Ple-Temiar the subjects of anybody. It is maintained here that full recognition of this fact should influence our dealings with the Ple-Temiar. From the point of view of the British Government, however, the Ple-Temiar have been assumed to have been the subjects of the Sultans of Perak and Kelantan. At the present time the whole question is very open. The Ple-Temiar are not Mohammedans, and there is no reason to suppose that they show any tendency to become such in bulk. If it is maintained that the Senoi are the subjects of the Sultans a definite policy which recognizes their rights must be instituted. The present situation is full of anomalies. For example, up to now, no facts about land tenure of the Senoi were available. A simple device was to assume that they had no ownership of land. In some cases their land was given to Chinese squatters and they were ejected. In one district compensation was given to Senoi groups whose land was alienated to European estates. But no compensation was given for the land alienated in the Cameron Highlands. On the present state map of Perak large areas of exclusive Ple-Temiar land are designated 'Malay Reservation'; most of it is unsurveyed. If we are to have a reservation, let us at least reserve the land for the people who occupy it."

He had pointed out the strategic importance of the jungle routes that the aborigines kept open, and their value as guides, porters, and trackers—the police often

* The old nomenclature, combining the Negrito term for the northern Senoi, which is "Ple," with "Temiar" or "Temer," which is actually a Semai term.

made use of them in apprehending tin-stealers and runaway criminals.

There had been so many recommendations that a number of senior government officials took exception to a "mere scientist sticking his nose into matters of high government policy."

But his arguments were compelling: "Relatively vast areas of the Peninsula are still undeveloped jungle, so that today timber, wild life and primitive people coincide in a single area. It seems not unreasonable that the interests of the inhabitants should have their protectors as well as the timber and big game."

Pat had supporters as well as detractors in upper government circles, and many of his ideas and suggestions had found their mark. The outcome was the Aboriginal Tribes Enactment—Perak: No. 3 of 1939, establishing reservations for the jungle folk, which Pat himself drafted. Under Section 5 of the enactment, provision was made for the appointment of a Protector of Aborigines by the Sultan in State Council, and Pat became Perak's first protector on December 21, 1939.

During my last year at Cambridge, Pat had returned to the university on study leave to write a thesis for his Ph.D. He took a small flat in a lane off the market square, and Puteh, who had accompanied him, acted as his cook, valet, and housekeeper. One of Pat's close friends at the time was Noel Ross, a Malayan Civil Service officer, who was also at Cambridge on study leave. Ross had a bigger flat, overlooking King's Parade, and here quite frequently we all got together for an evening of aboriginal music and dancing, and Scotch whiskey. Puteh would beat out the rhythm on a python-skin drum against records of *halak*-singing which Pat had had made, and Ross, Pat, and myself, with one or two other devotees, would dance in loincloths. Once, we were in full swing when a knock sounded on the door, and Pat opened it to find a policeman outside. He had come to investigate what appeared to people in the house opposite to be a nude orgy: they could see only our bare upper bodies.

However, the constable was reassured by the loincloths and, after accepting a drink, continued on his beat.

Kilton Stewart was also writing a thesis for his Ph.D., at London University, and frequently came up to see Pat. Having worked together in the jungle, they shared the same thesis subject—the dream psychology of the Temiar—although, of course, each treated it from a different aspect. Stewart dealt more with the application of the dream as an instrument of socialization, while Pat showed how the dream had been used to shape the whole pattern of the lives and culture of the people.

Every year a thesis is selected to be read in outline during the Cambridge May Week festivities. In 1939 it was Pat's, and Stewart was present when Pat read it before a distinguished assembly in his fine, resonant speaking voice that filled the hall. Afterwards the subject was thrown open for discussion, and one of the professors raised the point that, since every premise was based on dream experience, how was the investigator able to prove that the people whose dreams were under study were in fact telling him the truth.

In reply Pat described how on journeys through the jungle he would get up during the night and sit listening to his Temiar porters talking in their sleep. In this way he frequently heard a dream unconsciously being related as it was happening. He heard songs and poetry composed with lines being improvised and better words and meanings tried out. Thus when the same dream was recounted to him in the morning he was able to check the dreamer's account. His results were sufficiently encouraging to bear out what he had often heard, that the Temiar never lie when talking about a dream experience.

On the jungle trip they had done together, Pat and Stewart had frequently checked dreams in this way. One night they had heard one of the porters who was a *halak* receive a dance instruction from his *gunig*. It had rained during the night, so that the paths had become slippery, and the men were not keen to continue over a difficult pass next day. However, the *halak* announced that if they per-

formed the dance as instructed in his dream, his *gunig* would enter the tin boxes they carried and make them empty. The dance was accordingly performed that night, and the following day they continued the journey. No longer did the men complain about the loads; they now said they felt as if there was nothing in the boxes. The extraordinary part of it was that the men were able to handle them as though they were in fact empty boxes, and as they walked they seemed to be expending correspondingly less effort.

Pat was at Cambridge for three terms. He then went to stay with my mother and H.V. in the south of France, where he began writing up his thesis. Then, after a few weeks, he went on to Malaya.

Meanwhile I had managed to scrape through my degree examination. At my tutor's suggestion, I then went with two other students to do some practical work on the inhabitants of Benbecula in the Outer Hebrides. Next, H.V. decided to send me out to Malaya to join Pat and get some field experience working under him. I sailed from London on August 24, 1939, and was at sea when the war started —the war that was to sweep away the old Malaya.

5
Anjang

Anjang was living in Pat's house in Taiping when I arrived, but as she was one of about thirty other Temiar who occupied the place, her presence aroused no undue comment in European social circles.

She was standing at the top of the steps as the car stopped under the porch. She seemed taller and slimmer. She was smiling as she came down the steps, making a slight gesture of submission to Pat, which I later learned was the special greeting a Temiar woman reserves for her husband. Then she turned shyly toward me and said a few words in Malay.

"She says," Pat interpreted, "that I must tell you the correct relationship-term for you to use when addressing her. It is *'teneh,'* and it means elder sister. She will call you *'pe'*—younger brother."

"Salamat teneh," I said to her, and she and the crowd laughed happily.

Pat took a parcel from the car; he had met me in Penang, and we had motored up to Taiping together. He handed the parcel to me to present to Anjang. She accepted it decorously, but a moment later she was tearing off the wrapping to release a pile of vividly coloured sarongs. Women surrounded Anjang in a laughing huddle, and they vanished into the house, scurrying up stairs to the bedrooms, where their screams and giggling could be heard. They later emerged wearing the new sarongs, with their foreheads and cheeks freshly decorated with red and white dots. Anjang had not painted her face, but she had put a flower in her dark lustrous hair, in which I now noticed the reddish tints that I

had heard described as one of the elements in the Temiar physical livery.

I was swept bewildered into the ménage. Aborigines were everywhere, and the house reeked of their hill tobacco. I was shown to a bedroom that was being used by two couples, who had rigged up sleeping platforms.

"Sorry about the crush," Pat said. "But you'll soon get used to communal life."

In the succeeding weeks I discovered an entirely new side to Pat, that of the gentle, imperturbable Tata—the title of respect, meaning grandfather, that the Temiar had given him. He did not seem to mind what his perpetual crowd of guests did in his house. They played his gramophone, sometimes all day. Taps were left running. Lights burned all night in the house, as there were always some of the crowd awake, talking and smoking and moving about. At meals he and I sat alone at the dining table, served by Puteh, but there was always an audience of aborigines in the dining room, watching us eat and discussing the *tuans' cuisine française*—in France Puteh had studied under a chef. From time to time an aborigine would come up to the table and examine a dish at close quarters, then return to his place on the floor to describe it to the others.

Anjang was different. She had none of the *gaucherie* you see in aborigine women outside the jungle. A memory that remains with me is of her laughter ringing through the house and of the jungle songs with which she beguiled the "whiskey hour," as Pat called it, when the sun set behind the tall trees and bamboo clumps in that sleepy old town. I remember how her dark eyes shone and how graceful her movements were when she waited on Pat. It seemed as if she was putting all her femininity into such simple gestures as striking a match and holding the flame for him to light his pipe. Pat would be reclining in a low rattan chair with his bare feet up on its extended arm while the soft evening faded and darkness blurred the scene on the lawn around us. In the background, always in the background, there would be Uda sitting on the grass, twanging softly on a *rangoin,* a jew's

harp made from the midrib of a *langkap* palm. There was a touch of mockery in Uda's playing of the *rangoin,* but then the *rangoin* is a mocking instrument.

I had started learning Malay, and in the afternoons I would go round to the museum where Pat had planned a course of reading for me. This was cut short at the end of October when Pat announced that he wanted to try to contact some Negrito groups near the Thai frontier: as Protector of Aborigines he was responsible for the entire aborigine population of Perak.

We went up to Grik, the administrative capital of the district of Upper Perak, which as yet had no telephone—the line from the south was still fifty miles short of the town. We continued on to Kroh in two Austin Sevens, which were the only cars small enough to manage the thirty-mile mountain road connecting the two towns; our baggage having to follow by an elephant using a jungle path. The road did not boast a culvert, much less a bridge, and in places where it dipped into hollows it was banked with red earth that had liquefied into quagmire—it was the rainy season. The drivers' method of tackling these stretches was to hit them in bottom gear, revving hard and hoping for the best. Somehow we would make the other side.

The country was an intense green, with blue-green hills unfolding in the background, with valleys of shimmering green paddy fields, and the road punctuated from time to time by a flimsy Malay *kampong* on stilts and a fleeting impression of tall, slender areca-nut palms, languid Malays, and suicidal chickens crossing the road. This road is unforgettable because of the part it was to play in our lives.

On reaching Kroh, we turned into the gates of a large wooden building on piles—the resthouse. We climbed from the two baby cars, stiff and dusty, and ascended the front steps to the surrounding verandah, Pat shouting to the resident servants of the place for *stengahs*.

Below us from the resthouse stretched an expanse of lawn splashed with vividly coloured flowering shrubs merging

into tennis courts, playing fields, and a nine-hole golf course. Then came the lake. Beyond that the avenue of scarlet flame-of-the-forest trees leading to the Chinese bazaar, and beyond that again the backcloth of distant green hills against a pink and purple evening sky. How full this spot too is of memories.

At that time the resthouse served as a sort of upcountry club, to which the local planters, tin-mining engineers, and government officials, and their wives, would come for a game of tennis or golf and a spot of social life. The bar never closed, and the food was good. The talk was mainly of "Home", though the war was seldom mentioned. Perhaps the idea of war was too unthinkable when applied to one's own fair homeland. They lived in the past, and inevitably the conversation would come round to the great Hubert Berkley, who had certainly left his mark on the district but was retired and gone the last ten years.

Perhaps it was the particular appeal that the image of the old-style autocratic yet benign administrator has in the British colonial tradition, for stories about him abounded, like the one about how he once tricked the British resident into cancelling a proposed tour of inspection. There had been floods that year, and Berkley sent a message down to Taiping to the effect that there was no bridge at the fifteenth mile. Thinking that he would not be able to cross the river, the resident decided against the journey. The message was true. There wasn't a bridge at the fifteenth mile—there never had been.

Pat was greatly attracted by what he called the "Berkley concept", and he went to great lengths to explain the advantages of that type of rule in a remote area.

Pat said: "He intentionally kept it backward because he believed progress would not make these people happy. Yet he had had the political foresight to negotiate the absorption of the independent state of Rahman into his district, so that Perak would thereby gain control of the headwaters of the Perak River."

Pat corresponded with Berkley, who helped him with

advice and contacts, and the fact that he had the great man's blessing opened the door to much that might otherwise have been closed to a young *tuan* in the Museums Department whose work was not fully understood by the rural Malays and so carried no prestige.

"Wherever you look you see Berkley," Pat said. "Look around you. The place is redolent of him. Talk to the people and you will realize how the legend grows." He looked away at the distant jungle-clad hills. "That is how I would like to be remembered by the Temiar."

He took me down to the lake below the resthouse, to a wooden house Berkley had built for himself. In the garden (for he was a keen gardener) was a wide variety of beautiful flowering shrubs and creepers. We went out along the road northward to the Thai border, to a hot spring where Berkley would go in the cool of the morning with his lovely adopted Malay daughter. They would change into bathing sarongs and stand for half an hour in the large concrete bath through which the steaming sulphurous water flowed.

It was in one of Berkley's halting-bungalows, on a jungle path eight miles out of Kroh, that I received my introduction to some of the frustration of anthropological research. Pat had chosen it as a base for contacting the Negritos in the area. There were two plank huts on stilts connected by a wooden platform in a wide clearing by the side of a small tributary of the Rui River. One of the huts leaned over drunkenly with its roof collapsed, having had a shove from a passing elephant.

The other hut was dank and dirty, but it was soon cleaned up, and with our camp equipment laid out it was made quite comfortable. The Malays—there were seven to start with—were accommodated in tents in the clearing around the halting-bungalow; Anjang and Uda had been left behind in Taiping. It was the Moslem fasting month of Ramadan which meant that they could not eat, drink, or smoke anything from 4 A.M. until after the sun had set, with the result that none of them felt inclined for work in the afternoons. However, the villagers in the nearby Thai village of Belukar

Semang were Buddhists, and they made up for the Malays' lack of enthusiasm by bringing gifts of fruit and vegetables and offering to help in any way they could.

The village headman was in tenuous contact with a Negrito group encamped in the neighbourhood. He promised to get a few of them to come to the halting-bungalow, and we waited; Pat doubted whether our chances of meeting the Negritos were even fifty-fifty since they were so timid and shy. But I was excited at the thought of seeing members of a tribe whose dreams, through misinterpretation, had turned against them to haunt them.

On the fourth day we were sitting on our little verandah when I noticed a faint movement in the gloom of the jungle as three black gnomes approached, carrying long blowpipes with quivers of darts at their sides. Stuck through each man's loincloth was a naked *parang*.

Pat, seeing them, got up unhurriedly and went down the steps. He greeted them, offering cigarettes. They sat in palaver on their haunches on the grassy bank of the stream, Pat with them, and in that position I thought he looked distinctly tubby—he had been putting on weight. He beckoned to me, and I went down and joined the palaver but of course could not understand a word of what was being said. Covertly I studied the visitors, noting the physical characteristics Pat had reminded me to observe—the "peppercorn hair," the flat nose, the splayed nostrils, the thick lips, the shining, extremely alert eyes.

After perhaps ten minutes it was obvious they were becoming restive, so Pat got up and called to one of the tents. There were movements under the canvas, and presently one of the fasting Malays slowly emerged, looking strangely tight-lipped and withdrawn. With a limp hand he held out a bag of rice to one of the gnomes.

Such was the start of our protracted courtship, the reward for which we hoped would be an invitation to visit their encampment. This eventually came after about two weeks, when the headman hurt his leg. We had been treating them for skin diseases and other complaints, and now were asked

to bring medicine to the patient, who could not be moved and was in pain.

We started out, escorted by Negritos, along a narrow jungle track. We crossed a stream, then struggled up a steep hill, eventually arriving at a small flattish area higher up the stream. A natural clearing appeared in the jungle. Here we suddenly saw the encampment—a circle of simple lean-to shelters, so arranged that their outer leaf-walls also acted as a camouflage and a flimsy stockade. There were eleven shelters furnished with sleeping platforms consisting of no more than a few lengths of slit bamboo resting on logs laid on the ground. In front of each shelter was the family cooking fire. In the center of the circle, perched on the stump of what had been a fairly large sapling, was a small *pano*-hut, pyramidal in shape and measuring about three feet at the base. Except for the headman, who lay in a shelter on a sleeping platform, the encampment was deserted.

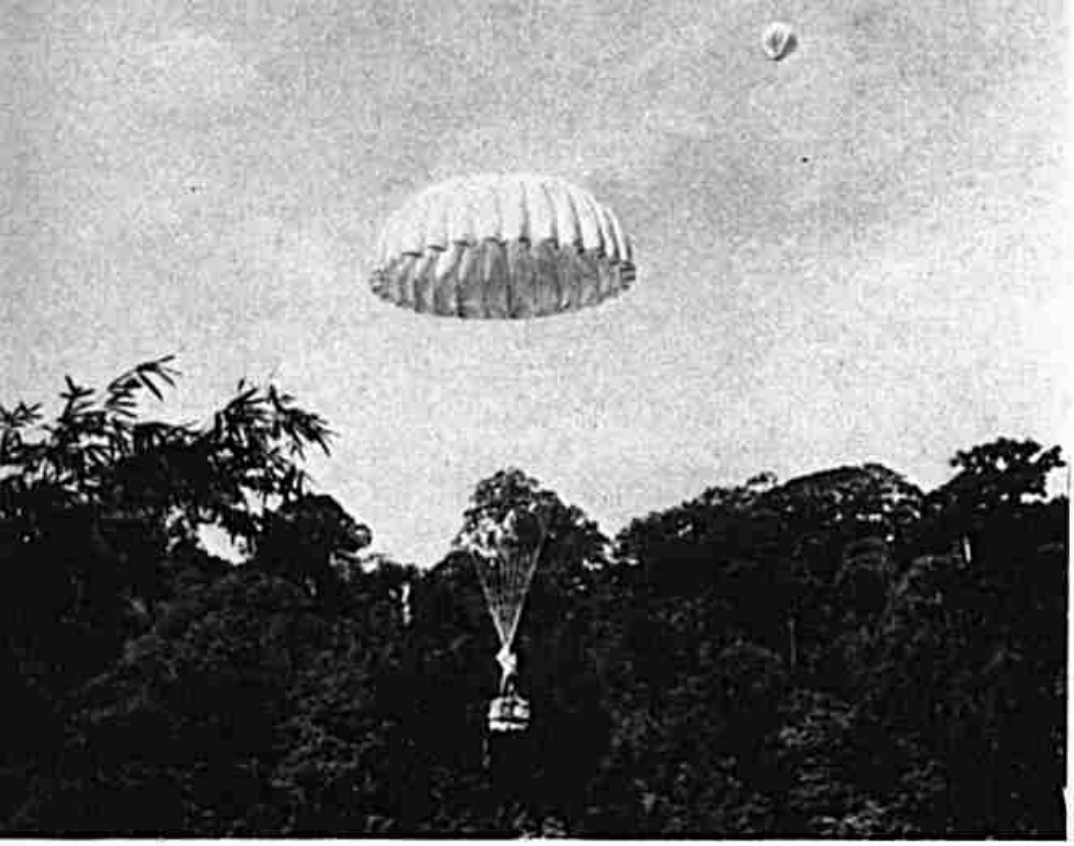
"We'll stay here just as long as it takes to see the old man," Pat said. "We mustn't show we're interested. And for heaven's sake don't go near that *pano*-hut. It's taboo."

The chief had sprained his ankle and lacerated his foot. I cleaned and dressed the wound, bandaged the sprain, and gave the man three aspirin tablets with a drink of coloured water. Then we walked straight out of the encampment, and the escort took us back to the halting-bungalow.

It was the first of several visits to the encampment. Gradually we gained the headman's confidence, so that by the time his leg was better we were on quite friendly terms and were asked to continue our visits. By now the women, in mini-skirts made from strands of black fungus, and children were to be found in the shelters when we arrived. Later, when they got used to our presence, they would go about their daily household duties instead of just sitting and staring.

Then one day our escort did not turn up at the halting-bungalow. We thought they might have gone out hunting, but when, after four days, they still had not appeared, Pat and I went up to the encampment to investigate. We found the

Above. Richard interrogating aborigines at his house at the research station at Gombak
Below. Communist terrorist killed by Senoi Pra'ak being brought out of the jungle for identification



Above. Airborne supplies for Senoi Pra'ak on an operation

Below. Senoi Pra'ak troop headquarters on a jungle operation

place deserted. The shelters had been left, but the *pano*-hut had been taken away.

Pat was not surprised. It was more or less how Negritos had behaved toward every anthropologist who had ever attempted to study them. It may have been that the group had eaten all the edible roots and tubers in the surrounding area of jungle, and they had just moved on to another place without bothering to say good-bye. Or that being nomads they had just suddenly felt restless and decided to go. Or it may have been that something had been done or said to upset them. We would never know.

Pat had to return to Taiping, but I stayed on at the halting-bungalow with two of his Malays in the hope of being able to contact another Negrito group who were thought to be in the area. Later I went to Pong, a journey of nine leech-infested miles, in search of a third group. There I heard that Ering, a Negrito chief from the Grik area, was in jail. He had been caught trying to sell a baby tapir, a protected animal, and I hurried back to see if I could help him and thereby win his confidence.

I paid his fine of twenty Malayan dollars, which seriously taxed my resources, but the following day Ering also vanished. Then a fourth Negrito group was reported near Klian Intan, and I cycled there with Yaacob, one of the Malays. Again I was disappointed. This group too had melted away into the jungle, leaving another pathetic circle of leaf shelters.

"Dick," Pat said when I met him on his return from Taiping, "you're not learning very much here. There's an interesting group at a place called Ayer Chepam, about a day's journey by raft from Grik. They are Lanoh Negritos who have intermarried with Older Strata Temiar and are now living in the Temiar style. How would you like to go there and make an intensive study of the group?"

There was no question of having to woo these people. They knew Pat, and Goh, their headman, received me courteously at their longhouse on a bluff overlooking the Perak River. I studied them for three months until a message

from Pat brought me back to Taiping. He had heard that the Public Health Department were looking for somebody to supervise an economic and nutritional survey of a local Malay *kampong*. Pat knew the director of medical services, and had landed the job for me.

"There is only a small government grant of thirty dollars a month for the investigation," he said. "But it will be an excellent opportunity for you to learn Malay."

The village selected was Kampong Perak. I loved the job, and it was nice to be on my own away from Pat's supervision, which, quite frankly, I had begun to find a bit overpowering and best availed of in small doses; he was such a positive character, and so marvellously articulate in expressing a constant outpouring of ideas, that I found myself developing an inferiority complex.

After a month, he sent a car to fetch me to Taiping, explaining in a note that he had received a letter from H.V. summoning me to Colombo. My father had heard about my nutritional survey, and had written to say he had met the world's greatest expert on nutrition, who was willing to take me under his wing. H.V.'s view was that I would learn far more working under this expert than on my own in a Malay village. He wanted me to leave right away, and he enclosed a check to cover my passage money and travelling expenses to Ceylon.

"But I don't want to go," I told Pat. "I like Malaya and I like the people, and I am practically fluent in the language. I can be far more useful here than I would be in Ceylon, where I'd have to start again from scratch."

"H.V.'s going to be very put out if you oppose him," Pat said. "He'll probably cut off your allowance."

"I'll have to risk that."

As Pat had predicted, H.V. cut off the allowance of one hundred and fifty Malayan dollars a month he was sending me. I had counted on the passage money to keep me going for a while, but Pat borrowed most of that to pay his grocer's bill. As I had to manage as best I could on my thirty Malayan dollars a month from the Public Health Department, I took

a small Malay house in the *kampong* and lived like a Malay, eating Malay food and working with the villagers in their fields.

The experience I gained at Kampong Perak and the friends I made there were to prove of immense value to me later.

6

The Fiasco

It was January 1941. The Japanese had occupied Indochina. Covetous eyes were looking toward Southeast Asia, and Malaya Command, as it was then known, decided to set up an intelligence organization along the Thai border to reconnoiter the jungle routes and watch out for any suspicious moves made by the Japanese or inspired by them. The organization was to be called the Frontier Patrol and consist of four European officers, each to be given a sector of the border and placed under the control of E. O. Shebbeare, the chief game warden of Malaya. People with jungle experience were required, and Pat, who was invited to join, suggested my being taken on as well.

I was thrilled when Shebbeare agreed. Goh's people at Ayer Chepam had taught me to understand the jungle; it was no longer a hostile environment but one in which, with teaching, the senses and intuition could be heightened to a degree you would hardly believe possible. I had finished the nutritional survey. It had taken six months, after which I had joined the Perak Battalion of the Federated Malay States Volunteer Force and completed my military training, which I had started in the normal way in school and continued through university. Both Pat and I were commissioned in the FMSVF, but as the Frontier Patrol was a Game Department "show"—as such it would arouse the least suspicion—we were taken on as game wardens and paid a warden's salary, which as far as I can remember was about three hundred Malayan dollars a month. This, added to H.V.'s allowance, which had been restored with his forgive-

ness when he heard I was living on rice, improved my financial position considerably.

As each sector officer of the Frontier Patrol was left to recruit his own men and to organize his own setup as best he could, I went down to the village whose nutrition I had surveyed, engaged eleven of the best men I knew, and transported them and their families lock, stock, and barrel to Kroh, where I had set up a base headquarters. Later I took on another five Malays. These, with my cook-boy Yaacob, completed my establishment. My unit built their own houses by the side of a stream just outside the town, with a house for me to live in, as I preferred to avoid the resthouse and the Europeans who congregated there. In a small community people are curious about one another's affairs. Officially I was in the Game Department, and I had given out that I was investigating the movements of elephant herds in the area; but I was not keen to have to answer any awkward questions.

For his part Pat used Temiar, but whether they proved as efficient as Malays at frontier intelligence work is a moot point which he and I often argued. This I know, that my Malays took to it like a duck to water once I had had them trained in jungle craft by Goh and a party of his kinsmen, who were employed as instructors. Generally, Malays are afraid of the jungle, but you saw the fear disappearing from their faces as they learned to find their way about in it. Learned to survive by being able to collect food such as edible tubers, leaves, fruits, and flowers and catch fish by making traps; to cook without pots and pans in sections of bamboo; to know where to look for dry firewood in dripping jungle and how to kindle a fire if necessary without matches, by the oldest method, friction; to follow tracks and to conceal or mark their own; to interpret bird warnings; to bridge streams and gorges; to make rafts and navigate them; to cope with leeches.

I picked a man named Osman as my second-in-command, and another named Palang Gadok as quartermaster. Osman I paid very well by rural Malay standards—thirty Malayan

dollars a month; Palang Gadok received twenty-five Malayan dollars, and the rest of the permanent Malay staff between fifteen and twenty Malayan dollars.

After the initial training we did a preliminary reconnaissance of our sector, complete with aborigine porters and baggage elephants, and set up a number of advanced posts along the frontier. At these I stationed my Malay scouts in sections of two or three, besides contacting certain individuals living in villages on both sides of the border whom I established as my secret agents and whose diligence I encouraged by paying generously for accurate information.

The best of these agents was an old Patani Malay, the Haji Awang Halir, who lived in the border village of Simpang Perak, where two tracks coming down over the mountains from Thailand converged to lead off again in three directions southward. It was through this village that rubber smugglers from Malaya, buffalo smugglers from Thailand, and any others wishing to avoid the main route, had to pass. It was an ideal place to pick up interesting gossip.

The Haji had relatives in Thailand and had formerly lived there, and with a Thai passport that he carried he was able to make frequent trips over the border to collect information from some of these relatives, who were also in my pay. Every few weeks I would to up go Simpang Perak. I loved the spot, with its overgrown ditches and ramparts where the Patani Malays had made a last stand in a terrible battle with the Siamese. It was full of memories and ghosts. I had a small bamboo house built near the Haji's, and here we would sit talking by the light of a kerosene lamp late into the night.

I am tempted to linger at this point in my life when I first discovered I possessed a flair for organizing people and as a result gained confidence. But few of the incidents and excitements are strictly relevant to my present theme. Suffice it to say that a lot happened in those eleven months of 1941 in which I continually toured my outposts and visited my agents and scouts, collating information and feeding it

back to the G2(1), 3rd Corps with whom I had been instructed to work directly. I have often read that the British Malaya Command was totally unprepared for the Japanese invasion, which came as a big surprise, but in fact the invasion was no surprise. Most of the information I received from over the Thai border pointed to the unfriendly designs of the Japanese.

Let me enumerate some of the items of intelligence I obtained: an airfield at Patani in south Thailand was being enlarged; a Japanese headquarters had been established in a hotel near the border; Japanese army officers were seen surveying the border area in depth; large units of Thai gendarmerie were being moved down from the north; a concrete roadblock was being built outside the border town of Betong and disguised as a ceremonial arch for the approaching Thai national celebration; large numbers of Japanese agents were being sent into Malaya to recruit and brief fifth columnists. All this months before the attack.

At the same time, counter measures were being taken by Malaya Command. One of my jobs was to organize a secret escape route over the border with, at intervals of a day's march, huts stocked with food and medical supplies for use by British personnel and families at the British-run Pinyok Tin Mine in south Thailand. Special instructions for this job came from Singapore through a mysterious Major Nixon, who would fly up to Penang, where I would meet him in his room at the Eastern and Oriental Hotel, after creeping in by the back. So critical was the situation in the opinion of Malaya Command that when I met Nixon two months before the invasion he asked me to stand by to go straight back along the prepared jungle route, this time with a supply of automatic weapons and ammunition and a wireless, which were to be dumped at the border for use by sixteen Britons at the mine.

As my feet and legs were in a bad state from jungle sores and septic leech bites, I went to stay with Shebbeare, my boss, in his house near Fraser's Hill in central Malaya. I was hoping the rest and change would help, but I then

contracted typhoid and malaria together and was rushed to Taiping Hospital by the army. I was pretty sick there and failed to recognize Pat when he was summoned out of the jungle to see me. Anyhow, as soon as I was able to get out of hospital, I made for Penang and found Nixon at the hotel.

"Sir," I said, "my men are ready and my baggage elephants are waiting in the jungle outside Kroh."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but there's some hold up over the Bren guns."

Pat was in Penang, spending a few days with Sheelah and her husband, who were stationed there. We made the most of the break. Perhaps we both felt it was our last chance of a bit of fun together. On the Sunday—I think it was a Sunday—we looked in at the E. and O. Hotel for a drink before lunch. The bar was crowded; it was such a happy, noisy, reassuring scene, the war and its horrors seemed remote and even ridiculous. Eleven days later Japanese bombers attacked Penang, and the town went up in flames. Oddly enough I just cannot visualize the bombing of Penang, although I saw so much else that obliterated my happy memories of the old life in Malaya. I saw its graciousness and order and growing prosperity suddenly swept away. Yet somehow the picture I have of that beautiful island of Penang seems inviolate. Perhaps I am being sentimental.

Anyhow, after spending a few days in Penang, Pat and I motored back to Kroh together. I am trying to recall what we talked about. The family, I suppose, and naturally our jobs, our sectors, our men, the jungle, the war, life, and whatever else two brothers on good terms with each other and with a great deal in common will talk about. It is a happy memory; we had had a good time, and there was Pat's buoyant optimism to take care of the future.

I clearly remember our good-bye at the Kroh resthouse. Pat shouted for a final drink, and we touched glasses to his favourite toast of *Nong pai* (Temiar for "new path"), his slogan for his welfare campaign for the aborigines. Then he climbed back into the front seat of his pickup truck. "So long, Dick, till the next time," he said as the driver

started the engine. He waved as the vehicle swung round, out through the gate, and off down the road to Grik. It was the last time I saw him.

Next day I heard from Nixon. The arms, ammunition, and wireless were to arrive by truck from Penang. I was to take delivery under cover of darkness at my Malay house outside Kroh, have them packed in galvanized iron boxes, loaded onto twelve baggage elephants, and we were to set out at daybreak.

The date I was told to expect the consignment was December 6, 1941. It never arrived. Instead I received an urgent signal from Singapore, ordering me to disband my Frontier Patrol sections and to report to the nearest infantry battalion, the 3rd/16th Punjab Regiment, at Kroh.

The message had come by dispatch rider, a crisply smart Punjabi Mussulman on a motorcycle. As I read it I thought immediately of Pat, who would now be on his way up to his advanced base at Tapong on the Perak River. He would undoubtedly receive similar orders. The battalion nearest him was the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, at Grik.

I knew the 3rd/16th Punjab Regiment well, having carried out a number of track reconnaissances for them, besides helping with their jungle training. I cycled round to their camp, which was camouflaged under rubber trees on a large estate, and found Colonel Moorhead, the CO, in the headquarters tent.

He said: "Sit down, Dick—the situation is grave. We have just had orders to advance into Siam as part of a big operation called Matador. Our objective is to deny the port of Patani to the Japs in the event of an attempted landing. I have been appointed military governor of all the Siamese territory our column occupies. You will be my political officer."

On the night of December 6 word came through that a Japanese convoy had been sighted in the China Sea, steaming south, and we received orders to prepare to advance.

The following evening I went up to the resthouse, where I was expecting to meet the Haji. A tin miner from Klian

Intan was sitting on the verandah drinking a whiskey. I ordered one for myself and sat down. Nothing seemed to have changed.

"I'm up here on a few days' leave," the miner said. "I hear there are some cute little Siamese girls in Betong. How would you like to drive out there tonight?"

"No thanks," I said. "I have been called up. We're standing by."

"Bloody inconvenient."

"We're about to be invaded."

When the Haji arrived I took him aside.

"Old friend, what news have you brought?" I asked.

"*Tuan,*" the Haji replied, "the Thai police have been given rifles and machine guns by the Japanese. They have been told to shoot any British soldiers who cross the frontier."

I reported this to Moorhead.

At 4 A.M. on Monday, December 8, word came through that the Japanese had landed at Songkhla in Thailand and at Kota Bharu in Kelantan, but the sun rose and we still waited. Later that morning I returned to the resthouse to pay off the last of my Frontier Patrol men. We heard what sounded like distant thunder.

"The navy must be doing a bit of target practice off Penang," said the tin miner on leave. He looked bleary-eyed after the night at Betong. Actually the thunder came from Sungei Patani, where the Japanese were bombing the airfield, destroying on the ground most of the front-line aircraft based there.

When eventually the order to advance came through, at 1:20 P.M., Patani in Siam was already in the hands of the Japanese, and Moorhead's objective was limited to securing the Pinyok Tin Mine. The route that I had prepared with so much effort was never used. Our advance began at 2 P.M. It was the first move of the fiasco.

It was in the swift and bewildering collapse of our forces in Malaya that the curtain rose on the first act of an epochal tragedy for the Temiar. How totally irrelevant a world war

appears from their standpoint. Other historic eddies had merely lapped at their feet—Hindu, Buddhist, Mon Khmer, Arab, Portuguese, British. Inaccessible and untouched, the Temiar had reached a state of harmony with their environment, and their lesson for mankind was that it is not enough for a society to evolve solely by building an edifice of recorded knowledge and experience. Evolution also implies a development of the individual toward a state of emotional compromise with his fellows and spiritual compromise with his interior self. Materially the Temiar were poor, and tropical diseases took their toll. Pat had noted that the children quickly built up an immunity or succumbed; infant mortality was so high that it was not the custom to name children until they were at least two years old. Yet they had achieved a degree of happiness and fulfillment in their lives that we of the Western world could marvel at. But now it was to be taken from them. Bintang had prophesied an end to their isolation. He had seen dark spirits, black trees, and red suns and the pit of Sankal's navel, from which spirits came up bubbling, and fierce men invading the *sakas* from the distant *kualas* where the jungle ends. Would these be the Japanese? Or was there another, a more insidious danger?

For me the nightmare remains as a garish montage of grotesque and overacted cinematic scenes. As the Haji had predicted, we were first stopped by Thai police. Then again a few miles further on by Thai convicts who had been armed with Japanese weapons. They held us up until the first Japanese tanks and mountain artillery arrived with three battalions of infantry in close support. In our first encounter with the little yellow tanks we lost nearly a whole company. I saw magnificent displays of disciplined verve and gallantry by handsome Punjabis, faithful unto death to their British officers, but we were bombarded incessantly by batteries of mountain guns. We had to fall back.

The following morning, December 12, 1941, the column was suddenly in danger of being encircled, and the order came to withdraw. I was with B Company. To get clear we had to run a gauntlet of about five hundred yards of open

road with the Japanese machine guns sweeping it with tracers and their artillery firing over open sights. Out of the company's original one hundred men, only sixteen got through.

At the unit's transport park, trucks were moving off with men still clambering aboard. I wasn't quick enough and got left behind. I got a lift in a truck of the 5th/14th Punjabis to where a concrete bridge was being prepared for demolition. We got out, but I did not see the others getting back into the truck and was left behind again.

Presently I met up with three officers of my own unit who had also been left behind. We started walking toward the Malayan border, dropping grenades under the bonnet of every vehicle we found ditched in the quagmire on either side of the road. We found a deserted Bren-gun carrier and managed to get it working. We heard the bridge going up. A sappers' truck went hurtling past, followed by Colonel Moorhead in a second Bren-gun carrier, sitting at the guns. There was nobody alive between us and the Japanese. We fell back toward Kroh.

There were two roads to the south from Kroh—the bad one through Grik with, as Berkley had warned the resident, no bridge at the fifteenth mile; and a good one through Baling and the State of Kedah. The Punjabis took up prepared defensive positions on the Baling road, but as the Grik road was considered unusable by military transport the only stop to a thrust down it was a battalion of Argylls at Grik. The Japanese, after keeping us guessing for a brief pause, launched a massive frontal attack on our positions, and Colonel Moorhead sent me out with a patrol to see if by any chance they were also moving down on Grik. I was later to learn that Pat had been sent on a similar reconnaissance with a platoon of Argylls to obtain the information about a thrust on Baling for his CO.

When I reached the Grik road I saw convoys of light Japanese transports streaming south. It was part of the pincer movement that was to cut Pat's battalion to pieces, as the other claw of the pincer, just then, was doing mine. For when

I got back to our positions I found only dead Punjabis and blasted earth bunkers.

Our own escape by road was cut off, so I took my patrol back into the jungle and over the Kedah divide to Baling by a route I knew. The Punjabis were there, and the picture that stays in my memory is of a firing squad with their rifles aimed at a screaming man tied to a tree. There was a crackle of shots, and the screaming stopped. He was a fifth columnist, a Formosan, who had picked off a dispatch rider.

I can remember thinking with a feeling of hollow bitterness of the complacency of some Europeans prior to the Japanese invasion.

"Malaya is the easiest place in the world to defend," one had said. "Four-fifths is jungle. The Japs would have to use the roads, and there are only three from north to south. We have enough troops to stop them anywhere."

The disillusionment of such wishful thinkers was swift and brutal. The British defeat in Malaya has been fully described, so I will not expand on the horror of that debacle. What remains with me most vividly is the traumatic feeling of bewilderment from one shock after another as our defenses crumbled before direct assault and bold outflanking movements or were eroded from within by panic and the Japanese fifth column.

I was with my battalion as it fell further and further back, decimated at every fierce stand, to join with remnants of other infantry units and turn and fight again but, again outnumbered and outflanked, to pull out at the last moment to save what was left.

When we reached Johore, the southernmost state of Malaya, I was posted to an organization called Dalco, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Dalley, who had been director of the Malayan CID before the war. It was by using side roads and tracks that the Japanese were able to infiltrate past the defenders' positions. Very little was known by British commanders of these side tracks, and, to remedy this situation, I was sent haring around Johore in a small Vauxhall car with a planter named Donald Farquharson. Our orders

were to collect all the estate maps we could lay hands on, reconnoiter the roads shown on them, and work in close touch with unit commanders who needed to know where gaps existed in their defenses.

Unfortunately the detailed reconnaissance of the country had been left till too late. Within three weeks, the remnants of the defeated army were retreating over the causeway to Singapore Island, and we joined the bedraggled procession.

In Singapore we were ordered to go around collecting all the maps available of the ports, harbours, estuaries, and railway installations in Malaya, against the day when these would be needed for planning the reinvasion. Toward the end our final map-collecting efforts were slowed down when the car we were using was wrecked by a party of Australians who used it to smash in the doors of a liquor shop. By that time discipline was rapidly breaking down. The same night, as we were entering Raffles Hotel, we heard a shot, and a bullet glanced off the roof of a car, followed by three other shots in quick succession from behind a hedge. We ducked and rushed round to find an Australian lying on his back on the ground with his rifle between his knees, firing into the air. Inside the hotel, the lounge was crowded with Australians caked with mangrove mud, sprawled about on the chairs and on the floor.

On Thursday, February 12, 1942, a story got around that a message had been sent from General Wavell in Java to the effect that as the troops in Singapore had put up such a bad show no further reinforcements would be sent, and further that if any man left the island without a written order, he would be shot as a deserter. The story was true, but it merely hastened the breakdown of discipline and morale during the last three days before the surrender. Men swarmed on the docks trying to get away, and machine guns badly needed at the front were brought down to the docks to prevent unauthorized persons from attempting to leave.

By that time an ex-Forestry Department officer, Major Colin Marshall, had come into the picture as far as I was concerned. He appeared with written orders to gather to-

gether all the people he could find who had done jungle intelligence work and to get them out to General Wavell's headquarters at Bandoeng in Java. I was sent to the docks. I was with a young officer from the Game Department named Kitchener.

We managed to get on a launch with a party of European civilians, and the craft headed out for some distant islands at full speed, threading its way between the masts of junks and other shipping sunk in the harbour. Orange flames from burning buildings were feeding smoke into an immense black pall that hung over the dying city. From the flagstaff on Fort Canning, the British citadel, the Union Jack fluttered gaily.

At two o'clock that afternoon we were about seven miles out when I saw what I took to be a reef in the water. I reported this but was told I was looking at a reflection in the water of the smoke from blazing oil tanks on an island to the east.

The shadow in the water under us became darker. Again I called to the helmsman that we were over a reef.

"Don't worry, old boy, I know these waters like the back of my hand," he replied, and a moment later there was a jolt that threw us in a heap to the bottom of the cockpit. The launch was firmly stuck, and we had to wait until nightfall before the tide floated us again. We lay up for the night in the lee of an island, listening to the final agony of Singapore.

From the arguments in the boat, it seemed that none of the others had any clear idea of where they wanted to go, so next day Kitchener and I asked to be put ashore at a fishing village on a small island. It was from here, looking back through binoculars, that we saw the Union Jack on Fort Canning taken down and the Rising Sun go up and break from the top of the flagpost.

I turned from it with a feeling of anguish. The heavy black pall of smoke lying over the city symbolized the dark shadow that had descended upon it. I wondered about Pat. From people in the Argylls I had met during the retreat, I had learned that he had been in a reconnaissance platoon

that had been cut off on the road between Kroh and Grik by the speed of the Japanese advance. If he were alive, he would have taken to the jungle. In Singapore I had again made inquiries in the intelligence section at Malaya Command headquarters, but nothing further was known either of Pat or his platoon.

I was carrying about five thousand Malayan dollars. It had been issued to me at Kroh by a police officer named Tommy Voice, who had been told to remove all the funds from the subtreasury in the district office. He had a suitcase full of dollars and was doling out bundles of money to officers rather than let it fall to the Japanese. I had stuck the bundle I was given into my pack. Now it came in useful, because we were able to make a deal with the headman of the fishing village to get us to Sumatra. The fisher folk had relations and friends on various islands in the strait, so that we were taken from one village to the next in a small boat, disguised as Malays, and thus escaped the attention of the Japanese planes, which were shooting up any craft that looked as though it was taking escaping British away from Singapore.

We eventually reached a place called Rengat in Sumatra. We made our way to the railway and got on a train, which after several days turned up at Padang on the opposite coast. Here we reported to a British brigadier who was looking after escaped personnel. He gave us some money in guilders, which I remember as being the only cash I ever received from the army that was not entered in my paybook. With it we bought some clothes.

We were put on a small Dutch coaster, the *Van Twist*, which for me is unforgettable: we were given no food at all on the journey—we weren't fare-paying passengers, just evacuees! Anyhow, those inhospitable Dutchmen got us to Tjilatjap, a port on the south coast of Java.

At Tjilatjap we were told that General Wavell, whom we had been sent to join, had left Java. We were put in with a batch of other escapees and shipped out the same day on a Dutch liner called the *Zaadam*, which sailed off at such a

speed that the entire ship rattled. We headed due south and eventually arrived at Fremantle, the port for Perth in Western Australia.

By that time I had developed an unpleasant tropical rash in the crotch that I had picked up on the retreat. It was oozing and forming scabs. The Australian medical officer who examined us said I would have to go into hospital. I was leaving his surgery when I bumped into a fellow passenger from the *Zaadam*.

"I've just seen a message asking for information about you," he said. "It was signed H. Something Noone."

I dashed to the office and found a note from H.V. to the effect that he and my mother were in Perth—I had thought they were still in Ceylon. I went to the address given and there found not only my parents but Sheelah and her baby son Terence, who had been evacuated from Penang, besides Dennis Trumble, her husband, who was now in the navy and had also been sent to Perth.

It was wonderful to be together again with members of my family. The main worry now was Pat, but all I could tell them was what I had heard. However, we consoled ourselves with the thought that, if he had taken to the jungle, at least he had plenty of friends in it, and that he if anyone should be able to look after himself.

That was how matters stood regarding Pat for the next few months. In July 1942 I heard of the formation in Colombo of a unit called Force 136, the purpose of which was to train and send agents into Japanese-occupied territory to organize a resistance. I volunteered to be sent to Malaya, where I hoped I would be able to contact Pat and work with him, but I was turned down. Meanwhile, I had been posted to the Special Operation Executive (Far East). I was sent to a training establishment at Cairns, in Queensland, and there spent quite a while instructing Indonesian personnel who were to be infiltrated into enemy-held islands in Southeast Asia. My unit was directly under General MacArthur's command in the Southwest Pacific and, as the tide of war turned and the Americans pushed the Japanese back through the islands,

we moved with the advancing forces. I was at Morotai, an island in the Moluccas, training parties to be put ashore in Borneo, when the war ended.

In the three and a half years that had elapsed since I left Malaya, I had only once received news of Pat. This was in 1943, after the first party of Force 136 agents, under John Davis, had been put ashore on the west coast of Malaya from a Dutch submarine in May of that year. One of their objects had been to try to contact Pat, who they believed was possibly the only European likely to be still alive in the jungle. Davis did not succeed in contacting Pat, but he reported that he had heard he was alive.

The next news of him came after I returned to the home I had attempted to make for myself in Melbourne. There was a cable from Ceylon, from my Aunt Daisy, Mrs. F. H. Layard: "HEARD UNOFFICIALLY PAT WELL." We were heartened and relieved, and H.V. responded characteristically. He instructed his bankers to put a sum of money to Pat's credit in Singapore.

There followed a report in a Melbourne newspaper that Pat was known to be living with aborigines in the deep jungle as their "king." "It is expected that Noone will return to civilisation when information comes to him through the native grapevine that the British have reoccupied Malaya," the Singapore correspondent of the paper concluded. It seemed a reasonable assumption that Pat, in some remote part of the jungle, had not even heard the war was over.

Then two cables came from Force 136 officers. The first stated that Pat had been seen a year before in the Kelantan jungles; the second that he had last been reported being with aborigines six months before.

H.V. wrote to John Davis, leader of the first Force 136 operation. His reply was depressing: "Unfortunately I did not get to the main range (near Bidor) until October 1943, when I heard Pat had passed through there two or three months before. He then crossed the Cameron Highlands into Kelantan where he met and stayed with Creer. Throughout 1944 we made constant inquiries for Pat without success.

There were a number of rumours that he had gone north to the Temengor area, and in June 1944 we heard a rumour that he was dead. None of them could be substantiated. Later, and particularly since the Jap surrender, stories have been rife about his appearing in a number of places. Unfortunately all have proved untrue."

The leader of a party of British guerrillas left behind in the Malayan jungle during the retreat was Major F. Spencer Chapman. In April 1944 Chapman undertook a journey in search of Pat. He got as far as Jalong, to be told by Bintang that nobody in the group had seen or heard of Pat since the war started. In the light of what later transpired, the great *halak* was certainly not telling the truth.

Pat was known to have been with the Communist guerrillas, and a disturbing slant on his relationship with them came in a strange story from Spencer Chapman. In June 1944 Chapman was with a party of Communists when he noticed they were rolling their cigarettes with paper that had something written in English on it. He took the paper from them and, piecing the strips together, found that it was a fragment of a memorandum written by Pat. This appeared to be a statement of his reasons for parting company with the Communists, but there was no indication of where or when it had happened.

What baffled everyone involved in the search for Pat was the fact I have mentioned before, that the aborigines who once revered him would no longer mention his name, and no help was forthcoming from them. Davis gave one explanation for this in a second letter to H.V.: "It is possible Pat died while in the care of Sakai, and they became so frightened of possible reprisal by us that they made a taboo of the matter. This, however, is only a guess. The Sakai must know what happened, and I am sure we shall find out the truth from them as soon as things have settled down and someone can go in to make a thorough investigation. Rest assured this will be done."

But it was not done, and we could only write to people we knew in Malaya, asking for any information that might

give us something definite. One of those who was able to help was Pat's old friend Noel Ross, who had been district officer at Grik at the time of the invasion. Ross had been caught by the Japanese and had gone to a prison camp in Siam. In his letter to my mother he said he had last seen Pat at Grik just before Pat went up the road to Kroh with a platoon of Argylls. Ross added: "I believe he was cut off, and I heard no more till 1943 when I met an Argyll sergeant in a camp in Siam. He told me he had been with Pat who had looked after them magnificently, taking a party of them through the jungle to near Jalong. There Pat decided to remain with two sick Argylls while the sergeant went on with some Dyaks. Later the sergeant had a note from Pat saying both men had died and that he intended staying on in the jungle with the Temiar."

Dolman, a Game Department officer in the Frontier Patrol, had seen Pat in the jungle during the first few weeks of the occupation. He wrote: "I met Pat once, and that was in the Sungei Siput area, in January 1942. He had some Argylls with him, and as he was down with a light attack of malaria I preceded him, on his advice and with his help, towards the Cameron Highlands. He later crossed over into that neighbourhood, and I had a note from him (some time in March 1942), saying that he had been able to get plenty of food, but that as he could not get any quinine the Argylls with him had succumbed. He seemed quite hopeful of the future and said he would be coming to see me shortly. But circumstances forced me and my party to capitulate before we met again, and I am afraid I have so far been unable to get any reliable information as to what later happened to him."

Another friend of Pat's, a Danish planter named Anker Rentse, had been searching for him since June 1944. Rentse was with Force 136, and had dropped with a section of his men by parachute at Pulai, a settlement in the jungle south of Gua Musang, in Kelantan. Later Rentse went into Pulai himself and learned from two Chinese Communists that Pat had been there less than a year before, but had left with a

party of aborigines, promising to return. Pat, they added, had not returned but was next seen on the Telom River. Rentse then went looking for Pat up the Nenggiri River, as far as Kuala Betis, but all he was able to establish was that Pat had not been anywhere in that area during the occupation.

And so our hopes for Pat began to fade, and my parents were gradually conditioned to the fact that he was not alive. The worst of it, as I have mentioned before, was in not really knowing. On top of that there was the taboo, so a pretty horrible question mark remained.

7
Anjang's Secret

When we eventually gave up hope of Pat's being alive, a thought that took root in my mind was that the jungle folk no longer had my brother for a protector and that before long the government would be looking for someone to succeed him.

Not that the tribes weren't capable of looking after themselves. They had managed perfectly well for centuries—*in the jungle*. Unhappily for them times had changed. No longer was their remote interior inviolate. Roads had pierced it. Other roads would come snaking up from steamy lower levels to the cool heights, where vegetables and citrus fruits flourished and you could grow some of the finest tea in the world. The rights of the tribes inhabiting these jungles needed to be protected. It was my ambition—no, more than that, my hope and desire—to get some sort of job connected with them, perhaps one similar to that when Pat was created Protector of Aborigines for Perak, only that I felt it should embrace the whole Federation, with a coordinated effort directed toward all the tribes in the Peninsula, of which there were more than twenty. Some of these tribes were very small. One tribe, the Che Wong, a sort of Senoi offshoot, numbered only about fifty, while the Orang Kanaq were even fewer. There were tribes of aboriginal fisher folk of no more than a few hundred souls.

I applied to the federal government as well as to several of the state governments, suggesting the need for aborigine welfare and offered to take it on. But the country was up to its neck in reconstruction after the Japanese occupation,

and the aborigines were pretty low on the priority list, if they were there at all. Until Pat had lobbied, fought for, and publicized their cause, the government had not bothered about them. Now that he was no longer there to pester people in authority, the last person they wanted was his brother to start up the whole thing again.

After my release from the army in 1946 I had got a job in the Australian Defence Department as the area specialist for Southeast Asia. I later moved to another department and was in that until October 1952, when I eventually got back to Malaya—with a job on the staff of General (later Field Marshal) Sir Gerald Templer who was in overall command in Malaya. I became secretary to the Federation Intelligence Committee, in Kuala Lumpur; there was nothing to keep me in Melbourne, where my marriage to an Australian girl had broken up. Besides, I had never given up hope of working among the Malayan aborigines and of finding out what had happened to my brother. Returning to Malaya was a step in the right direction.

Once I was back in the country, I was able to reopen my inquiries. The file I kept had grown thick with correspondence, newspaper clippings, reports, and other documents. Now I was able to add statements and notes from interviews with people who had been with Pat. From the jigsaw I gradually built up a picture of his movements from the time I last saw him at Kroh just before the invasion.

The first person I sought out was Puteh, Pat's devoted cook and personal servant. Puteh was now in the Department of Aborigines.

"*Tuan*," he said, "it was all my fault. I should have stayed with him, but to leave him was never my wish."

"What happened, Puteh?"

He took me into his house and we sat down. While we sipped tea, served by his young wife, Puteh told me how Pat was cut off in the Japanese advance.

After receiving orders to disband his Frontier Force section at his advanced base at Tapong on the Perak River, Pat set out for Grik by motorboat, leaving Puteh to call in

the patrols, bury their wireless sets, and follow on to Grik by raft with the women and children, Pat's books and field notes, and as much of their tinned food as they could carry.

This was done, Puteh told me, but by the time they arrived at Kendrong, near Grik, they heard to their dismay that the town was deserted. Their informant was Mat Piah, the Malay who had a small store on the river bank.

"Nobody is in Grik. Even the dogs have gone," Mat said.

"And *Tuan* Noone?" Puteh asked.

Mat said that he had seen Pat only a few hours before, when he had come from Grik with twenty-four British soldiers, two of whom were wounded, and two Dayak trackers. They had been sent up the Kroh road on a reconnaissance patrol. They had been attacked by the Japanese during the night, withdrawn from their positions, and arrived back at Grik to find their battalion had left, taking all their transport with them.

It seemed to Mat Piah that the party were undecided about what they should do; but finally Pat with four of the Argylls and the Dayaks had gone to a *kampong* a few miles up-river, while the remainder, including the wounded men, had boarded the ferry—which used to ply back and forth across the river—and pushed off downstream, using it as a raft. Later Puteh heard that it capsized in the rapids south of Grik and that all on board were drowned.

I have never understood how Pat came to allow most of the platoon to go it on their own, and Puteh was not able to give more than the bare facts. One can only assume that in the circumstances it seemed best to split up, every man for himself, and that the majority chose what obviously seemed the simplest way, despite the hazards, of which they were undoubtedly warned. The wiser ones, including the platoon sergeant, chose to stick with Pat, whose plan was to march through the jungle in a wide detour that would enable them to avoid being spotted by infiltrating Japanese and to come out south of the British lines.

When Puteh came up with Pat and those with him, they all set out on the path up the Perak River. Pat and Anjang led the way, with Puteh at his usual place behind them, then the four Argylls—Sergeant Connolly and Privates Westhead, Richardson and Boult, then the Dayaks, and lastly the Temiar, of whom there were twenty-eight adults and two children, a boy and a girl of about ten. The party were carrying Pat's books and research notes in large tin-plate boxes. These they buried behind a halting-bungalow at Kuala Temengor, the headman of the village being instructed to keep the spot secret and not to reveal it until he could do so to a *tuan* when the war was over.

It had been hard going that day, but nothing compared with the following day, or the day after, when a guide named Asoh took them right up the Jemheng River, then over a high shoulder of Gunong Besar, and down a very steep track on the other side. There were times when the leeches clung onto them, massing in bunches around previous bites, attracted by the smell of blood; but as Pat would not allow a halt, there were few opportunities to stop and get them off.

They had marched from dawn until there was no more light to see, when they just lay down in their tracks, too tired even to erect shelters or cook a meal. There had been only one break in the constant slog—when one of the Argylls dropped his rifle while they were crossing a river and two hours were lost before it was recovered.

Next day they went on, climbing a steep path up a tributary of the Piah River to a ridge that they followed westward along a game trail until it led them down to the Gambir River, and down that to the last Temiar settlement just above the road-head at Kampong Lasah. They climbed into the longhouse and literally dropped to the floor. They were exhausted and bruised, their feet torn, their legs swollen with leech bites, their boots split.

Pat had hoped that it would be a simple matter to contact their unit from the police post at Lasah, and in the morning he sent Puteh to telephone Sungei Siput for trans-

port. Putch came hurrying back with the news that the Japanese were already in Sungei Siput. There was no time to lose.

They pulled on what was left of their boots and set out again, continuing south. At ten that night they reached Bintang's longhouse at Jalong. They felt sure they must now be well south of the Japanese. Next day they intended coming out of the jungle at Tanjong Rambutan.

Before they set out Putch heard Pat speaking to Anjang.

"Things are bad for my people," he was saying. "The Japanese have come down from the north, and I must go with the soldiers to fight them." He held both her hands. "Teh," he used her pet name, "it is better that you should stay here at Jalong with your family."

She burst into tears and would have none of it. So Pat compromised by saying that she could accompany him as far as Tanjong Rambutan. But that evening when they reached Tanjong Rambutan they heard that Ipoh, which is even farther south, had fallen. The news had a devastating effect on them, for it now meant another hard slog over the Pahang divide to the Cameron Highlands, from where they could get down to Tapah. They held a conference to decide what they should do, and all agreed they were too worn out to go on. Crushed in spirit, they sought shelter in the house of a man called Lindong. Here they spent Christmas 1941.

After Christmas the plan was changed. "So far the Japanese have been moving too fast for us, but sooner or later they are going to be stopped and held," Pat said. "Why not let's rest and recover our strength among friends before we continue the march south? By using jungle routes there should be no great difficulty in reaching the British lines."

No one demurred, so they moved back into the Jalong area, to a settlement where Lung, one of Anjang's five elder sisters, was married to the headman. He advised them not to stay in the longhouse. "It is not safe," he said. "Only last night we had a visitor, a man from Sungei Siput. He came in a car. He had guns, a wireless, and money. He

wanted porters to take him up to Tanah Rata and left at first light this morning."

So they moved to a concealed position up a small tributary of the Korbu River. Here they built a small bamboo house.

By now Westhead and Richardson had malaria and Sergeant Connolly was becoming increasingly restless. Finally he asked if he could have a shot at rejoining the battalion, so Pat arranged for guides to take him to the Cameron Highlands. He left with the Dayaks, who elected to go with him.

It was Puteh's job to buy food for the party. They had started out with about two hundred Malayan dollars between them plus a quantity of opium, that Pat had taken from the government shop in Grik; they were able to use it as currency with the Chinese. Puteh shopped in Lasah. It was on one of his visits to the little store there that he encountered Dolman, the Game Department officer who had been in the Frontier Patrol, with two British soldiers, Sergeant-Major Foley and Private Driscoll, the sole survivors of a platoon of the East Surrey Regiment, whom Dolman had brought down from Baling. Puteh led them straight to Pat, who by this time was also down with malaria. They stayed the night and went on the next day.

Westhead and Richardson died toward the end of January, within three days of each other. Then Boult got malaria, and without quinine his condition got steadily worse. Quinine was the only hope of saving him, so Pat decided he would have to go up to the Cameron Highlands, where he was sure he would be able to get a supply.

Puteh told me that before Pat left he ordered him to go back to his *kampong*, as it was not fair to his family to keep him in the jungle any longer. At first Puteh had refused to leave, saying: "*Tuan*, you have treated me like a son. It is my duty to stay and serve you."

"My Senoi friends will do that," Pat replied. "You can serve me better as my agent outside the jungle. When I need anything I will write to you, signing myself 'Mat Yaacob.'"

So Puteh left Pat to return to his home on the west coast.

Pat asked for guides, and they set out for the Cameron Highlands. The party included Anjang, Uda, and Boult who, sick as he was, had refused to be left behind. The night before he had amused them with his rendering of "Tiger Rag," but he should not have attempted the journey. The route lay over Gunong Chingkai, which the aborigines believed was haunted, and the guides were anxious to get to the other side before nightfall. Boult slowed them up, so Pat instructed Uda to stay with him while he and the others went on ahead to prepare a camp. A couple of hours later Uda caught up with them. He said that Boult had collapsed and died as they toiled up the slope. The date was March 3, 1942.

Six days later the rest of the party arrived at a longhouse on the Rening River. Here they learned that Dolman, Sergeant Connolly, and Private Driscoll were living in the house of a Christian missionary, a Batak Malay named Siantoeri, only a few miles away, but that Foley, the second survivor of the East Surrey platoon, had died and the Dayaks had gone off on their own.

After a few days Pat went on to join the three Europeans. He arrived at Siantoeri's house to discover that they had just left to give themselves up.

"*Tuan*, they were desperate," Siantoeri explained. "They had no quinine, and no money to buy any. Then we heard that the Japanese were coming to round up all Europeans in the jungle."

Siantoeri was an upstanding, well-intentioned young man. He urged Pat to follow their example. "*Tuan*, Singapore has fallen, and all hope has gone. If you too do not surrender, you must either continue your miserable existence in the jungle or commit suicide."

"No," said Pat, "I won't surrender to the Japs."

"That's what *Tuan* Creer said."

"*Tuan* Creer?"

"The district officer of Kuala Trengganu," Siantoeri said. "He is now staying at Jelai Kechil with another *tuan* named Hubback."

Pat returned to the longhouse on the Rening. He was

disappointed, as he felt he could have taken the three of them south. However, he decided to visit Creer and Hubback at the *kampong* where Siantoeri had mentioned they were staying. He was forestalled—a white man appeared in the *ladang*, walking toward the longhouse. He was barefoot and wore only a pair of shorts, and around his neck was a towel. It was John Creer himself.

Creer is one of the handful of Europeans who survived the next three and a half years in the Malayan jungle. I contacted him after the Japanese surrender, and his account covers the next part of the story.

He had escaped from the Japanese by making his way up the Jelai River. At a river village called Kampong Jelai Kechil, he had met and stayed with a game warden named Hubback in a Malay house until the house was attacked one morning by Chinese thugs. Hubback had fled into the jungle with his two Javanese servants, and Creer, who happened to be bathing in the river at the time, had got away by concealing himself among some bushes at the water's edge and later swimming to the other side. He had then made his way up the river to Siantoeri's house.

Creer greeted Pat with frightening news: "I was at Siantoeri's place last night when a couple of Sakai rushed in to say that a large force of Japanese were on their way down the Telom looking for you. Frankly I don't think we have much time to lose."

They left immediately with Anjang and Uda, heading up the Rening for the watershed, but it proved a false alarm. The intruders were Chinese, not Japanese, so the party returned to the longhouse. The headman Angah built them a hut near the settlement, and they stayed here until after the group moved down to where that old humbug Kerani Hondai lived at Kuala Rening. He wanted them to help him clear a new *ladang*. Every day Angah would send somebody with food for them, but it was quite a walk. One day no food came, so they decided it would be more convenient if they also went to live with Hondai. In Hondai's longhouse Creer went down with an attack of malaria. He too would

have died if Siantoeri had not brought him quinine. Anyhow he recovered.

Considering the circumstances, Pat, and Creer too, could not have been better off. Besides quinine, Siantoeri had supplied them with blankets, clothing, shoes, books, and writing materials. Pat was continuing his research. With the whole tribe eager to support and assist him, one may wonder why he did not use the next three and a half years to produce a monumental work on his subject. But people don't act like that when they are in the jungle and cannot escape from it. The jungle won't let them. The outsider must return from time to time to the outside world for his stimulus. The aborigine is different; he has adapted, and for him it is not so much a question of stimulus as of fulfillment, which comes to him from a physical and mystical association with his environment. No outsider can adapt to the jungle in this way, and sooner or later he becomes restless. The long, arduous, and at times aimless journeys undertaken by Europeans through the jungle during the Japanese occupation bear this out, and Pat was among the most peripatetic.

Their first move was over the Kelantan divide to Pulai, a secluded jungle valley of *padi* fields on the Galas River. It had been settled two centuries before by Hakkas, a wandering Chinese tribe, whose descendants still spoke their archaic dialect and worshipped their ancient goddess Kwan-Yin. The valley had come under the control of some sixty Chinese Kuomintang guerrillas operating from a camp at Kundor, ten miles to the north. Malay woodcutters and jelutong-tappers, they were armed with a miscellany of rifles and shotguns and lived on contributions of food and money they extorted from the local rice-growing communities. They were a band of rough, swashbuckling bandoleros who drank, whored, and gambled hard. There were orgies and lawlessness in their camp, but at least it seemed they did have an occasional crack at the Japanese, besides exacting retribution from any rich Chinese who were collaborating with them. It was the sort of setup Pat and Creer had been hoping for—a base with enough food and security to make

life tolerable and keen fighting men whom they could organize into a local resistance.

They had originally been invited to Pulai by a party of Kuomintang who were passing Hondai's *ladang*, and were made welcome by the guerrillas, who were especially pleased on seeing Pat's revolver and four rifles that he had inherited from soldiers who had died. These he was prepared to contribute to the general armoury, provided they were used against the Japanese. But the guerrillas proved a disappointment. There was a lot of talk of ambushing enemy trains and convoys but little apparent action. Pat and Creer were not permitted to live in their camp at Kundor; they had to stay in Pulai, where the headman was so scared of their being seen by spies that they were kept concealed.

After a month of this Pat got so bored he decided to return to the Telom, but before he left he and Creer had the greatest difficulty in persuading the guerrillas to return one of his rifles in exchange for his revolver. In the altercation that ensued Pat was hit across the shins with the butt of the rifle he was demanding. He got it in the end, however, and set out with a guide for Pahang, but Creer stayed on. Creer was a Chinese scholar and had become interested in the Hakka dialect.

On his return to Krani Hondai's longhouse, Pat heard that two Europeans were living in a Chinese Communist camp near Jalong. So after a couple of weeks he set out for Perak with a party of aborigines. One of the two Europeans survived the jungle ordeal. He is Robert Chrystal, a soft-spoken Scot from Glasgow, who wrote to me at great length besides meeting and helping my collaborator to cover this crucial phase of Pat's life in the jungle.

Chrystal had been the manager of a large rubber estate in Perak when the Japanese invaded. After fighting in the retreat, he had joined a unit of British guerrillas who were left behind in the jungle to sabotage enemy lines of communication. By the time Singapore fell a bare handful of these saboteurs remained at large. They had joined forces with the Chinese Communist guerrillas, and in November 1942

Chrystal and another planter named Robinson found themselves high up in the hills of central Perak. This camp was the headquarters of what was known, in the grandiloquent manner of the Chinese Communists, as the 5th Corps of the MPAJA (Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army). The total strength of 5th Corps was no more than one hundred, in scattered sections of ten to twenty men and women, with about thirty at headquarters. The commander was Lai Foo, a well-educated Chinese from the Sitiawan district, and his staff consisted of two political officers and a senior and junior captain in charge of operations. Lai Foo's wife, a beautiful and accomplished woman, assisted in political matters.

One morning toward the end of November, Lai Foo handed Chrystal a note that had been brought to him by one of their outside agents. The note was from Pat to say that he had come over from Kelantan and was now in the vicinity, staying with aborigines. He went on to say that he had heard two British officers were in the Communist camp, and asked if he might come up to meet them.

Chrystal and Robinson were closely questioned about Pat by the Chinese leaders, who even suggested he might be a Japanese agent. Robinson, who knew Pat, was able to satisfy them that this was extremely unlikely, and finally it was agreed to invite him up to the camp.

"We were overjoyed at the thought of meeting another European, especially someone like Pat who we knew had the freedom of the aborigine settlements," Chrystal recalled. "However, in replying to Pat's letter, I advised him to think twice about it. I explained that he might find it difficult, if not impossible, to leave these guerillas once he joined them as they were loath to let either Robinson or myself out of their sight. At the same time I also pointed out to Pat that he would probably be given far more freedom than we were allowed in view of his valuable aborigine contacts."

On December 1 there was a ceremony in the camp to inaugurate the opening of two large huts for the men. Several outside agents were present, the audience sitting on bamboo

Above. Richard briefing troop commanders on a jungle operation

Below. Senoi Pra'ak moving through jungle. Their speed was phenomenal

Semai orchestra and dancers

benches before a bamboo stage curtained off with blankets and lit by a kerosene pressure lamp that had been brought out of storage for the occasion. The party, which began with long harangues by the leaders, was followed by a concert in which selected performers sang, acted short morality plays, and gave demonstrations of Chinese shadowboxing in which the exponent, assuming terrifying expressions, leaped about, striking at imaginary opponents and halting in stiff, studied attitudes.

Suddenly a shout from a sentry stopped the concert, and all turned to gape at the extraordinary spectacle of a European in a pair of brief shorts with a gleaming *parang* thrust through a black cummerbund round his waist. It was Pat, making a dramatic entrance with a personal bodyguard of half a dozen Temiar braves. The assembly rose to greet them. After introductions, handshaking and speeches of welcome Pat was asked to take a seat and the entertainment continued.

The two planters, with an English-speaking Chinese, had prepared a comic sketch in which Chrystal was a planter, Robinson a Bengali watchman, and the Chinese a Tamil labourer. The sketch, which they had hoped would cause great amusement, fell absolutely flat: the guerrillas, they learned later, had been expecting something deriding the British imperialist and lauding the heroic *Langwoi*, or Chinese liberators. However, Pat applauded heartily and, when the show ended and they had all drunk numerous mugs of hot potato-water sweetened with sugar as a special treat, Chrystal and Robinson took Pat into their hut and they talked into the early hours.

What Chrystal especially remembers of that night was the hope Pat brought them, for he said that before leaving Pulai he had arranged with a Chinese medical dresser, who periodically visited Kota Bharu on the east coast, to procure a wireless set from friends he had there. The dresser had said he was sure he would be able to persuade another friend to make his way to China with a code message asking the Chinese military authorities to establish radio contact with

Pulai and later to attempt sending in operators from Chungking.

"Pat's plan thrilled us," Chrystal wrote. "Though it was just a straw for us to clutch at, it buoyed us up. Faint though it was, there was a chance of our being able to get in touch with our side in the world outside. The plan was put to the Communist leaders and they promised to pass it on to their Politburo somewhere in Johore. We made repeated efforts to have something done about it, but were eventually told that the MCP (Malayan Communist Party) were in touch with Chungking and would act in their own good time."

Pat's relationship with the Communists is not easily understood. He was warned by Chrystal and Robinson that he should be careful. The Communists made no secret of their future intentions. "The days of British domination in Malaya are gone. When the Japanese are defeated we will take over the country," the two planters had been told.

They were given a glimpse of what this rule would be like in "traitor-killing" orgies, in which Communist justice was meted out to people accused of spying. Some of these had been captured and tortured by the Kempeitai, the Japanese secret police, and were under suspicion, but many were no more than harmless jelutong-tappers or rattan-cutters who had been unfortunate enough to stray near the camp.

In each case the victim was first tried, though the trials were nothing more than a grisly farce laid on to provide a dramatic diversion for the 5th Corps rank and file. The ritual was always the same. The stage would be set in one of the large huts, where a tribunal consisting of the leaders would take their places and the guerrillas would file in, packing the house to capacity. The victim would be charged. A succession of prosecutors would condemn the accused and his anti-Communist actions at the tops of their voices. Perhaps one or two would rise to make a plea for leniency, but the defense was never more than a token gesture. The tribunal would make a show of consulting together, but the verdict was always death.

Chrystal recalled one victim, a young Malay who had been found in the jungle. He obviously was not a spy, but several of his accusers nearly went berserk as they worked themselves up into an anti-Malay frenzy. The unfortunate man was then stabbed to death by one of the women guerrillas, who was cheered for her bravery by the onlookers.

In another trial the accused were four Malays—two men, a woman, and a young girl. They had been found in the jungle collecting rattan. They were tied to trees and bayoneted. The planters were asked to attend this execution, but refused, in addition to making a strong protest, and as a result were quite unpopular for a while.

"We naturally told Pat all this, but were surprised that it didn't damp his initial enthusiasm for the Communists," Chrystal said. "As a matter of fact, he and they were getting on like wildfire."

The origins of this Communist army can be traced back to December 20, 1941, the day on which fifteen Chinese Communists began a guerrilla course at 101 Special Training School in Singapore. The intention of Malaya Command for such a desperate recourse was to create the nucleus of a jungle resistance in the event of the Japanese succeeding in occupying the territory. But killing Japanese, though desirable and praiseworthy at the time, was never an end in itself for the Communists. The war with Japan, as events showed, was used by the MCP as a means of achieving their own ends. What they wanted was an army to enable them to overthrow the government. In seven years it would number over five thousand well-armed guerrilla fighters, supported by a large, well-organized auxiliary force of food and cash collectors. But when Chrystal and Robinson first went to live with them in April 1942, with orders from their commanding officer Major Spencer Chapman to train them in guerrilla warfare, most of the Communist rank and file were so raw they literally did not know left from right. Mainly coolies, they were being taught to march by one of the leaders, who gave a blast on his whistle each time the left foot—on which a twig was tied to distinguish it—touched the ground. The result

was that on parade the recruits stamped with the left foot, and the 5th Corps marched with a permanent limp. Half the men were unable to shut one eye; they had to aim a rifle with both eyes open. Some could only shut the right eye; it involved a considerable contortion, particularly for the short-armed Chinese, to bring the other eye behind the sights.

They were armed with an assortment of weapons that at that time constituted a far greater hazard to themselves than they would have been to the Japanese. These weapons were being carried loaded and cocked, without the safety catches applied and with little regard for where they were pointed. Grenades were slung from their belts on pieces of string usually looped through the ring attached to the split-pin, which was all that prevented them from going off.

"Turn them into a killing machine," were the orders that Chrystal and Robinson received.

They had done that. Those coolies became a coherent force capable of disciplined action, but Chrystal remembers its birth pangs as one of the most frustrating experiences of his life.

"Not that we minded having to work on raw human material, but we had to cope with the leaders who felt they were losing face by having European instructors and put every obstacle in our way," he said. "As a result, our squads of recruits, keen to start with, became disobedient, disorderly and insolent. They criticised and objected to everything they were told. They even went so far as to try to invent a complicated 'Chinese' arms drill and method of firing a rifle, rather than accept what we taught them. Of course, when they found that this only made their bad soldiering worse they quietly returned to the 'European' method."

Nailed to a tree near the headquarters hut was a box into which guerrillas were encouraged to insert confessions of offenses they had committed. These would be read out at weekly meetings, and the self-condemned culprits would be tried and awarded penitential duties to clear their debt to their comrades. It was taken very seriously, and, although

the punishments were often arduous and unpleasant, there was never any shortage of penitents. This, with their antics on the parade ground and their crude oversimplification of Marxists dialectics, made Chrystal sometimes think he was at some Chinese Mad Hatter's party.

Their curious logic brooked no argument. Anyone not actively for the Communists was automatically pro-Japanese, and on this point the most vulnerable were the squatters. These were Chinese immigrants who had settled along the fringes of the jungle, where they had cleared large *ladangs* in which they cultivated vegetables for the market. Now they were being called upon by the Communist guerrillas to support them with foodstuffs, which they had to carry to various rendezvous with great risk of having their actions disclosed to the Japanese who showed no mercy. On the mere suspicion of their having helped the guerrillas, thousands of squatters were massacred, whole communities of men, women, and children wiped out and buried in mass graves they had been made to dig beforehand.

One of the most savage of these punitive measures was a drive against the squatters living along the main road from Grik down to near Bentong, in Pahang, a distance of some one hundred and fifty miles. Roadblocks were set up and communities were cordoned off by Indian and Malay auxiliaries, while the Japanese infantry went through the houses, picking out those who could be useful to them to be sent away in trucks—the men to slave-labour camps, the girls to serve in military brothels. The remainder were shot, bayoneted, or burned alive in their homes. Yet any squatters who refused to cooperate with the Communists were condemned as traitors. Several were brought up to the guerrilla camp to be tried and executed, but many others were shot in their homes as a warning to their neighbours.

For some time before Pat joined the Communist guerrillas, the position of the two planters had been getting increasingly more difficult. They found themselves relegated from their initial position as advisers and instructors to that of refugees living on Communist charity, and by a subtle process of face-

deprivation they were made to feel it. Many guerrillas in the camp had been selected for special indoctrination before being sent out to become political leaders and outside agents. They received lectures from the leaders, besides which part of the course was to bait Chrystal and Robinson, who would be exhibited as examples of a type of decadent British who by their craven retreat from Malaya had abandoned the country to the hated Japanese. The Britishers could not understand Chinese, but it was clear enough that the student leaders were being told to study these two specimens of a race to whom they had once been expected to defer.

"What are these running dogs without their money and trappings of power?" the lecturer appeared to be saying. "Here in the jungle, where all men are equal, look how pathetic and miserable they are!"

It had become the consistent policy of the leaders to lower Chrystal and Robinson in the eyes of the rank and file, obviously to destroy the image in the coolie mind of the European as a person in authority. Strict orders were given that they were on no account to be addressed as *tuan*. As a further humiliation, they were expelled from the leaders' mess because they did not use chopsticks and relegated to the table reserved for gross feeders.

Pat's arrival made a great difference to the planters' position in the camp. Here was a European whom the Communists immediately recognized as an unquestioned authority on his subject and whom Lai Foo, the commander, and his wife looked upon as an intellectual like themselves.

Pat was soon tackled by them and the other leaders about his views on communism, and there were long discussions every night—all new and diverting for my brother, who was brilliant in a debate and knew it. His knowledge of the Malayan races astonished the leaders, and he was asked to give some thought to ways and means of diluting the Malay faith in Islam which, the Lai Foos maintained, was standing in the way of progress. It was suggested that he write a paper on the subject, and in discussing the matter with Chrystal and Robinson it seemed he was inclined to do something about it.

He changed his mind, however, on witnessing his first "traitor"-killing in the camp.

Chrystal told me that the event disturbed Pat seriously, and the next day, after remaining very quiet for several hours, he suddenly declared his "attitude," as he put it. He said: "I'm afraid we have no option but to close our eyes to some of the horrors of nascent Malayan communism. As far as we are concerned, the important thing is to continue the struggle against the Japanese. In this, at least, the Communists are our allies."

Officially the Communist guerrillas were respectable—in due course arms and equipment would be dropped to them by the British. In any case, those British who were living with them in the jungle had very little choice but to accept them, as Pat postulated, as allies. The British were "guests" of the Chinese, though unfortunately for them the laws of proverbial Eastern hospitality did not apply. "We were obliged to observe all the austerities they imposed upon themselves," Chrystal said. "One rule was no smoking. I was a non-smoker, but poor Robinson had to take his pipe outside the camp whenever he wanted a smoke. Typically, Pat refused to conform. The result was that the other smokers in the camp also started breaking the rule, including Lai Foo, and eventually it was abolished."

Pat, it seemed, was a law unto himself. He took liberties with the Communists that few others would have dared. Once, when the alarm was given that a large number of Japanese were approaching, the guerrillas were made to fall in on the parade ground and stand listening to a pep talk on the glories of communism and the need to be brave if caught by the enemy. The harangue went on and on until Pat laughed out loud. When asked what he thought was so funny, he retorted that it was such an inopportune moment for talk, with the enemy imminent, that he couldn't help being amused. Lai Foo was rather put out, but Pat had made his point, and the order was given to withdraw.

Chrystal and Robinson had quietly suffered the humiliations to which they were subjected. Not Pat. He had naturally

chosen to eat with his compatriots at the gross feeders' table, but complained officially that their messmates gobbled food from the communal pot with such rapidity that very little reached the non-Chinese. In this instance, however, Pat did not get his way. He was told by Lai Foo that their Western eating habits were no less revolting to the Chinese, who objected to a spoon being dipped into a communal pot after it had been in a man's mouth.

If not for Pat, the guerrillas would have been hard put to it to keep going when the Japanese made really strenuous efforts to destroy them.

Chrystal explained: "One night Pat gave a lecture on aborigines to the camp leaders. He was an excellent speaker, besides being an intensely dramatic character. Choosing the right moment, he suddenly electrified his audience with a statement that entirely changed the picture of their future life in the jungle."

As far as Chrystal can remember, Pat said something like this: "With the squatters being exterminated by the Japanese in an effort to starve you out, your only hope of surviving in the jungle is with the help of the aborigines. Indeed, I can't for the life of me imagine why you have not already tried to make friends with them. In exchange for a few *parangs*, sarongs, and salt, they will clear *ladangs* to grow food for you. A small piece of cassava tuber, merely thrown on the ground in a *ladang*, will sprout and grow to produce a new tuber as thick as a football and as long as your arm. It is a primary source of carbohydrate, but there is so much else they can grow for you. They will hunt for you, fish for you. Most important of all, they will keep you informed of every movement of the enemy so that you will never be caught napping. And, if the Japanese should succeed in making life altogether too hot for you, your Sakai friends will lead you where no Jap could ever follow. Up there you will find a Shangri-La of beautiful valleys, with rivers teeming with fat fish and plenty of game in the forest. One could live forever in such a place, away from the madding world of strife . . ."

It did not take the leaders long to grasp the implications of

Pat's lecture. Their next suggestion was that he should promote their cause with the aborigines. There was certainly need of it. News came of a state of feud between a group in the Kinta area, east of Ipoh, and the local band of Communist guerrillas, and Pat hurried there to sort it out. The cause of all the trouble was that two members of the aborigine group had informed the Japanese, under pressure, of two Chinese who lived near their settlement. The Chinese were caught and executed, and as a reprisal both aborigines were killed by the Communists. Not content with that, the Communists then killed a third aborigine for good measure. This made the group extremely bitter. They were prepared to admit the fault of the first two, but they were not going to stand for the third killing. To even matters they brewed an extrastrong poison—the stuff normally used for game is not lethal to humans. Then they ambushed a party of Communists returning to their camp, blowpiped one of them with a dart tipped with the special poison, killing him, and peppered the others with unpoisoned darts.

This was the situation when Pat arrived on the scene. The headman considered the matter was now squared, and he asked Pat to persuade the Communists not to kill any more of his group or they would have to go on with the feud. Pat was able to make the Chinese see the aborigines' point of view, and there was peace in the jungle once again.

Following this, it was agreed that Pat should undertake a series of propaganda tours, visiting the aboriginal settlements over a fairly wide area, giving a pep talk about helping the Communist guerrillas and appointing at each group a *vakil* or agent who would be responsible for maintaining contact through the 5th Corps interpreter Low Mah, who was made staff officer for aboriginal affairs.

Pat, says Chrystal, was not only impressed by the Communists' promptness and efficiency in such matters but flattered by the fuss they made of him. He was actually invited to become a member of the Malayan Communist Party, a great honour, in their view, which had never before been offered to any European.

As events proved, it was only through this network of aborigine intelligence agents that Pat set up that the Communist guerrillas were not wiped out when the Japanese intensified their drive to clear the jungle of them.

On the propaganda tours, Pat had got to dislike Low Mah, the Chinese Communist interpreter. It reached the point at which Pat had reported him for his overbearing attitude and for interfering in the work, and Low Mah was officially reprimanded.

Meanwhile, Chrystal and Robinson had become worried about their position in the Communist camp, for their movements were being increasingly curtailed, and the anti-British propaganda they were forced to listen to became impossible. Their hopes were pinned on the Pulai plan for establishing radio contact with Chungking, and eventually, when Pat returned, they decided to tackle the leaders about their leaving the camp to join Creer in Pulai.

"We realised that the Communists were not likely to be pleased at the idea, but we were going to insist, and, if it actually came to the push, make a run for it," Chrystal said.

On New Year's Eve, Pat arranged for the Lai Foos, with two of the political leaders and Robinson and Chrystal, to be invited to a Temiar feast of rice and wild pig. After the meal there was a Temiar dance, a *Jinjang* with the rattan ordeal, and the Communists were most impressed. Next day Pat suggested it might be propitious for Robinson and Chrystal to broach the subject of the proposed trip to Pulai. They did, but the very mention of it stirred up such a violent reaction among the leaders that they were rather taken off their guard. They stood their ground, however, and the upshot was that the matter was adjourned. But later the same night the three of them were interviewed separately in an attempt to dissuade each from his purpose. Nothing definite was settled, but Lai Foo seemed so much against the idea of their leaving that they spent the next few days unobtrusively reconnoitering the area around the camp for a possible escape route.

During this period Pat received an assignment to kill. It seemed that his erstwhile museum collector Yeop Ahmat, who was known to have betrayed a number of British troops to the Japanese in 1941, had now caused several aborigines to be arrested by the Kempeitai. The unfortunate aborigines were being accused of helping Pat and tortured. The Communists had marked Yeop Ahmat down for execution, and Pat was chosen as the leader of the select party detailed for the job.

Pat was to do the killing, and for this he borrowed Chrystal's revolver. Grimly he set out, after telling the planters that it was a nasty business, but he would not shirk it. Three nights later he returned with a delayed hangover after drinking rice wine with a Chinese squatter.

"How did it go?" Chrystal asked.

"Oh, I got him all right," Pat said.

He described how the party had approached the traitor's house in the dark and surrounded it.

"Yeop—Yeop Ahmat!" Pat had called softly.

No answer.

Pat had called again, saying it was his old friend, *Tuan* Noone, who was very much in need of help.

There were faint sounds of someone stirring, followed by urgent whispering. Then the floor boards creaked. Pat came out from the shadows and stood in the moonlight. The window was pushed open and Yeop Ahmat leaned out.

"Then," Pat told Chrystal, "I quickly drew the revolver and fired. The range was point-blank—I couldn't miss. I saw the blood on his chest as he fell back with a groan into the house."

But Pat had bungled it. A few days later Yeop Ahmat was seen in Taiping apparently unscathed.

Soon after this incident the matter of the Pulai trip was settled. First Chrystal was sent for by the leaders, and for two hours he was harangued on the advisability of staying with the 5th Corps. He stuck to his guns, however, and when they saw that nothing would shake his resolve he was given permission to leave, though he was warned he would be going

without their goodwill and would never be able to return or receive further help from them.

Next it was Robinson's turn. Chrystal told him, before he went in, to expect a gruelling time but that if he held out, they would eventually give in, as they had in his case. To Chrystal's surprise, Robinson came out after only a short while to say he had agreed to stay.

Then it was Pat's turn, and, as Chrystal recalled: "You could have bowled me over with a feather when Pat came back to say that he too had been persuaded to stay. I was put out, to say the least. The whole plan to leave the Communists had been Pat's idea in the first place, and I felt that both my companions had let me down by not following it through. Anyhow, I was determined to go it on my own, so it was agreed between us that I join Creer, and that if the radio set materialised, and contact with Chungking was established, the other two would also come to Pulai."

Chrystal's nickname in Malaya helps to describe him—*Tuan Tinggi* (the Tall *Tuan*). He was thin, which accentuated his height. He was near fifty, and he had concealed the fact that he was suffering from a chronic duodenal ulcer when he volunteered to join the British guerrillas, yet he succeeded in making several remarkable journeys through the jungle during the Japanese occupation.

His journey to Pulai, with aborigine guides that Pat obtained for him, proved a disappointment. Creer, whom he joined at Pulai, told him that the valley had been attacked by the Japanese and that the medical dresser who was to obtain the wireless set had fled. There was even worse news. The Communists had succeeded in gaining control of the valley and had driven out the Kuomintang guerrillas to a camp some distance away.

Later Chrystal and Creer were tricked into visiting the Communist camp, disarmed, and virtually kept prisoner. They eventually escaped during a Japanese attack on the night of July 10, 1943 and headed south over the Pahang divide without guides. When aborigines travel they take their fire with them by carrying a length of light, pithy sapling

that glows as it burns down, leaving a cigarlike ash. Both Chrystal and Creer had watched aboriginal guides follow a trail by looking for signs of this ash as well as for twigs broken from the encroaching undergrowth, which confirms that the path has been recently used. Somehow they managed to reach the Telom River area, where they were surprised to find Pat living near Kuala Bertam at the settlement of a headman named Achok.

Pat's story was that the Japanese had caught one of the Communist outside agents, a key man, who under torture had given away the Communist camps in the area, and as a result the guerrillas were on the run. He said that 5th Corps were now in the hills west of the Cameron Highlands.

Previous to this, Pat had been asked to do another propaganda tour of the aborigine settlements to introduce Low Mah to the deep jungle groups. Pat had suffered from repeated attacks of malaria on the tour. One night in a longhouse, when he was presumed asleep or semidelirious from fever, he overheard Low Mah haranguing the aborigines, the gist of his speech being that the British were finished in Malaya and that the best policy for the aborigines was to throw in their lot with the Communists, who were going to rule the country when the war was over.

It struck Pat as he listened that he was being used by the Communists to get them established in the deep jungle in what could prove a strategically vital position. It was not the first time that the interpreter had exceeded his instructions, and Pat realized that his brand of anti-British propaganda was uncompromisingly the Communist one. So in the morning Pat sent him packing with a message to Lai Foo that he was never going back to their camp. That happened on or about July 10, 1943.

From there on the Communists got no further help from Pat, but the damage had been done. Low Mah, their staff officer for aboriginal affairs, now had a network of agents and contacts throughout the Temiar country. It was only a matter of time before they would be used by the MCP to complete the subversion of most of the deep jungle groups.

When Chrystal and Creer joined Pat about two weeks after his break with the Communists, he was a stark figure, very thin but potbellied, with a spleen enlarged with malaria. In a holster at his hip he wore a revolver belonging to the Communists, which they were demanding back. Anjang, and his blood brother Uda were with him.

Achok, the headman at the settlement, was a kind and gentle-natured young man. He urged the Britishers to make their home with him. Attractive though the suggestion was, in practice it would not have worked—one needs to be an aborigine, born to living in a longhouse, to be able to stand it over a long period. As a compromise they built themselves a small house on the south bank of the Telom about a mile from Achok's settlement.

"It was a beautiful house and we were very proud of it," Chrystal said. "It stood gracefully on stilts about five feet off the ground and was reached by a bamboo ladder. There was a narrow verandah in front, in the colonial halting-bungalow style, and we used to make a joke of shouting 'Boy!' and ordering *stengahs*."

Uda stayed in Achok's longhouse but would come every day to wait on Pat and Anjang. The news that Pat had come to live in the Telom Valley was widely known among the aborigines. It was known too that he was thin and weak after his bout of malaria, so they came to see him from all around bringing gifts of food—baskets of fruit and nuts; cuts of deer or wild pig; fish; chickens; frogs, which were considered a great delicacy as they were soft and easily digested; snakes, from which the skin was peeled as you would a banana; the odd squirrel, rat, tortoise, or monkey that they did not like but were glad of because food was generally very short in the jungle.

Unfortunately this food gave rise to friction between Pat and Creer. Chrystal explained: "Anjang used to prepare and serve our meals, and naturally she gave the biggest and most succulent portions to her husband. I could see her point of view, which was that the food was being brought specially for him. But John Creer felt the three of us were in this

together and that there should be no distinction. Trouble between them wasn't new. John had shared a hut with Pat and Anjang early in 1942, and there was a hangover of bad feeling dating back to that period, and indeed further. Before the war Pat had once borrowed a small sum from John—25 dollars, I think, which hadn't been repaid. For a man like John, an Oxford scholar with a clear, analytical mind, but very strict and uncompromising on matters of principle, this did not help their relationship in any way, and in the jungle such things build up."

The outcome was that as soon as Pat was fit enough to travel he wanted to get away. Creer had mentioned that he had once sent him a supply of quinine to Anjang's *ladang* at Jalong, and now Pat decided to go there to collect it. He and Anjang set out with Uda and a friend of his named Busu, but they turned back on hearing that the Japanese had aborigine spies living on the route into Perak. Then, at about the end of August, a letter arrived from the Chinese Communists at Pulai, inviting Pat to join them and complaining about Creer. Against Creer's advice, or possibly because of it, Pat left for Pulai.

Chrystal wrote: "He was accompanied by Anjang and their boon companion, Uda. Also with them were Busu, Uda's friend, Achok and two of his men. Both Uda and Busu had been my guides before. I liked them. They seemed fine, upstanding types, though it had struck me that Uda was rather more attentive to Anjang than his loyalty to Pat required of him. I also had the impression that for her part these attentions were not wholly unwelcome. I wasn't at all happy about the situation which was obviously developing, but there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. Pat I knew would not take kindly to any advice about it from me, so I held my peace and persuaded myself it was none of my business. But it was the easy way out, and I have regretted it ever since."

Details of Pat's visit to Pulai were given by an English-speaking Chinese named Lawrence Keong, who had worked for the Asiatic Petroleum Company before the war and

had recently moved to Pulai with his wife. Pat and his party stayed with the Keongs, and it was with them that he got the idea of founding a jungle settlement of his own. It was to be in a beautiful valley of the Upper Korbu, difficult of access and with an escape route into the hills. Pat was to be headman, and he was to be joined by the Keongs, some Chinese friends of theirs, and some of his own special friends among the aborigines. It was to be truly international and democratic, and would incorporate the best in all their cultures.

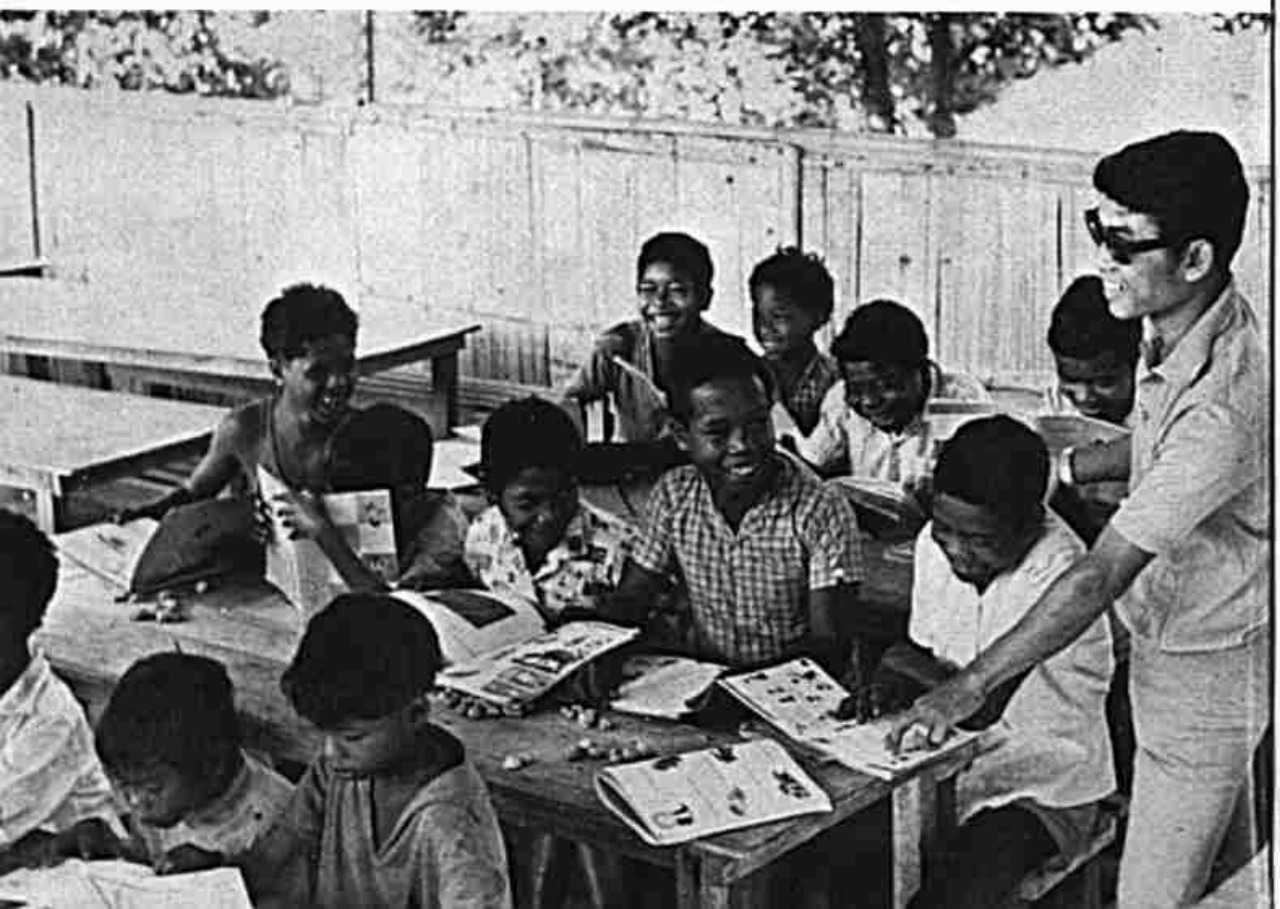
On October 12 he set out to return to Jalong, from where he intended to recruit some Temiar families for his group and to procure salt and quinine. On October 15 the Keongs received a note by hand of one of the guides who had led the party out of Pulai up to the Pahang divide. It read:

> Dear Mr and Mrs Keong,
>
> Just a line to thank you both again for the warm hospitality I enjoyed whilst at your house. Meeting people like you makes the Japanese occupation of Malaya easier to endure. We are staying one more night here with Wong Shing Lee (two nights in all) and leave early tomorrow morning. I look forward eagerly to our next meeting, and my only object now is to get the essentials for our new settlement and be back again with you both.
>
> I hope to appear again between Nov. 15–20, but do not worry even if you have to wait until the end of November. Unless I die I will be back in any case, and I have a feeling in my bones that my journey will be successful. But we will choose a happy place anyhow. Look after yourselves.
>
> Yours ever,
>
> Pat Noone

Pat appeared on the Telom toward the end of October. He had brought a supply of rice from Pulai, and gave Chrystal and Creer a few pounds for their larder. Though he was very weak and was having recurring attacks of malaria, he would

Above. A jungle clinic. Sister Patricia Robson weighing a baby
Below. Dr Malcolm Bolton evacuating deep jungle patients to the Aborigine General Hospital at Gombak

Above left. Deep jungle girl with a transistor radio
Above right. Aborigine boy at Gombak waiting for the school bus
Below. A deep jungle school at Kuala Yum



not stay with them longer than a week. He said he wanted to get some rock salt and to see if he could pick up some news of how the war was going. He had become very restless, Chrystal thought, but he was full of his proposed jungle settlement.

"When everything is ready I will gather together all my friends, and we can live there in peace and harmony," he told Chrystal.

"Why not lie up here for a month or two?" Chrystal suggested. "You're still a bit dicky."

Pat shook his head. "I'm all right Bob, and Anjang is keen to see her own people at Jalong."

Before he left, Chrystal gave him two letters, one for Rozario, a medical dresser he knew in Sungei Siput, asking him for some stomach powder, and the other for a Chinese shopkeeper whom he had dealt with before the war, asking him for a loan of some money.

"Good-bye," Pat said. "You can expect to see me in about a month. And don't worry, Bob, you shall have that stomach powder even if I have to ambush a Jap convoy to get it."

With that he stepped onto the river path and turned up the Telom. He was followed by Anjang, and behind them went Uda and Busu. As Chrystal gazed after that strange quartet, he felt uneasy. He had noticed a subtle change in their relationship, hard to define, yet decidedly there. The date was November 7, 1943, and Chrystal was not well. His ulcer was playing up, but there was nothing he could do about it except wait for Pat to return with the stomach powder.

Ten days passed before Chrystal and Creer got any further news of Pat. This was from Achok, who came to say that Pat and his party had got as far as Kerani Hondai's longhouse, which was only a few miles up-river, and that they were still there. Fearing Pat was again ill, Chrystal went up to Hondai's settlement, to be told that Pat had left for Perak the day before. Hondai, Chrystal thought, was behaving rather strangely. His replies, particularly to questions about Pat's health, were so evasive that Chrystal

decided to go on to the next settlement on the route that Pat had taken. When he reached this settlement (under a headman named Ngah), he found Anjang, Uda, and Busu in one of the living compartments, but no Pat.

"Where is *Tuan* Noone?" Chrystal asked.

Uda answered. He said that because of the delay Pat had decided to leave Anjang at the longhouse, and continue the journey with just the two of them. Uda said they had reached a settlement below the Blue Valley Tea Estate, which was some miles north of the Cameron Highlands, but since neither of them knew the route they were using, Pat had got himself two local guides and sent them back to look after Anjang.

This to Chrystal seemed very strange. Pat and these two had been practically inseparable. Chrystal returned to the little house on the Telom, and he and Creer waited for further news. A Chinese trader in the Cameron Highlands area sent them some tinned fish, coffee, rice, and sugar. These luxuries they kept for Christmas, hoping Pat would be back by then. But when after another two weeks there was no further news of him they went up to Kerani Hondai's place to see if they could find out anything. Uda was there with Anjang. When asked if they had any news, Uda said that on the day after Chrystal's visit to the up-river *ladang* Pat had sent a message asking Busu to go back to him as his new guides had failed to find the route to Perak. Busu, he said, had gone and not returned.

"Why Busu?" Chrystal asked. "You have been his personal servant for years."

"He wanted Busu," Uda snapped.

"Odd," Chrystal remarked to Creer. "I would have thought it would have been the other way around."

Hondai was again evasive, so Chrystal and Creer went on up the Telom to see if they could do any better. They covered probably twenty miles in the next two days, but found no one who could help them. Baffled, they returned to their house.

On December 28, Creer left with a party of Chinese who

passed by on their way to join the Kuomintang guerrillas, whose principal base was now at Kuala Betis on the Nenggiri River. Chrystal would have gone too, for the plan was an attractive one, but he was anxious about Pat and unwilling to leave the Telom until he received some definite news of him.

Chrystal went back to Hondai's longhouse but got nothing more from anyone there except the impression that discussing the subject made them all extremely uncomfortable. Uda was still with Anjang, who seemed very worried that Pat might have fallen into the hands of the Japanese. Chrystal asked Uda if he would accompany him into Perak, following Pat's route, to make inquiries at the *ladangs* they passed. Uda agreed to this but suggested they should give Pat another two weeks. Next day Chrystal went to his house with a heavy heart. He kept thinking of a song Anjang had sung, standing with her head against one of the center posts of the longhouse. He did not understand the Temiar words, but he had seen tears glistening on her cheeks.

That week a Chinese arrived with a letter for Pat from Lai Foo, inviting him back to 5th Corps, as it was important for the war effort that they should work together. Lai Foo added that this was an order from Major Spencer Chapman, who was now with a unit of the Perak guerrillas. The letter also contained the news that Robinson had died of malaria and dysentery. From this Chrystal concluded that, on the face of it at least, the Communists knew nothing of Pat's disappearance. Chrystal returned the letter to the bearer, telling him to inform the Communists of what had happened and suggesting they send a party along the Perak route to see if they could learn anything of his whereabouts.

The next contact Chrystal had with the Communists was when Low Mah and a band of about eighty guerrillas came down the Telom on their way to Pulai. Low Mah seemed friendly. He politely inquired after Chrystal's health and affected some concern for his being all alone in the jungle—Achok had moved away from his *ladang* after burning down the longhouse: a death had occurred in it, and the group were afraid of being haunted by the dead person's ghost.

Chrystal mentioned that he was extremely worried about Pat, and Low Mah promised to report the disappearance to the Perak Communist leaders who, he said, would certainly institute a search.

Next morning the party continued their journey, but not before calling on two Chinese rattan-cutters whom they shot because they had not contributed to party funds. The reason for the movement of such a large force of Communists to Pulai became apparent when, the following week, a letter came from Creer by hand of an aborigine. Creer said he was now with a band of about one hundred and fifty Kuomintang who were engaged in open warfare with the Pulai Communists. Raids were almost a nightly occurrence, and there had been a number of casualties on both sides.

Then a few days later, Kerani Hondai arrived with a gift of some fruit and fish for Chrystal. Hondai's news was disturbing. He said that Uda and Anjang had left his *ladang* and gone to her people at Jalong. When Chrystal mentioned that they had promised to help him look for Pat, the headman explained that this had not been forgotten. He himself was sending a search party, who were waiting to make a start.

"Why do they delay?" Chrystal asked.

"There is a good reason," said Hondai confidentially, and Chrystal heard that the *ladang* of a pro-Japanese headman named Menteri Awol lay on the route into Perak. However, a man had been sent to square him, and *Tuan* Chrystal would be informed the moment they were ready to leave.

But the trip never materialized. Months passed as Chrystal waited, becoming more and more emaciated, with running sores on his legs that did not heal because of his lack of protein; practically his only source of protein were small curly snails he found in the streams. Finally he got beriberi, a tropical disease brought on by acute vitamin deficiency, and one night his legs swelled up with an excess of fluid—they looked like sausage balloons at the bottom of which he could just see his toes sticking out. Soon he could no longer move. To add to his plight, there came a violent thunderstorm.

In the jungle the sound effects of a storm are magnified to cataclysmic proportions. The Temiar believe it is the rain spirit going berserk, and, while the men of a group hide in terror, the women strip themselves naked and run out into the clearing, dancing and screaming like demented creatures as they offer themselves to it. That violent rain spirit seemed to hover just over Chrystal, personally bent on his destruction, striking with darts of flame that filled the air with the smell of burning sulphur. Then two great trees above him were struck down, knocking his little house to one side, and its terrified occupant finished at an angle with his dropsical legs about a foot above the level of his head.

As it happened nothing could have been more fortuitous. When morning came, all light and peace, Chrystal found that his legs were considerably reduced in size—the angle at which he had been lying had redistributed the fluid over the rest of his body. Then a Chinese squatter appeared out of the blue, who gave him food and helped him until he was well enough to manage on his own.

For my part I owe a debt of gratitude to this great-hearted man for his loyalty to my brother, for he had stayed on in the Telom Valley long after his welcome from the local aborigines had worn itself out and all hope for Pat had gone. The aborigines no longer came near him, but still he was loath to leave. Then he received a second visit from Low Mah, who told him that both the Communists and Spencer Chapman had searched for Pat but had found no trace of him. Pat must be dead—it was ten months since he had disappeared, and by now it was obvious that Kerani Hondai had no intention of sending a search party into Perak. So at last on August 20, 1944 Chrystal packed his back-basket with his few possessions and set out for Hondai's settlement to ask for guides to take him to join Creer.

A year later, after the Japanese surrender, Chrystal went to Sungei Siput to see if Pat had ever got there. He was assured that he had not, for Rozario, who was still at the government dispensary and had been in a position to know most things that happened in and around Sungei Siput

during the occupation, had neither heard from Pat nor received Chrystal's letter asking for stomach powder.

In view of this, Chrystal was of the opinion that Pat had died of malaria, but that the aborigines were too afraid to admit to it in case they were held collectively responsible for his death and would be punished by the British when they came back to Malaya. This belief was also shared by Creer and, as I have shown, by John Davis.

During my investigations after the Japanese surrender, the possibility of Pat's having been killed either by Japanese or Chinese was not to be ruled out. Of the two, the former were obviously less suspect. Had they captured or killed Pat, they would have made a great show of the achievement—Pat had symbolized the jungle resistance, which the Japanese were never really able to overcome. On several occasions Japanese officers had called at the Perak Museum inquiring about Pat's whereabouts. They thought he might still be in touch with the staff, as indeed he was.

In January 1943 the curator, an Indian named Kuppusamy, had received a secret visit from the missionary Siantoeri, who brought a message from Pat begging Kuppusamy in the name of anthropology to locate and preserve his research material. This must have got back to the Japanese, because shortly afterwards the Kempeitai at Ipoh got hold of Yeop Ahmat, who was still on the museum staff. In the interrogation Yeop Ahmat had betrayed two of Pat's Temiar agents at Jalong. There followed Pat's unsuccessful attempt to execute him.

Puteh was the next to be arrested. It was not his first experience of the Kempeitai. Twelve months before, he had been questioned but had told them Pat had been evacuated south in a Punjabi truck, as he was ill. Now Puteh was asked about a letter he had received that very morning, and when he replied that it was from a friend asking him to go fishing he received a blow on the head. The Japanese and Chinese detectives who had come to see him produced a copy of the letter—a request for a supply of blank exercise books and

signed "Mat Yaacob." On this evidence, Puteh was accused of being in touch with Pat, taken to Taiping and interrogated all that night. During the interrogation, he learned that he had been under surveillance for several months—the detectives produced two previous letters from "Mat Yaacob" asking for money and quinine to be sent to Jalong. Puteh was encouraged to answer their questions by a thick stick applied always to the same spot on his head, but he was genuinely unable to reveal any more information about Pat than the letters already did.

Then in the morning Yeop Ahmat was brought in, and Puteh now heard of a scheme to capture Anjang, who they thought could lead them to Pat. The Japanese had got hold of a Temiar youth named Hitam. They all set out for Jalong in two cars.

Puteh told me nobody quite knew what they were going to do once they got to Jalong, where Anjang was thought to be living. Pat's reputation was formidable. Highly coloured reports of him had reached the Kempeitai, who had come to believe he lived in feudal grandeur in a bamboo fastness in the hills, the accepted chief of all the tribes, with a bodyguard of braves armed with blowpipes and poisoned darts. The Kempeitai were not trained to the jungle like the Japanese infantry. There was general nervousness and uncertainty about the expedition.

The road winding up from Sungei Siput came to an abrupt stop at the swiftly flowing Korbu River. The Jalong settlement was in the jungle some distance from the road. To reach it and capture Anjang, they would have to venture down a narrow path. It seemed a far better idea to send Hitam to reconnoiter the settlement and report back on how many men were actually with the women in the longhouse and how many were working in the *ladang*. Hitam went off with strict instructions to return within the hour, but he did not show up until after nightfall.

His excuse for the delay was reasonable. He said his father had sent him to work in the *ladang* and that he could not very well refuse without arousing suspicion. As for Anjang,

she was not there, but if they wanted proof, he would take Yeop Ahmat to see for himself. Yeop Ahmat, who was still extremely nervous after Pat's attempt to shoot him, hastily declined the invitation.

The senior Japanese officer then decided they would all return to Ipoh, and with great courage Hitam agreed to accompany them. He knew that while the party had been kept waiting an urgent message had been rushed to the nearest section of Communist guerrillas, who by now would be in ambush positions on the road. Fortunately for Puteh, the guerrillas did not have sufficient time to construct a road-block. He was in the leading car, which got through the hail of bullets without any of its occupants being hit; but all except Hitam in the second car were killed. Yeop Ahmat was in the second car.

The Japanese made no further attempts to get hold of Pat or Anjang, and from what I understand they thought Pat was operating with the Communist guerrillas right up to the time of the surrender.

As far as those of us investigating Pat's disappearance were concerned, far more suspicion rested on the Communists. A Force 136 officer named Frank Quayle believed they knew far more than they cared to admit. Quayle had joined 5th Corps headquarters about the end of August 1943 when their camp was on the Jor River to the west of Cameron Highlands. Here he had met Robinson, who at that time was awaiting Pat's return from his propaganda tour in the Temiar country. Robinson said Pat had had some strong arguments with the leaders about the nature of the propaganda, and it was finally agreed that the sole object would be to boost the guerrilla movement and to counter the Japanese efforts to win over the jungle folk with gifts of sugar, tobacco, and cloth, as they were trying to do.

Quayle said that Robinson had died about the middle of September, and that a month later Low Mah returned to say Pat had quarrelled with him and had decided to sever his connection with the Communists. Before this, Quayle said, Pat had been fairly popular with Lai Foo and the other

Chinese leaders, but now they could say nothing good of him. They called him a deserter, adding that he had been issued a revolver before going out on the trip and that since he had kept it the obvious deduction was that he meant to steal it.

Quayle stayed with the 5th Corps for the next six months, during which time he repeatedly asked Lai Foo if he had any news of Pat. The reply was always the same—that nothing was known of his whereabouts, which sounded sinister to Quayle, since the Communists had both the men and the opportunity to have discovered Pat's whereabouts and recovered their revolver had they so wished. Quayle pointed out that several hundred people had already been butchered for lesser crimes against the Communists than desertion and attempting to frustrate their activities. Pat had done them great service, but he was no longer indispensable to them. Apparently Low Mah had not let the grass grow under his feet; he had been building up his own aborigine contacts in the settlements on his trips with Pat and could now carry on independently. Indeed, from the Communist point of view, in the light of what we discovered later, Pat may have begun to appear as an obstacle to their plan for subverting the aborigines, because while he was alive his influence over them was too great for the Communist anti-British propaganda to make any real impression.

There were in circulation a number of stories about how Pat met his end with the Communists. One newspaper, quoting an unnamed Malay, suggested that he was tried and shot at one of their "traitor"-killing camps. Another paper reported that he had been shot in the back while resting on a march. A third that he had been stabbed. Yet, as Chrystal had recorded, letters from the 5th Corps addressed to Pat continued to arrive at the house on the Telom for months after he disappeared. One delivered in December read: "Come back at once, Major Chapman is here. If you are sick you may take enclosed quinine." A few tablets came with the letter.

After the war, several Communist leaders were brought over to London to represent the jungle resistance in the

Victory Parade. H.V., who happened to be in London, read of it in the *Times* and managed to contact Low Mah and invite him to tea. The interpreter came to tea, at the Savoy, and, after stuffing himself with cakes, told my father that from inquiries he had made it seemed that Pat had disappeared somewhere near the end of the Cameron Highlands road.

In the summer of 1946 a special meeting was held at the Royal Anthropological Institute in London to discuss what action should be taken toward organizing a search for Pat's missing research material. As a result of the meeting a letter was sent to the Colonial Secretary asking for his assistance. He was informed that the general body of British anthropologists regarded Pat's work as of the first importance. It was explained that Pat had been developing an entirely new line of research into highly complex primitive cultures. This had excited the interest of anthropologists experienced in the application of anthropology to problems of colonial administration when he read a paper to a full meeting of the institute in 1939. It was known that by 1941 he had collected material of importance both to anthropology and administration, and the Colonial Secretary was asked to order an official search.

The Colonial Secretary obliged, and the search began at the Perak Museum, where Pat was reported to have left a lot of his notes, motion-picture films, photographs, and recordings. Kuppusamy, when questioned, said the filing cabinet containing all the material had been looted by Malays and Chinese before the Japanese occupied the town in December 1941. It seemed odd that the only other objects looted in the museum had been the collections of Malayan *kris* and embroidered sarongs from the upper floor of the building. Nothing had been touched on the ground floor, where most of the exhibits remained exactly as they had been in Pat's time, and the office and library, also on the ground floor, seemed otherwise intact.

Puteh was then contacted. He reported that thirteen boxes of notes and books had been buried at Kuala Temengor. I

know that these constituted most of Pat's field notes from his psychological study of the Temiar. But when a museum party arrived at the *kampong* they were told by the headman that the secret of the hidden boxes had been betrayed to the enemy, that a section of soldiers under a ferocious commander named Aromoto had dug them up, but on finding only papers and books he had ordered them to be burned.

Pat had continued his research during the occupation, but he had left most of his notes in exercise books at 5th Corps headquarters. Quayle had seen them with some of his belongings in the hut he had shared with Robinson. These notes too were lost—in a Japanese attack when everybody had to get out in a hurry.

H.V. and my mother had been patiently waiting for what I had told them could be a mass of scientific data. H.V., now quite an old man, was going to devote the rest of his life to indexing it. It was all that remained to him of the brilliant son in whom he had placed so much hope. The news that Pat's monumental work on the Temiar had been lost to science was a crushing blow from which I don't think my father ever recovered.

In 1948, a London court ruled that Pat's death could be presumed to have occurred in November 1943, and his estate was wound up. Yet in Malaya there were people who were not prepared to accept the ruling. One was H. T. Pagden, then director of museums, who planned an expedition with the object of following the route Pat was supposed to have taken into Perak. Putch was to accompany Pagden. They were to try to find Uda and Anjang, who they felt could lead them to Pat if he was still alive. But Pagden fell ill at the last moment and the expedition was off.

In June 1948 a State of Emergency was proclaimed following a series of attacks by the Communists in an attempt to create chaos, and within months rumours were circulating of a bearded white man having been seen in the jungle by security force patrols. In 1949 a white man was reported in the jungles of Kedah. In 1950 a white man was reported in Perak. In 1951 a section of Suffolks came back from a

patrol with the story that they had seen a white man in a terrorist ambush party in Selangor. In 1952 a section of Malayan police claimed to have seen a white man with a party of terrorists near Tapah. In 1953 a Semai group, on being questioned, spoke of a terrorist camp on the Jelai Kechil River in Pahang in which there was a wireless operator—a white man with blue eyes and a blond beard. The mystery white man was thought to be Pat. It was suggested he had become involved with the Communists and was working for them against his will to safeguard the interests of the aborigines.

Puteh too had never given up hope of Pat's being alive, and he believed that the reason Uda and Anjang had never been traced was that they were with him somewhere in the jungle. From the day he joined the department Puteh had made inquiries about them from the aborigines he met in the course of his job. He was encouraged in this by Peter Williams Hunt, then the adviser on aborigines, who had promised Pagden he would do his best to get to the bottom of the mystery.

In August 1950 Williams Hunt and Puteh went to Ipoh, where Williams Hunt had to call on the assistant state secretary, an Australian named Max Wood. Puteh was waiting outside the office in the departmental jeep when his boss suddenly came out of the office to say he had just heard from Wood that Anjang had been located. She and Uda were with a group that had been brought down from Kuala Legap, where they had been helping the terrorists, and had been resettled on the north bank of the Plus River, two miles upstream from Lasah.

At last it seemed that the truth would be discovered about Pat. But when Williams Hunt and Puteh visited the group next day they found Anjang dying. She lay on a pandanus-leaf mat with a piece of flowered cloth lightly covering her body, which was thin and wasted. She recognized Puteh, and her eyes filled with tears. She opened her mouth in an effort to speak, but no words came—the headman explained she was suffering from a severely ulcerated throat, which she

had had for nine months, steadily getting worse. Uda was there and Puteh learned that he and Anjang were now married.

As she was much too weak to be moved, Williams Hunt left some tins of condensed milk for her, and he and Puteh went back to Sungei Siput, promising to return with a doctor as soon as possible. As it happened, the doctor had several emergency cases needing immediate attention and could not leave for several days.

When at last they were able to get him out to the settlement, they learned that Anjang had died. The doctor said the cause of death was bronchial septicemia, but medical opinion today is inclined to differ with this. At the big aborigine hospital outside Kuala Lumpur, they are not unfamiliar with the condition and feel it is more likely that Anjang died of TB and that it had affected her larynx.

Puteh was desolate. Anjang was a link with the past, with the twelve happy years he had spent in devoted service of his *Tuan* Noone, but they had found her too late.

"She knew the secret, and she took it with her," he said. He was weeping as he spoke.

8

Senoi People's Republic

An aspect of my brother's disappearance that really worried Puteh was the taboo, and I must say I shared his apprehensions. It was completely out of character. I could understand a taboo not to discuss him if he had died while he was in the aborigines' care and they were scared of being held responsible. But why a taboo on the very utterance of his name? I just could not get away from the feeling that behind it lay some really dreadful reason.

Puteh used to come to see me at my house in Bellamy Road in Kuala Lumpur, and we would talk about old times.

"*Tuan*," he said one day, "if you were in the Department of Aborigines, we would learn the truth, whatever it is. There are headmen who loved your brother and can never forget him. They would trust you and confide in you."

Peter Williams Hunt, the head of the department, died in the summer of 1953 as a result of a tragic accident in the jungle. I had applied for his vacant post, but the stumbling block was my boss, the director of intelligence, who was not prepared to release me from my job as secretary to the Federation Intelligence Committee.

One morning early in October of that year, I was sitting at my desk when my telephone rang. I picked it up.

"Chief secretary here," a voice said. "General Templer has asked me to inform you of your new appointment. You are to take over the Department of Aborigines."

The director of intelligence was on tour. It seemed that Templer had made tactical use of the opportunity.

"I hesitate to congratulate you," the chief secretary went

on. "The general has decided that the Department of Aborigines is to play a vital new role in his future operations against the terrorists. He has a special assignment for you. I wish you luck. You'll need all you can get!"

Later that day I was summoned to King's House, which Templer occupied in his dual role of high commissioner and director of operations. He was at his desk in the long room that served both as an office and a top-level conference chamber.

"Tell me, Noone," he said, "are you entirely happy about taking on this job?"

"There is nothing I'd like better, sir."

He looked squarely at me. I had the feeling he was sizing me up. He said: "Noone, what I don't want is a desk man. Nor do I want a purely scientific type—though of course your knowledge of anthropology and experience of these jungle tribes in particular would be of great value." He got up and approached an operational map on the wall near his desk, which I recognized as a photographic enlargement of the one made from Pat's exploration of the Temiar country. He swept a hand over it. "Noone, these jungle people have become the most serious problem of the Emergency, and something has to be done about it."

By that time the Malayan Emergency had reached a dangerous stalemate. It had come about, as I have shown, from an act of desperate expediency in the naive belief that the Communists would observe the Queensberry Rules. In 1944, as the Allied offensive against the Japanese developed, it had become the policy of the Allies to build up the Communist guerrillas in Malaya into a full-scale resistance movement. To assist them, liaison teams were dropped by parachute, and the Communists were supplied with large quantities of weapons and equipment. Before any of this war material could be put to military use, however, Japan surrendered.

In the administrative hiatus between this event and the arrival of the Allied troops, the Communists gave the country a taste of the rule they sought to impose. It was a

reign of terror in many parts of Malaya, where they came out into the open, claiming the victory was their doing and purging all who had opposed them politically or had merely refused to contribute to party funds.

It was not until early December 1945 that arrangements were finally made to demobilize the Communist guerrillas. They were paid off and told to hand in their arms. But most of those which had been dropped to them found their way to secret dumps in the jungle. What followed is history, but the pattern was not unfamiliar. Labour unions were infiltrated by the Communists and disputes fermented, the workers being bullied into going on strike and the employers being beaten up or shot if they attempted to come to terms. By May 1948 there was gun law on virtually every labour front. Factories and offices were burned down; there was wholesale armed robbery; employees who resisted were murdered, as were employers who attempted to cooperate with the police. Then on June 18, 1948, following the killing by a gang of terrorists of three European rubber planters in Perak and the attack on a police station in Johore by another terrorist gang, a State of Emergency was proclaimed throughout the country.

It was tantamount to a declaration of war on the Communists, and they replied by crying havoc. Their Malayan Races Liberation Army of five thousand men under arms went on an unforgettable rampage, in which they slaughtered not only Europeans but all races without discrimination. People were killed senselessly. In Kampar, in Perak, a grenade was thrown into a roadside circus, killing five people including a pregnant woman and her two-year-old child. At Kepong, in Selangor, a gang fired into a crowded cinema, and five people were killed including women and children. In the Plentong district of Johore a man and his wife were killed, their hut set on fire and their eight-year-old daughter thrown on the flames.

The Communists' initial aim was to disrupt the two basic industries, tin and rubber, which were vital to Malaya's economy, and to create terror among the population. During the chaos they hoped for the support of a mass uprising,

which would enable them to neutralize the police and the army and thus overthrow the government. They hoped to be in a position to declare Malaya a Communist People's Republic by August 1948.

The Communist terrorists were competently led by experienced commanders. They were well armed and they struck unexpectedly, ambushing military convoys, attacking police outposts, estate offices, and mines; derailing and shooting up trains; setting fire to buildings; slashing thousands of rubber trees. They had the advantage of surprise. For the first few weeks it was touch and go.

But they failed to cause anything like the disruption they had intended, and they had alienated the very people on whom they depended for their mass uprising. The Malays in particular were determined to oppose them. They flocked to take up arms in defense of their villages. The army and police fought back. Gradually with the buildup of the security forces and an Emergency organization, the government gained control of the situation.

It was a desperate task at first, with jungles and swamps on the side of the Communist terrorists and a large section of the Chinese public, the squatters especially, behind them either by force or inclination. Under threat or persuasion they had supplied the terrorists with food, sheltered them, and furnished them with the recruits they needed to keep the Malayan Races Liberation Army up to strength. There were over half a million of these squatters in primitive encampments in jungle clearings, on open ground near towns, near tin mines, and on the edges of rubber estates. It was not possible to police every squatter settlement, some of which were accessible only by jungle paths. The terrorists' strategy had been based on the fact that the government could do nothing about blocking their access to all the squatters all the time. But the government resettled the bulk of the half-million squatters in five hundred and fifty "new villages" behind barbed wire, with police and Home Guards to prevent terrorists getting to them and squatter sympathizers taking food out.

So effective was the government food-denial campaign that it prevented the Communists from concentrating men in numbers large enough for a reasonably effective attack. Soon the terrorists were being hunted relentlessly, their camps bombed, their cultivation areas in the jungle poisoned from the air, their morale weakened by an intensive psychological campaign.

The Malayan Races Liberation Army had suffered nearly eight thousand casualties when Chin Peng, their leader, ordered the withdrawal of most of the fighting men into the deep jungle as the interior also became known. The Communists' bid for power had failed. It seems that Chin Peng now decided to follow the pattern set by the Vietminh, indeed the master strategic plan for the Communist revolutionary movements throughout Southeast Asia.

As far back as 1944, in the early days of the Maoist movement, the Vietminh had sought the support of certain tribal chiefs in Vietnam. They were apparently successful for when, two years later, the war against the French began, and Ho Chi Minh's government had to fly from Hanoi, it was with the Tho tribes in the mountains that they found refuge. After the loss of the Red River Delta, in 1946–1947, the Vietminh were entirely dependent on these hill tribes for continuing the struggle. It was in the mountainous tribal areas that resistance bases were set up from which "passive defense" (Phase One of Mao's strategy) could be carried out, and the Vietminh were able to build up their forces for the ensuing phases of the struggle. There were obvious parallels for Chin Peng to note between his struggle with the British and Ho Chi Minh's with the French.

With Pat's help the Malayan Communists had made their contacts with the aborigines in the deep jungle in 1942–1943. Now, it was realized that they had become vital to the movement, and a Politburo directive indicated how deep jungle bases were to be established, to which their forces could withdraw. As these bases were too remote to be supplied by their supporters in the towns and villages, it was decided that the aborigines should be organized to cultivate food for them.

The directive was thorough. Not only did it explain how the aborigines were to be geared to the main revolutionary effort, but it showed a remarkable understanding of their psychology in stressing the importance of approaching them gently. Strong-arm methods were frowned on. There was an incident in which an entire group of forty Semai were shot by a Communist terrorist platoon because a member of the group had informed the Police that they were being forced to supply the Communists with food. I later saw a reference to the case in a captured Malaya Communist Party despatch. It appeared that the platoon commander had been reprimanded and transferred for "misguided application of punishments not yet applicable to the Asal." *Asal*, meaning "original" in Malay, was the term the Communists adopted for the aborigines in preference to the derogatory term *Sakai*, which was still in official use.

Teams of Chinese were specially selected and trained in handling aborigines, and a captured document gives us a glimpse of the advice they received:

> All comrades engaged in the work of the Asal must take full responsibility in investigating and studying the habits of living, customs, traditions, rituals and other racial characteristics of the Asal. . . . Information on the foregoing should be compiled for reference. This will help us improve our methods of work. . . . Understand fully the Asal compatriots' way of life . . . we should try to identify ourselves with them by adopting their way of living.

Aborigines were to be helped materially; they were to be shown how to improve their food output; they were to be indoctrinated with Communist political ideas in a simplified form; and their young men were to be armed and trained to fight.

To implement this policy, a special Asal organization was set up, the personnel drafted to it being sympathetic and gregarious personalities, preferably those who had had previous experience of aborigines as jungle traders, jelutong-tappers, or tin-washers and who spoke the Senoi dialects.

As Pat had done, they came with presents—ax heads, *parangs*, tobacco, cloth, vegetable seeds, salt, medicines. Some took aborigine wives and thus married into groups. They had obviously been carefully picked for the difficult task of winning the aborigines' confidence and gaining control of those who were the most strategically placed from their point of view. It took these Asal organizers just two years. By the end of 1953 they had dominated all the deep jungle groups from Negri Sembilan and south Pahang right up to the Thai border in the north. Out of a total aboriginal population of about fifty thousand an estimated thirty thousand were involved.

Leaving aside their motives, one can only view this achievement with wonder. As a straightforward feat of administration it would have been remarkable. But to have done it with a race of people incapable psychologically of toeing any line, much less a Communist line, it was incredible. For weeks I tried to figure out how it was done, then suddenly it came to me as I was going through reports I received of Pat's life with the Communists in the jungle during the Japanese occupation. Chrystal had mentioned Pat's lectures on aborigines to the 5th Corps leaders, and here was the explanation. Pat had given the Communists the key to the Senoi social behaviour pattern, which, as I have shown, lay in their doctrine of shared liability by all members of a group. The Communists had made practical use of it in their Asal policy.

The whole Asal organization was geared to conform with the Senoi social system. Asal clubs or committees were set up on a *saka* basis, each under the chairmanship of a prominent headman or shaman. Their function was to supply food to the Communist terrorists, to buy supplies for them from the jungle forts and the road-head shops, to act as their couriers, porters, and guides, and, most important of all, to surround the terrorist camps with a protective screen of listening posts to give timely warnings of the approach of Security Force patrols. So tight was the Communist grip over the deep-jungle Senoi that groups almost within sight of the

forts were making regular contributions of food, of which they themselves were very often very short.

Their subversion had been undertaken slowly but fairly firmly. In the opening phase, contacts made during the Japanese occupation were reestablished and fresh Asal personnel introduced to the aborigines. Small gifts were brought—the Communists recognized the inadvisability of giving too much to a people used to no more than a few meager possessions. All the groups in the deep jungles of Perak, Kelantan, and Pahang were visited. Before Pat had worked and campaigned for their welfare, nobody in the government had bothered about the aborigines; moreover, as I have mentioned, nothing had been done about them since the war. So naturally the Communists were welcome when they came. They were men from the outside who called them "Asal" (aborigines) not "Sakai" (slaves), powerful men with guns, who claimed they would look after them and give them the good things of life once they had defeated the Europeans, who had grown rich and fat by stealing from the poor.

At the same time horror stories were reaching the interior of the government's attempts to resettle aborigine groups of the lower-level jungles and even those who lived some distance up the rivers. Following the success of the squatter resettlement scheme, as part of the campaign to deny food to the Communist terrorists, the government, despite advice and pleas to the contrary, had ordered the resettlement of thousands of aborigines. Groups were being rounded up by the military or police, marched to the road-head, herded into trucks, and taken in convoy to large camps behind barbed wire. Their homes and food stocks were destroyed, their *ladangs* and crops bombed. In the resettlement camps few proper arrangements were made for housing them, and once inside they were guarded day and night and not allowed outside the wire. Used to living at a higher altitude, these unfortunates could not stand the heat of the plains. Their stomachs could not get used to the abrupt and complete change from their staple diet of cassava and fresh meat and vegetables to rice and salt-fish. After living a naturally

energetic life, the men fishing and hunting and the women planting and collecting wild fruits and tubers, they could not adapt themselves to a life of idleness. Day after day they could do nothing but gaze longingly through the wire at the blue jungle-clad hills. Hundreds died from the physical and psychological shock or because they just lost the will to live. Many others—in one instance a whole resettlement camp—crept through the wire, evaded the sentries and fled back to the deep jungle. Thousands of other aborigines, who so far had not been affected, fled from their homes and *ladangs* in the foothills to their relatives in the deep jungle and to the protection of the Communists, leaving behind an intelligence vacuum that took a great deal of time and energy to fill later.

In the second phase of the Communists' Asal scheme, larger teams of terrorists arrived. These varied in composition, but the leaders were of branch or district committee rank, while the central figures in charge of a number of Asal areas were usually of state committee rank. Low Mah became the Chief Asal Organizer.

The second-phase teams formed Asal clubs, each with a clubhouse as a focus of local Asal activity. They toured the *ladangs*, holding meetings and pressing home their propaganda line. But under their gentle, friendly, helpful approach there was always an underlying toughness, the implied threat that whether they liked it or not, the Senoi were totally committed to the struggle, from which there could be no opting out. If anybody was guilty of failing in duty to, or betrayal of, the cause, Chinese or Asal, his section or family group as the case might be would be punished. To the aborigine, imbued with the idea of shared group liability but within strictly defined and exact limits, this threat of willy-nilly total group liability was very frightening. It insured that no individual in a group was likely to act rashly on his own initiative.

In their predicament the groups naturally took the line of least resistance. The Europeans were far away, the Communists were sitting on their house ladders. Better do as

the Communists asked. Besides, by helping the Communists they would be helping their protectors. In return for their services the groups were promised untold benefits when the Communists would ultimately take control of the country. One group, for instance, were guaranteed the sole jelutong-tapping rights for the whole of Pahang. Groups were told that under Communist rule aborigines would be able to walk into any shop and take anything they liked without having to pay.

That the Communists would win was taken as a foregone conclusion—weren't the aborigines told they had thousands of soldiers besides bombers and helicopters and all of China behind them?

The aborigines selected as fighting men were initially used in units of an Asal Protection Corps. Their duty was to maintain a high level of food production and if necessary to use force with groups that did not cooperate fully. Some of these aborigine henchmen actually proved more brutal than their Chinese masters, two of the most notorious being Semai headmen—one in Perak named Bah Pelankin, the other in Pahang named Chawog.

Such was the deep-jungle situation when I stood with Templer, the overall commander, before his operational map. He summed up: "The aborigines hold the key to the deep-jungle situation. Without their food the Communists couldn't subsist, and without their tactical intelligence the Communists couldn't stay a move ahead of our patrols as they do most of the time. The answer is to deny the aborigines to the Communists in the deep jungle. It will have to be done by winning the aborigines back to our side with a full-scale propaganda and welfare campaign. It will need somebody with organizing ability and drive. Do you think you could cope?"

I was a little taken aback by Templer's forthright manner but managed to mutter something about thinking I could.

"Good," he said. "Let me have a plan as soon as possible. It must have the highest priority. And Noone, all your reasonable demands will be met."

In October 1953, when I became adviser on aborigines, my headquarters staff at the Federal Department of Aborigines were accommodated in the Museums Department office in Kuala Lumpur, which may sound a little grand. In actual fact, they numbered just three people. The assistant adviser was Pamela Goldsbury, a tall, bustling South African who had been virtually running the department since the death of my predecessor. There was one typist, and Puteh, who acted as interpreter and contact man. Equipment consisted of three tables, a typewriter, a filing cabinet, a map of Malaya, and a telephone that I shared with the curator of the museum, who sat opposite. There was also a field staff of five aborigines, who were accommodated at a site just outside the town. The states were even worse off. This skeleton organization may have sufficed to look after the general interests of the aborigines, but it was totally inadequate for the special job Templer now wanted done.

In appreciating the situation I had the following information to go on. Of the thirty thousand aborigines dominated by the Communists, about twenty-two thousand had been brought under varying degrees of government control and influence by the recent establishment of a number of jungle forts. The remaining eight thousand I classified under three categories of Asal control:

Category A: those cooperating with the Communists to the fullest extent and generally armed with rifles, shotguns, and in some cases automatic weapons; in short the Asal Protection Corps. They lived either with or near a Communist terrorist section and were responsible for maintaining a grip on the surrounding groups, keeping up food supplies, acting as guides and porters, manning the protective screen of sentries that surrounded the terrorist camps in depth, and providing tactical intelligence on all security-force movements in thejungle. They were later reclassified as "hostile."

Category B: those living in proximity to the main Communist camps in the deep jungle, whose function was solely the production of food for the camps and providing tactical intelligence on security-force movements.

Category C: those living at some distance from the Communist camps but nevertheless responsible for making food contributions.

It was difficult to get precise figures by categories because of overlapping, but as far as it was possible to tell there were about 5,300 in Categories A and B. The remainder, in other words 2,700, were in Category C and were helping the Communists to a greater or lesser degree depending on where they were situated and how deeply they had been penetrated by the Asal organization, which was steadily spreading outward.

To counter the Asal I would therefore have to work in the opposite direction, from the lesser affected groups toward the dominated groups by employing the same methods as the Communists but by supplying the aborigines with more and better welfare goods; by providing them with regular medical attention, in time building up a full-scale health service; by giving food to those who needed it instead of taking it away; and by exposing the Communist propaganda as false. It was going to be a mammoth job, for the Communist terrorists had a very tight grip on the deep-jungle situation. Just how tight was soon brought home to me when I received an urgent summons for an interview with General Sir Hugh Stockwell, the General Officer Commanding, Malaya and Templer's Executive Military Commander.

I found Sir Hugh standing behind his desk, a tall, thin distinguished-looking English gentleman, with a huge panting Alsation that followed him everywhere sprawled at his feet.

He said: "Noone, we've just received hot information pinpointing a high-level Communist camp—it might even be that of the Politburo. It's at a spot just east of the Cameron Highlands. We're launching a major operation—it's code-named Operation Valiant—at this very moment, and I want you to go in and see what you can do about the aborigines. If you can get any of them in that area to help us, we may be able to bag the top MCP leaders."

The original information had come from a small patrol of

paratroopers of 22 Special Air Service Regiment. Late the evening before they had been following a Dayak guide along a jungle path. Suddenly the Dayak had held up his hand and pointed. Down a side track that had been cleared through the jungle they saw a terrorist sitting on a log with a Sten gun across his knees, contentedly puffing at his pipe.

He looked like a courier resting after the day's march, and the patrol leader shot him dead. It was too late to attempt to follow up his tracks, so they stripped the body and hid it at the edge of the track. The track was interesting. As far as they could make out it had been cleared to a width of about six feet and led up a hill.

Back at headquarters the dead man's clothes aroused considerable interest. Both the shirt and trousers had been freshly laundered, and a receipt from a laundry in Singapore dated a week before was found in one of the pockets. The deduction was that he must have been a fairly high-level party member who had possibly just returned after a special visit to Singapore. He also had a tin of Navy Cut tobacco, which suggested that he might have slipped out of camp for a clandestine smoke. Did the path lead to the headquarters of the Central Committee of the Malayan Communist Party, and possibly the whereabouts of the Secretary-General, Chin Peng himself?

In case it did, four infantry battalions were already converging on the area, guided in by the Special Air Service, who had squadrons in the interior jungle of northwest Pahang.

"Can you leave immediately?" The general asked me. "Time is vital in this operation."

"Yes, sir. I'll just call at my flat and collect my kit."

"I wouldn't bother about that. Brigadier Howard, who is commanding the operation, will be able to fix you up with anything you want."

I collected Puteh, who knew most of the aborigines in the operational area. Within twenty minutes we were in a helicopter, flying northeast over the treetops, which looked like tightly packed cauliflowers of varying shades of green

with heads of red, orange, and yellow occurring here and there.

We came down with a flight of eight helicopters at Bukit Betong, a railway halt on the Jalai River, The landing zone was a scene of bustle and ordered chaos, with infantry in battle equipment emptying out of helicopters and forming up at one side and unladen helicopters taking off.

I was taken to Brigadier Howard's tented headquarters a quarter of a mile away.

"I want you to go on to advanced headquarters at Kuala Misong," Howard told me. "That's where they'll need you."

Putch and I climbed into another helicopter. We now wore jungle greens still smelling of the factory, rubber and canvas boots laced to the calf, and floppy hats.

We flew up the Jelai River and onward up the Telom to where it was fed by a foaming tributary from the north—the Misong. On the south bank, near the confluence, a hole appeared in the jungle where the giant trees had been felled by explosives to prepare a landing zone. It was raining now, and the helicopter descended into the hole, down past the swaying treetops, into dripping gloom.

A poncho-caped soldier emerged from the undergrowth.

"Mr. Noone, sir?"

"Yes."

"Major Salmond is expecting you. Better get your ponchos on, sir, or you'll be drenched to the skin."

He led us to the swollen Misong, which we crossed, balancing along a tree trunk that spanned its banks. On the other side was a sandy patch—the very spot where Pat and Bellamy-Brown had spent the night next to their moored rafts when a herd of elephants got dangerously near. Two basha huts stood on the sand. Around them a dozen men were bivouacked in small shelters they had improvised for themselves out of saplings and ground sheets. This was Headquarters Troop, B Squadron, 22 Special Air Service.

Major Salmond, the squadron commander, was in one of the bashas, reading a message as a young paratrooper at a wireless set wrote it out on a message pad.

"It looks as though we've lost track of where that Com-

munist terrorist was shot," Salmond said as we came in. "The Dayak, who was with the patrol, is sick, and there's nobody else who can possibly guide them back to the spot. They have been trying all day, but this damned rain has obliterated every sign of where they went."

He showed me on the map roughly where the wide path had been cut. "Can we hope for any help from the local aborigines in trying to locate it?"

"It's hard to tell," I said. "Some of the headmen around here were my brother's oldest friends. Ché Puteh knows them all, but they might be too scared to say anything."

"I think they will help us, sir," Puteh said.

"Well," said Salmond, "my patrols have reported vast *ladangs* all along the Telom. My hunch is that they are all collaborating like mad."

A little later the wireless operator tore a message off the pad and handed it to Salmond. A consignment of Javanese tobacco and other welfare goods I had ordered were arriving at dawn the next day.

Next day one of Salmond's patrols brought in a number of aborigines from near Kuala Bertam including headman Achok, near whose longhouse, it will be remembered, Pat had lived with Chrystal and Creer before he left on his last journey for Perak. When eventually conversation got round to the Communists, Achok was noncommittal. He hadn't seen any for several months, he said.

"He's lying," I told Puteh in English. "He has a *ladang* of about thirty acres. He shouldn't need all that for a group of no more than fifty people, including several small children."

"Better to hurry slowly, *tuan*," Puteh advised. "When we win his confidence he will tell us everything."

I hadn't mentioned Pat up to that time. So I asked casually: "Have you heard anything more about my brother?"

The headman's face suddenly fell. "I know nothing about *Tuan* Tata," he replied. "I have not seen him since he and Puteh came to my father's *ladang*. Puteh was then a boy. I too was a boy at that time."

"That was more than twenty years ago," Puteh said.

"How could that be, since he lived near your *ladang* during the Jap time?" I asked.

"No, *tuan*," Achok said, looking away. "He was in Kelantan. He never came this way."

"But *Tuan* Creer and *Tuan* Tinggi [Chrystal]—these two also stayed with you?"

"I do not know them," said Achok.

Shortly after that he suddenly said he had to go, and left with his retinue. I was flabbergasted at Achok's denial of Pat, but to Puteh it was a ray of hope. As he pointed out, aborigines never lie unnecessarily. "He must have had a very good reason," Puteh said.

Puteh, with the help of some aborigines from the Kuala Misong area, built a small house near Salmond's headquarters. This house became my base, to which Temiar and Semai converged from the surrounding settlements for a powwow and the tobacco, sarongs, *parangs*, trinkets, and other presents that were doled out liberally. I told my visitors that I had been appointed their Tata by the government and that from now on their protection and welfare was my prime concern. Thus I began my campaign.

After a few days Pat's old friend Kerani Hondai arrived, now a wizened gnome with a piece of cloth tied bandanawise around his woolly head, his large, prominent teeth stained reddish-black from incessant smoking and betel chewing, his dart quiver at his right hip, and a naked *parang* thrust through his loincloth on the other side. In his left hand he carried a seven-foot blowpipe. Through sheer showmanship he was now the acknowledged pundit of the Telom Valley, the authority on the ways of the European. He shook hands and immediately produced a grubby little notebook and a stump of pencil. With these he appeared to be taking notes of our conversation, but when I later examined the notebook I found he had only been making squiggles.

For two days I worked on "Clerk" Hondai, while the floor of the little house was spattered with jets of red saliva, coloured from his betel chewing, which he squirted at

intervals from between his teeth. At last, when I really thought the Krani was in a relaxed and communicative mood, I quickly switched the discussion round to Pat.

"Did you know that Anjang is dead?" I asked. "Anjang who was my brother's wife?"

Krani Hondai's thick lips suddenly closed over his protruding front teeth, and his good humour seemed to shrink into the wrinkles around his mouth. He shifted uncomfortably on his haunches, and he spat accurately through a crack in the split-bamboo floor.

"She could not speak at the end," I added.

"I did not know *Tuan* Tata's wife."

"But I heard that he brought her to your *ladang* during the war."

"No, *tuan,* he did not come to the Telom," he said. "He lived in Kelantan." He sat smoking quietly for a few minutes. Then he asked to be excused and left with his companions.

Meanwhile four battalions of infantry and two squadrons of Special Air Service had been combing the Telom Valley for terrorists, and the RAF had been pounding certain areas with bombs, but not one Communist had been found dead or alive. The only positive information I had been able to elicit from the aborigines I interrogated was that a big Communist camp was situated in the Semai country to the southwest, over the Perak divide. I helicopted back to Bukit Betong and reported this fact to Brigadier Howard. A meeting was held on the spot and a decision made that very morning to shift the operation to the Perak jungle northeast of Bidor, the area known as the Batang Padang.

At Bidor, I suggested that aborigines should be used as guides instead of Dayaks. This was accepted, and I engaged three Semai from Tapah, who agreed to lead columns of troops into positions in the area, provided that they themselves could also wear jungle greens to avoid being identified as aborigines by the Communists they met. These guides got their uniforms, and the brigade, with all units linked by wireless, began a wide encirclement of the area.

By that time, I had established an interrogation center for

myself at the edge of the jungle some distance from the main operational headquarters so that aborigine visitors could feel they could come and go without being noticed. Soon I had a large number, attracted by my tobacco and other gifts. I worked on them, seemingly without success. I became despondent, wondering how I would ever succeed in putting myself and my campaign across to these people. One morning two men arrived with shotguns hanging from their shoulders on crude rattan slings. They stayed two days in the hut smoking my cigarettes and sharing our rations.

Before they left, I said: "You know, of course, that if you shoot any Communists or give information that leads to a kill, you will get a very big reward."

They thought a little, then one whose name was Abas said: "There are two Communists who pass through our *saka*. We have seen their tracks and they always use the same path. Every time the moon is big they go over into Pahang, and when the moon is small they come back into Perak."

"They must be couriers," I said. "If you shoot them you will get at least five thousand dollars."

Abas could not understand the extent of five thousand dollars, so I explained what that amount of money could buy. He and his companion became very interested. They wanted to know what they should do if they shot a Communist, and I told them, graphically, how the body should be searched and that everything in the pockets should be removed and brought, with the arms and ammunition, to the assistant protector of aborigines at Tapah. They nodded, giving the matter grave thought, and shortly after that they left to return to their settlement.

After nearly two weeks of fruitless search in the Batang Padang river area, Operation Valiant was fizzling out. I returned to Kuala Lumpur to find Pamela Goldsbury, my assistant adviser, in a state of excitement. The night before she had met a headman in Tapah who had told her that he knew the whereabouts of Bah Pelankin, one of the notorious headmen whom I have mentioned. Bah Pelankin was the Asal organizer for the Batang Padang. He was known to

have murdered and tortured several aborigines for non-cooperation and was now touring the settlements, armed to the teeth, warning aborigines of the consequences of giving any information to the British "running dogs."

"We'll never get anything out of the Batang Padang as long as that man is at large," Pamela said.

"What's the headman you met like?" I asked.

"Pretty straight. He and five of his group are Home Guards."

"Do you think they have the guts to try killing Bah Pelankin themselves? It would have a tremendous psychological effect on the aborigines if they settled this score on their own."

"They're still at Tapah," Pamela said. "Let's go and ask them."

In half an hour we were on our way to Tapah in my Jaguar. We found the headman, who told us that Bah Pelankin was in the habit of visiting a certain house at the edge of the jungle to collect rice.

"He comes every third day," the headman said.

I said: "He is a bad man, a traitor to his *saka*. He has killed his own people."

"That is so."

"Somebody should kill him," I said.

"Yes, such a bad man should be killed."

"There would be a very big reward for the man who killed him," I said.

"The reward for killing him is killing him," the headman replied.

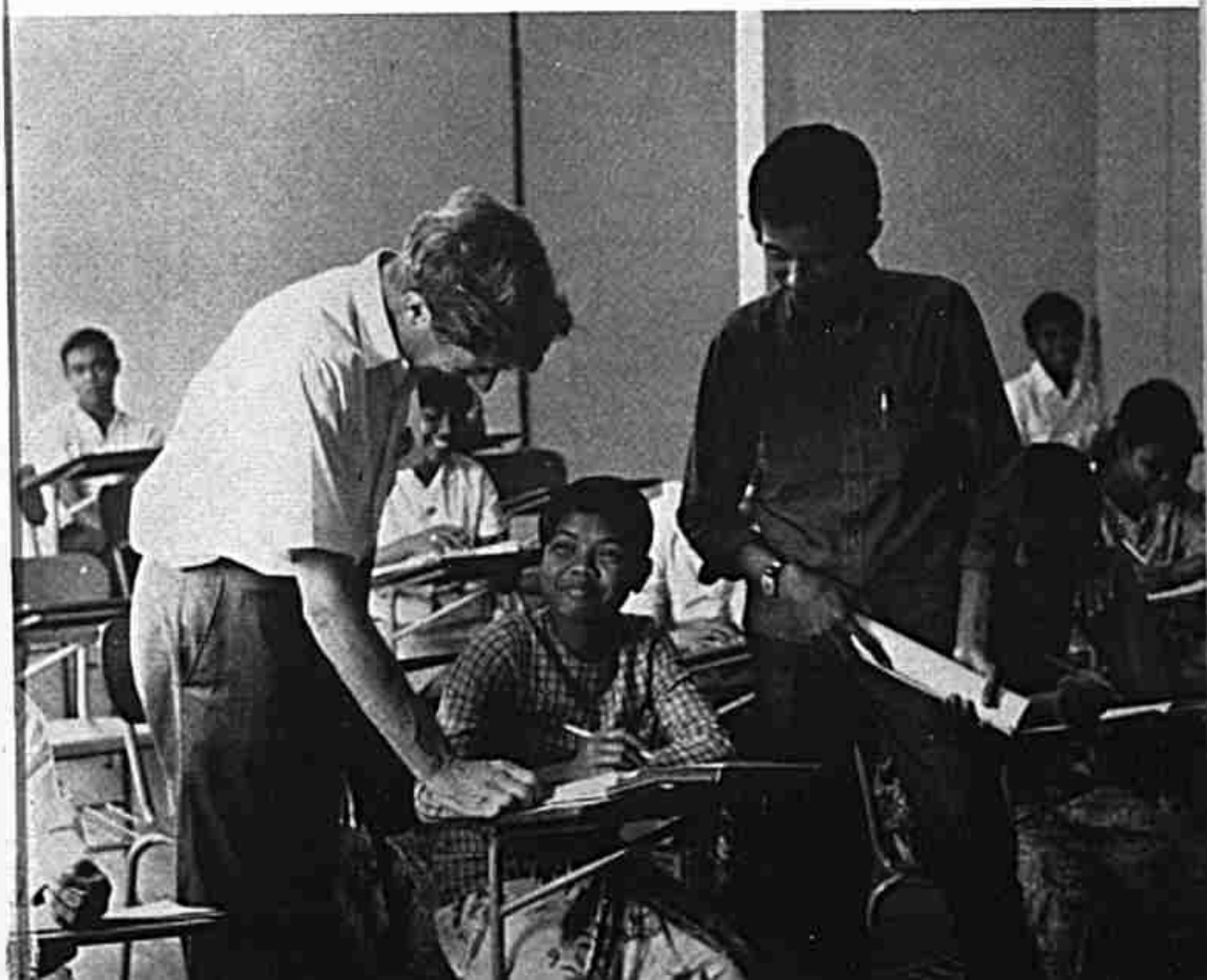
"Then you kill Bah Pelankin."

"Yes, I will kill him—then he cannot kill me for giving you this information."

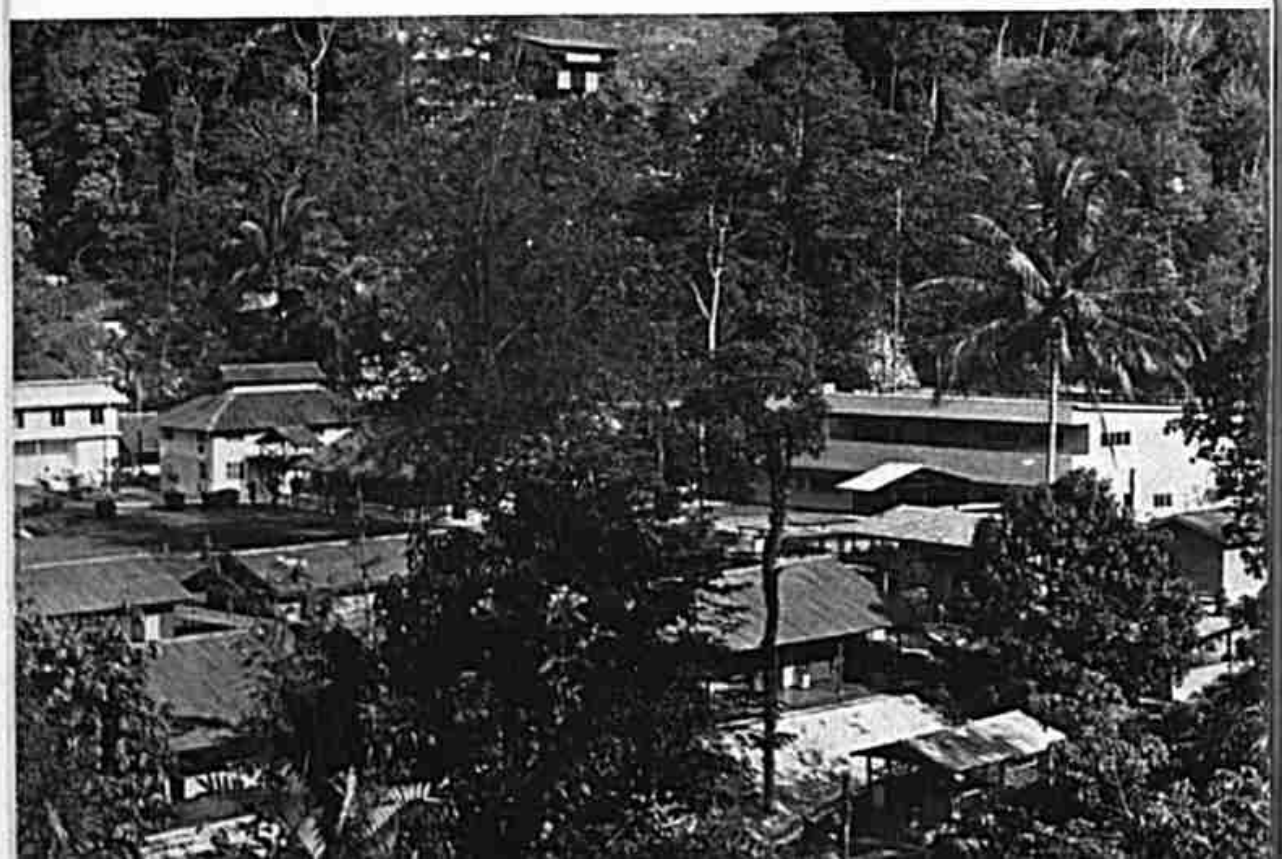
"How will you do it?"

"I will take two of my brothers [relatives] and wait for him in the jungle near the house to which he comes for food every third day. There is a tree felled across the river near the house. Bah Pelankin and his bodyguard will step onto this tree trunk. Then, as they are walking above the river, we

Above. Aborigine nursing staff at Gombak playing volleyball
Below. Aborigine nursing staff in class at Gombak. The jungle health service created by Dr Malcolm Bolton *(left)* is manned largely by aborigines



Above. The new aborigine elite. The wife of a medical assistant living near one of the big towns
Below. The Aborigine General Hospital at Gombak outside Kuala Lumpur



will shoot them. They will fall into the river. That is the way we will kill Bah Pelankin and the other."

"It is a good way," I said. "But you must not lose their bodies. You must pull them out of the water and hide them so that the police can come and identify them."

"*Tuan*, we will do as you say."

"Go then and kill Bah Pelankin."

Two days later Operation Valiant ended, after five thousand men had thrashed about in the jungle for nearly a month without seeing, much less shooting, a terrorist. It meant that the entire force of Communist terrorists based on that area of Pahang and Perak had evaded their pursuers, a feat that could not have been managed without timely warning through the aborigine protective screen and without aborigine guides to lead the terrorists platoon out of their camps by secret escape routes known only to the guides themselves.

When I saw Templer he said: "If nothing else, this operation has proved conclusively that as long as the Communists have the aborigines on their side we cannot hope to make the slightest impression on them. The deep-jungle terrain is so vast and so complex we couldn't shift them even with ten divisions. So I repeat, it's absolutely vital to get these jungle folk on our side. We've got to deny them to the Communists."

The same evening the assistant protector in Tapah telephoned through to say that Bah Pelankin and his escort had been killed. Pamela Goldsbury, who took the message, let out a whoop that startled the curator of the Kuala Lumpur Museum. It was the first success of our campaign.

9
The Wooing

At the time I had no idea of how the Communists had succeeded in dominating the aborigines, but as it happened I did exactly what they had done—I applied Pat's principles. My plan for wooing them over was based on the use of small welfare units called field teams, each consisting of a Malay field assistant and a number of aborigine field staff. These field teams were to function at the jungle forts and trading posts, where they would establish a center with a clinic, a shop, and a school. By carefully handling visiting aborigines, the staff would attempt to win their confidence as a first step toward obtaining from them the vital tactical information without which the Communists could not be beaten.

My anti-Communist propaganda line was straightforward. The field teams were instructed to point out to the aborigines that the Communists were outlaws who had committed atrocities for their own ends and were now on the run, that the government intended to punish them, and that there were handsome rewards for helping to bring them to justice. I knew that most of the dominated aborigines would be presented with not just a difficult choice but a frightening and confusing one. But I hoped that, once they could be convinced that the government was sincere, and that they would be protected and looked after and fed if they came over to us, they would leave the Communists.

For groups situated close to the forts the problem was a simple one. They were fence-sitters, not prepared to offend either party and helping both. Soon, as a result of intensified police patrolling and the initial efforts of the field teams,

several hundred of these aborigines were more or less secured on the side of the government. They had a certain amount of information, though it was of limited value as most of the Communists had moved away from the fort zones. However, their importance was that through them the advantages of siding with the government could be spread to their relatives under the Communists. My propaganda message needed wide dissemination.

The Communists had boasted to the simple jungle folk of their great power in fighting men and aircraft. They had told the aborigines too that the reason so many British troops were operating in the jungle was that they had been defeated in Korea and were hiding from the Chinese, who were chasing them down the Peninsula.

To disprove the story, I arranged for one hundred headmen to be flown to Kuala Lumpur. Here I arranged for them to be shown battalions of infantry and police on parade. I took them in a fleet of buses to the aerodrome and showed them scores of aircraft and helicopters on the ground. I brought them to a hill to watch the Royal Artillery demonstrate their firepower by blasting some huts and jungle on the hill opposite. I took them on a trip to the seaside, and finally after a few days in Kuala Lumpur, during which they were given all they wanted to eat, they were flown back into the jungle.

I felt I had countered the Communist lie, but immediately after that my campaign seemed to lose momentum, and for two months we could make no impression at all on the out-of-contact groups in Categories A and B, that is, those cooperating fully with the Communist terrorists and the others who lived near the main communist camps and who supplied food and intelligence. Meanwhile General Templer kept continually in touch, asking for the latest news, and the situation got increasingly more embarrassing for me.

I would say that we could not expect dramatic successes right away; that it took time for a field assistant to put himself across; that the Communists had a ten-year start on us and that it was not easy to counter their propaganda. But

Templer was interested only in results. I began to wonder whether there was anything basically wrong with my approach to the aborigines. I went carefully through all of Pat's papers to see if there was any psychological factor I had possibly overlooked. There was nothing I could put my finger on.

Another month passed without results. I had almost given up hope of getting anywhere with the A and B category groups. Then one night I was working in the house I had been allotted quite near my old flat, interrogating some headmen who had come down from Kelantan, when the telephone rang. It was the duty officer at the 22 Special Air Service headquarters.

"We've just had an urgent signal," he said. "I can't discuss it over the phone, but the colonel would like to see you right away."

I drove over to the unit to find Colonel Oliver Brooke, the commanding officer, with a number of his officers in their operations room. He handed me a signal. Tersely it reported that a "hostile" group of fifty-four aborigines, including ten men who were armed, had sought government protection near a fort named Telanok which a Special Air Service squadron were establishing near the Cameron Highlands.

"The squadron commander's problem is feeding them," Colonel Brooke said. "They have abandoned their *ladang* and they haven't a sausage."

"Don't worry, we'll take care of that," I said, restraining an impulse to thump the colonel on the back.

I went to the telephone and rang Norman Herbolt, my quartermaster officer. "We have a 'hostile' group to feed," I told him. "I want you to lay on an emergency airdrop of rations, tobacco, and welfare goods. Call out your storeman because you'll be working all night for takeoff at first light."

At ten o'clock next morning I telephoned Templer's military assistant and gave him the news. Within five minutes he was back on the telephone to say the general was very pleased with this success and hoped it was only the beginning.

Then Pamela Goldsbury, who had flown into Fort Telanok, signalled further details. The "hostile" group was that of the headman Angah from the upper Rening, whom Pat had lived with in 1942. Then came news that electrified me: "ANGAH HAS TOLD FIELD ASSISTANT NORGEE HE HAS VITAL INFORMATION CONCERNING YOUR BROTHER BUT WILL NOT DISCLOSE TO ANYBODY EXCEPT YOURSELF STOP AM FLYING ANGAH OUT TO KUALA LUMPUR FOR SPECIAL DE-BRIEFING GOLDSBURY."

Headman Angah was a Semai who had married into his wife's Temiar group some thirty years before and had succeeded to the headmanship when her father died without male issue. He was a solemn, slow-speaking gentleman who in a Western country would have made a sound alderman.

But at the moment he was terrified, and he looked it. We were in the lounge of my house in Kuala Lumpur, where he had slept for three nights curled on a rug directly under the ceiling fan. Since he had come out of the jungle he had made no mention of Pat, and I for my part had discreetly kept off the subject. An aborigine cannot be hurried. If he has information to impart it will come out eventually, provided the atmosphere is conducive. Whatever the truth was about Pat, it had certainly been stifled by Krani Hondai and others in the Telom Valley. I therefore had to exercise all the self-control I possessed in order not to appear too anxious or too concerned. But now, after three protracted powwows about nothing in particular, Pat had at last been mentioned.

Angah was just on the point of saying something when he was interrupted by my servant Ali coming into the room to announce that another two aborigines had arrived to see me. I had no alternative but to tell the man to bring them in: the moment had been lost. Besides, when Angah saw who the visitors were the blood drained from his cheeks. He said nothing while they were there, gossiping, and when they left he looked so morose that I wondered if he would ever talk.

It was now or never, so I said, offering him a cigarette: "My brother used to say you were his good friend."

Angah nodded abstractedly as I gave him a light. I went on: "My brother loved your people. He made your *saka* the first Senoi reserve. No man can take that land away from you. No man can go there and say: 'I like this land so I will buy it,' because the government will say: 'That is not possible for this is Senoi land. The *Tuan* Tata of the aborigines made it their special reserve.' You know that, don't you?"

Angah nodded.

"Then why don't you speak, Headman Angah?" I said. "You have nothing to be afraid of. When you were working for the Communists you had reason to be afraid. But here you are with friends. We do not force you to produce food for us; instead we give you more food than you can eat. Our sole desire is to destroy the Communists because they are bad. They have committed many crimes. But we will protect you against them and any others who work for them. On that I give you my word. I, *Tuan* Noone, the brother of *Tuan* Tata, make you a promise that no man will harm you. Do not be frightened. Be at ease. Let us smoke and talk the talk of sundown."

"Yes, *tuan*."

"My brother loved the Rening River. He used to go up to Along's *ladang* and live there in a little hut."

"Along is dead. His place was taken by one Ngah, who married his younger sister Berdeuil. Ngah was afraid of Along's ghost, and for good reason! So the group moved down to the Telom," Angah said.

"Was not this the same Ngah with whom my brother stayed on his last journey into Perak?"

"The very same Ngah. But he was not a true friend. Moreover he was related to those two rotten eggs who were with *Tuan* Tata."

"Uda and Busu?"

Angah nodded.

"But my brother trusted Uda. He took him everywhere," I said.

"That was *Tuan* Tata's mistake," Angah said. "Uda slept with Anjang when your brother was away."

"But your custom allows a younger brother to do this. Uda was like a younger brother to him."

"Yet," said Angah, "when *Tuan* Tata learned this he was very angry. He sent Uda away for some time and he was in disgrace. Later Tata forgave him and the three were together again, but Uda had no woman to sleep with and he was full of virility. He loved Anjang, and having already tasted her he dreamed of her."

"How do you know these things? His dreams are his dreams, not your dreams," I said.

"*Tuan*, the whole of the Telom Valley knows of Uda's dreams. He dreamed that Tata would take Anjang away from her people. He dreamed that Tata would make the Senoi fight the Japs and thus get us all killed. He dreamed that Busu would be given as a hostage to the Chinese."

I touched his arm. "Angah," I said reassuringly. "Don't be afraid to tell me anything."

"*Tuan*, it is the terrible secret of the Telom Valley."

"I promise no harm shall come to you or your people for divulging it to me."

"*Tuan*, since you give me this assurance I will tell you the truth," Angah said. He looked up into my face and his lips quivered as he spoke. "Your brother was murdered by Uda and Busu."

Angah's defection was the stimulus for an intensification of my campaign. I increased my establishment to include a medical section to handle the clinical work for the field teams with two flying doctors to visit the centers and in some cases to attend sick aborigines in the settlements; serious cases and those in need of emergency operations were evacuated by helicopter to hospital in Kuala Lumpur. This special medical aid proved, probably, the greatest single factor in attracting the aborigines. They began to flock into the forts for treatment, and here the field teams were able to work on them. I then started sending my men with patrols into deep jungle. They took with them supplies of tobacco, medicines, and welfare goods that they gave to the distant

groups, at the same time promising them security and assuring them that the Communists would be destroyed. That this had the desired effect was soon apparent from the information that began to come in, some of its valuable tactical intelligence that resulted in a number of spectacular kills. I had always contended that, once the aborigines were convinced of the advantages of siding with the government, success in winning them over would depend on just how safe such a course would look to those contemplating it. The outcome of the deep-probing patrols proved me right. Before long whole groups were leaving their settlements to seek government protection at the nearest fort. Their usual story was that they were tired of following the terrorists, who devoured the food of their *ladangs*, leaving them practically nothing.

As the months passed I noted from reports a steady improvement in the morale of the jungle folk. There were incidents in which they suddenly turned on the Communists and killed them. Two Communist terrorist food collectors, blowpiped in Kerani Hondai's *ladang*, dropped dead in their tracks. Another double killing was reported from the Batang Padang area, where two Communist couriers were shotgunned at close range by Abas and his companion, the braves whom I had briefed at Bidor during Operation Valiant. They had waited in ambush for four months near the couriers' route past their *ladang* high up in the mountains near the Pahang border and brought us dispatches the couriers were taking to the Politburo, giving details of the poor state of the terrorists' morale. More terrorists were killed by aborigines at the *ladang* of a headman called Pandak Muda on the Lanweng River in Perak.

Perhaps the most dramatic indication of the change in the jungle situation, indeed from my point of view the turning point, was the killing of Chawog, the second notorious headman whom I have mentioned. Chawog was a Semai from the Betau River area in Pahang. His crimes had been against his own people, and I felt he should be dealt with by them. I asked for volunteers, and eight Semai came forward. A week

later I received the news that Chawog had been shot by them as he came out of a house in which he had spent the night with a woman.

I put out an announcement of the execution by voice aircraft, which flew up and down the Betau Valley telling the aborigine inhabitants that their oppressor had been killed by his own people fighting on the side of the government. Within days over seven hundred and fifty aborigines, the entire population of the area, came over to our side.

The headmen were flown out to Kuala Lumpur for debriefing. Originally the job of extracting information from aborigines belonged to Special Branch, the branch of the police responsible for political security. However, on my recommendation Templer transferred the responsibility to my department. Handling aborigines required specialized knowledge, apart from a patient and gentle approach, neither of which the policemen seemed to possess.

I can recall three Temiar who had been captured in Perak, armed with automatic weapons, by a police patrol. The unauthorized carrying of firearms was a capital offense, and they would have been charged and prosecuted only for the fact that I telephoned Templer's military assistant and asked for the prisoners to be made over to me. This was done; I have never seen such frightened people. I brought them down to Kuala Lumpur in my car and quartered them in the row of servants' quarters at the back of my house. I saw that they had enough food. I took them out and showed them the sights. I even took them to the coast and gave them their first glimpse of the sea. Eventually, after three months, I began asking them questions about the Communists, and once they started talking it was all I could do to write down the detailed information they gave on Communist camps and courier movements, Communist personalities and morale, besides confirming what I already knew about the rest of their group.

I then got them to record messages to their relatives, informing them that they were safe and sound. These were broadcast by voice aircraft over their home jungles, and as a

result over eighty people came over to the government, including twelve who were armed.

A certain sensitivity was needed in interrogating aborigines. You had to select a suitable spot, somewhere quiet and secure without being too obvious, and to see that outsiders were not present, especially Chinese, whom the aborigines tended to identify with the Communists. It was preferable to pick the evening when the day's work was done and aborigines liked to sit down for a chat. It was a good thing to put the informant completely at his ease by offering him refreshments and tobacco. It is the approach that matters with an aborigine. He has to be given a first impression of manifest friendliness without overfamiliarity, and a willingness to help. He is a most formal creature, strict in the observance of custom and protocol, so it is important to know what may and may not be done. It is bad form, for instance, to discuss matters affecting a group as a whole without addressing the headman. It is equally bad form to ask an aborigine his name: the correct procedure is to ask it of someone else, as the belief exists that if a man personally gives another his name he bestows on him some power or influence over the name and thus over himself. An aborigine should not, if possible, be touched on the head: the head, as the seat of a soul, is taboo to strangers. Aborigine women should be ignored, as one of the quickest ways of alienating a group is to pay undue attention to their womenfolk. A woman should certainly not be offered tobacco, as accepting it from a man has a social significance almost amounting to a willingness for intimacy among some of the groups. If she has a husband, the right form is to give it to him to pass on to her: if not, she may take it from the packet or tin, provided the donor is not holding it. The giving of small gifts of tobacco and salt on first contact is a polite demonstration of friendship, but too many gifts may make aborigines suspicious. Wages must be paid promptly and promises faithfully kept. An aborigine is true to his word and expects the same sort of treatment as he gives.

I was able to judge that my campaign was on the right

lines from the fact that by June 1954 nearly 1,600 dominated aborigines of Categories A and B had deserted from the Communist terrorists and sought government protection. At the same time over 1,300 aborigines of Category C had come under government influence as a result of the extension of administration to their territories. By the end of 1954 a further 3,200 had been brought under government control, including 1,800 of Categories A and B, bringing the total of dominated aborigines of all categories up to 6,100.

But in 1955 the line of my graph of monthly successes began to dip alarmingly, and I realised that we had mopped up all the softer elements and were now left with groups which were more or less resolutely pro-Communist terrorist. I found it extremely difficult to put across the point of view of these tough nuts, as they became known. Their attitude seemed most unreasonable. Why should they ignore the material advantages of siding with the government rather than feeding ravening terrorists from the scanty larder of the jungle?

I explained to my critics that material things had never played an important part in the life of the jungle dwellers, and that aborigines had a code of values entirely their own. To the aborigine the Emergency represented an intrusion on his time-honoured way of life. It brought strife. The spirits did not like the Emergency and neither did he, but what could he do? The tough nuts had obviously thought about it carefully and thrown in their lot with the terrorists.

I have heard the aborigines accused of cowardice, which is unfair. When sufficiently provoked and when they feel they have been wronged, their vengeance can be swift and terrible. There was an incident during the early days of the Emergency in which a group of lowland Semai, living in the marshes at Changkat Pingan, in Perak, were suddenly attacked one morning and two of their number shot and killed. A party of Communist terrorists were seen running away from the settlement. Some of the Semai gave chase, following the terrorists to a neighbouring Chinese village, where they were seen being met and cheered as heroes by the

villagers. This so incensed the Semai, who concluded the villagers were involved in the killing, that they made a reprisal attack. The only firearms they had were six shotguns, which were kept for shooting wild pig, yet they succeeded in shooting every Chinese in sight. They then set fire to the village and scores of people inside the houses were burned to death.

Such equations are part of the aborigine code, although the underlying purpose is not revenge. The aborigine is passionately peace loving, but to his way of thinking just punishment is the only real deterrent against wrongdoing, and the certainty of reprisal is the prerequisite of a harmonious life. There is an exactitude about Senoi justice. A man who has wronged a group never gets more punishment than he deserves, a point that Pat used to illustrate with the story of a European planter in the Cameron Highlands who had employed aborigine labour to clear his estate but refused to pay a fair wage. To teach him a lesson they ambushed him on the winding mountain road near his house, having felled a single bamboo across the road so that he had to get out of the car to remove the obstruction. As he bent down to pick it up, they let fly with their blowpipes from the undergrowth. The darts were not poisoned, but about twenty were sticking in his backside as he ran screaming down the road.

In the struggle for control of the deep jungle the only loyalties the aborigines recognized were those to themselves. They had no political or patriotic interest in the Emergency whatsoever, and most of those who came over to the government would have switched their allegiance back to the Communists overnight without a qualm had it suited them to do so. I had no illusions. I also knew that, in order to insure their own safety, whatever the outcome of the Emergency, some of the groups already under my control had "nonaggression pacts" with others still under the Communists. Thus, if the Communists won, those who had unwisely come over to the government would have advocates to plead their cause with the Communist terrorists. Conversely, in the other event, the pro-government headmen

were to act on behalf of the groups that had stayed "hostile."

There were groups who ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds, who gave information to the security forces that was worthless, and when the Communists visited them hid the shotguns issued to them for their own defense. For this reason Asal clubs continued to exist quite near some of the forts. There was little excuse for these groups; it was at times necessary to reprimand them. But to a group well out of a fort's radius of protection, with only a primitive concept of the issues, it was extremely difficult to decide which side to follow. Those who had been under Communist domination for a number of years were far from convinced that the government would win. They had already heard of the defeat of the British in Malaya by the Japanese. Then the Japanese themselves had been beaten, as far as the aborigines knew, by the Communists, who assured their aborigine supporters that the same fate awaited the security forces, and woe betide those who deserted to the government.

Besides, to counter my campaign, the Communists had greatly reduced their demands on the aborigines. Terrorist sections were instructed not to ask for food unless they lived near a settlement and had actually shared in the work of producing it. Otherwise they had to buy what they required at a reasonable price—a scale of prices was laid down that included such items as six Malayan dollars for a fat dog and five Malayan dollars for a chicken. Aborigines under Communist domination were being encouraged to grow more food as a profitable sideline and now that their security was no longer threatened they could see nothing to be gained by turning their backs on old allies.

Some of these "hostile" groups were under headmen famous throughout the Temiar country—men like Pangoi, Along Sten, and Rajah Basor in Kelantan; and Anjang Rajah, Toh Membang, Along Lindong and Kerenching in Perak, all of whom had been old friends of Pat. I realized that special measures were required to crack them, and when that had been done I felt I would have the answer to certain questions I wanted about my brother's death, as well as the reason for

and the implications of what was for these people an unnatural, meaningless act.

The answer to the nut-cracking problem was the Special Air Service Regiment, who had become the elite of Britain's jungle fighters. They had perfected a tree-jumping technique that made them independent of an open dropping zone—they parachuted onto jungle, getting themselves hung up in the treetops and letting themselves down with the aid of a roll of webbing. They operated in troops of sixteen patrolling for periods of up to sixteen weeks, after which they would emerge, pale from the gloom of the jungle, thin from having lived on iron rations supplied by airdrop, and scabrous with sores, skin disease, and festering leech bites.

The Special Air Service specialty was surprise—the surprise attack for instance on a Communist terrorist camp, achieved usually by adopting the most difficult approach. Their secret was in moving silently, and they trained by burrowing through bamboo clumps full of crackling dry leaves until a troop could do this without making a sound. On patrol one man in the troop counted the distance they travelled in paces, so that they could always pinpoint their position. RAF pilots delivering airdrops could depend on finding a yellow marker balloon floating above the jungle treetops to indicate the patrol's location on the ground beneath, though frequently they would postpone being supplied for several days rather than have their position compromised by the sound of an aircraft. It was hard work fighting terrorists in the deep jungle, but the Special Air Service did it with a sense of dedication.

It meant patrolling an area until the "hostile" groups were finally located or some aborigine could be induced to say where they could be found. Then success would depend on just how swiftly the local terrorists could be killed and the Asal club broken up. It was no easy matter, for the deep-jungle terrain favoured the hunted.

Here was a complex tropical mountain system with a ramification of countless paths connecting an immense variety of

hiding places. Some were in small upper valleys cut off by precipitous ravines from the usual river routes and protected by towering cliffs and rocky crags. There were few approaches to these secret valleys, so that they could be easily screened by aborigine sentries, and the Communists always safeguarded themselves by having escape routes. The moment the alarm was sounded the terrorists in a camp would split up, and their guides would take them to a preselected rendezvous. So, for an attack on a camp to succeed, the attackers needed both speed and surprise, two elements that were usually extremely difficult to attain.

Pressure had to be applied continually on a unit of Communist terrorists before their aborigine supporters lost heart and deserted. Most "hostile" groups came in sooner or later after the breakup of the Asal club, but there were some who stuck to the Communists and held out, resisting all attempts to woo them over.

There isn't the scope in this book to detail the operations against the hard core. Briefly, it meant more work, greater patience, and usually toward the end, when they had finally begun to lose heart, a personal message from me as the brother of their beloved *Tuan* Tata, pledging my word that they and their people would be safe if they sought government protection. A few held out or disappeared, but the majority were eventually won over. By April 1957 of the 8,000 once under Communist domination over, 7,700 were completely on our side. Among these were men who knew the secret of what had happened to Pat.

10

The Grapevine

I shall not elaborate on the administrative problems involved in looking after our aborigine guests. The important thing was that we had to live up to our promises, and my department was expanded to do this. Feeding them presented no great exercise in logistics, nor was there any difficulty about shelter—families and groups could build themselves houses in a matter of days. Oddly enough fewer longhouses were being built in the deep jungle—the new architectural trend was toward smaller houses, some of them quite ingeniously planned, with families living on split levels, and the houses grouped around a communal meeting place for councils and dancing.

My real headache was in coping with the psychological trauma most aborigines suffered in their flight from Communist domination. In the jungle an aborigine is in his natural environment. In the jungle he has the respect of people from outside who often have to depend on him to survive. But in the town his innocence and naïveté make him an object of ridicule, and for the first time in his life he knows what it is to feel inferior. Individual reactions vary, but usually if an aborigine is subjected for too long to this sort of disturbance it leads in the end to an almost complete breakdown of his tribal personality. Pat had recorded the harmful effect of outside contacts on the group at Jalong when a road exposed them to large numbers of Indians, Malays and Chinese. My problem now was infinitely more complex and the effects often tragic.

The most profoundly disturbing factor for the jungle folk

was of course the impact on them of the political discord of the outside world, which left them hopelessly confused. In addition, virtually the entire Temiar tribe were living on what amounted to the dole, and had been for a very long period. Many deep-jungle groups had reaped rich cash rewards for services rendered in the elimination of Communists, but were spending the money on Western gimcracks that they were able to buy in the towns. Many aborigines left their groups and gravitated to the towns, and there was nothing I could do to stop them. They were to be seen in the streets either dressed as Malays or exploiting themselves more or less as a tourist attraction in full ceremonial dance regalia, the women exposing their breasts to be photographed—for a dollar. The pimps were quick enough to recruit young aborigine girls as prostitutes to work in the brothels.

There were other side effects of the amenities of civilization. In the jungle, the aborigines had never been used to wearing more than the barest minimum—the men a loincloth and the women perhaps a sarong from the waist, both garments being made out of cloth obtained by barter from the trading post, or from the inner bark of the ipoh or the terap trees. They had no other protection, so when it was cold at night in the high *ladangs* the families slept huddled together around their fires. When the deep-jungle forts were put in, a female member of my staff took it upon herself to encourage aborigine girls to wear bras "because of the policemen." The braves took to wearing shorts and singlets. The result was a spread of skin disease, because the bras, shorts, and singlets were communal property. And there were many cases of pneumonia, as it never occurred to the aborigines to take off their newly acquired garments when these got wet.

I spent a lot of time touring the refugee groups, talking to them, listening to their complaints, and trying to do something to brighten their lives. I felt that wooing and winning over a group from the Communists was only half the exercise. The other half, that of holding them, was just as important. It was bad for aborigines to allow them to become too

dependent or institutionalized. So it was more important still to get them back into the jungle, into a safe area where they could clear a *ladang* and return as far as possible to normal life. This was far from easy. Snags would be found, not so much by the hosts as by the refugees, who would either not care for a certain headman, or not know any of the local spirits, or think that so-and-so might cause trouble. However, with patience, sometimes heroic patience, on the part of the field assistant assigned to looking after them, the group would eventually go where they were directed. My most successful field assistants were those who by skillful auto-suggestion could get the aborigines to dream the very action we wanted them to take.

In the course of my job in the campaign I had made many friends among the Semai and Temiar groups. A number of these volunteered information about Pat, and I collected thirteen statements in all.

Shortly after Angah had told me his story, a headman named Bah Hitam, who had been with the Communists since the start of the Emergency, sought government protection in Perak. After a couple of days, Bah Hitam indicated to the team who were interrogating him that he had certain information about Pat. He was accordingly sent down to Kuala Lumpur and accommodated in one of the servants' quarters in my compound. We talked for several evenings and eventually I got from him the bare facts that Pat had been blowpiped and that this had happened on the River Wi. Bah Hitam was not prepared to say who had committed the murder, although he did add that the body had been buried by Headman Ngah. When I asked him how he had heard this, Bah Hitam replied that a runner had brought the news to his *ladang* on the Penoh River, and that it was his job to see that the information was sent down to the Kinta Valley.

The facts that Angah had revealed to me, that my brother had been murdered by his two Temiar companions, Uda and Busu, had been bad enough. But *blowpiped!* All I can remember of that moment is being unable to move. Although

it was hot on the verandah where we sat, I was cold. The cigarette I had been smoking burned my fingers. The man could have told me more, but obviously he was trying to spare my feelings. I pressed him for details but should have known better. When an aborigine clams up like that, any attempt to extract further information from him only makes him more determined to stay that way. When pressed even moderately during an interrogation, I have known them to hedge about till they have practically reversed everything they have previously said. So I thanked Bah Hitam and switched the subject.

Next I tackled Angah again. I told him I had heard my brother had been blowpiped. "How did they do it?" I asked. "My brother had a revolver."

"They knocked the revolver out of his hand with staves they had cut. Then Uda did it."

"Did they admit this?"

"Yes, *tuan*. When I first heard that *Tuan* Tata had died, I went immediately to Ngah's house. I arrived to find Anjang weeping. Uda and Busu were there, looking very frightened. They had set out with your brother the day before, but now they were back—with his revolver. It lay in the center of the longhouse floor. Everybody was staring at it."

"What did you say to Uda?"

"I asked him why he had done this terrible thing. He said he dreamed he must. I said, 'Your dreams are false. You killed our Tata because you wanted his wife. You killed him because he has no relatives in the jungle to avenge him. But when the white men come back they will kill you for this deed.'"

"And how did Uda reply?"

"He said that Low Mah had told him the white men were finished in Malaya, and that after the war the Chinese would be masters. Headman Ngah then said he did not believe the Chinese, and that we must be careful, because if the white men came back we would all be shot since one of our people had killed *Tuan* Tata. He said Tata was dead; now we must think of our own skins. These were wise words according to

our lights. Hondai, who was there, said that a taboo should be made of the matter. To this we agreed."

I said: "What was done with my brother's body?"

"He was buried by Ngah and his people, at Kuala Wi. He was buried according to Temiar custom. We used to visit the grave and light fires to keep his spirit warm." Angah thought for a moment, then he shook his head sadly.

I said: "Weren't Ngah's people the group my brother loved and who loved my brother? Wasn't this territory in the Wi area the first aborigine reserve? And didn't my brother make their former headman, Along, its first chief?"

"The same group, *tuan*. They were your brother's oldest Temiar friends. And Uda and Busu, they were of this group, and your brother's brothers."

"It is terrible, Angah, this fact that *Tuan* Tata should have been betrayed and murdered by his own brothers. How do Temiar come to kill their own brother? Temiar! What got into them?"

Angah was silent. I quietly offered him a cigarette which he accepted. I lit a match for him. At length he said: "Busu! Did you know him? A big fellow who always repeated what others said. He had no thoughts of his own. He did as Uda told him."

So it was a crime of passion, but how had the situation been allowed to reach such a pitch? Normally among the Temiar when a marital problem develops, the matter is put to a council of elders who decide, after consulting the woman, whose wife she should be. There had been no dispute between Pat and his blood brother, although it was known that Pat had spoken sharply to him when he returned from one of his journeys and discovered that he had been sleeping with Anjang. Uda had continued being attentive to Anjang, and from what I understand Pat and Uda had fallen out. The latter had gone away for a while, then returned and continued living with them. He had never taken a wife, a fact that always caused comment. Elders would shake their heads and say that a young man without a wife brought trouble to a *ladang*.

If the elders could see trouble in the situation, why couldn't Pat? I had sensed it myself years before, when I saw the three of them living together in Taiping. What kind of veil had been drawn across my brother's eyes? Was he so convinced of the perfect emotional adjustment of the Temiar as to think that one of these tribesmen would be incapable of harming him? If so, Pat had made a fatal mistake, one that has ever since tempered my judgments with the feeling that, with human beings, no matter who they are, no hard and fast rules can really be made to apply. Although the Temiar are a wonderful people, there are some bad eggs among them.

Had Uda been a typical member of his tribe, the thought of murder as a solution to his problem should not have entered his head—as a dream-orientated people, the Temiar have a psychological safety valve. But Uda was not a typical Temiar. He was a very intelligent young man whom Pat had taught to read and write, taken about with him, and to some extent spoiled. Uda's head had been turned—in Singapore he had sung and played aborigine musical instruments on the radio, for which he had received enthusiastic praise. Uda had become attracted to the bright lights. In short Uda had become detribalized and as such was no longer subject to his tribally sensitive conscience or to his inbred taboos. In this state he had been brainwashed with a great deal of anti-British propaganda by the Chinese Communists.

Two weeks after Bah Hitam's defection another headman, Tabut, fled with his group to Fort Dixon, southeast of the Cameron Highlands. He also wound up in my compound, and, after a few days of hemming and hawing finally admitted that he had been informed through the grapevine that Pat had been killed because of an aborigine woman known as Anjang or Teh. Tabut was more explicit. He cited Uda, as the killer, Busu as his accomplice and Ngah as an accessary after the fact. He also stated that, although Pat had been shot with several darts, the poison was not strong enough to kill him, and he had apparently run some distance before falling to the ground. Then Uda had come up and killed him, presumably with his *parang*.

Next came two statements made to a field assistant, Norgee, at a *ladang* on the Telom. The informants were a headman, Bah Bintang, and an elder, Bah Keraman, who merely said that *Tuan* Tata had been murdered by his guide Uda because of a woman. They too had heard it from a messenger who had brought the news to their *ladang* soon after the killing.

Then in August 1954 one of Pat's oldest and dearest friends among the Temiar came over to the government with his group and two other groups. He was Long Jim, the famous *saka* chief from the headwaters of the Plus. His version of the murder tallied in every respect with the others. At the same time he supplied a clue as to how the news of Pat's death had spread. It had come to him, he said, not only from Pahang but also from Kelantan. Several runners had brought it travelling by different routes. Long Jim added that several other headmen, namely Gubnor, Ladang, and Panagor, would bear him out.

These in fact had not yet done so, but others had, and their individual versions, all recorded separately, did not differ substantially. Most of them told of the sadness that the news had brought to the groups, and the shame they felt because their Tata had died by the hand of one of his own "children." Sooner or later what had happened became known across the length and breadth of the land of the Temiar. That it reached the groups in the north is shown by the testimony of Toris, a headman of the Jemheng, an upper tributary of the Temengor River.

I had known Toris for some time. He was a young man who had lost all his teeth as a result of a gum infection. I had got him a set of false teeth through the government dental officer in Kuala Lumpur, and in return Toris told me what he knew about Pat. The interview was recorded on tape. Here is an edited transcript:

TORIS: I never actually knew your brother because he came to my *saka* before the war when I was very young. However, my father knew him well and so did Rajah Dalem who used

to be our *saka* chief, a very old man indeed. Rajah Dalem used to tell me about your brother, and when we heard how he had been murdered we were all wretched. . . .

(Toris then gave details of the murder and the motive as described by the others who had testified, but omitted the names of the killers.)

NOONE: Did Rajah Dalem tell you the names of these two treacherous followers of my brother?

TORIS: They were Semai.

NOONE: Actually they were Temiar.

TORIS: No, *tuan,* Temiar would never do a thing like that. You can't trust the Semai—they are quick to use their blowpipes without thinking. My father often told me to be careful of the Semai.

NOONE: What were their names?

TORIS: I was told they are with the Communists somewhere in Kelantan. They must have changed their names.

NOONE: What names did they have originally?

TORIS: They were Semai names—

NOONE: No, they were Temiar names.

TORIS: But they had Semai blood in them. I am sure of that. My father used to say you could never depend on the Semai.

NOONE: I have heard exactly the same story of my brother's death told me by headmen and others from all over the Temiar and Semai territory. Each account gives the same two names, so I already know who the killers are. But the more people who tell me this story the better, then I know that without doubt it must be true. Don't be afraid to tell me. I assure you no man shall touch a hair of your head for what you have disclosed to me. But I would appreciate it very much if you also trusted me with their names.

TORIS: All right then, the first is Uda, and the second is his cousin Busu. They have a lot of Semai blood in them.

NOONE: Thank you for this evidence. Tell me, if a member of your group murders another person, what would happen to him according to your custom?

TORIS: He would be killed. If we knew definitely who had committed the murder we would kill the murderer.

NOONE: Who would kill him?
TORIS: The man who was told to do it. But no one would know.
NOONE: How do you mean, no one would know?
TORIS: Well, the headman of the group would tell one of his people to kill him when he was far away from the *ladang*, out hunting, maybe, or catching fish. No one else would know the murderer died, and no one would ever speak of him again. It is our law that a murderer's name shall be taboo, and that of his killer shall be told to no one.
NOONE: Does this often happen?
TORIS: No, *tuan*, hardly ever. It is our custom, but Rajah Dalem told me he had only heard of one case in his life. The murderer knows what to expect and usually runs away from his group and is never seen again. This is exactly what these two did. The whole trouble was of course that they were Semai. Had they been Temiar it would never have happened. That is what my father said.

Except for the evidence of Angah, who had actually gone to Ngah's *ladang* and seen both Uda and Busu after they had returned with Pat's revolver, the rest of the evidence was hearsay. I was prepared to accept it for the purpose of my inquiry, for had Pat died through sickness or accident it would have been unthinkable that such a story should have been put out by people actually related to Uda and Busu. Those who had supplied the evidence had first heard it, not as rumour, but through the reliable and efficient grapevine of the deep jungle. But it was still hearsay. If those who committed the crime were ever caught, stronger evidence was needed if they were to be brought to justice. For this type of conclusive evidence I had to wait until May 1957, when my establishment in the Department of Aborigines had practically trebled and much of my time was spent touring the jungle by helicopter, on foot, and by raft.

On one of these trips I flew with my party to Fort Kemar, which was on a plateau above the Temengor River in the northern border area. We were met by Toris, whose *ladang*

was only a few miles away. His people had built us a small guesthouse.

The scene was familiar enough. At the guesthouse I personally made a list of Toris's welfare requirements—it wouldn't have done to have left this job to Raman, my personal assistant. Toris wanted two goats, some chickens, a few hoes and sickles, a quantity of groundnut and long-beans seeds, tobacco plants, and a gong for his orchestra.

Then came a snippet of information. A brave named Awok had picked up the tracks of three or four Communists. The tracks were so fresh that rainwater was still seeping into them, and Awok could even smell the Communists. He graphically dilated his nostrils.

A tense discussion ensued, the upshot of which was that six armed aborigines would patrol the *ladang* and the high ground on the opposite bank of the river from where any would-be sniper could get a commanding view of the guesthouse. I formally ruled that no one in the party was to go anywhere, even behind a bush, without a gun.

Toris's group were warming up for a dance. It was dark. We had eaten, and I was fortified with a couple of *stengah*s. In the community center the *halak* sat on his haunches near the orchestra, improvising around the rhythm. It wasn't a religious occasion, merely a party to welcome us, and he sang of how the girls had spent the entire day making garlands and chains by cutting strips of palm leaf with razor blades. How they had collected aromatic wild mint and put it in their hair. How some had put blue *chakah* flowers in their hair, others red *tanjong*, others white *sayoh*, other *sepaku*, others *gapeh*, and they did all this because the *Tuan* Adviser had come to stay at their *ladang*, and four headmen from other *ladangs* and many of their people had also come to see him.

Then the *halak* sang of the rivers and the mountains of their *saka*, how good it was to live here at this altitude, how cool the nights, how gay the birds in the trees, how few the mosquitoes, although one had to admit that the bees were being a bit of a nuisance because many flowers were blooming

in the treetops. The *halak* sang too of the rivers and spirits, and of the twin peaks, Kendrong and Kerunei, that were formed when two of their mythical ancestors went fishing, stuck their rods into the river bank, and fell asleep, and slept so long that their rods were petrified into limestone. The *halak* was still singing and the dancers still dancing at four in the morning.

It was at that point that Toris dropped his bombshell. Akob, a man living in the group up the track and a relative of Toris, had something important to tell me about my brother.

Next day we set out in force up the Jemheng River. We climbed up a twisting track that went high above the river until its roar faded and the sound was eventually lost in a dark gorge tangled with trailing vegetation. But we soon heard the river again as the track started falling steeply into the gorge till it touched the wet rocks, and crossed and recrossed the river. Presently the Minchar came crashing in with water it had drained from Gunong Besar. We continued up the Jemheng, going on another three miles until suddenly the cool virgin gloom of the jungle was raped by the hot blinding sunlight of a clearing, in the middle of which stood a stocky, antitiger house, half on the ground and half on stilts, with thick *bertam* thatch and a door with a threshold. Nearby, sitting cross-legged inside a sort of summerhouse on stilts, were four young maidens, wild mint in their hair, making baskets.

A figure in a loincloth came down from the antitiger house. He was Akob, a man of about thirty, to judge from his story. Here are extracts from the statement that I prepared, read back to him, and had him endorse with his right thumbprint:

"When I was a young man and my virility was great, I dreamed I must go up over Gunong Besar and seek the longest piece of blowpipe bamboo growing in the jungle to make for myself the most wonderful blowpipe of all the Temiar. The best bamboo is *buloh seworr*, which is only found on the upper slopes of certain high mountains in the Ulu Perak and in the direction of the setting sun—it comes to us

here along the ancient trade routes our ancestors used. But even this *buloh seworr* was not long enough for me—for I had dreamed that my blowpipe should be four times the length of my right arm.* So I went forth alone. I was afraid, for there were many tigers in the forest and I knew none of the spirits. But I had to follow the *gunig* of my many dreams. . . ."

Akob described his adventures in search of the record *buloh seworr*. He went up over Gunong Besar and reached the Plus River, which he followed to its headwaters on the Kelantan divide, crossing over and coming down the Ber River. On the Ber he heard of very long *buloh seworr* on Bukit Senjort. He climbed Senjort, but although he found plenty of good blowpipe barrels on it, none were four times the length of his arm. He went down into Pangoi's settlement, which was then at Kuala Blatop, and the people there told him that Bukit Tajam was the place to try. Bukit Tajam lay high above a haunted path leading over into Pahang, but still Akob was not satisfied. He followed the divide westward and tried on Gunong Swettenham (6,400 feet). Again the *buloh seworr* there was not quite long enough, so he came down into the Telom Valley and reached Ngah's *ladang*, where he decided he would stay for a while. Here he met a beautiful girl named Amoi, and his search for his blowpipe was forgotten while he courted her, and married her, paying the bride price in many good lengths of *buloh seworr* he had cut on his adventure. Soon after his marriage, Akob met Pat, who had just returned from Pulai with Anjang, Uda, and Busu.

"They were staying in a little house near Ngah's *ladang*, and one day *Tuan* Tata asked me to help him repair the roof of the house, which was leaking, He spoke Temiar very well, and when I told him this he replied that he had become a Temiar, and lived like a Temiar. He had no baggage with him, only a revolver. He smoked a pipe, using the hill tobacco we grow in our *ladangs*. When I had repaired the roof, he asked me if I would help Anjang to kill a chicken which

* The average length between internodes of good *buloh seworr* is seven feet. Akob wanted a barrel of roughly eight feet.

they were going to eat. This I did. It seemed that the *tuan* was sick at the time.

"Next day Headman Ngah asked me to collect maize seed for planting in the *ladang*, and I therefore went to Kuala Ta-nai, where there was some to be had. A week later I returned to Ngah's *ladang*. Tata was not there, although both Anjang and Uda were there. I asked where Tata was, but no one would tell me.

"After a few days I saw Busu in the jungle near the long-house. He was hiding in a little hut. He appeared to be very frightened and ran away when he saw me. I spoke to Headman Ngah. I asked him what had happened to Busu, and I demanded to know the truth about Tata. I told them I was determined to find out. So he told me that Tata was dead—murdered by Uda and Busu as Uda had had a dream that the *tuan* was going to make the Temiar fight the Japs and thus get us all killed. I asked him how the murder was done, and Headman Ngah said that they had set out together, leaving Anjang behind. When the party reached the Wi River they stopped for a rest, but instead of sitting down as Tata did, both Uda and Busu cut staves for themselves out of *rokap* wood, which as you know is very hard and thorny. *Tuan* Tata asked what they were doing, but Uda, it seems, approached him with a strange look on his face. Seeing this, Tata drew out his revolver and held him at bay, but Busu by throwing his staff knocked the revolver out of Tata's hand. Uda quickly took a dart from his quiver and put it into his blowpipe, and Tata ran in the direction from which they had come, Uda running after him. Busu says he hung back, but when he heard a loud cry from Tata he ran up to find that one of Uda's darts had struck him in the eye. Two other darts were in his right thigh, and he was vomiting. He knew he was dying, for he cried out that his people would avenge what they had done. Uda then killed him with a stroke of his *parang*.

"Having told me all this, Headman Ngah warned me that I must never tell anyone about the murder, as although the information had been passed on, the whole thing was now

taboo. Shortly after this, a Semai named Apung, who lived near the Cameron Highlands road and who I believe is still there, stone deaf, told the One-Eyed Along of Kuala Kerla, who was shot by the Communist terrorists, that *Tuan* Noone was still alive. The story was that he had walked out of his grave and was somewhere in the upper Telom area. When this news reached Uda he became very frightened. Going straight to the grave, he dug it up, only to find the body still there. It seemed that he was being pursued by Tata's ghost, who entered his dreams and whom he could not conquer. So to try and escape he went away into Perak. I believe he took Anjang with him, but I had already left the Telom Valley by that time, taking Amoi with me."

Later, when asked if he ever did find the blowpipe bamboo he was seeking, Akob replied that he had. He said he had told Pat of his quest, who replied that he once knew another youth, one who lived in the Ulu Brok, a youth very like him, who was also seeking the longest blowpipe in the jungle. Akob asked if the youth ever found it, and Pat said yes, that he had met the youth again some time later, and examined the blowpipe. It was certainly the longest he had ever seen.

"It was not just two bamboos joined together?" Akob asked.

"No," Pat said. "It was one single bamboo at least four times the length of your right arm."

"Where did he seek it?" Akob asked.

"He went up the Blatop River to the mountain on which it finds its source [Swettenham]."

"But, *tuan*, I have already tried there."

"Try again," Pat advised.

So, when Akob was taking his young bride back to his family *ladang* in the north, they went up and searched on Swettenham, and there at last he found the blowpipe of his dreams.

Back in Kuala Lumpur, Ali, my house servant, was waiting for me as I stopped my car under the front porch and went up the steps. He touched his forehead in a per-

functory greeting. His eyes told me he was excited. "*Tuan*," he said, "Ngah is here, Headman Ngah."

"Our prime witness," I told Raman, my personal assistant. "He knows I know everything at this stage. He's thought it over and decided he'd better come across or else he might find himself involved in the murder. He's a wily old scrounger."

Ngah and one of his relatives were smoking cigarettes and drinking orange squash in my den. The headman was about sixty. He wore a khaki shirt and a pair of shorts, with a cloth band tied around his forehead. His grey hair was closely cropped and he had an untidy grey moustache. He could barely speak at first, he was so taut with fear, and he spent ten minutes or so describing the stomach disorder, fever and chest trouble that had kept him from coming to see me before this. If he had arrived with any doubts about telling me the whole truth, these were dispelled the moment he heard how we had been up into the Ulu Jemheng and obtained Akob's statement.

That evening Ngah too made a statement, adding his right thumbprint at the bottom of the document. It reads:

"I followed your brother for many years before the war. He took me on journeys and looked after me very well in those days. Then came the Japanese and your brother fell upon difficult times. I gave him a lot of things—shoes, a shaving mirror, a pair of sunglasses and a comb. He gave me a gun and I went hunting for him so that he could have food. . . . I gave him wild pig, fish from the rivers which I caught myself, and my own chickens. Sometimes he would go away but he always returned to my house. I loved him. I was then living near Kuala Rening on the Telom River. Then one day your brother disappeared. He disappeared from my territory. He disappeared from my house, *tuan*. He was not in anyone else's area but mine, *tuan*. I ask your forgiveness, for he was in my area when he disappeared, and I was headman when it happened, a terrible fault to admit. Please forgive me, *tuan*. I will tell you everything. It was Uda . . ."

He then repeated the story of the killing he had told Akob.

Ngah went on: "When Uda returned to my house, I asked him where Tata was. He replied, 'Don't ask me. Your heart and my heart are not the same.' I forced Uda to take me to the spot and there I found the body. 'Why did you kill him?' I said. 'What harm did he ever do to you?' But the killer ran away, and I fell to the ground and wept. I was so ashamed to think that one of my own people should have committed this horrible crime against the only man who had ever helped us, and who was father to us all. . . . Yes, your brother had a pistol but Uda threw it in to the river. After some months he took Anjang away to Perak, and from that day to this he has never returned to us."

Before Ngah left, he promised to provide several other witnesses from his group, people who had heard Uda and Busu admit to the killing and had seen the body stuck with darts and the *parang* wound. My case against the two was complete, but to this date it has not been possible to do anything about it. Both Uda and Busu have disappeared without trace.

At one time it was known that they had gone over to the Communists and were living with a "hostile" group in Kelantan. When this group finally came over to the government, we heard they had stayed with the Communists. If they are still alive they would be somewhere in the Thai border area. No one can be sure, or at least no one has as yet admitted to having any knowledge of their actual fate.

My own instinctive desire for revenge—and for years it burned inside me—has been quenched, I suppose, with the thought that there are worse punishments for an aborigine who has committed such a crime than anything the law of the land prescribes. Violence and disloyalty are so contrary to the Temiar tribal character that a man can never escape from his conscience no matter how long he lives. As he has no means of expiating his act, he can never free himself from the guilt. He cannot count on the spirits for help—no *gunig* will enter his dreams. And his trances, if he attempts to

dance, usually turn him violent, for only evil spirits want to possess him. He cannot participate in the spiritual life of a group or hope to obtain benefit from the occult guidance on which the Temiar depend.

All his life he must contend alone against nature and against forces impelling him toward his nemesis, a terrible end that, as Pat once explained to me, existed like a death wish in the Temiar unconscious. No hara-kiri was ever quite as horrible. A bamboo can only be cut with an oblique stroke that leaves a sharp stump sticking out of the ground. The Temiar nemesis is to fall upon one of these stumps in such a way that the bamboo enters the anus and the victim is impaled through the bowel. Pat told me he had heard of cases where men had been found thus impaled, suggesting the possibility of an act of expiatory suicide committed by falling on the stump from an overhanging branch of a tree. Pat had found it difficult to imagine how the angle of penetration could otherwise have been attained.

The Temiar believe that the dying acquire prophetic powers. Many of their epic stories have as their theme the necessity of fulfilling a man's last wish and the inevitability of a man's last words. At the moment of delivering the final *parang* stroke Uda heard Pat's last words as he cried out that his people—the Temiar?—would avenge him. Surely that was a sentence of death.

One last document was added to the file. It came from Achok, the headman at Kuala Bertam on the Telom River. He approached me one night at the research station.

"*Tuan*", he said, "do you remember when we last met?"

"Wasn't it at Kuala Misong during Operation Valiant?"

"Yes, *tuan*," Achok replied. "You asked me about your brother, but I am ashamed to say that I lied to you then."

"I understand, Achok. I know how things were. There was a taboo on the matter and you could not speak."

"But now I can give you something which your brother told me to keep. He said that even if he should die his family would honour the promise. I have kept this thing all these years in my loincloth."

"What is it?"

"It is a letter, *tuan*," Achok said, producing a scrap of paper from the folds of his loincloth. He carefully opened the paper and handed it to me. I looked at it in the flickering light of a hearth fire. It was tattered and slightly charred but the writing though faded was quite clear. The letter read:

> I, the undersigned, hereby state that I have purchased the bearer's gun for the sum of fifteen dollars; and furthermore, guaranteed to replace the gun with another gun in good condition after the war. There is no liability for the bearer to repay the fifteen dollars to me.
>
> H.D.N.

Achock explained that he had offered his shotgun to Pat, who had insisted on paying a fair price. But since he had only fifteen dollars he had given Achok the promissory note.

I asked Achok to come and see me at my house so that we could discuss the matter further. The headman turned up the following evening.

"Headman Achok," I said, "my brother has promised that you should be given a good gun. I will give you one, unless you prefer to have the money instead."

Achok opted for the money, so I gave him seventy Malayan dollars, the price of a new shotgun.

I kept the scrap of paper. It was typical of Pat that the last intimation of him from the jungle should come in the form of an account outstanding. It was just like old times paying Pat's debts.

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Epilogue

It seemed fitting that the *coup de grâce* to the Communist terrorists should be delivered by the aborigines. They had suffered most at the hands of the Communists.

By the end of 1958 the deep-jungle situation had completely changed. The Communists, having suffered more than twelve thousand casualties, had withdrawn the bulk of the two thousand fighters that remained to them north of the Thai border leaving only a few sections of rarely more than ten men clinging to the "hostile" groups that still held out against us. These terrorist sections were continually on the move between several camping areas, and they had become highly proficient in the art of survival in punishing terrain. They were experts at track obliteration and other deception tactics, which made following them a feat even for people skilled in the art. The terrorists had numbers of secondary camp sites to which they would move when the heat was turned on, and these were extremely difficult to find. When on the move under pressure, a party of terrorists did not remain together for long. They would split into ones and twos and head in different directions, to meet up again miles away. In a rapid retreat they never followed the easy or obvious route—the "grain" of the country or the bigger river lines. Instead they would travel against the "grain," taking natural barriers in their stride in the knowledge that their superior fitness, stamina, and jungle craft would enable them to outstrip their pursuers. Their years of experience as guerrillas, their intensive training, their strict discipline and their

dedication all contributed to making these terrorist remnants extremely difficult to root out and destroy. The situation had reached the stage where the return for deploying conventional troops against them was so small that it seemed that the Emergency was reaching a stalemate.

By this time I had a force of one hundred and eighty ex-"hostile" Temiar and Semai, most of whom had at one time carried arms for the Communists, whom I had recruited in the hope that they would one day be used against them. I had called them the Senoi Pra'ak (Fighting Senoi). My main reason for pressing the case for an aborigine unit within the security forces was that I believed it was necessary for them to take an active part in repelling the intruders who had dominated and virtually enslaved them. They themselves must fight back. Their sense of order, their basic code of the judicial equation, demanded it. Without a positive aggressive role in the campaign, and aborigine heroes whom they could look up to, they would never emerge from the old "Sakai" concept with all that that offensive term implied. They would remain second-class citizens.

I had raised the unit by dint of arguing and campaigning in administrative circles, lobbying in the legislative assembly, and other tactics I don't need to go into here. They had been armed and trained by the Special Air Service, but had always been attached to, and had operated under, a fully fledged security-force unit. The trouble was that they were never given a chance of acting on any information received and therefore had achieved virtually nothing.

I had been badgering the director of operations to allow the Senoi Pra'ak to operate independently. The objection to this was that the aborigines were considered too peace loving for a really aggressive role in warfare. I argued that although pacific by inclination they could become implacably aggressive once they believed in the necessity for such a course and the justice of it. In the end, when most of the winkling-out operations in the deep jungle began to draw a blank, I succeeded in getting the director of operations to allow us to have a go on our own.

The outcome of this was so spectacularly successful—we achieved the elimination of a gang of eight terrorists and the winning over of a whole "hostile" tribe of over two hundred Semoq Beri in central Pahang—that the Senoi Pra'ak were given total independence, and I became their commanding officer. I now handed over most of the administrative work of my department to my deputy and devoted myself to running the Senoi Pra'ak.

We went on from success to success, so that in 1959 and 1960 our record of terrorist eliminations was higher than any other security-force unit, commonwealth or federal—and for reasons that should have been as plain as a pikestaff. The Senoi Pra'ak were jungle people operating in their own terrain, which meant they could move faster and more silently than anybody from outside, they could endure greater hardships and last longer without having to be resupplied, and they had the full support of the aborigine population, which was invaluable in jungle fighting.

The speeds the Senoi Pra'ak achieved in the jungle staggered even the Special Air Service, who until that time held all the records. I remember one of their officers saying to me: "In ten hours one of your squadrons have covered fifteen map squares. How the devil did they manage it? All we could do was three."

"Moving with due caution?" I asked.

"Naturally."

"That slowed you down," I said. "My boys obviously weren't being careful. They were certain the Communists weren't anywhere in the locality."

"How could they be certain? Our information indicated otherwise."

"Instinct," I said. "They just *know*, and they are seldom wrong."

After the complete clearance of all known pockets of terrorists and the last of the "hostile" aborigines had been brought over to the side of the government, the Emergency was declared at an end. The proclamation was made in May 1960. The Malaya Communist Party and what re-

mained of their terrorist army had been driven out of the country.

I was criticized for spending too much of my time on jungle operations, but I think I kept things in their right perspective. It was important for the aborigines' self-respect that their own fighting unit should succeed. The fact that it did succeed so magnificently not only speeded up their return to their tribal jungles but earned them benefits that they had never known before.

They now have a comprehensive welfare and health service, with a 450-bed general hospital outside Kuala Lumpur and 140 medical posts and clinics dotted about the jungle. The posts are regularly visited by flying doctors to treat patients who require attention, while those in need of hospitalization and emergency cases are evacuated by helicopter. The Malaysian Government have financed an ambitious educational program under which there are already 80 aborigine schools in which over 4,500 children are receiving a primary education. Another 300 aborigine children are in national schools studying for higher grades. The bright ones will undoubtedly go on to university.

Most of the aborigine hospital staff are aborigines who have been brought out of the jungle and trained. They include nurses, midwives, laboratory assistants, dental technicians, radio operators, ambulance drivers, and mechanics. I expect that in time aborigines will become sufficiently qualified to run their hospital entirely by themselves. It is the stated policy of the government to raise the standard of life of the country's ethnic minorities to the level of the rest of the population, and to this end they have allocated 7·6 million Malayan dollars to be spent on aborigine development schemes in the current year.

For their part, the aborigines guard Malaysia's jungle back door along the northern border, which otherwise would be impossible to seal against Communist infiltration from the Betong salient in Thailand, where the terrorists of the Emergency and a new generation of terrorists they have trained are said to be waiting. The Senoi Pra'ak patrol the

border area in close cooperation with Police Special Branch at scattered jungle posts. These, with the local Negrito population, provide the first screen. South of that the entire deep jungle is screened in depth by aborigine groups also working in close touch with Special Branch. I am certain that no outsider could move in this area without his presence being known. It is a primitive but most efficient radar system.

The knowledge that they are strategically vital to the defense of the country has given the aborigines a new outlook. This was brought home to me when I was talking to an old headman whom I have known for years. He mentioned meeting Pat in the early days of his exploration of the interior—Pat had given him medicine for his son, who was very sick, and the boy had recovered.

The old man's memory spanned the historic years between. When he had first taken over as headman, the Temiar were masters of their country. No one had penetrated to his group's delightful valley save Temiar from other *sakas* and perhaps the odd Semai bringing a few trade goods up from the *kuala*. How life had changed since then! The Chinese had come and made them clear huge *ladangs*, but these had been bombed; his wife had died giving birth during the explosions. He had despaired in those days. He had despaired later too when the group were brought down from their settlement and another wife of his had died, and joy had left him, and the young men no longer obeyed him, for they too were despairing.

So wretched was he, thinking the spirits had forsaken him, that he had longed for death. He had then left his people, who had become as strangers to him, for they now had radios and watches and fountain pens and contraceptives. Alone, he had gone back up to their *ladang*, hoping that death would overtake him there, but at least he would know the spirits and his *gunig* would help him on his way.

But lo and behold his people had followed him. They had become ashamed and had sought the *Tuan* Protector, and he had arranged to move them back. How happy they

now were. How much like old times, though of course different. They were isolated no more. They had seen something of the world, even of the immense sea surrounding them, and they realized there were others besides themselves in the country.

Then he said something that I shall remember as long as I live. He said: "We are not Malays, but we are no longer ashamed because we are not Malays. We are Malaysians."

To me it meant the aborigines had reached a political maturity. They had found themselves. They in their deep jungle had accepted the fact that they were part of a greater whole in which they could find dignity and security in their way of life.

To me it also meant that my work and Pat's among the Malaysian aborigines was complete.

In Southeast Asia, wherever the Communists have started a shooting war, they have made use of tribespeople in the remote regions of the countries concerned. Their attempted subversion of the Dream People of Malaya was part of Mao's master plan for the domination of these beautiful regions of the earth. In Malaya we showed how the Communists could be countered and beaten. It was done by getting to know and love the jungle folk, by giving them a square deal, and by winning their support. That was *our* master plan. I recommend it to the free world.

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Compiled by Gordon Robinson