

3

THE COPY
EX 1
5262
45

✓
No. 2
The attached
- 1/11

**TOUR DIARY OF CAPTAIN A. E. G. DAVY, ADDITIONAL POLITICAL OFFICER,
BALIPARA FRONTIER TRACT**
December 1st 1944 to March 30th 1945

ENCLOSURE IN INDIA		
FOREIGN SECRETARY'S LETTER		
No.	DATE	RECEIVED
52	1-7	31-7-1946

PART II

TOUR DIARY OF CAPTAIN A. E. G. DAVY, ADDITIONAL POLITICAL OFFICER, BALIPARA FRONTIER TRACT

December 1st 1944 to March 30th 1945

December 1st, 1944

Joyhing (Height 600 feet)—To Seisenchi (Height 1,900 feet).

Distance—7.7 miles.

Direction—West North-West.

(All references in this Diary are to F. O. U. O. Map 88E.)

It is perhaps necessary to begin this Diary with the departure arrangements on the afternoon of the 30th November. At that time a party of Apa Tani of Hari village, carrying Amam Rifles rations, had left independently from Joyhing for Dian by a short route taking only four days. This is a route practicable only to local tribesmen going in small parties and is reported to be impossible for any organised expedition. These Apa Tani had left caches of rations hanging in trees at selected spots on the path and it is a curious feature of tribal custom and etiquette that such supplies are almost always unaccounted. It was therefore quite safe for these men to leave their rations for the return journey safeguarded in the jungle.

At the same time groups of Apa Tani and Dafus were given their loads with orders to proceed at once to a jungle camp some three miles from Joyhing on the Western, or far, bank of the Rangnadi (Panior) River. The reason for this was that the River crossing constituted a bottle neck. At the crossing itself there are only two dugouts and the mere porters we could get across the River the day before the last time would be wasted in getting the main convoy across. This advanced party was told to proceed independently with some men of the Amam Rifles to Seisenchi, our first Camp in the hills.

At this time I was very handicapped by lack of knowledge of the Dafus and I had no idea as to how they would react. I had heard stories of their savagery, treachery and cunning and the local Tea Planters referred to them as 'pretty tough customers'. I was therefore not inclined to take any risks but as I knew that Seisenchi was a friendly village I saw no harm in allowing this advance party to go ahead with a small escort.

Despite the fact that far into the night we had been recalculating our load-porterage figures, we were up at 4-30 A. M. on December the 1st and by the time we had dressed, packed and eaten a hurried breakfast the remainder of the Political Labour Corps and Apa Tani had arrived. To my inexperienced eye chaos seemed to reign. Every porter was trying to grab what he imagined to be the lightest load and all appeared to be confused and shouting. In quiet a short space of time however out of this hellish order miraculously emerged and there was a comparative silence while the porters were busily engaged in tying up their loads with cane carrying ropes and soon the convoy of laden porters was assembled and set in motion for the Joyhing camp. Each porter carried no more than 50 lbs. and I was shortly to see how necessary this maximum was. In addition to the party which had gone off independently the afternoon before, we had arranged that half the convoy should go ahead and camp the Rangnadi and wait at the jungle camp for us. On arrival at the Joyhing camp however we found that this party had again dumped their loads and were waiting for us. This again led to a period of confusion until order was again established. I only record these incidents as they serve to demonstrate that:—

(a) On expeditions of this kind when employing tribal porters one must be prepared for delays and for the most simple arrangements to break down unexpectedly, and

(b) Even in peaceful country one always has difficulty in controlling large convoys of tribal porters in such a manner as to make their protection possible.

As a result of these delays we did not leave Joyhing until 9 A.M. I and the Special Officer went ahead in order to hasten the passage of the porters across the river. The path from the camp at Joyhing to the Rangnadi crossing, a distance of some 2½ miles, lay through dense tropical jungle. The country was lowlying and flat and I must confess to one unused to the green, enclosing depths of these forests it was almost alarming. The route ran almost due west at first but on reaching the East bank of the river turned North for nearly a mile until the ferry was reached. The river at the ferry is about 50 yards wide and the crossing is at the Southern end of a high, narrow sandstone gorge. At this time of the year the water is nowhere more than 5 feet deep but I was told that this peaceful, smooth stretch of water flowing through its beautiful jungle-fringed gorge is, in the rains, transformed into an impassable barrier of raging cataracts. I looked for the time to try my luck with the mahseer for here surely was a fisherman's paradise with perfect fishing water stretching both up and down stream as far as the eye could see. However more important matters were at hand and I had regretfully to put all such thoughts aside.

Once across the river the way followed an extraordinary little gully where flood water had cut a narrow, steep gash through the sandstone face of the gorge. It was so narrow in places that I doubted whether the loaded porters would be able to get through with some of the more bulky loads. Once through the gully the real climbing began. Up and down we struggled over slippery ridges and down little water courses through dense jungle matted and consolidated with cane, bamboo and creepers of an infinite variety. The path was never level for a moment but always wound in a general westerly direction.

It is interesting to try and compare this country with the hill paths in other parts of India. The great difference, of course, which I at once noticed from all other areas I had known was the ever present jungle and the fact that the local tribesmen seemed to pay no attention whatever to the contours of the land. In 1929 from Lehong near Darjeeling I had clambered round the hills on the Nepal border. In 1934 and 1935 I had, from Ruzmak, climbed notorious hills on the North West Frontier Province such as Shaidir, and had, on column, gone up hills such as, Bare Patch and Green Dome and from Ladfia, Tihrai Sar and the hills around the Shara-wangi; Narai. In Baluchistan in 1937 I had climbed parts of Murdar and in 1939 parts of the Takht-I-Sulaiman, but never in my experience have I encountered country such as that met with on the path from Joyhing to Seisenchi. Gradually mean nothing whatever to these local hillmen and invariably the paths lead straight up and straight down every hill and valley. The result is that in order to reach Seisenchi, which is only some 7½ miles from Joyhing and which is only 1,900 feet above sea level, one has to climb up and descend some 6,000 feet and claw ones way up, and slide down, impenetrable intervening ridges. Never did I realise when trying over the country, that each wrinkle and shadow, appearing from the air to be a mere crease in the green coverlet of forest, was on the ground an hour's sweat and struggle. On

this first day we progressed at the rate of 1 M. P. H. and I consider that good progress. I marvelled at the ability of the porters, some of them mere boys, to carry their 50 lb. loads over such country.

Geologically the country in these foothills is interesting. It is all very new and is apparently of the jurassic period. Limestones are everywhere in evidence revealing fossiliferous coarse golden sandstones, blue clays and soft shales and sand: had road building country. In the stream beds the boulders were mainly of conglomerate and sandstones of varying textures and everywhere fine gravel was to be found. Despite the heavy jungle, erosion appears to be very rapid and in places our path traversed the winding crevasses of waterbed ridges, no more than 2 yards wide separating one large and deep valley from another. One can best describe the complicated system of waterbeds across which we travelled by comparing it in shape to one, two hands laid flat on the table with straightened fingers almost, but not quite, interlocking. To find a suitable trace for a motor road or even a bridle path will be impossible as any reasonable cost per mile for the cost of construction and, even more, the cost of maintenance will be prohibitive. I believe that in these foothills traces the only possible line for the road upon which the administration and opening up of this country will eventually depend will be through the gorge of the Pasoir Valley itself. It is only in the foothills that the line of the road presents difficulties. Further North the hills are large enough to admit the laying down of an evenly graded trace.

The last stages of the journey to Schemchi are disappointing for one can see the village less than half a mile away as the crow flies apparently on the opposite side of a small valley. In actual fact one has to cross three intervening ridges entailing a climb up and down of at least 2,500 feet. I reached camp at 3-30 P. M. and found the place an attractive spot commanding wide views of the Assam Valley right up to the Bramaputra river itself. The camp site however was comparatively small and would be unsuitable for any large expeditions. It was here that I had my first introduction to the so-called Dafia rice beer which is in reality made from millet and which closely resembles the Meera of the Sikkims and Nepals of the Darjeeling hills. The Survey Officer who had been in the camp since the 21st of November had been able to fix a number of points which would stand him in good stead in his future operations.

December 2nd

Schemchi (Height 1,900 feet)—Lichi (Height 3,520 feet).

Distance—5.9 miles

Direction—North-West.

We left Schemchi at 8 A. M. and arrived at the jungle camp of Lichi at 2-45 P. M. The way at first lay through plains of Schemchi village and I was struck at the steepness of the hillsides which had been cultivated. Of course ploughs are unknown, the agricultural process being first to cut the jungle which, after time to allow it to dry, is then burnt. The seeds are then sown broadcast in the ashes, reliance being placed on the natural fertility of the soil and the potato to raise the crop. Millet and rice had been grown and the grain had been stripped from the straw by hand. Soon however we left the cultivation and reentered the heavy jungle and started a long climb up the range marked on the map as Jabhrishta, a name unknown in the locality. The correct names for this feature are Tamar Putta on the south-east face and Shakar Putta on the north-west slope. The route though fairly steep presented no difficulty for as we left the foothills the country became less broken. We had lunch on the saddle at the top of the range and waited there for an hour to allow the porters to catch us up. I estimated the height of the saddle to be about 5,000 feet. After the porters had had a rest we began the long steep descent down to the valley of a small stream and crossed it a short way above its confluence with the Pasoir. Though we could hear the roar of the main river it remained invisible, hidden by the surrounding jungle. After crossing another small ridge and dropping down to another smaller stream we finally climbed up the spur on the top of which was situated the camp named Lichi. Lichi was once a small village but after being razed by Litcha and being almost wiped out it was abandoned as being too isolated and unsafe.

At the camp we found a party of Apa Tani of Hiri village which had been sent down to Jorjing, again through the industry and good management of the Special Officer's wife in Dim. When it is remembered that shortly before the Special Officer had left for Jorjing, the men of Hiri had made an armed and openly hostile demonstration against the Special Officer and his party, this act from the part of Hiri village must constitute a triumph for her and reveals what the combination of a hand firm combined with tact can achieve in dealings with these people. The fact that a woman is prepared to take them on single handed seems to have disconcerted them considerably.

December, the 3rd

Lichi (Height 3,520 feet)—Pit (Height 2,000 feet approx.).

Distance—8.2 miles.

Direction—North North-West.

These tritons are veritable children of nature. This morning when engaged on my morning private affairs an Apa Tani, bent on a similar errand, came and squatted close beside me and endeavoured to engage me in conversation! Never before have I come across such an embarrassing lack of reserve.

One could, even after so short a time, quickly see the difference between the Apa Tani and the Dafia. To me, the first impression I got of the Apa Tani was that he was a friendly, talkative and ill disciplined individual. The Dafia was more silent and reserved. Of course I realized that I had only met the 'Gache' (or so-called slave) strata of the Apa Tani society. It was therefore unwise to draw conclusions before becoming more fully acquainted with the Apa Tani.

We left camp at 8 A. M. and immediately the path led steeply down through thick jungle and magnificent wild banana groves to the level of the Pasoir river though it was some time before we obtained our first glimpse of it. For a long time before coming to the river itself we could hear the roar of the rapids which in this part of its course were very numerous. Once down, the route ran parallel to, and not far from, the river and here also grew clumps of enormous bamboo and extensive groves of wild bananae. Evidence of the recent passage of herds of wild elephants was everywhere to be found and the porters say that in the herds travel right up the Pasoir to higher

and cooler summer feeding grounds, returning to the plains in the early winter. Soon we began to catch glimpses of the river foaming down a series of cascades on its way to the plains. The gradient of the stream bed seemed to be very steep. At length we came to the river itself and halted for a while beside a magnificent rapid where the water roared and foamed down into a large pool. Seeing the stream smashing against the high cliff, my thoughts turned irresistibly to Hydro-electric power. Here before me was unlimited power waiting to waste, and my imagination turned to the day when the waters of the Panior could be harnessed to provide cheap electricity for industry on the 'North Bank'. A hydro-electric power station on the Panior would be ideally situated to supply the tea industry North of the Brahmaputra. Rice mills, paper mills, saw mills and indeed wire rope haulage ways for the extraction of timber from the foothill forests, all these could be established if only the money and the initiative was there. If the Central Government is to be asked to expend large sums of money upon the control and administration of these tribal areas it is not unlikely that it will, in return, look for certain revenues from the area. I consider that the Panior is a very suitable river for the development of a local Hydro-electric scheme and suggest that the area below Pité be inspected by experts in due course. The gradient on the river bed is, in places, so steep that it would not be necessary to take off leads on either side of the river for any great length before sufficient height was gained to construct flumes to drive the turbines. This, I consider, would be a better and less expensive arrangement than the construction of a barrage, for in these rivers, flowing through dense jungle areas, there is always the problem of the disposal and diversion of the large numbers of trees which are washed down every time the river floods. These would constitute a perpetual menace to the safety of the fabric of any barrage.

We arrived at Pité at about 3-30 p. m. and found the small camp site already prepared. Though the present camp is small there is ample room a little further up the hillside for an extension. The camp at Pité is a beautiful spot situated close beside the river just below a gorge. At Pité also the path crosses the river and the Daffas of Poiu and Sekhe have constructed an ingenious camp and bamboo suspension bridge of a much more advanced design than any I have seen pictures of in the Abor and Mishmi country. Here there was a good solid floor of bamboo and strong handrails on either side. At the bridge site the river was narrower and the banks are high and apparently solid and if necessary this would appear to be a good site for a bridge when the road is constructed.

If it is the intention eventually to construct a road as a main artery of communication for administrative and strategic purposes in these hills there are, judging from the map, two possibilities? The first, making the Apa Tani country the Govt Administrative centre, would be to take the road from Pité across the river and then strike North up the Panior valley to Poi and the Pängni river (marked Pungni in Sq. Det on the map) and on via Mai to the Apa Tani country. The second, and possibly more useful, line for the road would be up the Panior river to the junction of the Kiyi (marked Kiyung on the map), up the Kiyi and over the divide to the Pálin and thence down into the Kharu. Whichever direction the road will eventually take it seems clear that one will be necessary for if we are to be in any position to profit by the results of these explorations and to enforce our claims to the territory South of the McMahon Line there must be some tangible and visible evidence to back up our claims. If, as I suspect, there are Tibetans living permanently South of the McMahon Line, Tibet will, with justification, be in a position to maintain that they are *de facto* possessors of the country and will require upon what evidence, other than a line drawn in Delhi on a map, the Government of India can produce to support their contention that the country they claim is, in fact, part of British India. Taking the nearest view, if some sort of control and light administration is to be extended into this area some good and central line of communication will be essential for the further we advance Northwards towards the McMahon Line the longer and more difficult will become our L. of C. and our progress, dependent upon porter transport, will become correspondingly more slow and uncertain. If we are to continue to depend upon porters for our supplies not only will it be impossible for me to establish any advanced and permanent Headquarters but also the cost of maintaining any future expeditions in the hills will become increasingly high the further we advance. In fact the construction of a good road will probably prove to be a saving in the long run. A road will eventually have to be built and therefore the capital cost will one day have to be borne. The annual cost of maintenance will probably be offset by the saving on the porterage budget. Another aspect of the problem is the fact that sooner or later the Government of India will expect some return for the expenditure incurred in this area. There are magnificent forests in this area which properly managed would yield a return but for any scheme of this nature a road would be essential.

This evening at Pité a large concourse of Daffas came to discuss matters with us. The most interesting case I heard was that of a man who had been captured by a humble but enterprising slave of Likha. After capture he had been taken back to Likha where he had immediately been sold to a rich man of the village, the price being three mithun. The slave had captured the man as a valuable asset. The rich man had purchased him as a good speculation sure in the belief that the market would rise and that when the time came to ransom the captive he could demand a far higher price. In fact it was the Daffa equivalent of a gamble on the Stock Exchange! This interested me very much as it demonstrated that, in Likha at any rate, slave raiding had no economic basis and was not the result of poverty but was carried on as a purely commercial undertaking. An even more interesting fact was that the captured man had been voluntarily released without the payment of any ransom as, my informant told me, the Likha people had heard that the appoys were coming and wished to remove any incriminating evidence. Against this we were regaled with bloodcurdling stories of the threats which the Likha people had broadcast of what they were going to do to us if we had the temerity to visit their area. They had collected large quantities of poison for their arrows and when we came they were going to cut us up into small pieces and throw us into the river. All this was told us with a wealth of detail and dramatic gesture but we did not pay much serious attention to these stories.

December 6th

Pité (2,000 feet approx.)—Poi (3,000 feet approx.).

Distance—9.8 Miles.

Direction—North.

We left Pité at 8 A. m. and crossed the river by the cane bridge and followed the path leading along the floor of the valley for some distance. For the greater part of the way the path lay through thick cane and bamboo jungle and for the first few miles often followed side flood beds of the river. This presented little difficulty at this time of the year but in the rains would be impossible. There would however be

little difficulty in cutting a path a little higher up the hillside and this will, I presume, be the line the road will eventually take. As soon we reached the junction of the Panisi and Pángui Rivers, the path keeping to the east of latter stream. It was here that we came upon the first really open piece of country that I had met since I first entered the jungle behind the camp at Joyling. It was extraordinary the relief I felt once more to be able to look around me even if it was only for a few hundred yards. We had come upon an area of coarse grass [of a mile long and about 150-200 yards wide running from south-west to north-east just east of the junction of the two rivers. The area was comparatively flat and appeared to be an old river bed though now considerably above the present level of the two river valleys. I believe that with very little work other than the removal of boulders and the burning of grass the place could be made into a landing ground for light planes. A few trees to the south would have to be cut to give a clear approach to the ground. For dropping rations on a column it would be an ideal site, and if air assistance is to be arranged another year this would be the place at which I would establish my ration distribution dump for distributing rations to the various posts which might be established in these hills. Immediately south of the grassland the path led steeply up a hill and from thence downwards to the camp led up and down a series of spurs until the terraced rice fields of Pei village were reached. Here in a dry corner of the rice land we pitched our camp for the night. It had been a long and tiring march from Pin and it was dark before the last porters arrived. As dusk fell it began to drizzle but despite their fatigue the porters had soon built themselves rainproof shelters and before long the darkness was illuminated by a ring of cheery fires.

December 5th

Pei (3,000 feet approx.)—Hong (5,000 feet).

Distance—9.3 Miles.

Direction—North.

The night's rain did not amount to much and we awoke to a cold clear day and left camp at 7.30 A.M. Almost at once we crossed the Pángui river by a temporary bridge and followed the valley through the rice fields for about a mile. The path then turned north up a steep grassy hill, along a high windy ridge commanding magnificent views of the grassy, hilly land forming the bowl-shaped valley of the Pein river to the west, and then down steeply to Mai village, a cluster of about half a dozen houses perched on the extreme Eastern edge of the Pein river system. Just before we reached the village we came upon a further party of Apa Tani sent down by the Special Officer's wife. It seems therefore that the difficult situation of a few days ago has now been overcome largely through her efforts. I have been struck at the number of streams which have their source high up in these hills and I feel that if Angami Naga or Sikkim instructors were brought into this area a great deal more could be achieved in the way of terraced cultivation.

From Mai the route ran along and up a high ridge running north-east until the jungle area was again reached. After crossing several small streams running through steep sided and heavily forested valleys we crossed the Ráin stream which forms the south-east boundary of the Apa Tani hunting grounds and almost at once came upon the first pine trees (*Pinus excelsa*), the hallmark of the Apa Tani. The first pine trees I saw were particularly fine specimens and must have been over 200 feet high. I wish I had had a tape measure with me so that I could have measured the girth of some of these trees which towered above the surrounding jungle high though it was. Being on the jungle on the outskirts of the Apa Tani country they had been allowed to grow undisturbed and I must, I imagine, have been of considerable age.

Quite suddenly we emerged from the gloom of the jungle and there before me lay the Apa Tani valley so utterly different to anything I had seen before on the way up that it came as a shock. Two thoughts at once flashed through my mind, one, I am afraid, slightly irrelevant. The first was how closely this valley resembled parts of the West of Ireland. The brown, rounded, rock-topped hills covered with bracken and moorland grass and the black earth of the marshy bog-land in the valley bottoms and on the hill sides where the buntzes had collected in patches of rock or imperious clay, all reminded me strongly of Connemara. Now, I believe, was this resemblance purely incidental. I think that the whole curious cup-like formation of the Apa Tani country with the flat bottomed valleys branching up into the hills is glacial in its origin, and that at one period the so-called valley was carved out of the surrounding hills by the action of a glacier. After the receding of the ice cap, possibly caused by the subsequent subsidence of the whole Himalaya range, the outfall moraine of the old glacier, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hong, dammed up the Kalé river. The whole Apa Tani system of branching valleys then became a lake which, as in the case of the West of Ireland, would account for the presence of sedimentary clays and the black earth of the bog-lands. Whatever the reason the Apa Tani country is quite unlike anything I have seen before in the Himalayas, and I have seen practically every Hill Station between Kashmir and Shillong.

The other, and more irrelevant, reaction on seeing the country for the first time was what a perfect country it would be for a golf course! Standing there on the southern lip of the whole country I could visualise, in the area in front of me, the greens fairways and tees!

It was already getting cold when we arrived at our camp site beside the Kalé river which more closely resembled an Irish trout stream than anything I had ever seen in India. Away to the North I could see the rice fields, a golden patchwork carpet in the evening light, and the tawny hills turning purple in the setting sun. Thin veils of mist lay over the valleys and soon the whole country was shrouded under a coverlet of cloud.

December, the 6th

Hong (5,000 feet)—Dúta (5,200 feet).

Distance—7.3 Miles.

Direction—North.

We left camp at 8 A.M. and started out on the last lap of our journey to Dúta. It was a perfect winter day with clouds casting moving patterns of shadow across the hills. The country was incredibly beautiful and at every turn I found fresh surprises awaiting me. Soon after leaving camp we crossed the Kalé River by means of a bridge made from a roughly hewn log of a single gigantic pine. For some way the path followed the river which flowed through little coppices of mixed pine, oak and alder with berberis flaming in its autumnal clothing in the undergrowth. I was at once struck with the quality of the Apa Tani husbandry. Without any ploughs and with even hoes a variety these tribesmen

contrive to maintain their fields with a neatness and skill which far exceeds anything I have so far seen in Assam and are clearly both careful and expert farmers. The bunds between the rice fields are all carefully repaired and the many watercourses and irrigation channels flow through carefully revetted and embanked courses, all of which are kept clear of weeds. The paths are raised and are very carefully repaired and drained on either side. Fields accessible to cattle are fenced with fences made of bamboo or pine.

It is a remarkable thing that whereas there are a fair number of cattle in the Apa Tani country which have been carried as calves from the plains by parties of Gachs labourers, or which have been born in the valley, none of them are used either for their milk or for ploughing. Cattle in this country seem to thrive and look very healthy. In this ideal sheep country I looked in vain for flocks of sheep but apparently they are unknown. They would certainly thrive on the short, fine grass of the open hillside. On either side of the path as we progressed could be seen the carefully planted bamboo and pine groves. Each grove was fenced and the pines were carefully dressed and the coppice kept clear of undergrowth. Nowhere else in India have I seen such a natural aptitude for forestry.

The Apa Tani villages are quite unlike the straggling, individual Daffa settlements. The isolated Daffa long-house perched up on its spur with its granaries clustered around it is nowhere seen. Instead are compact villages situated on some patch of higher ground with the houses packed tightly together and the granaries and rice nurseries on the outskirts. It seems that the Apa Tanangs are a far more gregarious and sociable people than are the Daffas. It may of course be that reasons of mutual defence have brought about this difference in the urban social structure of the two peoples. But whatever may be the reason it seemed to me that the Apa Tanis have reached a higher state of civilisation than their more warlike neighbours, the Daffas. As we approached Mudding Tagé village another curious feature of the local agricultural economy struck me. There were no ducks and geese. In due course the whole problem of agricultural and pastoral improvements in this area will have carefully to be considered. The question is important and will need careful and expert thought in order not to upset the carefully balanced Apa Tani economy. For instance before introducing ploughs alternative employment would have to be found for the many members of the lower end of the tribal social scale who would in consequence be thrown out of work. The introduction of a sheep breeding industry would probably absorb some and would certainly give encouragement, through the presence of a new medium, to the existing Apa Tani weaving industry. Fruit and vegetable growing could probably absorb certain others. It will be desirable, however, if possible, to demonstrate to these areas in which we extend our control that closely following upon Government control arrive certain definite economic advantages. If this can be shown a great step in the right direction will have been taken and our task will have become correspondingly easier. From our experiences gained on the North West Frontier of India I think we should have learned that control by means of economic penetration and subsequent interdependence is preferable to an economic vacuum followed by the necessity of Military occupation.

We were met on the way by the Special Officer's wife and party of friendly Apa Tanis and were conducted to the camp at Dôta. The camp is a charming spot near Dôta village. In front is a small clump of ancient and enormous pines and I notice that the larger trees are used for the provision of pine torches. The *Pinus excelsa* seems to be even richer in turpentine than the *Pinus longifolia* of the Kumaon Hills where there exists a turpentine collecting industry. In Dôta two *barkas* had already been prepared and also a camp for the Platons of the Assam Rifles, quarters for the Staff and a trade depot for the sale of trade goods and the purchase of rice. Arriving into a good and prepared camp was a great luxury and though it rained hard soon after our arrival we remained warm and snug around our fires. Both the Daffas and the Apa Tanis have open hearths inside their houses, a square mud hearth being let into the floor of the building. All the houses, including our own, are built on piles and though this keeps out the damp it lets in the draught. Not unusually our arrival occasioned the greatest excitement and we were the object of the greatest interest to the crowds of tribesmen who thronged our camp where an atmosphere of friendliness and inquisitive interest prevailed.

Looking back on the whole route we followed from Joyhing to Dôta I am of the opinion that it will only be in the initial foot-hill stages that difficulties will be encountered in the task of road construction. Once the Fanoir valley in the neighbourhood of Lichi is reached the route, apart from the problem of laying a trace in dense jungle, will present no insuperable difficulty. I am informed that the Fanoir valley route is the only practicable path into the interior and from the map and from what can be seen of the general lie of the land, I am of the opinion that this is the line which should be followed.

Opinions have been expressed that it will be unwise to build a motor road into the interior, and that by relying, as has been done in New Guinea, exclusively upon air transport for our communications with the interior we shall be modernising our methods and not only will Government be spared much expense but also it will be possible to 'seal off' the area and prevent the ingress of Mirwaris and the like and so save the Daffas from exploitation and contamination by western civilisation. These are the familiar arguments of that school of thought who oppose the development, save in a very limited sense, and exploitation of aboriginals and primitive peoples. No one with any experience of administration of such peoples will wish to argue on the necessity of saving them from the curse of exploitation. In the past it has been an unfortunate fact that, as with the tide, the extreme fringe of the so called Western civilisation, in this and many other Eastern countries, has often been composed largely of scum. And it has been this undesirable element which has been the first to carry the besmirched and contaminated touch of Western materialism to the less highly developed peoples of these lands. The country liquor and drug vendor, the petty Assak and rapacious moneylender, and even the minor Government official, all these have had a black record in their dealings and contacts with the aboriginal.

Is complete segregation the answer? It is, to my mind, a highly debatable point whether we, the Government of India of the day, are justified in following an 'isolationist' policy toward those as yet untouched by all that is good and all that is bad in our Western Civilisation. If the protestations of our politicians are to be believed the day is not far distant when India will become the arbiter of its own destiny. What then will be the fate of the 'primitive'? Will he not then, in all probability, become the prey of such that it had in this Anglo-Indian Civilisation which has developed in India during the past two centuries of British rule? By this I intend no prejudgment of any future Indian administration. It will, I have no doubt, be fired by an equal sense of its moral obligations toward primitive peoples, but the fact that, in the early days of Indian independence, there will be so many more important and more pressing problems is likely to result in the temporary abandonment of the problem of the aboriginal and backward populations of India. By the time that any Indian Government is free to turn its attention to the benevolent development and care of this helpless minority it will be too late. The curse of the Census and the urge of the Hindu enumerator to gather all aboriginals into the Hindu fold as members of the 'depressed classes' in order, for political ends, still further to emphasize the disparity between the Hindu and the non-Hindu portions of the population; the activities of the liquor vendor, the narcotic drug peddler, the Assak and the *malaga*, all these will

have caused irreparable harm to the primitive peoples of India. Before any enlightened Indian Government will be free to devote it's time to tackle the problem of aboriginal uplift and aboriginal education in a manner which will seek to preserve all that is best in tribal life, the damage will have been done.

I have dwelt at some length on this problem as it vitally affects the future of the tribes on the North Eastern Frontier of India. The policy of segregation and isolation is, in my opinion, misguided. The answer, to my mind, is gradual, expert and humane 'inoculation' rather than isolation and segregation. It should be our policy gradually and carefully to open up these areas by the construction of roads carefully controlled to prevent exploitation but to permit of trade and development within the Tribal areas by the tribesmen themselves assisted by a carefully chosen and sympathetic staff of Government Officials whose task it should be to educate the tribesmen to develop their own tribal institutions and to modernise their own tribal economy and, by the introduction of material improvements and the preservation and development of all that is good in their indigenous culture, to encourage them to build up their own self-governing institutions based on their own tribal traditions. Education will be required and with it a planned and developing programme of bringing them into contact with the more advanced materialism of the plains of India without becoming contaminated by the less creditable ingredients of modern life. What we should aim at is to educate these people,—and by education I mean education in the broadest sense,—to enable them to stand on their own legs when Government is no longer able to afford them the protection which they at present receive.

I feel it unlikely that the Central Government will be prepared, in the post-war era, to continue to pour money into tribal areas without the prospect of some return. It may be argued that it is one of the responsibilities of any modern and enlightened Government to afford protection to, and to provide for the welfare of, the less advanced elements of the population. While I agree with this point of view there are many others, more hard headed and materialistic, who do not share this opinion and among their ranks are, I suspect, to be found members of the Finance Department of the Government of India. They will, in all probability, clamour for some return for the money which is being, and which will be, spent on the North East Frontier. This region is not without its possibilities, nor in the development of its resources need there necessarily be any danger of tying tribal economy to the chariot wheels of Indian industrialists. If the work of developing these areas is carefully planned and controlled so that the tribesmen themselves will derive the benefit we shall, I contend, be doing these people a great service, for to leave them economically backward in a rapidly developing India will be to condemn them for ever to economic and industrial subservience to their more advanced neighbours in Assam. If tribal and Assamese economy can be made inter-dependent the chances of survival of the tribes on the Frontier will greatly be enhanced.

I have heard it hinted that in the post-war adjustment in India a North East Frontier administrative unit may be created, and, whatever may be the outcome of the negotiations relating to the future of British India, this North East Frontier Province will remain for reasons of defence an Imperial responsibility. If such an idea materialises surely it will be incumbent upon us to administer this area in a manner which will at least stand comparison with the rest of India. For the sake of our prestige in the eyes of an all too critical world we should, I maintain, transform this area into a 'Model Administration'. In any case in order that the machinery of Government may function at all we must have access to the remainder of India. The building of roads and the creation in this area of the bare skeleton framework of good Government need not necessarily destroy the best in the traditional tribal life. Our policy should be one of intelligent and sympathetic development rather than rapid and violent change. But to function at all we must have:—

1. a permanent and modern and well equipped base in the hills, functioning efficiently at the earliest possible moment and
2. to make 1, in any way possible, we must at the earliest opportunity have a good all-weather motor road to the hill base.

If we have none of these things the Tibetans can with justification argue that the mere fact that small expeditions from British India leave, at long intervals, visited various parts of the region to which we now lay claim proves nothing. On the other hand it strengthens their claim to the area for they will rightly point out that Tibetan traders, and possibly Officials, pay annual visits to this disputed belt of country. If we intend therefore to remain in this region or to enforce our claims upon it we must establish visible proof, in the shape of roads and Civil Stations, of our determination to do so.

December 7th—12th 1945

Halt Duta

For six days we halted in the hill base at Duta checking up the arrival of stores and rations, paying porters, laying our plans for our expedition to Licha and codicavouring and someone to take a parwana to the Licha headmen explaining our intentions and calling upon them to come in and negotiate. Eventually in Bela, the largest Apa Tani village, we met a certain Tanya Togu of Licha a Daffa village which happened to be in friendly relations with the Apa Tanis and the Daffas of Licha. After a certain amount of hesitation he agreed to take the parwana to the headmen of the Licha settlements and explain to them that we wished if possible to settle matters peacefully but that if they resisted us and refused to hand over the prisoners captured from the Apa Tani we would use force.

As the days passed excitement grew in the Apa Tani valleys. At last after years of raiding and extortion they were going to have a chance of settling up matters with their oppressors. The attitude of the tribesmen was a curious mixture of confidence and fear. They had heard that the sepoys with their rifles were invincible and imagined that merely by pointing a rifle in the direction of Licha members of Daffas could at once be killed. The headmen of the Apa Tani villages came to us begging us not to spare the Licha raiders but to wipe them out even as the Tor and Togu clans had been utterly destroyed. (The Tor and Togu were two Daffa clans living in the area now occupied by Jorum and Toko. They were a powerful and wealthy clan but such was their evil record for raiding and killing their neighbours that the surrounding Daffa and Apa Tani clans combined in an attack upon them and after two days of slaughter not a single male member of these two powerful clans remained alive. This all happened a long time ago but the legend occupies the same place in tribal history as the story of Sodom and Gomorrah in the Old Testament.) The Apa Tanis clearly were hoping for big results from Government intervention.

On the other hand there was a queer streak of superstitious and fatalistic defeatism in the councils of war that we held. It was said that the settlements of Licha were impregnable; that the Licha raiders were possessed with diabolical cunning and knew all the arts of surprise and ambush; that their bowmen with their poisoned arrows were the finest in the country-side and that every sort of trap was being prepared for us.

Nada Chobin, a leading man of Haja, whose influence in tribal councils is considerable was definitely defeatist and openly proclaimed that nothing would induce him to undertake so dangerous and foolhardy a venture as an expedition against Licha. While therefore the Apa Tani were glad of this opportunity

to even up matters there was a definite element of fear in their attitude. Too long had they suffered at the hands of the Daffas of Licha. So often had they felt that they were powerless against these marauders. Was it possible, even with the spojys, to succeed? I mention this attitude of the Apa Tani because it made me realize that with a nervous and ill disciplined crowd of porters and fighting-men control in an emergency was going to be well nigh impossible.

Another difficulty was that I knew nothing whatever of the Daffa character and methods of warfare indeed, except for having read Haimendorf's book 'The Naked Nagas' in which he described a punitive expedition to Paangha. I knew nothing whatever of tribal mentality and reactions in these remote hills. I therefore had to be prepared for almost anything.

On the 12th we held our final war council with Chige Nime, the undisputed Commander-in-Chief of the Apa Tani and their greatest traveller and character. He was to lead the expedition through the dense jungles and tortuous ways to Licha. Chige Nime was of the opinion that Licha would fight. His spies had informed him that the headmen of the Settlements were showing no signs of wishing to negotiate as they considered themselves secure against any attack. That evening Chige Nime, who is also the most celebrated 'dondai' (priest) among the Apa Tani sacrificed a mithun before a large number of the warriors, who were accompanying us on the morrow. This was a long ceremony gradually working up to a climax when the mithun was killed. I think it did a good deal to improve the morale of the audience.

The Apa Tani is very conscious of his God and there is very little that he does without asking for the assistance or blessing of his Gods; indeed there is an almost Old Testament relationship between the tribesman and the various deities which go to make up his animistic pantheism. Of course there is this difference that whereas the Jewish God, in the guise of a super being Jehovah or the Great I Am, was anthropomorphic the Apa Tani gods are all spirits which pervade everything, and various spirits control nature in its behaviour towards human beings. This firm and long awaited conviction to Licha was a solemn occasion and throughout the whole night of the 12th/13th December Chige Nime and his acolyte kept up their prayers, the monotonous sing-song of their chanting rising and falling until dawn.

December 12th

Duta—1st Jungle Camp—(5,500 ft. approx.)

Distance—6 miles (approx.)

Direction—North-West.

We were called at 4-30 A.M. on a cold morning and as soon as the first promise of dawn appeared in the sky the whole camp was astir. Everywhere was bustle and shouting. Loads were being packed and roped. Porter companies were being marshalled. Missing men were being sent for. Defaulting sirdars were being cursed and sent off to collect their full complement of men whose names had been recorded the previous day. Rage at the seemingly incalculable vagueness of the Apa Tani to whom time means nothing, making a punctual start an impossibility; exasperation over others from Duta who simply failed to appear; anxiety over the scarcity of porters, all these emotions passed through my mind. How could we possibly undertake an expedition against a hostile and warlike group of Daffa settlements with such a rabble? I thought of the clock-work precision of columns on the North West Frontier and my heart sank. How could I hope to control such an ill disciplined rabble in an emergency? How would the Daffas of Licha react to our advance? Would they attack and attack us in thick jungle? If they did there was going to be trouble. With the long line of heavily laden porters we were going to be a vulnerable target. Advance guards, flank guards and rear guards, why could not these be put out in the normal way you may well ask? My journey up from Joything had shown me the impossibility of this. Flank guards would have to cut their own paths which would make progress impossibly slow, and five yards in they would be out of sight of the main body. My only consolation lay in the magical powers attributed to the spojys rifles.

Amid all this turmoil Chige Nime and his assistants carried on with their prayers but finally we were hidden to witness the final rites. On arrival at the *puje* place we discovered a sort of bamboo lattice veranda festooned with unfortunate chickens hanging in fluttering groups and tied by one leg. The main sacrifice however was a small black and white dog which fidgeted in a bared way as the chanting continued. Suddenly the drum ceased and the dog was instantly dispatched with a blow from a dao which severed its head. One by one the chickens met a similar fate and their entrails were consumed for omens. This seemed to be the signal for a war-dance of the Apa Tani warriors who in a curious crouching attitude, with spears raised as if to strike, danced round the place of *puje* making a peculiar deep humming noise resembling a large swarm of bees. The dog's head was at the same time thrown backwards and forwards through the lattice work. On enquiry I was told that this was related to the custom on night raids of throwing a dog's head on to the verandah of the house to be raised thus ensuring a heavy slumber on the part of the occupants.

In the mean time the Special Officer's wife was performing prodigies of organisation and was getting the motley crowd of armed porters into some semblance of order. No one who has not had experience of distributing loads to a surging mob of excited tribal porters can realize the patience and energy it requires. Scrimshankers have to be routed out, fights over loads have to be discouraged and, above all, false and premature starts in front of the advance guard have to be prevented.

The importance of this preliminary expedition against LICHA was great. Until this matter had been satisfactorily cleared up there was very little that I could do in the way of exploration. Licha, this group of Daffa settlements with its long and infamous record of killings, ransoms and captures of men and mithun, has for many years been the bane of the existence of the Apa Tani villages of Haja, Duta and Bela. Only recently a party of 12 Apa Tani from Reru, a *lepang** of Bela village, had been surprised by 30 men of Licha while rat hunting in the Apa Tani hunting grounds (the jungle rat is considered a great delicacy by the Apa Tani). Six Apa Tani had been captured and had been brought to the Bagi and Kiroca settlements of Licha. Licha has I by now gained such a notorious reputation that it could terrorise the whole Apa Tani community. The Apa Tani, who on one occasion had tried unsuccessfully to make a reprisal raid on Licha, are convinced that the settlements of Licha occupy an impregnable strategic position and that it is impossible for them to attack Licha unaided. How true this was we were shortly to discover.

Licha constitutes my first real problem. All my attempts to get into touch with them in order to effect a peaceful settlement have failed and I have received defiant and threatening replies. It was clear that this was going to be a test case. There was an air of expectation in the wind. Would Government dare to attack Licha? Of course if we did not bring these big buffles of Licha and Likha to heel our position vis-a-vis the remainder of the tribal groups would be severely damaged and the prestige and authority of Government

* A *lepang* is a tribe or what we might call 'borough' of an Apa Tani Settlement. Actually the *lepang* is the common living place of one sub-community in the village itself.

would suffer correspondingly. I had talked the whole matter over on many occasions and it was clear to me that unless these powerful village groups were dealt with at once it was useless trying to enforce the authority of Government over the smaller and more peaceable areas. How could I, for instance, inform Jorom, Toko, Potin and Mai and the Apa Tani villages that they were not to raid if they themselves were being terrorised by the raiders of Licha and Likha?

Before describing the first day's march I think it would be as well to refer to some criticisms of the Assam Rifles. On this operation the platoon marched in what is known as 'Flying Column' order. The idea of this is to render them as self-contained as possible for a short operation. This presents a problem which I feel requires a better solution than the present arrangement. The criticism which I am about to make cannot fairly be laid at the door of the platoon which accompanied me. Captain Godfrey had his order, and naturally had to carry it out, but such was the bulk and weight of the 'Flying Column' order that it rendered the individual rifleman incapable of meeting a surprise attack. Indeed it was necessary for the man behind to assist the man in front to draw his *laska*. By the time he had got it in his hand the attack, launched with speed, lean and possibly complete surprise from the surrounding jungle, would have accomplished its purpose and I have no doubt that our casualties could have been severe in such close quarter fighting. The platoon carried with it a Bren gun. I can scarcely conceive a more useless weapon on an operation of this kind. It is comparatively heavy and cumbersome. In close jungle country it cannot quickly and usefully be brought into action. Against a village its use would have been out of the question and I would never have permitted it as its effect would have been altogether too indiscriminate to compare with the modern requirements of 'minimum force'. On the other hand Captain Conley informed me that there are Thompson Sub Machine guns, a weapon peculiarly suited to jungle warfare, in the headquarters of the 5th Battalion, Assam Rifles, at Lokra but that these could not be sent out with any detachment as there was only sufficient ammunition for practice purposes for the recruits which were being supplied to the regular Battalions serving with the XIVth Army. Surely if the Assam Rifles are to carry out their normal functions as the armed forces guarding, and maintaining the peace upon, this Frontier, the forces serving with the Civil Authorities should not be starved, even in war time, in order that recruits in training for the regular forces should have practice. There is, as far as I am aware, no dearth of the right type of ammunition in Assam and I suggest that a sufficient quantity should be set aside, with the required weapons, for use on expeditions of this nature. On this first day several other criticisms also became apparent. First of all in addition to being forced to carry the cumbersome 'Flying Column' order the men were equipped as ordinary regular soldiers and, while I have nothing but admiration for the modern equipment, I feel that it is hardly necessary for fulfilling the functions required by what I may be permitted to call the 'Civil' as opposed to the 'Military' Assam Rifles. Something in the nature of the equipment carried by the Frontier Irregular Corps on the North West Frontier Province modified if necessary for use in rain-soaked jungles, but light, is what would seem to be required. I would further advocate the design of an improved green battle dress. The improvements I would suggest are:—

1. Green shower proof battle dress jackets with a good collar which can be turned up in time of rain, reinforced shoulders, large hanging down side pockets and buckling optionally at the waist.

2. Smooth thorn resisting and shower proof long trousers of the ski-suit type, i.e., buckling at the ankle. Hip, side and thigh pockets; reinforced on the inside of the calf and on the knees.

In addition I would suggest packs of the rucksack type and *Hob suits* for the boots. The present flat nail issued to the men is more of a hindrance than a help as on the wet, slippery clays of these hillsides it affords no grip whatsoever.

On the way up from Jorhing it seemed to me that some of the younger men of the platoon were unfit, or at any rate untrained for hill work. As matter stands at present I fully realise that this is unavoidable as Lokra is on the plains and the men cannot be given any training in the hills and consequently arrive in the hills unfit and untrained for hill work. I think it undesirable that the headquarters of the 5th Battalion which serves as the Training Battalion of the whole Regiment should be on the plains. The major part of the work of the Assam Rifles is, or should be, in the hills, and it is these that the recruits should be trained.

After the war I presume that officers will again be seconded from the regular Army to the various Battalions of the Assam Rifles. After the experiences of this war I think there can be little argument as to the desirability of this arrangement. In the early course of the campaign against the Japanese along the Eastern Frontiers of Assam one read, time and again, of the lack of training of both officers and men in jungle warfare. By seconding officers from the regular Army to the Assam Rifles it will be possible to train a nucleus of officers who are not only experts in jungle warfare but who will possess invaluable knowledge of the local country along the Frontiers of Assam and of the languages. It can hardly be said that the seconding of officers to the various Irregular Corps on the North West Frontier Province has not paid a rich dividend for there has always been a nucleus of officers highly trained in, and possessing an expert knowledge of, mountain warfare and the tribes inhabiting the North West Frontier. It has been often affirmed that one of the chief advantages of this region is that it provides the finest of all training grounds for the Indian Army in mountain warfare. The early set-backs of the XIVth Army in the Arakan must surely have demonstrated the need of similar expert training in, and knowledge of, jungle warfare. Where could a better training ground be found than in the various areas for which the Assam Rifles are normally responsible? Officers attached to the various Battalions would gain invaluable knowledge not only of the rough and ready improvisation required in jungle warfare but also of the North East Frontier, its numerous tribes and their diverse languages. In any future emergency this knowledge would serve this country better than the ignorance which prevailed at the outset of hostilities with Japan.

As a result of all the delays the column did not eventually leave Dita until 9 A.M. As first the path led across and then above the rice fields of the Apa Tani. Soon however began a long climb which in parts was steep. The jungle grew more and more dense until we reached the crest of the ridge to the west of Dita at a height of about 7,000 feet. From thence the path ran up and down following the crest line of the ridge but always in a north west direction. Our progress was slow as I did not know if the men of Licha were not on our path. I had no idea whether the Licha men, who obviously must have known through spies of our coming, would try to ambush us at some convenient spot in the thick jungle on both sides of the path. I had to beware of traps and pitfalls in the path itself. Would they attack us as we were making our camp for the night? Would they try a night attack? I did not know. I knew nothing of these people and the Apa Tani considered anything possible. Every precaution had therefore to be taken.

We reached camp on the Gondur river, a small stream flowing south west at about 2.30 P.M. In these short days it began to grow dark soon after 4 P.M. and though our march had been only about 3 or 4 miles, it had been strenuous enough and there was no other possible camp site near at hand. We at once set about making the perimeter. All porters were made to dump their loads and clear the surrounding jungle of the smaller trees and thick undergrowth. The camp site was far from good as there was little level

ground and the camp was overlooked from the north and south. Further the place was damp and marshy. However there was no other place and we had to make the best of it. The perimeter, a sort of *thorns* *in* *fron* of bamboo and sharpened stakes bound on a more solid timber fence, only served as a barrier against a sudden rush of mosquitoes but in the position we were in could afford no protection against arrows. Our tents were hardly up before it began to rain and a steady downpour continued until midnight. In the damp muddy camp site I was, I confess, rather apprehensive and miserable. Soon jungle ticks and leeches began to appear and were not too good for the morale of the porters. However fires were soon got going and with the ample, if damp, supply of wood were kept going all night. I was worried by ticks and leeches in the night. The camp had I had paid so much for at the Army and Navy Stores proved to be too low and it slowly began to sink into the mud. However by dint of placing brushwood underneath I managed to keep almost all the morning.

December 14th, 1944

1st Jungle Camp—2nd Jungle Camp (5,000 ft. approximately)

Distance—4 miles (approx.)

Direction—North West.

We awoke to a world of damp fog and dripping jungle and after a hurried meal camp was struck and we started off at 8 A.M. The evening before we had held a long consultation with Chige Nime. He said that from here there were two possible paths one to the south west of the ridge and one to the north east. The latter was longer but was easier for the porters. I inquired which was the more frequented path and he said the south westerly one. I had therefore chosen the north easterly route as being the less likely to be plagued with heavy traps.

A steep hill led up from the camp which the night's rain had rendered damaskily slippery. On our left we struggled up on a small bamboo fence with traps set at regular intervals in it. This I was told was an Apo Tami rat hunting ground. I was amazed at the labor the Apo Tami had expended in erecting this barrier, which must have been fully half a mile long, and which consisted of small bamboo stuck into the ground and touching each other. The height of the fence was about a foot. The Apo Tami catch quantities of rats which are skinned and smoked over their hearth until they are black. This form of delicacy is highly esteemed.

The way led upwards steadily in a north west direction through the jungle which seemed to become more and more thick every yard we advanced made it impossible for us to find our bearings. That we were expected even on this little used path became soon apparent for as a clearing in the jungle where it was rightly anticipated we would halt for a rest we encountered the first *pa* *ya* and Kij Ebra, my youngest Apo Tami interpreter, received a bad wound in his foot. From then on the whole way to the next camp the jungle was encountered and before we reached camp we had had several casualties. Some of these were old showing that for some time Licha had tried to discourage the use of this path which was still theoretically in the Apo Tami country. That this form of discouragement was effective soon became apparent for the path became more and more overgrown and difficult to follow. Soon it proved out altogether and our advanced guard guides had to hack a path through undergrowth which at first was mixed with a difficult trailing bamboo and, as we began to descend again, an even more impassable form of high trailing bracken fern.

To my anxious enquiries at the afternoon were as to how far the next camp site was it was always the same answer "One more mile" (I quickly realized of course that the local tribesman has no idea of measuring distance. He measures by the number of *hi*-crossing places—on the path. Finally I saw that a decision must at once be made if we were not to be brought and I resolved to halt and pitch camp at the first reasonably possible place. However it was not until after four that a possible site was reached. It had rained several times during the day and the jungle was dripping but there was no alternative and every porter and man of the Assam Rifles was immediately put on to felling the trees and cutting and clearing the undergrowth. I was agreeably surprised to discover how quickly some 200 men with *hubs* and *das* could clear a sufficient space in the dense jungle to pitch a camp, and surprisingly soon the space was cleared, trees planted, shelters for the Assam Rifles and porters constructed and stores and kit stored for the night. I dispersed with my perimeter as nothing but an elephant could have forced its way through the surrounding jungle to reach us and surprise would have been impossible with double entries on all four sides of the clearing. As soon as our fire were lit we heard drums of defiance from the valley below us. The men of Licha were evidently on the *pa* *ya* and were in a noisy mood. They however kept their distance and I was satisfied that it was most improbable that they would attempt a night attack and confident that if they did *—* such an attempt would be impossible. The weather cleared as dusk deepened into night and though wet and tired we did have a dry night.

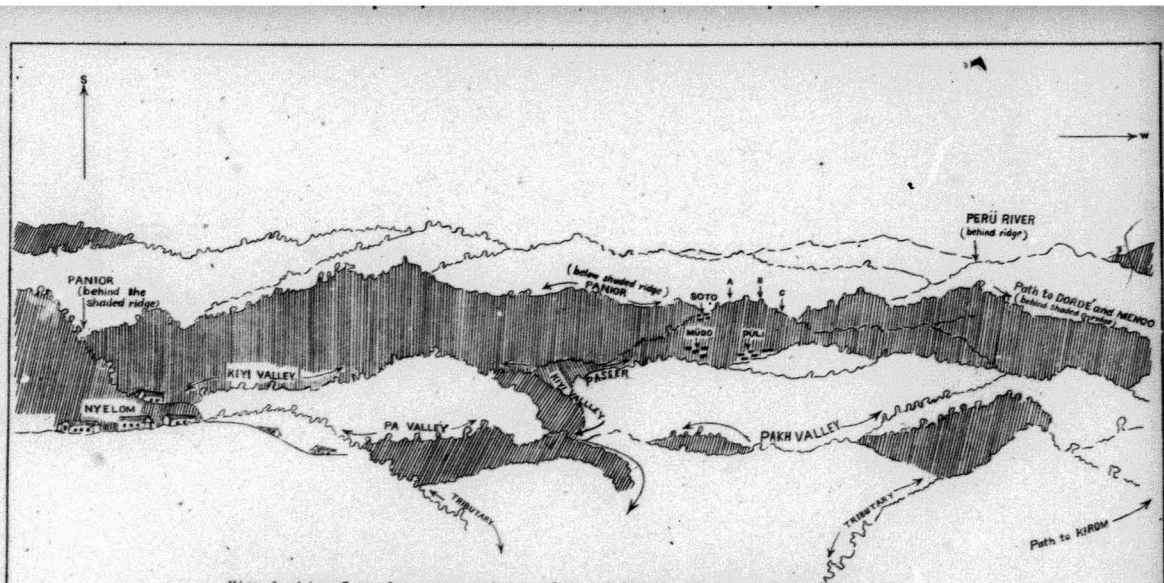
December 15th.

2nd Jungle Camp—3rd Jungle Camp Biji and back.

Distance—Camp to Camp—3 miles. 2nd Camp to Biji—3 Miles.

Direction—To 2nd Camp North West, 2nd camp to Biji West.

My plan was to strike camp at first light and get down to a suitable site near the river and make a new camp there. As soon as a perimeter had been made the *pa* *ya* and the porters would have their meal. I would then leave one section in the camp with fifty armed porters to complete the defensive arrangements and myself take three sections and the remainder of the porters without loads to the first settlement of Licha and this is what I did. Chige Nime pointed out an excellent camp site beside the *Pa* *River*, a tributary of the *Kiji*, and there a perimeter was made. The camp site was cleared and after a heavy meal we started the Biji at 11 A.M. The path followed the northern bank of the *Pa* *stream* and *—* through heavy undergrowth and high elephant grass. Our progress was cautious as the Biji *—* were about and we could see the high grass moving up on the ridges as they retired before us. Only very occasionally did we catch a fleeting glimpse of a figure slipping through the bushes. I confess we were all color on edge because none of us had any idea what the Licha men were intending to do and we were ignorant of the country and what lay before us. However we pushed on as fast as we could, first up a small spur and then down to ford a stream which proved to be the upper branch of the *Kiji* *River*, a pretty brooding stream flowing over golden gravel



View looking S.W. from Camp between BAGI and KIROM, DECEMBER, 17TH 1944.

Explanation:- A - Behind Shaded ridge - TAKHO (LIKHA-TEJI'S SETTLEMENT)
 B - " " " " and across PANIOR - PEGABARI (LIKHA TEM and LIKHA TANA)
 and EMBINKOTA.
 C - " " " " BENTAM (LIKHA EKHIN and LIKHA TABIA'S SETTLEMENT).

The furthest Horizon to the South (Beyond the PANIOR) is about Sixteen miles away as the crow flies (not as we walk) NYELOM is about 3 miles from our position.

The path now turned in a circle from north-west to south-west and we climbed through abandoned *haus* until we came to some particularly thick undergrowth in a narrow, slippery and enclosed valley. On the way up out of this defile we found the *Bligi* village was *pus* place which consisted of a bamboo lattice on which the heads of a dog and a pig were impaled. This, it was explained, was the formal declaration of war and that the place at which such a *pus* was made was the one selected for an attack. I must say I admired the tactical skill with which the place had been chosen as from every aspect it favored the attack and prevented us from making full use of our weapons. However there was no sign of hostilities and I can only conclude that on seeing our numbers discretion had proved the better part of valor. Later crossing a high *pus* field I came across an outcrop of black rock very like the surface outcrops of coal I had been shown in the Tiliher coal fields in Tiliher State in Orissa. However there was no time for investigation and we pushed on. After turning the shoulder of a spur running down from the high ridge in a south-west direction we emerged upon the cup-like clearing of *Bligi* settlement. The *Apa Tanis* had spoken with truth when they said the place was impossible for them to attack.

Bligi with its fields and water lay in a hollow amid the higher forest clad hills. Each long house was situated on a bare slope with steep sides and for an ordinary tribal raiding party the place was virtually impregnable. After the advanced guard had gone forward we moved down to the first house, a long typical *Dalla* structure with its grain stores all around. As soon as we arrived I realized we were up against a problem. Our men only remained in the village and from what he imagined to be a safe distance across a valley he showed defiance at us and almost dared us to approach further. There was not the slightest semblance of repentance in his attitude and I could not but help admiring his vehemence and oratory. I instructed the interpreter to reply that we had come to make a settlement and that all the *headmen* must come at once and that I promised them a safe conduct. The emissary replied that they had all gone and that we should go away at once. We argued and explained at the tops of our voices at some 300 yards rise but he would not listen to any reason and eventually he too went over the brow of the hill and disappeared. Anxiously I ordered flank and rear guards out and told every one to wait. What were the *Licha* men intending to do? I thought of the possibilities. It all depended on their character, numbers and leadership. Were they playing for time in order to ambush and attack us? Would they come in? Were they proposing to ignore us and leave the village to us? That would be awkward. We waited for half an hour. Nothing happened. It was now after 3 p. m. Cooksey and I agreed that it would be impossible to send back two sections to strike the camp, collect the loads, distribute them once more to the porters and return here. In these short days it would be dark before they could arrive back. To retire and do nothing would be a signal of defeat. To stay without a camp was impossible. *Licha* had adopted the policy of allowing us to hit at thin air, a clever maneuver. They had refused all our efforts at negotiation and had met us with scorn and defiance. Here was the test. All eyes were upon us. All other villages were awaiting the outcome. What was Government going to do? If it did nothing then there was no need to worry about the *Sepoys* who did them no harm. All they had to do was to run away until the *Sahibs* had gone and then revert to their old raiding. Government could do them no harm, so there was no need to pay any attention to them. I was therefore reluctantly forced to give orders to burn five houses and for disobedience of Government orders, but for open defiance of Government. The far end and upper part of the village was left including the house, a big one, of *Toko Bati's* youngest wife's family. Having burned the five houses we retired again to the camp on the *Pai River* which we found ready and fully prepared. In the village before retiring we had found an old woman and had dined into her that Government had no desire for war with *Licha* but that *Licha* must come to terms and attend a *Mad* with the *Apa Tanis*. We had treated her kindly and had given her cigarettes and told her that we were coming back on the morrow and that the *headmen* must come and discuss reparations for their past raids.

December 16th, 1944

Red Jungle Camp (4,500 ft. approx.)—*Bligi* (5,000 ft. approx.)

Distance	...	5 miles (Approx.)
Direction	...	West.

All the way back to the camp yesterday and during the night we had neither seen nor heard anything of the *Licha* people. What did it all portend? Though I was learning by experience I was worried. At dawn we broke our camp and with two sections I and the Special Officer went forward again to *Bligi* in the hopes that yesterday's lesson would make the defiant *Bligi* men see sense. Cooksey with the remaining two Sections and the porters went to follow us. We left camp at 7 a. m. and arrived on a commanding knoll on the ridge between *Bligi* and *Kirom* at 9 a. m. After yesterday's experience I could not escape a feeling of anti-climax. For a time we sat watchfully upon the knoll waiting, *Sgt. Mr. Micauber*, for something to turn up. We were not disappointed for shortly a detachment from *Kirom* led by *Licha* *Redha* arrived and said that the *headmen* of *Kirom* would visit us in the evening and would bring *Nani Lili*, one of the two remaining *Apa Tanis* of the six captured men, with them. *Epy Apa Tanis* had already managed to make good their escape and that afternoon while we were busy engaged in building the perimeter, a fifth, a *Gute* woman of the *Reru* *lajang* of *Beia* village, also arrived in Camp having got away from *Kirom* that day.

As we sat waiting for the detachment we discussed plans and alternative possibilities, but the evening brought no detachment from *Kirom* and it was clear that they were holding us off with false promises in order to gain time to evacuate anything of any value from their settlement, to remove their stores of grain and their livestock. They were evidently quick to learn our methods and to devise means of foiling our plans. The destruction of a house is of little material consequence to a *Dalla*, for in a day or two, with unlimited timber at his door he can repair the damage. The loss of position on the other hand was serious. The impregnable *Licha* which had for so long enjoyed ascendancy in these hills and which had never, in living memory, been attacked by the *Apa Tanis*, had fallen, and the warrior, who for decades had terrorized the countryside, had fled instantaneously from the jungle without offering any resistance. Evidently cunning and guile is the *Dalla's* strong suit. Unlike the *Raga*, who will defend his village with courage as at *Panghul*, and, on being defeated, will come in and discuss matters frankly, the *Dalla* vanishes perhaps in await a more favourable opportunity. However, I was worried. Militarily I suppose I had gained the upper hand but it had been a barren victory. Politically, on the other hand, no progress whatever had been made. However, even though at *Licha* itself no constructive progress had been made, the land as a whole had been given a demonstration of the power and determination of Government. If *Licha* can do nothing against the *Sepoys* who can withstand them? As I got into my sea-bag I wondered what the morrow would bring.

December 17th, 1944

Bâgi (5,000 ft approx.)—Kiron (5,000 ft approx.) and back.

Distance	6 miles approx.
Direction	West.

We were up early but still there was no move on the part of Kiron. Licha Rebla had been sent back to Kiron the day before with the instructions to tell the headmen that we did not wish to make war against them; that Government however insisted that they must come and meet us and make a deal and that Nani Lali must be released at once. While we were having breakfast and were debating what had happened Licha Rebla again appeared with the news that the headmen would arrive that evening. This was so obvious a time saving manoeuvre that I gave orders for an immediate advance to Kiron taking the commissaries with me. If Bâgi had been formidable Kiron was impotent. Three bare spurs with steep sides ran down from the high wooded range to the north. At intervals on these ridges were situated the long houses of the Licha marauders. To my inexperienced eye their wealth and power seemed to be revealed by the size and stumber of granaries each house possessed. Each Dâma house is in reality a small community on its own. In it there may live a number of inter-related families each occupying its own hearth.

We first came down the hill from the North-East to the house of Licha Sera and from this vantage point we could look down upon the three spurs on which were situated the other 17 houses of the settlement. From our position we could see groups of men standing in an uncertain attitude discussing our arrival and women hurrying away from the granaries with bulks loaded with grain. How true we had been in our estimation that Kiron was merely playing for time. The Dâmas obviously knew nothing of the range of a rifle for they stood or sat in a comparatively unconcerned manner sure in the belief that at any sign of an advance from us, they could easily slip away to the security of the jungle. A long period of argument ensued, we on our side using every art of persuasion to induce the headmen to come to us and discuss matters, and they, on their part, meeting our demands with denials that any headmen remained in the village. Finally a villainous looking old man came to our position. He was dressed in rags and wore no hat and carried no *dao*. His obvious intention was to try and demonstrate his poverty. Enquiries however elicited the fact that he was none other than Licha Saha, the owner of one of the largest houses in the village, and, before advancing years had put an end to his activities, one of the most notorious raiders of the whole area. The Apa Tani said that he was now one of the most influential headmen in the village councils and was the brains behind many a raid. Despite his record and obvious duplicity we had to employ him as a negotiator. I began once more explaining my object in coming to Licha and what Government required of the village. To all my questions he replied with an emphatic 'che ma' (I don't know). He countered all my suggestions that he should negotiate with the other headmen by saying that he had no influence whatever in village councils and could not induce the village headmen to come and meet us. However he did indulge in a great deal of shouting of an unconvincing kind which produced no visible results. It appeared to be a deadlock, so I gave orders that the whole force should advance to the central spur. At that moment appeared another old man of a very different cast of countenance. His name was Toho Tatan and I at once nicknamed him Sir John Simon owing to his Mongolian resemblance to that statesman. He too carried on a long oration to the groups of men across the valley with equally negative results. So we advanced to the central spur and waited there until 3 p. m. without achieving anything. The Licha headmen with their black records and guilty consciences had all fled up the spurs into the jungle and through glasses we could see them fervently watching the progress of events from their safe asylums. I seemed to have come up against a brick wall. It was useless waiting longer as Licha showed no signs of thinking of coming to terms. I could actually see through glasses groups of young men discussing the position and laughing at our inability to force any decision. I therefore told Licha Saha and Sir John Simon that we were going back to our camp and that we would come back in the morning. In the interval they must meet the other headmen and tell them that unless they came to discuss matters with us in the morning I would consider it as a further act of defiance to Government and, though reluctant to do so, I should be forced to burn their village as well. They replied as usual that they were of no account in the village councils and professed their inability even to meet the other headmen. They finally however agreed to pass on my message and leaving it at that point we returned home to our camp at Bâgi.

December 18th, 1944

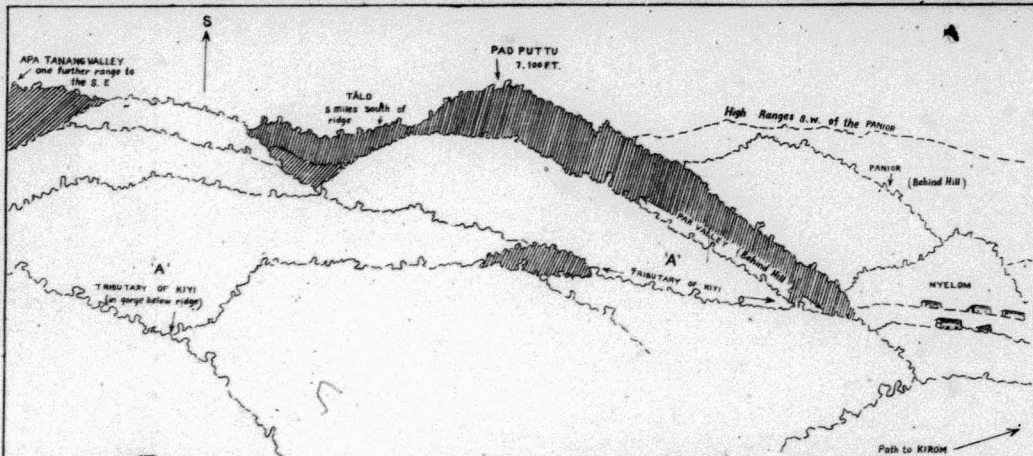
Bâgi (5,000 feet approx.)—Kiron (5,000 feet approx.) and back.

and

Bâgi (5,000 feet approx.)—Nyelom (4,250 feet approx.)

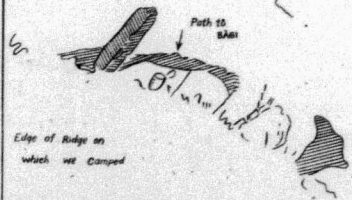
Distance	(1) 6 miles Approx.
			(2) 3 miles Approx.
Direction	(1) East-West.
			(2) South.

With two sections and interpreters only we again set out at 7 A. M. on a clear, cold morning, for Kiron. Again we halted at Licha Sera's house and again the same farce took place. The warriors and young men of the village sat outside their houses and Licha Saha in the same rags came forward and again made a great show of trying to persuade his fellow villagers to come to us. The headmen could, as yesterday, be seen walking up the spurs to the jungle and though we shouted to them they took no notice. At this juncture Licha Saha's son Licha Tani, and another tough looking young man, Nyelom Tani, appeared and added to the shouting with equally negative results. This could go on no longer for Government was being made to look ridiculous. I would not have minded this if only I could have achieved some results but it seemed to me clear that the only result that had been achieved was to show the Licha people that we were impotent against their manoeuvre. We could, of course, have opened fire on individuals but this was unthinkable despite the fact that this arrogant raiders with their long record of crimes only understood force. But quite apart from the futility of such a course and the inhumanity of killing persons ignorant of the effect of rifle fire, what good would it have done? I was seeking a constructive, peaceful and long-term settlement and the application of such force, quite apart from its barbarity, would not have produced any constructive solution. I was in a dilemma. Here again to have retired without doing anything would have been an admission of defeat and the result of such an admission would probably have had disastrous results upon the prestige of Government in their hills. My director moreover had instructed me to effect a settlement between Licha and the Apa Tani. The Apa Tani, upon whose good will I was largely dependent, were thirsting for revenge and were urging me to destroy both Bâgi and Kiron and everyone in the villages. Unless I did something the Apa Tani would conclude that Government was either unwilling to help them or was incapable of doing so and would probably refuse to assist us with matters any longer.



View looking S.W from Camp between BĀGI - KIROM 17/12/44.

Explanation: - all hills covered with heavy jungle
 The path from BĀGI-NYELOM follows 'A' (Tributary of KIYI) 5 miles as we go.
 The path from NYELOM-TALO follows long spur and over crest of PAD PUTTU & then 5.1 miles further to the South. Distance from NYELOM to top of PAD PUTTU about 3.5 miles as one walks (very steep).



Edge of Ridge on which we Camped



View looking S.W. from Camp between BARI and KIRON, DECEMBER, 17TH 1944.

Explanation:- A - Behind Shaded ridge - TAKHO (LIKHA-TEJI'S SETTLEMENT)

B - " " " " and across PANIOR - PEGABARI (LIKHA TEM and LIKHA TAMA and HEBINKOTA.

C - " " " " EENTAM (LIKHA EKHIN and LIKHA TABIA'S SETTLEMENT).

The furthest Horizon to the South (Beyond the PANIOR) is about sixteen miles away as the crow flies (not as we walk) MYELON is about 3 miles from our position.

I therefore told Licha Saha that my patience was exhausted and that he must go back to his friends and tell them that if they did not come in to discuss matters within half an hour I would understand from their attitude that they preferred war with Government to peace, and that not only would I burn their village but would also do so every year until they came to their senses. Licha Saha went off leaving his son and Nyelom Taria as hostages. I explained that as Nani Liki had not been returned as promised by the negotiators who had come with Licha Saha, I had no option but to keep them until the captured man had been returned. Twenty minutes passed and nothing happened. The men in the village stood with arms folded in an attitude of defiance. We reminded them that there were only 10 minutes to go; still with no result. When the half hour was up I gave orders for five houses to be burned. The 18 houses in the village are owned by:—

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Licha Sera. | 2. Gemi Pumbo | 3. Licha Tékhi. |
| 4. Licha Tehu. | 5. Toho Panya. | 6. Leua Tagam. |
| 7. Licha Saha. | 8. Licha Heli. | 9. Licha Serbé. |
| 10. Licha Bute. | 11. Nyelom Rucho. | 12. Nyelom Serbé. |
| 13. Lisi Fenyé. | 14. Licha Tana. | 15. Toko Topu and Toko Talo. |
| 16. Nyelom Serbé (2). | 17. Toko Tatom. | 18. Khóda Kójum. |

The houses which were burned belonged to the men with the blackest records as reported by the Apa Taria. These were those of Gemi Pumbo, Licha Tékhi, Licha Telo, Toko Panya and Leua Tagam. Licha Saha was told that his house had been spared as he had come forward as a potential negotiator.

It might possibly be argued that had I carried out paragraph 4 of my directive and obeyed my orders by posting an out-post of the Assam Rifles in Licha the village would have been forced, eventually, to have come to terms, and that by burning five houses without first of all referring the matter to Shillong, I had been guilty of a deliberate disregard of my orders. To the first criticism there are several answers. In the first place the village was never empty. The men and women were there and indeed on some occasions, apart from keeping a weather eye on us, went about their normal avocations. Only the guilty headmen had left and even if the Sections had been camped near there was nothing to prevent the headmen returning at night to sleep in their houses. Our every movement was constantly being watched and at any sign of an advance into the village all that would have been necessary was for the headmen to have gone to the jungle until we had gone again. The fields of the villages were scattered throughout the surrounding jungle and it would have been impossible, with the force at my disposal, to have exerted any economic pressure on the villagers by preventing them from cultivating. The winter is the non-cultivating season and had it been possible for us to have remained in Licha for the whole year to the abandonment of the remainder of the programme, the villagers would merely have cut fresh grass elsewhere. As time went on and the Sections took no offensive action against the village I have no doubt whatever that the fugitives would have returned and the out-post would have brought to pressure to bear at all unless it was possible for some soldiers move to have been made in which case either myself or the Special Officer would have had to be present with interpreters.

Secondly, if two Sections had been posted in Licha, the L of C through thick jungle in, as it were, enemy territory would have invited an attack on our supply convoys. This would have necessitated the detachment of two further Sections as escort to enemy convoys, again to the abandonment of the remainder of our work, for we should then have had no escorts left. After weighing up the pros and cons very carefully I realised that it would, at this stage, be impossible to establish such an out-post in hostile territory dependent as it would be on a vulnerable and tenuous L of C.

To the second criticism I would say in my defence that the directive put me in an impossible position. From Licha to Dita is a three days journey. From Dita to Joyhing is a further seven days, and even if the unreliable postal service between Joyhing and Shillong were at its best it would take at least four days from Joyhing to Shillong. It would therefore at the most optimistic calculation take a month for a reply to reach me from Shillong. Was I expected to camp inactive outside Licha in the midst of potentially hostile territory with 160 Apa Taria porters to feed while a decision, which could only be based on the report I submitted, was reached in Shillong as to whether I was justified in taking punitive action against Licha or not?

The managers of Licha and Likha have, as long as memory lasts, terrorised the smaller villages of the Dita and Apa Taria country. Unless these bullies and murderers and extortioners are taught a lesson, no pacification, as I have already pointed out, will be possible. Conscious therefore as I am that the directive handed to me at Cherrapunji emanated from His Excellency, I trust that my position in Licha will be both understood and appreciated, and, as equally impossible situations may well arise in the future, I respectfully suggest that my discretion and authority and local responsibility in dealing with situations as they arise in this unmappped, unknown and hitherto unexplored country may not be fettered by the necessity of obtaining prior sanction from His Excellency for any decisive action I may have to take with an inevitable delay of over a month in each case.

From our camp between Bégi and Kiron we could see the village of Nyelom on a flat spur to the South of our position. Yesterday evening I had sent messengers to Nyelom informing them that I intended paying them a friendly visit. After burning the five houses we therefore returned, at 11-30 A.M., to Bégi and at once started for Nyelom. In our absence at Kiron the camp had been struck and all loads were packed and ready for our departure. The first part of our journey lay in the valley of the upper waters of a branch of the Kiri river. We crossed and recrossed this stream several times by felling trees across to serve as bridges. In the valley the jungle was thick except where secondary jungle had grown up on old grass. As we climbed out of the valley we saw, on looking back, that the Licha villagers were burning the remains of our last camp which was incidentally largely constructed of their own timber! This we were told was a symbolic act to show what would happen to us if we returned.

On crossing into sight of Nyelom we set down and set forward emissaries inviting them of our good-will and peaceful intentions and after a certain amount of hesitation we were met near the village and were taken to a poor camp site just short of the nearest houses. Water was the main problem, it being scarce, dirty, and somewhat far away. The Nyelom people evidently prefer the security of their bare, steep-sided spur, and the discomfort of having to go a long way for their water, to a less easily defended position near a good water supply. As Nyelom is situated at an equal distance from Licha and Likha this is hardly surprising. Nyelom is a big village situated on a spur which runs down from North-East to South-West. The village cannot be more than five miles almost due South of Kiron. As far as I could see there were some 17 houses in the village. Our arrival had obviously put the people in a quandary. They had, of course, seen the houses of Licha burning across the valley and, despite our emissaries' propitiation, were aware of our intentions. Finally however a charming woman came down to our camp and led me by the hand to the house of Nyelom Sera, a long well-built structure sitting about 11 benches inside. Nyelom Sera was away at the time in Likha on business. I thought it best not to enquire too closely what his business might be,

However we were hospitably entertained with 'opoh' (millet beer) and I explained once more at length why the houses of Licha had been burned and said that it was not the Sircars' wish to make war against anyone. All that was insisted on was that raiding, killing, and the capturing of slaves should cease, so that small villages need not live in terror of their lives. I said we wished to see justice done and for all and intended to hold a *Mel* in the near future either at Jiron or Toho and that as they were at the moment friendly with Licha they should explain matters to the headmen of Bāgi, Tabā and Kiron. My audience all agreed that Licha had a bad reputation and had acted wrongly in defying Government and said that they would do what they could. We distributed cigarettes, matches and small presents in the hope that the word would get round that, provided they were given a friendly reception, the Government party were friendly enough. After some more conversation we left in an atmosphere of cordiality.

December 19th, 1944

Nyelom (4,250 feet approx.)—Tokū (4,500 feet approx.)
 Distance 9 miles (approx.).
 Direction South-East.

Reveille was at 4-30 A.M. and we finally started out soon after 7 A.M. All the guides said that it was a long and tiring march and so it proved to be. From Nyelom we descended into a small, steep sided valley and thence for a short way up a small stream bed. Soon however we climbed out of the valley and struck almost due South up a long hill slope at first through secondary jungle and *plum* and then up and up through virgin jungle which seemed to thin out gradually as we ascended. It was a stiff climb and we did not reach the saddle which formed the watershed between the Kiyi and the Pein river systems until after 12 noon. On our way up we caught several glimpses of the snow far away to the North-West at a distance I should imagine of over 50 miles as the crow flies and possibly three weeks or more solid marching as we should have to go. The line of snow appeared above a narrow ridge of considerable height.

It will be as well at this point to digress a little and discuss the topography of the country through which we had passed. At Dita we had walked off the Western edge of the map and so we could only base our calculations on conjecture. In these high jungles it was a rare event to get much view and my only aid had been a small compass which I had managed to borrow, my own old prismatic compass having been handed over to the Army in 1940. From Dita to the third Jungle Camp our direction was in general North-West. From that camp to Bāgi and Kiron the direction was due West and from Bāgi in Nyelom the direction was due South. As we had progressed along the high ridge on the 18th and 19th December we saw an equally high ridge to the North-East of us and were told that between our route and the ridge to the North-East of us flowed a tributary of the Kiyi river which, as shown in Map Sheet 83E, flows into the Pein River. However on the other side of the ridge along which we had advanced was a third ridge to the South-West of us so that we were on the crest of three almost parallel ranges. Between our ridge and the one to the South-West flowed another tributary of the Kiyi River. Further between Jungle Camp 3 and Bāgi we had found a stream which was said to be the upper waters of the Kiyi. In fact all the valleys around Bāgi and Kiron are part of the Kiyi River system. To reach Bāgi and Kiron from Dita we had travelled some 25 to 35 miles in a North-West direction and yet were still in the Kiyi basin. It seems clear therefore that the square C.2. of the map sheet 83E is incorrect and that the Pein river from the village marked Pāi Pinch in Square C.3. to its supposed source is wrongly mapped. Where now the course of the Pein is mistakenly marked on the map should be the Kiyi river system and it is clear that the high ridge running horizontally across Square C.3. is bounded by the Kiyi river somewhere between points 8100 and 7500 and that this range does not form the Northern watershed of the Kiyi river. I suggest that Nyelom village lies about 2 or 3 miles North-West of point 7500 and that Bāgi settlement of Licha lies some five miles North of Nyelom and Kiron some 2½ to 3 miles due West of Bāgi. It must be remembered that in calculating Toho as 9 miles from Nyelom our path from Nyelom at first ran almost due South and then after reaching the crest of the hill features known as Pāi Pūn turned East. As the crow flies, and on the map, the distance would not be more than 6 or 7 miles which would make the position of Nyelom correct as described above.

The village of Tokū, which I discovered should be called Tālo, is the largest Dita village I have so far seen. There must be well over 30 houses in this picturesque place. It is obviously a wealthy village which is surprising as the whole area comprising the Pein River and its many small tributaries gives the impression of being poor, exhausted land. Everywhere *plum* appears to have been carried out with too short a cycle of rotation so that from Mai right across the wide bowl of the Pein river system to the hills North-West of Tālo the rejuvenating jungle has apparently disappeared and everywhere is grass. I am not however certain that this apparent poverty is either real or man made. On our way down from the high range that separates Nyelom from Tālo I was aware of a change in the geology of the land. Instead of micaceous shales and clays I had found quartzite granite and quartz gravel. It is possible therefore that this area never possessed the natural fertility of the neighbouring river valleys and that once the jungle was on the soil had not the same power of rejuvenation. However that may be the village of Tālo has all the signs of prosperity. Having passed through the village we found a good but small camp site just North-East of the village itself. On our arrival we were met by a somewhat apprehensive crowd consisting mostly of women and small boys. Hearing the deputation was Toho Yoyom, the able and intelligent wife of Toho Bāi, the leading man of the village. Toho Bāi had been a bit of a mystery man to us. Last year when the Fluoridherb were in the Apo Yari country they had met Toho Yoyom who had visited them but Bāi had always remained aloof. This year too, on December 7th, Toho Yoyom had visited us at Dita and on being asked why Toho Bāi had not accompanied her had replied that he was too old to make the journey. On the arrival of Yoyom therefore we at once asked for Toho Bāi only to be told as usual that he was away. We therefore refused Yoyom's proffered *opoh* and said we could not drink with her until Toho Bāi came to visit us. Our runner had it that he was in Licha while others denied this and said that as he had never been to the plain and had never seen a Sabih he was frightened. However as he was a man of great wealth and importance judged by Dita standards I was determined to meet him. Toho Bāi is something of a phenomenon in this war-torn land. He is reported never personally to have taken part in any raid nor, it is said, has Tālo itself been raided during his ascendancy in village councils. I rather suspect however that the real basis and force of character is supplied by Yoyom. Such a man with apparently few enemies, with wealth, power and wide-spread influence could however be of the greatest assistance and I was therefore anxious that we should meet. Yoyom said that he was expected back shortly and promised a meeting as soon as he returned.

As Tālo was neutral territory so to many warring villages I consider that it will be a suitable place for a grand *Mel* where villages with feuds and rival claims can come and discuss matters in safety under the protection afforded by the Sircar. I therefore decided that a 'doughnut' should be held in Tālo starting on January 1st and lasting possibly for ten days. We discussed matters and I came to the conclusion that it

would be a good thing to select two sites sufficiently far from the village for the establishment of a camp for ourselves and lines for the Assam Rifles. It was arranged that Haimendorf and two sections of the court should leave tomorrow and that Conroy and myself should follow with the remainder of the Assam Rifles and the porters on the 22nd or 23rd. We could then have a few days' rest and reorganisation after our trip. Haimendorf could deal with the remaining problems for January in Dêta and I would make preliminary arrangements for the rest and would select the camp sites and would consolidate our position as far as possible with the Dêtas of Tâlo.

December 20th, 1946

Hait Tâlo

After making the final payments to the Dêta porters Haimendorf left for Dêta with all the Apa Tani at about 11-30 A.M. In the afternoon Conroy and I reconnoitred the neighbourhood for a suitable semi-permanent camp site. We found suitable sites on two adjoining knolls and I arranged with some Tâlo men for 600 bamboos to be cut and brought in from the jungle, a distance of some three miles, the price being Rs. 5 per 100. This is not high as in this particular vicinity bamboo are scarce. In the meantime the Assam Rifles were shown the site and were told to clear it and 'build a perimeter'. The more I explore the area the more favourably impressed am I with it as a future possible permanent post for the Assam Rifles. In the first place Tâlo occupied a very central position for this 'Panor valley region'. From it all parts of the Apa Tani country are within one day's march. Mâi, Pô, Pôch, Lâj, Yoi Jâi (Hâie Yan on the map) and Nyelom can all be reached in one day. Licha, Lîkha, Pîé and, to the North, Lîm are all within two days' march of Tâlo. Further being away from the jungle the place is not unhealthily. From enquiries I have made I learn that malaria is unknown; that dengue fever occurs only occasionally in the rains and that leeches are fewer here than elsewhere. The slopes face South and are well drained and the sun of the Assam Rifles pronounce the air and water as being particularly good and seem to prefer the place to Dêta where their camp is rather crowded. Above all, if, as I believe will be the case, the essential motor road for the opening up of this area follows the Panor Valley the local communications will be easy, for the wide, grassy valley of the Pôch will present no difficulty and the granite rock substrata will provide excellent road making material. On my reconnaissance I saw a long gently sloping spine backed by a good area of forest which I believe will prove an ideal situation for as much as a Battalion of Assam Rifles and I intend to visit the place tomorrow.

In the evening Bâi Heli, my Dêta interpreter, informed me that Toko Bâi had returned and that now would be a suitable time to see him. Taking his advice and anxious as I was to make Toko Bâi's acquaintance I went down to the village to Toko Bâi's house, a long barrack of a place 76 paces from one door to the other. On my arrival pandemonium broke loose inside, so I stopped and made enquiries only to be informed that Toko Bâi could not, or would not, see me. I replied from without that this surely was hardly the way in which a 'Dongar Nyose' (a great headman) should treat visitors and that I was going away as he was clearly in a cheerful mood and that I would return in the morning by which time I hoped he would have remembered both his manners and status.

December 21st, 1946

Hait Tâlo

It was not long before the effect of my remarks of last night became apparent, for early this morning Toko Yoyem and Toko Henda, Toko Bâi's eldest son, came with many apologies saying that Toko Bâi had not been well the night before. They said that he had now recovered and asked me to accompany them to their house. So taking an interpreter and two brass bowls as a preliminary present with me I went off again to Toko Bâi's house.

At the far end of the verandah was a large retinue of people and seated on the floor of this sort of court was Toko Bâi looking rather sheepish. I must say I was somewhat disappointed. Toko Bâi is a well built man just beginning to grey around the temples; but somehow he did not look the part. He did not strike me as being the great man he was said to be. From my talks with him I found him a simple, gentle fellow but seemingly not burdened with many brains or possessing much character. His power apparently lies in his great wealth and reputation for peaceful living. Frequently he is employed as a 'ha' (negotiator) in inter-clan and inter-village disputes and feuds and it is for this reason that he occupies such a unique position. I felt however that perhaps this Toko Bâi-Yoyem combination might prove to be of value to me in cracking the outer shell of the basic problem of how we were going to induce this independent, democratic and yet extremely war-like people to settle their disputes by arbitration rather than by force and live in peace with one another. For without peace there could be no prosperity and without increasing prosperity there could be no real, self-inspired progress. Without the desire for peace the task of the administrator will for ever be complicated and distracted by the elementary, and overwhelming, necessity of trying the whole time to patch up the large and petty dissensions among the people. My start in these hills has, I consider, been unfortunate. Events have compelled me to take drastic action against the Biği and Kirom settlements of Licha. The disruptive power of Government has been demonstrated, but, apart from that, little has so far been accomplished: nothing constructive has yet been done. Here I felt my chance of accumulating something lasting and constructive. If I could see Toko Bâi and Yoyem in their traditional role of 'ha' not only for the surrounding areas but also for Government; if, in Tâlo, I could hold a *dingar mef* where Apa Tani and Dêtas from the Panor Valley, the Par, from Licha, Lîkha and Mêngo, could come in perfect safety and begin discussing the settlement of their many disputes, then a large and important area of country would begin to learn something of the advantages of internal peace. Our line of communication from Joyking northwards would also be more secure as the villages providing us with porters would be at peace with one another.

Toko Bâi and Yoyem were clearly destined for a difficult role. They might fail or prove to be too biased. The risk was however worth taking. I looked at the genial, simple Toko Bâi and wondered.

I began my speech carefully selecting my words and seeing that my interpreter understood my meaning before he spoke. I explained that it was the intention of Government to extend its influence and power permanently into these hills with the object of bringing peace to the people. I enlarged on the economic advantages which would follow such a move. I pointed to the present unhappy state of affairs where the smaller villages lived in fear and the larger ones preyed upon their smaller neighbours. Innocent persons were killed, villages were raided and laid waste, men and women were captured and sold into slavery and outlaws and vagabonds were stolen. This state of affairs was really to the advantage of none for even the powerful suffered reprisals. I held out before the audience the prospect of a peaceful land where progress and prosperity could be possible. It was a difficult task. It must be remembered that most of my audience had never seen even a plough and words such as road, motor, school, hospital and town conveyed

no mental picture to them at all. I think some of the younger men in the audience were far from happy. They did not understand this idea of peace. In an instinctive way they cherished their independence and looked askance at any idea that their traditional pastime of raiding should cease. Without the element of raid life would be dull, and anyway from their children's throats had always told them that it was their duty to obtain their revenge from their neighbours who had mistreated them in the past. If they transformed their words into pleasantries what would their uncles/aunts say? It was all very well for these strangers to talk but it would be better to withhold judgment until there was some tangible evidence to prove that peace and living quietly like women and old men really offered advantages which this white man promised. My talk had a mixed reception.

I then asked Toko Bili if he would consent to act as a large influential negotiator responsible for inviting the headmen of the villages in the area to come into Talo and hold a 'am'. I said that Government would consider him as the greatest and most influential man in the area and, if he succeeded, would reward him well.

At the end of my talk there was a buzz of animated conversation. Everybody doubted his opinion and small circles of men and women entered into vehement arguments some supporting my ideas and others ridiculing the whole suggestion. Toko Bili was at first rather overwhelmed by the magnitude of his task and said that he was unable to fulfill it. I think he was frightened that if he failed he would become the laughing stock of the countryside and his prestige would be damaged, but Toko Yoyon then took up the argument. Her authority was evident for when, in a quiet voice, she began speaking, everyone else remained silent. I think she was intelligent enough to realize that when I had said that Government intended to stay in the country I had meant what I said. True Sobhu had on two or three previous occasions visited the Apa Tani country, and the Miri Mission had, years before, visited the area of the Kamla, but there had been only passive expeditions and no one had visited the villages and spoken to the people in their houses. This was different. Yoyon has sufficient knowledge of the power of Government to realize the value of such a friendship, but at the same time she is a practical, hard-headed woman. The position was a delicate one. Toko Bili's expediency was based on a delicate balance of power and skilled use of tribal diplomacy. What if her husband should fail? What then would the attitude of Government be? Would they then abandon Toko Bili or would they continue to support him? If through his efforts he increased the loyalty of Lihia and Lihia would Government help him to defend himself? What was Government's ultimate intention in these hills? Were Government officers going to live permanently in this area and would the people stay here? All these questions were fired at me in a quiet and determined fashion by Yoyon.

I explained that Toko Bili and Yoyon were more likely to succeed than anyone else and that they could only do their best. Government would, in any case, be grateful to them for their efforts at arranging a 'am' and would continue to support them and, if possible, protect them from any casualties that their efforts might occasion. The eventual intention of Government was to come permanently into these hills and to open up the country and to bring peace to the whole area. They would build roads and bring prosperity to the country by preventing foreigners from exploiting the wealth of the land and by encouraging the people of these hills to trade and grow better crops and thus increase their own wealth. All this was however only possible if there was peace. Without the ending of all the feuds in the hills there could be no progress. Yoyon was apparently satisfied. Her mind was made up and with a dramatic flourish she said 'We will do our work. There shall be a 'am' in Talo and we will try and collect the headmen of the surrounding villages.'

I left the long house in an atmosphere of good will but with doubts in my mind if this couple would be able to do much. With hundreds of years of incessant raiding, robbery and violence behind them; with the extraordinarily detailed knowledge of feuds, stretching back through the years, which these hillmen possess; with an almost Hibonians aptitude for keeping green the hotly past; with all this, how could I expect quick results. It was foolish to believe that all the bad characters in the district would see the light and would at once abandon their raiding for the comparatively dull pursuit of peace. In Europe, even with our so-called civilization, with our religion and with the experience of peace behind us, we had found it impossible to prevent incessant and bloody wars. How then could I hope that this novel idea would be more popular and be received with universal acclaim in an isolated and savage society? I must not be impatient and hope for too much. But at any rate a start had been made. Who knows but that the 'am' at Talo in January 1946 may not become a landmark in local history. On the other hand it may go down to history as Government's first, and perhaps greatest, fiasco!

December 22nd, 1945

Halt Talo

I am becoming more and more taken with this place and believe that it will not be too difficult to bring up a motor road from the plains via Pite and the Panier and Pein Rivers to Talo. Looking at the map with all its blank spaces of unexplored territory, I can envisage a main artery of communication following the Panier and Kivi Valleys and going over the middle into the Pein River flowing North into the Kuru. Though such an undertaking will be expensive, if military and defensive considerations preponderate, this will eventually have to be undertaken. I am at present sending a book lent to me by an American officer. It is by Walter Lippmann who writes intelligently on America's relations with the other Powers in the post-war world. The book is entitled 'U. S. War Aims' but deals more with the preservation of the peace after the war than with the prosecution of the war itself. With regard to China I quote an extract which seems to me to be relevant. "If Owen Lattimore, who is a tried-and-true friend of China, is right in thinking that the new China of the future will not be along the coast and the Yangtze River but in the deep Western hinterland, that the industrialization of China 'will be firmly based in the heart of the country', then when China is freed from the Japanese menace she will be strategically independent of us (the U.S.A.). China's vital relations in foreign affairs will be with her neighbours on her land frontiers—with Russia, and eventually with India". Are we justified in hoping that these 'vital relations' will always remain pacific? If not are we justified in neglecting strategic precautions along this North-East Frontier of Assam?

The pacification of these hills and the extension of our administrative control will be impossible without communications. Once beyond the Apa Tani country, dependence upon tribal powers will be virtually impossible for any but the smallest expedition, for the villages are too small, too scattered and too hostile to each other to be in a position to provide the required number of men for any more than a single day's journey from their own homes. Tribesmen in the Kuru and Kamla valleys are said to be loath to travel far beyond their own village land. What I envisage is an advanced guard of protection consisting of small exploratory expeditions going forward primarily for reconnaissance and for making friendly contacts with the tribes further up in the hills and behind these advance parties the machinery of administration advancing with the road. Once roads and bridle paths are built the prevailing village isolation will gradually disappear, and, with the arrival of the permanent framework of an administration, improvements can be introduced and the blessings of peace and security, if not of civilization, will be appreciated.

to be another 2. that is to be on

I looked at the curious wrinkled, bowl-shaped valley of the Peta river with its low, grass-covered hills and my thoughts went ahead in the future. What lay in store for these primitive but likeable people? Were they destined for the evils of exploitation from the plains of Assam? Would the *land* and the money-lender extend his avaricious tentacles into these hills and erode even the measure of prosperity which now existed? Would the pleader, the petty Government official and the contractor baton on this side, or would Government, with the experience of past mistakes behind it, preserve these tribesmen from the defects of our administration in other parts of the country? Forest produce, fruit, vegetables, wool, hides and furs and other local produce, all these, with the advent of communications and improvements, will find their way down to the plains in exchange for iron, salt and the manufactured products of modern India. Could not this trade be controlled by Government who, on a co-operative basis, and cutting out the middleman's profit, could purchase the produce of these hills and could, through a Government agency, sell them in the plains thus removing the Marwari and the *Amias* and removing any danger of economic exploitation? This would be in keeping with the modern ideas of Government direction and partial control of industry.

So I thought as I climbed the spur to gain a vantage point. In my diary of the 13th December I had mentioned the inadvisability of keeping the Training Battalion of the Assam Rifles in the plains at Litcha. Here at Talo I think I have found an ideal place for a Training Centre for at any rate that portion of the Assam Rifles responsible for this portion of the Frontier. I realize, of course, that this is largely a matter of finance. I have no idea how much the Government of India are prepared to lay out on the framework of administrative control in these hills. I feel, however, that for many years to come an Armed police of some kind will be necessary in this area. In my opinion what is required is a force which would be something of a mixture between the Frontier Constabulary and the Frontier Irregular Corps on the North West Frontier. But whatever the form which this force will take I suggest that it be recruited from among the tribes found on the North-East Frontier. Thus will be created a body possessing a detailed knowledge of the topography of this difficult country and an intimate understanding of local tribal customs through daily contact with the tribesmen themselves.

December 23rd, 1946

Talo—Dita

Distance—6 miles Approx.

Direction—North East.

We broke camp at Talo and left for Dita at 9-05 A. M. I felt that we were entitled to a few days at our hill Headquarters for a Christmas rest and reorganization. I was particularly interested to see whether it would be possible eventually to build a bridle path and later a motor road from Talo to the Apa Tani country by following the existing path between the two areas.

As first our path ran along the right bank of the lovely Peta stream rushing down through its boulder strewn bed. Twenty minutes after leaving camp we crossed the stream and immediately started a steep climb up a spur running North East. Up to the river crossing there was clearly no difficulty for the road. As first I thought the spur would present a difficulty but on reaching the top of the hill and looking back I saw that by taking the road further up the valley and bringing it back South Westwards up the hill side the hill could be circumvented and the Dita path and the proposed track for the road would again meet at the edge of the jungle on the top of the spur. Once in the jungle the existing path runs along a level ridge and a narrow road could now be constructed along the line of the existing path with very little cutting and filling and with the construction of no more than one or two culverts. The road would follow the existing path for a further two miles almost due North until a point is reached where the present path drops steeply down a narrow spur into the rice lands of the Apa Tani. Here is clearly no way for a motor road for the only way one could get down the spur would be by a series of hairpin bends which in the soft clay of the hillside would be impossible. Although I had no time to go and reconnoitre, I believe that by following the ridge crest Northwards for another mile one could reach another larger and more gentle spur down which a road could be taken. This route would emerge into the Apa Tani valley North of Dita.

It was a great pleasure to get back to a roof over one's head again at Dita. I found the camp flourishing and the routine problems satisfactorily solved after such anxious thought.

December 26th, 1946

Halt Dita

It is very pleasant to get back to a roof again even if it is only a grass one. These bamboo bungalows however are not nearly as warm as a tent but it is a luxury to have one's few belongings around one once more and if one heaps the fire going in the hearth one manages to keep pretty warm. The day was spent in paying off porters checking stores, collecting blankets and ground sheets which had been issued to the Apa Tani who had accompanied us, and dealing with the correspondence which had accumulated since we had left. Office work however is difficult because one never has any privacy. There is always a crowd of inquisitive tribesmen outside one's hut wanting to tell or buy or see things and to the Apa Tani there is no such thing as the privacy of one's house. They just walk straight in. Dita has a peculiar raw cold all of its own and it is far colder here than it was in Talo.

Before I had left Dita for the trip to Litcha I had written to the Advisor to the Governor, Mr. Mills, saying that in my opinion it was going to be impossible to retain the permanent outpost at Dita. In the first place the Assam Rifles had no Medical Officer and it was impossible to expect one Sub-Assistant Surgeon, excellent though he was, to remain in the hills throughout the year without any leave and without the possibility of getting any sick men down to the nearest Hospital during the rains. In order to get up sufficient numbers for the Platoon for the summer months it would have been necessary to raise at least 400 extra tribal porters. Had we been given sufficient permanent porters it might have been possible, but even so with the present state of communications in this area the mere presence of a Platoon of Assam Rifles in Dita would have served no useful purpose, for in the rains they would have been immobilised. Before any post can permanently be retained in these hills it will also be necessary for better communications to be built for them. The temporary huts which they now occupy in Dita would be too cramped and too exposed to the weather during the months of the monsoon. So far I have had no reply to this letter but I presume that it will take sometime to come to a decision as the matter will have to be referred to the External Affairs Department in New Delhi.

December 25th, 1946—Christmas Day

Halt—Dita

This is the most extraordinary Christmas I have ever spent. The world of the Christmas festival seems to be so utterly divorced from the one in which I am living. Only the four of us, the Haimendorf, Cooksey and myself are at all conscious of the day and its meaning and even that to us is just a blessed memory. Only the cold acts as a continual reminder. It rained most of the day and the clouds were right down on top of the high pines outside the camp but we managed to have an extraordinarily good Christmas lunch with a tinned pudding, rum punch and Opyrit wine to recapture some of the spirit of the season.

December 26th, 1946

Halt—Dita

Christmas was but a short lived affair and today we were back at the interminable ration and porter problems. Here in the Apa Tani country with its dense population and compact villages the problems are not insoluble provided one takes sufficient trouble and devotes sufficient time to them, but how we are going to remain mobile in areas where villages are small and scattered is a problem which offers no easy solution. It must always be remembered that as long as we are dependent on tribal porters we are dependent upon the good will of the population for our stability. As long as we are so utterly dependent on their good will we cannot be expected to administer for we cannot collect any unpopular decisions or orders of Government. If Government control in these hills is to become permanent and real we must be able to act independently of the good will of the local headmen against whom it may be necessary to take action for inter-village raiding.

December 27th, 1946

Halt—Dita

As the weather had seemed yesterday to be on the mend we decided today to make an excursion to Donko, the 7,890 ft. peak, to the North East of Dita. On December 24th Kälappa, the Survey Officer, had gone up there to establish a survey station and had cleared the crest of jungle to enable him to make his observations. We thought therefore that we should be able to obtain a good view Northwards towards the Khru. Accordingly we left camp at 7 A.M. on a cold fine morning with the whole Apa Tani Valley, as usual, shrouded in a chilly fog. As we climbed, the lower slopes of the hill we could look down on the whole valley covered by a white quilt of billowing fog, the pine clad hilltops standing out like islands in a stretching sea. We reached the top of the hill just before 10-30 A.M. and found Kälappa busy with his work. Even as the top of the hill encumbered trees and ancient rhododendrons had had to be cut down and the matted bamboo undergrowth had had to be cleared before any view could be obtained. Kälappa informed us that we had arrived half an hour too late but even so we obtained an awe-inspiring glimpse of the main Himañaya range. The lower ranges, line upon line, were mostly hidden in swirling cloud. Behind them, here and there, clear against the pale blue winter sky stood out the sharp, jagged peaks of dazzling white snow. Kälappa pointed out the two highest Myogyi Kanang (22,120 ft.) and Cimmo (22,700 ft.) and said that both were either in Tibet or near the McMahon line and, as the crow flies, some 200 miles away. Between us and the high Himañaya however lay the Khru, the Kamla and the Subansiri each flanked by line upon line of jungle covered hills. I remembered the view we had obtained from the aircraft, and remembered what the green, wrinkled coverlet really represented on the ground. The snows were wrecks of hard marching away. I felt like Moses viewing the promised land, though in fairness to him and myself I had to admit that I had not so very wonderful forty years in the wilderness!

Nearer at hand we could see patches of cultivation on the South West slopes of the next range but one. These were identified as being the fields belonging to the villages on the North bank of the Khru; Bita, Binda, Teuri, Bazar and Takom. There they lay spread out before us seemingly so close and yet we knew that at the most optimistic calculation they were four or five days away.

On our way down plans began to formulate. The Mt at Talo would take at least 10 days. The record half of January would be taken up with a tour to the unexplored country around Likha and Mingo. Likha had a bad reputation for raiding and it would therefore be necessary to stay some time in the area and, if possible, leave an outpost of the Assam Rifles there under Cooksey to remind the Likha people that Government not only had the power to visit them but also, if necessary, to post an outpost there permanently. It was decided that Cooksey should stay there until the end of March. In the meantime Haimendorf and I would visit Chozir, Pemiz, Rakhe and the Khru valley with one section of Assam Rifles. It was decided that we could not take more as, dependent as we would have to be on tribal porters, it would be impossible in that area of small and widely separated villages to collect enough porters for any more than a small reconnaissance. Haimendorf and I would stay on in the Khru area until the end of March when I would return to Dita leaving Haimendorf on the Khru for the month of April and May in order to work at anthropology and to cement the friendships we had already made. I would close the camp at Dita and take the staff, hospital and trade goods down with me to Piz. The Assam Rifles under Cooksey would also leave Likha at the same time and would also come to Piz. Cooksey and myself with one section of Assam Rifles would then enter the Piz valley and I would hear and settle disputes there and the remainder of the Assam Rifles would be evacuated with the staff to Joyhing arriving there about the middle of April. The reason for this earlier evacuation of all unnecessary escort and staff from Dita is the almost unromantic difficulty of collecting porters willing to travel to the plains at that time of the year when not only will the cultivating season be in full swing but also the rains by then will have begun in this area.

Mudang Takr, the recalcitrant headman of Mudang Tage village, against whom we had to take stern measures before we left for Licha is now very co-operative and often visits the camp. We are also now getting porters from the village whereas before, on account of Mudang Takr's unfriendly attitude, it was only with the greatest difficulty that we ever managed to obtain a few men from the village. I think that this is a good example of the fact that a show of force provided it is made at the psychological moment and is not excessive, has a telling effect among these people. A combination of timidity, intensity and joviality with quick and sharp reaction against any definite hostility is what is required and seems to be understood and appreciated. If one has to have a quarrel one should adopt a sort of child-mentality—a quick quarrel with an equally quick reconciliation and no hard memories! The very fact that these tribesmen can so easily revert from war and raiding to apparent peaceful co-operation and trade, and the catastrophic lack of bitterness which ransomed captives retain towards their captors, all seems

to show that the individual, were it not for the tradition of revenge, for custom and what his women folk expect of him, is not prone to harbour spite. In this respect their mental attitude towards past wrongs, real or imagined, is very akin to that of the Irish. It is the tradition to keep green the memory of past injuries. Remove that tradition or, as in the case of the Irish-Americans, remove the individual from the history-charged atmosphere of his native surroundings and the almost artificial thirst for revenge gradually disappears.

Though the moral standards of the tribesman differ very markedly from our own, he would be an unwise man who, for that reason, condemned them. After all social morality is only a set of rules of conduct, written down in civilized countries and communities and codified into what is known as 'the law of the land' with the object of regulating to the best advantage of the community as a whole, the relations of one individual with another. For a law to be 'good' it has to take into consideration custom and convention, the degree of advancement of the community and even such factors as the climate and geography of the country to which the law will apply, as for instance the liquor licensing laws in Latin as compared with Northern European countries. We shall be unwise therefore if we try, too capriciously or too drastically, to alter the system of tribal customary convention before we have had time to study and understand it. The thought that the Indian Penal Code and its attendant, and highly unsuitable, codes of law may one day penetrate into these hills sends cold shivers down my spine. Admirable though these codes may be said to be, they are far too complex for a primitive community. I have already come to the conclusion that, given any encouragement, these people would take more readily to litigation even than the average Indians of the plains.

December 29th—31st, 1944

Hab—Dûta

As it was clear that on our next expedition we were all likely to be away from Dûta for some considerable time, this period was spent in making advance administrative arrangements for the next three or four months. This entailed going into much detail and much careful thought. When one is six days at least from one's base one cannot afford to make any mistakes, for to correct such an error will take a fortnight and during that time, if rations are short, one may be in danger of starving. It must be remembered that it is difficult to obtain even the barest minimum of supplies in these hills. In order to work out the rationing arrangements and a time table one has to know where any post of the Assam Rifles will be at any given moment. One has to work out, in loads, the number of rations that will be required, the time it will take to get these rations up by porter transport, where one will be most likely to find porters, how many rations must be set aside for the porters themselves, how much money will be required in hard coin for the payment of porters and how it can be sent up; how many loads of trade goods will be required so that the porters may be able to exchange their coin for goods, and a host of other details all of which has to be co-ordinated into a monthly programme.

Porters, whether tribal or permanent labour corps, are organized into Companies of one Sirdar and 22 men. The reason for this figure is that when salt, tea, etc. is added to the main rice ration the whole will weigh 25 ams; our porter load. This 25 ams load will feed one company of one Sirdar and 22 men for one day. When therefore it is calculated that a total quantity of rations will be required at a given place at a given time, one has first to estimate how long it will take to get this consignment from the base to the required spot. That is necessary in order to calculate the number of porters' rations for the two way journey that will be required. Once the number of porters, both for the consignment and for the porters' rations, has been calculated, one has to reduce this figure to companies per village. Sirdars have then to be sent for and if they don't come interpreters have to be sent to the particular village to fetch them. Once arrived the sirdars are told that they must collect a company of 22 men from their village and take it to the base (either Dûta or wherever we may happen to be) to have the names recorded. The names are recorded in a 'sirdar book' in which the following information is also inserted:—

1. exactly what loads are to be sent up from Joyhing by the particular company of men,
2. whether they are to be paid for the return journey in Joyhing or whether they will be paid on return to the hills,
3. exactly to what place the rations have to be sent,
4. how many blankets and ground sheets have been issued to each man,
5. how much cloth and salt, etc., may be paid in Joyhing to each man,
6. the number of loads of rations that should be issued in Joyhing for the consumption of the porters on the way.

Similarly on the arrival of a convoy from the plains prompt action is required. Loads have to be checked with the sirdar book, blankets and ground sheets have to be collected and payments, if necessary, made to the porters and records kept on proper acquaintance rolls. From this it can be seen that when one has a plain base and a Hill base from which one is oneself absent more often than not, it is necessary to keep large sums of money in hard cash at each, for convoys arrive without any warning, there being no wireless or other quick means of inter communication. There should clearly be a responsible officer at each to deal promptly with problems as they arise. So far we have been lucky but how long it is going to be before mistakes occur which will result in our being faced with starvation in these hills, or before large sums of money are lost, I am not prepared to say. It cannot be said that ours is a small expedition. I have with me 89 Assam Rifles under a British officer, the Special Officer and his wife, the Political Jessenger, the Sub-Assistant Surgeon, and a compounder, five interpreters, two transport supervisors, a trade depot clerk in Dûta, and some 100 permanent labour corps to feed and organize. The Miri Mission which visited these hills in 1911-12 with not much larger a force had at first 7 and later 8 officers, three or four of whom were made entirely responsible for the administrative arrangements.

I hope I may be forgiven if I say that in my opinion this whole expedition has been ill conceived. Had I not been sent to Sadiva I should have realized this before starting off. Our base at Joyhing is quite inadequate for the size of the expedition. The two clerks working there now are sleeping, eating and working in one small ill-ventilated room. While I realize that the arrangement whereby we are renting an abandoned Tea Assistant's bungalow on Joyhing Tea Estate is a temporary measure, even this is quite inadequate for the purpose. There are no quarters for the staff to live in with the result that they cannot have their families with them and are forced to bear extra expense for which they receive no compensation of any kind. There is no proper godown accommodation for the large quantities of stores which have to be kept in readiness. The staff is altogether inadequate. I should have at least a fully qualified and responsible Head of the upper division clerk to perform the normal office work, an accounts clerk, a permanent Labour Corps man to deal with the rationing, clothing and payment of the permanent Labour Corps and to be

responsible for the running of the ration godown, and a despatch and typing clerk. I have no typist or typewriter in the hills, and the result is that my reports have to be sent down in long hand and have either to be typed in Joyling by the already overworked clerks, or have to be sent to Shillong to be typed in the Adviser's office. Already this year there has been trouble with the Gallong permanent Labour Corps and 69 of them have deserted without warning. I have no responsible officer at my base at Joyling to deal with such an emergency and now the lack of properly disciplined permanent Labour Corps is even more keenly felt than before. The line of communication is poor and is liable to interruption in wet weather and should certainly be improved. Lastly I lack equipment essential for the efficient running of this whole operation. My base is 9½ miles away from North Lakhimpur, the nearest town. My only transport is one bicycle, which is so old, that it is more often broken down than not. One typewriter has been provided for the Office and this too is so old as to be quite unserviceable. Stationery has been purchased by the Special Officer in Hyderabad State and has been paid for from contingencies. In fact the whole preliminary organisation has been irregular and inadequate. By these remarks no reflection is in any way aimed at the Special Officer. He is only on loan to the Government and has accomplished miracles with the very meagre material resources put at his disposal.

If however there is to be any idea of a permanent extension of our control into these hills, or even if these reconnaissances are to be a prolonged operation, something very much more is required. At present I feel that we are putting the cart before the horse. It is unwise, in my opinion, to advance into this difficult country, with an expedition of the size of this year's reconnaissance party, leaving a vacuum behind at the base. It is, moreover, unfair on the officers engaged upon it to give them such hopelessly inadequate material support and such an inadequate staff. This does not mean that I and the Special Officer will not, this year and next year, do our very utmost to fulfil the tasks allotted to us. We realise that during the war personnel and material are difficult to provide. I still however maintain that in order properly to carry out this work five essential considerations require the scrutiny of Government. They are:—

1. the necessity of the establishment of a properly equipped base in the Hills if possible, but on the plains if necessary, at the earliest possible moment,
2. the provision of an adequate staff both in the shape of an Assistant Political Officer and additional subordinate staff,
3. the provision of at least a properly graded bridle path from Joyling-Duta which can later be improved into a motor road,
4. the provision of a sufficiently large force of permanent Labour Corps next year. If Air supply cannot be arranged 300 Gallong and 50 Gurkhas will be the minimum force required,
5. the provision of mechanical transport and equipment and rations, tinned and dry, through Government agency.

It may be argued that there was no difficulty last year and that this year there has so far been no breakdown in the arrangements. I would reply to this that this has been despite the arrangements and not because of them! Last year Haimendorf took a small preliminary expedition to Duta without an escort. The arrangements for this were relatively simple as the amount of rations he required were small; his base was fixed in the Apa Tani country necessitating a fixed six day line of communication to an area from whence porters could more or less readily be obtained, and, lastly, he spent two months in the hills. I would therefore suggest that for next year we concentrate upon the five considerations outlined above so that we shall be enabled efficiently and without excessive risk to penetrate as far as possible into these unexplored hills.

January 1st, 1945

Halt—Duta

Last night we sat up in my beds and saw the New Year in. It was a strange experience and somehow I felt, in surveying the past year and weighing our chances for the future, that we are watching the world up here from an immense distance. The war means nothing to the tribesmen and only stale and faint reports reach us in the shape of 10 day old papers. One cannot escape the unpleasant feeling of being entirely cut off from the world. We spent the day in the final arrangements for the start tomorrow.

January 2nd, 1945

Duta (5,100 ft.)—Talo (4,500 ft.)

Distance—64 Miles.

Direction—South West.

We left Duta at 11 a. m. on a bright morning leaving all the Assam Rifles behind. This I felt a necessary precaution, at any rate as first, as I suspected that some of the more remote and suspicious headmen from the distant areas would be afraid to attend the *and* if they heard that the dreaded *sepoys* were in Talo. So the party consisted of the Haimendorfs, Kalappa, the Survey Officer, and myself and porters. I had sent Kop Temi, my head interpreter, ahead to reassure the headmen who had already arrived that they had nothing to fear. We had our lunch at the crest of high ridge separating the Apa Tani country from the valley of the Pein in which Talo is situated, and arrived at our camp site at 3-45 p. m. Here we were met by Kop Temi, Toho Bas and Yoyun, Chape Nize of Duta and several other important men. Temi was hopeful of the success of the *and*. He said that all the leading headmen of the Par Valley, from Tana Kuli of Boguli to Nabam Epoh of Pilyapu, had come. Potin, Sekhe, Poi, Mai, Nyeiom, were all represented and there were hopes that Lihha and even Licha would also send their representatives in due course. Nyeiom Tarin, one of the hostages I had taken in Kirova, and who I had released on December 22nd to go back to Kirova and fetch Nani Lahi, the remaining Apa Tani captive, was reported to be on his way back to Talo bringing the prisoner with him. Until our civil camp site was prepared we pitched our camp in the perimeter which the Assam Rifles had built. Kalappa, who had measured the distance between Duta and Talo to be 64 miles, said that the highest point on the path between the two places was in the region of 7,000 feet.

January 2nd 1945

Halt-Tilo

After the headmen present had collected, and with them a large crowd of Daffas from many villages, I again made a speech trying to define in the simplest terms the objects which Government had before them in wishing to administer the country. I need not again give the detail as it was much the same in substance as that already delivered to Toko Bat. Kop Temi then translated this into an eloquent speech delivered with great vehemence, and much gesture, for the Daffas are great orators. Again I wondered what impression his remarks about roads, hospitals, schools, and buses must have had upon his bewildered audience. However they were polite enough not to show their incredulity.

At the end of the speech Nyelom Tario arrived and at last Nani Lali was produced. He was a cheerful young man and seemed none the worse for his adventures. A formal exchange was then made of Nani Lali who was handed over to the jubilant Apa Tania and Licha Tem, the remaining hostage, taken from Kiroom. I asked Tilo for his blankets lent to him to protect him from the cold in Duta only to discover that he was utterly opposed to giving them up. To the great amusement of the Daffas present it was discovered that he had thrown away the rags in which he had slept as and therefore was unable to take off his blankets as had he done so he would have been as naked as the day he was born. The Daffas have a great sense of humor and there was much back slapping and laughter. Tano was in no way abashed and stood up and said that since he had been captured by the Sahibs he had learned to understand them and that he was going back to Licha with the object of persuading the headmen to return and make peace with the Government.

I then started recording cases and quickly became aware of three difficulties:—

1. The extraordinary ideas the Daffas have of apportioning blame. For instance A has a quarrel with B of another village in the course of which B raids A's village and captures C. C does not demand compensation from B, his captor, but from A on account of whose quarrel he was captured. This is a very important point to remember in the ramifications of village feuds.

2. The difficulty of knowing where to begin. At what stage in an age old feud is Government justified in stepping in as an arbitrator? If I were arbitrarily to say five years an obvious injustice will be done for there is no more reason to fix five years than fifteen and the fact that at the time fixed one side was up on the score of raids and counter raids is purely fortuitous. One starts hearing a case in which, for instance, A has been raided by B. During this raid one man was killed and three were captured and subsequently ransomed by A's side. A naturally enters clamouring for compensation for the man who has been killed, and for the return of the ransoms paid for those captured. B, when asked what he has to say, will almost invariably reply that B's village was raided by A fifteen years ago and so many persons were killed and so many captured and so much ransom paid. Had one the time, one could probably trace back a specimen feud for many generations, for each member on either side will have a detailed knowledge of the events which took place many years ago. But to trace all feuds to their origin will be an immense task, for I firmly believe that there are very few tribesmen who are not involved in some feud or other. The best solution to my mind will be to wash out all claims from the time that Government's control becomes really effective. Only when we are really in a position to do so should we wash out these claims, and we can only do this when we are permanently installed in these hills in sufficient strength to be able to make raiding the exception rather than the rule.

3. The third difficulty is that of the penalties attached to disease carrying. There is, of course, a good reason for this ancient and wide spread custom among these tribesmen, and it is one which, in my opinion, should be preserved if devastating epidemics are to be avoided. The penalty for disease carrying is often death and the difficulty is that many long standing feuds have their origin in one village having been accused of carrying infection to another and having, for that reason, been raided. The raided village, after the custom of these hills, harbours a thirst for revenge and performs a retaliatory raid, perhaps after the passage of many years and another feud has begun. I discussed this question with many headmen and those from the foothills complained bitterly that they were always open to the spread of infection from the plains and, in consequence, were constantly being raided by their neighbours from the North on account of the spread of the infection. Only last year there was a small-pox epidemic in Par Valley and the infection was known to have been carried from the plain village of Harangi, where there is a weekly market at which Daffas from the hills often attend. As a result of this the clans of the Pava (Poring) River were now at war with those of the Par Valley. I suggested to these headmen that the penalties should be retained but that they should be commuted to a fine the payment of which should not be extracted by force but should be a matter of negotiation. Later, when hospitals and dispensaries have been established in the hills, I have no doubt that it will be possible to credit these fines to the general Hospital maintenance funds. I think it will be unwise to abolish this custom of penalising the carrying of disease for like many other primitive peoples these tribesmen have very little resistance to the endemic diseases of the plains.

January 4th 1945

Halt-Tilo

I have come to the conclusion that it is far better for us not to interfere in any war and to allow these Daffas to make their own ends and settle their own disputes in accordance with their own tribal customs. If we preside over such parties, knowing our lack of knowledge of tribal customary law and of the past history of the case and the attendant circumstances, we apt to make false and exaggerated claims. One has the parallel in India where a litigant will be prepared to perjure himself in a court but will never off him than not tell the truth when the case is heard in his own village. We are therefore only interfering in cases when we are asked to arbitrate which is not often. It is interesting however to go round the 'courts'. There are many small, but grand spaces near the camp and on each one a 'sai' is taking place. The rival parties sit opposite each other each with its spokesman. At the side the headmen who have been chosen as assessors sit listening with the utmost attention to the arguments put forward by either side, and around in a circle sit the interested parties. The whole proceeding has an unmistakably judicial air about it and there seem to be rules of conduct for those attending 'sais' for there are few interruptions. The Daffas seem to be naturally litigious people and given any encouragement this could well become a 'pleadery-parade'!

January 6th 1945

Halt-Tilo

The Assam Rifles should have come today but as there were still hopes that the Licha and Licha headmen might arrive we delayed their arrival by two days in order not to frighten the real culprits and prevent them from attending the 'sai'. 'Sais' continued all day with apparently very little success but TELMI tells me that a 'sai' concerning a big raid may take days to conclude. However it seems to me that only when driven to desperation will a DAFILA willingly pay up the Compensation awarded by the assessors. The normal manner in which compensation is recovered is by force. The retaliatory raid then itself becomes the occasion for further argument. It has become even colder than ever today.

January 6th 1945

Hait Tilo

Today was the most miserable day with pouring rain and sleet and biting cold winds. So cold was it that it even damped the ardour of the Daffas who so used it impossible to hold any *saf* in the open. We did hold one *saf* on Toko Bat's verandah much to the rage of Yoyum. In the evening the rain turned to sleet and continued throughout the night.

January 7th 1945

Hait Tilo

We awoke to a cold clear day with heavy frost and ice which must have formed in the early hours of the morning. The hills all around us were covered with snow which covered the trees of the jungle. At noon the Assam Rifles arrived with the news that snow had fallen in Ditra and had covered the whole valley. One Apa Tani, caught in the storm on his way back from having had dinner of exposure and that outside in the Apa Tani valley had similarly died of the cold. Remembering last night this caused me little surprise and I was thankful that I had been 1,000 feet lower down the hill side.

Some Gurkha P. L. Cs who had been sent on the 4th to clear an observation post for the survey officer on the top of Pad Pattu, a 7,000 feet peak between Tilo and Nyealom, returned as the snow there was waist deep and great branches were being broken from the high forest trees by the weight of the snow. I had heard that snow fell in the winter at Ditra but had not really believed it as it seemed to me most improbable that at that height and at that latitude snowfalls could occur. It is difficult to understand why, when snowfalls are rare at altitudes of 7,000 feet in the Darjeeling hills, they should occur, in this area, at levels as low as 5,000 feet. We all have remarked upon the surprisingly cold climate of these hills in winter. This is all the more surprising when one remembers that the tropical rain forest appears to reach a height of 11,000 to 12,000 feet and that coniferous forest does not occur until that height is reached.

The general atmosphere here has deteriorated for some reason. The Toko Bat have become sly and Henda, the eldest son, definitely impertinent. Tempers among the litigants are becoming frayed and arguments seem to be becoming more and more acrimonious. Claimants seem to expect us to be able to recover whatever they imagine to be their just dues and blame us for our inability to do so. The holding of *safs* seems therefore incompatible with extending either *ma* friendship with hitherto unvisited villages, or with exerting our authority. What has happened has been that numbers of Daffas from the Far Valley, from Pota, Sekhe, Pityapa, Pti, Mai and Joran have, under the protection of our presence, come to Tilo in the hope of recovering ransoms from Likha, Likha, and other villages including, unfortunately, Tilo itself, which now appears to be not as innocent as we had at first been led to suppose. Naturally this does not make us particularly popular with the Headmen of Tilo itself. They look upon us as having been responsible for bringing numerous clamouring litigants to their door. The presence of so many more mouths to feed and so many hearths for which to provide fuel is also an embarrassment, particularly as the visitants have no hesitation in pulling down the fences of the fields and using them for firewood.

On this occasion no Government authority cannot be exerted for, in order to induce some of the more timid headmen to come in and meet their enemies, I had promised that all attending the *saf* would be safe and would not be arrested for the non-payment of compensation, etc. This was, in my opinion, an essential preliminary on this first occasion to enable the more remote and warlike villages to come and discuss matters. For this reason, for this year at any rate, Government can count no pressure to enforce the decision of any *saf*; indeed would I to try and do so half the headmen would leave. The Far Valley Daffas and the foot-hill villages are therefore in some cases hard put to it to obtain any satisfaction and are naturally disappointed. However a beginning has been made and by getting the rival parties to meet under our protection a step in the right direction has been taken. It has therefore been in some ways disappointing for me but had I tried to employ the Assam Rifles by arresting a 'Judgment debtor' the result would have been fatal to the building up of an atmosphere of trust. While therefore progress this year has been small it must be remembered that few, if any, of those attending the *saf* had ever had much dealing with a Government official and I was therefore anxious that this first impression should not be one of fear. One has to go slowly and win the confidence and friendship of these people before trying to guide their feet into the way of peace.

January 8th 1945

Hait Tilo

Today I had a striking demonstration of the value of personal visits to the houses of the leading headmen in villages where trouble seems to be brewing. As I said yesterday the atmosphere in the *saf* had deteriorated and Haimendorf, who had always adopted this method, suggested a visit to the houses of Toko Bat and Toko Togur, the two most important men in the village. The visit was a great success. In Toko Bat's house we found Likha Teji, the youthful headman of one of the settlements of Likha. I was at once struck by the pleasant appearance, frankness and charm of this young *ma*. He was a straight, and pleasant boy with a natural dignity and air of breeding combined with youthful good spirits and humour. At first he was a bit scared as he admitted he had never seen a white man before but when we handed him some cigarettes and matches he regained his self-confidence. He said that he had inherited many feuds from his father, Likha Pekhi, who from all accounts was a redoubtable raider. However, he said, 'I heard you had come into the country and so I have come to meet you'. He said that he was prepared to pay reasonable compensation for his father's deeds provided it was established that he was in the wrong, and that he was anxious to settle up old disputes and start with a clean sheet. This was something quite new and encouraging. We sat around one of the numerous hearths in Toko Bat's house and drank muddled *saf* from 'druga' (drinking vessels made from sections of bamboo, often old and dirty) and asked innumerable questions and very soon the atmosphere in the house changed and Toko Bat and Yoyum and even Henda thawed and became natural and friendly. We explained our difficulties and they explained theirs and we eventually left in an atmosphere of renewed friendship.

We then went some two miles along the ridges to Toko Togur's house. This will give some idea of the scattered nature of the normal Daffa village and of the difficulty of bringing any pressure to bear upon it by posting an outpost of Assam Rifles near at hand. In a Daffa village each house, or group of houses, is a separate entity and few headmen have any authority beyond their own family circle and near relatives. This renders the task of enforcing authority difficult and the chance of arrest and capture well-nigh impossible.

Toko Togur is an elderly man of few words and a downright snigger. I would say that he was not endowed with many brains but that he could be an unpleasant man to cross. However here too we were well and hospitably received and our visit was a cordial affair.

In the afternoon Lihka Tēji began his first *Mad* with Nābām Epoh, the headman of Pīyapu. Pīyapu had been raised by Takho, Tēji's settlement, some years previously and this was one of the most celebrated feuds outstanding. I sat and listened to Lihka Tēji making his defence and was impressed by his eloquence, good sense and commanding personality. While he spoke everyone listened and fell interrupted. Properly handled Lihka Tēji will, I think, become a powerful friend of Government and will, in due course, qualify for a red cloth. In this part of the world red cloths are given to prominent headmen as a sign of recognition from Government and this practice roughly corresponds with the '*rafal pad*' handed down from Moghul times in North-West India.

January 9th 1945

Hait Talo

The *Mad* between Lihka Tēji and Nābām Epoh continued all day and being the *casus calix* of the 'cause list' is attracting a good deal of interest. Kap Tami, the head interpreter, was with us and translated the proceedings to us as they occurred. Lihka Tēji again held the stage and described in an eloquent and graphic speech the history of the dispute. Briefly the history of the feud was this. An epidemic attacked Lihka and Lihka Ekhin and Lihka Tābā, headmen of Bentam, the neighbouring settlement to Takho, blamed the Takho folk for the arrival of the disease. They accordingly made a surprise raid upon Tēji's village and captured several people for whom a heavy ransom had to be paid. Lihka Tēji was convinced that his people were not to blame, and after some further enquiry it was discovered that the disease had come from Pīyapu. Lihka Tēji therefore demanded the return of the ransom he had to pay but the other elder headmen of the settlements of Lihka said that the correct course for him to take was to raid Pīyapu who were allegedly the real culprits and obtain satisfaction from them. Accordingly he organized a raiding party, which went to Pīyapu, and in the course of the raid Nābām Epoh's son amongst others was killed and several people were captured. Nābām Epoh, whose village is just to the North of the Par Valley, appealed to Government and Tann Kafi, headman of Bupali, a village near the plains, was sent as Government negotiator. Of the eight people captured only one was ransomed and the remaining seven were released unconditionally as a result of Tann Kafi's effort.

Turning to the assembled headmen Lihka Tēji said: "Why should I bear all the blame for this raid and why should I alone pay all the price demanded by Nābām Epoh? Was not the raid recommended by all the headmen of Lihka? Did not I first have to suffer the stigma of having brought the disease to Lihka? Was not I raided and did not I have to pay ransom? In the raid against Pīyapu I merely put into effect the decision arrived at by all the headmen. Upon me fell all the work of organizing the raid; upon my people fell all the risk. How is it that now that the raid is over all the other headmen keep in the background and lay the blame at my door? I have come personally to settle the account, but where are the others?" Tēji turned with a scornful and enquiring gesture to his audience and there were many groans of approval and nods of assent. There were many in the audience who had long standing feuds with Lihka. So here again the origin of this feud was disease carrying. As soon as we are permanently installed in this hill this is one of the first and most important problems to be tackled. We should not destroy the principle of enforcing isolation upon diseased villages but we must revise the method of extracting compensation for paying an infection.

January 10th 1945

Hait Talo

To-day's news was sensational. Early in the morning Kōj Kāra, our young Apa Tami interpreter came, excitedly to us with the news that the Licha headmen had arrived. We hastened down to the village and after a good deal of searching and enquiry we met them coming furtively along a side path. They were suspicious and suspected a trap and so we sat down with them for a time on a small grassy patch beside the stream and concealed from the other end of the grounds. As usual we distributed cigarettes and matches and after talking with them for some time and assuring them of our good faith they finally consented to come up to the village and in a small but sunny place the *mad* was organized. Chigē Nīmā, Tak Tara and Padi Layang, the Apa Tami headmen, were warned beforehand not to try and drive too hard a bargain as it would be to their advantage, at almost any sacrifice, to induce the Licha headmen to perform the *dapoi* (peace) ceremony. The Apa Tami heeded this advice and their demands upon the Licha headmen were moderate enough in relation to the long list of crimes outstanding. As usual the rival parties set opposite each other and out came the long accounts laid out in neat rows of small bamboo sticks. I was, as ever, struck at the almost photographic memory which these tribesmen possess of the names of the people killed, captured and ransomed, and the exact details almost down to the last bead, of the amount of ransom paid for the release of each captive.

Licha Taga spoke for Licha. He clearly had a weak case but seemed to be a jovial old villain possessed of a dry sense of humour. Down in long rows went the tally of sticks each representing the alleged wrongs inflicted upon Licha by the Apa Tami. However when, with a gleam in his eye, he added to his score a long tally of sticks representing the damage that Government had inflicted on Licha I laughingly told him that Government did not pay fines, it inflicted them on those who were foolish enough to defy them, and that in any case the punishment meted out to Licha was only a just retribution for the long list of capturing and killing which was laid at the doors of his village. I added that had his village come to terms at once no harm would have befallen them. Licha Taga was not sure of the soundness of this argument however. The compensation was fixed at 17 mithun by Licha Taga. The Apa Tami however demanded 16 mithun for Bela village, 10 for Haja and 10 for Duti and in addition the return of the *do pende**, *kālin** etc., paid to Licha as ransom during the past two years. Though the gap seemed large we were not without hope that a compromise would be reached and a *dapoi* made.

January 11th 1945

Hait Talo

All our hopes have, at any rate for the present, been dashed by the early arrival of news that the Licha deposition had fled during the night. The Apa Tami make no disguise of their disappointment and chagrin and remarks such as "What can you expect from Licha" and "They never seriously meant to come to terms" were everywhere heard. No one seems to have any real idea why they have decided to make this sudden and unexpected move but it may have been on account of the further demands made upon Licha

* A *do pende* or *map* is a transparent metal bell used by the Apa Tami and Dofis as currency. These bells mainly come from Tibet and the valuable ones, made of bronze and beautifully ornamented, are extremely valuable. Some of the most valuable may be worth fifty or more and these have names like any well-known 'red master'. A *kālin* is a Tibetan brass tray and is also used as currency in these hills. A good *kālin*, known as a *do kālin*, may be worth two or three mithuns.

by other claimants which frightened the notorious, but apparently comparatively poor, Licha headmen. I hope to be able to persuade them later to return and discuss matters further. The two figures were not so far apart as to make a compromise an impossibility for the Agn Taini were probably asking for more than they expected to get and Licha was probably writing down its inability at the lowest figure. Licha Taini, our erstwhile prisoner, and possibly ally for the future, has also unfortunately disappeared.

I think the net at Talo has shown the inadvisability of trying at once to start administering an area as soon as it is visited for the first time. Politically this is *fatalistic*, for it creates not only suspicion but even hostility and retards rather than advances the time when the tribesmen are led to look to Government for their protection and prosperity. Our first task should be to gain their friendship and confidence. Once this has been accomplished the task of extending our control, particularly if it is accompanied by economic advancement, should be made easier.

January 12th 1945
Hah Talo

The day was spent in continued wrangling and argument and most expediting and expediting I found it. As we were planning to-morrow to move ourselves, our staff and three sections of Assam Rifles from Talo to Likha, we needed three companies of men from the three sections of Jorom and three companies from Talo in addition to the Par Valley, Pityapa and Pöin men who had come to the aid at Talo and who had now agreed to carry for us as far as Likha where they hoped to settle more cases. The sections of Jorom are Jara, Puh and Pöin, of which the headmen are Jöröm Kama, Jöröm Köpi and Jöröm Tacho respectively. Jöröm, in the past, had been good about providing porters but on this occasion every conceivable excuse was provided to make the provision of porters impossible. It was said that the headmen were rebuilding their houses and, in consequence, no one could come. At first I thought that the trouble was that the Likha headmen had asked the Jöröm and Talo headmen to make our visit to their area impossible by the simple expedient of refusing to provide porters. Negotiation gave way to a feeling of impotent rage. We could of course try and take some Assam Rifles to the village on the morrow and try and arrest the headmen. This however would do no good as they would get wind of our coming and would be away when we arrived. In addition this show of force would only produce hostility which was the one thing I wished to avoid. If it was true that the houses were already in the course of being rebuilt we could in any case do very little. Talo too, never before having been visited and being unused to carrying for Government, was most disappointing. Of the headmen Talo Bät said he would see what he could do and left it at that; Talo Hela provided half a company and said he could do no more; Talo Togur was the one bright spot in a gloomy outlook as he agreed to provide one full company.

Here was a classic example of the inadvisability of depending on tribal porters for the transport of any expedition of any size, particularly in hitherto unexplored country. By their unwillingness to co-operate with us Jöröm and Talo have upset our plans very considerably. Had I tried to use the Assam Rifles in an attempt to force the headmen to provide sufficient porters it would have been politically disastrous and would have resulted in antagonising an important group of headmen. Probably the result would have been that the villagers would have run away leaving me in such the same position as I had been in Likha. We had therefore to contain our feelings of rage as best we could because we realised our impotence.

With the prospect of being able to secure only half the number of porters required to move our complete camp, we had to resort to the increasingly expedient of splitting up the party. I decided that Haimendorf and myself with two Sections of Assam Rifles and two interpreters would leave for Likha on the morrow, picking up the Survey Officer on the way at Pad Pöin, and that Coulson, the Political Officer, the Sub-Assistant Surgeon and one further section should come on later when the porters carrying our loads had returned. This use of tribal porters had resulted in a complete day having been wasted in fruitless and exhausting argument and persuasion to the complete exclusion of any other work.

The Jöröm sirdars had been dismissed by me in a rage with threats of dire consequences unless the men from their settlements were forthcoming. As it was by that time getting dark, I had told them to remain in our lines until the morning. After discussing matters further with the Special Officer and his wife, her feminine intuition stood us in good stead. She was of the opinion that matters could not be allowed to remain on this unsatisfactory note and so we went down in the darkness to the interpreter's camp for a further talk with the Jöröm sirdars. We made it a friendly talk and we round the fire discussing matters informally and eating roasted maize. Before long the three sirdars had agreed to provide three full companies as soon as the village house rebuilding had finished. The Haimendorfs knew these sirdars well, for they had provided porters for them last year and on the initial march on this year before my arrival. The sirdars too knew and trusted the Haimendorfs and it was for this reason, in my opinion, more than anything else that they had finally agreed. Here was yet another example of the necessity of making friends first before trying to exert authority on any new tribal unit. It was on account of their friendship and trust that they finally agreed to help. The question of the authority of Government and the force we might possibly use weighted with them not at all, for, being shrewd people, they know as well as we do that we cannot afford to be unpleasant to those upon whom we depend for the maintenance of our all too precarious lines of communication.

January 13th 1945.

Talo (4,500 ft.) — Pad Pöin (7,100 ft.)
Distance 5-1 miles.
Direction North-West.

After yesterday's trouble and difficulty we had hoped, at least, to get half the expedition off on the way to Likha and, expecting an early start to enable us to reach Nyikom by the evening, we were up by 4.30 a.m. and the camp was struck, loads packed and repud and ready for the start by 6 a.m. Our hopes of an early start however quickly faded for we were at once faced by a shortage of porters. Those who did arrive were constantly trying to rush the dumps of kit with the object of grabbing the lightest loads leaving the heavier packages to mere boys. On each occasion these raids on the baggage had to be repelled, order restored and the loads resorted and counted. It was exhausting work and we finally had to take each man and personally give him his load and even then many tried to abandon their loads for lighter ones. I was reminded of the child's toy where one slips to get all the silver balls into the holes only to find that as soon as one has one in, it comes out again when one is engaged on filling some other hole. The main difference being the state of one's temper. Arguments, noise, confusion, persuasion, coaxing, despair and black rage, all these we had to put up with until at least nearly 11 a.m. we had collected and marshalled sufficient porters for a start to be made. I hope I never again have to go through so exhausting an experience, nor, I suggest, should we be expected to undergo such ordeals. If Government wishes us to explore in this previously unvisited territory they must provide us with permanent

porters and a subordinate staff of transport supervisors to relieve us of this ever-present burden of personally man-handling wild and undisciplined tribesmen. The *Miri Mission*, and, I should imagine, no other Mission, ever had to descend to this sort of thing. All the other Political Officers in the more settled Frontier Tracts of Assam can employ permanent porters in sufficient numbers to make it unnecessary for them to have to rely largely upon ill-disciplined tribesmen. Why should we, in this hitherto unexplored country, be so unfavorably treated? I should imagine that hitherto it would not have been the policy for expeditions to be sent against notorious villages transported entirely by unadministered tribesmen. On the expedition to Paungpa, for instance, did the officers engage in daily frays with tribal porters? Did they waste hours daily in trying to persuade local tribesmen to carry for them? The result of this procedure, politically, can only be unfavorable.

All these complaints may give the impression that I am a grumbler. Under normal circumstances I am not and am prepared to put up with difficulty and inconvenience when I know that it is unavoidable. This I consider unjustified, and if my remarks create an unfavorable impression it is a pity, but, as leader of this expedition, I feel that it is my duty to bring these matters to the notice of those who are in a position to rectify them.

As a result of the delays described above we could not hope to reach Nyelom village before nightfall, and I decided to get as far forward as possible and camp at some suitable site in the jungle where there was water. All the long climb up to Pad Putta, a climb of some 3,500 feet, we saw the results of the heavy snow fall of the 5th/6th of January. The snow had melted but the path was blocked and strewn with branches of trees broken off by the snow and on either side the bamboo jungle had been laid flat by the weight of the fall. Our progress, in consequence, was painfully slow and we did not reach the top of the hill until 2 P.M. Enquiries elicited the fact that no suitable camp site with water existed on the Nyelom side of the hill and I therefore decided to camp on the top where water was available. Mr. Kalappa, the Survey Officer, was already camped there and the porters were instructed to clear a site for our tents and make themselves shelters for the night. Some of the tents were pitched in the middle and the loads stacked and covered with tarpaulins and the porters contentedly settled in bamboo hovers all around us. No perimeter was necessary as the path to Nyelom was completely blocked and abandoned. We found the camp site excellent with abundant wood and water. The weather had completely cleared and the stars in the frosty night were wonderful. Strangely enough we were warmer at night on the top of Pad Putta than we had been at Talo. I can't say why this should have been so, but possibly the huge fires which were kept going all night under the great trees of the virgin jungle may have had something to do with it. Next morning when we resumed our march we found heavy frost on the path a short distance from the camp.

January 10th 1948

Pad Putta (7,100 feet)—Nyelom Village (4,123 feet)—Jungle Camp	
Distance ...	8-4 miles (4,352 feet)
Direction ...	West

We were again up at 4-30 A.M. and ate our breakfast in the dark huddled around the fire. The dawn revealed a lovely day without a cloud in the sky. Again we experienced difficulty in collecting porters and I and Haindendorf had personally to search the surrounding jungle and, with cuffs and oaths, collect the usual crowd of scavengers who were hiding in the hope of avoiding a load. However we managed to get away by 7-15 A.M. and begin the long descent down the North-West side of the summit to a small tributary of the *Kiyi* river named the Pa. In places the snow had broken down the jungle sufficiently far for us to obtain wonderful views from the jungle-clad ridge down which we were descending. Away to the North-West could be seen the whole wonderful line of the high Himalaya standing out pink in the early morning light. The air was gin clear and every intervening hill and valley, every village and place could plainly be seen.

We reached Nyelom village on its picturesque spur at about 10-30 A.M. The Survey Officer gave the height of the village as 4,123 feet. Here, while Kalappa completed his work, we paid another visit to the house of Nyelom Sera and were again hospitably received. Nyelom Sera was again away but the village was co-operative and not only did we manage to purchase eggs for our journey but, what was far more valuable, we contrived to raise a complete company of porters from the village who were to return to Talo and bring forward more of the stores which we had had to leave behind. Though we did not leave Nyelom until 11-30 A.M. I had hopes of reaching Likha this evening as the distance from Nyelom to the nearest settlement of Likha was said to be only half a day's journey. From Nyelom we dropped steeply down the hill to the valley of the Pa which by now had become quite a sizeable stream and there we halted for lunch. From there on the path led up and down across a series of spurs until we reached a deep valley where the Pa stream joins the *Kiyi* River. Both the Pa and Paha are tributaries of the *Kiyi* and join the main river from the East and West respectively. We crossed the main river by rough bridges which the porters quickly



made by felling trees and dragging the logs into position. Again I longed for an opportunity to try a fly on this water for, so far, it looked perfect fly water with a series of tempting runs and pools. However as I had neither the time or the tackle with me I had to abandon any such thoughts. As we were climbing steeply out of the valley by following a small side stream we were met by some slaves sent to us by the Likha headmen who said that a camp site had been cleared for us further on. As the day wore on, however, it became apparent to us all that we would be unable to reach Likha by the evening. The fact that the headmen had sent slaves to meet us was a welcome sign but I thought it inadvisable to enter the area except in broad daylight. I still remembered the threatening messages I had received at Pit on December the 3rd. Shortly before we arrived at the place where I selected a camp site we traversed a slope upon which was growing a fine stand of deciduous oak which appeared to be very like some trees I had seen from Northern Italy. The leaves were considerably larger than the English or the American 'red oak', but the acorns, growing in tight clusters, were smaller. The trees were particularly fine and the whole copse had the appearance of having been planted as there was no undergrowth and the trees were well-spaced. However the guides assured me that the wood was natural and not man-made, a statement that I still doubt. The trees, some of which must

have been of considerable age, may have been planted years ago but I find it difficult to believe that any Diñas could have been responsible for this. Once again, we had to clear a camp site on the top of a spur overlooking a plain field. A perimeter was built and as the spur was joined to the main hillside by a narrow neck it was easily defended. Water was however somewhat scarce and was rather far away. More people came from Likha as we were pitching the camp and said that we should remain here and should go no further. I told them not to be silly and that I had come to meet the headmen in their village and not to inspect their jungles.

January 15th 1946

Jungle Camp (4,152 feet)—Mido Settlement of Likha (5,010 feet)

Distance ... 2-7 miles
Direction ... South-West

Again we were up at 4.30 a. m. and were ready to start by 7.30 a. m. An dawn broke in a clear sky, far away to the South-East in a gap in the chains of hills formed by the Panior River valley, we could see the Naga Hills. I was amazed as they must have been a hundred miles away. Kalappa said that theoretically it was impossible and that it was the 'dawn refraction' which enabled us to see them.

A short march brought us to the camp site that the Likha men had prepared for us. Though they had done their work well, the camp would have been most unsuitable as it would have been at least two miles from Peld, the settlement of Likha Horin and Likha Tald, the two Likha headmen I was particularly anxious to meet. Further, between this camp site and the village there was the deep and steep-sided valley of the Passer River, yet another tributary of the Kiji.

I thought it better to go forward without the porters in order to meet Horin and Tald. The loss of a crowd accompanying us the less, I thought, would be the possible alarm that our arrival would occasion and the less chance, therefore, of any trouble. I therefore gave orders for the porters and our section of the Assam Rifles to remain behind and Haimendorf and myself with guides and interpreters and one section of the Assam Rifles crossed the valley and struggled up the far slope to Peld. When we got to the edge of the village land we told the Assam Rifles to halt and went straight up to the long house occupied by the two brothers. To the complete astonishment of the villagers we sat down outside and started to hand round cigarettes and matches. At first they were non-plused. They had not recovered from their astonishment for never did they imagine, after what they had heard of our doings in Likha, that we would just walk straight in. A certain number of the men bolted but when they saw their women folk and children contentedly sitting round us smoking their curiosity got the better of them and they too returned. Before long we were inside the house round a hearth and drinking the proffered opā and scratching ourselves merrily to try, vainly, to rid ourselves of the flea with which the place was infested.

The experience I had gained since the expedition to Likha had convinced me that these Diñas were quite unlike the Nagas and that the best policy to adopt was to take a risk and walk boldly in, relying on our obvious friendly attitude to disarm any opposition and suspicion. Here at any rate these new tactics had succeeded, for before long everyone appeared to be friendly even if somewhat apprehensive. Our cautious enquiries revealed the fact that Horin and Tald were not at home but that they were expected shortly, so for a while we sat and made polite conversation keeping off controversial subjects and scratching ourselves in a pleasant, homely manner. All at once there was a stir among the Diñas at the entrance and two youths burst in. To my astonishment I was told that they were the notorious Horin and Tald of whom I had heard so much and concerning whose activities there had been so many complaints. Tald, the elder of the two, is a charming, well-built lad of about 19 years of age with an unaffected manner, pleasant open smile though with a somewhat sulky mouth, hazel eyes and freckles! Horin, his brother, is a younger edition. Could it be possible that these two striplings could have become the terror of the countryside? Could these cheerful boys have been responsible for all these raids? When most of the raids had taken place they must have been mere children. Then the truth came out. Tald himself smilingly said that his father Likha Tald had always been a great one for raiding and on this account a long list of raids had mounted up against the village. There was here a striking resemblance to Likha Teji's remarks. Could it be possible that these boys had discussed matters before my arrival? One thing however I was learning and that was that at any rate for some years, until he had gained sufficient experience, a young headman was, more often than not, guided by the elder men of the village who, though acknowledging the young man as the head of their clan, guided him in the tortuous ways of tribal diplomacy. As we sat there talking we were aware of several villainous looking old rascals sitting near the boys from whom conversation to a statement was often sought. Tald went on to say that as he was young he too did not wish to be burdened with the misdeeds of his father and was therefore willing to pay off old scores and live at peace with his neighbours and ended by asking if we would help him and his settlement against Taser, a notorious village in the Pālin valley, which, he alleged, was constantly raiding the villages to the South. I replied that that might be possible but that I would consider that later when we had had time for further discussions.

It seems to me that if Government can get hold of these young headmen and the sons of good families both among the Diñas and the Apa Tani and educate them in a Government school at the Hill Base, it will be possible, during the years when their character is being moulded, to divorce them from this vicious atmosphere in which raiding is looked upon as a moral obligation. Without this measure it will, in my opinion, be impossible to expect that the young leader of the clan or village group will be able to resist, even if he were sufficiently enlightened to wish to do so, the pressure of public opinion and tradition which looks to him eventually to give the lead in perpetuating the traditional feuds.

It was necessary to select a suitable camp site in the area for our stay in Likha and so we searched the hillside near the village for a suitable spot and eventually selected a high plain field which we had seen from the other side of the river. Though the site faced North it had abundant water and wood and was, in an emergency, easily defended. The Assam Rifles were then sent for and we sat down on a log in the field awaiting their arrival and that of the porters. An old woman was hovering on the outskirts of the party in great excitement, and it was eventually discovered that the valuables of her household,—*dogam*, *A Jiu, ky* (the Tibetan bracelet also used as currency) and beads,—were buried beneath the very log upon which we were sitting. She was very upset as she thought that we had discovered her secret and intended to rob her of all her possessions, and was delighted when we explained to her that she could certainly remove them. This is apparently the normal custom, for it is far too dangerous to keep valuables in a house which may be raided at any time. The valuables are always entrusted to the wife of the eldest wife of the family who is responsible for hiding them and who, very often, is the only member of the household who knows where they are hidden.

So far we have been well and hospitably received but it may be that the Likha headmen are carrying out their plan, of which we had heard in Tald, of buying us off with kind words and nominal compensation.

January 12th 1948

Hak Mado

This seems to be a good and commanding camp site and the Assam Rifles are quickly settling in and are constructing their quarters for their outpost. The view from here of the whole Kiyi valley is wonderful. To the North across several lower ranges lie the plains of Lebla. Across the valley to the North-East one can plainly see Nyeleom with its houses running down the bare slope. Below us lie the scattered homes of the settlements of Mido and Peto. To the North-West lie the hills which form the divide between the Kiyi and the Palin and one can plainly see the saddle through which goes the path to Taser, Maba and the Khru.

While the camp was busy settling in Haimendorf and I went down to the village below us to visit some of the houses. As we were going down I noticed a small house with a cheerful looking couple sitting on the verandah. The house was owned by Nibum Kani and here we gained some important information. Nibum Kani and his wife had originally come from Lebla. He said that the way to Lebla was via Taser and Talam and that beyond Lebla there was a plain "bigger than the Apa Tani country and like Assam". There are villages more than the hairs on my head and there the Nyeme Nyie (the Tibetan man) came from the Boga Dosh (meaning, in Assamese, the white country, the Himalaya,—) to trade". He said that they come down through the passes in August, September and October in large numbers and bring goods carried by Dilla porter convoys. His wife described their dress which left no doubt that the people she was describing were Tibetans. Nibum Kani said that the Tibetans never came South of the plain as the country was too difficult.

So now we seem to have stumbled upon news of our objective. If there is a plain there and if the Tibetans do trade there in large numbers it is important that we should try and get to this place this year if possible. It is there that we shall eventually have to establish an outpost. It is there that the Civil Section should be based and it is there that we shall have to counter Tibetan influence and put an end, if necessary, to Tibetan economic penetration. This year the best we can hope to do is to make a quick dash to Lebla for a preliminary reconnaissance but when we can obtain the means of going there in some strength with the intention of spending some time there we must be prepared not only to obtain political control of the area but also to wrest the economic initiative from the Tibetans. I believe we shall find that the spheres of political influence and economic dependence in these hills more or less coincide. Those tribes which obtain their needs in the shape of cloth, salt, and metal from the plains of Assam will naturally, in some measure, acknowledge the authority of Government; on the other hand, those tribes which depend on Tibet for their requirements will look upon the Tibetan chieftains and lama as their natural overlords. If therefore we wish to obtain political control over the area up to the McMahon Line we shall eventually have to oust the Tibetans not only with regard to the quality of the goods we supply but also the price. It is therefore necessary that we should concentrate upon communications. With the present means at our disposal the cost of taking trade goods of the right quality and in sufficient bulk to the areas at present dominated by Tibetan trade are wholly inadequate. The Tibetan products can reach this area far more cheaply than can those from British India. For the present the only possible mode of transport and the only means of maintaining communications will be by air. If next year a Ground Officer of the Royal Air Force could accompany me to Lebla he could supervise the laying out and construction of landing strips both at Dita and Lebla. It would then be possible to dispense with the extremely expensive porter transport and rely on air droppings or air landing. Dependable as we are at present on porter transport, our plans often have to be modified and arrangements not infrequently break down. Next year with air supply and 150 P. L. Co. to work our ground communications the saving would be very considerable and the increase in speed and efficiency equally great. This year the portage grant has been Rs. 34,000 and is likely to be exceeded. With air supply this figure would be very considerably reduced. Trade goods, Assam Rifles stores and rations and even personnel could all be transported by air, a journey to Dita of some twenty minutes instead of a fortnight for the round trip on foot. It would even be possible for the Adviser, the Foreign Secretary and the Governor of Assam to visit these areas and see conditions for themselves.

The other startling piece of news was that Nyeleom took and Tolo Togu had today raided the home of Nyeleom Riba and had captured two women. Tolo Togu is the headman of Tilo whom I had visited only a few days ago and who had provided me with a whole company of porters. He had left Tilo for the raid at a time when one Section of Assam Rifles was there. He had gone by way of Pad Pasa upon which another Section was encamped and had raided in Nyeleom within full view of our camp in which were two more Sections; so much for Government authority and so much more for the promise that the Assam Rifles can exert! I have not taken this affair very seriously and have contented myself at present by sending Pansama to the two offending headmen commanding them to appear before me bringing the captured women with them. The whole affair however throws an interesting light upon the attitude of these completely undisciplined tribesmen towards visiting Government expeditions. Several times it has already been said that there is really very little need to pay much attention to the Siruar. "Did not the Sahibs and spoy go to the Miri dach and then leave us in peace for many years? Did not other Sahibs also come for a short time and go away leaving us at peace again?"

January 17th 1948

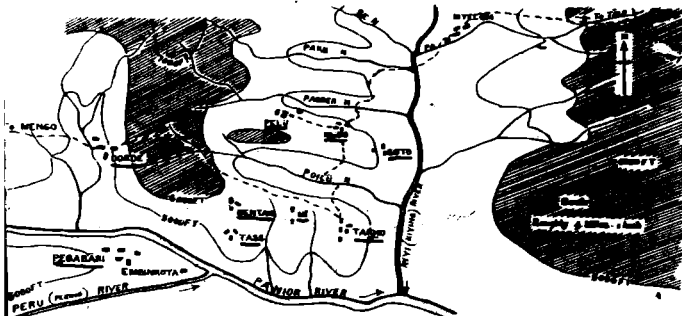
Hak Mado.

Yesterday's news about Lebla has thrown a completely new light upon the whole of this year's work. It is the most important piece of information that we have as far received and the whole of to-day we were discussing how it was going to be possible for us to get through the difficult intervening country and make a quick dash to this interesting area this year. From what I have already heard in Tilo seems probable that the most difficult country between here and Lebla lies in the area formed by the junction of the Palin, the Pigo and the Paneyi with the Khru. Here the tribes definitely resent any intrusion from the South and maintain a trade block by means of which they can control the trade between Tiler and the land to the South of the Palin.

Down in the village we have already begun between the Likha people and the various 'complainants' who had followed us to Mido. The two most celebrated feuds to be settled here are those between Likha Teji and Nibum Epah of Pityapa, which have not yet been settled and Likha Jabi and Taba Nieri of Pisin. Judging by the number of meetings which are appearing on the spot grounds it would appear that matters are going well. It is only now that the number of current feuds is making itself apparent. So numerous and so complicated are the ramifications of these inter-village and inter-family quarrels that I seriously wonder if there can exist one Dilla family untroubled by vendettas. The magnitude of the task awaiting me is therefore rather alarming.

Likha is not a village but rather the collective name for a group of villages. The village settlements are: Mudo—headman Likhā Jili; Peto—headman Likhā Tak; Sato—headman Likhā Raiyo; Taki—Likhā Teji; Hi—headman Likhā Tachi; Betsuru—headman Likhā Ekhin; Tani—headman Likhā Tabi; Dardo—headman Likhā S'be; Poghah—headman Likhā Tom and Likhā Tsam.

I reproduce a sketch map showing the relative positions of these settlements below.



Though these little states all probably spring from a common ancestor they are by no means free from internal dissension and Likhā Teji is not on good terms with Likhā Ekhin and Likhā Tabi. Small feuds also still persist between Mudo, Peto and Sato. I however believe that for external aggression and for common defence against outside attack these settlements would be capable of putting up a combined front and herein lies the secret of their unshakable collective power in Dala affairs.

In the evening our old friend and erstwhile captive Likhā Tam, still clad in his "borrowed" Government blanket, came to our camp. He seemed so pleased to see me as I was to see him. He said that the reason for the disappearance of the Likhā detachment from the *sat* at Taki was the outrageous demands made upon it by some of the men of Kiru with whom Likhā also had a long-standing feud. He explained that having been captured by the Khasis he now understood them and vouches that they were good but that the others had not been treated thus and so understood. However he said that he hoped eventually to induce them to come in and make peace. To my enquiry as to whether Kiru would be prepared to carry loads for us to Tami and Ekhin, he said that they would provide 30 porters. To-day is exactly a month from the time I had to burn five houses in Kiru. I said that we were proposing to go to the upper Kiru and that on our way there we'd be another *sat* between the Agri Tami and Likhā. To this both he and Tolo Tatom (Sir John Simon), who had come with him, readily agreed. When therefore we go North-West up the Kiru in an attempt to reach Likhā we hope to obtain porters from Nyelom, Likhā and Likhā.

January 15th 1945

Mulo—Likhā

This morning Kop Tami, my head interpreter, went down to the plains on a few days' well-earned leave. He has been working very hard and has given me the greatest assistance and thoroughly deserves his rest. Unlike other areas where there are plenty of interpreters, hantia and chappania, there are as yet very few on this part of the frontier. The result is that I have to employ the same interpreters throughout the areas which in turn means that they have to be away from their villages for months at a time. They are all just ordinary headmen and this long absence from their homes constitutes a very delicate hardship, for they are unable to attend to their cultivation and the various work in their own homes, and many of them have already stated that they will probably not be able to be absent from their homes for so long in future. The great difficulty of course is the small number of tribesmen of any standing on this part of the Frontier who have a knowledge of Assamese. It has therefore been necessary this year to allow the interpreters to go on leave for a fortnight at a time in rotation to allow them to attend to their own private affairs.

We also visited Likhā Tak and Likhā Horin again to-day and there met Nyelom Sora whose house we had already twice visited in Nyelom but whom we had so far never met personally. Sora said that he himself had rescued the two women captured by Nyelom Taha and had handed them back to Likhā Ekhin. Thus I consider a particularly good piece of work on the part of a headman, whose village had been visited for the first time only a month before. Sora admitted that he had never seen a white man before but said that he had heard of the Sircar.

January 15th 1945

Likhā (Mudo)—Likhā (Takho) and back.

Distance—10 miles (approx.)

Direction.—South.

To-day we visited Takho, Likhā Teji's village, and took with us an *ankh* (with) cloth and six mats of salt as return presents for the Mithun Teji had presented to us as a mark of friendship on our arrival here. I was told that the village was not far but it took us 3 hours hard going up hill and down dale to get to Takho. Despite the spell of fine weather we have been having I was astonished at the amount of water we met on the way. The humus and the clays of the jungle-clad hill sides have the property of retaining moisture to a remarkable degree. This is also helped by innumerable springs which appear on all the hill slopes. We had to cross three separate streams,—a main tributary of the Kiji and two smaller side streams,—before we reached Takho and on crossing a higher ridge we left the Kiji river system and entered the main Panior drainage area.

Takho is situated on a long spur running south from the high divide down towards the main Panier river and is almost due south of Mudo where our camp is situated. From there one can see the villages of Hi, Tass, Bantam and, across the Panier, Pegahort.

Teji received us hospitably and we had our lunch on the verandah of his house. We told him that we should need porters to carry us to Mungo via Dorde and he promised to provide them. I am particularly anxious to get to Mungo as this place is said to have trade relations both with Lohla and through that area with Tibet. We selected a small hilltop beside Likha Teji's house for our camp site on our return. On our return to Mudo we had expected to find that Cooksey and the remaining section of the Assam Rifles had arrived, but presumably on account of the difficulty of obtaining porters, they have not come as yet.

January 28th 1948.

Halt—Likha (Mudo).

To-day Cooksey, the Political Jemadar and the remaining Section of the Assam Rifles arrived in camp at about 3 p. m. They had camped, as we had done, on the top of Pad Patu the first night out from Talo and had searched the remaining 11 miles from the high mountain camp to Mudo in one day,—a very creditable performance. The porters however were exhausted and I don't think such a stage would have been possible had not a standing camp been awaiting them on arrival.

To any one not acquainted with this country the stages we normally make may appear short. On the plains, in open country, a six, seven or ten miles march would be normal going but in these steep jungle-covered hills matters are very different. All paths are bad to the point of being almost non-existent. Unimproved paths between villages at war with one another rapidly become overgrown and have to be cleared. The vertical nature of the country makes going difficult especially for porters laden with 25 or 30 lbs. Moreover the tribesmen have no idea of march discipline and merely sit down when they are tired, regardless of what the remainder of the convoy may be doing. It must be remembered therefore that the pace of the march is the rate of the slowest member of the porter convoy. In this unexplored tribal country one cannot just go on leaving stragglers to catch up; they may dump their loads and go home. Had we P. L. Co. this might be possible but even then it would be unadvisable. One has also to get to one's next camp site in plenty of time so that the camp can be pitched, loads stacked and covered with tarpaulins, sentries posted, wood and water collected and the porters settled in for the night before darkness falls.

Cooksey and the Political Jemadar both reported great difficulty in obtaining porters in Talo. Despite the fact that both Likha Teji and Nychon Sera had provided porters these were insufficient and eight loads had had to be left behind in Talo. In's house in Talo.

January 28th 1948.

Halt—Likha (Mudo).

This morning Kelappa, the Officer of the Survey of India, who had been with us since I started left for the plains for his return to Dehra Dun. I should certainly have wished to keep him longer, for during the whole of his stay in these hills he has been indefatigable in his work, and, with the help of the aerial survey, has mapped and surveyed an extraordinary large area of new country. He has, in my opinion, fully maintained the very high traditions of the Survey of India. No conditions of weather and no difficulty of transport have ever deterred him and often he sat for days in the acute discomfort of some high hill top hoping, often in vain, for weather conditions which would make his all-important work possible. Often he was deterred from carrying out his programme by heavy clouds. At other times lack of porters and interpreters held him up, an obstacle for which I feel myself partly responsible. But always he remained cheerful and, though disappointed often, understood the difficulties. I should like to have kept him longer but the ration and porter problems unfortunately made this impossible. His work has been of the utmost value and we were all very sorry to see him go, for he had become a good companion to us all in these remote hills.

As in Talo the atmosphere has not improved since our arrival. The older men of the villages clearly resent the fact that with us have come a crowd of 'down country' claimants who, they realise, would never have dared to have shown their faces so far into the hills if it had not been for our presence. Twice have we visited the house of Likha Horku and Likha Take but they have never put their axes inside our camp. They could have little fear, for in order to disarm suspicion we have even dispersed with a perimeter. Slaves, it is true, have visited the camp and women and children but no headmen. I am certain that it is the old hard-hearted raiders of the settlements who are at the bottom of the trouble. I had therefore sent for the two brothers and had asked them to pay a friendly call but they had always put us off with some excuse or other. There were certain slaves in the village of whose presence we had been informed but, of course, any attempt on our part to have rescued them from the houses would have been fatal. The slaves, mostly women, were in all probability hidden and any move on our part in the way of a search would have done no good. This morning, however, I heard that Take and the son of another headman, Likha Tapa, were attending the meeting which were being held on an open space below our camp. So Haimendorf and I went down and collected the two young men and brought them to the camp. There I asked them point blank to release two women captives, Chaha Yedo of Mungo who was kept in Tapa's house and Chahu Yaga of Komo village who was a slave in the house of Take. They both became rather truculent and started arguing and demanding as much as the price for the release of these two women. Again I said "Are you going to release these slaves or not?" They said "No". I therefore ordered them to be handcuffed by the Assam Rifles. There was a bit of a scuffle and some stir among the women folk of Take's household who had accompanied him. Again it was clear that it was the older women who expected young Take not to release the slaves. However when they saw the two boys sitting with me in handcuffs messengers were at once sent off and the two women, who had been kept in concealment since our arrival in Mudo, were quickly produced. I then ordered the two young men to be released.

This incident was both unfortunate and important. It was however necessary as the headmen of Likha had clearly been hoping to buy us off with an outward show of friendliness which soon degenerated into an atmosphere of aloof indifference. It was necessary therefore to demonstrate to these people in a mild way that I expected Government's orders to be obeyed. A gentle reminder of the power of Government and of its determination, within this notorious village, was not therefore altogether an evil. This was the first time that any Government Officer had visited them and it was therefore necessary to obtain an acquiescence, even if a small display of force was necessary. Temporarily this may cause a set back, but, if the authority of Government is to be asserted in this area, I have no doubt that this will, in the long run, prove of value.

January 23rd 1946.

Hala Licha (Mindo).

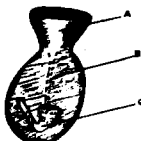
We are intending to-morrow to leave here without Anson Ricks for Takho on the first stage of our journey to Mendo. While the preparations were in hand I went down to the village to the house of Tigo Hela, the most celebrated pipe maker in the whole area. The Dufas and Apa Tama make pipes made of curiously decorated bellmetal bowls with bamboo stems.

The process was as follows. First some bees-wax was warmed and rolled half into thin strips like wire and half into flat sheets. A flat piece was moulded round a piece of wood shaped like the bowl of a pipe. After drawing the wax model of the bowl, and removing any surplus irregular edges, the wire-like strips of wax were twisted and wound into scroll-like shapes and were applied to the wax model of the bowl. Once the complete wax model of the pipe was made,—and this was done with great skill and dexterity by the old man, the model was packed into a mould made of a mixture of clay and charcoal very finely ground. The mould was made in such a way that an inlet was obtained from the outside to the wax model of the pipe within. This very ingenious process can best be described by means of a diagram given below.



A—the funnel-shaped opening at the top.

B—the outer passage from the wax model to the funnel.



C—the mould embedded in the clay and charcoal mixture.

D—the hemispherical clay pot.



As soon as the clay and charcoal mould, containing the wax form of the pipe, has been allowed to dry, the whole mould was put into the fire and baked, the melted wax of the pipe mould being poured off. By this means a cavity—the shape of the bowl of the pipe—remains in the clay mould. Next some bell-metal was placed in the hemispherical bowl and the clay mould was placed vertically above it with the funnel downwards so that A and D fitted into each other. The whole was then placed on the fire until the bell-metal had melted. A and D were then quickly reversed so that D was on top of A and the molten metal thus flowed down the funnel A, through B and into the cavity C. A rough casting of the pipe was thus formed. When the mould had been given sufficient time to cool off, it was broken carefully and the rough cast pipe was extracted complete with decoration and, after the clay and charcoal had been removed from the inside of the bowl and stem and the pipe polished up, it was ready for use. The Dufa customers bring their own metal and the price charged by Tigo Hela is sufficient extra metal to allow him to make one more pipe for sale. Tigo Hela owns very little land and depends on cultivation himself but relies on the sale of his pipes to enable him to purchase his own seeds in the way of rice, cloth and iron.

January 23rd 1946.

Mendo (5,810 feet)—Takho (5,000 feet approx.)

Distance 3 miles approx.

Direction South.

We left Mendo at 9-50 A. M. and reached Takho soon after lunch. The route is difficult being a continuous series of ups and downs with the main divide between the Kiyi and the Paniao systems to cross. The path is nowhere good and I should imagine that it would be almost impossible for any but local tribesmen to use it in wet weather. Fortunately the weather remained fine and we had little trouble. Our camp site had been cleared and soon we were comfortably installed on our ground, a woman's throw away from Licha Teji's house. That afternoon we called upon Licha Teji and were hospitably received. I had heard that Teji also had some slaves in his possession but I did not broach this subject at first as I was anxious first of all to secure not only his friendship but also his confidence. Once he treated me the task of negotiating rather than forcing the release of these captives would be easier. The following slaves are reported to be in Teji's house. Chudu Mian (female) of Kump village, Chura Yata (female) of Opop village on the Par River. Taj Sopin of Licha and Poin Chago of Licha village. However I hid my ears and said nothing on this occasion. That evening when I returned to my tent a party of ours who came from the Par valley came in and in a dramatic and hoarse whisper explained about Taj Sopin. He returned twice in the night to repeat the same tale until my patience was exhausted and I told him to go away. But this sort of thing is typical. Always among one's porters there are spies, informers and chisnams.

January 24th 1945.
Hait-Takho

As I was getting up the morning stillness was shattered by a long shouted oration which was taking place outside my tent. It was only just beginning to get light and as the Dalas are always loud voiced people I paid little attention to what I considered to be the usual hubbub. Our interpreter had however gone to Haimendorf who hurried out with the news that this was yet another friend of Tji Söpin who was hurrying his lungs in order, at what he considered to be a safe distance, so make it quite clear to Likha Teji that unless Tji Söpin was immediately released the Surcar would send Sepoy to burn the house and massacre the inmates. The man was told to keep quiet and was away. I record this incident as typical of the hazards which have to be taken into account in this sort of work. A false rumour particularly if yelled from our very camp, where we had no possible means of defence, might have led to considerable trouble. It was lucky in this case that we had already made friends with Teji and so were able to go over to his house and put matters right, but in less fortunate circumstances this sort of thing might have led to an incident with the necessity of a punitive expedition having to be sent to punish the murderers! Here however lies a problem. From Duta to Talo and onwards I have constantly been dogged by a crowd of foothill Dalas, none of whom, in normal circumstances, would have dared to show their faces so far North into the high ranges, and all of whom are bent upon seizing the opportunity presented to them of pursuing their own private cases. Apart from the time wasted each day in hearing these people and recording their petty cases, most of which are of a 'civil' nature, this, in itself, is not harmful as it enables many outstanding debts to be collected. The great objection, however, is that nearly always the claimant or complainant demands the repayment of his debt or compensation for some wrong real or imagined in the name of the Surcar, and backs up his demand by the most dire threats of what the Surcar is intending to do to the 'defendant-respondent' unless the claims are satisfied at once and in full. Often the claims are excessive and represent merely the last incident in some long-standing feud in which both sides are equally to blame. By having these private litigations following in one's train one's position is rendered far more difficult and delicate because around one there spreads a buzzing aura of rumours of what drastic action the Surcar is about to take. This naturally does not lead to mutual confidence or active co-operation or friendship. We are therefore faced by a difficult problem and I am mentioning it in part by making it as widely known as possible that only when I send a Kotahi or send a written red-bordered passawa have I issued any orders. All verbal threats have no Government authority and should be ignored by headmen. Private claims can of course be settled in private and every encouragement should be given to these tribesmen to do this. The authority of Government cannot, however, be invoked unless—

1. the case has been recorded by a Government servant, and
2. a Kotahi visits the headman or a written passawa is presented.

This surely must be the most lawless area on the whole North East Frontier, for I firmly believe that there can exist no family, be it Dala, Apa, Tami or Miri, which is not involved in some long-standing feud with its neighbour. The task of settling these long-standing feuds is going to be both difficult and complicated and, with the skeleton staff at present posted to the Subansiri Sub-Agency, will take many years of patient and painstaking enquiry. Settled administration can only extend to places connected with my Administrative Headquarters by paths which can be traversed in all weathers. Bridle paths with weather proof shelters for officers, staff and porters at each stage are therefore a necessity. My frequent visits to hitherto unvisited and unexplored areas do have a certain effect but no permanent improvement can be expected until signs of our intention to remain here permanently are visible to all. Roads, rest houses, dispensaries and schools, all these are needed, for it is only by the construction and maintenance of these that the tribesmen will come to recognize Government as their permanent controlling authority. In the past, as I have mentioned before, expeditions led by such officers as Nevill, Lightfoot and Bur have paid fleeting visits to certain parts of the country. On account of the size of the Balipara Frontier Tract and the distance from Charduar of this Eastern end, these visits have been separated by long intervals when no expedition has disturbed the age-old Dala way of life and the old feuds have been allowed to follow their bloody course throughout the years. These infrequent expeditions have, in consequence, been very ineffective as the tribesmen have come to believe that Government have no intention of establishing any permanent control on this part of the Frontier and that as soon as the expedition has returned to the plains they may expect a long period during which they can enjoy full freedom to carry on their feuds without interference from outside authority.

With the staff at my disposal the dual tasks of exploration and administration cannot be undertaken simultaneously. To explore one must move forward *cautiously*, to administer one must first of all gain knowledge; knowledge of tribal customs and laws, of land tenure, of economic problems, of marriage relationships, of religious beliefs, of domestic habits, agriculture, trade and of all the many-sided facts of tribal life. To administer a new country therefore one must go slowly and find one's way. One cannot tackle the man's problems unless one fully understands them. Superficial and quickly gathered knowledge can only result in a poor foundation to the future administration of the tribes. One has to see the problem not only through the eyes of a civilized administrator but from their point of view also. Unless one possesses patience and sympathy, and until one has obtained as full an understanding as is possible, it is bad policy to move on leaving the men and the problems unknown and unsolved. To administer primitive people therefore one has to go into infinite detail and one has to listen.

To-day however a major dispute was solved. One of the most important feuds of the whole area, the history of which I have already given, was between Nihum Epha of Piyapu and Likha Teji. To-day we were to see some of the final rites for the ending of this long-standing dispute. We had witnessed the end at Talo and Epha had gone with us to Mulo to conclude the negotiations. Now it was the question of personal reparations for the injuries and insults which Epha's family had received during the raid on Piyapu. Epha and his followers were encamped beneath a large granary, near Teji's house, for until the time came for a final settlement neither he nor his men could enter Teji's house nor drink the epak from Teji's settlement.

We were bidden to witness the final reckoning. Around a fire in Teji's house sat the rival parties, Epha and his men on one side and Teji, his advisers and wives on the other. Tama Kuli of Boguli looking more like a 'learned judge' than ever sat between them. His task was to see that the rules of etiquette were observed and that justice was done. He knew the facts from first to last for he had been Government 'negotiator' in the first instance. The mithun had already been paid and it now only needed the final agreement to be delivered and the personal gifts from Teji to Epha to be handed over. Suddenly after a pause in the debate young Teji and his wife got up and went to the secret hiding place of his valuables, a mithun horn of large proportions, and produced a *disgawa*, a kalisa, an ancient and very lovely *hoj*.

* *hoj* is an ancient dagger. The best ones come from Tibet and are made of various metals. This one was made of iron and was decorated with a curious abstract Celtic vine leaf design.

a *tsu** of bell-metal, a long Tibetan *das* and one corselet head. Epoh and his companions expressed horror and contempt for the proffered gifts. It was evidently the game not to bring out the best gifts at once on the part of the donor, and a sign of poor breeding to accept the first offers on the part of the recipients.

The *das* was unacceptable; the *tsu* was 'bepers' (Assamese) and was therefore of small value. (I have noticed among the Dullas that Assamese goods are looked upon with contempt as compared with Tibetan articles which are looked upon as being the genuine article). The *tsu* was worth only five rupees. The *tsu*'s and the corselet head were also so good. The metal of the *tsu* was wrong and the head was cracked. Both parties, in Biblical fashion, turned their faces to the wall and refused to speak further. I sat and watched with interest how this apparent deadlock was going to be resolved. There was a short period of utter silence and then Tana Kuli in his most judicial manner ventured the opinion that both sides would lose face unless the gifts were suitable. Appearances had, however, to be maintained and Teji turned to me and said, with much dramatic gesture accompanying his words "Cut my throat, I can do no more"; I remained silent and made no sign. Again there was a pause and then Teji got up and grabbed the *tsu* and the *tsu* and returned to his mission boys and brought back a beautiful old *tsu* of Tibetan brass which gleamed dully in the firelight. The despised *tsu* was exchanged for a genuine Tibetan article. Another *tsu* was added to the pile and eventually Epoh pronounced himself satisfied. We then left for lunch. Outside we found the *tsu* (peace treaty) tripods prepared and the sacrificial mithun ready at hand.

After lunch the sacrifice was performed. A cow mithun and her calf were tied to the *tsu* posts and were dispatched with a blow of a dao on the neck. The meat was cut up and distributed to both sides. Blood was smeared on the *tsu* posts and meat was placed on the tripod as an offering to the God of War. We were also given our share of the mithun and welcomed the chance of fresh meat for our evening meal.

There is a fixed and complicated procedure for the restoration of peace in a Dulla feud. The first step in the prolonged negotiation is that a *tsu* should act as a negotiator. If he is successful a *tsu* then takes place when the whole matter is argued out and reparations made by the offending party. The two sides then come together to perform the *tsu* ceremony. The *tsu* is the Dulla armistice. Here two ceremonies take place. First of all the sufferer, or aggrieved party, goes to the house of the aggressor and there a mithun, provided by the sufferer, is killed at the *tsu* post which is set up outside the house of the aggressor. When this *tsu* has been completed the reverse process takes place and the aggressor goes to the village of the sufferer taking a mithun with him and another *tsu* is then performed outside the house of the aggressor. This concludes the armistice ceremony. Thereafter at some suitable spot roughly half way between the two villages a *tsu* will be made. This consists of three or more bamboo poles with a bamboo trellis work and sundry other bamboo decorations and is a more elaborate structure than a *tsu* memorial. At the *tsu* ceremony the actual peace ceremony is performed. As the *tsu* time both parties involved in the feud will come each with a mithun and after the *tsu* has said suitable words the *tsu* will be sacrificed and peace between the two villages will have been restored. Here in Yala the *tsu* ceremony was held witnessed only the first half of the armistice ceremony.

Before I left Teji's house we broached the subject of the slaves which were reported to be kept in his house. He admitted readily that all the slaves were with him with the exception of Chabu Mamo. He said that Taj Sopin had been captured 20 years ago by his father Pabli. Sopin was then a small boy. Now he was grown up and had a wife and children in Talle. Of Chera Yata he said that she had been in his house for a very long time and, her first husband having died, she had married again and had three grown up children. He said that Pain Chaga was also in the house and he said he would produce all the captives before us on our return from Mengo. The whole question of what is a better term one may call slavery in these hills is a very difficult question and I will submit a separate note on this matter in due course.

January 25th 1906.

Takho—Likhupia (5,000 ft. approx.)

Distance.—3 miles approx.

Direction.—West.

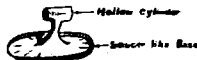
We were up at 4-30 a. m. ready for the start of our first stage on the journey to Mero, as usual, there was much trouble with the porters and the sun was well up before we started. Teji came to see us off and sent his younger brother to act as sirdar to the porters.

From Takho the path to Mengo goes North of HD settlement and across a small stream, the Paila, which flows South into the Panior and upwards through high plain fields until the high virgin jungle is reached at about 6,000 ft. Here there is a saddle in the hills and the path leads steeply down to Dordé village. We had been told that there were no *tsu* (steep ascents) but here we received yet another demonstration of the indifference the Dullas display to country. Living as they do in a country of precipitous hills and deep valleys, they think nothing of an ascent which to the average European is exhausting. At a halt high up in the virgin forest we caught our first glimpse of the high mountain country of the upper waters of the Panior; great mountains 11,000 to 12,000 ft. high with snow covering their pine covered crests. It was exciting, for here was definitely new country of a type which we had not so far seen. At Dordé we called upon the headman I Bha Serb and his senior wife Dipo, a delightful old couple, who entertained us most hospitably and presented us with a goat and begged us to camp in their village on our return from Mengo. We had lunch on the verandah of their house and then went on our way to Likhupia. The path ran almost due West along the left bank of the Panior River flowing in its deep Valley some 3,000 ft. below us. The journey was difficult and the path steep in places where side streams had to be crossed. We could see Likhupia apparently across a valley on a spur running down to the Panior, but the side stream meant steep ascents and descents before the village was finally reached.

Likhupia was not a friendly village and Naban Gervam†, the headman, was not in evidence. I think the reason was that it was suffering from a guilty conscience, for it was the reason was that it was suffering from a guilty conscience; comparatively powerful and virile Naban village of Likhupia which had been responsible for wiping out the smaller and weaker Chabu village of Hora, Mengo.

The only people we met were women and slaves. I was however struck by the difference in dress and ornament. Bark fibre cloth was in evidence; good material, well woven and little inferior to the local cotton weaves. The borders were embroidered with black and red wool imported over the high ranges from the upper Kuru and the Panyi (meaningly a Southern tributary of the Kuru). I saw on the wife of

* A *tsu* is a Tibetan object of art. I cannot say what use it has or what it represents. It is generally made of bronze or bell-metal and looks like this. They are ornamented and decorated with designs and vary in size from 1/2 inches across to the size of a small pipe.



Náham gram a typical black and red narrow woollen girdle such as one seen on Tibetans in Sikkim. Chains of Tibetan brass and copper rings and brass earrings set with coral and turquoise matrix all spoke of a far closer connection with Tibet than any Dafia community we had so far met.

When, however, we went to Náham Geram's house in the evening we were regaled with what was clearly a park of lies. Our informant was an influential slave who for some reason was not anxious for us to find out about the area to the North and West. We pitched our camp beside Náham Geram's house where we were able to obtain wood and water. The porters slept beneath the granaries.

January 26th, 1946.

Likhípúia (5,000 ft.)—Mengo (4,500 ft.).

Distance.—8 miles approx.

Direction.—West.

The night had been bitterly cold as the wind had been blowing down the Panior from the high snow ranges. Our start this morning was reminiscent of a Christmas card, for everywhere there was a heavy white hoar frost and we were glad of all the clothes we could wear. It was not long however before the sun came up and warmed the day. The path was exasperating, for from Likhípúia we could see the brown smooth spurs of Mengo away to the West. It did not look very far but there was rain about and distances were deceptive. As we went on we found that the route crossed one after another deep side valleys and though we left Likhípúia at 8.30 a.m. we did not reach Mengo until after 3 p.m. The last climb up to the village from the bottom of the valley of the Pumaia River was specially tiring.

On a separate sheet I have drawn a rough sketch of the upper waters of the Panior River with its tributaries and the main villages we saw on the way.

On our arrival at Mengo we were the objects of the greatest curiosity and were hospitably received. The Mengo headman had asked Haimadorof to come and visit their settlements when he had first gone up to Dáha early in November last, and Cháhu Mékhi, their messenger, was now with us. We pitched our camp on a small level piece of ground which was celebrated for the quality of its clay and tribal potters for miles around obtained their material from this spot. It was a cold, grey day and almost as soon as we had crossed our tents it began to drizzle, a condition which continued throughout our stay in Mengo until the last night when the weather cleared.

In Mengo one found oneself in a different world. True, the people were still Dafia, but their natural trade relations and social connections lay mainly to the North and West. In this out-of-the-way group of villages clinging to the spurs overlooking the upper waters of the Panior and themselves overlooked by the great ranges south of the river jutting perpendicularly into the sky, we had stumbled upon the first area,—a far South-Eastern outpost,—of the broad belt of Dafia country having direct commerce with Tibetan culture and trade. One was at once aware of the difference. Everywhere one saw Tibetan ornaments of a quality superior to those we had seen further South and East. The coarse Dafia cloths were bordered with red and black wool,—Tibetan wool. The women, many of whom to me looked very Tibetan, wore their hair in Tibetan fashion with the ends of the pigtails wrapped round their heads and standing out sideways above the ears as in the rough drawing below.



On this first evening we went to the house of Náham Táj which was situated higher up the hillside and which was reached by a steep path. From our conversation round one of the many fires in the long house I learned that the Náham people in Mengo had, fairly recently, come South from their original home near Lohá (or Lohá or Lohá-Lá). The Náham people had been driven South by the powerful Gómia clan who, in turn, had come from the villages of Láha and Ráha on the upper waters of the Kharu. This seems to indicate that even now there is a definite migratory movement of the Dafia Aya class from the North to the South, though what causes this tribal migration I am not as yet in a position to say. This leads me to believe that the arrival of the Aya branch of the Dafia tribal group in these comparatively Southern foothill regions is a comparatively recent event and has only been occasioned by excessive pressure from the North. I believe that the population has recently been subject to a considerable increase, for had the population density been the same for some considerable period the jungles covering these hills would, in wider areas, show signs of having been cleared. Indeed it may well be that within a few glancing cycles the density of the population has considerably increased. As far as I have been able to observe it is only around the existing villages that one encounters rejuvenated fires and the marks of old plant cultivation; elsewhere one still finds virgin jungle. It therefore seems to me that many of the villages in this area are of such recent origin as to have made it, as yet, unnecessary for the inhabitants to shift their quarters from land which, by cultivation, has become exhausted. I should imagine that the first settlements of the tribes at present found in this area were along the main river valleys; Dafia along the Kharu, Mírís along parts of the Kamája and Abra along the upper reaches of the Sapaiairi. Of course in other favoured places such as the Apa Tsui valleys, which show all the signs of a mature and long-standing occupation, the village communities have probably been there, with little material change either in the density of the population or in the state of their secluded and indigenous culture, for thousands of years. It must be remembered that the advent of settlers into the plains of Assam has taken place during the past century. True, there were previous civilisations in Assam such as the Ahoms and earlier kingdoms, traces of whose occupation can still be found along these foothills, but I think it can be taken as improbable that these early civilisations had many contacts, cultural or economic, with the tribes inhabiting the hills of the North-East Frontier. This leads me to suppose that in such remote and comparatively inhospitable areas as the upper waters of the Panior the Dafia are comparative newcomers from the North.

In the house of Nibum Taj we met Takum Ekha, who had often been to Lebia. He said that unnumbered men could reach this area in two days but that porters would have to spend three nights in the high jungles. The route to the North-West led over high mountains passes which were only possible in the warm weather and in winter were blocked with snow. There are no Daffa villages on the way but there are Sulong settlements such as Ede which is only one day's march from Mengo. Ede consists of only four houses and is situated in the high hills where the Sulong engage in hunting and the collection of furs for sale to the Tibetan traders from the North. There is another Sulong village near Mengo called Pipi of which Sulong Chebia is the headman. The Sulong are a separate race from the Daffa and speak a different language: they cultivate little but are great hunters and bring game and skins to Mengo for sale. They are expert blacksmiths and weavers of bark cloth. I was shown some of this bark cloth and, in general, I thought it finer than the coarse cotton cloth of the Daffa and even comparable to the cotton material woven by the Apa Tani. I was told that the Sulong are big men in stature but are few in numbers. Until it is possible to meet and investigate the Sulong their origin must remain a mystery, but they are clearly a different race from the Daffa, whose mode of dress they have adopted, and are probably older in origin in the same way as the Lychas are a more ancient tribe than the Sikkims who now have encroached upon most of their ancestral hunting grounds.

Takum Ekha continued "The first village encountered in the Lebia area is Lei inhabited by the Tede clan. Close to Lei is a large Gema village named Lente on the Panyi river. The Panyi flows from the South West into the Kharu. The next village is Lente-Lot, a Tede village, and this is only half a day from the Kharu. Opposite Lente-Lot, on the left (far) bank of the Kharu, is a large village named Shiyiv peopled by the powerful Nurum-Bonga clan. There the land is comparatively flat and the people engaged in wet rice cultivation. The Nurum-Bonga people go to Tibet (and by this I conclude he meant that they go to where Tibetans are living and not over the main Himalaya) and buy wool, furs, beads, etc." Interrupting Ekha, I enquired exactly what he meant by Tibet which he called Nyisak, or Lente, Dakh or Bonga Dakh (white land). It transpires that there are many Tibetans living South of the main Himalaya and this is referred to as Tibet by the Daffa. "In that land" Ekha went on "there is a large white stone house having many rooms in which many Tibetans live and are ruled over by a Raja who lives on a hill". It would seem that here he was referring to a monastery. "The Tibetans bring wool, furs, beads, salt, Khas and Mags (the Daffa word for the dog game, the tongueless Tibetan bells used as currency), for sale and barter and buy rice, cane, furs, hides, and skins (vegetable dyes, mainly saffron). The Tibetans keep shops like *layas* for trading purposes and they use yaks. On this side of the huge *dash* they work salt mines and extract iron ore from the hills and make dace and gum. The Nurum-Bonga are Daffa, and speak Apa and are very warlike". There are three main dialectic language groups among the Daffa; Aya, the dialect of the clans from the North such as the Nibum, Tede and Gema; Durum, the dialect of the clans of the centre such as the weak Chuba, Nick and Lio; and Lek, the dialect of the clans in the Southern foothills such as those in the Par Valley, the Niri and Tana. However it is difficult to give any geographical boundaries to these language groups as the migratory streams of the various clans are in a state of flux. Many of the original Aya speaking clansmen have migrated far to the South and one can find Nibum villages such as Pityapa in the Par Valley region. Then too many, if not all villages contain families of many separate clans—refugees mostly who have sought shelter elsewhere on account of family feuds. One thing I have noticed however is that no instance has come to my mind of any reverse process, i.e., of any migration of Daffas from the South to the North. It seems to me that at present the small, weak and widely scattered Durum clans are in the process of elimination, being sandwiched between their more powerful and viable neighbours to the North and South.

Ekha went on to say "There are Gôô people in Mengo. They came first to Mengo through the high passes from the Yaujât (Western Daffa country); from the Kinia (the Kanung) River. The other clans of Mengo intermarry with the Gôôs of the Yaujât. After the Gôô people the Nibum families came to Mengo from the Leba-Lâ area and then came the Tara people who came from Gaga village in the Leba-Lâ region from near the village of Lei".

January 27th, 1945

Hak Mengo.

It was a cold wet day with the clouds almost down to the river and blotting out the view on all sides. We again went visiting the houses of important headmen.

In the morning we visited the house of Nibum Tangum of Soto settlement of Mengo. Nibum Tangum is the elder brother of Nibum-Cheli, headman of Tape Gôô. Here we learned about the collection and manufacture of Daffa poison for which Mengo is famous. The Daffa use poisons on their arrows both for hunting and but such is the activity of this much prized poison that the average Daffa can keep only one or two poisoned arrows in his quiver for emergency. Tangum told us that a man hit by a poisoned arrow would die almost immediately. The Daffa arrow has usually a small barbed head made of iron. Sometimes the head is made of fire hardened bamboo which can be brought to a fine point. The poison is smeared on the arrow head and shaft as in the sketch below.



Above the poison on the shaft of the arrow itself are made small cuts so that when the barb penetrates it breaks off if any effort is made to remove it. The Daffa arrow is feathered with a variety of palm leaf and the feathers are kept in place by binding below the notch for the bow string. The handgrips are always made with a particular variety of palm fibre. There are always four feathers to the arrow, and though it may be the case, I have never seen a Daffa arrow feathered with the feather of any bird.

The Mengo villagers carry on a lucrative trade in poison and jealously guard their possession. They collect their poison from the high mountains South of the Panyi and from the high range lying between Mengo and the Kharu to the North-West. The poison comes from a small plant known to the Daffa as

in high as of LEBA fells with with the BORELI then the KARABALI (L)

'fani'. The shrub has a bushy appearance and is a little larger than a good sized chili bush. The flowers are white and ripe in September. The juice is used from the tubers which are found on the roots. Each plant will have about three tubers which will be sufficient for about five acres. The tubers are cut open and the inside is scraped out and beaten to a gelatinous pulp. This pulpy substance is then applied to the arrow head and is allowed to dry. The price is high,—one rupee is a trade good for one tuber. The plant is scarce and Tangam said that a man could only find about ten at each trip which entailed many days' absence and much effort. However the tubers can be kept for three years and can still be used for making poison. I purchased a tuber which I will hand over to Shillong for expert examination. The Nibsum of Mengo in company with the following clans:—Tebi, Lek, Tabia, Tama (the last two are now mainly football clans), and Gile (there is a Gile family now in Mengo from the high hill area to the West known as Yelthig. These former villages were Debrath). In addition the Nibsum families intermarry with the Chaba, Likha, Licha (Kirum), Tadr, Tei and Thai (the last three come from the North-West in the Laha-Lā area).

In the evening we visited the home of Tira Nāsa. The Tira clan were the last to come from the North to Mengo and Nāsa's father came from Gāgo village on the Pāyā River. To get to this village parties would have to spend three nights on the way. As an example of the marriage relations in this village I found that the sister of Tabin Nāsi, headman of Pōin on the lower Panzer, is married into this family and was living in the house. Nāsa was ill with what appeared to be severe rheumatism and for this he was making *paṅpa* to a God called Chāhāhāhā. This is the god of war and illness and also for the killing of tigers. Outside the house there were the usual decorated *paṅpa* place dedicated to Lopo, Jāpo, Uiy, Hā and Jilāhāh. This group of deities were responsible for directing men's thoughts and actions. Other gods worshipped by the Mengo Dāsa are Sāh, the god of water, and Death, the god of disease.

Nāsa's senior wife named Yājo is of the powerful Gōmā clan. She came from Lote village and said that the nearest village to hers in the Laha-Lā area was Rīṭ-Tiri and its offshoot, Lote-Lō. She said there was wet rice cultivation in Laha-Lā and that the people there grew good rice.

Having given his daughter in marriage to Nibsum Tāsum of Mengo, Nāsa's father, Tira Kāni, learned that the people of Mengo had become very rich and as he too came and settled here. Kāni first taught the people of Mengo wet rice cultivation, an art which he himself had learned in Laha-Lā. However as he was a late comer Kāni was unable to obtain any suitable land for himself for wet rice cultivation and the family was therefore not so rich as compared with the other families.

When we enquired more about the land to the North-West Nāsa said that Northwards from Lote-Lōt there are fifteen villages and then one goes to a big and important village called Bōr. Between Bōr and Tibet (he referred to the Tibet south of the main Himalaya) there are two villages Nao and Bāni. The first Tibetan village is Bāhāhāhā. This is south of the main range. Nāsa said that it was a ten days' journey from Lote-Lōt to Nao. Nāsa went on to say that the Tibetans all have guns, and use yaks and 'dres like cattle'.

While a chicken was being killed and grilled whole over the fire and eggs boiled by pouring water into the hot ash and placing the eggs in the hot, damp ashes, we were shown a piece of very fine wool of a long, silky staple which Nāsa had obtained from the Tibetans and also some Yak wool. After the fowl had been grilled and pulled in fat, distributed and eaten, Nāsa continued, "there are two tribes of Tibetans, the Tibetans proper (he called them Lāsa or Nyāsa Nyā) and a tribe called Nya or Nāng. The two tribes are continually fighting. When the Nāngs were head-gressed they enlisted the aid of the Dāsa of the Lote-Lōt and men all of whom have flat heads, but despite this the Nāngs were defeated and were almost all killed. The Nāng people are shepherds and drink milk (to the Dāsa an extremely dainty habit). They grow wheat but no rice or millet. The Nāngs speak a different language from the Dāsa but can understand Dāsa."

"There are also some tribes called Bōra or Bāngra". These people are Dāsa but they wear woollen clothes and high boots like the Tibetans on account of the cold and snow. They also use yaks.

I think it is clear therefore that South of the main Himalaya range there is a colony of Tibetans who are living there permanently and are exercising the powers of Government, for Nāsa concluded by saying that the Bōras were formerly continually making war against each other and against other Dāsa clans, but that the Tibetans restored peace. He said "the Dāsa go across the mountains to trade as the Tibetans do not come far South." "The Tibetans" said Nāsa, "live in bungalows like shāhs. Their houses have chimneys and they have many lamps". He even pointed to my torch and said that they had lamps like that, but this is obviously a flight of imagination. Nāsa referred to Tibet as 'the Sarcra'!

January 29th, 1946.

Hak Mengo.

It was a beastly day and as I had a cold coming on I stayed in my tent and wrote up my diary, which though I had my notes, was behind hand. I wonder if anyone will ever bother to wade through all this writing.

January 29th, 1946.

Mengo (4,500 feet)—Darde (5,250 feet.)

Distance—	9 miles (approx.)
Direction—	East.

In the evening yesterday the weather showed signs of clearing up and there was a wonderful sunset. All our watches have gone out of order except that of my servant Rab Nawān Khān. Thus too must have been playing tricks for he woke us all up at about 3 a.m. I emerged from my tent to find a clear and cloudless sky and a bitter frost. It was bitterly cold. However we were richly rewarded, for gone were the mists and fogs of the past few days and the full moon and all the stars in the black velvet night glistened frostily above us. The complete silence was broken only by the faint roar of the Panzer many hundreds of feet below. Across the valley the high ranges had emerged and, in the moonlight, seemed higher than ever and shone dully like tarnished silver against the black vault of heaven.

We waited shivering for the dawn and had our breakfast long before the East grew light. The rising sun caught one after another of the peaks; first pink, then silver and finally a dazzling white of new fallen snow as the sun rose higher. It was a wonderful sight with the latest fall of snow thickly covering the high, fir covered treas and cascading in white rivers of snow down the vertical gullies. So our three days of mist and rain had been well worth it. We had learned a lot and had touched the fringe of a new world, a world in which Tibet was referred to as 'the Sarcra'!

*I have since discovered that the Bōras are not Dāsa but are Bōras living in the high valleys south of the main Himalaya.

Our way back from Mingo was not easy. The recent rain had made the path damnablely slippery and little trickles of water splashed and dripped down the hillside on to our route. However by leaving at 7-15 a.m. we reached Lihikipalia by 2-30 p.m. I decided to go on as we had promised to pay a visit to old Likha Rebia at Dordé on our way back. But first we had work to do in Lihikipalia. We had received information that of the people captured at Hore Mingo at the time of the raid, four women, the residue of the captives were kept in the house of Nibbam Geram. They were Chaha Yalton, Tana Yapiu, Tana Nyem and Kipa Yebá. So I halted the porters and we went to the house of Geram and demanded the release of the women. Excesses and provocation ceased. I remained firm and pressed the claim saying that if the women were not returned to me at once I would send spears for them. Three were eventually produced but Kipa Yebá was not to be found. A hostage seemed to be required, so I grabbed the objectionable and influential and wealthy slave whom we had met on our way to Mingo and who acted as 'Foreign Minister' to Nibbam Geram. I told him that he would remain with us until Yebá was produced. This quickly had the desired effect and before long she was produced. As we left the village the air was rent by wails from Yebá's sister who, while her sister was a captive in Geram's house, was happily married to a Nyem in the village and who was mourning the departure of her sister who had remained a slave in Lihikipalia for two years.

This brings me to the difficult question of the prevalence of slavery in these hills. The whole problem revolves itself under two main lines of enquiry—

1. What should be the present attitude of Government to this problem, and
2. What line of policy Government should endeavour to follow in dealing with this whole question in the future.

But first, I think it would be as well to include here some general remarks upon slavery in these hills. The practice of capturing, or purchasing, captives and keeping them as unpaid workers is general throughout the hill tribes of the North East Frontier and this custom dies hard. Even in those tracts of the Niga hills, areas where a varying degree of administrative control has been exercised for some twenty years, the custom may still persist in certain areas and is rife in the more remote villages in the unadministered portions of that region. The same applies to large areas of the Abor hills, and, I have no doubt, extends into the hill tribal areas in Bhamo.

I have, however, in my contacts with the Daffa and Apa Tani, come to realize how mistaken one is to attribute the kind of slavery depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the condition of captives in the Daffa Hills. To call the life of a captured *Man* (captive), or a purchased or 'bought' *Man* (not a woman) of the Daffa slavery is to apply a wholly erroneous term. The so-called slave lives, feeds and works with his captor or purchaser. The slave marries, or is married into, the household of his master. If he displays intelligence, initiative and industry he can become the owner of land and mithun. As it is this class in the Daffa society which most frequently visits the plains of Assam, the slave often attains an important place in village councils for his knowledge of Assamese tends to make him trade agent for the village and even economic adviser. After raids he is frequently chosen to undertake the delicate negotiations which precede a *pahe* or a *deph* for often, having little ransom value, he can go where the *eye* (upper class) cannot venture. For instance in Likha it was the intelligent slave Nich Panayw who acted as go-between in the numerous negotiations which took place between myself and the headmen. Nich Panayw had been born in the house of Likha Rebia, the head of a large family who had formerly lived in Likha but who had, on account of feuds, migrated to Kiram. Nich Panayw later became the best of my tribal porter attendants and seldom failed to raise his quota of tributes many of whom were themselves *pahe*. He amassed a considerable sum of money when working for us, and he told me that there would be no question of his having to hand over this money to Likha Rebia, his master. I have met instances, such as one in Talo, where an *as-slave* owned one of the largest houses in the village and is now a man of wealth and importance.

It may be thought that a captured *eye* who becomes a *man* in the house of his captor has suffered a great reversal in his fortunes, but this is accepted by tribal tradition. He always has the chance of being ransomed and even if he is not his lot is better than, say the failure on the Stock Exchange who suddenly finds himself transmuted from affluence to poverty in a *cid*. Hard work which often is little disposed to be a failure. The captured *eye* is fed, housed and clothed by his captor and is free to marry into his household where his children will also become the responsibility of the head of the house.

Many 'slaves' would refuse sternly to leave their masters even if given the chance to do so. A captive from a small village propelled by a weak clan is, after his capture, often infinitely better off when a member of a large and powerful village. His life is more secure, his food more plentiful and his opportunities greater. In many cases to be released would be a disaster. Where can he go? His village probably no longer exists. His interests now centre round the village of his captor. To throw him out upon the cold, hard Daffa world, a world in which to assist a run-away slave is the occasion for instant reprisal against the helper, is, to him, an unkind act.

By the foregoing remarks I have sought to explain rather than defend the custom prevailing in these hills. Throughout all primitive, and, in the modern world, I am afraid, civilized, society it seems to be the law that the weaker societies go to the wall. This, in these Frontier Tracts, is at present understood and accepted. Slavery, as understood in Geneva, has little meaning in this part of the world and the acid test should, I think, be the captive's own choice. If he wishes to be freed it connotes the fact that he is unhappy in his present lot and expects to improve his position by regaining his freedom. In this event he certainly should be freed by Government when it is in a position to do so. I however say this with certain reservations upon which I will dilate later. If he does not, then why force him to find a home and livelihood elsewhere merely to pay a hypocritical lip-service to theorists and statisticians in Geneva, whose horizon is, for the most part, bounded by conditions in Europe? The dweller in any slum in a European city; the Indian labourer working in a cotton or jute mill and living in squalor in a chawl and the so-called 'apprentice' in many a *hamed*'s shop, all these, by comparison, bear a lot far harder than the *man* or *eye* in a Daffa house. While the question will have in future to be subjected to the closest examination, is it not a question of removing "the beam that is in thine own eye"?

I now come to the first of the two questions I postulated at the beginning of this dissertation. 'What should be the present attitude of Government to this problem'?

It seems to me unwise to make any drastic alteration in this tribal custom until Government is so firmly installed in this area that it is in a position first of all thoroughly to understand the problem and later to enforce with the utmost determination the policy which is finally agreed upon. If it is of any statistical value I can say that so far this winter I have released some thirty-five slaves all by force or intimidation and all against the wishes of their owners. Some of these released people have taken the opportunity of availing themselves of the freedom they have gained. Others have promptly returned to the family in which they have lived for so long in comparative comfort and security. But on each occasion the effect has been to antagonize the owner even if in some cases the animosity has been only temporary. My main object during

this winter has been to establish, in this first contact, friendly relations between these remote tribes and the Government. If I am to adopt a policy of releasing men and since on every occasion the result judicially is going to be disastrous for if anything is calculated to antagonize all the leading business in all the villages I visit, it is the knowledge that the Sirma is bent on removing valuable members from their households. The existing custom is the one which they understand and any attempt to alter it too drastically and too quickly is bound to stir up a great deal of opposition to the detriment of the authority of Government in these hills. If, in other areas, it has, in some twenty years, been found impossible completely to abolish the custom, I think it unwise to move too fast in this newly opened country.

The present attitude of Government should therefore be one of disapproval and at the same time tolerance. It should be the business of all Government officers on this Frontier to make it widely understood that Government will not countenance the capture or selling of men and slaves, and, in areas where our position is sufficiently well established, every effort should be made to stamp out this custom. In others it will be advisable to await the arrival of stronger administration and the encroachment of more civilized ideas.

I now come to the second question. Much of it has been answered in dealing with the first. There however remains the question of how best to remove 'slavery' and the buying of slaves from this area. There are two ways of bringing this to pass. The first, and clearly the more objectionable politically, is by direct oppressive action on the part of Government: by enforcing the anti-slavery sections of the Indian Penal Code which provide the routine reply to enquiries from the League of Nations in Geneva. This, as I have already said, will bring Government into direct opposition with the most influential strata of tribal society. The second, and to my mind the more effective, method will be to bring about the general freeing of slaves by economic means. For instance in Aps Tani society there are two broad classes, the gale or patrician class and the pichs known as the gals. In the broadest sense of the term I suppose the gals should be classed as slaves. They are owned by a gale master and in return for their food, housing and clothing, they work for him. They marry and have children and their in turn are the property of their master. However, as Hainendorf has pointed out in his "Preliminary note upon 'slavery' among the Aps Tani's", written last year when he was studying this tribe, a gale family which proves diligent and thrifty is often given a separate house by its master and separate land for cultivation, and leads a free and independent existence. It has been mainly the gale class among the Aps Tani which have carried for us this year and in doing so they must have already earned, in the aggregate, a large sum of money. This has considerably upset the Aps Tani society, for ideas made many a gale, at any rate for the time being, economically independent of his master. If therefore Government can devise means of providing the gals, the men and the most a separate means of livelihood making him then economically independent of his master, a step in the right direction will have been taken. In my diary for December the 6th but I mentioned the consequences which would follow from the introduction of the plough in the Aps Tani country. If alternative employment could be found for the gals then slavery out of work it would, I believe, be the first step in this valley in the abolition of the slavery for the presence of work. I believe that it is economic pressure so much as the natural warlike traditions of these tribesmen which has perpetuated from the very earliest times the customs of the capture and maintenance of unpaid labour. The legitimate family is too small a unit to do out a livelihood in this difficult country. Many hands are needed to cut flax and clear fields and keep back the ever encroaching jungle. The primitive methods of cultivation are all dependent upon man power and if the clan or family has insufficient labour it captures some. The line of policy which Gov. meant should endeavour to follow in dealing with this problem is therefore two-fold:—

- (1) to create conditions which will make the 'slave' economically independent of his master, and
- (2) if possible, to improve the methods of agriculture and ease the struggle for existence that the anxiety of obtaining unpaid labour will no longer exist.

I have been asked in due course, to give my views on this important and difficult problem and hope therefore that these remarks may be of assistance and value. In conclusion I would add that, if Government is contemplating the construction of roads and bridle paths in this area, this in itself will absorb a good number of hitherto unpaid labourers. I have no doubt that the introduction of cottage industries and village handicrafts will absorb a good many more, but whatever is contemplated the first objective should, in my opinion, be the raising of the standards of agriculture and the introduction of alternative means of livelihood. By doing this we will strike at the root of the problem and by removing the cause of the disease we shall, at the same time, remove the necessity of curing it.

We were all tired when we reached Durdé but again were very kindly received by Likha Serbé and his charming old wife Dipu. A goat was killed and some liquor was distributed among the exhausted porters and P. L. Co. and everyone was now happily settled in.

I must here put in a word about the Gurkha P. L. Co. for I have thinking but the greatest admiration for them. I have only been provided with eleven and of these two have had to be retained in Dada to help in the camp there. The ones I have with me are, however, quite indispensable, for they provide an example to the tribal porters and carry the heaviest loads. In camp they pitch the tents, construct the huts and generally make themselves useful in every way. What I should have done, without them I cannot imagine, for they always work tremendously hard and however trying the conditions always remain cheerful and cheerful. In Likha Serbé's house I obtained the genealogical tree of his clan and appended it to an appendix to this diary. The interesting fact is that it has been only in this generation that the Likha clan has spread from the original area in which it settled to the west of the high ridge known as the Chh-Ann Pass. The Likha and the Nâbum clan lands are now adjoining with little waste jungle land between them. If therefore these two clans continue to increase it will be necessary for the surplus population to emigrate elsewhere. It was Serbé and his family who originally cut the plough and established the village, but it is a curious fact that there are now Nâbum families also living in the village. This, I think, can be attributed to the fact that Serbé has no enemies and is at peace with his neighbours and even the Dada is sufficiently appreciative of security to welcome the chance of settling in a village unencumbered with feuds. Durdé is friendly, and intermarries, with the Nâbum, Léli, Tabia, Tama, Tei and Tso clans.

this winter has been to establish, in this first contact, friendly relations between these remote tribesmen and Government. If I am to adopt a policy of releasing men and save on every occasion the result politically is going to be disastrous for if anything is calculated to antagonise all the leading headmen in all the villages I visit, it is the knowledge that the Sirca is bent on removing valuable members from their households. The existing custom is the one which they understand and any attempt to alter it too drastically and too quickly is bound to stir up a great deal of opposition to the detriment of the authority of Government in these hills. If, in other areas, it has, in some seventy years, been found impossible completely to abolish this custom, I think it unwise to move too fast in this newly opened up country.

The present attitude of Government should therefore be one of disapproval and at the same time tolerance. It should be the business of all Government officers on this Frontier to make it widely understood that Government will not countenance the capture or selling of men and here, and in areas where our position is sufficiently well established, every effort should be made to stamp out this custom. In others it will be advisable to await the arrival of stronger administration and the encouragement of more civilized ideas.

I now come to the second question. Much of it has been covered in dealing with the first. There however remains the question of how best to remove 'slavery' and the keeping of slaves from this area. There are two ways of bringing this to pass. The first, and clearly the more objectionable politically, is by direct repressive action on the part of Government: By enforcing the anti-slavery sections of the Indian Penal Code which provide the routine reply to enquiries from the League of Nations in Geneva. This, as I have already said, will bring Government into direct opposition with the most influential strata of tribal society. The second, and to my mind the more effective, method will be to bring about the general freeing of slaves by economic means. For instance in Aps Tani society there are two broad classes, the gaw or patrician class and the galkh known as the galkh. In the broadest sense of the term I suppose the galkh should be classed as slaves. They are owned by a gaw master and in return for their food, housing and clothing, they work for him. They marry and have children and these in turn are the property of their master. However, as Hainendorf has pointed out in his "Preliminary note upon 'slavery' among the Aps Tani", written last year when he was studying this tribe, a galkh family which grows diligent and thrifty is often given a separate house by its master and separate land for cultivation, and leads a free and contented existence. It has been mainly the galkh class among the Aps Tani which has carried far so this year and in doing so they must have already earned, in the aggregate, a large sum of money. This has considerably upset the Aps Tani society, for it has made many a galkh, in any case for the time being, economically independent of his master. If therefore Government can devise means of generalizing the galkh, a step in the right direction will have been taken. In my diary for December the 6th last I mentioned the consequences which would follow from the introduction of the plough in the Aps Tani country. If alternative employment could be found for the galkh then thrown out of work it would, I believe, be the first step in this valley in the abolition of the slavery for the presence of which, I believe that it is economic pressure as much as the natural warfare tradition of these tribesmen which has perpetuated from the very earliest times the custom of the capture and maintenance of unpaid labour. The legitimate family is too small a unit to do out a livelihood in this difficult country. Many hands are needed to cut flax and clear fields and keep back the ever encroaching jungle. The primitive methods of cultivation are all dependent upon man power and if the clan or family has insufficient labour it captures extra. The line of policy which Gov. must should endeavour to follow in dealing with this problem is therefore two-fold :-

- (1) to create conditions which will make the 'slave' economically independent of his master, and
- (2) if possible, to improve the method of agriculture and ease the struggle for existence that the necessity of obtaining unpaid labour will no longer exist.

I have been asked in due course, to give my views on this important and difficult problem and hope therefore that these remarks may be of assistance and value. In conclusion I would add that, if Government is contemplating the construction of roads and bridle paths in this area, this in itself will absorb a good number of hitherto unpaid labourers. I have no doubt that the introduction of cottage industries and village handicrafts will absorb a good many more, but whatever is contemplated the first objective should, in my opinion, be the raising of the standards of agriculture and the introduction of alternative means of livelihood. By doing this we will strike at the root of the problem and by removing the cause of the disease we shall, at the same time, remove the necessity of curing it.

We were all tired when we reached Dardé but again were very kindly received by Likha Serbé and his charming old wife Dips. A goat was killed and some liquor was distributed among the exhausted porters and P. L. Co. and everyone was soon happily settled in.

I must here put in a word about the Gurkha P. L. Co. for I have nothing but the greatest admiration for them. I have only been provided with eleven and of these two have had to be retained in Dada to help in the camp there. The ones I have with me are, however, quite indispensable, for they provide an example to the tribal porters and carry the heaviest loads. In camp they pitch the tents, construct the houses and generally make themselves useful in every way. What I should have done without them I cannot imagine, for they always work tremendously hard and however trying the conditions always remain willing and cheerful. In Likha Serbé's house I obtained the genealogical tree of his clan and appear it as an appendix to this diary. The interesting fact is that it has been only in this generation that the Likha clan has spread from the original area in which it settled to the west of the high ridge known as the Chá-Jana Patta. The Likha and the Nábusu clan lands are now adjoining with little waste jungle land between them. If therefore these two clans combine to increase it will be necessary for the surplus population to emigrate elsewhere. It was Serbé and his family who originally cut the flax and established the village, but it is a curious fact that there are now Nábusu families also living in the village. This, I think, can be attributed to the fact that Serbé has no enemies and is at peace with his neighbours and even the Dada is sufficiently appreciative of security to welcome the chance of settling in a village unencumbered with feuds. Dardé is friendly, and intermarries, with the Nábusu, Léli, Tabia, Tana, Tei and Taa clans.

January, 1945

Dorde (5,350 feet approx.)—BENTAM (5,000 feet approx.).

Distance—6 miles (approximately).

Direction—East.

At 7-30 A.M. we broke camp with many regrets, for we were sorry to leave Serbi and his kin by foot. Our route via Bentam meant that we had to leave the village by another path and a more long climb; steeply up a slippery and sandy track which led past the higher *Phum* of the village. Up we climbed to the top of the Chh-Ano Phum, the high ridge separating the Kaji drainage basin from the stream which flows directly into the Pnam farther to the West. The saddle over which we went must have been well over 6,000 feet and from our vantage point looking back to the West we could see even higher mountains stretching away to the West behind the Hattar Phum (11,000 feet approx.) and the Lu-Ph Phum (12,500 feet). They were all heavily covered with fresh snow and from what I could see appeared precipitous. Elsewhere the Mungo people follow a path up the Nantchi river and so can reach the Gila villages in the Wights.

From what now follows I think it will be seen how improbable it is to be too sudden in the quest for slaves in regions hitherto unvisited. Before leaving Toj's house in Tabla I had sent a message to Lihba Ekhin and Lihba Tabla, headmen of Bentam, asking them to come and see me, for I had heard that there were certain captives in their houses. I had received a reply which was far from polite! I had therefore taken the precaution to send for a section of the Assam Rifles to come from Mudo and camp near the village. As matters turned out this proved to be a wise precaution. It had begun to rain as soon as we reached the Assam Rifles camp, but when our tents were up and the hot steam we sent in search of Ekhin and Tabla. We surprised Ekhin's holdings, and with Nihom Kook, who, fresh from his triumph at Tabla, was trying to clear up all outstanding debts with Lihba. Ekhin was very displeased by our sudden arrival but we handed him cigarettes and opened doors to watch the end. During the time we were talking on several rather beautiful maps were handed over to Ekhin and it seemed that the negotiations were progressing favorably. We then went off to find Tabla, who was reported to be in his house about a mile and a half away to the south of the old ground. We had heard that he had five captives in his house, all of the Tar class. They were Tar Tat, Tar Tucha, Tar Tig, Tar Yapa (female) and Tar Rijo (female). Tabla was, I think, attended by our arrival but in accordance with the new technique we went straight into his house and sat down beside the fire. With Tabla were his three sons Tamar, Tapan and Tira. Tabla was a hard faced old man with a determined look about him and I at once felt that he would prove to be a tough customer and so it turned out.

We began in a friendly enough way but Tabla did not show, for he was, I think, worried by the knowledge that we knew that he had slaves in his house. Moreover his recent behavior towards us must have made him somewhat apprehensive. I saw that it was not going to be possible first of all to make any friendly approach, so I quickly broached the subject and demanded the release of the captives. To my surprise Tabla did not, as was usual, deny that he had them; he admitted that all except two were in his house and turning to Toj he said "Two are with you". Toj readily admitted this and said that if they wished to leave his protection he would give them up. Tabla however refused point blank to part with the three which were in his possession and a hot argument ensued. I remained adamant, for to have given in at this juncture would have been unthinkable. I argued at length but it was useless. I reminded Tabla that the Assam Rifles were camped not far off and said that though I had no desire to see force, I would have no hesitation in doing so if he did not obey my orders. The young men of the household led by this time collected and began getting rather excited and started fidgeting their toes and for a time they looked somewhat threatening. However as the dispute had progressed so far there was no turning back and no intention on my part of surrendering in any way the demand of unconditional surrender. So we stuck to our ground and ordered the soldiers, who by now were definitely threatening, to sit down using the emphatic imperative "no dot take". For some extraordinary reason they obeyed and I must say I was rather relieved at this slackening in the tense atmosphere.

It became clear to me that our mere presence was not going to have the desired effect and so I sent for the Assam Rifles who were camped about a mile and a half away. This was the signal for pandemonium to break loose. The thought that the soldiers would shortly arrive was too much and everyone wanted to bolt but we forced Tabla and his three sons to remain. Eventually seeing that his companions had deserted him, Tabla's nerve cracked and with the utmost ill grace, he eventually agreed to give the three captives up. I then told the Assam Rifles, who by now were in sight on the opposite hillside, to halt. The prisoners were then produced and we all drank some opoh and, having handed round some more cigarettes, we left.

The interesting part of this episode was the part played by the women of the household. They proved to be the most excitable factor and their excitement spread to the others. They continually were urging their menfolk not to agree and not to be cowardly and behaved generally as 'the evil advisers in the corner'. It was, I feel, rather a new thing, for had Tabla's fear of the consequences not got the better of him anything might have happened. A word or a sign from him and there might have been more than an argument!

January 1945

Bentam (5,000 ft approx.)—Mudo (5,010 ft).

Distance—7 miles approx.

Direction—North-East

The journey back to camp was without incident and on arrival I found that the Assam Rifles had built Cookery a really good bamboo basha with a good raised foundation of raised earth, a rain proof thatch roof, and mud lapped walls. I must say I envied him his luxurious home but as he was to remain in Mudo for some six weeks, and as February was reputed to be a rainy month, it was very necessary. There was also a large post waiting for me which had to be dealt with and I am afraid I was somewhat

depressed by the amount of routine matters which had to be gone through. If only I had an Assistant Political Officer on my beat at Joyhing there would be no necessity for my clerk to read returns and such matters to me for scrutiny and signature in the hills. Apart from the inevitable delay, to have to explore and administer to him in comparative discomfort and, at the same time, to have to write by lamplight in a cold and crowded tent with routine papers, accounts, statements, bills, receipts, rolls and such like is hardly possible and certainly cannot be done efficiently. I realize that this is the first year that an expedition of any size has been working in these hills and that knowledge of the requirements can only be gained by experience but the lack of an adequate staff, an established base and adequate permanent posts do weigh heavily on me. I am afraid that throughout this diary I have been harping on the same theme and possibly this criticism may prove tedious to anyone who may take the trouble to read all this in the future. I do however hope that the experience of this year may lead to an improvement for the next season for next year when our lines of communication are even longer than this. It will, I am afraid, be impossible to penetrate much further unless I have an officer with sufficient authority to manage affairs at my base; a base to which we and the staff can return at the end of the season instead of departing and, above all, enough Government parties to obviate the necessity of continual improvisation and making do. Of course, as Heintzelner says, there are two methods of carrying on this exploration. The first is to go as a small and purely exploratory expedition without any escort and moving slowly in the smallest parties from one friendly village to another. This, from the point of view of anthropology, is the best method, for it allows the explorer to meet the people in their natural surroundings and induces no fear. In this method there is an advantage in relying upon tribal porters, for by doing so one is introduced to the new area by friends,—always providing one has not to exercise administrative functions of any kind. As soon as one appears in any way as the arbitrator in any dispute the trouble begins and confidence is westerly lacking. The second method is to go as a Government expedition with the definite intention of representing the Government of India and of extending its influence into the interior. This is what, for want of a better description, I may call a "political" expedition as opposed to an anthropological and purely exploratory reconnaissance. For this an escort is an advantage, for it lends to the expedition the attributes of authority. If a Platoon of Assam Rifles is taken into these hills it must always be remembered that, quite apart from the normal bit of the force,—its legs, implements, ammunition, and medical supplies,—which have to be taken up initially and which have to go whenever the troops go, the Platoon must carry some twenty loads of rations along each month and all arrangements, apart from the normal supply and delivery to the plains base, have to be made by me. If an expedition of this sort is contemplated next year I shall need a considerably expanded staff, an established plains base and sufficient porters.

It began to rain hard in the night and I was thankful to be able to shove Cooksey's bed and have a good roof over my head and a floor raised from the all pervading mud.

February 1st, 1948

Halt Mido

I spent the day sorting and drying my kit, paving off porters, dealing as far as possible with the correspondence and depining the fact that the clerk in Joyhing had completely ignored the detailed and precise instructions sent down to him as to what loads he should send up. For some reason but known to him he has sent up practically nothing but salt, which, though valuable for the trade depot at Duta, has left us in a very precarious position with regard to the rations both for the Assam Rifles and the staff. To add to my depression it was cold and rained all day.

February 2nd, 1948

Halt Mido.

I am thankful I am not moving in this weather for it poured all day and the camp, situated in a plain field, has become a quagmire of slippery mud. We are however hoping to move to Kirum tomorrow on our journey to the Khru. This rations predicament may, however, force us to remain in Kirum until further stores have arrived. If it continues to rain like this I am afraid I shall be far from happy. To leave a rain soaked camp, march all day in the rain, arrive at a soaking camp site and, at night, get into damp b d clothes naturally has to be done on occasions but if the experience has to be undergone too often I am afraid I find it more than a little irksome. It looks as if we are going to have some trouble with the porters tomorrow as the Jorum and Talo and Par Valley Dailas who had come to Likha with their cases have no real reason or desire to go further. One cannot altogether blame them as they all have been away from their homes now for a considerable time, and the plain cutting season is fast approaching.

February 3rd, 1948

Mido (5,810 ft.)—Jungle Camp (5,000 ft. approx.)

Distance—4 miles approx.

Direction—North.

Fortunately the rain had stopped but it was a raw and cold morning. As I feared, we had some trouble with the porters and it was nearly 10 A. M. before we finally got away. We crossed the Pamer river by another path but soon joined the Nyelson route which we followed as far as the junction of the Pikh and the Kiyi. Here instead of crossing the river below the junction we took a track across the Pikh only and followed the path in a north-west direction through secondary jungle and plains, some of which were said to belong to Nyelson. After the rain the ground was very wet and the going in the valley bottoms boggy. On this march I was struck by the fact that the Daila, unlike the Apsa Tam, is by choice a forest cultivator. In several places we came upon lush land which was clearly suitable for wet rice cultivation, indeed in some places rice had been cultivated in the past but the terraces had been all wet to fall down and the land had been abandoned.

I think therefore that it is true to say that the Dafa does not take kindly to this type of agriculture. He is essentially a man of the forest and the hillside and prefers a well drained slope to a boggy bottom. To-day, at any rate, I am sympathizing with him.

We eventually came upon a high plain field and in a sheltered nook found a good camp site. Despite the fact that it poured with rain on our arrival we had some tea in a 'field house',—a small hut from which the crops can be watched at night,—which gave us shelter until the tents were up and shelter was put up for the Assam Rifles and the porters. The rain was a new one and there was plenty of dead wood about and soon the rain ceased and the fire went lit. The weather cleared in the evening and we sat under the stars drying our clothing beside a large fire. There are times when this life I am leading fits me with gloves. There are others, such as this, when with a pipe and the stars and the quietness I am fitful with contentment.

February 6th, 1945

Jungle camp (5,000 ft.)—Kiron (5,250 ft.)

Distance—4 miles approx.

Direction—North.

We started early from the plain field and followed an unimproved path which was very overgrown. The reason for its being so became apparent when one of the advance guard picked up a *Aspi*. The path we were following was the most direct route from Kiron to Nyalan and the settlements of Licha. This seems to me to be unnecessary for there is a certain amount of intercourse between Licha and Licha. I can only presume that the main route of Licha lies to the North and this is confirmed by the report I heard in Licha that Licha was friendly with another station village to the North, on the upper waters of the Pila mountain range.

As we journeyed towards Kiron I revolved in my mind the course I should adopt in the event of Licha maintaining its unfriendly attitude. It will be impossible to leave the area unattended and unguarded, for it will be unwise to let our path when we go to the Kiron and will command our Lines of Communication. If they come in and hold a riot with the Aga Taini all well and good and a start at retreating this difficult community will have been made. But if they do not, I shall have to take some action against them and yet what can I do? This is a difficult problem, for I have only one Section of the Assam Rifles with me and so I can leave no Section in Kiron to keep the village in order and guard this important point on the Lines of Communication because I feel it worse, the political situation being what it is in the Licha area, to advance into the rather unattractive atmosphere of the Pila Valley without an escort at least until I can see what the local reactions to our appearance are. It therefore seems that if the situation in Licha does not show a marked improvement, we shall have to postpone our tour to Laha-La until we have managed to settle matters locally. Our time is certain and that is that neither I nor the Homeoffice can advance any further in this direction until a friendly atmosphere prevails in Licha, for our present plan is that we shall all go down the Pila and up the Kiron with one section to escort. After a short stay in the Laha area (I use the alternative appellation as they both appear to have equal currency), I and the Section will return for the tour in the Par Valley. (With the few remaining Galloway parties remaining ones to be leaving so there will be no possibility of maintaining the Section in so remote an area, for we shall have no means of getting rations to them.) It all depends therefore on the atmosphere we find in Kiron.

We had our lunch within sight of the lower houses of Kiron on a patch of open ground which I later discovered to my cost had been infested with jungle ticks, and, after sending messages on in advance, we crossed the Valley to the village. At Foko Tansa's house we received a friendly welcome but 'Sir John Simon' like his illustrious original is a bit of a diplomat and was obviously playing a delicate diplomatic game and giving no indication where his own sentiments lay. The house opposite, that of Khaba Kijon, was conspicuously empty. As we walked up the spur through the other part of the village area I noticed that there were recognizably few people to be seen outside the houses situated on the other spur. However, hoping for the best and for my chance of meeting the headmen to-morrow we selected the site of the bearded house of Goni Pansa for our camp.

February 5th, 1945

Haji Kiron

The day was spent in writing letters to the Adviser and drafting official letters to Shalung regarding the pay of the staff and the permanent porters. I think it will be a good thing to record in this diary the arguments for raising the pay both of certain of the staff and the permanent porters. I will begin with the porters, briefly the arguments are:—

1. The Galloways and the Garhkas are expected to serve with me for six months. This is a long time for such people, who have no organization to help them, to leave their families.
2. They are far away from their homes and are strangers in an unfriendly country with no chance of visiting the villages on the Lines of Communication for shelter and food and get what they 'badly miss'.
3. The country is difficult, far more difficult than their own, and there are no better paths. The going is therefore more than ordinarily difficult.
4. There are no proper camps where they can get shelter from the rain and the ever-present cold of the winter nights.
5. The climate is poor and intermittent rain can be expected at almost any time. The cold, which is far more severe than in the plains or in the Aberfoothill country, persists until the end of March.
6. The Political Officer, Sadiya, reports that of all the employment open to the Galloways the work on the Subansiri reconnaissance is by far the most unpopular. The reasons are as given in 1-5 above. Only under a certain measure of compulsion were the Galloways persuaded to come this year.

7. A Gallong working for forest contractors in the jungle and cane fields around his own home can earn more than Rs. 25 a month which is what we are offering *Sikris* for work in this area. The ordinary Gallong porter only receives Rs. 20 per month for carrying a 50 lb. load in this country: why should they come voluntarily on such a wage when they can earn more in their own villages, and are we in any justified in using any form of compulsion? It seems, moreover, always be remembered that by working far away from their own villages these Gallongs are unable to undertake their own cultivation and annual domestic routine. They cannot cut their *jiras* or clear their fields. They cannot attend to the repair of their own houses nor carry out the other numerous domestic functions such as attendance at marriage festivals and religious rites, all serious deprivations to a tribesman: they have probably to employ others to perform their routine requirements in agriculture and this eventually has to be paid for in kind.

The *Gorkhas* too, whom I consider indispensable, also labour under an injustice. Complaints have been made that *Gorkha* Permanent Labour Corps labour is unobtainable, and when a recruiter from Charduar tried to obtain recruits last autumn he succeeded in obtaining one military and undisciplined individual. But can one expect anything else when it is realized that the Civil Porter Corps, against Military organisations, is offering *Gorkhas* as much as Rs. 37-5-0 plus free clothing and free rations? If therefore Civil requirements are to compete in the open market Government must be prepared to offer competitive rates. If they do not I shall be unable to carry on next year, for I shall have no porters.

The Gallongs and *Gorkhas* have worked well and loyally for me this year but they not unreasonably say that nothing will induce them to return next year for the same wages. I agree with them and do not blame them in the least for it is natural that they should wish to obtain employment where the rates are most favourable. A good deal has been said in the past of the spiral of inflation, but inflation is so far as prices are concerned in Assam is all ready an accomplished fact. The objectionable aspect of the problem has been that whereas the cultivator has almost everywhere obtained a compensatory higher price for his produce, the corresponding rise in the price of labour has not been universal. This is in part due to the powerful influence of the Indian Tea Association which has gone to extraordinary lengths to maintain, as far as possible, the rates of garden labour at the pre-war level, and from on those who display any profusions to raise the pay of labour generally. The fighting services, and in particular the American units, have ignored this pressure and have been offering rates far in excess of those offered by civilian organisations. It is not surprising therefore that there has been a steady drift of labour from civilians to service projects.

If the work is important, as this is said to be, then the policy to compete in the open market must be found. If this work is to be done properly and if a great deal of time and unjustified labour is not to be wasted by officers literally using *guns gang* attitudes in many villages in order to obtain tribal porters with the inevitably unfavourable practical consequences, then an adequate number of Permanent Labour Corps must be provided. If the conditions are as described as above, and I can personally vouch for the accuracy of the descriptions both here and in Sadhya, there will be no danger of an awkward precedent having been created.

I therefore earnestly hope that Government will see the force of the arguments which I have developed above and will agree to raising the pay both of *Sikris* and porters among the *Gorkhas* and Gallongs to a figure which will at least equal that being offered by other employers of labour.

I need not go into details regarding the Political Jemadar except to say that the position he occupies on this part of the Frontier is far beyond that of the Political Jemadar as understood on the North West Frontier of India. His influence in these hills is great; his character and educational attainments are such and his general usefulness is so great, that the arguments for raising his status to that of "Political Tahsildar" and his pay to that of a senior Sub-Deputy Collector serving under the Central Government and enjoying the emoluments attachable to Central Government services, are overwhelming. His influence stretches far beyond the Inner Line, for he is well known and respected by the headmen of the villages in the Par valley and even in Mado quickly earned for himself the title of *Abu* (father).

This evening as the rain drummed on the roof of the tent I had a long discussion regarding the future movements of us all. There have been indications of late that our accounts are probably in a snafu. This is hardly to be wondered at as apart from the bustle at *Jything* run by a clerk, we have had trade done running at Dola where another excellent but young and inexperienced clerk has been *jeus de nous*, keeping the accounts, a one-way trade depot at Talo, and another being run by the Political Jemadar at Mado. In addition there have been considerable payments to tribal porters at different places. The complications have therefore been considerable. As in any case we are temporarily held up for want of *ditom* I decided that Haimendorf should go to Dola tomorrow and try and square things up and will leave with a party of Gallongs who arrived here yesterday. In the mean time I will stay on here and will try and settle the dispute between the Apa Tani and the Dulas of Dola at any rate sufficiently to allow us to extend our exploration down the Pilo and into the upper waters of the Khru. I also hope that by that time the ration complications will have been resolved.

February 26th, 1945

HALT KIROM

The rain ceased in the early hours of the morning and the Special Officer and his party of Gallongs left for our old camp site on the Pai river. I was sorry for them as they left for it was a heavy day and was even more anxious in the evening when the rain fell in torrents with occasional squalls of sleet and hail and the clouds covered the hillsides in a dismal descending blanket. Even my own tent pitched on a well drained slope two days before became water logged and I shudder to think of the conditions down in the valley of the Pai.

Many Apa Tani headmen have come here in the hopes that a final settlement will be made but so far none of the headmen of Biqi and Kirom have appeared. Of course it may be the weather that is deterring them but things are looking rather doubtful. Unless this notorious area can be made to come to terms it will be impossible to proceed further and we shall again have to alter our plans.

February 7th, 1945

HALT KIROM

To-day Likha Také, the young headman of Péli (I have discovered that though Péli is sometimes used the more common name for this settlement is Péli), came over from Likha as he wished to take this opportunity of settling a mission stealing case with Khatá Kójam. I was not particularly anxious to take up this case because I felt that litigation of this sort would make the Likha headmen even less disposed to come to terms. However as it was equally important to gain the confidence and friendship of Také, particularly as he had been handicapped by me shortly before, we went down the spur to try and find Kójam whose home was at the bottom of the village area. On my arrival there I found the house deserted and enquiries elicited the fact that he was away 'on urgent business'. This did not however explain the fact that all his relations had gone with him and that the house was swept and garnished. It was clear that he had reverted to the old tactics of disappearing and leaving me impotent. Také was furious and said "what can you expect of these Likha people, they have always been a bad lot and are quite different from us". I said nothing but suspected that this distinction was a case of *faute ad damnum quate!* But this from an avowed raider was confirmation indeed. However I still had hopes of perhaps persuading Kójam to return and wait across the spur to see Sir John Simon in the hope that he would be prepared to act in a conciliatory and peaceful Kójam to come to terms. Sir John Simon was also absent but his house was full of womenfolk and there too I found the sons of Likha Rebels. They too were wanted for mission stealing, on, after having made what I hoped was a persuasive speech to a passively non-co-operative audience, and having asked them to do all that they could to fetch in Khatá Kójam, Také and I sent the sons of Rebels returned to Kójam's empty house. There I diverted the case from a minor complaint from Také of mission stealing on the part of Rebels's sons to the main issue. The feud between Likha Rebels and Likha Rebels and Likha Také was an important one. Briefly the case hark was that two years ago a slave named Noham Yaja, a woman captured by Také's father, had run away. Také had accused Rebels of the unobtainable sin of Dafa tribal law, of having seized her. Také therefore raided Rebels's house which was somewhat isolated in Takho settlement, captured several of his family and, in addition, eleven wives and sundry other property. Rebels, being the weaker party and being under a blood for having violated the Dafa customary law, migrated to Likha, the haven for all outcasts and bad characters. From this house of bandits he and his sons have, in the past two years, organized a series of piecemeal raids against Likha in general and Také in particular: A mission here, a couple of women captured there, a man killed whilst working in some isolated part of a *flax* field, and all with the ready support, and assistance of the remnants of Likha. I suspect that Rebels was in the wrong, for Také, the leading headman of Takho, had tried to prevent me had done anything to obtain any compensation from Také for the damage he had inflicted.

I persuaded the rival and hostile parties to join me round one of the many huts in the house and with a plentiful supply of dry wood harvested from the hill we began talking in the forelight while the hills and the snow were outside. At first I did the talking. I pointed out the stupidity of members of the near clan fighting amongst themselves for if harkness went to war with one another the whole family and village community was weakened. If the village was divided against itself it would inevitably become weak and an easy prey for any other village who wished to attack it. I told Také that even if the case against Rebels was true, the vengeance wreaked on the weaker household was too great.

Then we began talking. My words had evidently given them pause for thought for they were in a quieter and more reasonable frame of mind and the talk began. Each side produced their bundles of bamboo talies; each adopted a businesslike and legal manner; each speaker marshalled his arguments and spoke with eloquence and while one spoke no one else made any attempt to interrupt. At the end, having had all the arguments very carefully translated, I began summing up the alleged rights and wrongs as outlined by either side. It was strangely reminiscent of a law court and yet there were no lettered tribesmen, unlearned, fortunately as yet, in the situation of legal argument. My object was to make it possible for Rebels to return to his settlement in Takho, and then to warn him from the evil influence of the professional trouble makers in Likha. As long as he remained here there was a continuing cause for friction between Likha and Likha. Finally both parties agreed to hold a *net* in Múdo under the control and with the assistance of Abó (father) the honorable *wiseman*; I then to Rajani, my Political Jeweller. I am now waiting for the return of Likha Rebels from whom it will be necessary to obtain confirmation to this proposal.

If possible his sons are even dirtier and more odiferous than he is though this is perhaps projecting relativity beyond the extreme limit. I was struck how, even here, the outcast soon loses his self respect.

February 8th, 1945

HALT KIROM

This morning I received a letter from Cooksey saying that one of his men in Péli camp was reported to be seriously ill. Here was the very emergency which I had hoped to avoid this year, for as the Assam Rifles have no doctor of their own there was nothing for it but to try and scarp together seven men from this hostile area to carry the Doctor, his servant, his tent and his kit on the four days march down to Péli. After a good deal of trouble I managed to collect seven hangers on and the Doctor will have to leave tomorrow morning at first light. The result of this will be that he will be away for nine days at the very least, and, if it is necessary for him to accompany the sick man down to Péli, for possibly more than a fortnight. This will delay our departure to the Pálin, for, even if matters develop favourably here, it will be impossible for him to follow us alone.

This, I think, demonstrates clearly the unsatisfactory state of affairs and is yet another example of the inadequate preparation for this year's expedition. The original intention was to establish a permanent outpost in the neighborhood of Duta and I have already pointed out the impossibility of this on account of the absence of adequate medical staff alone. The present position is that there are Assam Rifles posts at Péli, Duta, Múdo and Kirom, all isolated and all needing at any rate a Sub-Assistant Surgeon with them. In addition there are ourselves. So far we have been lucky in our health but if anything serious did occur either in the shape of grave illness or accident the chances are that we should die from lack of medical aid. While I am normally of a fairly optimistic temperament this situation can hardly be expected to add to my confidence as leader of this expedition. I maintain that all these problems should have received adequate consideration beforehand and that no expedition should be sent into these hills

without a medical staff of sufficient size to cope with emergencies. Perhaps all these problems were considered, but if this was so I think it both unwise and unsafe to send an expedition into such remote country many parts of which are known to be unhealthily and insufficiently cleared. If the object of the whole operations along the North-East Frontier is the vindication of the McMahon Line, I suggest that in future years the requirements of the various expeditions are worked out in far greater detail at Headquarters and that the parties are not sent out ill-equipped and understaffed.

To-day while Talo was in camp a certain Dür Tapa of Bāgi settlement arrived in the crowd of visitors and was immediately engaged in heated argument by Tanya Tara of Tālo whose wife Tapa had stolen last year. I was beholden to the men of Tālo and had no similar obligations to the recalcitrant Bāgi, so I demanded the return of the woman. Dür Tapa refused point blank to hand her over so I grabbed his *dao* and his *yaok* (the small shining loincloth carried by all Dāfas) and dragged him unceremoniously to the guard room of the Assam Rifles Section. There he will remain until the woman is produced. Tapa was too surprised to resist and is now sitting happily explaining matters to the guard who of course cannot understand him.

February 26th, 1945

HALT KIROM

The Doctor left at dawn to-day and the weather seems to have been more merciful to him than it was to Haimendorf.

As some of the headmen of Bāgi and Kirom have been in the chances of a war seem to be growing more and more remote. The Apa Tanis are, not without reason, becoming more and more disgusted and impatient and are urging me to 'capture someone'. They find this game of patience quite incomprehensible and say 'you are here in the village with spears. You can do what you like. Why are you waiting? Why do you not burn the whole village and kill all the inhabitants and thus rid us forever of this scourge and demonstrate to the whole land the power of the Siras?' It is clear that I must take some action soon but what action can I take? If I make any move the Licha bad boys will merely leave the place, for I am continually watched and any move is reported. The truth is that I am confronted with the eternal problem of how to deal with a savage and unrepentant and defiant community by any other than savage methods. Civilized methods require a great deal of patience and take a great deal of time. My patience is wearing perilously thin and I have not the time to waste. The Licha men are true savages; they live by war and plunder and practice deceit. To try and gauge one's conduct by civilized standards when dealing with such people is well nigh impossible. Kindness and forbearance they just do not understand and the only argument to which they will respond is superior force and superior cunning. To appeal to their better natures, or even to reason, is useless for they have neither. They have found for a long time past that their method of existence has proved to be profitable and until they are shown that this is no longer the case they will not alter their outlook and mentality. The settlements are a queer mixture of outcasts from other more peaceable villages. All the evil doers of the country side have collected here in Bāgi and Kirom under the protection, and with the approval of the Licha clan. The clan itself is thoroughly bad and has thrived on raiding. All the decent Licha families have departed elsewhere; only the bad remain and, reinforced by the off-scourings of all that is bad in Dāfa society, they constitute a menace to the whole area. How is it going to be possible to deal with these people except by force? The only consideration which deters me is that I have in my hand such overwhelming force that the mere use of it is an act of barbarism. Then to consider the position of Licha on the head waters of the valley of the Kiyang and guarding the middle in the hills leading northwards down to the Pālo and the Kharu. Such a community can make full use of its favourable position to block the most accessible route from North to South and can prey upon the Apa Tani country, upon the more isolated houses of the settlements of Licha, and upon traders from Nyeiom, Jaram, Tālo and the other smaller villages to the south.

Drastic though such a course may seem, it seems to me that the only feasible plan would be to destroy these settlements of Bāgi and Kirom, for since this bandit fraternity was split up it would lose its power over the country side and individual miscreants could then be dealt with in detail. However before adopting such stern measures I will try by every means at my disposal to make the headmen conclude a *depoth* with the Apa Tanis and thus put an end to this troublesome feud.

February 26th, 1945

HALT KIROM

To-day the stolen wife of Tanya Tara was produced and I then released Dür Tapa. He was in tears and said 'what can I do? where can I go? I am so poor and now I shall not be able to return to my village.' I was sorry for the man and said that he could work for Government and earn money and get rations free and that the Siras would look after him and would help him to obtain land elsewhere. He was miserable and in rage and I gave him a white cloth to console him. He said that he would come back with his brothers on the morrow and that they would all work for Government and so earn sufficient money to settle elsewhere.

In the evening I went across the valley to the large house belonging to Licha Saha, the father of Licha Tam who had met us when we first came to Kirom. I hoped that a talk with him might improve matters. On arrival Kop Temi, my head interpreter, and I found only Saha and his old crone of a wife in the house. The house was surprisingly clean for a Dāfa home and in its construction was more solid and weatherproof than any other house that I have so far seen. While I noticed that it seemed to be lighter inside I also saw that it was ominously swept and garnished. This was clearly no temporary absence on the part of the inmates and the place had all the appearance of having been purposely and definitely vacated, for even the ash from the fire had been swept away. I sat down by Saha who glared moodily at me and I began to talk. Every remark and every question was countered by a rude rejoinder. He was the most unpleasant and contemptuous villain I have so far met in these hills and Temi, my interpreter, an old and experienced man said that he had never seen anything like it. Saha was quite unrepentant of the attitude of the village and made it clear that there could never be anything but enmity between him and Government.

To try appeasement any further was folly, for it would only be taken as weakness. To show my displeasure I took away the cigarettes and matches that I had given him and said 'I came as your friend; I am now leaving as your enemy'. As he left me he shuffled off into his house without so much as a glance backward.

So my last hope of a peaceful settlement seems to have gone, for if Saha will do nothing to settle matters it is unlikely that any of the other headmen will be willing to compromise. It seems therefore that stern measures will have to be taken, for if Licha is allowed to get away with it what will the other more peaceable villages think? Will they not be inclined to try the same game? I was more than worried when I returned home in the rain which continued throughout the night.

February 12th, 1945

Hait Kiron

Kiron—Bagi and back

Distance 6 miles (approx.)

If I was worried yesterday I am even more disturbed to-day. I was about to have my lunch when an excited Apa Tani messenger arrived passing into my camp. "Dae Tapa and his brother have way laid Tanya Tara and his wife and have again captured her", he announced. To my further enquiries it transpired that Dae Tapa and his brother had indeed come back to my camp in the morning and had watched from Licha Sera's house on the spur across the valley. As soon as they saw Tanya Tara, his wife, and Tani and his small son, whom I had released from captivity in Nyeolon, leave the camp the two Bagi men raced ahead and had ambushed the party in the dense jungles of the Kiji Valley on the way to Nyeolon. Tanya Tara was reported to be wounded but despite this had returned to Bagi with his wife.

I needed no more but bolted my lunch and in a few minutes I and six men of the Assam Rifles and Tani, who was suffering at the time from severe tooth ache, were off on our way to Bagi. I have never moved so fast across these hills as I did on this occasion, we almost ran the whole way. On reaching the camp site above Bagi I discovered that the Bagi raiders had not rebuilt their houses in the old sites but had constructed groups of small grass houses on the jungle clad spurs further to the South. My Apa Tani guide knew in which house Dae Tapa lived and pointed it out across the valley amidst thick undergrowth. So down we went by a steep and slippery path to the valley of the Bagi River and up the other side which seemed even steeper and more slippery. First we arrived at the house of Licha Tager and there I caught a glimpse of a young woman carrying a child, slipping away into the jungle off the path and thanked to the Assam Rifles to seize her. This they did after a short chase and we then all sped up through the thick undergrowth until we came upon two more houses, one larger than the other. The larger one proved to be that of Licha Tega (or Taja), the leader of the deportation from Licha which had paid the abortive visit to the Mel at Talo. The smaller house belonged to Dae Tapa. There we found an old man Tana Tara Tapan, the father of Licha Tapa's senior wife, and Tanya Tara. I was relieved to discover that Tanya Tara was not seriously hurt but had a clean gash on his thigh which was bandaged by the Assam Rifles. Tara recounted the facts and said that had it not been for the intercession of his wife, Dae Sera, Tapa's brother would have killed him with a poisoned arrow. There was of course no sign of the Dae brothers or of Tanya Tara's wife. Tanya Tara told me that a watch had been kept and that our party had been seen coming down the exposed grassy slope between Kiron and Bagi. As soon as Tapa and his brother estimated that we must be near they had slipped off into the jungle with the captured woman.

Here was defiance and contempt for Government if you like! This was the miserable man who had cried to me the day before and on whom I had been foolish enough to waste my pity. When I thought of the white cloth I had given him I felt an even bigger fool. Obviously kindness and softness was useless with Licha. From now on I would have to try sterner measures.

I burned Dae Tapa's house then and there and am justified in my action. I clipped handcuffs on the old man and took the woman and child with me. Slowly and laboriously we made our way back to Kiron. It may be thought that the action I had taken was unjustified. It may be accused of being too hard or too impatient with these people and it is of course hard for anyone out on the spot to give a true atmosphere. But I know from bitter experience that any sign of weakness with this thoroughly bad area will be fatal. It is a trial of strength and unless Government's prestige and authority is established in Licha the whole position of Government will be weakened throughout the whole area of the Dufa Hills.

On the way back to my camp I dropped in on Licha Sera's house, the first one on the way from Bagi to Kiron. There was only one old woman inside and as usual I was told that Sera and his brother Tanyi would come tomorrow. When I began carefully considering my position on my return to camp, the appreciation of the situation as I see it at present is as follows.

1. Disposition of the Assam Rifles.

- (a) Here in Licha one section.
- (b) In Mudo (Licha) 3 sections—One day's march away.
- (c) In Dita 1 section—Two days' march away.
- (d) On the way from Talo—Pite—Joyling 1 section.
- (e) In Pite—1 section.

2. The Political Situation.

As far as Nyeolon and Licha and up to Mengo I have no fears at all. Convoy I consider can now pass through the country without escort. Later on tribal porters may be difficult to obtain but there is no fear of attack.

In Licha however it is a very different story. The villages of Kiron and Bagi are obviously quite unrepentant and are in a nasty mood. At first, in order to show my friendly intentions, I had not built a perimeter here. (I had none at Licha nor is any necessary). I have now, however, been forced to take two prisoners in the Dufa fashion in exchange for the wooden Dae Tapa has seized. Licha are, however, a lawless and determined lot and it would be foolhardy not to have a perimeter in the present circumstances and I have now ordered that one should be built.

The original intention was to go forward down the Palin valley via Taser, Takum and Blabu to the Kiron, and the original intention was that a Gallong convoy was to come up with relief rations from Joyling with further rations for the Assam Rifles and ourselves to whatever point we had reached. This was necessary as the clerk in Joyling had messed up all our rationing arrangements and we are now definitely short of essential stores.

With the political situation in Licha as bad as it is any further advance North is clearly too risky and is asking for trouble.

A forward scout named Jorum Jonja whom I had sent on to have a look at the route down the PEE has returned with the report that the abductees from Bagi and Kiron have been in the Palin villages spreading fantastic tales of what we will do when I arrive with the Assam Rifles. As a result Taser (another reportedly bad village) is now deserted, and the headmen of Takum and Blabu are declaring that if we advance further they will fight us. Of course I have heard this sort of thing before but, whereas before I could afford to take risks, on this occasion, with my rear exposed and with a vulnerable and undefended Line of Communication, I cannot afford to try and call their bluff because if the Palin tribes really do mean business, I should be in a very difficult position. With only one section with me and with difficult and potentially hostile area in front of me it would be foolhardy to attempt to advance further. I was not particularly afraid that anything would happen but, as leader of the expedition, I had to remember constantly that it was not my job to risk getting into trouble for if the party did get into difficulties and

if we were attacked and suffered casualties it would mean probably the despatch of a punitive expedition which, quite apart from the difficulty of sending one in this present time, would very seriously retard our plans in this area. In any case it will be unwise to allow the Gollong conveyo to come forward without an escort and we have no escort to spare and no porters to carry their rations and kit. If we were to try and raise a tribal party conveyo the chances are that the tribal porters and the Palau tribesmen would fight. Here again, to raise tribal porters I would need an officer and I have no Assistant who can do this work.

3. **Dumaco.**—I am going to abandon the Palau tour and concentrate on knocking Licha into shape or if necessary wiping it out all together. By turning on this next I shall force the collection of *me'er-do-wells* to disperse.

Licha has become the abode of *renegades* from all the surrounding villages. All the leading men are notorious raiders and have defied me ever since I came in contact with them and, up to now, there has been no sign of any improvement. They have persistently refused to come to terms and have refused to make a deal with the Apa Tania. If I help them now, and if I do not secure hostages for their future good behaviour, they will undoubtedly attack the Apa Tania when I return to the plains in the spring. Licha occupies a key strategic position as it lies outside the main trade route from North to South. To have such a notorious village in such a position is undesirable. If I can manage to capture some of the leading men of Bagi and Kiroa I shall send them down to Lokra as a warning to the others. It is impossible to allow this confederacy of bandits to remain here any longer, for they constitute a menace to the whole countryside. Government must make a final reckoning with these two settlements before leaving. The only way in which this gang can be made to disperse is to burn every house in the two areas. I do not want to take this extreme measure but unless I can contrive to force a settlement by some other means this is what I shall have to do.

All this is disappointing and unfortunate, for I had hoped to reach the Kuru this year but had always suspected that this narrow link of country from Licha to the Kuru down the Palau would prove to be the toughest nut to crack and would be the hard outer shell of the golden egg lying to the North.

Unhappily we also witness from Deta that there is a struggle over the accounts and the Assam Rifles rations and that instead of a full sized ration, only one has been sent up. This has further complicated matters and next year I shall have to insist that a Quarter-Master Havildar is stationed at J-yahing to supervise the packing and despatch of Assam Rifles rations to whatever the various Sections are posted. With my skeleton and inadequate staff I simply cannot undertake this work.

This then is my appreciation of the situation at the present time. Licha and Likha were the two most important classes of my directive. I have failed at Licha and here, I think, succeeded at Likha.

Likha Teji came into my camp this afternoon. He had a case to settle with Likha Tekhi but not unreasonably Tekhi had found it convenient to be away. Teji was however welcome, for I had decided that this young man had the brains, personality and character to fit him for a red cloth and I accordingly invested him with one. He was delighted and will, I hope, despite his comparative youth prove worthy of it.

February 12th, 1946.

Rak Kiroa

It rained hard all day and I was thoroughly depressed. All my plans had gone awry and my hopes of nothing peace between the Apa Tania and Licha have faded at any rate for this year. I have had to put off tour to the Kuru and all on account of these wretched marauders and banditti. No one brought in Dur Tapa but an emissary from Bagi arrived to make enquiries when I was sitting in the banana leaf shelter under the walls of my perimeter discussing the trend of events with the Apa Tania headmen. I told the Bagi messenger to go and fetch Dur Tapa and the headmen of the two settlements. I told him that if they did not come Likha Yantun, the young woman I had captured, and Tara Tajam, the old man, would be sent to Lokra. He went off without a word. I could have captured him but that would have been impolitic as I wished to establish the convention that marauders and emissaries were sacrosanct. It was also more important to effect the surrender of Dur Tapa and the attendance of the headmen rather than to capture a miserable slave of no account. If I had been stupid enough to capture him no one would ever have come. It was at this time of supreme importance to maintain touch with the abductees even if the link was a fragile one.

February 12th, 1946.

Rak Kiroa.

I woke to a bitterly cold day and found the hill slopes opposite covered with snow. I think it must have snowed in Deta. Today my patience was exhausted and Licha having won all along the line so far, I determined to level the score and take the initiative and by capturing hostages force Licha to come in and make terms. So this morning I raided the house of Likha Tekhi and Licha Saba, the present and former public emissaries No. 1. of Kiroa. From Tekhi's House I captured:—

1. Likha Richo, the eldest son of Tekhi.
2. Likha Yaja, mother of Richo and Tekhi's senior wife.
3. " Seta, the second wife of Tekhi.

4. Solang Ray who happened to be there. He is a Solang (or Saba) who lives in Bagi and who was the captor of Havang Nani and Havang Busha two of the six Apa Tania who were caught by Bagi at the same time as Nani Lali of Kira.

5. Likha Yaram, eldest daughter of Tekhi and betrothed to Jorua Tacho, one of the headmen of Jorua.

6. Tanya Yeyr, a female slave captured by Gemi Pambu from Tolo and sold to Likha Tekhi.

7. Kon Yong, a visitor from Puchit. She belongs to a small and weak clan. Her father and brother have fled to Lokra.

8. Racha Rich, a slave of Tekhi, brought from Tok Royi of Toka on the Kuru. She was captured when Royi raided her village Chapa Pad on the North Bank of the Kuru and killed her husband.

From Licha Saba's house I captured Saba himself and his son Pje. I now have therefore twelve persons in the camp as prisoners as well as some children some of whom I would have wished to have on my hands but all of whom are necessary if Licha is to be brought to heel. It is only by adopting the tactics employed for so long by the raiders of Licha that I can exert any pressure upon this area in order to force the headmen to come to their senses and acknowledge the authority of Government. This party of prisoners constitutes a constant menace here in Licha and I anticipate that an effort will probably be made to effect their release. I have only one section of Assam Rifles here with me and it is therefore not safe to continue the risk of trying to guard these persons here. I have therefore sent for an armed escort to come from Minda to take them over. In Minda there are two Sections of the escort and there will be no desire on the part of the Likha headmen to get themselves embroiled in any trouble with us on account of the Licha prisoners.

In the afternoon Lika Taji, whom I had met as an influential and reliable man to reconnoitre the Palin route, returned with the discouraging news that he had not been able to reach Tasso as the snow in the saddle was thigh deep and where there were not snow drifts there were, he said, *paaji* in great profusion.

February 14th, 1948

Hali Karom

At last there has dawned a fine day and it was a relief to see the sun once more. In the morning I went with Taji to visit the house of Lika Tacho situated on a low spur at the bottom of the village area. Tacho, an old man, was friendly enough and I think the fact that I have now taken the initiative and captured some hostages is already showing a change in the attitude of the villagers. However despite the fact that I was hospitably received I did not get much further in my efforts for a settlement. As usual to my enquiries as to where the headmen were I was told that they were away and that they would return to-morrow. I pointed out politely that I had heard this 'to-morrow talk' for ten days and no one had come so far. He grunted grudgingly and I was 'I think inwardly afraid that soon I would destroy the whole village but he made no comment save to say 'What can I, an old man, do?' and the Duffa equivalent of 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

I delivered my usual, and so far fruitless, lecture on the folly of defying Government and went on to say that I had come to make friends and to restore peace between the Apatsnis and Lika and that Lika had ignored all my efforts and had defied Government. I asked the audience which by that time had become fairly numerous around the fire where I was sitting whether they preferred peace with Government or to war. I added that I had no desire to do harm to Lika but that it was essential that there should be a peaceable area around Lika so that the trade route to the North should not be blocked. If I could not have a peaceful village here I would have no village at all and Lika would be destroyed and that in the years to come there would be a permanent outpost of the Assam Rifles established here to prevent the return of the families. The young men were loud in their protestations that they would not. I thereupon said, 'If you want peace it is up to you to induce the headmen of the settlements to come in. This at once brought down the fact that they had any influence with the headmen at all. I saw that further argument was not going to lead anywhere and, leaving them to ponder over what I had said, I departed.

The more I consider the matter the more am I convinced that the correct location for the permanent outpost of the Assam Rifles is not in the Apatsni country but here in Karom. The place is strategically important as it commands the middle leading from the line of approach from Joching to the Panior and the Kiji to the Palin and the Kura. Once the divide is commanded the opening of the through North to South route will be possible and once that route is opened and communications improved it will be possible to make a start at breaking the economic domination of the Tibetans in the upper waters of the Kura. Before we can hope to win over the tribes to the North we must gain economic supremacy for the allegiance of the remote tribal districts to the North will always be to that power upon whom they depend for their basic requirements of salt, cloth and metal. Communications are however of vital importance, for without them it is going to be very difficult to maintain a post so far inside this difficult country. Looking to the future, once communications have been constructed it will be possible to maintain a Platoon or even a Company of Assam Rifles in this area, and the post, situated on a strategic saddle on the main artery of trade, would exert a very civilising and settling effect upon the surrounding countryside. As has been the case in the plains portion of the Sadhya Frontier Tract, the tribesmen, learning from the Gardens, would acquire the arts of terraced cultivation, of growing vegetables and fruits and of keeping sheep for wool and cows and even buffaloes for milk. The area around about could do a great deal to make the post self-supporting and married families lines could eventually be built.

Again I let my imagination wander and looked forward to the time when peace and plenty would reign in these hills. As I looked at the cup-shaped valley I wondered how it would appear in fifty or even ten years' time. Given my head and encouragement and help from Government and also all the necessary finances and skilled assistance to lay across this turbulent and distracted hill region the bare bones and skeleton frame work of good administration—an all weather road, some schools, a few dispensaries, a plot or two of demonstration farming land where improved and new strains of fruit and vegetables could be introduced,—given even these bare minimum requirements, I could, I know, bring about vast improvements and by demonstrating to the tribes the advantages of co-operation with Government I could win the whole area from its present allegiance to Tibet. The Duffa is not, I am convinced, an incurably warlike individual. It is only tradition, environment and the ever pressing urge for retaliation and self-defence which perpetuate these carnal and wide spread feuds.

But are Government really interested in this land beyond ensuring that it remains a drunken and neglected part of the Indian Empire and serves as a useful and sufficiently impenetrable barrier against external aggression? Are Government merely sending their expeditions into the hills in order to substantiate, *de facto*, their claim to be in de jure possession of the hill country South of the main Himalaya? If this is the case I maintain that before any international tribunal this will not be enough for the Tibetan Government can wield this argument with greater force. I am convinced from what I have heard that there are areas South of the main axis of the Himalaya in which there are permanent settlements of Tibetans. I know that Tibetan traders and, I suspect, officials come annually to the northern half of the belt of country under dispute and the mere fact that in the past, at rare intervals, fleeing expeditions penetrated parts of this area will prove nothing. If we need proof we need also visible proof of our claim to this land, proof in the shape of roads and buildings and the visible signs of permanent occupation. I wish I knew what was in Government's mind, for until one knows that there is a firm policy and understands it, it is difficult to give one's best in intelligent co-operation. I realise of course that on the outside edge one is apt to worry more than is perhaps necessary but I feel that something more is really necessary. The difficulty is that there are few persons in Delhi who have experience of local conditions and difficulties. It is easy to enunciate a policy for the vindication of the McMahon Line; it is a very different matter to implement that policy. Is this going to be yet another case, so typical of the past, of 'too late and too little'? It is therefore to my mind imperative that those who are on the spot and who know the conditions and difficulties should risk possible displeasure,—should risk their jobs if necessary,—and be quite frank with the Government of India. Here in Assam we must have the cadre and the material resources to carry out the policy enunciated. To use the Prime Minister's phrase,—"Give us the tools and we will finish the job!" You cannot make bricks without straw and at present I feel that we are attempting the impossible.

In the afternoon arrived Rajai, my Political Jemadar, and the Subedar and one Section of Assam Rifles from Nyctlon where they had been on reconnaissance when they had received my request for an escort to take away the prisoners. Almost simultaneously came a runner from Dima with a post bag. In it there were two important letters. One from Haimendorf saying that he had discovered that Toho Bit,—I suspect that the real personality is Voyam,—is at the bottom of all the trouble. Startling though this information is it is not altogether surprising in the scheming and diplomatic Voyam has contrived the family position by clever marriage alliances and it is not unlikely that he has worked on the principle that surreptitious aid to Licha is a cheap premium on a strong immovable policy against receiving trouble from that quarter.

Haimendorf through his enquiries from reliable men has discovered that, when we first went to Megi and Kirom in December it was Toho Bit who gave shelter and food to the Licha people when they fled from us. Even now, when I am sitting here again in Kirom, Bit's house is said to be full of Licha people and Licha Toyur's sons have been seen coming from Talo with loads of rice for the sons of Licha safely hiding from me in the jungle. Worst of all is the story that when the Licha deputation came to Talo they had brought with them Megi, Kehis and Mithun in order to settle up with the Apa Tanis, and it was Bit who demanded them from paying up on the ground that if they merely made themselves scarce what could Government do? It is also said that though Bit has himself not taken part in any raid he has often employed, organized and provisioned raiding parties from Licha and has subsequently received the lion's share of the spoil. So here is our peaceful, influential and wealthy Toho Bit with his sack of gold and silver up in his own colours. This may explain his original inexplicable attitude of aloofness: he did not then realize how little we knew! I can now also understand why Voyam refused, on the 7th of December, to deliver a passawa to the headmen of Licha from me.

I have therefore asked Haimendorf to arrest Toho Bit and hold him as a hostage and I shall be interested to see what the result will be. It may have the result of a rapid collapse of the opposition as in the case of Licha's arrest of Javan Tacho. On the other hand it may result in arousing a good deal more opposition. To do nothing will however be inadvisable particularly as the Apa Tanis themselves know that we now know the truth and any way the risk must be taken. My own belief is that the arrest of the biggest man in the area will bring the remainder to heel fairly soon. It must also be remembered that a man named, in Dafia circles, be without number; or at any rate there must be many who envy and covet his position and who will rejoice at his downfall. Bit's arrest may therefore bring many more into the open and it may then be possible for me to build up a man or a party which is dependant upon my support and which is, in consequence, loyal to me.

The second one was from the Advisor in reply to an angry and despairing one I had sent to him. I was depressed at the time I wrote and his reply was both understanding and patient. He held out hopes of marked improvements next season and I felt somewhat guilty about my original outburst. I got a horrible feeling of being cut off and neglected when I am out in the bush for too long. This engenders a sense of indignant frustration that more is not being done. As the Times puts it "We ourselves, it has been said, have need of other to assure us of our existence". The most important point was his expressed intention of coming up, in March, to Dima. I must say I should be very pleased if he would come but he can give Haimendorf and myself a good many years and frankly I wonder if these switch-back and vertical Dafia paths up to Dima would not be too much for him. If however he could get up he could see for himself the conditions under which the porters, staff and ourselves work. I would, in Dima, show him the possible sites for a landing ground or an air dropping strip. He would meet the Miri puja holders and could take back actual experience so that he would understand my many requests and complaints.

I have written Mills a long letter telling him of my failure in Kirom. However I am not yet prepared to admit defeat and will bring every sort of pressure to bear on these uncles as 'talk in order to force them to come to terms with the Apa Tanis. I shall, I can see, have to lay some headmen by the heels if possible in order that they can serve as hostages for the good behaviour of Licha during my absence in the plains during the rains.

In the evening a small party of Daffas were seen coming towards the camp dragging a captive with them. He proved to be Dur Sera, the brother of Dur Tapa, and was the man who was narrowly prevented from murdering Tanya Tara in the jungles of the Kiri. This Dur family needs a lesson and they are going to get it for Dur Tapa's recapture of Tanya Tara's wife was an act of open defiance of Government. The headmen are no more than brigands, lawless and savage men who live by murder and extortion. I have told all the Licha people that some of the captives are likely to remain in the hills unless Dur Tapa is brought in and the much captured women is returned. I think that Licha now realize that I mean business and, despite the fact that I have offered no reward as I think that it would be a mistake to do so, I think that they will try and effect his capture in order to bring about the release of their friends. This move will have the added advantage of dividing these marauders among themselves and once I can contrive to break up the solid front they have presented against me half the battle will have been won.

Probably all this will seem to be unfortunate and I may, I suspect, be criticised for the harsh line I am taking. My directive was drawn up by these unacquainted with the Daffas and with the country and the conditions I have found here. I do not complain about this as it was inevitable when one is sent into the unknown, but the terms of the directive made it necessary for me continually to justify my actions. I have, I am glad to say, now received a letter from the Adviser interesting me that His Excellency the Governor appreciated the difficulty in which I found myself in Licha and considers that I was justified in the action I took. This is very gratifying to me, for I now know that I am receiving support from the rear, which, when one lets persons to use one's own initiative in meeting situations as they arise, is comforting.

Despite the fact that they know no better and are merely acting under the primitive urge to we force, it must be remembered that I have been sent as these hills to administer as well as to explore. I have already explained why I consider that such tasks cannot be done simultaneously, but as long as I have been ordered to perform these dual tasks of administer and obey my orders. Had I not become enmeshed in this inter-trial dispute events might have turned out otherwise, but now that I have I must enforce the authority of Government as all costs and whatever the price. To drop the issue now or to turn back and leave the matter unsettled would be fatal both for the reputation of Government and for the peace and tranquillity of these peoples. Harsh methods have to be employed, for I am, in fact, dealing with what amounts to a gang of dacoits. What action does Government take in dealing with such people?

February 16th 1945

Hah Kiron

I have made various enquiries from Fadi Layng and Kago Bida about the suspicion of Toko Bida's complicity in the trouble here and they both confirm that he is at the bottom of the trouble. As they are both leading headmen of the Aga Tania who are in constant touch with the Datta of Talo they should know if anyone does. Of course it must be remembered that Licha and the Aga Tania are inveterate enemies and that it therefore all depends upon the normal relations between Toko Bida and the two Aga Tania headmen. If they are normally friendly with Toko Bida then the greatest reliance can be placed upon this confirmation. If, on the other hand, they are not, then it may merely be a stratagem for embroiling an unpopular and powerful Datta headman in the trouble with Government. Kap Temi, who is a sort of de-facto on tribal relationships in this area tells me that the daughter of Toko Bida's uncle is the senior wife of Licha Toger, the brains behind the council in Mgi. I mention this somewhat obscure relationship for two reasons:-

1. that in understanding tribal reactions and movements one must know tribal relationships and to learn about them takes time, and

2. in order to understand the stand that Toko Bida has adopted it must be remembered that this is the first time that this area has come into contact with Government. One must see things from his point of view also in order to understand his conduct and appreciate his attitude. If one does this the extremity of his crime is lessened, for we are accustomed and he cannot be greatly blamed for supporting his own family and relations in the traditional manner.

The Toko Bida-Yoyan combination is something a good deal more subtle than the usual crude tribal approach to family and tribal quarrels. Where the normal Datta reacts directly after the fashion of an animal to wrongs real or imagined, the Bida resort to a more refined tribal diplomacy. They do not themselves retaliate and are therefore themselves not raised. They however obtain a hold over trouble makers through marriage and other alliances. They frequently help with advice and afford shelter to fugitives threatened by inter-tribal wars and exert their influence upon others by instigating their many worthless friends to raid those who fail to acknowledge their supremacy. Their whole position, however, is based on mutual assistance. Licha Toger, related to the Bida by marriage, is now in trouble with the Government. What can be more natural therefore than that Toko Bida, who is at present on good terms with Government, should offer aid against to Toger's family, should feel the hiding members of Toger's household and sustain them with advice which, even if detrimental to Government's plans, is definitely effective as far as Toger's own position is concerned. It must be further remembered that Toko Bida, only met me a month ago and my contact with him has only been the matter of a fortnight. He and Yoyan are not fools. They have seen successful Political Officers pay a brief visit to these hills and then disappear leaving matters much as they were. On this occasion this Governmental visitation, like some evil manifestation of nature, has been of longer duration, but if the past is any guide it will not last much longer. If Toko Bida can therefore continue to shield his relation for a little longer and save him from the obligation of having to pay up his position will be stronger than ever. If on the other hand he was stupid enough to stand over Toger's family after to Heimerdorf or to myself not only would his whole ascendancy in tribal councils collapse but he would have an unpleasant blood feud with a notoriously violent character on his hands.

While politically, therefore, it will be expedient to take action against Toko Bida for impeding Government and obstructing its plans, it will be as well to see matters from his point of view also and not to act hastily. I must therefore be firm but make avoid any suspicion of being vindictive with Toko Bida. As my eventual supporter he will be an asset; as a broken reed he will merely be a liability. If it is a question of reducing his ambitions rather than of destroying his power.

I have had long talks with Rajani Kama Gagai, my Political Jemadar, and the Jemadar of the Assam Rifles and both agree with me that the place for the permanent outpost of the Assam Rifles will eventually be here in the Kiron area. If supplies can either be landed or dropped from the air at Dita the supply problem should not be difficult but whatever is ultimately arranged it will always be necessary to have Government parties attached to each part of the Assam Rifles, for without them the post is rendered inoperative as the post commander will never be able to persuade the local witnesses to work for him. An immobilized post will therefore be of very little use and will rather become an unneeded liability than an asset. Until communication can be built I feel that it will be wiser to push our posts too quickly into the interior.

In the afternoon I took Rajani and a junior Kandi down to Toko Tanna's house to discuss with Licha Rebia the prospect of his going to Lihha (Mtdo) for the purpose of holding a *raf* there with Lihha Tacho and Horika. (One has always apparently to refer to these two brothers jointly in the same way as it would be wrong to refer separately either to Soma or Edgar). As usual we were quite well received in Tanna's house. Again "for John Simon" was away as, despite his years he was out coping the jargons in search of the other missing headmen. Lihha Teji also accompanied us and almost a hot argument ensued over some minor matters making case and I believe that had we not been there violence would have taken place as both sides drew their bows. Rajani was however very careful and in his most amicable manner restored peace. The damage had however been done and the atmosphere was too vitiated to talk any more of *raf* for that day. I can now see how expeditious so frequently broken down and why so often the intrepid negotiator pays for his tenacity with his life.

February 16th 1945

Hah Kiron

"The widows of Asher were loud in their wail" this morning as Rajani and his section left for Mtdo taking their supplies with them. The scene rather resembled the dismal howls of the professional mourner in Egypt and I suspect that as an expression of sorrow this was just about as genuine.

This evidence of my determination quickly had results. Down below me on a flat outside one of the deserted houses of the settlements I saw men begin to gather. Some came dropping down the steep paths from the high forest, some came hurrying up from the green depths of the valley below and others seemed just to arrive over the crest of the hillside round about. I waited and soon blue smoke began to curl up. This was a good sign, for in these hills a fire generally means a discussion. As soon as I could see them stand and, faintly across the valley, could hear voices raised in high argument, I and Temi and Fadi Layng and Kago Bida went slowly down to the group for *galki*. We had to come slowly and openly, for they were nervous. There I found Lihha Tebihi, Licha Tebihi, Npoina, Horika (my erstwhile captive), Lihha Tacho, Licha Toger and many less important men. Lihha Teji who I had met in Talo was now a tough and somewhat impatient customer and we eyed each other closely. He seemed, as before, to be the spokesman of the party and I told him that I was not prepared to negotiate with a few but that all the headmen must come in and make a deal with the Aga Tania. I said "where are Gami Pimbo, Khibia Kijuan, Toko Togo, Toko Talo, Dikuan Talan, the two Nyokan Serbes, Nish Baid and all the others on the long list of miscreants?" As usual they said that they would come to-morrow. As I walked away a babel of argument arose. I think they now realize that they now mean business.

February 17th 1946

HALT KIROM

I have now been here for nearly a fortnight and have spent two previous weeks trying by argument and by all means fair and foul, to make these wretched Licha tribesmen acknowledge the authority of Government. Until this area has submitted to us in any rate an acknowledgment of the Government's claim to administer the whole area we cannot advance further in this direction. However, if the only measure of advancement I accomplish this year is to get Licha to co-operate I shall find that the visit to these settlements has not been wasted. Licha being where it is it is essential to have a peaceful, friendly and co-operative village or no village at all. I am very loath to leave before I have settled this feud between the Apa Taini and Licha because unless it has been settled I fear that there will be trouble when I eventually leave for the summer. If matters are left in an inconclusive stage this season it will only mean that I shall have to start from the beginning again next year. And with the record of last year's defeat behind me the work will be even more difficult. One extraordinary feature of this country here is that even when affairs were at their very worst and I had had to resort to capturing people as hostages women and children had never ceased to come into the camp and trade rice and eggs and chickens for salt and cloth. This I think proves more than anything else the difference between the social structure and degree of cohesion, both socially and economically, of a Dafia village and, say, a Naga village. It would, I imagine, be impossible that in the event of punitive measures or severe reprisals being taken against a Naga village a minority, profiting from the absence of the majority would carry on a brisk trade. This is yet another indication that the Apa Taini did not the Naga is the social unit of the independent Dafia. In fact the Dafia village occupies merely a number of families probably, but by no means necessarily, of the same clan who live in close proximity for the sake of mutual security. Further than that it would be unwise to go, for mutual aid in economic matters rarely seems to be the rule. There is no equivalent to the parties of Naga boys and girls combining to cultivate the village fields in rotation. There seems to be no co-operative effort and no corporate life in a Dafia village. Each house which provides shelter for the family and the retainers is a separate entity possessing and cultivating its own jhumas, carrying on its own trade and catering into its own complicated system of alliances. It is this which makes the administration of the Dafia so extremely complex. The pattern of the social structure is kaleidoscopic and like the kaleidoscope the pattern can, by a twist of fortune, be changed completely, and given an infinite number of variations. While therefore it may be possible to gauge tribal reactions to Government policies in other areas, the Dafia remains unpredictable.

February 18th 1946

HALT KIROM

Matters seem to be improving. More headmen have begun to put in an appearance and smoke can now be seen rising from houses which two days ago to my certain knowledge were deserted. At present Bigi, the smaller settlement, seems to be more inclined to settle matters and come to an agreement than the larger and more wealthy Kirom. More responsible men seem to be appearing daily and that in itself is a promising sign. However, a mere appearance is only the beginning and it remains to be seen whether they will be prepared to remain and negotiate. Though success is possible now it is by no means assured. Nothing is certain in Dafia affairs and I have learned enough of Dafia character now to realize that one cannot ever count on the future and until a *patte* has definitely been concluded anything may happen.

To-day a relief party of Apa Taini arrived here from Rera and Duta with rations for the negotiators and with them came a letter from Haimendorf to say that he hoped to return to Kirom to discuss matters further. I am glad he is coming as we shall then be able to work out our programme for the future and I shall be able to discuss the answers that should be given to the Adviser in reply to his questions about permanent ports and our requirements in the shape of a base and the practicability of his paying a visit to Duta next month. I have considered all these questions and have my own opinions but a second point of view will be very valuable. I am still doubtful if Mills would be able to manage the arduous journey to Apa Taini country at his age particularly in March when the early rains will have made the path, such as it is, slippery. The route, at the best of times, is trying to anyone and the Adviser is not as young as we are. If only I could get a strip made at Dima it would be possible for the Adviser and other Officers to fly up from Lifabari or elsewhere and begin their work from there. As long as they have no idea of the country and the local conditions it is going to be difficult for them to afford the assistance needed as the problems are mainly geographical. Air communications are therefore very important and must be concentrated on at the earliest possible moment. The Adviser's apprehension of the difficulty of the terrain are based mainly on the Naga Hills which are described by Haimendorf who has seen both and therefore can compare them, as being far less difficult. Godfrey, the Secretary to His Excellency, knows the Abar country but here again the Gallings with me described their country as easy compared with this. In New Guinea whole tracts of country have been opened up by air services and whole mining areas are maintained and supplied by air craft. While I realize that the Dafia hills have no gold in them to stimulate enterprise a great deal of assistance could be afforded by air supply and supply problems, at present almost insoluble, could be removed.

February 19th 1946

HALT KIROM

Haimendorf arrived to-day having taken only 24 hours to perform the journey. He camped at another place on the Gondar River and came on by a different route which he thinks is a better one. Apparently the Apa Taini had not used this route before because of the danger of attack from the Licha people. To-day has again been fine which is a blessing, for I doubt if even these Dafia would have agreed to holding a *patte* in the sort of weather we have been having.

In the evening Haimendorf and I discussed the present situation at length. It was agreed that it would be foolhardy in the circumstances to try and force our way down the Pahn Valley and up the Khar leaving an unsettled Licha behind us and possibly meeting opposition on the way. It was therefore decided that Haimendorf should go to the Miri country and make his headquarters at Chetrai and from there penetrate as far North as possible. He would at the same time pay the *patte* in the Miri country and would find out as much as possible regarding the upper waters of the Subansiri and whether there are any main routes to Tibet in that direction. If during this year's exploration he found or heard of important areas of Tibetan penetration and influence it might be necessary for us to explore the North-East part of the Subansiri area near *patte* towards the Tairi Chu.

As far as I am concerned my plan now is to leave here on the 27th or the 28th of this month and return to Duta leaving again for Licha on the 1st March. I would make a 15 days' tour trying to reach the Kharu via Licha (Tanyan on the map), Di-lan (unmarked) and Tain.

Haimendorf who had had experience of the route up to Duta in March was of the opinion that it would be towise to ask Mills to try and get up them. He was firmly of the opinion that in the rain and the comparative heat the journey would be more than trying for the rest so young. I have therefore written to the Advisor suggesting that we wait in Joyhing rather than in Chinsai. This would have the added advantage of allowing him to see for himself how inadequate is the present bungalow which serves as our plains here. He will, I am sure, realize that something far more is required. At present we have no quarters for the clerks, no Office, no store room, no water, no sanitation, no dispensary, no linen for the court and parties other than palm leaf shelters. We need a great deal more. Then too there is the question of position and alternative sites will have to be explored and I would prefer to let the Advisor see the possible sites for himself and discuss their respective advantages and demerits before any choice were made. Once the site has been chosen it will be necessary to obtain the lease of the land either from Government or from the Tea Company owning the area.

February 26th 1948
HALT KIROM

It seems that my hopes for an early settlement of this dispute have again receded, for some of the Bigi or Kiron headmen appeared though they had stated that they would arrive to-day to finish off the negotiations before the public was made. The Apa Tani are fatigued and are asking me to assist every one from Bigi and Kiron who may be stupid enough to come within reach. Clearly it would be foolish in the extreme to adopt such a procedure, for more signs would Government be treated and so on could ever be held in future at which Government officers were in attendance. I explained this at length with Profi Layang and Kargo Bida, the two young and impetuous headmen, but they were not satisfied and said that unless Licha were compelled to enter into negotiations they would never perform the public ceremony. I pointed out that a public performance under compulsion would not be considered binding by the headmen of Licha and commended patience. It is going to be a difficult business, for I am pretty certain that Bigi, at any rate, has not the means to satisfy the claims of the Apa Tani and will have to borrow from friendly villages. Then too the weather to-day may have something to do with the non-attendance of the Licha headmen for it is pouring. It has however been a long and tiresome business and the continued setbacks and disappointments, the lies and the deceit practiced by Licha and the depressing conditions under which the protracted negotiations have been held have, I confess, warped my outlook and shaken my confidence in Di-lan. They are a cunning and dishonest people in their dealings one with another and I fear they will be so in their future dealings with us.

February 28th 1948
HALT KIROM

I cannot I am going to have a difficult time in getting away from here. From Licha, of course, I can hope to obtain fire-axes and the Apa Tani are now preparing for the Mele, the Apa Tani spring festival, and are hard at work repairing and cleaning their water courses and irrigation channels and the banks of their rice fields before the spring heavy showers begin. Haimendorf now says that he quite believes the Apa Tani headmen when they say that they work throughout the year to the strictest agricultural calendar. Each month, each week, has it's appointed tasks in the annual programme and must be strictly adhered to if the 20,000 Apa Tani are to support themselves in their small but highly fertile valley. We were both depressed as not only the outlook but the weather was depressing in the extreme. The Apa Tani delegation on around in their human leaf shelters sullen and disconsolate; they had hoped for so much from the Siray and we had achieved so little. What is going to happen when I and the Assam Rifles have left? Will the Di-lan of this area again engage in such raids against the Apa Tani villages? But whether my work in these hills in the future is to be exploratory or administrative, the S & S requirement in this area is that peace should be restored by the Government's efforts between the two communities. We cannot leave matters as they are, for if we are to advance in this direction next year and leave turmoil behind us the safety of our lines of communication will be jeopardized.

February 29th 1948
HALT KIROM

Fortunately the rain had stopped in the night and it was therefore possible for Haimendorf to strike his camp and move off in comparative comfort though the paths will be damaskily slippery. I have decided that when he goes up to the Miri country Haimendorf must take the doctor with him. In the Par valley to which I propose paying a visit after my discussions in Joyhing I shall be comparatively near medical aid if ever it should be necessary. The Political assistance that the excellent Dr. Neutarcharjee can give in the Miri country will also be great. He has a good manner with the tribesmen and is liked by them and in the Miri country he will be very much more useful in making fresh contacts with the Haimendorfs than he will be in the comparatively civilized Par Valley.

Haimendorf left at 2 P. M. and will camp for the night at the camp on the Par river some three miles on the Duta side of Bigi. After he had gone I went down to visit Toko Xatru in his house at the bottom of the valley but as usual Tamen was away and I was unable to obtain much information from the members of his household. On my way back, when passing the deserted house of Toko Topu and Toko Talo I noticed that a fruit tree (a papaya, —a local tree with leaves like the English ash and which has berries which are highly esteemed by the Di-lan, had been cut down. On entering the house I found a small party of Apa Tani had installed themselves there and had ransacked the place. Few were however was the wanton destruction which they had carried out. The supporting timbers of the walls of the house had been cut in two. The left had been destroyed, the fire places, cooking pots and bamboo matting had all been destroyed. The Apa Tani held it on my arrival but I caught one out, with the abandoned spears and cloths which the inmates had left behind in their precipitous flight, I took him to the camp and handed my captive over to the Apa Tani headmen saying that if the remainder wished to recover their hit they must come before me first of all. I explained matters to Chag' Ni-mat, the leading Apa Tani and said "How can you expect the Licha headmen to come and hold a seat if your young men behave like thieves and bandits? You must control your year following and prevent from looting the empty houses". Chag' Ni-mat seemed to think that there was nothing wrong in his men taking advantage of the temporary absence of the host owners the houses to indulge in looting and said..... "The Licha headmen had robbed us in the past of valuable goods; cannot my men therefore recover something by looting the empty houses?" I told him that I trusted on his maintaining discipline over his followers and eventually, and somewhat unwillingly, he agreed to do so. I mention this incident as an indication of the trials that beset the negotiase and peace-maker. The feud between the Apa Tani and Licha is of such long standing and so deep-rooted that neither side is prepared to behave in a reasonable manner or show any restraint.

February 24th 1945

HALT KIROM

Despite the fact that there is still no sign of any resumption of the *meis* I now have a faint spark of hope as the *Kicha* of *Bijé*, the official 'diplomatic courier' of the missing *Licha* headmen, arrived with the news that all the headmen have been away borrowing *mitien* and *degeps* from their friends in order to satisfy the claims of the *Apa Tanis* and that they would shortly appear and make a *meis*. As the morning was comparatively fine I and the doctor and *Jérom* Tcho, a headman of *Jérom*, who had come to act as an assessor in the dispute, finished the hillside to the North of the camp. I so far had not had the opportunity to explore the surroundings of this area and so the possibility of a settlement was better there was no danger in going far afield. I found that what appears to be the crest of the bowl shaped valley in which *Kirom* is situated, is really, in reality, only a false crest and beyond it lies another, but higher, bowl in which is situated a valuable area of fields. As we walked along the steep fields we passed several field houses filled with the evacuated belongings of the fugitive headmen of *Kirom*. Outside the field houses the ground was literally planted with cunningly cut-down *pajis* and inside was a sort of chevaux de frise of *karpa*,—the long *Dálas pajis*. I ordered all the *pajis* to be removed and stacked neatly on the doorstep of each house with out touching anything inside in the hope that this would demonstrate our desire for peace.

February 24th 1945

HALT KIROM

To-day some *Bijé* headmen arrived and I decided that it was hopeless to wait for the other absconders and advised the *Apa Tanis* if possible to conclude a *pathe* with those who had come. I hoped by this means to persuade the remainder later to make a separate peace and even if this was not possible at any rate to divide the *Licha* headmen into two camps,—those who had made their peace with Government and those who had not so that it would later be possible to use those who had made peace to persuade the others to do the same. After a good deal of argument and mutual recrimination it was decided that a *pathe* should be made between the following *Apa Tanis* headmen who would represent their villages and the headmen of *Bijé* and *Kirom* who were present:—

Apa Tanis.—*Chigé* chief of *Déna*, *Padi* *Laying* of *Reru*, *Kángo* *Bida* of *Haja*, *Tak Tara* of *Haja*, *Náda* *Tonu* of *Bijé* and *Nádis* *Takou* of *Haja*.

Bijé.—*Licha* *Taga* and *Lid* *Tcho*.

Kirom.—*Licha* *Téhi* and *Licha* *Sera*.

The five chief headmen of *Licha* with whom the *Apa Tanis* wished to have a reckoning and who had not presented themselves are *Gomi* *Pimbo*, *Licha* *Togur*, *Dáman* *Talan*, *Licha* *Temú* and *Licha* *Tana*. Before any lasting peace can be established between the two tribes it will be necessary for these absentees to make a separate *pathe* with the *Apa Tanis*. I have, after long weighing up of the pros and cons, decided that it will be inhuman to send the women and children captives down to *Lókra* for the hot weather as they would probably die and even if they did not act they would almost certainly contract malaria and dysentery. But the most powerful argument against sending them down to the plains is that once there they would probably lose all their value as bargaining counters for negotiations between the *Apa Tanis* and *Licha*. The *Licha* tribesmen would abandon all hope of seeing their captured relations again and would set about capturing, and possibly killing, some *Apa Tanis* in order to level up the score.

To-day *Toum* *Toum* arrived in my camp from his jungle refuge down in the *Kiyi* River forests. He had a very bad foot as he had some days before been impaled by a *pajis* and the wound had begun to fester. I suspect it was the need for medical treatment rather than any desire to make peace that had brought him to my camp. While the doctor was dressing his wound I took the opportunity of explaining to him the stupidity of defying Government and he reluctantly agreed to talk matters over with his brother *Tálo* and said he would return on the morrow. I do not however place much reliance upon his promises.

The *meis* continued with unabated fury all day. Both sides engaged in eloquent and protracted argument until the speakers became hoarse but still no settlement seemed to be in sight. I was again in despair, for if the *Apa Tanis* could not even reach an agreement with these four representatives how could I hope for any full settlement? Then quite unexpectedly *Licha* *Téhi* began to explain in a quiet voice what he and his three companions were prepared to pay. Down went the long tally of sticks and anxiously I counted. Sixteen! He was prepared to pay sixteen *mitien* worth of goods—*may*, *kabin*, *ky*, *deu*, etc., in order to settle the dispute in so far as he and his three companions were concerned. I turned to *Chigé* *Nimé* sitting opposite in his corner near the fire. "Well", I said "are you satisfied?" *Chigé* *Nimé* sat silent for a moment; then, pointing an accusing finger at *Licha* *Taga*, he poured out a long condemnation which would have done credit to an old testament prophet dealing with a king of Judah. "There is the culprit!" he thundered. "For years he has lived by snatching war upon defenceless small parties whom he has surprised in the jungle. For years we have been forced to pay *mitien*, *may*, *kabin* and other goods to this thief and robber in order to release our captive relations. We will accept the sixteen *mitien* for the sake of peace, but you!"..... and his finger shook menacingly. "you shall pay more. There can be no peace between us until you have personally paid two cows *mitien*, two *may* and two *kabin*. Even this is an aburdly small amount for you to pay but as the *Sérou* has asked us to make peace and *Tálo* (the name that the *Apa Tanis* had given me) has come and stayed in your village for so long, I am prepared to risk the scorn of my womenfolk and give up the remainder of the compensation we so richly deserve from you. Until you personally pay this amount to me there will be no *pathe*." *Licha* *Taga* was obviously shaken by this public condemnation. His bubble was pricked and the swaggar had gone out of him. He put on his most ingratiating smile and after a little more defensive argument he agreed to pay up. The *meis* then broke up, the *Apa Tanis* in a mood of sober confidence mixed with triumph and the *Licha* men shaking their heads sadly. They realised I think that the game was up and that the day of reckoning had arrived. They went off saying that they would pay on the morrow.

I now relate an incident to show the incredible toughness of the *Dálas*. When I returned to my camp I found a certain *Lid* *Doruyi* awaiting me. He was hobbling with difficulty aided by a stick and was helped by a companion. I saw that he had a horribly infected wound in his leg and there were two punctures in the calf which were both suppurating. He said that two months ago he had been caught red handed trying, as he said, to recover a *mitien* which had been forcibly taken from him by *Licha* *Tálo*. *Licha* *Tálo* had shot him in with a poisoned arrow which fortunately for him was old and stale. As it was, he said that he had been unconscious for three days and during that time his companions had tried to remove the arrow head which was embedded in the bone in his leg. They had failed and had left him with a horrible gaping wound which he had covered with banana leaves. The Doctor, after carefully examining the wounds, said that in order to save the man's life he must operate at once. He had no anaesthetics with him and so the man was operated on there and then. A ground sheet was laid out and was swabbed down with iodine

and I assisted with straws and his companions sat on Dzungi's head. The doctor had to make two long incisions and use a probe for some time before he could locate the arrow head which had lodged between the two bones of the leg. He then had to wrench the arrow head out with a pair of forceps. During this operation I gave the man some rum and cigarettes but save for an occasional wince when some particularly painful wrench was necessary he showed no sign of distress. I had seen rough surgery carried out on Pathans on the North-West Frontier and had marvelled at their toughness. This Dáña was even tougher. He must have been in great pain but bore it all with the most amazing fortitude.

February 25th 1948

HALT KIROM

Various other Licha headmen who had previously not put in an appearance have been in evidence to-day and Gezi Pünbo and Kháda Kápm came along with Tólo Topa for an hour or so to watch the proceedings. I could have arrested them but such is my custom of allowing any one to put in an appearance at a *mal* without any fear of arrest as I am convinced that this is a convention which will have the greatest value in the future administration of this Frontier. If all the tribesmen come to understand that those attending *mal* are safe from arrest it will be of great benefit in encouraging those who are at variance with Government to come in and discuss matters. Even so, our visitors were frightened and bailed away defensively when angry Apa Taini demanded the return of *mal* and *mal* previously paid as ransom. However I refused to arrest the men and, much to the disgust of the Apa Taini, they went off unhindered.

The trouble is really twofold. First of all Licha, for all her ill-gotten gains, is a poor village by comparison with Lúha and I have yet to discover the reason for this. The agricultural industry of Lúha, at a cursory glance, appears to be bad and the surrounding plains appear to be cultivated. However only a year before I had appeared on the scene the cycle of flooding had been changed and the main fields of the village are now over the base of the surrounding hills. I do not therefore think that the Licha people live on land to the exclusion of agriculture. I think the real reason is that Licha itself is involved in bloody feuds with the villages of the Pálin Valley. My enquiries lead me to suppose that the really wretched villages are situated in the Pálin Valley and it is here that the real trade block to North and South trade is situated. I believe that the Pálin villagers prevent the spread of Tibetan trade and culture to the South and the passage of Dáña traders to the trade centres in the upper Káru Valley.

February 26th 1948

HALT KIROM

The chances of the success of the *mal* resemble the tide: they ebb and flow with an almost equally monotonous regularity and I am coming more and more to the conclusion that neither side is particularly anxious to perform the *mal* ceremony. The Licha Dáña class have little desire to be tied down by such a formal truce when the Sircar itself declares that it will be a party to the pact. A *mal*, if made, could not then be treated with the contempt that previous treaties with the Apa Taini had been accorded. Licha looks upon the Sircar as a hated unnecessary power acquired by the Apa Taini for their own future protection and bitterly resent our basing in on what they consider to be their own private, and lucrative, quarter.

The Apa Taini, on the other hand, with the shrewd calculation which I have found characterises this tribe, feel that once the *mal* is made the matter will be closed, the account settled and all chances of further extraction of *mal*, *mal* and other valuables ended. What they seem to desire is to keep the matter unsettled so that further claims can, in due course, be made. While therefore it is true that the Apa Taini have already obtained a fair amount, it must be remembered that this feud,—a very damaging and expensive one for the Apa Taini,—has been going on for a long time. In my opinion the grand total of their losses is beyond the capacity of any immediate retribution by Licha, and yet it is impossible to devise any plan of reparations by instalment as this is something quite foreign to tribal mentality. Once a *mal* has been formerly recognised the feud is closed and payments by either side cease automatically even if the *mal* is not subsequently ratified by a *mal*.

I am also becoming aware that the ramifications of these feuds are far wider than we at present realise. It is apparent to me that it is a case of continual pressure from the North-West. The Dáña of the upper Káru, who from all accounts are better settled and are an even more warlike people, are probably raiding the villages of the Pángyi and Págo rivers and the Pálin. Indeed Lúha Sira, one of the Káru negotiators who knows the Pálin well, tells me that Hába and Tákum, the two largest villages in the Pálin area, are continually having to pay ransoms for relatives captured by the raiders from the North-West. In order to rescue their losses and to fund their means of paying the ransoms demanded, the Pálin villagers, led by the notorious raiders Tamei Tad and Tak Koyi, raid Lúha, Hába and Nyelom. It is apparently a curious intermittent warfare. When the Pálin is raiding Lúha or Nyelom they obtain a safe conduct for their *mal*, or at any rate the passive consent of Lúha, by trading *mal* and other highly esteemed Tibetan goods. Lúha, anxious to obtain the goods, does not warn the victims of the impending raid. Often, however, on some trumped up pretext, Lúha itself is raided by the Pálin Dáña. I imagine that these raids are not very bloody affairs as my enquiries elicited the fact that no Lúha villager had been killed recently though several had been ransomed at an exorbitant rate. To ransom these captive goods has somehow to be found, and as Lúha itself resorts to raiding and has found from experience that the easiest and least risky way of obtaining a fair ransom is to capture a few wealthy Apa Taini. These one has the sequence. You are raided; you have not the necessary quantity of goods to pay the ransom, or, more likely, the women folk in whose safe keeping the Dáña places his valuables, refuse to hand them over; so you raid a weaker neighbour. This practice goes on from the Southern fringe of the area administered by Tibet,—and, from what I heard in Mengo, I am convinced that the Tibetans do administer an area South of main Himalaya range,—to the Northern limit of Indian influence. But always the aggression comes from the North, and as each layer of immigrants is forced Southwards by later arrivals from the North, so the Southern,—to use a Scottish term,—are preyed upon by their more virile and warlike Northern neighbours. I have, as yet, no idea what has put in motion this North to South current of human movement. What is the cause of this phenomenon? What is the pressure which causes this continual Southern migration? Is it economic or political or is it caused by an increase of the population far to the North? If the population is increasing what is the cause of this? There are all questions which at present I am unable to answer, but I fancy that the answer will be found as soon as I have penetrated the area North-West of the Pálin and that will have to wait until next year.

February 27th 1948

HALT KIROM

I am determined at all costs to leave to-morrow. Indeed I must, for the remaining Gallons under their airdrop Kuda Nigra have arrived here to evacuate me, and ration problems, as usual, force me to adhere strictly to my programme arranged, with a sublime faith in the future, some two weeks ago. I cannot remain longer, for if I do the Gallons will run out of rations. They have only brought a limited supply with them so that their carrying capacity will not be lessened and as matters stand they must reach Dita within three days' time where they can renew their supplies for their downward journey to the plains.

However my announced intention of leaving seems to have had an effect on both parties to this protracted dispute who, up to now, have been sparring, in the true legal tradition, for an advantage in the interminable argument which have been progressing for days. The *sol* ground is littered with bundles of sticks and the tallies are everywhere laid out in rows, and the ash upon the daily conference is heaped high. To-day however things began to happen. I was listening in a half bored, half amused manner to the old rogue Licha Taga, spokesman for Licha, who, by his argument never so weak, is never at a loss for an argument, when his oration faltered and petered out and all eyes were turned upon my most helpful mentor Jorum Kama, one of the three headmen of Jorum and holder of a Red Cloth. Quietly he stepped forward and after a brief but impressive pause he began summing up in the best judicial manner. I sat fascinated, my presence ignored and forgotten. This was the final act in the settlement of the preliminary negotiations. Here was the conclusion in the immemorial manner of these hills. No one interrupted save for a murmured "Eh! Eh!" or a "Kuh! Kuh!" as the judgment favoured or displeased either side.

Kama finished and there was complete silence while either side eyed the other. Then Licha Tékhi got up and said "We will pay to-morrow."

The score as far as I can estimate is as follows. Five *mitas* have already gone to the Apa Tani country. Goods to the value of sixteen *mitas* are to be paid to-morrow by the poor Licha brethren concerned and, in addition, Licha Taga is to pay goods to the value of six *mitas*. So the Apa Tani will receive goods to the value of twenty-two *mitas* from four of the Licha raiders. I think that the Apa Tani have not done too badly and have certainly recovered far more than they ever could have hoped for without the assistance of Government. Chigi Nimit however is not pleased and is, despite his fame and prowess, humiliated! As he got up to go he made an expressive gesture of despair and turning to me muttered "What will my wife say?" Everyone laughed except the old man who obviously feared his wife more than the Ditas.

February 28th 1948

Kirom (4,250 feet approx.)—Jungle camp on the Pai river (4,500 feet approx.)

Distance.....5 miles approx.

Direction.....East

A last minute hitch nearly wrecked the whole *sol*. Licha Tanya who was to have produced the sacrificial *mitas* refused to produce it. The reason was that a certain Pil Téli of Karzoi, a village on the plains North-East of Joching, hearing of my presence in Kirom had come up to claim the release of his brother Pil Kacha. Pil Kacha had been captured from a small village near Licha at a time of a raid which had wiped out this small clan's settlement. Téli had escaped and had made his way down to the security of the plains but his brother Kacha had first of all been sold to Talo village, yet another instance of the dependence of Talo on the Licha raiders, and had subsequently been sold to Tanya. Kacha had now worked for some twenty years as a member of Tanya's household and Tanya had purchased a wife for him by whom he now had a small son. This in itself is a revealing sidelight on the so called 'slavery' of the Ditas. Was Uncle Tom of the novel brought up as a member of his master's household? Did his master spend good money in buying him a wife? However to resume the anecdote, Tanya now claimed the bride-price of the woman and named an exorbitant sum. Strangely he did not try to demand the price he had originally paid for Kacha. Evidently the word had gone round that the Sincar did not refund the price of slaves.

I was determined not to set up a bad precedent by admitting such a claim and maintained that as Tanya had obtained twenty years of free labour out of Kacha he was clearly owed nothing. This was the argument which led up to Tanya's refusal to supply the *mitas*. However after the two mentors Jorum Kama and Talo Toger had almost forced Tanya to produce the *mitas* by dragging him bodily to where it was withheld in the jungle, he eventually complied with extreme reluctance. The *mitas* was produced and sacrificed at the conventional post; *ditas* drunk out long incantations and performed the necessary rites and the *mitas* was concluded. The last talk I had with Licha Taga before I left revealed the fact that it was Talo Téli who had advised the Licha deputation to leave the *sol* at Talo when he had seen the large number of *mitas* and *mitis* and *ahis* which the Licha deputation had brought to the *sol* at Talo. He had said "why are you being so stupid as to hand over all this to the Apa Tani? You need pay nothing. All you have to do when the Sahib comes is to leave your village and live in the jungle and I will help you".

This added evidence of Talo Téli's duplicity from such a source is damning indeed but I am now of the opinion that it will be best policy to try and arrest him. Since he had been given a Red Cloth, and if I arrest a Red Cloth holder, not only will my whole position with the others be weakened but the prestige of the whole institution will be lowered. I have misjudged my man as much as he has misjudged me and must therefore try and have a talk with Talo Téli.

On my way from Migi to the Pai River camp I found a number of Apa Tani, already on their way to resume and reopen trade relations with Licha. They were bringing rice and cloth and were hoping to purchase young pigs, tobacco and chillies. I was struck with the speed and enthusiasm with which these Apa Tani grasped the opportunity for trade so soon after the *mitas* had been concluded.

I have, after having been closely associated with these Apa Tani and for nearly a month, changed my opinion of them and now like them enormously. They are clever, witty and charming folk and very kindly. They would benefit greatly from education, for often, saving me writing up this diary, they have asked me to teach them to read and write so that they can "write down the history of our tribe". Unlike most primitive peoples they appear to have a receptive mind to new ideas and wish for progress. I have found them to be honest to a surprising degree. There have always, through out the day, been courses of these in and around my tent, as have been the Dita women and children, but I never lost anything despite the fact that they were constantly fingering my belongings in a state of curiosity.

The Assam Rifles had erected a bamboo horizontal bar in the camp for the sake of exercise and I began showing the Apa Tani, headmen and the friendly Didiis various exercises. The Didiis were clumsy and awkward and rather shy of making fools of themselves in public, but it was wonderful to see how readily the Apa Tanis took to physical training. Padi Layang and George Bida, both young and cleanly built, the former light and wiry, the latter heavy and muscular, practicing with enthusiasm on the bar and roasting with laughter at each other's efforts, all performed competently with Red Clothes. In my opinion if any effort is to be made at introducing education, improved agriculture and husbandry, it is upon the Apa Tanis that we should concentrate. They are an industrious, clever and enterprising people. To judge the Apa Tanis from the ragged slaves who, purposely dressed in their oldest clothes, visit the plains in the winter is to do the whole tribe an injustice. I asked Padi Layang why the Apa Tanis always dressed so badly when going down to the plains. He smiled and said "We own very good land and there are many people who are jealous of us. If we go to Assam dressed well who knows but that the Sircar will not say 'these people are rich.' We will therefore go to their country and take it and will make the people pay taxes". It is for this reason that we do not advertise our well-being? In my opinion the Apa Tanis will provide the king pin of our administration in these hills and I consider it axiomatic that as long as we are striving to gain a foothold in this area we must be very careful to preserve by every means their loyalty and friendly co-operation. They are the only large homogeneous block of population upon whom we can rely for partners but we must be very careful not to antagonize them by making our demands in this direction too great. We must come to these hills as obvious benefactors and not as crafty tricksters. At present these tribes are, in the main, friendly disposed towards us, but it must be remembered that we were well-received by the Pathans on the North-Western Frontier when first we came into contact with them. It must also always be remembered that we are now, in effect, competing with the Tibetans for the good-will of these hitherto untouched tribes. At present Tibetan cultural influence and Tibetan economic power permeates this area. We shall not want the tribes from this Tibetan influence if we become an imposition upon them. As our friends and allies the tribes on the North-Eastern Frontier can play an all important role in the strategic defense of the whole area. As our enemies they are capable of becoming a most dangerous liability. To gain their friendship and co-operation peaceful and beneficent economic penetration and control will prove far more effective than the old and dangerous policy of arriving first of all on gain-political domination to the exclusion of economic benefits. As I have already said at page 5 of this diary....."From our experiences gained on the North-West Frontier of India I think we should have learned that control by means of economic penetration and subsequent inter-dependence is preferable to an economic vacuum followed by the necessity of Military occupation". A modern vindication of this policy can be seen in the treatment of the Philippine Islands by the United States. There the economic domination of the United States is complete and the loyalty of the Islands has stood the severest test of war and temporary occupation by an enemy power.

The construction of good communications to the Apa Tani country will not present insuperable difficulties and I consider that it is there that we should, at any rate for some years to come, establish a hill base and a Civil Station. This is the area in which our new administration is most likely to show rapid results. The country is very healthy, is central and provides the only place which I have so far seen where a landing strip can be constructed. The people are intelligent and are progressive and already their trading influence spreads far into the Miri and Didiis areas. From such a base it would be comparatively easy for our influence to extend in all directions in a pacific manner. Schools, dispensaries and agricultural demonstration farms would yield the quickest and best results and, by a process of demonstration, I believe, the other tribes in the area would eventually ask us to extend our operations in their own country. If this could be brought about the extension of our control over the whole region would have been accomplished without the use of any coercion on our part.

I arrived in the rain at the camp on the Fai and found everything ready for me, my porters and staff having gone on two hours ahead. There is now quite a small village of grass huts within the perimeter we built last Disember. The Apa Tanis who have been coming backwards and forwards to Kiron from Dada have spent the night here imagining themselves to be perfectly safe in the socketed perimeter which the Sircar had built.

March 1st 1948

Fai River Camp-Dida

Distance.....11 miles Approx.

Direction.....South-East.

It rained all night but the camp site is a good one and the bamboo and grass huts built by the Apa Tanis are well made and waterproof. Despite their reluctance to admit that they have received satisfaction, the Apa Tanis cannot conceal their delight at having obtained so much and I think they realize that had it not been for the presence of the Sircar they would probably not have been able even to visit Dida for less than any satisfaction. Last night Kirgo Bida and his men struggled into camp laden with hanks of meat from the sacrificial mites. The meat was blessed by Chigi Nind and then distributed. I duly received the most handsome portion, part of the cornish, which I managed to pass on surreptitiously to the Gallong.

I awoke to a dripping grey dawn. The clouds were right down on the river. Actually as there was a long and difficult march before us I was up before it grew light and, having struck camp in the dark by the light of the fire, left at 6-15 A.M. As dawn broke a squall raising through the cold clouds still hung low. The path as far as our enclosed camp site just up the hillside from the river (see the diary for the 14th December 1944) was not bad but thereafter began a steady climb along a path which the night's rain had transformed into a slippery slide. The snow fall of the 14th/15th January had done a surprising amount of damage and in many places this unfrequented path was blocked with fallen branches and flattened bamboo. I must say I am bewildered by the weight of the snow falls in this area of what seems to me to be dense tropical jungle and I am at a loss to understand how this peculiar kind of vegetation can survive in these cold winters.

Next year I mean to make this my main line of communication for my advance North West from Kiroon to the Pālin and the Kharu. How can this present path be improved? The present route, as usual in these hills, follows straight over the highest ground and when valleys are encountered the path goes straight down, frequently almost perpendicularly. I think a more suitable line could be found, and a good graded path cut, by taking a line from Dāta up the ridge to the west of the ridge and into the valley of the headwaters of the Pein River. From there the path would strike North on the Western side of the main range and following the 7,000 feet ring contour and then gradually descending until the Pāi River is reached. This would complete the first stage of the march. The second stage would follow the same path as we have taken this year through Būgi and Kiroon to the middle North West of Kiroon forming the divide between the Kiyi and the Pālin river systems.

At 1 P.M. a heavy shower came upon us and lasted for an hour until I waded from the jungle soaked but happy on the high ridge overlooking the Apa Tani valley. I had last seen it on January the 3rd, and after crossing the wild Dafa Hills for two months it was like a home coming and was a great relief to see the level, ordered rice fields spread out like a map beneath me with the groups of Apa Tani busily engaged in repairing the bunds far below. After the wild desolation of these jungles it was a joy to see the neatly kept pine and bamboo groves and see the blue smoke rising from the busy villages. As I descended the branches covered spar I came upon the first Apa Tani prisoners,—lovely plants, tall and slender with the flowers resembling every shade of lavender and the leaves, or like the early leaves of the privet, at least that a wave of nostalgia came over me. The most of prisoners too revived a dim memory of early spring at home, of damp earth and the green urgency of spring, of catkins and pussy willows, of calceolae and budding buds. Yes, I was glad to be back and as I sagged down the spar I began again to plan and puzzle about the future. If we are to advance further next year we must have air dropping, or, better still, I must find a suitable place for an air strip in the Apa Tani country. Once I have been given air supply half my problems will have been solved. If I can lay out a landing strip near Dāta it will eventually be possible to fly up building materials and supplies for the construction of an administrative Head Quarters here in this healthy and pest-free valley. If this can be managed a great deal of time will have been saved, and in my opinion that is of the utmost importance for if we remain here for years doing little to improve conditions and, at the same time, calling upon the tribes each year to carry for us, it is likely that the present comparatively bearable atmosphere will not continue. We must give visible proof of our good intentions towards these people at the earliest opportunity if we are to retain their friendship and co-operation. Then too the question of pests is one of the greatest importance, for diseases, ticks and leishen can make life intolerable. A headquarters must be set up in an area which is free from such discomforts if the efficiency of the officer serving here is not to be impaired.

I arrived back in Dāta at 3-30 P.M. and found that the Hainenloris had left some hours before for the Mari country. I also found a large mail and a mass of routine correspondence waiting to be dealt with.

March 2nd 1945
 HALT DUTA

I spent the day dealing with the accumulation of paper, paying porters, collecting blankets and ground sheets and taking stock of the position regarding loads to be taken down with me on the 20th of the month. As the Gallong convoy is leaving for the plains tomorrow I had to spend the whole day replying to urgent correspondence so that this mail could return with them. Particularly was I glad to hear from the Adviser that the External Affairs Department was well aware of the serious lack of officers on this North East Frontier. I hope that this may result in my being given an Assistant Political Officer to be responsible at my plain base for the working of the ration arrangements. If next year I am fifteen or more marches in the hills it will be impossible for me to deal with such problems,—and the further I advance the worse it will become.

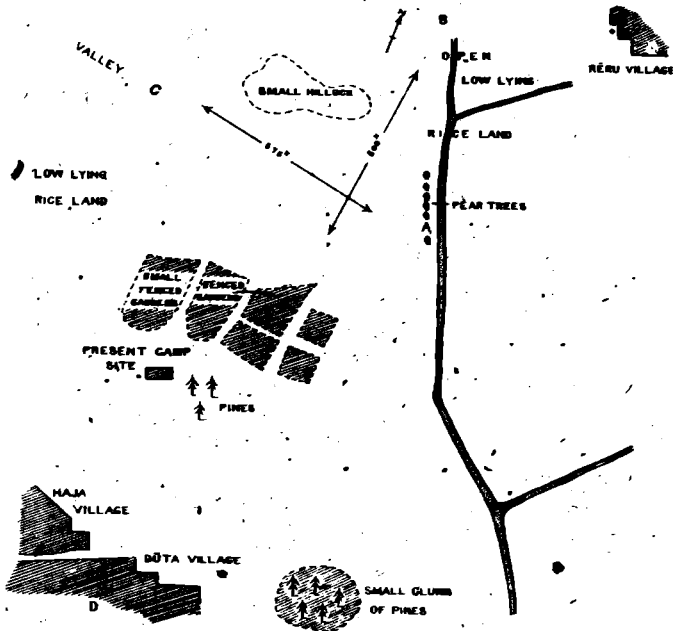
I find to my horror that the Section of Amas Rifles posted here have no less than 38 loads to be taken down when I evacuate them. (On the 1st March I found that the Naik in charge had miscalculated and that there are 67 loads.) Apparently they have sent up a number of unwanted bags of amas. All the ration arrangements this year have been badly managed and I shall insist next year that a Quarter Master Havildar at least is posted to looking to take over the ration arrangements of the Amas Rifles at the base. The absence of a responsible Non-Commissioned Officer at the base has not only put a great deal of extra work on my already overworked clerk at Joyling and has thrown most of the work up here on us but has caused unnecessary expense to Government as these unwanted loads have each cost ten rupees to come up and will cost an equal amount to evacuate.

The Gallong again came to me in a body asking to be discharged on their return to Joyling. They have worked well and loyally for up this year but, certainly wrongly, they seem that James Flight has promised that they would only have to serve for three months in this area and rightly maintain that this period is now over. As they have their own cultivation to work at in their own villages I sympathise with them but as they are the only porters upon whom I can rely I cannot let them go before the Dāta base has been partially evacuated. I can foresee that I shall have great difficulty in collecting Apa Tani porters when I go down as at that time the spring festival will be at its height.

March 2nd 1945
 HALT DUTA

Today I carried out an inspection of possible sites for a landing strip in this country. There are two possible sites, one half a mile north of our present camp in Dāta and the other between Hari and Hong near the old evacuated village site of Beiri. I look upon the construction of a landing strip this year as a matter of importance. If this can be done, and a sufficiently large strip can be made it will be possible for the Adviser and even the Foreign Secretary to visit our base here in Dāta this spring. It would be far easier for me to explain my plans for next year to them here on the spot than to try and explain matters either by writing long reports or by discussions with the Adviser in Shillong or Joyling.

A rough sketch of the two possible sites is as follows:—
 Site No. 1, North of Duma.

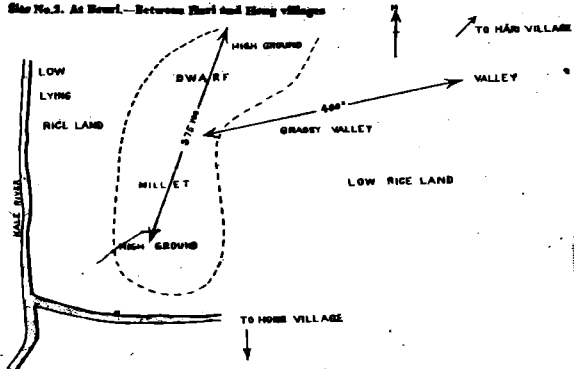


Horizontal—Height ... 5,250 feet.

Landing Route.—Aircraft should fly straight over Duma from South (Point D), leaving pine covered knoll on their right. They should aim at a zig-zag Yellow column near on the low hillside to the North (1½ miles North of Point B). Aircraft should touch down 200 yards North of the end of the low fenced garden. Landing strip on Duma's hillside. Land slopes gently from North West to South East. Surface firm and good in winter. Slight undulations.

Landing Route down Road (Point A) to West (Point C).—Aircraft have a good open approach from the South East. They should cross the Red (Kok) river just North of the last fenced garden leaving one single pine tree on their left and five pine trees on their right. They should aim at a pointed hill on the horizon to the West and touch down 100 yards West of the pine trees. Landing strip level and firm.

Site No. 3. At Hauri.—Between Hauri and Hlong villages



Remarks.—Though this may eventually become the better site for a permanent landing strip, it would appear better to use it as it is difficult for me to say whether it is suitable without the aid of an expert. The 400 yard strip is capable of some extension and has the merit of being on an agricultural land and open, short and firm ground.

I estimate that if air conditions can be arranged next year there will be a saving of some Rs. 20,000 on the postage paid. It must be remembered that each Load of 500 pounds weight from Jorhing to Di can cost Government Rs. 10 when carried by a porter. On foot it takes five days at least to get from Jorhing to Di. If transport planes carrying 1,000 lbs. only were used each plane would be able to carry two porter loads, — one empty, — or the equivalent of Rs. 200 in porter wages alone. To this must be added the food and clothing of the porters themselves. The plane would take about 20 minutes instead of five days and the cost of the actual trip including the cost of the petrol for the heavy from North Lakhimpur Lohitai could not be more than Rs. 50 or thereabouts for each trip. There would, therefore be a 400 per cent. saving in cost.

It must also be remembered that next year the costs will be even higher, for the further in I penetrate the greater will be the costs. Twenty-three porters themselves eat one entire bag of 25 sacks a day. N take 250 porters on any a twelve days line of communication. Each day they will eat 16 loads, therefore a 12 days march they will require 120 loads to be carried by themselves for their own consumption. Start from Jorhing say for Tolosa at the junction of the Paha and the Kharu 250 porters, even with the most favourable conditions whereby they found rations for their return journey waiting for them at Tolosa, or only carry 150 Government Loads or 5,500 lbs. It would therefore take 250 porters 12 days to accomplish what 50 aircraft each carrying only 1,000 lbs could carry out in half an hour. Provided the mail stations can make suitable one or two transport aircraft west stations, the arguments of the use of air are clearly overwhelming.

March 6th 1943

Field Data

I had almost to start today on my tour to Tolosa and the Kharu, but, as usual, dependent as I am on tribal porters it was impossible to start as I was unable to collect sufficient men. Without Government porters one can never work to a purpose. One is never free from anxiety and endless trouble from the moment of departure and one never moves without having to leave some stores behind on account of the lack of porters to carry them.

March, 5th 1943

- DUTA—LEHIA (near the deserted village site of TANYAN. Sq. D. 2).
- HEIGHT OF LEHIA CAMP SITE. 2750 feet approx.
- BEYASING.....16 miles approx.
- Direction.....NORTH.

As is usual when leaving DUTA my start was late as it was found impossible to collect the porters from their huts and it was 10-15 A.M. before I had managed to collect sufficient men to make a start. Even so, had it not been for the personal efforts of old CHING NIME who was accompanying me I if we should ever have got away. It had rained hard during the night but the day dawned bright clear.

My path took me past Kere village, busy with its preparations for the spring festival. As we through the rice fields we saw parties of young men and women busily engaged in repairing the rice which are always kept in perfect order, and in digging up the irrigated fields with hoes in preparation for the planting season. Others were busily stacking wood in the fields along side the path and in the village. There again was evidence of the cut and fire-through which is so apparent in the soil up of the Aga Taini. During the spring festival everyone will be on holiday and there is consequently no one to perform the daily task of collecting the required amount of wood from the jungle. The Aga Taini therefore make provision for this emergency by collecting sufficient in advance and stacking it near the village where it can be fetched with the minimum of trouble.

Gradually we left the rice fields and the path winding through the pine groves emerged into the narrow valley of the upper waters of the Kale. It was a scene of the greatest beauty. On either side rolled up jungle clad hills bathed in the spring sunshine. The Kale, by now a small brook splashing and chattering over golden gravel and gliding through still dark pools where one felt that trout ought to lurk, was bordered by lush water meadows rich fenced with pine fencing. Further up mountain grass, bracken and berries, wild raspberry and willow resplendent in its spring catkins, fought for mastery. But most wonderful of all, the whole ground was starred and patched with the lovely Apa Tani primula. In the coppices beside the river tins were challenging the day with their ardent, arresting spring note. So English was the scene that I might have been walking up Bodgeworthy Water on Lamour. Only the bamboo groves rustling and swaying in the light morning air gave an oriental touch to the scene. As I walked along I could not help looking for moorland sheep for the short springy moorland turf is surely ideal pasture, but of course sheep at present are unknown to the Apa Tani Mountain sheep should certainly be introduced into this valley for the Apa Tani, with their natural aptitude for spinning and weaving, would take at once to wool as a medium for the manufacture of their own cloth and I have no doubt that with the very beautiful vegetable dyes they employ their products would be of the highest quality.

An hour and a half after leaving Duta we left the main valley path which went on to Tapo and started climbing. It was a hard climb through heavy, virgin jungle along a path which the previous night's rain had transformed into a sea of mud, slippery and treacherous. When at last we reached the *lit* (resting place) on the crest of the ridge at about 2-45 p.m., the porters were very exhausted so I ordered a fifteen minutes halt. Above me were large rhododendron trees, some of them 75 feet high and more. All were a blazing glory of bloom and the ground round about glowed with fallen blossoms like the embers of a scattered fire. I am not a botanist and can therefore give no name to the species but it was different from the Rhododendron of the Simla Hills and distinct even from those I had seen in and around Darjeeling. The blooms were in large clusters and were a deep, fiery, red, warm and brilliant.

The path had, from the time I had left the valley of the Kale, run almost due North, and from the high crest, which must have been well over 7,000 feet, I could see, through breaks in the surrounding jungle, the high ground North of the Kharu, and through a gap in the hills a solitary snow peak far away to the North West. It seemed to me to be a long way away and yet it is to those snows that I must eventually try and penetrate.

The track down the Northern face of the ridge was, if anything, worse than that up which I had climbed from the Apa Tani country. The drop down was far longer than the short but steep ascent. Down and down we went scrambling and sliding in the mud. In places the path had fallen away and I had to claw my way by precarious footholds across landslides. I marvelled at the ability of the porters to cross some of the worst places carrying their loads some of which were cumbersome.

At last at 5.30 p.m. with my toes skinned from the long descent I reached Linia. There were only eight houses most of which looked deserted and all perched precariously on the face of the steepest hillside. I looked in vain for a place to pitch my tent. Never before have I seen a village propped up against such a vertical hill slope. The villagers seemed to be conspicuous by their absence, as, late as it was, and exhausted as were the porters, I had perforce to go down to the valley bottom before I could find a spot level enough and large enough upon which to pitch a tent. Even here one had difficulty to pick a suitable spot as the whole valley was infested with leeches. Eventually I again went up a little and chose the most perpendicular stem field for my camp. It was dark before the porters struggled in and we had to make camp by the light of fire and hurricane lamps. I had originally hoped to have arrived early enough to obtain porters from Linia and go straight on to Mindat, the next village on my path, tomorrow. Most of the Apa Tani had stated that they would carry me no further than Linia though a few had yielded to Chigi Nime's persuasion and had eventually agreed to go off as far Mindat. This was of course now quite impossible and I therefore had to resign myself to the prospect of wasting a precious day in Linia collecting porters for the next stage of my journey.

March 6th 1945.

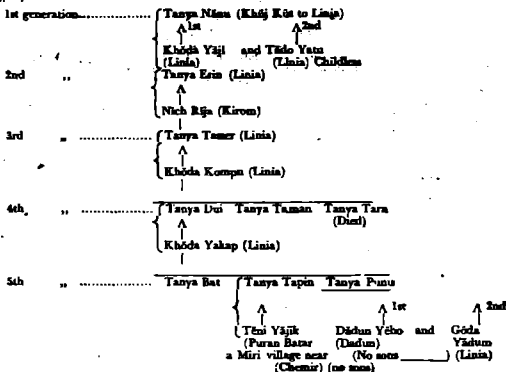
HALT LINIA (TANYAN.)

This morning I clambered up the steep hill back to Linia and Chigi Nime pointed out to me the house of the headman Tanya Pusu. On my arrival I was at once struck with the obvious poverty of the people. Every one, even the headman, appeared in rags. Many were wearing bark cloth edged, I noticed however, with black and red Tibetan wool. Most of the men carried Tibetan daks. I also noticed that goitre was also very prevalent in the village and the people were self-conscious of this deformity. It also struck me that the people were darker and smaller, so much so that they almost seemed to be of a different race. I was however glad to see my old friend Tanya Togor who carried the original parwana to Licha (see the diary of the first half of December) and who, being remarkably fair, was very noticeable among his darker neighbours. The village still had a deserted air about it and Chigi Nime laughingly said that half the people had run away. My chances of obtaining the requisite number of porters seemed to be small, so I went to have a talk with Pusu in his home. Pusu confirmed the fact that many persons from the village had run away and said that the Reru and Tajang people had been coming for the past two days carrying the story that I was coming with spouses to burn the village. I was surprised that Apa Tani, who were very friendly with me, should have spread such a rumour until Chigi Nime explained. The Reru and Tajang wards of Bela had long enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the trade with Linia,—a trade which on account of the Tibetan daks, pigs, goats and Tibetan *mag* and *lania* which they purchased and the cloth and rice which they sold, was valuable. As Bela and Hari were the hosts for the spring festival this year and were busy with their preparations (each year one or two villagers act as hosts for the festivities for the whole tribe), I had purposely avoided asking them for porters and had instead engaged men from Duta and Haja. The Reru and Tajang villagers, with the kera commercial instinct possessed by the Apa Tani had feared that this influx of Duta and Haja porters into Linia might ruin their trading advantage and had therefore sought to wreck my visit by spreading alarmist rumours concerning my intentions. The people of Linia were themselves somewhat uneasy as they were the traditional friends of Licha and had therefore believed the stories they had heard. However after a drink of opah and a friendly talk, I managed to reassure Pusu who was very amused when Chigi Nime told him the real reason for the rumour, and he agreed to collect the few porters I required for my next stage.

In the course of my conversation with Pusu I discovered that the people of Linia cannot go to Beuri House or to the Palu on account of feuds. Pusu complained that Linia and Tap (Tapo) were continually being raided by the Palu villagers. Linia is friendly with Mindat and Dora (joint villages), Tap, Pa Li,

Rakhe and Pūli (all in the direction of the Miri country); with the Rēru and Tānjang wards of Bala in the Apa Tani country and with Kiroam and Māgi. Liniā's ancestors are reported to be Tamer, Śhāin and Takon in the Pāka and Dādapa, Rēhi Hōnd, and upper Khōda between the Pein and the Pāka. Liniā therefore seems to be cut off to a great extent from trade with the North West by roads. The Tibetan goods they sell to the Apa Tanis are obtained from Mīnlāt which, in turn, is said to have trading connections with the Pāka and the Kāra.

Punu tells me that Liniā is an old village but that the Tanya people originally came from Lūpā Khēr, a country South of the main Himalaya Range. Here is his pedigree which I obtained from him. The original Tanya immigrant into Liniā was Tanya Nām who came from Khūj Kūt in the Lūpā Khēr, region.



Here again only four generations ago this Tanya family were forced to migrate South from the country just South of the main ranges. I say "forced" because Punu said that his ancestors left Khūj Kūt on account of the scarcity of land and food.

The principal clans of Liniā are Khōda and Tanya and the former clan is also important in the villages of Mīnlāt and Tap. When I began making enquiries about the country to the North West Punu professed complete ignorance and maintained that no Liniā people would dare to go beyond Mīnlāt. When I asked why the village seemed to be so poor, Punu complained that this year there had been a plague of rats in the area. This, he said, always occurred when a particular variety of bamboo flowered, a phenomenon which apparently took place every seventh year.

March 7th 1945

Liniā Campsite (2,750 feet approx).—Mīnlāt Campsite (3,000, feet approx)

Distance.....10 miles approx.

Direction.....North.

I broke camp and left at 8 A. M. on a lovely spring morning. Eleven Apa Tani porters had left but Chigē Nimē had persuaded ten others to remain and Tanya Punu had produced twelve men from Liniā.

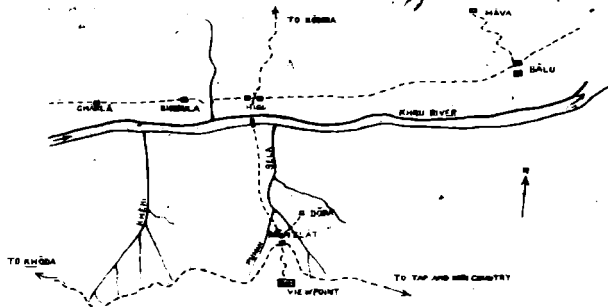
For an hour we travelled North East along a muddy path following the course of the Pein River which here was a small stream about the size of the Kiyi. Twenty minutes after leaving camp I came upon a few wet rice fields on the floor of the valley but they were poor affairs, ill kept and badly cultivated, and there was more land near at hand which, though suitable for wet rice cultivation, had not been cleared. Chigē Nimē, with the eye of an expert farmer, could not conceal his contempt. "Look at this" he said giving a broken down rice bund a scornful kick with his foot, "no wonder they are poor. If this land belonged to Apa Tanis it would be properly looked after and cultivated". I have no doubt that what he said was true and here lies the difference between the Apa Tani and the Dañā agricultural methods. The Apa Tanis engage in permanent cultivation of good flat land and prefer irrigated land and they look after their land with skill and care and know the value of manure. The Dañās, on the other hand, have little liking for "wet" terraced cultivation and prefer the shifting jhum on the hillside, relying on the ash of the burnt undergrowth and the rich bones of the jungle soil to provide the nutriment required for their crops. The Liniā Dañās laughed at Chigē Nimē and said "If we had land like the Apa Tanis we would cultivate like they do, but here we cannot cultivate far from our village on account of raiders".

At 9 A. M., when we were descended to below 2,500 feet, we turned North up a steep hill side and started a long and weary climb through the jungle. Despite the fact that there had been no rain for two days the path remained muddy and slippery. When, at 12-30 P. M., we reached a small flat spur with a good water supply a thousand feet below the crest of the high ridge up which we were climbing all the porters declared that we should camp here for the night as it would be impossible to reach Mīnlāt today and as there was no other suitable camping place further on. I suspected, however, that this was untrue and that the porters were only trying to avoid any more fatigue for the day and were hoping, by making the journey a two day march, to receive more in the shape of wages. I therefore refused, much to their disgust, to camp at this spot and said that I was, if necessary, prepared to camp without water and pushed on up the last steep ascent to the crest line which must have been well over 2,000 feet. This last 1,000 feet was the steepest piece of the country I had so far met and it was not until 2-30 P. M., that the last porter had reached the top.

All the way up the path had been bordered by large white begonia and white anemone but very like those which thrive so well in dingy London gardens but infinitely more attractive in their natural setting. Between the suggested camp site and the top of the ridge the whole jungle had been flattened by the recent snow falls. Only the large forest trees remained. The bamboo and the undergrowth had been flattened and was only now recovering. Everywhere on the path the way was blocked by broken branches and the thorny stems of the rattan cut smothering a good deal of cutting and clearing. On the crest itself I found a rhododendron forest in full bloom, a magnificent sight.

Looking North from the high ridge, I could plainly see the whole country North of the Khru from the point of a village called Chie Li which lies to the west of Mandala (S.E.Sq.D.I.) to the plain of Hava, a big village with above it some cultivation belonging to an unmarked village called Hlav (or Hava). Mandala, I was told, lay far below me hidden by the convex slope of the hill.

The first part of the way down was as steep and slippery as the last 1,000 ft. on the Southern face of the ridge over which I had come. The path was very bad and in places had fallen away necessitating rock climbing across giddy mud and rock slides. Gradually however the way improved and after dropping down through some scrubby dry deciduous forest I suddenly emerged on the highest plain of Mandala and there far below me in the valley was the village with Dima on the opposite slope. Despite my fatigue I was elated for plainly across what seemed to be only a short distance the villages on the opposite side of the Khru. The river itself was hidden in a deep gorge. A rough sketch of what I saw is given below.



On both sides of the river the country was very steep and impassable side streams flowed down to meet the main river from the high spurs on either side. This makes the whole area very cut up and difficult to travel across. As I sat on a log in the field Chie Li pointed out the villages to me. High above Higo village were some high plains which, he said, belonged to Kōmra village (S.E.D.). Chie Li had been to Kōmra when a young man when he was acting as a *bat* (negotiator) for the release of an Apat Tani who had been captured by the Kōmra people while on a trading visit to Mandala. Chie Li made great amusement in his description of the people of Kōmra. He said..... "It was summer time and the men and women all wore no clothes at all! Only the men for modesty's sake wore two sections of bamboo in place of an apron and these they used as choppers to score the hills from their crops". I asked him if he had seen of any Nyicma Mamo (Tibetans) in Kōmra. He said he had not as it was summer but could not say whether the Tibetans came to the village at other times of the year.

Our arrival was obviously causing consternation in the village below. I could see a large concourse of people gathered outside the biggest houses in the village which was said to belong to Khōla Kama, the headman. The worst sign of all was the number of women hurrying off with bundles. I therefore sent Tanya Toga, my erstwhile assistant with Lika, ahead of us down to the village and after giving him sufficient time to arrive, pushed on myself. After passing through some fertile plain fields and banana groves we at length came upon a flat piece of ground flanked by wild lemon and cherry trees both in full blossom. Here the villagers had already cleared a space for my camp, so, leaving the porters to fix the camp site I went down with my interpreter and Chie Li to the house of Khōla Kama. With me I took Khōla Tamin, a charming lad I had released from slavery in Likha. Tamin had originally been captured when a boy by raiders from the Pālin and had subsequently been sold to Likha Takt. Takt, in turn, had handed him over as part of the compensation paid to Tabin Kiri of Noin for a raid which had been made upon him some years ago by Likha. I had objected to this form of payment and had insisted to the lad being handed over to me. This was his village and I thought that the recovery of a member of the community long considered as irretrievably lost would have a good effect. I went into Khōla Kama's house and after a somewhat timid initial reception, things warmed up. Kama was delighted to see Tamin and the reunion was quite a touching scene. I handed round some matches and cigarettes to the men and some safety pins to the women of the house and soon we were all friends. The house was very pretentious but the food was excellent. Again I was struck at the poverty of the people, their poor physique and their prevalence to crime. I think that all this is due to the fact that I have penetrated into the back of economic no-man's-land between the Northern limit of 'domestic' trade from the plains of Assam and the Southern fringe of the Tibetan trading influence in everyday commodities. I refer to the trade as the 'domestic' trade in order to distinguish it from the trade in objects of art used as currency and weapons on the one hand and on the other the really essential trade in commodities such as salt and cloth. The 'luxury' trade extends down to the plains and with it Tibetan cultural influence. The 'domestic' trade boundary seems to be, in this area, the valley of the Khru. Mandala and Lonia lie in the belt of country into which only a trickle of 'domestic' trade penetrates from either direction. I think that the prevalence of crime is caused by the absence of an adequate supply of salt. The villagers complained that their supplies of salt are inadequate and that the price they have to pay is high.

Khôda Kasa said that it would be quite impossible for any men of his village to carry my traps to Khôda (Tolu in Sq. C. 2 on the map) so there was a long standing feud between the two villages. Nothing I could do would make him alter his opinion which was emphatically endorsed by the other men gathered round. "No" they said, "we will carry for you towards the East and to the North to Chair Lâ and Minsatol and Higo but not to, Khôda and the Pâla". It seems to me to be largely a matter of luck in this country. One tries to fix one's itinerary either from what may be marked on an inadequate map or from what one can pick up in conversation in the villages, but when one tries to adhere to the itinerary chosen one is invariably foiled by finding that there is enmity between two of the villages on the route and, unless one can find a way round this block, one is stuck. Khôda Kasa went on to say that only recently some houses of Dôra had been razed by Tamer Tad's gang and any idea of walking into trouble by going Westwards was out of the question.

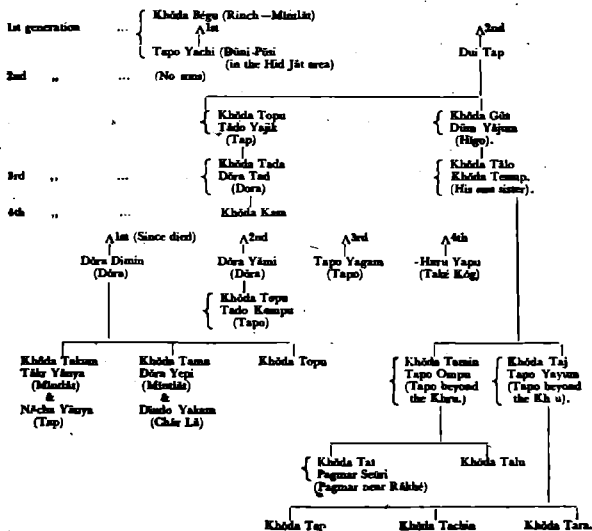
Again it was clear that there was no chance of making any start on the morrow, so I returned in the dark to my camp only 200 yards away and found everything pitched and ready for the night.

March 26th, 1945

HALT MINTLAT

In the morning I again went down to the house of Khôda Kasa to see if I could persuade him to change his opinion. Without parlers from Minsat I could not go on for the Apa Tais, despite Chigt Nime's efforts and about were unanimous that they would go no further. This, in any case, was the extreme Northern limit of the Apa Tais trading area in this part of the Kura and few Apa Tais had ventured any further afield, and, like all primitive peoples, they had a great fear of the unknown. They all said they wanted to do some private trading in Minsat which they knew, and then hurry home before there was any trouble. As Lina was at war with Khôda the contingent from this village also refused to go on. Khôda Kasa was very polite and equally firm. He was very sorry and had no wish to displease the Sircar but any trip without sepoy was quite impossible. Next year if we brought sepoy all the villagers would go and settle their differences with Khôda and Takam. I shuddered at the prospect, next year, of being accompanied by another howling mob of chainmen making it impossible to obtain anything but frightened denials from the headmen of the village to any question put to him.

I asked Kasa about the Khôda clan and he said "The Khôda clan originally came a long time ago from Sôpâ, an area just South of the main Himalaya range. We migrated South as there was not enough land there for the growing population". Kasa gave me the family pedigree. Khôda Béga came to Minsat from Rinch, a village in the Hid Jât area. This area lies beyond (i. e. North of) the upper Kura. The family had migrated to Rinch from the Sôpâ area some years before.



To the North and West Minlati trades with Châr Lâ (which, I suspect, is the Chamblî of the map) and Bindu Bê (probably the Bindula of the map). The people of Minlati can go no further afield in that direction but from these two villages they obtain their requirements of Tibetan dress, cloths, beads, sugar, *khin*, *tsay*, *tsai* and other ornaments. Kana was unable to say from what villages Châr Lâ and Bindu Bê obtain their supply and so I am unable to follow up the trade route. I suspect that he knows well enough but for some reason will not say. All the men of Minlati swear that they have never been up the Khru and have never seen a Tibetan,—(this is a manner which made me suppose that they thought it was a crime in my eyes for anyone to have seen a Tibetan) Minlati obtains its supply of salt from the plains through the Apa Tani.

At that moment a hunter returned with a *salam* (barking deer) which he had shot with a poisoned arrow and the conversation again turned to Daffa poisons. There are four kinds of poison employed by the Daffa. They are called by the Daffa:—

1. Lêch Omi, 2. Lêli Omi, 3. Sêkhi Omi, 4. Tom Omi.

1. *Lêch Omi*.—From Kana's cousin I obtained a tuber of Lêch Omi. Though very much alike, it is a smaller tuber than that of the Lêli Omi I obtained in Mengo. This poisonous tuber is obtained from the high hills beyond the Pânyi, a river which flows into the Khru from the South-West. The plant is a small bush about 2 feet high and the flower is white and trumpet shaped. The Daffa to whom I showed a rhomboid-blown seed that the flower of the Lêch Omi was rather like that in shape but was smaller and thinner. The tubers are collected in the autumn after the rains and the poison is prepared in the same manner as the Lêli Omi of Mengo (see page 42 *ante*). Though the plant is said to be plentiful, one tuber of this poison will purchase a small *dao*. Each plant produces 4-5 tubers each year. The poison is largely collected by Sullanga (or Sûnby) who are the experts in its preparation. The poison operates on the respiratory system and the victim is said to die of suffocation.

2. *Lêli Omi*.—This is the Mengo poison already described.

3. *Sêkhi Omi*.—This comes mostly from the region round about Koma North of the Khru. The poison is prepared from the fruit of a fairly large tree and affects the blood stream causing general suppuration. I was told that if an elephant was shot with an arrow smeared with this poison it would die within three days. Despite the fact that this poison causes acute blood-poisoning, my informants told me that after cutting away the portion of the flesh immediately surrounding the wound the remainder, after being well boiled, can be eaten. Though in its wild state the tree is said to grow only in the high hills, the people of Koma collect small saplings and plant them near their houses.

4. *Tom Omi*.—This poison comes mainly from the Mîri country. It is obtained from the white fruit of a small tree the flower of which is red. By holding up a flower for comparison, I was told that the flower has five petals and is about the size of an eight *masa* piece. The poison is made by beating the fruit to a pulp and then applying it to the arrow head. The poison is said to be very deadly but I could not discover how it operates as the local Daffa did not use it. However they assured me that the manufacture of this poison was a dangerous business and one man even was so far as to say that people had been known to die after preparing this poison.

Shortly after this conversation I met Tanya Erin, the headman of D'ra. Though Erin had come to meet me he was nervous and was loath to give me information. He was a distinct type with frizzy hair like a Negro. One occasionally sees this type in these hills. Tania Neri, headman of Pôin, is another example. He has an interesting history as he and his family only migrated to D'ra some ten years ago. Originally he came from Chelo Kôti, a village in the high country between the Kama and the Khru. He and his family had left his former home on account of the scarcity of land and the poverty of the soil. I cannot understand this as the land around D'ra does not appear to be inviting and there is no flat land whatever. I think he was lying when he said that he had never been to Leli Lâ and did not know how far it was from Chelo Kôti. He merely contented himself by saying that Leli Lâ was near Tibet. He was, I am sure lying when he vehemently denied ever having seen a Tibetan and seemed to me to be frightened at the mere mention of them. He said that the country around Chelo Kôti was mainly hilly, but at Komp, a village nearby inhabited by Daffa of the Teyi clan, the land is flat like the Apa Tani country. To get to Komp from Minlati one has first to go to Bindula which is a two days march for porters and entails crossing the Khru by raft. From Bindula on is another two days march to Châr Lâ and from Châr Lâ there is another two days march to Komp.

In the afternoon to my surprise and delight, Padi Layang, who had been on a trading visit to Tapo and who had heard, in the strange manner that news travels in these hills, of my predicament, brought Tap Tedde, headman of Tap (the village is variously known as Tap or Tapo,—the Daffa have a habit of clipping their words), and twelve men of the village to help carry my loads. It was then that a surprising and illuminating revelation took place. When informed of the supposed reasons for the refusal of the Minlati people to go to Khôda and Beuri Hasi, Padi Layang said "what rubbish!" and turning to Kana he said "Every one knows that you are friends with Khôda and the Pâin villages. It is Tap who are at war with the Pâin". Then after a certain amount of embarrassment the truth came out. The people of Minlati are indeed friendly with the Pâin but had, for an equally pertinent reason, given this excuse. They said "If we carry loads for the Sahib to Khôda and if, as a result, next year many elements go with the Sahib to Pâin to obtain compensation for past raids, the Pâin villages will blame us as having first introduced the Sircar to their country. So far we have contrived to live at peace with the powerful Pâin villages, but if we do as the Sahib has asked we shall assuredly be raided as soon as the Sahib has left the country and many people will be killed". I mention this as a good example of how the tribal mind works. One has to learn to put oneself in their position and see the problem from their point of view before one can understand their reactions to any proposal one makes. Looking at matters from their point of view and remembering that they had not met me before and did not know my intentions, I think that they were justified in lying to me in order to avoid an awkward situation. But the more I see of this people the more I realize the need for understanding the subtle mental processes of the tribesman's mind. Reasons for any action that they may take would probably not occur to the normal visitor from outside, but it is not until one has learnt and appreciated the tribesman's point of view that one can hope to be successful in handling them.

I pondered the matter over for some time and reluctantly came to the conclusion that it would be unwise to try and force the Mntlat villagers to take me to Khotla. If I did and dire consequences resulted for the unfortunate villagers of Mntlat, the blame would inevitably fall on me and I should have contracted the sphere of my influence for next year's touring. If I do not, Mntlat and Linta will serve as very good stepping stones for next year, for I have no doubt that if these two villages are friendly with the Pálin, matters of the friendly manner in which we met will travel to the Pálin during the summer and will do much to remove suspicion and the hostility. I must be generous in these border villages with gifts of salt and cloth in the preparation for next year. I must avoid making it a case of *divine damage of divine justice*. I therefore acknowledge the force of their argument and instead appointed them as advance ambassadors for my visit to the Pálin next year. I think that no damage to my influence has been done and a useful preparatory step for my next year's programme has been taken.

March 9th, 1945

Mntlat to the Khru and Back.

Distance—6 Miles.

Direction—North.

I spent the morning making an expedition to the Khru North of Mntlat. I had expected the path from Mntlat to the river would follow the valley of the Sela but this was not the case. This small stream flows through a rock filled gorge and, draining as it does, a steep bowl-shaped watershed, is subject to violent floods. The path therefore follows a difficult route along the western slope of the valley until the gorge of the Khru is reached when it zigzags steeply down to the river.

The Khru is impressive. Fifty yards of swift-flowing, deep, dark green water separated me from the far bank. Just below me I could hear the reverberating roar of some big rapids which remained invisible on account of a bend in the river. Across the river was stretched a primitive cane bridge consisting of two strands of rattan cane anchored to rocks and trees at each end. Across this dangerous looking span the villagers, with the help of rattan hoops suspended on the cane strands, and in which they lay with the hoops supporting the small of their backs, hauled themselves across hand over hand and using their legs as a means of propulsion. To assist the smooth running of the hoops of the rattan strands, fresh wild banana fibre, taken from the heart of a banana plant, was wrapped round the top of the hoop where it came in contact with the strands and the sap from the banana fibre acted as a lubricant.

I was accompanied by a party of women from Mntlat who, availing themselves of the protection afforded by my presence, were going to Higo across the river to obtain supplies of grain to replace those eaten by the plague of rats which were this year infesting the village. They had not dared to go before as Taser Tad was reported to be on the war path and was apparently not particular who he captured. At the cane bridge I met some Higo villagers, small, dark, wild looking men clad in rags but quite friendly after I had removed their original suspicion with a few cigarettes apiece. These men too swore that they had not been further North-West up the Khru than Chár Lá, a statement I find it difficult to believe. While we sat there talking and smoking I could see large mahaers in the clear water below me and regretted the fact that it had not been possible for me to have brought my tackle with me on this occasion but the shortage of porters had prevented this.

While I still think that for next year the route via Kárcan and the Pálin will be for the most practicable and politically the most important for it will be necessary to gain the co-operation of the Pálin villages as soon as possible, it might be advisable for one party to take the Linta-Mntlat Higo route and thence North-West up the North bank of the Khru as a secondary line of investigation in case the tribal opposition in the Pálin in the end proves, at any rate for the time being, too great. I think we shall have possibly to go slow with the Pálin, for the area is important and it is very desirable that we should obtain their voluntary co-operation rather than that we should force them to acknowledge us.

On my return to Mntlat at 3-30 p.m. I found that Taaya Erin had again come to see me. I had not originally gone to Dóra as I had been told that he had run away and I thought that the best way to induce him to return was to be friendly and generous to his brother headman of the neighbouring village. The plan had worked, for Erin had obviously heard that I had given Kana ten seers of salt and was delighted when I gave him the same amount. We entered Kana's house and round a fire with cigarettes and *spok* of an excellent brew began a general conversation. I was particularly anxious to try and find out more about Erin and the country from which he had come but despite my most careful and tactful enquiries I was able to obtain very little additional information. He did say that he had left Chelo Kóú on account of the influx of many families from the North. He again denied that he had ever seen a Tibetan and from his manner I was certain that he was lying. That so recent an arrival from the North-West should profess such complete ignorance of local Geography and conditions bewilders me and I cannot escape the feeling that I am up against a sort of conspiracy of silence. So often have I come up against a blank wall in my enquiries from tribesmen who obviously could not have been as ignorant as they would wish one to believe. What is the reason for this? There are I think three possibilities. First of all I think that there is the fear that the Sircar is going to confiscate or tax good land. I have heard that certain ill-disposed persons have been trying to put such an idea into circulation and this may possibly be a reason for the unwillingness of the tribesmen to divulge too much. Secondly it is possible that all villages who are, in any case, constantly harassed from the North-West are being careful not to give occasion for further complaint by being accused of introducing the Sircar to land further to the North-West, or even of giving information to the Sircar. This is on the analogy of *divine damage*, the plague in this case being Government interference: the third possibility which, though it may sound improbable and far fetched, has much to support it is that some persons of some power has enjoined silence on the tribesmen. These persons could only be Tibetans and that power could only be the Dzongpons controlling the area further North. The fact that particularly over my enquiries regarding Tibetans I have not been evasive and his makes me wonder whether the Tibetans, or their side of the Frontier, have been not been active in enquiry over our intentions and at the same time are not inducing the local tribesmen to withhold from us as much information as possible. It is significant that in places more remote from Tibetan influence such as Mergo and Likla the same reticence about Tibetan affairs did not exist.

It was in Kana's house that on this occasion the conversation turned to tribal origins. Perhaps it was the excellence of the opah that had loosened tongues, but whatever it was I had heard quite a different story to that related to Hsuzensdorf last year in the Apa Tani country. Again it was Chigt Niant, that name of tribal tradition, who narrated the facts. He said:

"The people of the plains (Asum) first came up the river (the Brahmaputra) where they met others coming down. The Apa Tani came first to the hills. They originally came from Ompu Rāhak beyond the Bōga Dāh (the white land—the Himalayas) where there is another Kluw River".

"Originally there was an Apa Tani named Hini Mītur. He lived when the world was soft and when the sky was not above and when there were no trees and crops and no domestic animals. He came from Ompu Rāhak and from him were begotten all the Apa Tani. Hini Mītur's wife was named Amē Bēndi and she was given to Hini Mītur by God. Hini Mītur went from Ompu Rāhak to Sūpū Lā North of the Mīri country. He and his wife then came to Anā Salang in the Apa Tani country. The Salang flows into the Kalki River from Pēdōi Patu (Patu is a hill)".

"Next came the Dufus. They came from the far North from Sūpū Rāhak and struggled through the snow (here Chigt Niant gave a graphic demonstration of a man wading through deep snow)". Last came the Salangs but neither Chigt Niant nor any one else crossed the fire exactly from whence they came. The Dufus round the hearth agreed with Chigt Niant's story which, in so far as the origin of the Apa Tani is concerned, bears a striking resemblance to the story of Adam and Eve in the book of Genesis.

March 12th, 1945

MINTLAT-TAP—(on East bank of the Pein just east of junction of the Pein and Pambak Rivers.)

HEIGHT OF TAP CAMPSITE	1,750 ft.
DISTANCE	8 miles.
DIRECTION	South-East.

True to his word Kibōda Kana produced his complement of porters early and I was able to leave camp at 7:30. A. M. in fine, clear weather. The path, which for this part of the world was comparatively good, led straight up out of the side valley to the East of Mintlat (see page 67) and up and across some high passes until I reached a high, long ridge commanding magnificent views to the North wherever a clearing in the jungle was encountered. To the South the fine jungle covered crest of Dūko (Sq. D. 2) stood out sharply above the surrounding country. The path, the general direction of which continued to be South-East, was good and, on the crest, fairly level with possible camp sites in many places the whole way on the uplands.

The chief irritant on the way came from the swarms of minute ticks which infested the path and covered one so that one had carefully to search every bit of one's clothing at each halt.

It was a long drop down from the high ridge along which I had progressed to the valley of the Pein and though the spur down which I went was not steep it was getting towards dusk by the time I arrived at the bottom of the valley. I found that the village of Tap had been moved from its old site on the East bank to a fresh one across the river and once again I saw that the village was clinging to a steep slope which offered no possible site for my camp. I was therefore forced to make camp in a penitiferous bamboo grove near the river.

On account of the constant raids from the Pāin the two villages of Tap and Tādo have combined and have placed the Pein between themselves and their crawling torturers.

March 12th, 1945

TAP—LINIA	(To the same camp site).
DISTANCE	6 miles.
DIRECTION	West.

In the morning my interpreter and the headmen of Tap came to me in great excitement saying that I had inadvertently camped in a very bad place. Except for a few ticks which had bothered me in the night I had found no great inconvenience or disadvantage in the place. The weather had been fine and the site, beneath the large bamboos, dry. They however pointed out a *paio* place at the far end of the grove and said that it belonged to a very bad God, Nāi Kā, the God of snakes. I asked why there should be a special place here for the worship of snakes. Tap Tōdō said that here lived large snakes that chased men and killed them... "ahah" (That) said Tōdō giving a spirited demonstration of a man running in terror and being bitten and dropping dead at once. From the description, habits and size of these snakes I was left in little doubt that I had inadvertently camped the night in a haunt of hamadryads and was therefore not sorry to leave at once.

The way back to Linia was comparatively flat and followed the valley of the Pein the whole way. Unlike any other stream of a comparable size that I have so far explored in this area, the Pein from Tap to Linia flows through a wide flat-bottomed valley. The sides of the valley are comparatively steep but from numerous side valleys flow streams from the high hills. It is once struck me that here was an ideal area for wet rice cultivation and surprised that this flat and fertile area had been allowed to remain virgin jungle, for there was throughout the whole length of the jungle area no sign that the land had ever been cultivated. As usual I was told that no one dared to settle here on account of the danger of raids from the Pāin.

I have been interested in recent newspaper reports of the valuable assistance given to our forces on the Burma front by such tribes as the Nōgas and the Chāin. The weekly Times of January 2nd, 1945 had a leader on the subject.

I presume that the whole question of enforcing our control up to the Mc Mahon Line is not only a political problem but is also closely bound up with strategic and military considerations. Can we, even in the predictable future, rely on obtaining the co-operation and assistance of the Dufus in an emergency,—say in the event of combined Sino-Tibetan, or worse Sino-Russian aggression? I may be wrong but I feel it far more likely that any aggression we may have to face in this part of the world is not likely to come for some time. Before coming up into these hills I met an American Officer, whose name I unfortunately forget, who had been attached to the American

Embassy or Legation in Chungking. He told me that he knew (how I cannot say) that even when the Germans were attacking Leningrad Moscow and Stalingrad the Russians were still exporting arms to the Chinese Communists. "And what have we been doing"? He said "Why exporting arms as hard as we can to Chiang-Kai-Shek. And before long we are going to have another situation like the Spanish Civil War"! So it seems to me that China is more likely to have a civil war between the Communists and Chiang-Kai-Shek's Government. If the communists win, then we may have trouble on the North-East Frontier. In such an event one must presuppose the incorporation of Tibet into a Communist ruled China and in that event, unless the economics of the Frontier have greatly been altered in the interval, I think it likely that the Daffas and most of the other tribes of the interior, through complete economic subservience to Tibet, would join the aggressor. Should North-East India ever be threatened by aggression from such a quarter, Indian defensive measures would labour under two disadvantages,—lack of knowledge of the intervening belt of country and lack of a friendly forward screen capable of obtaining information of the enemy's intentions and of preventing him from learning of our defensive preparations.

What is required in this part of the world is the establishment, at suitable places, of colonies of hillmen, Gurkhas preferably, capable of performing these essential functions. Quite apart from the military desirability of the presence of such a loyal element, Gurkhas would have a great civilizing effect upon the local population and their value as agricultural demonstrators and law enforcers cannot be over estimated. I have seen how, in the Sadiya Frontier Tract, Gurkha ex-soldiers of the Assam Rifles and their families have settled in the surrounding country and have readily intermarried with the local Gallong Abors. Their value as agricultural demonstrators can be judged from the fact that whereas originally the local Abors grew few vegetables, the Sadiya Frontier Tract now produces an important quota of the potato and green vegetable requirements for the British and American forces in Assam. Like the Daffas the Abors originally had no idea of the value of milk and yet during the short time that I was in Sadiya such was the daily yield of the dairy herds in that area that I discussed with the Military authorities, at their request, the possibility of establishing a dairy farm and milk collecting centre at Sadiya for helping to provide milk for hospitals and troops in Assam. The Gurkha, despite his enemy detractors, is a good citizen and is loyal and industrious and a few ex-soldiers settled here would soon put an end to the raiding from the Palia. As I walked through the valley the possibility of establishing a colony of Gurkhas here struck me forcibly. Here was an area of potentially valuable and fertile land wasted on the front of the turbulent Palia tribes. A colony of Gurkha ex-soldiers here would, I believe, be useful in many ways. They would serve as educators to the surrounding Daffa villages and, intermarrying with them, would gradually raise the standard of the whole area.

Once air supply and still more a road comes to the Apa Tani country they would only be one day's march from the outside world and would be in no way worse off than if they were in most parts of their native Nepal. From them it would eventually be possible to obtain material for recruitment to the local subordinate services and the candidates would start with the great advantage of knowing the language, for by that time their Gurkha nationality would have become merged with the local population. They would form the forward screen and the loyal element upon whom reliance could be placed in an emergency.

March 13th, 1946
LILIA-DUTA

Remembering the difficulty I had had on my journey from Duta to Lilia on the 5th of March, I took camp at T. A. S. and with porters recruited from Lilia and Tap started back on the 1st lap of my shortened tour. I had been thwarted in my main attempt to reach the junction of the Palia and the Khru. I might, I suppose, by using persuasion, have eventually induced the Mintlat men to take me to Reiri Haas, but had my visit not been a success,—and Toko Bat had taught me the need for circumspection in my dealings with the Daffas,—I would almost certainly have brought the wrath of the Palia villages on to Mintlat and this would have hindered rather than helped my next year's programme.

It was a lovely day and I soon realised how much the weather affects one's progress, for the journey which had, on the 5th of March, taken me from 10.15 A. M. to 6 P. M.,—7 hours harding in muddy conditions, took from T. A. S. to 1.30 P. M. on a dry day. I had been very lucky with the weather on this short run and had I not originally arranged for the Gallong porters to come up to Duta to evacuate me on the 20th of this month, I should have liked to have taken advantage of this dry spell for a more extensive tour of exploration. On arrival back in Duta I found that an Apa Tani convoy had brought up a large mail for me with the usual depressing quota of returns and statements for my signature. However it included letters from the Adviser saying that considerable progress had been made in the arrangements for next year's work. He has also been called to Delhi for a conference and will I hope be given the opportunity of explaining the difficulties to External Affairs Department and of urging upon them the need for officers and material and financial help. Of course the present is a very difficult time, for what with retirements, leave and the complete cessation of all recruitment to the Indian Political Service there is a serious shortage of officers in the cadre. Despite the fact that we are in the midst of war I still feel that the Army could help in providing officers to assist in the opening up of this Frontier and despite the many assertions to the contrary I am yet to be convinced that there really is a shortage of officers in India. My personal knowledge of the writer of apparently semi-employed officers in the Military Intelligence Directorate lends confirmation to this view. I know I may be utterly wrong and I know equally well that this is none of my business but the impression unfortunately remains. The Army has always in the past given invaluable assistance in the initial opening up of successive Frontiers in this country to the benefit both of Military knowledge and Civil Administration and I cannot believe that it would be impossible for the Army to provide not only a dozen suitable officers but also great material assistance in the shape of the provision, on payment, of the required stores and equipment, particularly when it is remembered that at the present time the Services hold a virtual monopoly of the distribution of these stores.

However there was a great deal to be done before I left Duta this year. I wanted to construct landing strips this year so that later on when the Foreign Secretary pays his annual visit to Assam it might possibly be arranged that he should fly up to the Apa Tani country and see conditions for himself. It would then be possible for me to explain on the spot the difficulties of establishing an outpost of the Assam Rifles in this area. Once established the post would be of very limited use, for the Gurkha Officer in charge would be unable to raise porters unless a Political Officer was there to assist him. Without porters the post would remain static and immobile and would in fact be an awkward liability, for to maintain it from the end of March to the beginning of November would necessitate some 360 porter loads of rations and stores (a platoon needs 69 ration loads a month). Add to this the porters required to carry the rations, for the porter force's own consumption on the way (they would eat 2½ loads of rations a day which for a ten-day round trip in round figures would

be 245 loads) and you would need some 736 porters to carry up the necessary stores. March is the beginning, and one of the most important times, of the cultivating season. From whence was it going to be possible to obtain the required number of porters at such a time? The disruption of tribal life, the havoc to tribal agriculture and the liability of mounting tribal animosity which the maintenance of such a post would entail would in no way, in my opinion, be outweighed by the small advantages which would accrue from the establishment of an Assam Rifle outpost in this region.

Another problem which was exercising my mind was how I was going even to get myself and the staff and the Section of the Assam Rifles away from Dita. Sickness and casualties had nullified the Gallong porter force to something below 60 carrying men. It will therefore be necessary largely to rely upon the Apa Tani as an inopportune moment, for first of all the spring/cultivating season will by then be well under way and secondly the *salak*,—the Apa Tani spring festival will be in full swing. The accumulation of unwanted loads with the Assam Rifle post is also a problem and I shall have to try and arrange that convoys will go at intervals to Joyking after the *salak* has ended.

March 12th, 1945

Halt Dita

It would be difficult adequately to describe the beauty of the Apa Tani spring; so much reminds one of an English March with new buds showing everywhere and flowers, particularly carpets of the pale mauve primrose and colonies of violets, scattered in profusion on the hill slopes. There is also an abundance of a small blue flower pushing up through the turf whose brilliant blue blossoms rival those of our humble speedwell. It is not however these small plants that lend the principal glory to the landscape; it is the blossom blazing against the smoky background of the pine groves that leaves one spellbound. Besides the dazzling white of the wild pear blossoms there are two varieties of prunus called by the Apa Tani *arwan* and *malu*. The *arwan* is the ordinary pale pink wild cherry but the *malu* is something quite new to me. In these hills apparently it only grows in the Apa Tani valley and my enquiries show that it is unknown in the valleys of Nepal, for the men of the Assam Rifles had never seen it,—and there were, in the Section in Dita, Mago and Garuaga, Limbu and Rai,—or in the Monda or Abu country. It is the most beautiful prunus I have ever seen and is far more spectacular even than the Japanese varieties. The tree can grow to the size of a small elm and at this time of the year is a blaze of dark pink blossoms. The flowers, which are single and lantern shaped, appear before the leaves and literally cover the tree. The young leaves are also highly decorative being a deep brassy-red shade. I am not a botanist in the scientific sense but I know my English ornamental trees and am a keen gardener. Never have I seen a blossoming tree anywhere to compare with the *malu* for beauty and I am now excitedly speculating upon the possibility of having found something new and beautiful for European and American parks and gardens.

However to revert from silviculture to more pressing and immediate problems, today I measured out the landing strips North of Dita and Chige Niaz, Padi Layang and Kawa Hida undertook to obtain the labour required for levelling them. Considering how very recently the Apa Tani have come into contact with the outside world and how little they know, or can even imagine, about modern inventions they display a remarkable grasp of the advantage of Air Transport and have shown great enthusiasm for the idea of obtaining their supplies from the plains of Assam by means of the 'Janbo-moto' which is their name for an aircraft. I had explained to them that whereas the present price of salt at the trade depot was twelve annas a *ster* it would be possible to salt salt at Dita at six annas a *ster* if it could be flown up. The headmen at once grasped the significance and have offered the land for the temporary landing strip free. It must however be remembered that the land upon which the strips are to be laid out is normally under dwarf millet during the summer months and provides the communal millet supply for the villages of Dita, Haja and the Taping ward of Bets. To flatten the land and prepare it for a landing strip will necessitate a certain amount of sacrifice on their part and if we are to retain their good will and enthusiasm for this new idea we must see that they also derive advantage from this Air Supply. Such commodities as cloth, salt, matches, tobacco and hoes; improved seed and young fruit trees and even ducks and sheep could be brought cheaply to the country. As matters stand at present therefore we will pay nothing for the land provided that the villagers are allowed to grow their crops on it in the summer. This will not reduce the value of the offer because in the summer there will be very few days when any aircraft will be able to fly up into the hills. However it must always be remembered that under such an arrangement we are dependent upon the good will of the Apa Tani for the maintenance of this air strip. If the small amount of damage which may, at the beginning of the year, be inflicted on the mill standing crop is not offset by a greater advantage of obtaining their requirements of essential commodities more cheaply, it is possible that the Apa Tani may become disgruntled and may dig up the landing strips and thus prevent the landing of aircraft. Should such a setback occur it would then be difficult to overcome the reactionary prejudice which would have been created. This is all part and parcel of what should be our future policy in these hills. If the tribesmen derive advantage from our arrival in their midst they will welcome us and co-operate with us. If on the other hand they find us an imposition they will probably turn against us and the cost of pacifying these tribes will then be far greater than the initial cost to Government of liberal treatment and, if necessary the supply to the tribes of essential goods at less than cost price.

March 14th, 1945

Halt Dita

Padi Layang's party arrived early this morning to begin the work on their portion of the air strips. I went off at 7-15 a. m. and took with me the Gurkha Labour Corps and some men of the Section of the Assam Rifles to help and to supervise. The whole ground had been prepared by the Apa Tani into little humped shaped beds with shallow drains between them. On each bed there were also mounds of village litter which had been placed there each year by the careful Apa Tani for manure. I marked out the strip with bamboo making the runway 50 paces wide and the gaps set to work levelling up the ground and removing the boundary posts. By noon they had completed half of one strip, for hearing what was afoot other Apa Tani came voluntarily to work and soon I had quite a large labour force. It was cold raw morning with occasional gusts of rain coming across the valley and, to keep myself warm and get some exercise, I took a hand at the digging, my expert handling of a hoe causing much amusement to the crowds of small boys who had come to lend a hand. By lunch time I had raised a fine crop of blisters on my hands.

After lunch Padi Layang invited me to come across to Tajang to see the male statistics which had just begun. As I entered the village I saw that the whole place was a stir. All the people were dressed in their best cloths and crowds of happy visitors were thronging the narrow lanes of the village. At intervals I passed *desair* dressed in all their ceremonial finery performing the last rite over the alician which were to be sacrificed that day. The good people of Tajang were keeping open houses and *opai* was flowing and as I passed through the crowds I was offered innumerable draughts of freshly brewed *opai* to drink. It would have been no insult to the house had I refused to sip a little and by the time that I reached the main *lepaug* of the ward I was, I confess, quite merry, for the *opai* being fresh was handy stuff. On arrival at the *lepaug* I found the main *alido* pole set up. This pole was a single straight pine tree set upright in the ground with a curious arrangement of cross bars at the top like the antennae of a wireless mast. From the top stretched at an angle to the ground was a single strand of rattan cane, and upon this improvised springy rope the young men of the village were performing acrobatic feats. One man would sit astride the rope while two others pulled it close to the ground using the springiness of the pole. When the two men got the man astride the rope shot up into the air at the same time performing all sorts of tumbling feats as he swayed up and down. The onlookers pressed me to try my hand but I only succeeded in hanging on miserably while I was shot *gidilly* into the air with the assistance of everybody. There were also jumping competitions and I was amazed at the skill of the young Apa Tani who cleared well over 5 feet with the utmost ease. I used to pole vault in my youth and procured a bamboo pole and gave them a demonstration. Though they had never tried this form of jumping before it was quite surprising how quickly they picked up the idea and cleared creditable heights. The Apa Tani are an athletic people and like all the tribes I have seen on this frontier it is the exception rather than the rule to see a man with a poor physique. This seems odd to me for their diet is strictly limited and they none of them drink any milk. However they maintain that their *opai* is not merely a drink but is one of the most important parts of their diet.

Today Neda Rika, the man who helps in the trade depot, took down a long letter which I wrote yesterday to the Adviser giving him the news of my recent tour and a preliminary report on what has been accomplished this year and suggestions for next year's work. This will, I hope, be of assistance to him in his forthcoming discussions with the Foreign Secretary in Shillong.

March 16th, 1945

Hak Dita

Work on the air strips went on well this morning as Padi Layang's party completed the levelling of the East-West strip and Chige' mian and Kungo Bida brought their gangs along to work on the main strip, the North-South alignment. I do not know how long the runways should be at this height but certainly small planes could get down on these strips and if a Royal Air Force officer could be flown up to Dita later on he would be able to have a look around and advise on the best place to lay out a permanent airfield. I believe that the best place eventually will be near Hong. Agricultural land must, if possible, be avoided as the pressure of the population on the land in this valley is so great that the price of all agricultural land is extremely high. It is near Hong that I think the Civil Station should eventually be; either there or at the head of the valley North of Beia. Plenty of room will be needed and there should be a good pure water supply and abundant wood near at hand.

March 16th, 1945

Hak Dita

Work is going on well on the last part of the strip and today the men of the Section of the Assam Rifles turned out to finish it off and worked on until it was nearly completed. It will be finished tomorrow. Now if only the Royal Air Force can send up a light plane to reconnoitre, it may be possible for the Foreign Secretary and the Adviser to come up to Dita by air and see for themselves the conditions here and choose a site for the civil station. Later it may be possible to have seasonal flows up here with a few arsons to build the houses that are so needed. These bamboo and grass hushas can serve as an emergency Headquarters but we must have some *pakka* buildings erected as soon as possible. It may then even be possible to install a small electric light plant here on using the water power of the Kakt river. But to my mind air supply cannot ever supplant the need for a road from the plains to this valley. Without good ground communications it will be impossible to make much progress and our administrative hold upon this area will remain at the best precarious. Without communications the range of influence of the Political Officer will necessarily be limited and the rate at which improvements can be introduced to these hills painfully slow. It is very difficult for me to convey any picture to those who have never seen this part of the world and even those who have served on the North-East Frontier can have little conception of the possibilities of the Apa Tani country, for it is quite unique in its way.

In the afternoon I distributed seed to the headmen who had collected and gave them a demonstration of the method of planting the various crops. The visit of an agricultural demonstrator to this part of the world would mean produce good results for the valley is ideal for fruit and vegetable growing and the Apa Tani are the best husbandmen I have so far seen in India. With assistance and encouragement and with good communications to the plains this area could become an important fruit and vegetable growing centre.

March 17th, 1945

Hak Dita

I spent a very disturbed night. First of all this husha has become infested with rats. These are not the pleasant jungle rats,—pretty fawn coloured creatures highly esteemed by the Apa Tani and which I also found very good to eat on my recent tour when Chige' Nime offered me a couple well smoked,—but are a smaller grey rat which the Apa Tani very rightly consider unclean. At night they come out of the grass roof and run all over the room. I particularly resent the visits they make to my bed and the damage they do to my clothes. Wool seems to be a particular delicacy with them and they devour my blankets while I am lying under them. However rats are not the only disturbers of the night. Long after midnight I was woken by parties of revellers returning from Beia and Hari after a day's merry-making at the *alido*. All were very merry and some very drunk and they thought nothing of coming in and waking me up and asking for a cigarette or a light. This of course entailed a talk, for the Apa Tani is very loquacious, and once started around my fire, I found it difficult to persuade them to leave as the more intoxicated among them thought that they had possibly come far enough and wanted to sleep round my fire. At last I managed to get rid of them and thought that my troubles were over. However I was wrong. A short way from my husha the path crosses a deep water course by a narrow plank bridge. One of the more

drunken members of the party failed to steer himself across and fell in. His two companions, in trying to rescue him, fell in on top of him and pandemonium broke loose. Hearing shouts of "Take! Take!" I went out and after covering myself with a mixture of mud and cold water, I and the remainder of the party managed to rescue the men from the water. Again I mention this apparently irrelevant anecdote to show how entirely informal and friendly are the relations between the tribesmen and Hainzendorf and myself. Putting the matter at its lowest level, it is essential that relationships of this character should remain for as long as we are dependent upon the goodwill of the tribesmen for our needs and indeed our existence in these hills.

The landing strips were completed today and all that is now required is aircraft to land on them.

March 15th, 1946

Halt Dita

I have been trying to estimate the number of loads that will have to be moved from here with me when I go down on the 21st. This is not easy as I cannot find out how many loads will be leaving the trade depot. Lovo Chandra Prabum, the trade depot clerk, is on leave in the plains. He should have been back by now but has fallen ill with malaria while at his home. I have to leave a certain amount up here for the Hainzendorfs for their use on their return from the Misi country. I can see that I am going to have a great deal of trouble collecting porters for the down journey and I shall have to go to Hong to-morrow to collect some men from there. I cannot obtain porters from Michi Basma as there is an epidemic of what appears to be diphtheria there and, of course, after the custom of the country, the village has been completely isolated. Duta, Haja and Minsung Tapa, have all been hard worked this year and I want, if possible, to avoid making any heavy demand on them for this last journey. It is impossible to obtain any men from Hari and Rela as they are busy with the *stalo*. Dulas too are out of the question as today Conkey and the Political Jemadar and the sections all arrived as far as Talo on their way down to Fie where we all hope to concentrate. I must leave them all the men they can obtain from Talo, Joran and Nyelom. Conkey sent me a note with the advance party from Mudo which arrived at Talo two days ago to say that they had had the greatest difficulty raising porters in Laha for the downward journey.

March 15th, 1946

Halt Dita

I went to Hong this morning and paid a ceremonial call upon Poyo Tamar, the leading man of the village. Poyo Tamar at one time wielded considerable power not only in the affairs of his village of Hong but also in the affairs of the whole Apa Tani community. Advancing years and infirmity have however compelled him to withdraw to a large extent from public life. I had met him before on my last visit to Hong but, on account of his old age, he seldom can come to Dita. Word had, however, reached me that he was very hurt at not having received a visit. We had considered giving him one in the past but felt that it would perhaps have been better to have waited until a younger and more active man had come forward as the leader of the village. The absence of any offer of help from the village combined with the carefully dropped hint of Poyo Tamar's disappointment led me to realize that if I wanted help from Hong I must recognize the old man with a red cloth. Accordingly I took one along with me and the old man was delighted when, before a large crowd, the red cloth of Government was placed upon his aged shoulders. That, despite his years, he still commands the allegiance and affection of the people of the village was clear from the enthusiasm of the villagers. After the ceremony I explained my difficulties to him and to Hiba Taki, another influential man of the village, and they undertook to raise the quota of porters I required. This is not as easy as it sounds for the Apa Tanis are most democratic people and even the most important men in the village can only order their own slaves and immediate dependants to perform any duty. They can bring very little pressure on the other free members of the village to do anything which these freemen do not want to do.

March 15th, 1946

Halt Dita

Yesterday evening the Gallog porters arrived and as they have only enough rations for a two-day halt here in Duta I must leave here tomorrow. The day was therefore spent in visits to Haja and Duta in an effort to ensure that sufficient *stalo* were to be forthcoming on the morrow and in packing up all the stores and the equipment into porter loads. Now that the time had come to leave this beautiful and cool country for the summer months I was sorry in many ways to leave. The thought of going back to the dilapidated bungalow in Jorhing and there wrestling with the complicated accounts of the year's work was far from inviting. I am also worried about the two sections of the Assam Rifles now in Talo. Conkey came over the hill to see me this morning and from what he said I am doubtful if he and the Political Jemadar will be able to raise sufficient porters to take them as far as Fie. From there we shall have to rely on the lower Plain villages and the Par valley Dalus to get us on. I am also worried about the Hainzendorfs as I have not heard from them for some time. They are now South of the Kamla and I am continually worried in my mind about the possibility of their getting cut off by floods. I am afraid that they are also going to have considerable difficulty in collecting porters from the Apa Tanis to get them back to civilization. It will be comparatively late in the year when they return and the Apa Tanis may object strongly to going down to the plains in the heat.

I have also been making last arrangements about the care of the Licha prisoners who were brought to the Apa Tani country from Mudo on the 17th of this month. They are now in Haja under the care of Nargo Bida and are being held as hostages for the good behavior of the Licha Dalus during the summer months and as bargaining counter for the Apa Tanis in their future negotiations with Licha. The prisoners are Licha Saha, his son Licha Pij, Dar Sera and Sulung Ray. Yesterday Licha Sera came from Kiron to see me and said that he hoped to be able to persuade the other headmen of the two settlements to come and settle matters with the Apa Tanis and re-establish peace between the two communities. The real hope of creating permanent peaceful conditions, however, is not my forcing upon them a *pahe* or a *stalo*, for unless it has the sanction of public opinion on both sides, such an uneasy truce will not long be preserved. What is necessary is first of all to put an end to the pressure from the Plain valley which causes rivalry by Licha necessary and then to concentrate upon providing real and substantial economic advantages to the people of Licha so that by raising their standard of living and increasing their prosperity they will have an interest in the preservation of peace. If, as I hope will eventually be the case, the main artery of

communications from the plains of Assam to the interior passes through Kiroon and over the divide into the Patna, geography, communications, trade, prosperity and a widening horizon for this community will, I believe, pacify them far more quickly and more surely than will the repetitive presence of an outpost of the Assam Rifles, though this will at first probably be necessary.

We, Political Officers, working upon this North-East Frontier, this *terra incognita*, about which we are only now beginning to learn, are seeking to ensure the peace, prosperity and loyalty of this region. Unrest, economic depression and disloyalty amounting to hostility are evils against which we wish to insure. Is an annual premium in the shape of an economic subsidy too high a price to pay? For annual outlay of a few lakhs on economic improvements with, at first, no hope of any return, we can avoid the danger of having to spend a very much larger sum in undoing the harm caused by economic stagnation and early political mismanagement. If we do not take the greatest care to avoid the mistakes which have been made in the past on the North-West Frontier, another Waziristan may be created and the Central Government may then be faced with the task of curing yet another recurring sore and saddled with one more permanent problem. If, in these initial stages, we concentrate our efforts upon the economic aspects of the problem we shall, I believe, have laid a sound foundation upon which our whole policy upon this Frontier can be built.

March 31st, 1945

Dita—Camp Near Pei (3,000 feet approximately).

Distance—15 miles.

Direction—South.

After endless trouble in collecting the porters, Haja and Dita, in particular, being initial defaulters, I managed to start out on the first stage of my journey down to the plains at 9-15 A.M. The weather was perfect after a certain amount of rain during the night. We took a different path to the one by which I had come up, for we skirted the edge of the western wall of the valley. South of Hong however we regained the main path and at the southern end of the valley passed through fields of pomegranate spread like a lavender carpet on all sides. In the jungle south of the Apa Tani valley, between the Southern end and the bare hill slopes North of Mai, I passed some magnificent ashle trees growing in close proximity to a variety of magnolia which I had not before seen. The contrast of the dark pink and the waxy white blossoms of the magnolia against the dark background of the jungle was very spectacular. Going, for the most part, down hill the ascent rapid progress was reached Mai soon after 1 P.M. Here I was sorry to hear that the headman, Mai Hella, was seriously ill. As I had no doctor with me and as the *dukai* could be heard chanting in his house, I felt that I could neither be of much assistance nor would my intrusion upon the incantations of the *dukai* be welcome and therefore went on my way after sending messages of sympathy. I had intended to camp in the fine irrigated plateau half way down the hill to Pei, but on arrival there I found that there was not sufficient wood for the porters' fires so we went on down the hill in the dusk and camped in the valley of the Pangyai. We had made a double stretch and I was glad that we had because I want to reach Pite a day or two before Coolney and the Assam Rifles Sections from Mado arrive so that I can find out the position regarding the loads to be evacuated from Pite to Joyhing.

March 31st, 1945

Pei Camp—Pite

Distance—11 miles approx.

Direction—South-West.

Despite the fact that he had been far and wide in a North-West direction, Chigt Nimé had never seen the Patna before and was very interested in this new country. I had thought that it would be a good plan to try and take an important Apa Tani headman down to Joyhing with me as none had so far visited the plains. I felt that if a man of influence could see for himself roads, cars, ploughs, improved houses and shops, schools and hospitals, it would do a great deal to stimulate interest and the desire for improvement and progress in the Apa Tani country, for Chigt Nimé could tell the people what he had seen and could discuss matters with them. Chigt Nimé is a very shrewd old man and will quickly see the slight advantages of modern methods without being carried away by the novelty of what he sees.

The route from Pei to Pite has been described already and little more need be said. I examined the potential landing ground at the junction of the Pangyai and the Patna rivers in greater detail on this occasion. The area is about 1,400 yards long by about 200-300 yards wide and from this point of view would probably be big enough but there are a good number of boulders to be cleared away and being in a valley the site may not be altogether suitable. It would however probably be a suitable area for supply dropping. On the way down I could not resist trying a spear over a particularly inviting pond in the river, so letting the canoe go on to the proposed camp at Pite I fished for half an hour and caught two *hala* (a sporting member of the carp family not unlike a mahaseer but shorter and thicker) the larger weighed 6 lbs. and smaller 4 lbs. This is encouraging and I must have some more tries from Pite while waiting for the others.

On my arrival at Pite I found some changes. The Assam Rifles had quite rightly cleared a good deal of the jungle round the camp and had themselves moved up the hill a bit into a more open site where the sunlight could penetrate. But again in my astonishment I found that there were no less than 119 loads to be taken down the hill. These were mainly Assam Rifles stores which had accumulated at Pite. There was of course some excuse because at the beginning of the winter we had been laying in stores at this distributing camp in anticipation of porter difficulties in the spring when the cultivating season had begun and porters would be unwilling to go the whole way down to the plains. The removal of this large amount of rations and stores is going to present a difficult problem. Some will have to go to the Pat valley for my tour there and there will have to be fetched from Pite by tribal porters from that area.

March 31st, 1945

Halt Pite

I waited at the camp in the hope that Coolney and the two sections would arrive but as they had not by 11-30 A.M. I again went up the river a little way to where I had seen some good-looking water and in two pools between the hours of 12 noon and 4 P.M. I caught two 14 lbs., two 10 lbs., a 6 lbs. and a 4 lbs., all *hala*. I had never met this fish before and as far as I know it is not found in other parts of India but it is a very sporting fish and provides great fun. The weather has become oppressively hot and it looks as if it was raining hard further North.

March 26th, 1945

Hait Pit

Cookery and the Political Jemadar and the two Sections arrived down from Dado Seram, the camp on the Kati river below Jorum, and arrived at Pit soon after lunch. Rajaul, the Political Jemadar said that they had had the greatest difficulty in raising sufficient porters for the journey. Apparently Telo Bit is at the bottom of the trouble and Rajaul is convinced from his conversations with various Dada that Telo Bit has been telling people not to carry for us. What the reason for this is I cannot say for certain but it leaves out my opinion that one cannot be expected to be dependent on the good will of tribal headmen for the provision of porters and at the same time perform acts which may be unpopular with certain of them. I think that as Telo Bit is related by marriage to Licha he has taken the side of the Licha people and is trying to make things unpleasant for us by withholding porters. I understand he is some-*what* Puyapa. Next year I shall have to make special efforts to win over Telo Bit. Only as a last resort must any action be taken against him for by taking action against a Red Cloth holder one is striking at the prestige of the whole institution.

In the evening Pei Topu and Niri Tana arrived for their *pus*. The 'Hill Dada' (as it is called) *pus* is very small and the few holders receive only a small amount each. I think that it would be a useful plan if some sort of allowance were eventually paid to the most important headmen on the line of the road when it is built. As long as the Political Officer was satisfied that the maintenance of the road was satisfactory for the portion of the road for which the individual was responsible he would receive his *pus*. By this arrangement the principle of village responsibility could be established and this could extend also to law and order along the road. With the prevalence of feuds in these hills I think that right from the very start all Government land, as on the North-West Frontier, should be sacrosanct and villages should be held responsible for acts of lawlessness committed on the portion of the road for which they are responsible; the principle being that they must either produce the culprit or pay the fine. The same principle should apply to the repair and maintenance of roads. Outside labour should not be imported from the plains as this would lead to the spread of disease and in any case during the monsoon months it would be difficult to maintain public works. Public Works Department camps for road gangs but each village or group of villages should provide one or more road gangs who would be paid by the Public Works Department and who would be responsible for the clearance of landslides, etc., and for the keeping open of roadside drains and culverts. This in itself would bring money into the country and would provide alternative employment for the slave stratum of society (see pages 43 and 44).

The weather has become very hot and the dam-fins are a curse. I was given some liquid substance called 'Seal' by the Americans and find that this is very effective against all insects. Citronella and lumber oil are effective too for a shorter period and I consider that all porters and troops working in these valleys should be provided with anti-dam-fin oil as these flies can make life miserable at certain times of the year.

This morning I paid out the *pus* to the local *pus* holders and found that the register was entirely inaccurate. I suggest that a fresh register be prepared next year.

March 26th, 1945

Hait Pit

It is going to be very difficult to obtain sufficient porters to carry down this accumulation of stores. To-day I sent one section of the Assam Rifles off in advance with some porters which we had managed to collect. The Gallongs will be arriving back from Joyling tomorrow and despite my promise to them I shall have to ask them to make one more trip from here to Joyling and back. The Assam Rifles have caught some Apa Tanis crossing the cane bridge here on their way down to the plains carrying *gajis* with them. Apparently *gajis* grown wild in all these hills and though the Apa Tanis do not themselves eat or smoke it they have found that the demand in Assam has risen so much during the war that the prices have become high and this has led to a considerable trade in *gajis* grown in this area. Bengali shopkeepers living in the villages at the foot of the hills Chigé Nimé assures me that there was only a very limited traffic in illicit *gajis* before the war and I therefore consider that it would be advisable to put a stop to this trade at once by appointing our own watcher. I do not think it advisable that any Excise officials should ever be allowed in these tribal areas.

March 26th and 27th, 1945

Hait Pit

I had great difficulty in persuading the Gallongs to carry on for one more trip as not unnaturally they were very anxious to get back to their homes and begin their cultivation. I could not order them to do one more return trip because I had definitely promised them that this trip would be the last. Finally after much argument among themselves they agreed to help me out. They need not have done so and I told them this and said that if they wished to keep me to my promise they could do so and I should have to try and make other arrangements. I am therefore very grateful to Kudu Bagra and Tado Lorlen, the two Sirdars, for their loyalty and I intend giving them all a bonus on my return to Joyling.

March 28th, 1945

Pié—Lichi

The march was uneventful. I stopped at a pool on the way and caught a 14 lb. *isis* and an 8 lb. These were very welcome to the porters on arrival in camp. The convoys of tribesmen had almost destroyed the *lebas* which had been built here for the porters. It seems therefore clear to me that if there is any idea of building temporary accommodation for Political Officers on these Lines of Communication checkpoints will have to be a, pointed to keep the places in repair. It is particularly necessary on the route from Joyling to Dida where there are few villages on the path that there should be staging camps both for porters and for the officers and staff.

March 29th, 1945

Lichi—Selsenchi

Just before reaching Lichi the present path leaves the Panier River and strikes up over the side spurs to the west of the River, and from Lichi to Selsenchi runs well to the west in order to find a suitable place to cross the difficult piece of high ground alternatively known as the Tamer Putu on the North slope and the Sank Putu on the Southern side. From the road builders' point of view I should imagine that this line will not be altogether suitable, for it leads across very broken country and from the middle at the crest of the feature to Selsenchi, which is only 1,900 feet above sea level, descends some 3,000 feet in three miles. The

best line, as I have already said, will be as near to the river as possible, where, even if a certain amount of bridging over the numerous side streams will be necessary, there will be less height to be gained and a shorter distance to be covered.

We reached the middle of the top of the Taser Patta at 10 A.M. and there gave the porters a rest before starting the steep drop down to Selachchi. Shortly after leaving the saddle I met the trade depôt clerk, Lovo Chandra Phukan, on his way back to Duta with the Gallings. The Gallings are returning to Mité for one more trip to help Cochrane and the Political Jemadar evacuate the accumulation of rations and stores which I found there. I would have stayed behind myself had I not received a telegram from the Adviser instructing me to report myself at Shillong for discussions as soon as possible and later meet the Foreign Secretary during his annual visit to Assam and discuss matters with him at Charduar. Phukan will return to Duta with the Apa Tanis who have come down as far as Firé but who wish to go no further. He will keep the trade depôt going and will eventually come down with the Hyimendôrs.

I was very amused to see the amazement on Chigé Nimo's face when we caught our first glimpse of the plains on the way down to Selachchi. Though it was a misty day with the heat haze hanging over the valley, one could see the Brahmaputra a dull silver ribbon winding across the background. Chigé Nimo had never dreamed that such a large expanse of flat country existed anywhere in the world and enquired in an awed voice whether any more hills existed beyond the plain or was that the end of the earth. It was then that I began to realise more how circumscribed are the lives of the average tribesmen on this Frontier. How can one hope for improvement and still more for the desire for progress when one realises that their only basis of comparison is the next valley. Chigé Nimo had always looked upon the Apa Tanis valley as the hub of the universe and the sight of the vast expanse of the Assam valley with its rivers and roads, its jungles and mile upon mile of rice land and tea garden had visibly shaken this belief. I was not however afraid of this disillusionment for the *guts* Apa Tanis who were familiar with Assam were all of them convinced that their own home was infinitely superior to anything that could be found on the plains. To visit the plains was an exciting adventure but to live there,—never! There is no danger therefore in introducing the Apa Tanis headmen to the varied merits of our civilization. They are a discerning people fortified in the belief that their own land is superior and their own people better than anything in Assam. They will therefore never become mere slavish imitators of the tinsel delights of the bazaars but they will readily appreciate the advantage of good communications, of hospitals, of schools and, above all, of commercial interchange with the merchants of the plains even if they will need protection and advice in the early stages.

I had often debated in my mind what would be the effect of the advent of Missionaries to these hills. Unfortunately the record of many missionary societies in Assam has been, to say the least of it, disappointing. There have been a great variety of missions in operation in the Province and in the tribal areas to the South and East. Some have been better than others but all have, by report, suffered from the evils of narrow sectarianism and competitive rivalry which gauges its superficial success by statistical returns. I have wondered whether the missionary with his evangelistic zeal and often his narrow and bigoted outlook is the right person first to come into contact with these people. Among animists,—and all the tribesmen on this frontier with the exception of some the Moulas and Sherdukpas, are animists,—the need for Christianity is not as great as elsewhere for the tribesmen finds God in all things. His God rules the universe around him and touches tribal life and existence intimately at all times. The relations between the tribesman and his God are very close and very real and there is little that the tribesman may do in which his God is not intimately concerned. To introduce these people too suddenly to a new concept of God and at the same time open up to them the bewildering diversity of twentieth century materialism is to risk the danger of acute mental and spiritual indigestion. In my opinion it is better first of all to allow the tribesman to recover his sense of proportion after the first mentally disturbing contact with civilisation and thereafter if necessary to introduce him to Christianity. That he can be allowed to carry on with his own faith in perfect safety can be seen from the following anecdote. On arrival at Selachchi Bat Heli, my second interpreter, asked for an hour's leave. I was very busy and to grant such a request at such a time was inconvenient. I therefore asked him why he wanted leave at this time. His reply astonished me. Quietly and with the utmost sincerity he said, "I have now been with you for four months. While I have been with you I have wielded considerable power. I must ask the forgiveness of my Gods if I have misused the power that has been in my hands". The cynic may say that this was only a sanctimonious excuse for obtaining leave to go and see his wife who lived in the village. I know Bat Heli and I do not think that this was the case, but at the time I asked myself how many so-called Christians would ever have thought of asking for such forgiveness.

It rained hard during the night but the Assam Rifles were all safely housed in the ration godown that had been built and the porters had good shelters.

March 30th, 1945

Selachchi—Jowling

This was the hottest day of the year so far and coming down the Southern slope to the plains was hot work but there was a great difference going down to coming up. Everyone was eager to reach the plains and the steep slopes up which we had to climb in surmounting the intervening ridges between Selachchi and the ferry crossing over the Panior seemed comparatively simple. The reason of course was that I was by now used to the hills and was extremely fit and muscled up.

I reached the Assistant's bungalow on the tea Garden a little after 12-15 P.M. having left at 7 A.M. Without hurrying therefore I had reduced the time of the march coming down by 2½ hours. While I was glad to get back to civilisation I was again somewhat depressed at the thought that my home for the next two months was to be this broken down bungalow. I realise that it will take time before improvements can be effected but, on my arrival back to what should have been my home, I realised how great was the need of a house that one could look forward to returning to after long months of strenuous work in these Hills. Life on this Frontier is strenuous. Every effort should therefore be made to compensate those serving there by providing a standard of accommodation at least equal to that enjoyed by those living in other parts of the country.

This, I think, ends this diary which already is long enough. I would crave the indulgence of those who may be persuaded or forced to read it for the many repetitions and for the discursive style but would ask them to remember that it was originally written from day to day in longhand and much of it represents the mood of the time.

Gradually we left the rice fields and the path winding through the pine grove narrower valley of the upper waters of the Kale. It was a scene of the greatest beauty rolled up jungle clad hills bathed in the spring sunshine. The Kale, by now a stream and chartering over golden gravel and gliding through still dark ponds where one felt lurk, was bordered by lush water meadows each fenced with pine fencing. Further bracken and berberis, wild raspberry and willow resplendent in its spring colour. But most wonderful of all, the whole ground was starred and patched with the primula. In the coppices beside the river tits were challenging the day with the spring note. So English was the scene that I might have been walking up Be Exmoor. Only the bamboo groves rustling and swaying in the light morning touch to the scene. As I walked along I could not help looking for moorland steep moorland turf is surely ideal pasture, but of course sheep of present are unknown. Mountain sheep should certainly be introduced into this valley for the Apa Tanis aptitude for spinning and weaving, would take at once to wool as a medium for their own cloth and I have no doubt that with the very beautiful vegetable dyes they employ be of the highest quality.

An hour and a half after leaving Duta we left the main valley path which we started climbing. It was a hard climb through heavy, virgin jungle along a path night's rain had transformed into a sea of mud, slippery and treacherous. When I hit (resting place) on the crest of the ridge at about 2-45 p.m., the porters we ordered a fifteen minutes halt. Above me were huge rhododendron trees, some of them more. All were a blazing glory of bloom and the ground round about gleamed with embers of a scattered fire. I am not botanist and can therefore give no name to different from the Rhododendron of the Simla Hills and distinct even from those I had Darjeeling. The blooms were in large clusters and were a deep, fiery, red, warm as

The path had, from the time I had left the valley of the Kale, run along the high crest, which must have been well over 7,000 feet, I could see, through the jungle, the high ground North of the Kara, and through a gap in the hills a way to the North West. It seemed to me to be a long way away and yet it is must eventually try and penetrate.

The track down the Northern face of the ridge was, if anything, worse than climbed from the Apa Tanis country. The drop down was far longer than the Down and down we went scrambling and sliding in the mud. In places the path I had to claw my way by precarious footholds across bushclades. I eventually porters to cross some of the worst places carrying their loads some of which were

At last at 5.30 p. m. with my men skinned from the long descent I reached only eight houses most of which looked deserted and all deserted permanently of hillside. I looked in vain for a place to pitch my tent. Never before have I met against such a vertical hill slope. The villagers seemed to be suspicious by this was, and exhausted as were the porters, I had perforce to go down to the valley find a spot level enough and large enough upon which to pitch a tent. Even to pick a suitable spot as the whole valley was infested with leeches. Eventually and chose the least perpendicular grass field for my camp. It was dark before and we had to make camp by the light of fires and hurricane lamps. I had arrived early enough to obtain porters from Lina and go straight on to Minlat, path, narrower. Most of the Apa Tanis had heard that they would carry me though a few had yielded to Chige Nime's persuasion and had eventually a Minlat. This was of course now quite impossible and I therefore had to resign of wasting a precious day in Lina collecting porters for the next stage of my journey.

March 6th 1946.

HALT LINA (TANYAN.)

This morning I clambered up the steep hill back to Lina and Chige Nime house of the headman Tanya Pusu. On my arrival I was at once struck with the people. Every one, even the headman, appeared in rags. Many were wearing ced however, with black and red Tibetan wool. Most of the men carried Tibet that gaiter was also very prevalent in the village and the people were tall of It also struck me that the people were darker and smaller, so much so that the different race. I was however glad to see my old friend Tanya Toger who came to Lina (see the diary of the first half of December) and who, being remarkable among his darker neighbours. The village still had a deserted air about it and said that half the people had run away. My chances of obtaining the requisite to be small, so I went to have a talk with Pusu in his home. Pusu could persons from the village had run away and said that the Rera and Tajang by the past two days carrying the story that I was coming with weapons to burn the that Apa Tanis, who were very friendly with me, should have spread to Nime explained. The Rera and Tajang wards of Bela had long enjoyed a trade with Lina,—a trade which on account of the Tibetan dogs, pigs, and lakis which they purchased and the cloth and rice which they sold, was valued were the hosts for the spring festival this year and were busy with their preparations villages act as hosts for the festivities for the whole tribe). I had purposely avoided and had instead engaged men from Duta and Haja. The Rera and Tajang villages (partial instinct possessed by the Apa Tanis had feared that this influx of D Lina might ruin their trading advantage and had therefore sought to wreck my intentions concerning my intentions. The people of Lina were themselves some of the traditional friends of Lina and had therefore believed the stories they had drunk of opium and a friendly talk, I managed to reassure Pusu who was very anxious — the real reason for the rumour, and he agreed to collect the few porters

Lamb, as Additional Political Officer, Balipora Frontier Tract. I may be accused of having taken a somewhat gratuitous view of any topic of reference. I may therefore be criticised for discussing Frontier policy and conditions on the Frontier as a whole. To this I would reply that few opinions have so far been expressed on this Frontier and fewer still by those backed with the authority of personal knowledge. Unless all Political Officers are encouraged to voice their opinions based on personal experience there is always the possibility of dangerous, theoretical but impracticable ideas gaining currency. I admit that many of my own ideas may be wrong but they may, at least, serve as a basis for discussion.

A. E. G. DAVY,
Additional Political Officer, Balipora Frontier Tract.