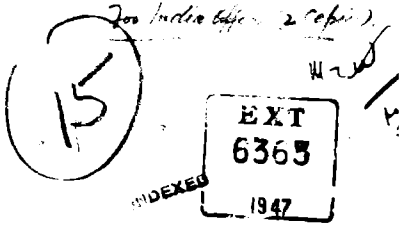
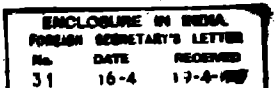


TOUR DIARIES OF THE SPECIAL OFFICER SUBANSIRI, 1944-45



INTRODUCTION TO THE TOUR DIARY, MARCH—MAY 1944

The country described in the diaries of my tour in the months of March to May 1944 is one of the least known parts of the North East Frontier. Lying at the extreme east of the Balipara Frontier Tract and separated from the plains of North Lakhimpur by a barrier of rugged and sparsely populated hill-ranges, it has for years been practically *terra incognita*. Information on the tribes inhabiting the large area enclosed by the great Subansiri bend, the Great Himalayan Range and the foothills skirting the plains of Assam was based on the experience gained during a few short visits of Political Officers and during the semi-military Miri Mission of the cold-season 1911-12. Compared to our intimate knowledge of such hill-tribes as Nagas, Lushais and Chins this information was superficial, even major tribal divisions having remained a matter of conjecture.

When in February 1944 I accepted the appointment of Special Officer, Subansiri, I was given the task of establishing friendly relations with the tribes of the Subansiri Region, and of preparing the ground for a reconnaissance beyond the area explored by the Miri Mission. My directives were that I should first visit the Apa Tanis and win the confidence of this large tribe, whose good will seemed essential for the success of such a reconnaissance. The collection of information on the general character of the Apa Tanis and the neighbouring tribes, on economic and social conditions, customs, tribal politics and routes was to be my next task, but any active interference in tribal matters was to be avoided.

The Apa Tanis had been visited by McCabes in 1897, by the Miri Mission in 1912, Dr. Bor in 1932, and lastly by Captain Lightfoot in 1936. McCabes' mission was in the nature of a punitive expedition and only the village of Hija visited. The Miri Mission spent only a few days in the valley, and the expeditions of the Political Officers in 1932 and 1936, were also flying visits, when no real contact with the leaders of the tribe could be established. All these expeditions were accompanied by large escorts, ranging from 75 to 150 Rifles, for the attitude of the Apa Tanis was considered doubtful and the neighbouring Daflas were thought to be unreliable and possibly hostile.

But in view of the fact that the presence of an armed force was likely to prejudice the chances of breaking down suspicion and establishing friendly relations it was decided that I should dispense with an escort and avoid contact with such aggressive villages as Likha and Licha.

Moreover the season was so far progressed that it would have been impossible to equip and ration a large expedition. The only permanent porters available at short notice were 25 Gallong Abors recruited from the Sadiya Frontier Tract, and while for them I secured the minimum equipment, I failed to obtained blankets and waterproof sheets for the casual porters on whom I had to rely for extra transport, the Political Officer, Balipara, being unable at that time to spare any of his stock. The supply of medicines was equally deficient, but it was a case either of improvising or of postponing the whole expedition until the next season.

The beginning of March was indeed already rather late to start touring in a country where the monsoon breaks in April, paths are only the roughest jungle tracks and permanent bridges non-existent. The hillmen themselves, some of whom visit the plains during the winter, do not travel after the end of March, but I hoped to keep open a line of communications by bridging several rivers which in the rains are unfordable, so that I could delay any return until the end of May.

The state of tribal politics seemed—as far as could be judged from the scanty information available—favourable to a visit to the Apa Tani country. Apa Tani visiting the plains had brought news that that Licha, a Dafla village presumed to lie in the Kiyi valley, was harassing the Apa Tani by capturing men and women and holding them to ransom. Previous to my arrival in North Lakhimpur three Apa Tanis of the village of Hija had come to the plains to explore the possibilities of enlisting Government's help against their troublesome neighbours. They were by no means fully empowered negotiators representing the entire tribe, or even the whole of Hija, but this first attempt on the part of the Apa Tanis to solicit the intervention of Government in a tribal feud was a welcome opening for a policy of closer contact with the hillmen. And the three messengers proved subsequently invaluable as guides.

The Daflas of several foothill villages near the Panior River were equally well disposed to an expedition into the interior of the hills, for of late they had suffered severely from the raids of Likha, a Dafla clan inhabiting several settlements in the Kiyi valley at no great distance from Licha. They hoped for Government's assistance against Likha and were therefore prepared to help by serving as porters and building bridges. In face of the strained relations between Likha and the Daflas of the foothills, it was deemed inadvisable for a small, unarmed party to approach the Apa Tani country by the route following the Panior River, which was believed to be exposed to interference by Likha Daflas. Still ignorant of local conditions—my experience of this part of Assam was limited to a short tour in the Abor Hills seven years ago—I accepted the prevalent view of the fierce and treacherous character of the Daflas and decided to follow for most of the way the route taken by the expeditions of 1932 and 1936. This leads through the uninhabited hills north-east of the Panior and is sometimes used by Apa Tani going to the plains of North Lakhimpur.

One of the greatest difficulties were interpreters. Although some Apa Tani occasionally visit the plains, there was among the 20,000 Apa Tanis not one man who had sufficient knowledge of Assamese to be able to interpret more than the simplest phrases. The Apa Tani "interpreter" mentioned in my diaries, was a young man employed as guide and messenger, who had only a smattering of Assamese. The real interpreting was done by Kop Temi, a plains Dafla of Rangajan, who was fluent both in Assamese and Apa Tani.

During the tour described in the following diaries I came in touch with Apa Tani and Daflas. The Apa Tani are a compact tribe of about 20,000, inhabiting a single, intensively cultivated valley of less than 20 square miles. Previous reports referred to them as Apa Tanang, but they call themselves Apa Tani or simply Tani, and are known as Apa Tanang only to the Daflas of the Jorum-Toko group. The name Apa Tani is obviously preferable and is used throughout the diaries.

Dafla, on the other hand, is the term by which the Assamese plains people refer to the members of a tribal population extending from the foothills to the sources of Khru and Kamla, and divided into several distinct groups. Only those tribesmen who speak Assamese know the name 'Daflas'; they have in their own language no common name for the whole tribe, but most 'Dafla' call themselves Nisu or Ni, meaning literally 'man', and this may prove a name preferable to the Assamese term 'Dafla'. The latter term is, however, well established in official usage and I have adhered to it in my diary.

The so-called Daflas merge imperceptibly into the tribal group concentrated in the Kamla valley and known to the Assamese as 'Miris'. It is impossible to draw a clear line between the two groups which in the contact zone freely intermarry. The Apa Tani recognize no distinction between 'Daflas' and 'Miris' and refer to both as Mishang.

In the spelling of place-names I have followed the Survey of India map (No.83 E), except where the map is obviously wrong. In the new and yet unpublished edition based on the Survey operations of the season 1944-45, the spelling will be the same as in my diary.

In the names of tribesmen the clan name always precedes the personal name, as is the general usage in Dafla and Apa Tanis.

Some entries in my diary, particularly those relating to information on distant villages and routes, which I gathered from Apa Tanis and Daflas, proved inaccurate in the light of the knowledge gained during my tours in the season 1944-45. Where a statement is positively misleading I have amplified and corrected it in footnotes, but I have left unchanged such remarks on tribal customs and neighbouring villages which demonstrate how in the course of a tour knowledge is gradually built up from first elementary and later fuller information gathered in conversations with numerous tribesmen.

CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF.

Marlawai, Hyderabad, Deccan,
August 1945.

TOUR DIARY OF THE SPECIAL OFFICER, SUBANSIRI, MARCH 1945

6th March.—North Lakhimpur to Camp Joyhing—The preparations for the tour have been made with the two-fold object of getting a party consisting of myself, my wife, the Political Jemadar, interpreters and servants up into the Apa Tani country with provisions for one month, and of constructing such bamboo and cane-bridges and rest sheds as will make it possible to keep up communications when the rains set in and allow the party to return at the end of May or early in June. In order to supervise the building of three bridges between Joyhing and Gage, the first camp, one Non-Commissioned Officer and four sepoys of the Assam Rifles, North Lakhimpur, will accompany the party as far as Gage, and camp there for a maximum of 15 days. The greatest difficulty is transport; besides the twenty-five permanent Gallong porters under their sirdar, 28 extra porters are required for the main party, 6 to carry the sepoy's kit, and at least 10 to build the first bridges. In the past days I have been to several villages of Plains Daflas and the Political Jemadar has made strenuous efforts to recruit Hill Daflas, but the results have not been encouraging. Most Hill Daflas to be met in plains villages decide the suggestion that they should carry loads, and the Plains Daflas are not keen on going on a notoriously difficult trek when they can easily earn Rs. 1 a day for six hours' work in the plains and the SDAAF is engaging labourers for Rs. 1/4 plus rations for work on aerodromes. There are, however, Hill Dafla villages such as Milliga, Chhaya and Sekhe in the vicinity of the Dalmukh outposts, but contact with them is very slight and when questioned upon the Political Jemadar suggested to them that they should furnish porters for an expedition into the Apa Tani country, they refused. It would be a great advantage if contact over these villages could be tightened so that in future expeditions could draw on them for coolies. For the Plains Dafla villagers are small and many of the men are not fit for carrying loads in the hills. We are therefore still short of coolies, but I hope that some Daflas and Miris who agreed to come either as porters or as bridge builders will join us to-morrow. The loads were taken from North Lakhimpur to Joyhing Camp by lorry together with the rations for the dump at Joyhing Tea Estate. The porters went by foot to Joyhing where they cleared the camp and erected temporary shelters.

The Sub-Assistant Surgeon appointed in place of the elderly doctor who would not have stood strenuous touring, has not yet joined nor have the medical supplies arrived at North Lakhimpur. So we will have to manage with the few medicines supplied on loan from Charduar, medicines bought locally, and my own, fortunately, fairly large personal stock.

The camp lies in a piece of bamboo jungle belonging to the Joyhing Tea Estate. There are plenty of bamboos and banana leaves for temporary shelters.

7th March.—Halt Joyhing—This morning in a final attempt to get more porters, I sent messengers to the Dafla villages of Joyhing and Rangajan to round up more porters. They returned with a few men, who with great difficulty were persuaded to enlist as porters; Rangajan, a village of 15 houses has sent only 4 men, Boguli, a village of 20 houses only 8 men, Kolabari a village of 12 houses only 6 men. We have now altogether 25 permanent Gallong porters, 40 Dafla, 3 Miri, 1 Apa Tani, and 1 Uraon to carry loads and construct bridges; but a good many of the casual porters do not carry our loads, but their own food. Following the advice of the Political Officer, these casual porters are not rationed or equipped; I inspected their food brought for the trip and I have my doubts whether it will last them for six marches through uninhabited country, to say nothing of the return journey. But the immediate advantage is no doubt that they travel light, while half of the carrying capacity of the Gallong porters is taken up by their own rations for 13 days.

The shortage of porters makes it necessary to cut down the luggage to a minimum, and so I am leaving a rather larger dump at Joyhing Tea Estate, and Mr. Farmer has kindly allowed me to use his godown as a store. It will be picked up on the next trip of the permanent porters. Today was spent in distributing and allotting loads; the porters made carrying baskets and head-bands and the Gallongs built a small house where they can stay on future journeys.

The weather looks threatening, but so far there has been no rain.

March 8th.—Joyhing to Camp on the Gage River.—Approximately 11 miles (Sheet 83E, 3D)—We got up long before dawn, but did not leave until 7.10 A. M. (summer time). The plains Daflas refused to carry loads of the usual weight and before starting we had to do more re-allotting and leave behind some stores. This will upset our rationing arrangements, but it was a question of either not starting at all or relying on improvisation.

Previous expeditions took the route along the Joyhing River, but this involves a good deal of wading and is impracticable during the rains. As I wanted to find a route which can be made passable throughout the year, we followed a path leading through the twilight of high forest up and across a low hill range

After about an hour we crossed the Junsi Line and reached the Dafla village of Joyhing, eight hours with their generals on a saddle. The entire population had turned out and the women begged us to release their sons and husbands whom we had engaged as porters and bridge-builders. The men themselves supported their entreaties by pleas of bad health and age.

From the village the path dropped through thick forest; now it is fairly good, but in the rainy season streamless must be waded. After but than an hour we came to the Junsi River and crossed it without difficulty by jumping from boulder to boulder. I had been told that this river, which in the rains becomes a raging torrent, would have to be bridged. But the information was misleading. One or even two or three bridges across the Junsi would be useless; for the path follows the river-bed for several miles, crossing and recrossing innumerable times. This seemed a serious check to our bridge building programme, but the Duflas explained that there is another, though slightly longer path, which leads from Joyhing village across the hills to Gaqe, and could be made passable by building one large and several small bridges.

For the next two hours we moved along and in the bed of the Junsi River; in places the hill slopes on either side fell so precipitously that to cut a path out of the hill sides would be extremely expensive and difficult, if it is indeed at all possible. Where our path left the river bed it was badly overgrown and had to be cleared; in parts it was difficult to recognise because of the muddling and spoiling of wild elephant tracks. The trek through the stream bed was followed by a steep ascent through thick bamboo jungle. Many giant bamboos had fallen across the path and had to be hacked away and the coolies found it very difficult to get with their loads through the thicket and avoid sliding on the stony path. Here and there we had to cut steps to facilitate the ascent and later the equally steep descent. Our Apa Tani guides were very doubtful about the path and often we had to wait until they had explored several possibilities.

At 12.45 P.M. we crossed the Bat River where Dr. Bor's expedition had camped and at 3.45 P.M. reached the camp site at the Gaqe River. The coolies took a good deal longer to come in and all were pretty exhausted. Though offering no very great difficulty, the march is hard on the coolies. The Duflas with a few exceptions were kind in camp, settling down to their food before the site had been cleared or firewood brought in. Most of the work for the camp was done by the Gallongs and two or three of the Duflas.

In the evening my wife spent more than an hour in treating the coolies for various minor ailments and bruises; leeches and the notorious dim-dam flies are bad, and both of us, much to the amusement of the Apa Tanis, burnt ourselves badly on some poisonous plant well-known to the tribesmen, who say that the burns will give trouble for three or four days.

9th March.—Gaqe to Kemping—Approximately 5 miles.—Before leaving Gaqe we had to arrange for the bridges, necessary for maintaining our communications. The site for the large bridge on the new route over the hills to Joyhing village is about one mile distant from the camp, and I arranged that the Assam Rifles and the bridge builders should set up a new camp there, so as to be near the scene of operations. The Gaonburra of Joyhing took the main bridge over the Gaqe River in contract for Rs. 100 and assured us that with the help of the sepoys they would build it and would then take the sepoys back on the path possible during the rains, showing the Non-Commissioned Officer on the way which minor streams would have to be bridged. I arranged with Non-Commissioned Officer that when the work was completed and the Duflas had carried the sepoys' kit back to North Lakhimpur they would receive their rates, which were to include porters' wages for the way back. The Gaonburra of Joyhing agreed also to build the smaller bridges necessary to make this new route passable during the rains and to accept payment after I had seen and valuated the work.

After making these arrangements we started at 8 A.M. The path which had to be cleared, rose at once steeply through dense jungle with here and there a limited view on to the surrounding hills. In half an hour we had reached the spine of a standing spur, and then the path led upwards in a moderate gradient through high forest and dense cane jungle. At first it was fairly easy going and little cutting was required, but as the spur narrowed, bamboos often barred the way and the coolies had again and again to halt while the Apa Tanis bowed a way through the tangle. Gradually the gradient stiffened and soon the path, zig-zagging through bamboo jungle was to steep that the coolies had to use their hands to draw themselves up. In the more difficult places the Apa Tanis had canes to trees and by these ropes the coolies steadied themselves on precipitous slopes. All those with heavy loads had an extremely difficult time and even we found the march trying. Here and there I saw the remnants of railings made for Captain Lightfoot's expedition in 1936. Both he and Dr. Bor described this stage as fairly easy, but on both these occasions Assam Rifles and a great number of Duflas had been working for a full month to improve the path, build railings and cut steps. Tenzi, my Dafla interpreter, had been with these road-building parties and tells of the great difference between the path then and now.

After a climb of nearly 4,000 feet we reached at about 12·45 the highest point of the spur, and from there dropped a short distance to a small ledge called Kemping. Water was scarce and indifferent, having to be ladled from holes dug into the bed of a streamlet. There is neither bamboo nor thatching material at Kemping, which lies above 4,500 feet high and the porters camped in the open.

Most of our coolies have some ailment or other and my wife treated 42 patients this evening for complaints ranging from a sprained ankle to various cuts and bruises, headach and fever. Sores resulting from dim-dam bites are also beginning to give trouble. The temperature at 9 P.M. is 60F. and I am afraid that our tribal coolies without blankets will be very cold at night.

10th March.—Kemping to Perre—Approximately 6 miles.—At 4 A.M. we were woken by thunder and it soon began to rain heavily. The Galleng porters with their water-proof sheets and blankets were not too badly off, but the Plains Duflas and Miris, with no other covering than their flimsy bazar cloths were a picture of misery; some sought shelter under the Political Jemadar's tarpaulin while others crowded round their small fires. At 6 A.M. it was still raining and the morale of the Dafla coolies was low. They complained bitterly that they had not been provided with blankets and water-proof sheets, and said that they would all fall ill. Some of them had been on previous expeditions and it seems that then all porters were given equipment.

Yesterday there had been much grumbling over too heavy loads and so this morning we tried to adjust the weight by some repacking. All this and the rain caused a good deal of delay and it was 8-50 A.M. when at last we left the camp at the end of the column. It had stopped raining. From the Kemping camp is a

steep climb of about 600-700 feet up to the top of the ridge ; the rain made the path very slippery and going was difficult. After crossing the ridge the path dropped steeply, but though some slippery places caused the coolies difficulty we made good progress and all were cheered with the idea of a short march. But suddenly there was a hold up, the column stopped and the porters began coming back with the sad news that they had missed the way. To cut across into the right direction was impossible owing to cliffs and we had no other choice but to climb back most of the way we had come down. To make matters worse it began to rain again and the Dafla coolies were overheard discussing the possibility of dropping their loads and going home. It was 10-30 when we had to turn back and not until 12-15 did we regain the path where we had taken the wrong turning.

Now began a very difficult and long descent on a track that can hardly be called a path ; extremely steep, slippery and thickly overgrown it taxed the strength of our coolies to the utmost. In some places cane-ropes had to be fastened to trees to help in a tricky piece of climbing and throughout the descent one had continuously to use one's hands to negotiate high steps and push aside branches and creepers.

Long before we reached the valley, we heard the roar of a stream. And when at last we emerged from the forest we found ourselves on the high bank of the Perre River less than a hundred yards from its confluence with the Panior River, which rushed in foaming rapids through a narrow, rocky gorge. What gladdened our hearts even more than the beauty of this magnificent scene, was the elegant arch of a cane and bamboo bridge, a lofty bow spanning the Perre River. The Daflas of Potin and Sehemchi, to whom I had given this bridge in contract, welcomed us with proud smiles ; they were just putting the last touches to the railing, but the bridge, resting half on poles and half suspended from the branches of trees, was already usable and we crossed by it to the camp site on the further bank. The Daflas explained that no cane such as used for bridges entirely suspended from trees was available here and so they had built this combination of suspension and post-bridge. They are confident that it will stand up to floods.

I reached the camp site at 4-45 p.m., but it was 5-15 before the last coolies came in. The coolies were very exhausted, but I raised their spirits by issuing some liquor, and promising them before they asked for it, a halt for the next day.

11th March.—Halt at Perre. The beauty of the scenery defies description. The valleys of Panior and Perre, which meet nearly at right angles, are equally narrow, and the slopes clad in high luxurious forest growth rise so steeply from the rock strewn river bed that no path can wind alongside. The waters of both rivers come gushing over rocks ; the Panior as it approaches the confluence falls in an uproar of white foam and spray over rapids and, joined by the Perre, storms against the rocks of sheer cliffs before it disappears in a dark gorge. The Daflas have built several fish traps in both rivers, but only two fish of any size were caught. These they presented to us.

To-day's halt gave not only the coolies a rest, but allowed the Gallongs to build a palm thatched rest house and me to see the bridge across the Pei River completed. This bridge is about half as big as the one over the Perre River, and is a post-bridge, but well above the high water level. I paid the Daflas Rs.150 for both bridges and they promised to come down after the first spell of heavy rain and carry out any necessary repairs. If this route is to be retained, I think it would be a good thing to entrust the upkeep of these two bridges to the Daflas of Sehemchi and pay them a small annual fee.

The distance between Gage and Perre along the Panior River is only a little over four miles, and I discussed with the Daflas the possibility of avoiding this difficult climb up Kemping Hill and down again (3 days march) by making the stretch along the river passable. They themselves had come through the gorge, but said this road was impossible for men with loads and risky even for them. Indeed they had found it so dangerous that they had decided to return to their villages *via* Kemping. I suppose that by blasting an alignment into the rock and by bridging gaps by bamboo bridges a path could be made, but the expense would certainly be very great. The shortening of the route would on the other hand, be very considerable. I gather that in Capt. Nevill's time the gorge route was taken by a column, and that then innumerable bridges built by sepoys were used to cross and recross the river, whenever the cliff face did not lend itself to path-making.

The Daflas told me that an easier route to the Apa-Tani country runs from Diju Tea Estate to Sehemchi and then along the slope and across a height on the south bank of the Panior. It passes below Chodo village and crosses the Panior River about three miles upstream from the confluence with the Pite River. At this season the Daflas cross the river there by bamboo rafts, but a suspension bridge did exist and could be constructed again. From this crossing an easy path leads *via* (the now deserted) Hutu Yus to Mai. This is obviously the route taken by the Miri Mission. Once the country is pacified this route will probably prove the easiest, but at present it is too exposed to raids by Likha and Lichu to be used without risk by unescorted coolies. Most of the villages in this part of the country such as Haru Yus, Tade Yus, Mote, Chuhung and Pilu (83 E, C.3) have all been raided by Likha ; many inhabitants were killed and many were taken as slaves to Lisha. All these villages marked on the map are now deserted.

The temperature at 9 P.M. was 63° F.

12th March.—Perre to Lobu.—Approximately 8 miles.—One of the Plains Dafla coolies who yesterday suffered from fever was worse this morning and could not get up. It was out of the question to leave him at Perre and I had to detail three men to carry him back. Fortunately our loads are now so much lighter than we could just spare the three men.

We left at 7 A.M. in fine weather, and half an hour later crossed the Pei River by the new bridge and began the climb up to Lobu. This is a hard and uninteresting ascent, very short in ; but the path is slightly better than the one up to Kemping. After climbing some 4,000 feet we reached the highest point, and from then on the path led up and down along a narrow-topped spur. There was only one passable view from the top of a sandstone cliff ; unfortunately mist obscured the distance.

At 2-15 P.M. we got to the camp-site on a saddle of the spur, but it was not until two hours later that the coolies arrived, grumbling and groaning about the long climb. My wife had as usual about forty patients. Dim-dam bites gone septic are now the main trouble. Water is very scarce and near this camp as at Kemping there is no adequate thatching material.

13th March.—Lobu to Camp on the Pangen River.—Approximately 11 miles.—We left at 7 A.M. in sunny weather. The path rose at once steeply through high forest, amply interspersed with a small kind of bamboo. As we gained height the vegetation showed that we were gradually leaving the zone of the ever-green sub-tropical rain forest. After an hour we reached a narrow spur, which led up to a bare shoulder

covered with dry grass, brachen and low shrub. The steep but not very difficult ascent brought us to a peak of approximately 7,000 feet, known to the Daflas as Lai. We reached this peak at 9 A.M. but the coolies took one hour more over this stiff climb.

From Lai one has a magnificent view over all the outer ranges. From the valleys veiled in blue mist spurs and slopes sweep up to summits as high and higher than ours, but not in one place is the mantle of thick forest clothing these slopes broken. Even through my binoculars I could not discover a single patch of cultivation ; there was nothing but forest-clad hills as far as the eye could reach [1]. I understood then why it is necessary to climb one ridge after the other, and why the paths lead for hours along the rugged spines of spurs.

The valleys cut into the ridges by the small tributaries of the Panior River end in such steep ravines that anyone following a stream towards the source, would ultimately come face to face with an almost perpendicular slope. It is only the spurs sloping from the peaks in a more moderate incline into the main valleys, along which progress is possible. It is no wonder that this tangle of steep and uninhabited ranges, has so far been an effective barrier between the Apa Tani country and the plains of Assam. We were pointed out a ridge where an Apa Tani died some weeks ago when returning from the plains ; he was held up by snow.

All previous expeditions took a westward course from Lai, past the 7,950 feet peak Yei Lit to the Dafla village of Leji. But our Apa Tanis had suggested a shorter way further east, which leads directly into the Pangen valley. After a fairly steady drop from Lai, it hits a spur, and rises again ; then there are several extremely stiff climbs and drops as it runs along a dented ridge. At 1 P.M. we had not yet begun to drop seriously and, while still high up we ran into a hailstorm. The final descent was steep and slippery and we were very glad when at 5 P.M. we reached the camp-site near the Pangen River. It was here, on the borders of the Apa Tani country that we met the first casual travellers, two Apa Tanis returning to their village after a visit to the plains.

Since the small amount of food left to the Dafla coolies as well as the state of their health had caused me anxiety, I had sent two of our three Apa Tanis ahead from Perre with instructions to bring some men and if possible some rice to the Pangen River. They arrived an hour or so after us, accompanied by 30 men from the villages of Heja and Duta and brought sufficient rice for the Daflas' return journey.

The Apa Tanis are fine looking men, all dressed more or less alike with cane-helmets, coarse cloths and red cane belts ending in little tails. They seem friendly and cheerful and some know a few phrases of Assamese. I gave them cigarettes and matches and they needed no encouragement to crowed round our tent. They are extraordinarily curious and handle any strange object they see with us ; the zip-fastener of our tent is a source of delight and they keep on opening and shutting it. Their whole behaviour reminds me much more of Nagas than of Daflas.

14th March.—Pangen River to Camp west of Hang.—Approximately 10 miles.—At night there was again some rain, but the morning was fine. We discharged and paid 24 Dafla porters who wanted to return. Some of them retraced our steps, while others said they would return *via* Leji and Chodo.

We left at 8 A.M. and crossed first the Pangen River and then a smaller stream. Both will have to be bridged if we are to get down by this route during the rains. The path led then continuously up and down through forest, lit up by the profuse blossom of tree rhododendrons, some blood red, some deep rose and some white. The path was very slippery, and many muddy and even marshy places, now bridged by logs, may be troublesome in the rains. Suddenly we emerge from the forest and saw before us a large clearing with a carpet of mauve primulas covering a gentle slope. Between the primulas, some more than a foot tall, grew violets ; the whole atmosphere was that of early spring.

Once more we entered the forest, and after crossing many a minor hill came to slopes were huge pines (*Pinus excelsa*) are the predominant trees.

Some time after we had met the path leading to Mai, we left the forest and beyond gentle slopes, mauve with primulas, we saw the strange bare hills of the Apa Tani country, rounded grass covered hillocks and spurs, only here and there broken by a strip or patch of high pines. Through the flowery slopes a good path wound downwards to a shallow unbridged stream. Here I saw the first Apa Tani mithan grazing knee deep in primulas. Some were black, some pie-bald and some nearly white. I have seen similar white mithan in the Abor country, but never in the Naga Hills. There were also cows of the ordinary plains breed, but with much thicker fur than plain's cattle. We passed here some rice fields, carefully fenced in with wooden stakes, the stubble still standing. A little further we looked from a height over a large bowl filled with rice-fields arranged in gently rising terraces. These were the fields of Hang, but the village itself was not visible.

We had planned to go straight to Haja, the village of our guides, but when the path over open hillocks and meadows turned west, I felt that something was wrong. Since we had got into open country small groups of Apa Tanis had joined us, and when we asked our guides again to take us straight to Haja, they changed their tone and said that a different camp site had already been selected, a camp site with good water where we would have no difficulty over wood. Some of the men who had joined us were superior clothes and had an air of importance. They were members of a headman's family and it became obvious that neither our guides nor the Apa Tani coolies would act against their orders and that the suggestion of a camp far away from any village had come from these men. I argued for a short while but the Apa Tanis refused stubbornly to take us to Haja, to-day.

We were in a dilemma : to camp at a considerable distance from any village was contrary to my policy and, to near to troublesome Dafla villages, perhaps not absolutely safe, but to force the issue and go to Haja against the Apa Tanis' will might well have prejudiced our future relations. The principal headmen had not come and the other men were evidently acting under orders. So I chose the lesser evil and decided to camp on the suggested site. It was a wind swept slope and much too cold for anyone's liking.

After we had paid the Apa Tanis who had carried our loads, we asked our guides to stay with us in camp and get if possible a few more Apa Tanis to remain with us until tomorrow. Oddly enough they all refused, pretending urgent business in their villages. This was not a good sign, and the Political Jemadar was rather alarmed, fearing not so much any evil intent on the part of the Apa Tanis, but suspecting that they had got wind of the hostile attitude of some Daflas and wanted to dissociate themselves from our party.

[1] On the return journey, however, when the weather was clearer, I saw from Lai the village of Pesin and its rice-fields.

I gathered therefore the more prominent men present, explained to them the object of our coming and asked them to leave a few men in our camp. They agreed to this, and when I gave them cigarettes, tobacco and matches they thawed and became quite jovial. Gradually more men came in, some offering eggs for barter and a few women and children on their way home to Hang from work in the fields mingled with our porters. Tobacco and matches are most in demand as barter goods. The atmosphere grew slowly friendlier and the men crowded round us to see us eating. One of the spectators took suddenly one of our table-knives and offered us his knife ware in a thrash on the chest in exchange. I did not know what implications a refusal of such a ceremonial exchange of weapons might entail and so I acquiesced; a moment later my wife was relieved of her table knife and presented with a far more formidable instrument. If this is Apa Tani custom we will soon be rid of all our cutlery and crockery and have to drink tea from bamboo thanga and eat curry from dexterine, as we watched the Apa Tanis do last night.

At dusk all except three Apa Tanis left the camp. It is extremely cold, indeed much colder than in such equally high camps as Kemping and Lobo.

15th March.—Camp west of Hang to Haja—Approximately 6 miles.—The morning was dull with a cold wind. Apa Tanis began to stream into our camp; partly to trade and partly to look. They have an exaggerated idea of the value of their goods. A woman demanded a hunnar cloth for a small fowl and when I offered one rupee, she packed up her chicken.

By 9 a.m. some of the more important men had returned, but I felt that any hesitation on our part might be taken for a sign of weakness and so we set out for Haja leaving the camp in charge of one of the interpreters. To allay suspicions we were accompanied only by the Political Jemadar, one interpreter and one Gallong coolie carrying political presents. A good many Apa Tanis followed us, and as we walked along the good path across hillocks and through rice-fields more and more joined us. Quite soon we met Kaya, one of our Apa Tani guides, with the good news that he had already despatched Apa Tanis his village to move our camp to Haja.

For long we did not see a village, but groups of people waiting on the path thickened; there were large numbers of women and children among them and so many came with us, that we could no longer see the end of the file behind our party. On a hillock, beyond the land of their own village Nada Rora and Chobin, two influential headmen of Haja awaited us. They are tall men of striking bearing with a good deal of natural dignity. With them we drank rice beer and altogether went towards Haja; from now on our progress resembled more and more that of a triumphal procession. The crowds following swelled and boys and young men raced ahead and alongside on parallel rice bunds, and over the still dry rice-fields.

We had left the bare hillocks and moved now over intensively cultivated land. The wide expanse of terraced rice-fields was broken by raised islands bearing groves of bamboo, pine and flowering fruit trees, and the slopes between the fields and the pine-forests showed the fences and terraces of gardens. Mudang Tage and Michi Ramsin, the first villages on our path lay embedded in bamboo groves and forest, with rows of houses and granaries closely crowded together. In between the houses stood flowering fruit trees, some pink like peach, others a deep old rose.

Passing Duta village, we finally reached an open space near Haja, which the headmen had chosen for our camp site. It turned out to be a burial ground, but we did not know it at the time. The crowds that had followed us began pressing round us as soon as we stopped and we soon found ourselves amidst at least two or three thousand most cheerful Apa Tanis, all shouting excitedly and trying to catch a glimpse of us. It was hardly possible to understand one's own words, and the headmen were quite incapable of commanding order or silence. We sat down under a large pine to talk to Rora and Chobin, but did not get beyond a few polite phrases. Both headmen repeated I us not to go to the village at once; for they feared that the uncontrollable crowds would break fences and platforms in the excitement of trying to see us.

In about an hour and a half our luggage arrived, but it was difficult even to clear enough space to pitch our tent, and we ate our lunch watched as on the stage by thousands of eyes.

In the afternoon we went for a walk across the fields, and returning entered the village, passing first through well cared for groves of bamboo and long rows of granaries, all standing on piles and roofed with bamboos bent over ridge-poles. From a high point we looked through narrow streets and across hundred of roofs thatched with grey and yellow rice straw.

The houses, all facing the streets with their high verandas, are fairly narrow, but long and built on piles from end to end. Now and then the streets open into small piazzas, each with a free-standing sitting platform of enormous wooden boards. Beside some of these platforms stand low shrines (sago) roofed with wooden boards forming a gable.

I can well imagine that the labyrinth of narrow streets, all over-hung by high verandas must be a nightmare to a military commander uncertain of the inhabitants attitude. No expedition has ever entered Haja and Captain Lightfoot, who in 1936 visited the Apa Tani valley with one platoon of Assam Rifles, thought it indeed unsafe to enter any Apa Tani village. But today the friendly and I may say riotous atmosphere was so obvious, that there was no cause for anxiety. For some reason or other the Apa Tanis did not want us yet to enter their houses, but on every sitting platform we were entertained with rice-beer, resembling very much Naga rice-beer, and piazzas and verandas were crowded with curious spectators.

On our return to the camp the crowd had hardly diminished. We ate our dinner besieged by sightseers who commented on every movement with ceaseless chatter. The first Europeans on a South Sea island can not have been objects of more astonishment and curiousity. Comparatively few Apa Tanis have ever been to the plains and particularly the headmen and members of headmen's families have for the most part never left the hills.

16th March.—Halt Camp Haja.—There is as yet no noticeable change in the attitude of the Apa Tanis. We remain the great wonder to be gazed at from morning to evening. At breakfast and ever after we were surrounded by men, women and children, and to the desire to see is now added the wish to barter. Eggs and puffed maize are the main objects offered and cloth, tobacco and matches the articles most in demand. Cloth comes in most usefully for bartering rice. Since we had to leave behind some of the rations for our porters, we have now to buy rice, and while the Apa Tanis do not like to sell it for money, they are willing to exchange it for cloth. White cloth is liked best, black only by some and red cloth is almost universally rejected.

In the morning we went to the village, taking a woollen blanket as a gift for Nada Chobin, the most prominent headman. We had to negotiate the site for a hose ; for our camp, out of sight of the village, was not really suitable as a permanency. The Apa Tanis said they would gladly build us a house and Chobin suggested that he should buy from the owner whatever site we choose, and then lend it to us ; this was to be of course provided the owner agreed to sell ; would we select a site ? So we set out and went all round the village, but with the houses so tightly packed as sardines, and every plot in and near the village fenced in as garden or bamboo grove, the chances of finding a suitable place were scanty. Haja lies on an island between rice-fields and as great is the pressure of the population that not a square foot on this island is unused. We were much taken with the position of a hillock overlooking the village, but this was occupied by a bamboo grove and the owner refused to sacrifice even part of it.

So we agreed to look at a piece of land belonging to the neighbouring village of Duta. Crossing a belt of rice-fields we came to another 'island', and the first glance showed that we were on the right track. For here, flanked by groves of bamboo and fruit trees, within sight of both Duta and Haja was an open slope with a few magnificent pine trees and obviously unused except in parts as a burial ground. It could accommodate several houses, and offered possibilities of almost unlimited extension, the whole of the island bearing nothing but groves, gardens and dry fields. The land was common village property and the question of purchase did not therefore arise. In the afternoon a priest came to our tent, and after a long incantation killed a small chicken and took omens whether our stay at the chosen site would be happy. The omens were propitious, but the priest made the astonishing prophecy that misfortune would strike us if we paid for either the site or the building of the house. Consequently the men of Duta refused all payments and promised to build free of charge whatever was wanted. Whether this generosity is genuine or whether it is a ruse on the side of the headmen to prevent the slaves from earning through us too much money, I cannot yet say.

Our whole camp is suffering badly from the cold, but even more from the crowds of sightseers. The Apa Tanis seem determined to get the maximum of fun out of our visit and nothing will make them budge even a yard. There is a wall of people round every tent and shelter and it is impossible to get away from their stare and their chatter even long after nightfall.

17th March. Camp Haja. Halt—This morning we sent all but three Gallong porters and 25 Apa Tanis to Narula Lashimpur to fetch our second instalment of luggage and stores. It was easy to find Apa Tanis willing to go, but they demand Re. 1 for each day they are on the way ; the same as we have had to pay to other coolies. I believe that soon we will be able to rely for porters mainly on Apa Tanis.

This afternoon two Daflas from Chodo came here, ostensibly to ask whether we would come their way, and also to get some medicine for some one who had burnt his leg. But they were probably sent to see what we are doing and what our plans are. They told me that there is now a temporary bridge across the Panior below its confluence with the Pojeli, but that this bridge would be carried away by the first flood. The site of the bridge would also allow of the construction of a suspension bridge, but none has been built for some time. After crossing this bridge they reached Pei, a village not marked on the map and some two miles south of Leji. Following the Panior up stream one comes after three days from Chodo, to a Dafla village called small Mengo and one day from that lies, on the left bank of the Panior a much larger village also known as Mengo. Between Pei and Mengo are permanent rice-fields, but only *jhum* land. One day further north or north-west lies a village called Perchi, and from there one reaches in several days' march Lebe or Lebla, a large village lying in a shallow bowl like the Apa Tanis country, but without rice-terraces. The Daflas of Lebe speak a dialect different from that of Chodo, but understandable to Chodo people, and subsist by *jhooming* and by collecting sago pith. There are also Solungs living in Lebe and these have a little cultivation. The people of Lebe never visit the plains of Assam, but go to Tibet where they barter skins for salt. Between Mengo and Lebe lies a high range, in the winter covered with snow. My informant wore a Tibetan ear ornament which he had bought in Lebe. He said that no Tibetans ever came to Lebe.

Mengo is well known to certain Apa Tanis and can be reached by them in two to three days, *via* Likha or a path further north. Three years ago a member of Nada Chobin's family went to Mengo to return a run-away slave who had sought refuge in Haja. His action was determined perhaps not so much by the desire to win the friendship of Mengo, but by the fear of drawing on himself the wrath of Mengo if he gave asylum to an escaped slave or furthered his flight.

Later in the day two more Daflas appeared. The Apa Tanis were by no means pleased to see them and would indeed have preferred to usher them away before they had a chance of talking to me. It turned out that they had come from Toko, but belonged originally to Likha and to a family which has suffered badly from the raids of another settlement of Likha. Last November their house was raided by two brothers, Take and Horku of Likha in revenge for the help given previously to a run away slave woman. Two members of their family were killed and seven carried off as slaves. The rest fled to Toko, and now they came enquiring whether Government was preparing to move against Likha. The exact position of Likha is still doubtful, but with the help of coins they were able to explain the relative position of the six settlements of the Likha clan. These Daflas confirmed that Mengo lies on the upper course of the Panior, and at a greater elevation than Likha, which seems to lie in the Kiyi valley.

18th March.—Camp Haja. Halt—Most of the night it rained and the morning found every body in our camp rather cold and wet. The temperature was 52° F. and there was little dry space. My own old tent, a small single fly mountaineering tent, has come through best, but the Political Jemadar and our interpreters and servants were all drenched and miserable. They were more over depressed and irritated by the disappearance of various small things ; in the plains the Apa Tanis have a reputation for theft, and the opportunity offered to the crowds thronging our camp seems to have proved too good to be missed.

There was no sign of the rain stopping and so I asked the headmen whether there was no empty house or granary which we might occupy until our own house was ready. But the Apa Tanis saw grave difficulties ; their gods might be offended if we entered one of their houses, people in the village or we may fall ill, and least convincing of arguments—we would not like the smell in their houses.

By the evening our camp, situated on sticky clay was in such a mess that even the Apa Tanis got worried. They put their heads together and proposed at last that we might stay for the night in a certain house in Duta. The owner said the house was 'empty' and we fondly imagined that we would have it entirely to ourselves.

Since the Political Jemadar and even the Dafla interpreters were not enamoured with the idea of living in an Apa Tānis house, only my wife and I took advantage of the offer. It was an excellent opportunity to break down the Apa Tanis' prejudice against our entering their houses. On the veranda we were met by the priest who sacrificed a chicken and took an omen whether our entry was propitious. The liver was fortunately favourable. After all the gods and spirits had been informed and propitiated we entered and found a large gathering round a cosy fire. Rice beer was served and we soon felt much happier than in our camp and cold tent. We were fed with part of the sacrificial chicken and for our part produced tobacco, *bidis* and last of all some liquor.

At the end of the evening the conversation turned to the subject foremost in the minds of all Duta and Haja men: the danger from Licha, the warlike Dafla village to the west. For years, they complained Licha had been robbing their mithan and capturing their people whom they had then had to ransom with enormous prices. They could not fight against the men of Licha, who treacherously and unseen shot at them from the jungle with poisoned arrows. But now I had come and heard of their plight they all expected Government to put an end to Licha's depredations and to afford the Apa Tanis protection. This was a ticklish subject, and I tried to shelve it by pointing out that the season was already too far progressed for any expedition to Licha or anywhere else. But why should Government bother to march against Licha on the ground, argued the Apa Tanis, who must have heard rumours of air raids and saw often American planes flying over their valley. Why not drop a few bombs from an aeroplane and finish off the village altogether? No spears and arrows could harm an aeroplane and they, the Apa Tanis, did not mind if they did not get their mithan back; what they wanted was security, and with Licha existing they never could be secure. But if Government could not take action against Licha, could we not bring at least a dozen sepoys to guard the Apa Tani country? When we leave after two or three months, will Licha not pounce on Haja and Duta for giving us hospitality? Licha was already boasting that Government did not dare to touch them; if we left without anything done, would the Licha men not laugh and swell in their pride,

There was no end to this talk and I had to break up the gathering by pleading fatigue. The guests left, but not the people of the house. So we spread our bedding on one side of the fire while they slept on the other.

19th March. From Camp Haja to Duta. Approximately 1 mile—Our first night in an Apa Tani house passed uneventfully and not unpleasantly. In the morning many neighbours came to look at us and our host had a difficult time preventing the sight seers from overcrowding his house.

To-day I trained only intermittently and the men of Haja and Duta worked seriously at our house. The thatch we got from an old house which we bought for it stood for Rs. 10, and by evening our house was more or less completed. In lieu of wages we distributed tobacco and matches and issued some of our distilled liquor. Comparatively few men had ever tasted it, and though some were enthusiastic about this new drink, it was on the whole not a success; particularly the more prominent men either refused it or spat it out after tasting it. I think that in future no distilled liquor should be given to Apa Tanis.

When all the tobacco and matches had been distributed there was a terrific row. Some men claimed that they had not got enough and abused the Apa Tani *kotāl* who had shared out the presents, and some of the headmen tried to keep order by shouting louder than any one else. For about half an hour there was complete pandemonium, and by dragging and pushing each other from our verandah they nearly demolished the house they had just built. The Political Jemadar said that in his whole carrier he had never watched such a scene. But gradually the noise subsided and all went home happily.

20th March—Camp Duta, Halt—In our own house we are much more comfortable, and this morning the Political Jemadar and Temi could move into theirs. But if we thought that we would have more privacy, we were sadly mistaken. Though raised on piles, our veranda is still besieged by crowds, and we are quite powerless to prevent people from clambering up. Surrounded by chattering multitudes it is impossible to talk to anyone in peace, and the very subject of our study are the greatest hindrance to getting down to real work.

My wife spent the whole morning in doctoring; there are masses of patients and she has already exhausted our entire supply of bandages.

Among our visitors was one of the headmen of Bela (marked on the map as Reru). When I suggested going to see his village, he hesitated and said that his brother had just brought back the hand of a woman of Pemir, whom he had killed in revenge for being captured by the men of her household. The ceremony of disposing of the hand would be the day after to-morrow. If possible I will go and see this "hand-burning" rite.

Other visitors were two Daflas, the sons of the headmen of Toko. They had no message to tell and seemed extraordinarily dull. I tried to get from them more information on Mengo, but they either could not or would not tell. But they told me that Toko, which incidentally has never been visited, is a village of about 60 houses and has some rice cultivation on irrigated fields besides a great deal of *jhum* cultivation.

While we had lunch on our veranda, several young men forced their way up, flourishing a large side of bacon which they wanted to sell. I offered money or tobacco, but they wanted beads,—red beads. Our Apa Tani interpreter Karu explained that we could not spare beads for buying food, but the boys insisted rather obstinately and stupidly on beads. At last Karu and another Duta man in attendance lost patience and tried to throw the youths from the veranda. I now realized that the visitors were from Hari village and tried to placate our men. But tempers waxed hot, there was a tussel, and suddenly *daos* flashed. I saw Karu drawing his knife; raising it high, he pointed at a Hari man's chest. I caught Karu's arm, and my wife threw herself at the Hari man with the bared *dao* so that both nearly toppled from the veranda. Then some other men separated the enraged parties, and the Hari men withdrew shouting abuse at our men, who yelled themselves hoarse from the veranda. To save the situation and placate the visitors, I bought the piece of pork at a rather exaggerated price, and then we resumed lunch, the omelette having meanwhile collapsed. Later I explained to our Apa Tanis that I don't mind barter at break-fast, but do object to murder at meals. They swore they had not meant to put their knives into the Hari men and drew only when they saw the flash of iron.

21st March.—Camp Duta. Halt—For the last few days the Haja men have been insisting on telling me the full story of their grievances against Licha, and this morning I assembled the important men of Haja and Duta under the pines near our house and asked them to explain the situation in detail. They brought three

bundles of thin bamboo sticks, and dragged a long bamboo into the centre of the place chosen for the discussion. But there was much delay and hesitation, for Nada Raza and Chobin had not yet arrived. Only when they came, did the discussion begin. Squatting in front of the long bamboo Nada Roza untied one of the bundles and began slowly to arrange the small bamboo splinters against the bamboo. When about thirty were leaning against it, he put two pieces cross wise to as to cover four on the one side and some on the other.

Then he started his tale, pointing to the bamboos as he proceeded. It was all about the wrongs suffered from the hands of the Dafias of Licha and the bamboo splinters were a tally of the losses which alone his clan—the Nada people—had suffered in recent years. Four of the pieces represented persons and eighteen mithan. Of the four persons two were Nada men captured by Dafias of Licha and later released on payment of enormous ransoms, one a Nada woman murdered by a Licha man and one a Dafia slave, who escaped from his Nada master and sought refuge in Licha. The Licha men arranged for his return to his own village, and for this received a reward, but Haja claims that Licha should compensate them by paying the slave's original price.

While in this latest case the right is not clearly on the side of the Apa Tanis there can be no doubt that they are suffering badly from the Dafias' rubberies of cattle. Many mithan have been driven off to Licha or slaughtered in the forest, and Rona alone has lost during the last three years six mithan to Licha. Three years ago men of Licha robbed 3 mithan of Chobin, one year ago one of his mithan, and only recently another; the latest theft occurred while Kaya was in the plains waiting for us.

The Apa Tanis are emphatic that they have not captured any men or mithan belonging to Licha but in how far this is true remains to be seen.

A further grievance is that Licha serves as a refuge to all runaway Dafia slaves and to such Dafias who have debts to Apa Tanis. It seems to be quite a normal things for Dafias who have had some difficulty in their village to come to Apa Tanis villages, borrow rice and if they cannot repay it, to settle down to leave their creditors until such a time when they can pay off their debt. But often they run away before, and if they can reach Licha, they cannot be forced to return. Having plenty of grain Apa Tanis seem quite frequently to support Dafias who have left their village on account of some quarrel and if such Dafias cannot return their debts in kind, they are in danger of becoming the slaves of their creditors. Usually a slave serving on account of a loan cannot be sold, but if there seems no chance of an early repayment and he gives any trouble he may be sold.

When we closed the session at 1 p. m. only a small number of cases had been related, but I assured the men that I would stay long enough to hear everything.

Earlier this morning an aeroplane circled round the valley, and when we waved with a white cloth, it dropped mail for us, a bag with some unused food and newspapers. Americans whom I had met in connection with the rumour of a crashed plane told me that they would look out for us in the Apa Tani country, which from the air was known as them. The impression of this visit of a plane on the Apa Tanis is very great. In the afternoon they brought two small chickens to ask the omens where an aeroplane could land. They showed me a large open field not far from our house which might lend itself for the purpose.

22nd March.—Hali—To Bela and back.—This morning we went to Bela, a village hardly more than a mile east of Duta. This village is marked on the map as Reru, but Reru is only one part of it; another part is called Kalung, and a third Tajang. The path led for the most part of the way in continual zigzags along the slippery dams of rice fields; the digging over of the rice fields has not yet seriously begun but close to the villages the seedlings are already sprouting in the nurseries.

Bela is a very large village and we walked through a long street with high platforms on both sides before we came to a sitting platform (*tapang*) crowded with men. Closeby was another *tapang* and beside it a *sago* or shrine. In front of this platform a fire was smoking under a temporary shelter and we realized that part of the ritual disposal of the captured Miri hand was already over. For in this fire the hand was now being burnt.

Some six months ago Tahyang Nipa, a middle-aged man of Kalung, went hunting in the direction of Pemir (Map 83 E, D2) a village between the Pesa River and Kamla River, and was ambushed by men of that village, tied and led into captivity. For three months he was kept in stocks and the negotiations for his release were delayed by unfavourable omens and the fact that another Apa Tani, of Hari village, was (and still is) held by Miris of the same group of villages. In the end Nipa managed to escape and returned to Bela. But determined to have his revenge, he went some days ago to Pemir, hid near a granary of the man who had captured him, and when a woman of his household came to fetch rice, followed her into the granary, killed her and cut off her hand. Then he returned to Bela.

When Nipa brought the hand home, the spirits of the deceased and living relatives of the killed woman were invited to the feast and given food offerings. The hand was then impaled on a bamboo and kept in the *sago* shrine.

Shortly after our arrival began a dance and a sham fight of the young men and boys of Nipa's *khel*. He himself and the priest took part and all wore cane hats and ceremonial dress, carried shields of hide and basket work and brandished swordlike *dao*. Nipa himself wore in addition bow and quiver, and the spears of the dancers were put up beside the platform.

The dance and sham fight were rather tame and there was very little general excitment. Most people were much more interested in us than in the hand-hunting rite.

But just as the dancers were celebrating their triumph there sprang up the rumour that Dafia warriors were at the entrance to the village. In a moment the air was buzzing with sensational news: 'A force of Dafias many hundred strong was seen hiding in the forest',—'Fighting had already broken out in Haja and Duta',—'Men of Licha were advancing on Haja'. How the rumour arose, I never learnt, but within a short time it turned out, that the Dafias had existed only in the imagination of some boys, and the ceremonies continued. A small goat was brought for sacrifice, the priest invoked spirits and deities and offered libations of rice beer. Then all the dancers were given some of the ceremonial rice beer and I too got a cupful.

The rest of the day we spent in seeing the various parts of the village which is said to comprise nine hundred houses. Off and on it rained and the mud in the streets was ankle deep; by the time we left most were serving as courses for small rivulets.

23rd March.—Halt Duta—For some days I have had a bad cold and yesterday's excursion in the rain laid me out. But I am not alone with this trouble: the whole camp is sneezing and coughing and we are all longing for the rain to stop and the temperature to rise. 48° at night, 52° in the day in our flimsy bamboo houses is definitely uncomfortable. But the landscape becomes more and more lovely; in and around the villages large trees are covering themselves with white blossoms and in all the gorges and forests this delicate white is breaking through the green of bamboos and pine.

I am gradually approaching an understanding of the village organization. The clans *bala* are more or less local units; some of them have their own sitting platform (*lapang*) but more often two or three clans are grouped together and share one *lapang*, to which also the word *lapang* is also used for this larger unit; some *lapang* have their own *ago* shrine, but usually several *lapang* use one *ago* and form a ritual and in certain respects political unit; such a group of *lapang* with one *ago* can be compared to the *khel* of the Nagas. Sometimes it has a name of its own such as Reru, and the name on the map is in this case that of a *khel* and not of the whole village.

24th March.—Halt Duta—It is still pouring with rain, but visitors coming and going from morning to evening keep me busy.

To-day I heard from one of the Haja headmen that the Dafla of Toko and Jorum, the two villages immediately west of the Apa Tani country came three generations ago from a place called Hidjat Lupa-hber somewhere near the Khru River. At first they settled among the Apa Tanis, but the latter did not relish so many Daflas living in their villages and allotted them the land of Toko and Jorum. My informant said that some of these Daflas still maintain connections with their old home, which he believed to lie ten marches to the north, east of Lebe. The people of Lupahber are said to go sometimes to Tibet.

Karu, one of the Apa Tani interpreters returned today from Toko. He bitb there some work of his own, and I took the opportunity of sending a message to Toko Bur, one of the headmen, asking him to come and see me. The headman replied that he could not come himself, but would send his wife and his son. Karu commented that his wife was indeed the most important person in Toko, and "spoke better than the headman himself."

To-day I discussed with several men the position of slaves. It seems that slaves are very numerous among the Apa Tanis, and for a fairly wealthy man it is quite a normal thing to have three of four slaves. However only as long as a slave lives under his master's roof is he his absolute property and can be sold. But when a slave had been for some years in a man's service, is married and has some children it is customary for the owner to provide him with a house site and with land and give him for all practical pur-poses his freedom. Such a freed slave can no longer be sold nor he deprived of his land at his former owner's will; he and his family are however under an obligation to render his master help whenever required, but this obligation is more moral and social than economic; the protection afforded by his former owner, who has now assumed the role of a patron, is the reward for occasional help in field and house. And since a freed slave has usually no influential kinsmen, such protection is very vital for him and he will not lightly antago-nize his former master by refusing to work for him. The servitude of female slaves is as a rule even more limited than that of male slaves; for a slave girl can marry a free man*, who, if she goes to live with his from choice, need not pay her full price, but give the owner only a nominal gift, such as a dao. Or the girl may go and live with a slave, and in that case the owner has no right to interfere and receives from the slave's owner again only a nominal price. Some free girls, on the other hand, marry slaves, usually, I suppose, in the expectation of their husbands gaining their freedom and setting up their own households.

Apa Tanis seldom sell their Apa Tani slaves outside their own country, and Apa Tanis hold by Daflas are as a rule captives. Among themselves they sell slaves for prices varying between two and five mithan. Their domestic slavery seems to be of a fairly mild type, and the slaves are not easily distinguish-able from free men. How it came about that a large number of Apa Tanis are slaves I cannot yet say, but many individual slaves owe their status to personal indebtedness or poverty of parents or relatives: I have heard of poor parents selling their children and of a brother selling his sister, usually in times of food shortage. **

Some Apa Tanis own also a few Dafla slaves, most of whom they have bought from Daflas. For Daflas maintain a regular trade in slaves and have no scruples in selling Dafla slaves to men of other tribes.

25th March.—Duta. Halt—For some days I have been collecting information on the route to the Kamla River and the relations of the Apa Tanis with the Daflas and Miri villages between here and the Kamla. I had planned to go at least as far as Chemsir, the first major Miri village, but it seems now that there will be considerable difficulties. Duta and Haja entertain no relations with the village on that side, and Bela and Hari have recently had some quarrels with the Miris to the north. Indeed their relations with the people of Pemir, Murga and Bua are at present so bad that it seems doubtful whether any Apa Tanis can safely go that side. *

I have mentioned already the case of Talyang Nipo of Bela capturing the hand of a woman of Pemir. To-day I was told of a case affecting Hari village.

Tayo Tara, a man of Bua had bought on credit several mithan of Hari; he procrastinated over the payment of their price so long that the Apa Tanis got angry and decided to kill him. Last year they called him to Hari, ambushed and killed him on the way and performed with his hand the *nyia* ceremony. Now Tayo Tara, was a relation of Guch Tamar a Miri a *pusa* holder of Chemsir, and when some five months ago Hage Gar an Apa Tani of Hari, went there, Guch Tamar captured him and is still holding him as prisoner.

It is therefore very doubtful whether one could proceed with Apa Tani guides to Bua and Chemsir without risking trouble.

To-day I discussed also the possibility of sending messages to Mengo, the big Dafla village beyond Likha and on the way to Lebe (Lebia) which is reputed to have close relations with Tibet. For next year's tour it would be valuable to win over Mengo, and there is no reason why the quarrel with Licha should affect relations with Daflas further west and north. The Apa Tanis of Haja said that some of them have been to

* Only members of *gachi* or plebeian clans can marry slaves.

** This occurs only in families of *gachi* clan, never in patrician families.

* The Apa Tanis refer to all the tribes known in the plains as Daflas and Miris as 'Mishmis', and there is indeed no clear distinction between Daflas and Hill Miris; the people of Pemir, Rakhe and Murga, for instance, intermarry with both the 'Miris' of the Chemsir group and with the 'Daflas' of Mimtar and Limo.

Mengo and that they have no quarrel with the Daflas of Mengo. But they are emphatic that this year it is too late to send messengers; there are various tributaries of the Panior to be crossed and no messenger would dare to undertake the journey now the rains have started. The weather is indeed abominable; ever since the first two days we have hardly seen the sun, and the temperature rises seldom above 52°F.

26th March.—Camp Dutta—Halt—To-day the men of Haja and Duta continued to tell me of their grievances against Licha. Their spokesman was Chigi Nime, one of the headmen and the most prominent priest of Duta, who is many of the cases had acted as go-between and negotiator. Before starting his account he laid out some 120 bamboo sticks arranging them in groups and crossing some with smaller sticks; each representing a man, a *mithan* or one of the many valuables paid to Licha as ransom for captured men or mithan. He began by invoking the gods and swearing by sun and earth that he would tell the truth and nothing but the truth. He is certainly a great believer in detail and seems to remember every *doo*, cloth or piece of pork as beef that has ever figured in the transactions between the Apa Tanis and Licha.

The cases recounted can be divided into those dealing with the capture of men and those where the victims were mithan. The Apa Tanis try to effect the release of both men and mithan and Chigi Nime usually seems to act as negotiator.

Two recent cases of the capture and subsequent release of men are worth recording.

1. One year ago Para Tada and Para Pegang of Haja went to cut cane and met in the forest four Daflas of Licha and four Daflas of Biabu, a village one day beyond Licha. The Daflas overwhelmed them and took them with tied hands to Biabu, where they were put into stocks and kept in the house of Bebi Tem. Their arms were moreover hamstrered with the blunt side of *dao*, to prevent them from being able to use their hands in any attempt to free themselves from the stocks. They were kept there for two months and were given very insufficient food. The Daflas of Biabu said they were acting under the instructions of Licha; they had previously no quarrel with Haja.

When Tada and Pegang did not return Haja sent messengers to Licha and heard of their whereabouts. Chigi Nime then went to negotiate the release. He paid for Tada: two mithan, four *doo ganir* (Tibetan prayer bells), three silk cloths, 1 white cloth, 4 Apa Tani cloths, 3 brass plates, 3 Tibetan *doo*, 5 ordinary *doo*, 4 axes, 4 hoes; and for Pegang: 1 mithan, 2 *doo ganir*, 3 brass plates, 3 Apa Tani cloths, 2 Tibetan *doo*, 2 ordinary *doo*, 2 axes, and 4 seers of salt. Moreover eight negotiators of Licha had to be paid feer ranging from 1 *doo ganir* 3 silk cloths, 1 white cloth, 1 Dafla cloth, 1 Apa Tani cloth, 2 seers of salt and 1 *doo* for the chief mediator, to 1 *doo* and 1 cloth for men who had played minor roles.

2. Five months ago Koji Taram of Duta was going hunting and was captured by men of Licha who lay in hiding close to Duta. He was released for a ransom of two mithan and three negotiators on Licha's side received fees of *doo* and cloth. In this case the release was effected within 10 days.

The stealing of mithan is much more frequent than the capture of men. Sometimes the mithan are killed and eaten at once, but more often they are taken to Licha and released on the payment of ransom. Sometimes the ransom is nearly as great as the value of the mithan, but it seems to be a point of honour to effect the release of captured mithan at all costs. Thus Nime paid recently as ransom for one mithan cow: 1 mithan calf, 1 large pig, 1 brass plate, 2 cloths, 1 *doo* and as fees for mediators 4 cloths, 1 brass cup, and 4 seers of salt.

It would seem that the Daflas grow rich at the expense of their Apa Tani neighbours who go on paying enormous ransoms and cannot muster the courage to take some decisive action against the numerically weaker men of Licha. On the side of the Daflas the capturing of men and mithan is a purely mercenary enterprise; they never capture very poor men for whom no one would pay a high ransom, and such men, protected by their poverty, are therefore often used as messengers before the actual negotiations about the ransom begin.

27th March.—Camp Duta—Halt—Padi Layang, a headman of Reru, came this morning to repay my visit to his village. He says that his influence extends over the eight *lapang* forming the sub-village Reru, but his actual relations to the clan headmen are still obscure. Everytime I discuss the village organization I discover some new aspect, and the difficulty of classification is probably due to the fact that my Dafla interpreters do not understand the system either. If only one could find an Apa Tani who speaks fairly fluent Assamese.

Padi Layang has also his grievances against the Daflas, and against the Daflas of Ayo, a village to the north of Limia, in particular. Like many Apa Tanis he does not look after his mithan himself, but gives them into the care of Daflas in neighbouring villages. For instance, he has ten in Tapo and seven in Limia; as reward for their care the Daflas receive one account of each mithan cow they tend, one calf every third year. Within the last three years four of Layangs' mithan kept in Limia and Tapo were stolen by men of Ayo and Layang has been unable to obtain any compensation. At my suggestion that it might be safer to keep the mithan in the Apa Tani country, he replied that if all Apa Tanis kept their mithan near their villages no rice-field would remain undamaged.

In their cattle economy the Apa Tanis remind me of capitalists who are not energetic enough to run their business themselves and not strong enough to protect their investments against encroachment; therefore continuous trouble with mithan which are robbed or witheld by the men into whose care they were given.

This evening I watched in Duta the sacrifice of a mithan calf. Koji Taram gave the feast in preparation of a greater feast that he will give next year for the whole village when six mithan will be killed.

Tonight fifteen Apa Tani coolies returned from North Lakhimpur and announced that another batch with our Gallongs and a babu (obviously the new doctor) was coming to-morrow. They had come ahead while the others camped at the Pangen River.

It is still *rainy* and very cold; under 50°F., at night and not more than 55° at mid-day. We are all longing for some sunshine.

28th March.—Camp Duta—Halt—At last a fine day and appreciably warmer; at midday the temperature rose to 68°. But the mud in the village is still ankle-deep and in places deeper. Bare feet and gum boots are the only eventualities of moving through the streets. The rice in the seed beds is now sprouting, but in most terraces the stubble is still standing.

Today we built a house for the Gallong porters and began the house which while serve as dispensary and doctor's quarters. Padi Layang of Bela offered to build it and brought his villagers to do the work; he fed them with rice, pork and rice-beer, and we paid them with tobacco and matches. It seems indeed that

some headmen can raise a considerable number of men. Padi Layang does not receive tribute from his co-villagers; when he requires help on his fields he can summon certain members and they work for him without wages, but he is expected to feed them.

In the late afternoon a batch of porters returned from North Lakhimpur, and with them came the new doctor, Ajitkumar Bhattacharya; he is a young man and impresses me very favourably. The party had rain the whole way, and the Gallongs complain very much about the cold they experienced in the high camps. They are accompanied by a Gallong Political Jemadar from Sadiya, who has with him three men to carry his own luggage. Since he does not know the country or any of the local dialects, he will be of no use whatsoever and realizing this, he is keen on returning to Sadiya as soon as possible.

Since the doctor's luggage and stores had to be brought up, none of my own stuff has come. Some of the Gallongs rations, which were carried by Apa Tani coolies seem to have been pilfered on the way and the Political Jemadar is short of some articles from his loads. The Apa Tanis' tendency to petty theft will, I am afraid, be a difficulty when Apa Tanis are used as porters and dak runners on our lines of communications.

29th March.—Data to Hang.—Approximately 3 miles.—This morning we unpacked the medical supplies and the doctor started treating Apa Tani patients. He was busy most of the morning, but the medicines the Medical Department has supplied are so deficient and so few that he had to use mainly our old stock. Though the arrival of the doctor has relieved my wife of a great burden, it has in no way solved the problem of medicines. There is also the problem of the rest of the medical staff. I hear that the compounder whom I refused to take with me from North Lakhimpur (a man just returned from sick leave, and who was still suffering from ulcers of the feet) has nevertheless been appointed. He would be a dead weight and necessitate additional transport of supplies, while there are in any case no medicines worth mentioning to compound. But we are lucky in the doctor; he is enthusiastic and very reasonable.

The other day I sent a message to Toko Bat, one of the headmen of Toko, and he replied rather oddly, that he could not come but would send his wife. She came this morning and I found her a very pleasant and intelligent lady, with a large goitre. Toko, she told me, consists of three settlements one or two furlongs apart, and each is as large as Haja. Though this may be an exaggeration, they comprise obviously several hundred houses*. There is some rice-cultivation on irrigated terraces, but not as much as here. She said that she had never been to Mengo and that people of Toko never went there; all she knows is that Mengo is a large village. Neither had she ever been to Hidjin Lupukher, the village half-way to be the house of the Daflas of Tobo and Jorum. Men from there come as far as Nielom and Licha, but not to Toko. In Licha they barter chillies and dried bamboo shoots for salt. She did not know whether Hidjin Lupukher entertained any trade with Tibet, only that large quantities of salt passed to Lupukher through Licha and Nielom.

Toko is not on friendly terms with Licha and Nielom; last year men of Licha and Nielom stole five of Toko's mithan, and this year another five†. She said that Toko could cope with Licha since it is not far the latter's excellent strategic position; Licha is surrounded by hills and its fighting men hold a constant watch on its approaches. If any expedition against Licha is undertaken, it will be of value to have a friendly Toko on the route, and Toko could no doubt provide guides and coolies. Toko is on very good terms with Haja, and a mixed Toko and Apa Tani porter-force may be preferable to a purely Data or purely Apa Tani force.

Data lies so central that I have been in frequent touch with men of most Apa Tani villages; only Hang lies further away and no important men from there have yet been to see me. So I went to-day to Hang to make contact and see the village. From Data it is an easy walk across rice-fields and one hillock bearing bamboo and pine groves, gardens and maize plots, which belongs to Medang Tage. The small maize plants are already 2-3 inches high, but still of a pale yellow. Besides the gardens there are fairly extensive dry fields on which mainly millet is grown and I wonder how it is that without ploughing and without burning of jungle the fertility of the soil can there be indefinitely retained.

In Hang, as in all Apa Tani villages, there is a difficulty over camp sites. For houses, granaries, gardens and groves reach right down to the rice-fields and open sites on slightly raised ground lie all far from the village. But at this time of the year some of the rice-fields are not yet flooded and we camped on one of them.

Then we climbed up to the high-lying village. It resembles closely the other Apa Tani villages, but I realized here for the first time the function of the high poles with cross bars. For here long cane ropes were attached to the top of these poles and ran at a gentle inclination to a point on the ground where the other end was fastened. They serve as a kind of gymnasium and two men began almost at once to demonstrate their skill as acrobats. First they pulled down the cane rope where it was close to the ground, then sitting astride one of them allowed himself to be lifted into the air. There is a post with a cane rope attached at each sitting platform (*lapang*) but the size of the post varies greatly.

I was told that Hang consists of over 800 houses, and of these 200 burnt down recently but have now been rebuilt. In the newly built part of the village I saw a *sago* shrine, and beside it a bamboo pole standing in the centre of a heap of stones. This heap and bamboo were put up when men of the *lapang* killed a tiger (in a trap). Some grass is tied to a bamboo post and a number of small arrows stick in the pole. When the tiger was brought in one eye was tied to the post, and the Apa Tanis then shot at the eye in order to blind the soul of the tiger.

There are 19 clans in Hang and each has one *lapang* (sitting-platform); but there are only three *sago*-shrines. One *sago* serves as the cult centre of 14 clans, and the two others of three and two clans respectively. Every clan has at least one headman and these headmen are said to be theoretically equal. But Ponyo Tamar, a very rich old man of the Ponyo clan is said to have more influence than the other headmen.

Ponyo Tamar was very friendly and offered to have the house of one of his slaves vacated for us in case we wanted to stay in the village.

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*This is an example of the unreliability of hear-say information; Toko contains at the most 85 houses, some of them long-houses with twelve and more hearths.

†In this respect she was purposely deceiving me; Toko Bat has close kinship relations with Licha and is on friendly terms with Nielom.

Pinay celebrated this year the Miloko rite, which is performed in turn by the various Apa Tani villages. It is obviously an agricultural rite, held in the month corresponding to March, at the beginning of the agricultural year. Fowls are sacrificed on the sitting platforms and pigs in the gardens; characteristically no mithan are used for these sacrifices, though they may be slaughtered for meat. It is only at this feast that cane-ropes are tied to the poles and the young men perform their gymnastics. Since the month of the Miloko has come to an end, the ropes will soon be removed.

30th March.—Hang to Duta. Approximately 3 miles—Our joy over the better weather was short lived. It began to rain in the night and rained without stopping the whole day.

Inspite of the rain our camp was surrounded by sightseers, but when we tried to get six men to carry our loads back to Duta, there were difficulties and hardly any of the young men volunteered.

As in the pouring rain, it was impossible to sit on the public platforms, Ponyo Tamar consented to our sitting in his house. He is apparently free from the prejudice against strangers entering the house which prevails in Haja. I gave Tamar one of the coloured blankets bought as political presents and he seemed to like it immensely.

The disposal of his property gives a good idea of the inheritance rules. Tamar has five sons and fifteen daughters; they are the children of three wives; his fourth wife, a young girl whom he married only two years ago, has no children. As each of Tamar's sons married he gave him a house-site near his own house, land for cultivation, slaves and cattle. When his daughters married he gave them beds, clothes and one mithan and one cow each. Only his youngest son lives still in his house, but has separate fields and granaries; when Tamar dies all his remaining property including some 100 mithan and 100 cows, as well as six male and four female slaves will go to the youngest son, who retains his father's house. The elder sons and the daughters have no more claim to the estate. Before the division of his property Tamar possessed 50 slaves, five of them Daflas. He freed ten of his slaves and gave them land; one of these sat in the front row of the circle round me and took as much part in the conversation as any other man.

Land is extremely expensive and never sold for anything but mithan or cows. Neither slaves nor pigs nor any other valuable can be used to purchase land. For a good house site in the village 10 mithan are paid, for one medium sized rice field measuring about 1/3 acre ten mithan. A small plot of dry land costs one mithan. Land sufficient to support one couple with children is worth about 100 mithan*. For poor men it is therefore quite impossible to acquire any appreciable amount of wet land, such an amount, for instance, which would be necessary to set up a married son. But there is on the borders of the village land some unclaimed land suitable for dry cultivation and this can be taken up by poor men. All forest is clan or village-property. There exists apparently no cultivated land held as common property by individual clans.

The Apa Tanis never use rupees for transactions amongst themselves. Mithan are the principal medium of exchange for all major payments and there is no commodity which cannot be bought with mithan.

For ceremonial payments, such as bride-prices and fines, mithan are also the principal currency.

I had hoped to see more of the village but the pouring rain made this impracticable. The way back over the slippery dams of rice fields was rather troublesome. Even in this weather women were at work on various fields, digging over the soil and repairing dams.

31st March.—Camp Duta. Halt—Last night I heard that a woman of Hari accused of theft was being kept tied up between a *sago* shrine and a sitting platform in Haja and this morning I went to see for myself. I found a small crowd collected on and round the Taru sitting-platform, and under it, somewhat protected from rain by a projecting board sat a young woman, her left foot secured in the hole of a large wooden log by an iron peg and her arms and body tied by tight cane ropes to the *lapang* behind; her hair knot had been cut off, but she had still her ornaments. Pila, our interpreter, was just talking to her and considering her precarious situation she seemed extraordinary calm and even cheerful. The cane-ropes round her arms were so tight that the arms were red and swollen, but at my request these ropes were loosened. She had a small fire and some rice in a broken gourd beside her.

First I was told that she was being punished for stealing a brass plate, but later I realized that the position was by no means so simple.

The fettered woman was Sano Rali, and her husband Hari Bachan was killed less than a year ago on account of a theft alleged to have been committed by his sister Moriem.

The accusation against Bachan's widow, Sano Rali stands as far as I can say in no connection with the quarrel which led to Bachan's murder. Some months ago a brass-plate *tal* belonging to Kago Gati of Haja was stolen. The owner has grounds for believing that Dani Pila was the thief and resolved to capture him. But Dani Pila, though not a rich man, has many kinsmen and Kago Gati saw no possibility of laying hands on him without risking an open fight. He therefore captured Dani Pila's young daughter, a half grown girl, and took her to his house and kept her there in stocks. This was at the time of last year's rice harvest, approximately five months ago. Dani Pila kept quiet and at first did nothing to effect his daughter's release. But later on he arranged to pay Kago Gati one mithan and one dao. Gati accepted these but did not release the girl. Dani Pila and his accomplice Tasso Talo tried then to find a scape goat and put the blame on Hari Bachan, who could no longer defend himself, and on his widow, who is a poor woman without influential kinsmen. Tasso Talo captured the widow, Sano Rali, in her own house and brought her bound to Haja. There he made her over to Kago Gati, saying that she and her husband had stolen the brass plate. At that Kago Gati released Dani Pila's daughter whom he had kept in stocks for more than five months and conferred with Nada Chobin, his mother's brother and one of the most prominent headman of Haja, what to do with Sano Rali.

Chobin ordered her to be put into the stocks between the Taru lapang and *sago* shrine. This is the *sago* also used by the Kago people, and the idea was that the proximity of the *sago*, where criminals are executed would frighten the woman and she would confess the truth.

The belief that Dani Pila was the original thief is not shaken, however, and it seems that Sano Rali is only considered a convenient scape goat.

After a day's discussion and many protestations of innocence from Sano Rali, it was decided that Chobin would reconcile Kago Gati and Dani Pila by daughtering some animal and giving a feast, and

*When referring to the value of land Apa Tanis use the word "mithan" in the sense of mithan-value-unit; one such unit is a small calf or an ox of plains breed; a full grown mithan cow counts as four mithan units.

that to recoupe his expense he would take Sano Rali into his house as a slave. But privately he told me that he would allow her to return to Hari as soon as the excitement is over. For the moment Chobin's protection is for Sano Rali perhaps the best way out of a precarious position.

TOUR DIARY OF THE SPECIAL OFFICER, SUBANSIRI, 1st APRIL—15th APRIL 1944

1st April.—Camp Duta. Halt.—Since to-day the Gallong porters' wages had to be paid, the question of their pay had at last to be settled. They were firm in the assertion that when recruited they had been promised similar terms as for work on the Ledo Road, and there the monthly pay started from Rs.32 and rose to Rs.62. I explained to them that the work here could not be compared to a war-job, and offered them Rs.20 *plus* a bonus of Rs.5 for good work. But they were stubborn in their refusal to work for such pay and declared that they would rather return to Sadiya. Finally it was agreed that they should get Rs.20 *plus* a bonus of Rs.10 per month, but that, as on the Ledo Road, they would have to carry full loads of 20 seers per man, and not 20 seers as I had conceded when they had grumbled over the load route.

The quarrel in Haja has petered out. Chobin and the other influential men have decided that there is no point in raising once more the question of how Dani Pila came into possession of the plate of Kago Geti and whether he or any other was guilty of the theft. But Sano Rali, the woman accused by Dani Pila and his accomplice, is now kept in Chobin's house in the position of a slave; she goes about freely and weaves cloth for Chobin, an occupation in which she is expert. No one seems to see anyth ng wrong in this solution of a quarrel which threatened to disturb the harmony of the village and has now been settled at the expense of a woman of another village unfortunate enough to have no influential kinsmen.

Yesterday a priest of Duta performed the Korlang-ui rite in honour of the deities of lightning, forest, weaver and fields, praying for good crops before the transplanting of the rice begins. Both Duta and Haja are observing two days' abstention from work, and the Apa Tanis have insisted that even our Gallong should not go and cut wood; they brought us enough wood for the two days from their own stores rather than that we should violate the taboo. They also do not want anyone to go beyond certain limits, and told us that during these days no people from other villages would be allowed to come to Duta and Haja. Actually several people from other villages came to our camp to-day as well as to Haja and nobody seemed to object; it seems that in theory the observance is stricter than in practice. Duta and Haja are in matters of pujas and genna one unit; if either of the two villages performs the Korlang-ui rite it suffices for both.

2nd April.—Camp Duta. Halt.—Among my visitors was Jorum Kamin, one of the head-men of the Dafla village of Jorum, west of the Apa Tani country. Jorum consists of three settlements, Jara, Po and Pela; and Kamin is the headman of Jara. He told me that in Jorum there were rice fields like those of Duta. Having loosened his tongue with some liquor I asked him about the mysterious Hidfat Lupulcher, which is considered the original home of the Daflas of Jorum and Tuba. He told me that Lupulcher is not an individual village but an area to the north. He had never been there, but it was true that his ancestors came from there and his own brother has been to Lupulcher; from Jorum one could reach it within two days without loads and within three days with loads. I tried various names marked with question marks on the map, and when I mentioned Pai Pach (83EC3) Kamin told me that this was a block of land cultivated by the people of Lupulcher and that against it lay the villages Tapar, Bami, Dui and Tacho. Pai Pach is in the valley of the Palin River, a southern tributary of the Khru River; and it thus seems that Lupulcher does not lie as near to Tibet as I had been made to believe. The people of Lupulcher can get salt from Jorum and other villages in the vicinity, but they never go to the plains of Assam neither do they go to Tibet and living 'in the middle' between both they have great difficulties in getting supplies from either side.

The Daflas of Lupulcher are of Khoda clan; they used to visit Jorum, but for the last three years no one from Lupulcher has come down. Kamin knows that the way to Lebe (Lebla) runs *via* Lupulcher but he knows no one who has been to Lebe. But if next year we wanted guides he would not only furnish them, but accompany us himself as far as Lupulcher.

Jorum is in quite friendly relations with Likha, and has no enmity with Licha; some Jorum men have friends in Licha.

One of our Gallong porters is suffering from pneumonia; it is as yet not very serious, but bad enough to cause the doctor and us some anxiety.

To-day one of the public mithan belonging to Duta was sacrificed in our honour; the mithan first brought it to our house, but I suggested that they should kill it at the nearby sacred place. There it was tied to a tree and given some bamboo leaves to eat, while Chigi Nime, the priest began a long incantation, accentuating every phrase with a forward lunging movement of a long sword of Tibetan kind. He addressed the mithan and asked him not to grieve over his death; he would die for a good cause—to cement the friendship between the Apa Tanis and Government and thereby bring about the destruction of Licha. As the Apa Tanis are enemies of Licha, so should the mithan's soul become an enemy of Licha and go there to trouble the people of Licha. The mithan should not complain about being sacrificed, for the gods had given the Apa Tanis mithan for slaughter. In such a vein, Nime went on for a long time, always addressing the mithan. At last the animal was killed and both we and the Gallongs received large shares.

3rd April.—Camp Duta. Halt.—This morning eleven Gallongs accompanied by Pila and another Apa Tani left for North Lakhimpur.

To-day I tried to get a rough idea of the agricultural activities of the Apa Tanis as spread over the cycle of the year.

The real village-name is Taram, but to outsiders the village is more commonly known as Jorum, which is the name of the predominant clan.

In March they prepare the seed-beds and saw the rice, and in their gardens they dibble maize and plant taro, ginger, chillies, tobacco and various green vegetables. The next month they are busy in digging over the rice-fields and later the dry fields on which they grow small millet. The sowing of maize, tobacco and ginger continues and now a few potatoes and tomatoes are also planted. At the end of April the transplanting of the rice begins, and even small millets are not broadcast but transplanted. May sees the end of transplanting and now begins the work of weeding both in wet and dry fields. Certain vegetables and potatoes are beginning to ripen.

The small millets and maize are harvested in June and July; the ears are not all threshed at once, but taken as they are to the granaries. In August, there is little to do but weed the rice-fields which is done both by men and women; the rain is very heavy. The earliest ripening varities of rice are now reaped.

The main rice-harvest begins in October and ends in November; all vegetables are now harvested and nothing remains in the gardens. From the middle of November on, until well into January, there is no work on the fields; this is the time when the Apa Tanis go to the plains for work and for trade; others go on trading expeditions to Dafla villages. They barter salt for the whole year and in the Dafla villages women exchange rice, *dal* and meat for cotton, used in weaving cloth.

While all cultivated land is private property, there are in most villages some mithan and cows which are jointly owned by the village and used for feasting prominent guests or for sacrifices in the public interest, as for instance at ceremonies performed to rid the village of disease. Such a mithan was sacrificed in our honour yesterday.

For the last two days one of our Gallong porters has been suffering from fever, but to-day he got worse and the doctor diagnosed meningitis. Unfortunately we have not got the necessary medicines for injections and as the man is unconscious and his jaws are locked it is very difficult to give him anything by mouth. Although the doctor is not without hope, the case is certainly grave, and we are in great anxiety lest the other Gallongs, who have been sharing a house with the sick man, may have been infected. We transferred him today to the doctor's house, but this is not very satisfactory, as the doctor must sleep in the same room.

4th April.—Camp Duta. Halt.—The Gallong with meningitis is no better; the doctor has, however, managed with great difficulties to give him some M and B. Any medicine brought from the plains must come too late for this case, but in case anyone else in the camp succumbs I have sent off two Apa Tanis to Mr. Fassmer at Joyhing Tea Estate and asked him to lend us some ampules of sulphopyridine. As they have no loads they can do double marches and can be back in six days.

In order to isolate the patient, we built a little annex to the doctor's house; directly accessible from the main building but with a separate entrance. For this we bought an old Apa Tani house of Duta for Rs.10 and had the materials brought over.

Last night Haja performed a rite for Mokum, a female deity believed to live in the earth, and to-day and to-morrow the village is observing another period of abstention from work. This time Duta is, however, not affected, for Duta performed this rite separately some time ago.

The land of Duta and that of Haja are not separated by any clear boundary; they dovetail: men of Haja own fields amidst the fields of Duta people and *vice versa*. Between villages like Duta and Hari there is a recognised boundary, but even here there is the possibility of a Duta man purchasing a field on Hari land. Hang is more separate and my informants doubted whether any man of a different village had land within the boundaries of Hang; but they admitted the possibility that, say, a man of Michi Bamin might purchase land in Hang, but it is unlikely that he would settle there. In Duta there live several poor men of other villages, but they have no land of their own.

It thus seems that the Apa Tani village is not a rigid territorial unit; on the other hand the Apa Tanis are on the whole very much attached to their ancestral village and do not migrate easily as do the Daflas. Most clans are confined to one single village, though some slaves or down and out members of the clan may lead an inconspicuous life in another village.

The villages are not exogamous; the only exogamous units are the clan (*hale*) and the clan-groups using one sitting platform (*lapang*); but the larger groups of clans using one *nago*-shrine as cult centre are not exogamous.

To-day I found confirmation of my suspicion that between all the *lapang* using one *nago* there are not only ritual but also political ties. The men of Duta remarked quite spontaneously that in their village there was more solidarity and co-operation than in Haja, because in Duta there is only one *nago*, while in Haja there are several *nago* and consequently no centralized control.

It seems that Apa Tani is a tonal language; there is a Kago clan in Haja and a Kago clan in Hang; there are different clans and can intermarry; the difference in clan name is to my ear hardly audible, consisting only in a slight inflection of the final o.

I heard to-day that in one of the Haja headman families it was the eldest son—Nada Chobin of Haja—who received the largest share of his father's property and succeeded him as headman and not, as I had been led to believe was customary by Tamar of Hang, the youngest son who lived in his father's house at the time of his death and took it over.

To-day I discussed with Talyang Tago of Bela the possibility of getting in touch with the Daflas of Bua and the Miris of Chemir. He has been to both villages and has friends in Bua, but says that owing to the murder of a woman of Pemir by a Bela man no one of Bua would come here and that it would be difficult even to send a message. The Apa Tani kept captive at Chemir was apparently released a few days ago on payment of two mithan and a good many valuables. There is great tension between Chemir and the Apa Tanis and no Miri could therefore be sent for.

5th April.—Camp Duta—Duta to Hang and back.—The sick Gallong shows no signs of improvement; but the doctor still hopes that he may survive. Both Abori and Apa Tanis took omens and established that a spirit of the plains and not of the hills has attacked him. This diagnosis is a double edged sword: for the morale of the Gallongs it is certainly better to believe that the disease was not caught here, but I am afraid that the Apa Tanis may blame us for bringing sickness into their country. Carriers of disease have in the past met with violent retribution and have been the cause of friction between Apa Tanis and Dafla villages on more than one occasion; it would be unfortunate to be considered a source of potential danger.

The men of Hang have built us two small houses and to-day I went to get them. I paid as agreed Rs.20 each and they will enable me to camp on that side of the Apa Tani country in any weather without difficulty. Hang is, of course, within easy reach of Duta, but to make real friends with this important village, it is necessary to camp there at least occasionally. Hang is an enormous village ; to-day we were shown from one *bejang* to the other and if my guides had left me alone, it would have taken me a good deal of time to find my way out of that labyrinth of streets and narrow lanes.

The ropes for the gymnastics performed in the Mloko month were still up and this time not only men, but women too showed off their skill and boldness in swinging themselves high above the roofs of the houses, perhaps 50 feet above the ground, performing somersaults on the cane ropes. Quite an old lady with grey hair was indefatigable in the game and the young girls were no less skilful than the men. It was the first fine day after a long time, and I used the opportunity for photographing and filming.

On the way back we saw young girls and boys at work on a rice terrace ; they were levelling the field, ready for the transplanting and they moved the earth from the higher to the lower side heaping it on oval wooden trays, and dragging it as on a sledge by a string over the slimy surface of the field, now slowly flooding.

The medicine man Chigi Nime came to-night to treat the sick Gallong with endless incantations ; he did not commit himself as to the outcome of the disease. We are all rather anxious and depressed, over the Gallong's lack of reaction to treatment.

To-night there rages a storm that threatens to blow the roof off the house and the pine trees creak ominously.

6th April.—Camp Duta—Halt.—The men of Duta and Haja have waited for days for an opportunity to continue the account of their grievances and complaints against Licha, but the bad weather has until to-day made it impossible to assemble outside and in our house there is not sufficient room for the whole assembly of headmen. But to-day was a glorious day with a violent wind sweeping the sky clear, and so they gathered on my veranda and Chigi Nime, their spokesman, produced his tallies of bamboo sticks.

The stories he told were largely of mithan stolen (and sometimes eaten) by men of Licha, of rice bought by men of Licha and never paid for, and of Dafias in debt or under obligation to Apa Tanis who ran away to Licha. Only one year ago some men of Duta and Hirja sold large quantities of rice to Dafias of Licha on credit, and were never paid the promised mithan. These trade-transactions with their enemies are proof of the Apa Tanis vain hope of appeasing Licha by establishing friendly relations with individuals ; it is an attitude which I have remarked for some time and which often leads to loss of property.

Even quite recently, while the capturing of Apa Tanis and the robbing of their cattle continued, Apa Tani slaves went now and then to Licha and bought pigs, tobacco and bamboo shoots for salt, *dao* and cloth. Such a trading expedition is generally considered quite safe for slaves, for no large ransom can be realised on them. But since our coming to Duta, this trade has stopped ; and the Licha men have let it be known that any one coming from the Apa Tani country will be killed, just as they would wipe out any Government party daring to come to Licha. This news came through Toko and since then no one has come to Licha.

A Dafla of Toko, Mitu Tade, whom I met to-day explained why it is that Licha can rob the mithan of Toko, a Dafla village of considerable size with impunity. Some families of Toko stand in marriage relations with Licha, and whenever the other Toko men prepare any action against Licha, they warn the Licha people, who are then consequently on their guard. Even the most influential headman, Toko Bar, has kinsmen in Licha and his sister is married to a powerful man of Licha. Consequently he is not prepared to take part in any action against Licha. Mitu Tade once went to Licha to ransom his mother who was held there as a slave ; he paid in exchange a slave woman belonging to his mother's initial captor ; this slave-woman had come from Mai to Jorum and on the way he seized her. He told me that Licha consists of three settlements, the furthest about three miles apart ; only one is large and consists of groups of houses standing close together.

To-day I had a chance of talking to an Apa Tani who had himself been to Hidjat Lapuleher and to several villages on the Khru River. It was Takhe Mutang of Hang, who had once been captured by Dafias and sent to Goda, a village north of the Khru. On his way he had seen Hidjat, which can be reached via Licha and across a mountain range about as high as Lai (7,500 feet). The Khru valley is according to him so narrow that it is impossible to travel along the river, and to get from village to village involves a great deal of climbing. The people of Hidjat go neither to Assam nor to Tibet, but they get salt from Tibet and iron from Assam. Lebe seems to lie further northwest, for my informant knew nothing of it. He was ultimately ransomed by his brother with men of Licha acting as intermediaries.

The sick Gallong is to-day a little better and the doctor hopes he will recover. We are all much cheered.

7th April.—Camp Duta—Halt.—This morning the headmen of Haja and Duta completed the long account of their grievances against Licha. There was no new element in their stories of captured men, robbed mithan and refused debts, but one man (Dani Bacho) who told me of his capture by Licha and subsequent release is certainly the most highly valued Apa Tani I have hitherto met. His unfortunate brothers paid ransom for him of no less than 5 mithan cows, 4 mithan calves, 1 bullock, 13 brass plates, 2 Tibetan bells (of the value of 1 mithan each), 7 Tibetan bells (of the value of Rs.10 each), 5 *dao* and 5 silk cloths.

Finally the headmen counted with the help of sticks their total losses in cattle, bronze bells and *dao* through the depredations of Licha during the last three years ; they amount to 92 mithan, 15 cows and bullocks, 38 Tibetan bells (of values between 1 mithan and Rs.10 each) and 38 Tibetan *dao* ; the number of ordinary *dao*, cloths and other valuables paid as ransom they were unable even to estimate.

But inspite of the losses suffered by many Apa Tanis through the aggressiveness of Licha, others continued until very recently to entertain trade-relations with certain Licha men. I asked the headmen why they could not prevent this trade and thereby cut off Licha from all supplies of Apa Tani rice. The answer was that this was beyond their power and that there was no one in Duta and Haja who could enforce a general boycott ; some individuals would always be willing to sacrifice the interests of the village to their desire for personal gain, and the headmen were unable to impose punishment or fines on such individuals. They admitted quite frankly that they had not the same amount of control over their village as a Dafla headman has over his.

They told me too that Licha does not produce sufficient food for its own needs, but depends largely on trade. It controls one of the main routes between the tribes on the Khru River on the one side, and the Apa Tanis and the plains of Assam on the other. By acting as middlemen, the Licha people derive large profits, and jealously guarding their monopoly they prevent the tribes of the interior from coming down, and the people of the foothills and the Apa Tani country from going up. This is the obvious reason why so few people of these parts have been to such places near the Khru River as Lingubiher and Lebe. From the tribes of the interior known as Ayo the Licha men buy Tibetan *dao*, beads and brass plates, as well as dried bamboo shoots and other jungle produce. They will, for instance, buy in an Apa Tani village one cloth with two baskets of bamboo shoots and then sell that same cloth to Ayos of Lungubiher for six baskets. Or they buy a cow in the plains and sell it for twice or thrice the price to the Ayos receiving Tibetan beads and plates in exchange.

The tribes of the interior, who have now to buy such commodities as salt, cloth and occasionally rice for exorbitant prices from Licha would no doubt welcome the removal of this barrier to trade, and if the routes were safe they might come themselves to the Apa Tani country or even go on trading expeditions to the plains. Just as now they go apparently across the snow ranges to Tibet.

8th April.—Camp Duta—To Hari and back to Duta—This morning when sending off the post to North Lakhimpur, I realized that yesterday was Good Friday and that the full moon we had seen rising last night over a valley veiled in white mist was the Easter moon.

In an attempt to get in touch with the Daflas of Bua and the Miris of the nearby Chemir, both villages south of the Kamla River, I called to-day Tahyang Tana of Bela and offered him a handsome reward if he went as messenger to Bua and thence to Chemir. He is well known in these villages, but he said that until Hari village had settled their quarrel with Bua and Chemir, it might be dangerous for any Apa Tani to go there. But he believed that several Hari men would shortly be coming for Bua and Chemir to negotiate a settlement and that he would willingly go with them and give the headmen my message.

I thought it best to discuss the matter with the men of Hari, and late in the morning crossed over the rice terraces filling the valley between our camp and their village.

There I heard from Gat Tadu, the most influential man in a part of the village comprising several *kebang*, that an embassy to Bua and Chemir was indeed planned but would not leave for another ten days. The quarrel with these villages caused by the murder of Taya Tara of Bua by men of Hari in revenge for many misdeeds, it is feared most inconvenient for the Apa Tanis of Hari and Bela, and probably also for the people of Bua and Chemir. For the headman Gat Tadu keeps most of his mithan in the care of men of Bua, and Hari stood in trade-relations with both Bua and Chemir. Yet the killing of Taya Tara was not the deed of an individual, but had been decided on by the headmen of Hari. One of the main complaints against him was that he used to employ Apa Tanis to carry rice purchased in Hari to Bua, but did not pay them their wages, and that he bought on credit and failed to pay his debts.

Hari sold not only rice to Bua for mithan and other valuables, but traded also with Pemir, Murga and Rakhe, villages north-west of the Pein River, purchasing pigs and dogs for rice. This trade is also temporarily interrupted.

The trade connections of Bela village lie in the same directions, but their stoppage is due not only to the feud between Bua and Hari, but also to the recent murder of a Pemir woman by a man of Bela (*c. f.* Diary of 22nd March).

Some men of Bela used to go not only to Pemir, Murga and Rakhe but across the Kamla as far as Yukar (marked on the map as Daburu) and Kabak* and to Bulu between Khru and Kamla. In the former villages they bought pigs, dogs, cotton, chillies and bamboo shoots for cloth, *dao* and *seli*; and sometimes mithan for rice. But from the Miris north of the Kamla and Khru they bought Tibetan *dao*, Tibetan bronze bells and plates for cloth, salt, knives and pigs. It seems that some of the Hill Miris of villages like Yukar and Kabak have occasionally also a surplus of rice which they sell to the people of Pemir, Murga and Rakhe for cloth and *dao*. They are said to get their salt from those Miris south of the Kamla, who go to the plains of Assam, but the quantities purchased by these Miris would seem to make it improbable that they can pass on very much to people further in the interior.

Hari is a large village, and obviously not an offshoot of Hang as stated in some of the older reports. In ritual matters it has much closer connection with the nearby Bela, and like Bela it is in its trade relations orientated to the North, while Hang has little connection with the villages on the Kamla.

9th April.—Camp Duta—Hali—Easter Sunday but no Easter weather; this morning the temperature in the shelter of the veranda showed 47° F. and it rained most of the day.

One of the headmen of Hari came for a quieter talk than we could have yesterday among the crowds of his village; ostensibly he came to repay my visit and brought with him two chickens and some eggs. From him I heard of a definite division of Apa Tani society into clans of higher and clans of lower social status. Members of the higher class are known as *gata* and people of lower status as *gachi*. Normally these two classes do not intermarry, but individual cases of mixed marriages have occurred in recent years. The privileges of the *gata* people do not seem to be clearly defined, but I gather that their voice carries more weight in full village councils and that they command a certain amount of respect. I was told, for instance, that if they are in need of help on their fields *gachi* people will not easily refuse it, and that a member of the higher class will not be allowed to go short of food, however, poor he may have become.† The expression *mingo* applied to any rich and influential man has no bearing on the original social status, and even a man of a *gachi* clan, will, if efficient and rich, be referred to as *mingo* and may have a considerable influence on the affairs of his village.

Among the clans of higher status there are in each village one or two which top the social scale and are considered more aristocratic than the others. But most of these clans have shrunk to numerical insignificance, and some have become extinct in the male line. Their practical importance is therefore small. What the reason for this decline of the Apa Tani aristocracy may be, I cannot yet tell. Interbreeding may perhaps be partly responsible.

* This is not the village named as Kabak on the map (No.83-E, A1), but a village east of Daburu close to a settlement marked as Tago.

† I later realized that this is not quite correct; only the *gachi* people specially dependent on a *gata* patron must render him free services and help in economic distress.

The distinction between an upper and a lower class may perhaps be indicative of a two-fold origin of the Apa Tanis. The difference in physical type between the members of headmen families and the people of less prominent birth has long struck me, and it is not unlikely that the Apa Tanis in their present form owe their existence to the fusion of two racially and perhaps also culturally different populations.

Later in the day Padi Layang, one of the Bela headmen came to see me and continued the story of his grievances against neighbouring Dafla villages. Licha captured some years ago one of his slaves, a girl of Dafla extraction, and her ransom cost him more than double the price he had originally paid for her. This case is unusual, for slaves are not generally considered to be in danger of capture. The explanation both for her capture and the high ransom paid lies perhaps in the fact that when seized by Licha she was pregnant and as she was not married, it is very likely that the child's father was Padi Layang himself. That child will take his clan-name, but will not share the full ritual privileges of a member of the Padi clan.

The trade relations between Apa Tanis and Daflas often seem to result in strange situations. A man of Pemir, a village to the north of the Pel River, had bought rice from Padi Layang but never paid the price and ultimately died heavily indebted to Padi Layang. To make good his loss, Padi Layang seized the man's only son and kept him as a slave. But the boy did not like the life among the Apa Tanis and requested Padi Layang to sell him to a Dafla village and recoupe his loss from the price. So Padi Layang sold him to Licha, but the purchaser never paid and the boy died after one year. In vain does Padi Layang now claim the price from the buyer, a Dafla of Licha.

Work on the fields has now started in earnest and everywhere one sees men and women hoeing up the stubble covered soil, repairing dams and shifting the soil from one side of a field to the other side. Our 'Chakidar' Koj Tini told me that he engaged to-day four men of his own clan and village to work on his fields and that he had to pay them Re.1 each for one day's work*. This is the wage now received by Apa Tanis in the plains, but it is astonishing that here they demand and are paid according to the same rate. Tini is quite a poor man, owning two fields and only two cows, and no doubt people who have surplus rice to give to their helpers get labour at a more reasonable rate.

10th April.—Duta to Hang—Approximately 4 miles—Several Apa Tanis of Duta, who have recently been to the plains, are now ill and it seems that there is altogether an unusual number of cases of influenza in the village. One man of Duta, who had recently carried one of our loads from North Lakhimpur, died last night; we had not even been told that he was ill. Suggestions that the doctor should go to the sick men's houses and so prevent other casualties have so far been received without enthusiasm. But in the meantime the doctor is on the road to setting up as a beauty specialist. Several Apa Tani women have come to him with noses torn by the enormous nose plugs or ear-lobes ruptured by ear-rings. They allow him to perform the painful operations of stitching noses and ears in order to restore them to their original shape.

For the man who died in Duta the day before yesterday a bullock was sacrificed yesterday morning, and late last night the corpse was buried so silently that we did not notice the funeral which took place less than a hundred yards from our house. Perhaps the men were particularly silent because they feared we might object to the land adjacent to our camp being still used as a cemetery.

Last night we had asked the people of Duta and Hija for coolies to carry our luggage in the afternoon to Hang. We have only 5 of our permanent porters here and two of them are ill. But by two o'clock no coolies had turned up; messages to the headmen remained without result, for most of the men had gone to work on the fields and others did not care to carry. At last a group of small boys sent from Hang arrived and, with the help a few odd men picked up from spectators on promises of payment in salt, we started. It will take some time before the Apa Tanis learn to furnish coolies on demand at any particular time. Most of the men declared they would not carry for money, but only for salt and tobacco and matches; and when at the end we gave them the choice between Annas 8 in cash or 1 seer of salt, all but one chose the salt, though in the plains salt is sold at anaise 4 per seer.

In Hang we found our two houses completed and were soon surrounded by a large crowd. As we sat on the verandа hundreds of women occupied the hill-slope from where they could see us, and boys climbed the nearby trees. Those who found no room on the trees, each of which bore clusters of spectatores, climbed the bamboos and tied cross-spars to a high node and used these as a perch.

Several of the headmen came and two were the gorgeous embroidered clothes which are donned only at feasts and in these weeks following the celebration of the Mloko. Pamvo Tamar, the richest man of Hang, surprised me by explaining that he himself had woven his cloth, and not only his cloth but also his waist coat and scarf. The wool used for the manufacture of these ceremonial clothes used to be available in the plains: there the Apa Tanis purchased a certain type of white blankets (Bhutia blankets called *bongu*), unravelled the fabric, dyed the yarn in different colours and wove it into their own clothes. But they complain that now-a-days no such blankets or any other suitable raw materials are available in the bazaars.

To-day I realised that this village always referred to as Hoog is really called Hang, and that only because the Daflas call it Hong is it called Hong in all the older reports and is marked as Hong on the map. Similarly Nichi Bamin is really called Michi Bamin, Michi and Bamin being both names of clans, I think that in future Apa Tani villages should be called by their Apa Tani names.

11th April.—Camp Hang—Halt.—We woke with white mist filling the valley, but the sun soon broke through and the day became fine and comparatively warm. For the first time since our arrival in the Apa Tani country, we caught a glimpse of the snow ranges in the distant north-west.

To get a general idea of the extent and character of the village land we went for a walk to some of the distant fields, but though we must have covered not less than five miles we saw only a part of the cultivated land belonging to Hang.

Leaving the village we walked for a long time through a narrow lane in between fenced-in groves of bamboos, pines and fruit trees. Nearly everyone has such a grove, where he grows bamboos from roots and pines and fruit trees transplanted when young from forest and groves. Once a bamboo grove is established the bamboo regenerates by itself and the owner has only to prune surplus shoots when the growth is too dense. In one place I saw a grove being converted into a vegetable garden.

Emerging from the groves we came to rice-fields that filled the whole basin of a valley draining southwards. All these belong to Hang, and on many fields women and young men were busy digging over the ground, changing dams and levelling the fields. Older men are not so often seen on the fields and

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* Money is not current among Apa Tanis and Koj Tini could only pay in rupees because he received wages for work in my camp.

I rather won her what they do all day. Most working parties are large; households usually of the same clan, combine and work alternatively on each other's fields.

Where the bracken covered hills here in the main valley smaller flights of rice terraces are carved out of the ravines and the slopes flanking streams and rivulets, and in some cases a whole series of these shorter and narrower terraces belongs to one man. I would not say that every possibility of gaining here or there another terrace is exhausted, but the acreage of irrigated land which with ingeniousness and hard work could be added is certainly insignificant in comparison to the area of rice fields already under cultivation.

After climbing a long ridge we came to an open valley, branching off from the great bowl of flat land in which all villages are, and here too extended a large number of rice fields. They belong not to Hang but to Michi Bamin. It was here that on the road from our first camp in Apa Tani country to Hoja I had seen some groups of boulders, which I had then taken for megalithic monuments. I was then assured that they were natural, but when subsequently I heard of sacrificial rites performed near the stones at certain times, I thought the stones might be after all old megalithic remains. But as soon as I saw them to-day I realized that they were a natural outcrop of rock. The rite performed on the same hill is not immediately connected with the boulders, but is in honour of one of the many hill deities annually propitiated when the crops are sprouting. The hills belong not only to individual villages, but to individual *khels*; some near the twin villages of Michi-Bamin, for instance, belonging to Michi and others to Bamin. In the distance I saw from there jhum-fields of the Daflа village of Jorum.

High up the hills enclosing the Apa Tani valley are plantations of pine and bamboo which although not fenced in as carefully as the groves close to the villages are private property. It seems that anyone can transform communal village-land into private property by cultivating it.

On one hill-slope I saw a small piece of forest cleared and was told that there chillies, potatoes and other vegetables would be grown. Thus it seems that a kind of jhuming on a very limited scale is not unknown to the Apa Tanis, and it is possible that the deforestration of many of the near hills is due not only to the large amount of timber used by the Apa Tanis as firewood, for house-building and fencing, but also to the jhuming practised in olden times, perhaps to a larger extent than to-day.[1]

This afternoon Hibu Talir, one of the most prominent priests, told me the story of the early migrations of the Apa Tanis and their arrival in their country. The forefathers of the Apa Tanis are believed to have lived somewhere in a mountainous country to the east; from there they migrated through the hills now inhabited by the Abors; this journey was undertaken in company with the Assamese people. But when they reached a place called Palorego-Patorego, the Assamese went ahead and southwards, while the Apa Tanis went deeper into the hills and came eventually to this country. They found it uninhabited but infested with snakes and wild animals which they had to kill before they could settle down. The names of the men who founded the various Apa Tani villages are still known, and each villages as Hang, or *khels* of villages like Reru, bear still the name of their founder.

12th April.—Camp Hang—Halt—The headmen told me this morning the number of houses of their respective clans; there seems, according to this rough estimate, to be 1016 houses in Hang. This is a fairly probable figure, but I do not think it should be considered quite accurate.[2]

I suggested to some of the clan headmen that they should ask each household in their clan to give them a bundle of sticks, the sticks to tally the number of persons in his house and half sticks the number of slaves. But the idea was not received with any enthusiasm: the headmen thought that any idea of counting would be resented and opposed by the villagers.

From Ponyo Tamar I heard to-day a different version of the creation of the world and of the Apa Tanis' early history. It contains endless lists of gods, spirits and human ancestors, but its most interesting part is the story of how the forefather of the Apa Tanis came from Modia Ago, *i. e.*, Tibet and married a Tibetan girl. Mudo Ago, explained my informant, is the land where the Khru and the Mjuala have their sources. Ignoring the geographical discrepancies he continued to tell how then the Apa Tanis crossed the Sha River (*i. e.* Dihang-Brahmaputra), the Shinsi (Subansiri) and came here across the hill ranges to the east of Hang. Thus it would seem that if any element in the Apa Tanis really came from Tibet, there remains the memory of a migration from a part of Tibet east of the Tsangpo-Dihong.

I am more and more convinced that there is a non-Mongolian element in the racial make-up of the Apa Tanis. Here in Hang, are several men with very prominent hooked noses and features of definitely Europid affinities; except for the copper brown skin they might even pass for people from Western Asia or Europe.

Another walk through the village helped to clarify some problems of the social structure of these big villages. Each clan inhabits a quarter with a sitting platform (*lafang*) as its social centre; most clan members have their houses close to the *lafang* and only if no house site is available in his own quarter will a man build elsewhere. The quarters are not divided by visible boundaries and merge into each other, the houses often dovetailing, but there can be no doubt that the clan (*hola*) is essentially a local unit.

I was told that at present no free Apa Tani belonging by birth to any other village is living in Hang and that no Hang man has settled in any other village. Though nothing would prevent a man from going to live in his wife's village, no such case has occured recently. This apparently does not apply to slaves, who are sold from one village to the other.

The marriage customs of the Apa Tanis seem to be very simple. If a man and a girl agree to live together either side comes without ceremony to his home, or he goes to live with her in her parent's house. In such cases there is no wedding ceremony, but when the couple have built a house of their own they feast the members of both clans. The parents of the girl have no right to interfere with their choice, and brideprices are not obligatory. But if a man can afford it, he pays his father-in-law a bridepriece consisting of cattle sometimes after he has set up house. Only, an older man sometimes negotiates the marriage of a second, third or fourth wife with the girl's parents.

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[1] Jhuming is today not an Apa Tani practice; the cultivated hill-slopes I saw may have been cultured by a Dafla living temporarily in Hang.

[2] There are actually only 887 houses in Hang.

This morning the doctor came here and treated some patients; I think a weekly visit, previously announced would be a good thing and would encourage other patients to come for treatment to Duta. The doctor agrees with me that the frequency of eye diseases is quite unusual; in all early stages considerable relief can be brought with simple means.

13th April.—Hang to Duta—Approximately 4 miles—Last night it rained and the roof of our house leaked so badly that not a square yard of flooring remained dry. The Apa Tanis made the excuse that the thatch was old, and as a large part of Hang was burnt down some months ago, they are no doubt short of good thatch. But if we are to use the house during the rains they will have to do something to it.

This morning we went to Kach, a small off-shoot of Hang on the hill near our house. It consists of four houses, two of which belong to two brothers of Ponyo clan, the third to one of their slaves and the fourth to a slave of Ponyo Tamar. One of the houses offered a strange sight; it was fenced in by a bamboo palisade higher than the roof, without any entrance in front and only an opening at the back, through which one had to climb up and down high ladder-like stairs. A platform, far higher than the roof gable, was erected above the back veranda and served obviously as a kind of sentry box. We asked for the meaning of this strange structure and were told without hesitation that a prisoner was kept in the house. The prisoner, as the owner of the house, Ponyo Tamo, explained was his own son in-law, Tapi Pusang who had been seized as punishment for his bad treatment of his wife. Tapi Pusang married many years ago a sister's daughter of Tamo, but divorced her; later he married Tamo's own daughter Sante and lived with her for ten years. They had no children and sometime ago he began driving Sante from his house; about 10 or 12 times she returned and her relations tried to intervene, but Pusang was determined she should leave his house.

When seven months ago Pusang came to Tamo's house and declared that Tamo must take back his daughter, Tamo seized him and has since kept him in stocks. To prevent his flight or rescue Tamo has surrounded his house with a palisade, but continues to live there with his family, his daughter and her prisoner-husband.

Tamo says that he would release Pusang if he consented to take his wife back or if Pusang's kinsmen paid a fine of 100 mithan. This is, of course, a phantastic sum and Tamo will probably be glad if he gets five or six mithan. Negotiations with Pusang's kinsmen have started but no definite price has yet been offered. Meanwhile one man of Tamo's household keeps watch every night on the platform above the roof—a cold and uncomfortable task.

Passing Kach we went to see the open grass land beyond the pine groves used as communal grazing ground. I thought it might in future times lend itself as a landing ground, but found it not so very suitable. The open flat ground near Duta is probably far better. Beyond this communal grazing ground there are privately owned pine plantations on the hill-slopes; the Apa Tanis show certainly some zeal and skill in the art of afforestration.

In Hang I found examples of slaves born in other villages and as members of other clans, who are now considered members of their master's clans, though members with lesser rights and privileges. Every slave is automatically known under the clan name of his master and even if freed his children retain his master's clan-name. This accounts for the fact that the selling and buying of slaves does not disturb the strictly local distribution of clans.

In the afternoon we went back to Duta. We had meant to visit Michi Bamin on the way but it drizzled all the way. After two days of sunshine the weather has again returned to the usual cold and dampness.

In Duta we found everything in good order. The doctor is now treating two cases of Apa Tanis who, having gone for us to North Lakhimpur, fell ill on their return. Two of the men who went down to North Lakhimpur for us and returned with the doctor's luggage have died, one six days ago and one yesterday. The two men now under treatment are in a serious condition, one has pneumonia and the other malaria on top of influenza. If the doctor can cure them it would probably open many houses in the village to him and to treatment; they have however only called for his help when all other means in their command had failed and the patients are desperately weak.

Bora our sick Gallongs are making good progress.

14th April.—Camp Duta. Halt—This morning Pochu Tangum, the headman of Leji, a Dafla village south of the Apa Tani country came to see me. He and his companions had never been to Duta or Haja and brought a guide of Hang with them. It seems that most of the neighbouring Dafla villages have trade connections with one or two Apa Tani villages, but entertain no relations whatsoever with other Apa Tanis.

The Daflas of Leji look after some of the mithan of Hang and exchange their cotton for rice grown by Hang. Although their own women weave, they sometimes employ Hang women to make up their cotton into cloth. The headman wore a beautiful cloth, which an Apa Tani woman had woven while on one of her professional visits to Leji; she brought the dyes with her and received as wage as much cotton as she had used for weaving the cloth. The Daflas of Leji buy their salt in the plains with the proceeds from the sale of chillies, oil-seed and ginger.

Leji is a small village of only seven houses and in recent years it has been free of raids. But there are indications and rumours that Likha, the village which has recently raided several villages south of the Panior, is also intending to raid Leji; Doni Taki, who used at one time to live in Leji and went to live in Jorum, from where he was captured by men of Likha, is reported to have said that the Likha men tried to press him into service as a guide for an expedition against Leji. Doni Taki escaped, however, and has found refuge in the plains.

The Daflas of Leji are cut off from the latter Dafla villages on the upper course of the Panior such as Mengo; and here it is Likha who acts, in much the same way as Licha further north, as a trade barrier. It is only Daflas from south of the Panior, who can get to Mengo and through there even to Lebe and other villages in trade relations with Tibet. Licha has never raided Leji, but allows no Leji people to pass through their territory.

I asked Pochu Tangum whether in any expedition in the direction of Mengo and Lebe his village could furnish some porters. He said that he would not like to give a promise which he may be unable to fulfill, but that he thought some of the 35 adult men in his village might be willing to go on such a tour.

In the afternoon a great many men from the Reru khel of Bela came and brought some rice. We are in need of rice for our permanent porters as well as indeed for ourselves and had asked the Reru headman to sell us some. But the Reru men, who had turned up in strength, declared that this time they would like to give us the rice as a token of respect, and refused all offers of payment. Since the 30 seers they brought is no great burden on a village of several hundred houses, I accepted, but explained that in future we would like to pay in cash, cloth or other commodities and ascertained the articles which they would like to obtain in exchange for rice. If next year a large column uses Duta as a base camp I believe that we will be able to purchase a great deal of rice, provided we have silk cloth, Bhutia blankets (which the Apa Tanis purchase for the sake of the woolen yarn) blue beads, axes, hoes and *dao*.

The men of Reru had not only come to bring their gifts of rice. They wanted to tell me more of their grievances against Licha, and explained that alone of Reru twelve people had been captured by Licha within the last three or four years. All but one, who died in Licha, were ransomed, and I was surprised to hear that several of the captured men were slaves and that their masters paid high prices to get them released. The Hajs men had led me to believe that slaves are comparatively safe, but this is obviously not so. In most of the cases the release was negotiated by Daflas of Linia who stand in friendly relations with Reru as well as with Licha. Besides the twelve people, Licha captured in recent years 19 mithan of Reru, and it seems that in most of these raids four Daflas who had lived for three years in Reru and left the village heavily indebted to the Apa Tanis, to live in Licha, act now as guides and instigators. They had come from Linia as fugitives after having raided a neighbouring village, and now repay the Apa Tanis' asylum and hospitality by treachery.

15th April.—Camp Duta. Halt—To-day a long procession of men from Hari village came across the fields with firewood for our camp. Since the Gallong porters left here are partly sick, we are having some difficulty over wood and Hari's help is most welcome. The generosity of the Apa Tanis seems to run along collective and not individual lines ; you may go to a man's house and he will seldom produce more than an egg, and perhaps haggle over the price of that, and Tamar Ponyo, the richest man in Hang, brought me a chicken as a present that had died a natural death, but sometimes villages and more often individual *khel* will make a splash and present you with a mithan, or several baskets of rice and four or five dozen eggs, refusing all payment except some presents for the men who had the trouble of collecting these provisions.

Hari's feud with the Miris to the north is not yet settled, and all trade with these villages is at a standstill. I asked what they would do with their surplus rice. The answer was that they will keep some for future trade and that rich men would lend out more to the poorer villagers. The interest charged for rice is 50 per cent. per annum ; i. e., a man borrowing this year two baskets must return next year three baskets, and after two years four baskets.

From the headmen of Hari I heard of a custom which reminds one more of the North American *potlach* than anything known from other parts of India. If two men have a quarrel one may suggest a competition in the expenditure and destruction of wealth and the winner in such a competition gains the entire property of the loser, who is consequently utterly ruined.

Sometime ago Kago Tasso of Hari surprised his wife in the act of adultery ; he drove her from his house and seized in revenge her mother and put her into stocks. His father-in-law, Hage Ajo retaliated by seizing Kago Tasso's father and keeping him captive in his house. He then challenged Tasso to a *lunda* competition and began by killing ten of his own mithan in front of Tasso's house. Tasso took up the challenge and slaughtered ten mithan in front of his father-in-law's house. This went on for six days, each of the competitors slaughtering sixty mithan, not touching the meat, but giving it away to the villagers. At last the headmen intervened and impressed on Tasso and Ajo that as relations by marriage they should not rain themselves for the fault of another. A reconciliation was achieved and the captives of both sides released ; but Tasso refused to take his wife back and did not even accept the fine paid by her lover, which was consequently paid to her father.

In the afternoon the headmen and most of the adult men of the Tayang khel of Bela village came with gifts of rice and eggs and to tell of the injuries which they have suffered at the hands of Licha. Within the last three or four years twenty of their people have been captured and one man killed, some of them on their own fields. The procedure was in most cases of monotonous uniformity ; seven or eight men of Licha, often under the same leader, ambushed an Apa Tani who was looking after his mithan or his game traps or surprised him while working on his field or garden ; they took him to Licha and put him in stocks and then let it be known that they held him captive. Next Daflas of Linia village, in many cases again the same men, were employed as negotiators, and the captives were generally released on payment of mithan, Tibetan bells, *dao* and various other valuables, while the negotiators got good fees. Two or three months was the usual period of captivity ; only one man was held in stocks for a period of two years and he died shortly after his release which had been delayed owing to Licha's exorb tant demands. Not only free men, but also some slaves were among the victims. Besides kidnapping people the men of Licha captured and killed twenty-five of Tayang's mithan and two cows.

Only once in the last three years did the Apa Tanis of Tayang succeed in surprising a raiding party. Some boys cutting wood saw foot-marks and informed the young men of the village. The latter went out armed with spears and found the Daflas resting. They buried their spears and killed one Licha man on the spot, while the others fled. The head and one hand of the slain were brought to the *nago shrine*, and the tongue and eyes buried under a stone after eggs had been broken over them to render the soul of the victim blind.

This was last year, but the Licha men were not intimidated and have since captured another Apa Tani of Tayang.

TOUR DIARY OF THE SPECIAL OFFICER, SUBANSIRI, FOR 16TH APRIL—30TH APRIL 1944

16th April 1944.—Camp Duta. Halt—The weather is again rainy and the temperature did not rise over 55° F. The day before yesterday a *rite* was performed to assist the sprouting of the crops, which are not very promising, and both yesterday and to-day were observed as *genna* days. Failing other occupation large crowds of men, women and children surrounded our houses, and we had continuous difficulties in removing the sight-seers at least from the inside of the house. Even the bad weather did little to deter them, for under their rain shields and heavy cloaks they are safe from the rain.

Curiously the Apa Tanis do not wear their woven cloaks when they go down to the plains and this accounts probably for the extraordinarily high sick rate among the men I have been sending to the plains as guides and porters. Of those who went with the first batch two died soon after their return before we even

heard that they were ill, others fell ill, partly with pneumonia, but are being treated by the doctor and are slowly recovering. Of the three messengers I sent on the 6th April for urgently required medicines to Joyhing one fell ill on the way and returned and of the two who got to Joyhing and came back with the medicines, the one (Rika) went down with pneumonia on his return and is still ill.

All this and the many cases of sickness among the Gallong porters make communications difficult. For the last fortnight I have had no post, for one party of Gallongs failed to come up because three quarters fell ill in North Lakhimpur, and the Gallongs whom we expected yesterday or at the latest to-day have not arrived either. Apa Tanis are extremely reluctant to go down, for they are not used to travel at this time of the year and a journey of five days through uninhabited country in the rain is indeed not pleasant. In some of the camps enroute we have now rest sheds, but in others there is the difficulty that no proper thatching material is available; we will however have to arrange to have it hauled to the site, though this will mean extra days and extra rationing for the route.

If Apa Tani porters are to be used in next season's touring in high country where they have often to camp in the open, they will have to be provided with water-proof sheets and blankets. Otherwise large numbers will fall ill and upset the whole programme.

17th April.—Camp Duta.—To Mudang Tage.—Michi Bamin and back.—This morning, the finest since days, we went to Mudang Tage and Michi Bamin. The former is almost continuous with Duta and even Michi Bamin is separated from Mudang Tage only by a narrow strip of fields. Thus Haja, Duta, Mudang Tage and Michi Bamin form virtually one long stretched out settlement with not less than 1,500 houses. But politically and ritually Haja and Duta form one unit, Mudang Tage another and Michi Bamin a third. The one bond between them is, however, that they celebrate the Mloko, the greatest Apa Tani feast, all in the same year.

Mudang Tage consists of four *khels*: Tadu, Nami, Mudang Tage and Ngaran. But it has only one *nga* shrine which lies in the Tadu khel. (Neither Mudang Tage nor Duta have ever been visited and consequently there is some confusion on the map (No 83E, D2). What is marked as Tadu Tage is Duta, and what is marked as Duta is universally known as Mudang Tage. The *khels* merge imperceptibly into each other, in each there are several prominent men and there is no one headman who has control over the whole village.

To-day is observed as a *genne* day by Mudang Tage and nearly all the inhabitants were in the village. On every sitting platform (*tapang*) were men old and young, busily engaged in basket-making. Some plaited rain shields, others made waterproof baskets: two layers of cane and in-between one layer of large leaves. This type is mainly used for the preparation of rice-beer.

The women were less obviously occupied; some were drying unhusked rice and on one platform I saw a girl weaving, but most were in their houses and only crowded on to the verandas at our approach. With the comparatively warm weather of to-day, many women had discarded their jackets and wore only their coarse grey skirts.

Some of the streets in Mudang Tage are very narrow and steep with enormously high verandas, while in others the verandas are only a foot high. Although Apa Tanis know how to make very good broad planks of hard wood, they use these only for their public sitting platforms, for their granaries and for bridges; never for house building. Considering how cold it must be in winter, it is remarkable that they are content with the comparatively flimsy houses of bamboo.

From Mudang Tage we crossed a few rice fields and entered the Michi *khel* of the twin village Michi Bamin. Here too we found the people observing a *genne* and the men on the platforms were singing songs while busy with their basket making. The songs were antiphonal and sounded to our ears rather monotonous; they seem to consist of an enumeration of gods and spirits, each name being pronounced first by one singer and then repeated by another with a slightly different intonation; but there is no variation in this musical phrase, and it recurs again and again for hours.

While in most villages the *gutt* clans predominate, both in Michi and in Bamin the proportion of *gutt* and *gachi* clans is one to three. The people of higher rank can therefore not marry within their *khel* but must find their wives either in the opposite *khel* or in another village. There are, however, several *gachi* clans in each *khel* and these may intermarry.

In Bamin I saw a woman making pots of a yellow clay. Starting with a large lump she hollowed it out, and holding an oval stone against the inner wall hammered on it against the outside wall with a wooden baton. The surface of this baton is carved with a criss-cross pattern and this is imparted to the outer side of the pot, which grows gradually as the wall thins. Bamin has the monopoly for pot making in the entire Apa Tani country. I do not know whether there is any taboo on pot making in other villages, but it is a fact that in no other village are pots made, although Bamin women with a knowledge of pot-making must often marry into other villages. This does not mean, however, that all pots used by Apa Tanis are produced by the women of Bamin; many Apa Tanis have pots from Daflas who manufacture pots of the same type and often bring them for sale to the Apa Tani villages.

On the way back I looked into the *nga*-shrine of the Tadu *khel* of Mudang Tage for the skull of Sele Dohun, a Dafla who had been captured and then executed in front of the *nga* in punishment of his many misdeeds. But although the skulls of enemies killed in such circumstances are often kept in the *nga*, in this case the skull had been burnt together with the victim's right hand. At least I was told so, but it is quite possible that the head is hidden somewhere after all.

When we returned from Mudang Tage we found Padi Layang and several men of Reru waiting for me. Padi Layang had brought branches of three trees; one of them *pinus excelsa* and the other two leafy and apparently deciduous trees which I do not know. He said that when the forefathers of the Apa Tanis came from the Khru River and took possession of this country they planted these trees all along the boundaries as well as near their villages. For before their arrival there were no pine trees here. His contention is that the Apa Tanis by planting these trees, staked their claim to an area extending to the north-east as far as Bilat (on the Pesse River), Nido (south of Gocham), Ratam and Mount Jato. But now the Miris of these villages prevent them from travelling and trading in that area, and Padi Layang, whose village is orientated towards the north-east, asked if Government would not order these Miris (some of whom are incidentally *pass* holders) not to interfere with Apa Tanis. One Apa Tani of Hari was recently captured by the headman of Chemir, and has now been released on payment of a high ransom.

This afternoon a batch of Gallong porters arrived from North Lakhimpur; two had had to return from Gage owing to sickness, and one of their Apa Tani guides has been left in the hospital in Joyhing; Pila, the other Apa Tani arrived here with fever; the doctor says it is pneumonia.

18th April.—Camp Duta. Halt.—Last night Jorum Tacho, the headman of the Po Khel of the Dafla village of Jorum, accompanied by his wife and some younger men as well as Pei Tegi of *Leji*, came to see me. They brought presents of fowl—better than that brewed by Apa Tanis—chickens and eggs, and this morning I had a long talk with them. Tacho was taken prisoner during the Jorum expedition in 1926 and told me that Captain Nevill had given him a paper with the order to present himself before any officer visiting this area. The paper had got burnt, but he had come to see me and begged me to give him a similar paper. I said I could not repeat that order, but I would certify that he had complied with Captain Nevill's order and come and seen me ; he was delighted to have another piece of paper.

The Dafla headmen of such villages as Jorum, Toko and Leji, whom I have so far seen, struck me as rather fine and pleasant men ; more virile—and perhaps more 'savage'—than the Apa Tanis, but by no means unpleasant. I cannot help feeling that some sort of friendly understanding with the Daflas should be possible, and they are after all a much larger and more important tribe than the more civilized Apa Tanis. It seems that up to now these Eastern Daflas have not had much of a chance of establishing any definite relations with Government. Until quite recently it appears to have been the policy not to interfere in their affairs, and even on tours in Dafla country the Political Officers declined to hear Dafla cases. I understand that the Daflas on the Par River have repeatedly asked for protection and have even offered to pay some kind of tax, but that their request was not granted.

Jorum Tacho confirmed that the ancestors of several families of Jorum came from Hidjat Lupukher some ten generations ago ; their names are still known. This led to a discussion of the route to Lupukher. Tacho has not traversed it himself but one of the young men with him, Doch Eo, has been there. He said that Hidjat Lupukher was five days' journey north of Licha ; the stages being Licha-Tamen-Gemi-Tolru-Hidjat. Gemi is a large village on the Palin River, and Hidjat Ion, not as I had previously thought to the west, but to the east of the Palin. The path leads via Toku, close to the Khru, and Hidjat is also near the Khru. From there it was three marches to Linis, which lies near Tanyao (marked as deserted on the map) near the Noreki River, north of the Apa Tani country.

Doch Eo has not been to the villages on the Upper Khru, but has heard a good deal about them. He gave me the names of Techi, Bamin and Buru as some of the prominent villages on the Khru valley, and said that the people of Tai, Bamin and Buru went to Tibet. He had heard Buru, Bamin and Tai described as lying in large open valleys with very little forest. These villages cannot be reached in winter ; for to get to them one has to cross high ranges which were under snow until about this time of the year. But villages on the Lower Khru, which Doch Eo had visited, inter-married with Tai ; they sell to the people of Tai mithan and get Tibetan bronze bells and photos in exchange. He thought that the route to Tibet ran between the Khru and Kamla, and had heard that from Buru the Kamla could be seen and that from Buru it was only 4 or 5 days journey to Tibet. But since Eo Doch has not been very far up the Khru himself, all this must be taken *cum grano salis*. He said, however, that he would act as guide as far as the Khru.

Later in the day a Dafla from Toko came to have a look at us. He was a very simple old man and not at all travelled, and I had the greatest difficulty to make him talk. Two or three times a month he comes to Duta, where he has an Apa Tani friend, and sells pots made by his wife for rice. In all his life he has been only four times to the plains and then only as far as the nearest tea-gardens, never to North Lakhimpur. Nor has he ever been to Licha or Mengo or to Hidjat Lupukher. He gets his salt from the Apa Tanis and gives pots and sometimes pigs in exchange ; sometimes he barters his cotton as well, and then he gets rice. When he talks to Apa Tanis he speaks Dafla and they their own language, and they all understand each other very well.

19th April.—Camp Duta.—Halt—With several of the GaBongs laid out it would be impossible to bring up all foodstuffs for our camp from North Lakhimpur. Rice is now bought from the Apa Tanis for white cloth and though it is mostly red rice, we all find it quite eatable. To-day supplies are however running low, and so I explained to the headmen of Duta and Haja, that if they want us to come again next year and go into the Dafla hills to the west and north, they must arrange to sell us rice since it was out of the question to bring it all from the plains. They said they understood that very well and would not only sell us all their own surplus rice, but even buy rice for us from other villages.

In discussing the possibilities of a tour into the Khru valley, I suddenly realized that Chigi Nime, the great spirit-caller of Duta, had himself been much further up the Khru than most of the Daflas to whom I have hitherto spoken. Five years ago he went for the first time on a trading expedition to Lebla, the large village near the Upper Khru, and the two following years he repeated the exploit. His companions were men of Licha, but since the intensification of the feud between Licha and the Apa Tanis, he has had to give up these tours. I do not quite know what determined Nime to go as far into country seldom visited by Apa Tanis, but believe that a certain love of adventure and desire to increase his prestige (already great as a negotiator with hostile villages) were at least as strong a motive as the hope for profitable trade.

On all three occasions he took the same route, and this is apparently the main trade route between the tribes on the Khru and the Daflas of the Passir basin. He set out from Licha and after several steep climbs reached Tasser, a Dafla village of 10-20 houses, which lies on the Palin River. Without stopping there he went on to Blabu, a small village of 10 houses, above the Khru, from which one can see the river in the valley below. The people of Blabu were very friendly and gave him hospitality, for which he paid with a little salt. They have only jhum fields, dress their hair like Daflas, but wear their cloth in slightly different fashion. They weave good cloth and some men wear big cloaks like Apa Tanis.

From Blabu he proceeded westward in the hills flanking the Khru, and passing through Kara and Tachi, both small villages of about 10 houses, reached Biri (This village lying south of the Khru is not to be confused with Biri of the map near the confluence of the Khru and Penni Rivers). Biri lies on the Se River and consists of about 20 houses. The people of Biri resemble in customs and appearance those of Blabu. Formerly they came sometimes to the Apa Tanis country and on rare occasion even went to the plains of Assam (My interpreter Temi met years ago some Biri men in North Lakhimpur). But Licha has now stopped this traffic, and is as dangerous to the people of the Khru as it is to the Apa Tanis.

Nime spent a night in Biri and then went in one long march to Lebla (also known as Lebe) without touching any village. Lebla lies south of the Khru and Nime is emphatic that the source of the Khru is only about one day's journey from Lebla. Nime described the country round Lebla as resembling the open, grass and bracken-covered hilly country near Mai and Jorum. There is not much forest near the village, but jhumming is the only form of cultivation. When Nime visited Lebla in February and March the hills round it were covered with snow and it was very cold. The village consists of several khels with long lines of houses built against a hill. The people have plenty of rice and wear clothes more like Apa Tani clothes than like Dafla clothes. Nime could understand their language without any difficulty.

In Lebia he bartered his goods. The first year he took one silk cloth (*mul* cloth) and 4 seers of salt. For the *mul* cloth he bought 10 bamboo vessels of rubber-like liquid, and for the salt 6 bamboo vessels of rubber like liquid. In the country round Lebia is a great deal of this rubber-like tree, and the Apa Tanis use it for waterproofing baskets. The second time Nime took four ordinary *dao* and exchanged each for 3 bamboo vessels of this rubber. The salt he had them with him, he only used to pay for hospitality. On his last trip he took six seers of salt, and bought for them three large white beads, nearly as large as eggs. (I have not yet seen them). He was also offered pigs and dogs, but did not take them because of the difficulty of transport.

While in Lebia, Nime met people from various neighbouring villages. A group of villages two days' march northwest of Lebia consists of Yambu, Yandu and Pala. Nime met people from these villages and gave an extremely funny description of their dress, roaring with laughter as he lucidly demonstrated exactly what they wore. It seems that the men of Yandu wrap only a small cloth round the chest and cover the penis with a piece of split bamboo, bent over the fire in such a way that it curls in. But Nime thought the dress of the Yambu men much more extraordinary, for they push the penis into a bamboo *chonga* and fasten the latter with cane on to belts. He demonstrated how they beat on this *chonga* when chasing the birds from their crops.

The men of Yandu and Yambu go sometimes to Tibet and barter there deer skins, powdered dyes and chillies for salt, brass plates, bells, beads and woollen cloth. He said that between Yandu and Tibet there are many large villages.

After Nime's last trip to Lebia, a man of Yandu, Tacho by name, came to see him in Duta, and stayed for nearly a year in his house. From here Tacho went also to Assam, but found that it compared unfavourably with Tibet. For in Assam no one gave him food, while in Tibet he had everywhere been well received; there people not only offered him hospitality, but gave him food for the journey, and often slaughtered a sheep to give him meat to take with him. Unfortunately Nime's much travelled friend is no longer alive.

Nime's account tallies on the whole with the information I have so far gathered on the villages near the Khru. But it is far more detailed than any stories of Dafias and probably more accurate. Nime declared that he was absolutely sure that the Khru valley did not go much further than Lebia and said that he was pointed out the source of the Khru. Between Lebia and the villages further north there is according to him no major river. To my mind there are two possibilities: either Nime is right and the upper course of the Khru is much shorter than has been hitherto assumed, or he took a tributary of the Khru for the main course and in following that tributary, left the Khru on his way from Biri to Lebia. The Miri Mission heard from men of Takum in the Khru valley that the only communication with Tibet is by a track which leaves the right bank of the Khru and striking nearly due west crosses the high ranges; this is obviously the pass *via* Lebia, Yandu and Yambu. If next season I can get as far as these villages the question of the source of the Khru can perhaps be solved.

While Nime was still with me, Chubin, Rona and other headmen joined us and sitting round my fire they began once more recounting their grievances, but this time not against Lisha, but against Linia, a much smaller Dafla village, due north of Haja in the valley of the Pein River. Linia has in recent years robbed several mithan of Haja and Duta and five since last harvest. But when I asked Nime why the Apa Tanis were so helpless even vis-à-vis quite a small village, he suddenly admitted that on various occasions they had stored over Linia.

About ten years ago Haja and Duta combined with Jorum, which accused Linia of giving shelter to run-away slaves, and made a most effective raid on Linia. Four men and five women were killed and the village completely burnt. The Linia people had then sought shelter in Bela, the Apa Tani village close to Haja; and the Bela people offered them protection, saying that the Linia Daflas had become their "slaves" and that no one was to interfere with them. For three years the Linia people lived in Bela, helping the Apa Tanis in the cultivation of their fields and going hunting. When things had settled down, they returned to Linia.

But in a short time some Linia men started again robbing cattle from Haja and Duta and last year Gagi Nime organized a raid against several houses of Linia, which stood apart from the main village. The raid undertaken at night was entirely successful and the Apa Tanis, supported by four Daflas who had emigrated from Linia after a quarrel and were bent on revenge, burnt the houses, killed the man accused of stealing the cattle, and captured three women and one boy. The three women, all the wives of one man were subsequently released on payment of four mithan, but the boy, the son of the same man, was not ransomed, and the captor sold him recently to a man of Haja for two mithan.

It thus seems that the men of Duta and Haja are not entirely innocent of raiding. But I did not know that my friend Nime, great in propitiating gods and curing disease, is also a renowned leader in war.

April 20th.—Camp Duta.—Halt—The clientele of the doctor is steadily growing. He has several patients in Duta and Haja whom he daily visits, and yesterday he was called to Bela to a man who has suffered for a long time from malaria contracted in the plains. Considering how little contact the Apa Tanis have with any outsiders, their response to medical care is astonishing. The demand for beauty surgery is also great; the doctor has established such a reputation by sewing together torn noses and ears, that to-day even Dafla women from Toko came to be operated on.

As the doctor was going again to see his patients in Bela, we accompanied him and visited there some of our friends in the village. In the main street of Reru *khel* is a house fenced in with a bamboo palisade. The owner Nani Jile, had a quarrel with a paternal cousin over the ownership of some land; he captured his cousin's wife and kept her for one month in stocks in his house. Her husband paid a ransom of 5 mithan cows and 5 mithan calves, but Nani Jile procrastinated over the release, and so at last her husband gathered several of his kinsmen and they entered Jile's house and released her by force. Ever since then Nani Jile is afraid that his cousin will capture him or a member of his family in revenge, and so he has surrounded his house with a high palisade and never leaves it. Nor do his wife and children come out; he has the house guarded night and day and only his two slaves go out and bring water and foodstuffs provided by his wife's relations. The latter help also in the cultivation of his fields. This self-imposed confinement has now lasted for more than five months, and there is no sign of any reconciliation between the quarrelling kinsmen.

In one of the gardens outside the village, we saw besides seedbeds of chillies, tobacco, maize, a few potatoes, and leafy vegetables a seed bed with sprouting millet. On a nearby dry field some girls were digging over the soil with hoes, and I was told that afterwards they would transplant the millet seedlings from the garden. Never before have I heard of millet which has to be transplanted, and even Temi said that the method of cultivation is new to him. The millet is still much too small for transplanting but some of the rice is already being planted out and I saw the first newly planted fields. In others young men were squash-

ing and levelling the soft soil with their feet. Hoes are seldom used for digging up a wet field, but only for building and keeping up the dams. Oar-like wooden instruments are also employed for digging-up rice fields and loading the flat wooden trays with earth that has to be shifted to another section.

On the dry fields and gardens a good deal of cow's and pig's dung as well as the husks of rice are used as manure.

From the far side of the Reru *khel* I saw a steep hill rising above a valley of rice terraces fringed by pine bearing slopes. As it was an exceptionally clear day and the men of Reru said one could see the snows from the top I decided to climb the hill. It was steep and long and I was hot for the first time for weeks. The path however was excellent; cut about a foot deep into the slope and even provided with drainage. Along this path most of the wood for Reru is brought from the forest, and I was told that it continues in the direction of Bura. Before I made came to a standstill, there was a considerable amount of traffic between the Apa Tanis and the men of Bura.

We had not climbed long when the first snow peaks emerged from behind a near range, and from a higher point we saw the snow ranges extending along more than quarter of the horizon from due west to north. This view made the whole position much more understandable. I was pointed out the dark lower ridges behind the Palin River, and behind them rose the range of 10,000 to 12,000 the peaks still white with snow, but the slopes dark with forest. From some of these slopes smoke was rising, and all agreed that the people there must be burning their jhum fields. But behind these ranges rose the chain of high mountains resplendant in the glory of sunlit white. Clouds were here and there collecting round the peaks, but there could be little doubt that what we saw was the Great Himalayan Range, and that all the villages on the Upper Khru visited by Dafias and occasionally Apa Tanis as well as those further villages in trade connections with Tibet, lay on the lower ridges before that white barrier.

We had got sufficiently hot to enjoy the millet-beer offered in the village. Across one street a bamboo was laid from veranda to veranda, and the men amused themselves by jumping very expertly over it; even Padi Layang did not think it below his dignity to show off his skill in this game.

21st April.—Camp Duta.—To Haja and back—The weather has very definitely improved and to-day was again fine. At sunrise the temperature was about 50°F., but it rose at midday to 75° F., the highest I have observed since our arrival. To follow up the knowledge of the country to the west gained by yesterday's view from the hill above Bela, we climbed this morning a hill close to Duta, hoping to see from there the ranges near Licha and get perhaps a better idea of the 12,000 feet range before the snow ranges. But although the day was sunny, we saw very little; the more distant mountains were veiled in mist, and there was yet another range between us and the Kiyi valley in which Licha lies. Yet, one important point was clarified; from a pass of about 7,000 feet almost due west of Duta, the path to Licha leads in a south-western direct; striking from the pass towards the northwest one would drop straight into the Palin Valley, but our guides assured us that there was no path down these very steep slopes, and that they knew only the route *via* Licha, which makes undoubtedly an enormous detour. For running first southwestwards to Licha, it leads then almost due south across a range which by the Licha route could be altogether avoided, and then down into the Palin River. But there is another route to Blabu on the Khru which runs *via* Linia and then along the southbank upstream until it meets the path coming from Licha. It may be that next year the Linia route will be more advantageous for ration convoys, thus avoiding altogether the dangerous vicinity of Licha. But it would be very unwise to avoid Licha altogether; for Licha men could easily cut our communications by striking north through the Palin valley and instigating their friends on the Khru to oppose our party.

There seems to be practically no forest which is common property of the whole village community anywhere within easy reach of an Apa Tani village. Every part of forest, even when not fenced in, through which we passed on our climb, is private property, and I understand now the difficulty of arranging for a steady supply of firewood. For without encroaching on individually owned forest, one has to go a very long way before finding any possible tree to fell. The better I come to know this country, the more I am impressed by the use to which every inch of land within a large radius of the villages is put. Regulated exploitation of the land to such a degree is rare even in plains districts, and I believe unequalled by any 'tribal' community in India.

All the paths leading out of the villages and up into the surrounding ridges are kept in very good order; they are made and repaired by the men of a village, and I suppose in certain cases of the men of a *khel*, who turn out collectively to work, but I was told that it is not individual clans which take over the upkeep of certain paths. Returning over a hill belonging to Mudang Tage, we descended between the bamboo fences of plantations of pine and other useful trees. There we passed also a bamboo structure such as erected at certain religious rites, which bore the shells of not less than two hundred eggs recently offered to the spirits of the forest. The village Mudang Tage was nearly deserted, for all the women were out in the fields transplanting rice, and the men were preparing the rice-fields for the seedlings. After a field has been flooded for some days the men mix the soil in a very primitive way: supporting themselves on two long sticks, they trample about, churning the soil and water, and treading in stubble and roots left after the last harvest.

In the evening men of Mudang Tage came to see me and I had a talk with the main priest of the village. The Apa Tanis' eschatological beliefs are surprisingly similar to those of most Naga tribes, and they reflect the belief in an immutable social order. Whoever is a prominent and rich man in this life, will have the same status in the next, and a slave will in the land of the Dead be again the slave of his former master.

22nd April.—Camp Duta—Hak.—To-day I found a man who has some knowledge of the villages immediately north of the Apa Tani country and he confirmed that there is a path to Blabu and the Palin River by way of Linia and the right bank of the Khru. Nani Tagang of Bela has been to Linia. From there it is only one day's journey to Khoda *via* Dora. Turning westwards one then reaches Gani *via* Taio, and ultimately Tasser on the Palin River. Blabu and Tokum. Tokum is the biggest of these villages on the right bank of the Khru and the furthest Tagang went on his trips to buy pigs, dogs, and fowls. He said that Hidjat Lupuhber is the collective name for all these villages from Khoda to Tokum. He has never crossed the Khru and knows nothing of the villages further upstream. But it is important to know that beside the difficult route *via* Licha there is a straighter route to the Khru valley and ultimately Lebla. For next season's ration convoys this route may be preferable and safer; the small villages on the Khru are not likely to oppose us and they have nothing to fear from an expedition, whereas Licha will no doubt be anxious for their trade monopoly.

Later in the day came Nasia Tomu with a long story of a stolen and now identified mithan. Six years ago one of his mithan calves disappeared from the jungle and he heard later that Jorum Tesija Dafia of Jorum, had stolen it and sold it to a Dafia of Joyhing. It changed hands several times but ultimately came

into the possession of Nich Teti of Jorum. Now Nich Teti was a poor man and fearing that some of the headmen of Jorum would seize it, gave it into the care of an Apa Tani, Nada Koda of Haja; this was a rather unusual thing to do, for usually it is the Dafla who look after Apa Tani mithan, and not the other way round. Nada Tomu recognized his mithan by the ear-marks, and as it had changed hands so often and had been bought *bonafide* by Nich Teti, he did not seize it, but seized instead a mithan cow and calf belonging to Jorum Teni, the original thief. Teni complained at once by seizing four of Nada Rona's mithan, and capturing moreover Jorum Leji, of another *khel* of his own village, for having informed Tomu of the theft. Tomu and Rona ransomed Leji by paying a mithan cow and a calf to Jorum Teni. The latter died but Tomu claims now compensation from his son.

Tomu brought with him the skull of the disputed mithan's mother as a kind of proof, and later he sat down beside a pine tree, the skull in front of him, and a chicken in his hand. Squatting there he invoked the sun and earth to witness that the mithan was his own.

To-day Siraj returned; he had gone with a party of Gallongs to the Pangen River to build rest houses. Our interpreter Karu was with him, but had taken no food with him and lived on the Gallongs. When I reproached him, he defended himself by saying that his wife would not allow him to go at all and had shut up all the rice in the house. Since so many men who have gone to the plains have returned ill and some have died, she was afraid he might also fall ill and die. And this although the Pangen River is only a few miles from Hang!

We were certain that a batch of Gallongs would arrive to-day with the post; they have been away fifteen days and it is difficult to understand the delay.

22nd April.—Camp Duta.—Halt—The time of genna seems to be over, and the Apa Tanis are all busily engaged in the work on their fields. Already at cock's crow the women get up, and when dawn breaks they go to their gardens and dry fields, dig them over with hoes, manure them and weed their vegetable and tobacco plots. Soon after sunrise they return, cook a meal and do the house-work, and later in the morning they begin the work on the irrigated rice fields. The transplanting of the early rice has now begun, but many fields are not yet ready to receive the seedlings and both men and women, but mainly men, are busy loosening and levelling the soil, and repairing here and there a dam.

The higher lying fields, where the soil gets dry and hard, are dug over with hoes before flooding, but not the lower fields, which remain always moist, flooding and kneading the soil by foot, suffices as the preparation for the transplating.

The Apa Tanis distinguish between an early rice-crop, planted now and reaped after three months and a later crop which is not reaped until about October. Both types of crops consist both of white and red rice.

Manure is applied both to dry and wet fields, and consists of cow, pig, dog and even human dung as well as the husks of rice.

A particularity of Apa Tani agriculture seems to be that no crop is broadcast. Not only rice, but all the small millets are transplanted, and maize is dibbled into individual holes.

With so highly developed a system of agriculture it is rather extraordinary that stocks of grain are not larger. My informants say that few men have more rice than will last them just till the next harvest; even rich men sell their surplus to Duflas and keep only their bare requirements. Failures of crops are rare and in such an event the Apa Tanis know how to eke out the grain supply with jungle roots and a kind of sago pith. But my informants remembered only one instance of scarcity, more than twenty years ago. Poor men, however, often run out of grain before the next harvest; nowadays they go to the plains, work there for some time and bring salt back with them, for which they purchase grain on their return.

While the Apa Tanis protect their granaries to some extent from fire by building them outside the village and generally on a lower level than the living houses, they have no means of preventing rats and mice from damaging the store; they neither clear the blankets with a layer of mud as one does in it is done in Peninsular India, nor surround the piles by wooden disks like the Nagas, so as to prevent the rats from climbing up.

This afternoon seven Gallong porters arrived with post and some stores; but two are still ill in North Lakhimpur and with one man recovering from meningitis, another from pneumonia and one porter with a bad foot, 20 per cent. of our 25 permanent porters are out of action. I am afraid that in this difficult country with the danger of malarial infection in the plains and the great cold in the heights one must reckon with a similar rate of sickness next year. By dividing the route, and working certain parts by individual gangs of porters the harmful effects of the rapid change from one climate to the other may be avoided; I believe also the porters will find the work less trying if the stages are two or three days, and the loads are relayed, instead of the present six day trip: We would if we cut up the route into relays have to have really good sirdars.

24th April.—Duta to Hang. Approximately 6 miles.—While the women and the very young boys work now nearly the whole day in the rice fields, only slaves and poorer men take an equally active part in agricultural work. Some may be seen softening the soil by trampling about in the flooded fields, but rich men shun this type of work, and only supervise the activities of women, young boys, slaves and hired labourers. When they call many villagers to work on their fields, giving them food and wages in rice, they may join in the work, but even this depends on personal inclination. The Haja men, for instance, laughed at the idea that Chobin, the head of the Nada clan and the richest man of the village, should ever work on the fields, but admitted that his much older and almost equally wealthy cousin occasionally helps in the work.

On the way to Hang I saw very clearly the difference between the low-lying easily flooded fields, which need never be dug over, and the higher and drier terraces, where the hardened soil must be broken up and which rely mainly on rainfall. Some terraces have no other source of water, and if the rain fall is insufficient they remain uncultivated. Dry rice, such as grown by some Duflas on jhum fields, is not cultivated by Apa Tanis.

On the sloping sides of many dams small millet is planted out, the seedlings being stuck into the soft mud, as much perhaps to strengthen the dams, their roots holding the earth together, as for the sake of the grain which in quantity must be insignificant compared to all the millet grown on dry fields.

If a man cuts a new terrace into collectively owned land it becomes his private property and he can later on sell it. Questions about such a transformation of common land into private property led to an important clarification of the principles of land tenure. So far I have been under the impression that land is divided only into individually owned fields, gardens and groves, and common village land. This, however is a mistake. The greater part of the uncultivated land is the property of the individual clans (*bote*) or groups of clans standing in a brother-relationship.

In the vicinity of Hang is a piece of grazing land called Buri, which is believed to be the site where the ancestors of the Apa Tanis settled on their arrival in this valley. It is therefore still considered as the common property of the whole tribe, and though it is mainly Hang people who use it for grazing their cattle they recognize that any other Apa Tanni has equal rights on its usufruct.[1] Besides this tribal land, there is in Hang a block of common village-land used almost entirely for grazing.

The rest of the grazing land is divided into eleven blocks, each of which belongs to one clan or to a group of related clans. Though there is no objection against cattle straying from one to the other, these clan lands have clearly defined borders and only members of the owner clan or clans, may convert this land into gardens, fields or rice-terraces. A man of another clan cannot buy a piece of such clan land in order to build a rice terrace, but once a clan member has constructed a terrace it becomes his private property and he can henceforth sell it to anyone.

All the forest round Hang is likewise clan-land, but the only privilege the owners have, is the right to set traps. Other villagers may cut wood and even hunt with bow and spear in such clan forest without being considered trespassers. Even the hills south of the Pangen River, Lal, Mongo and even the forest on the Pare River, three days march from Hang, belong to individual clans for purposes of trapping. Common forest where anyone may trap exists only on the periphery of the Apa Tani country.

The land of the neighbouring Dafla village of Jorum belongs nominally to Apa Tanis, partly to certain Hang clans and partly to certain clans of Haja and Duta. Members of these clans have still the right to trap on the land of these villages. This is also why certain Apa Tanis consider it their inherited right to let their mithun graze on Jorum and Toko land.

With the ownership of land and forest go also fishing rights and people fish normally only in streams on their clan lands.

The clans often own collectively mithan and cows, and only the clan members can decide on the slaughter of such mithan. They are purchased with rice collected by public subscription, or are fines imposed on clansmen for such offences as clan incest.

15th April.—Camp Hang. Halt—Early this morning I went to the small settlement of Kach and found the situation the same as on my last visit (April 15th). Ponyo Tamo's house is still surrounded by a palisade and his refractory son-in-law, Tapi Pung, remains a prisoner. Talking about his fields and the way in which he had acquired them, Ponyo Tamo mentioned that two of his rice terraces he bought for ten mithan from a man who was in need of mithan to feast the warriors whom he had led in a successful raid against a Dafla village. There used to be a village, Neri Hapa, near Lobo, inhabited by Daflas from Licha. Although it was only a small village of four houses, the inhabitants—relying probably on moral support from Licha—started robbing mithan of Hang. Within a few years they captured 50 of the Hang mithan; 40 they killed and ate, but 10 were restored to Hang by the good officers of the Daflas of Leji. Tape Talo, a *gachi* man of Hang who had suffered particularly heavy losses in mithan, decided at last to take revenge and rallied a great number of Hang men to raid Neri Hapa. The raid was entirely successful, Neri Hap was burnt and six people killed on the spot; four boys were captured, but so enraged were the Hang people that they did not make them into slaves, but killed them near the scene of the raid. Ten heads had then been brought back, and Tupe Tamo needed a large mithan to provide meat for the *topi* feast.

Later in the morning I went to see the distribution of some of the clan-land used for grazing as well as the place, near the main stream, where criminals are executed. This is a fairly inconspicuous part of the river bank lying within the common village land, and not on land belonging to any particular clan. The last victims killed there were two Apa Tani girls, one Apa Tani man and one Dafla of Jorum. The two girls were slaves, and their offences were very similar. They were a general nuisance owing to their incorrigible inclination to theft; they did not stay regularly in their master's houses, but moved about the village, had promiscuous intercourse with the young men and kept on stealing chickens, rice and beads. In both instances their own masters put an end to their misbehaviour, seized them and had them taken to Khopo, the place where execution takes place, and there they were cut into pieces. The parts of the corpses with all clothes and ornaments were thrown into the stream. The Apa Tani man similarly executed was a young slave who had angered his master and the prominent men of the village by refusing to comply with his master's and the headmen's orders; he fled at last to Toko. The Hang men informed Toko of the young man's character and previous record and demanded his return. A man of Toko consequently seized him and handed him over to men of Hang who tied him up near a *lapang* and soon afterwards he was taken to the execution place and killed.

The circumstances of the killing of a Dafla at the execution ground, throw more light on the custom of settling a dispute by the competitive destruction of wealth. Licha Seke, a Dafla of Toko, and the slave of two brothers of Toko, captured a mithan belonging to Bela Lampung and took it to Toko where it was killed. Afterwards he had a serious conflict with the men of Toko, and fled to Hang were he found shelter in the house of Taj Talo, a Dafla slave of Ponyo Tamar. But once when he was fetching wood Bela Lampung seized him and tied him up in his house where he was kept for one night. Next day Bela Lampung's kinsmen took him to Khopo and killed him there. Ponyo Tamar says that he tried in vain to free him and offered Bela Lampung 5 mithan as ransom. He argued that since the Dafla was living in his slave's house, it was as good as if he had lived in his own, and that capturing and killing a man under his protection was a slight on his honour. In retaliation he seized and killed two of Bela Lampung's cows. Immediately afterwards he started a feast competition by killing in front of Lampung's house three mithan cows and smashing one *dee gumlo*, one plate of bell metal and one *dao*. Lampung took up the challenge and slaughtered next day near Ponyo Tamar's house four big mithun. Tamar replied by slaughtering 10 mithan, and Lampung killed in turn 20 mithan. The next day Tamar slaughtered 30 mithan, but Bela Lampung outpaced him by slaughtering 60 mithan. Far from admitting defeat Tamar collected 80 mithan and prepared to slaughter 70 of them.

But at that point the others prominent men of the village intervened and persuaded Tamar to be content with squaring the scores by slaughtering only 60 mithan. He gave way, and following their advice killed 60. The headmen then decided that Bela Lampung should pay to Tamar a fine of one mithan cow. This was done and the opponents were reconciled. Had Tamar continued and won the competition, Bela Lampung would have had to replace every mithan killed by Tamar and this would probably have forced him to sell the greater part of his property. For before losing he would have exhausted all his resources and his credit

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[1] This only a theoretical assumption; in practice Hang and Michi Bamin are the only villages that make use of Buri.

In a similar *kinds* competition two brothers were the opponents. They quarrelled over the possession of a slave girl and slaughtered between them 47 mithan. In this case too the village elders stopped the competition and brought about a reconciliation.

26th April.—Camp Hang. Halt.—Hitherto I have always been told that Apa Tanis never sell their own tribesmen to Daflas, but today I heard of a small boy of Michi Bamin, whom his master sold to a Dafla of Mai. The boy's parents were freed slaves, but they died and their son returned to the house of their former master, and was subsequently sold to Mai. My informants remarked, however, that to sell Apa Tanis as slaves to people of other tribes is not looked upon with favour by public opinion.

If a slave owner dies without living children or a widow, his brothers inherit his slaves. But if he has no brothers either, his more distant kinsmen give the slaves a share of their deceased master's property; housesites on the outskirts of the village and some fields of lesser value. The *slaves* will be considered as freed but remain under the obligation to give their master's heirs the head of any animal which they slaughter or kill in the chase. A widow with children will retain her husband's slaves and her own kinsmen will assist her should the slaves become unruly. She even has the right to ask her brothers to kill an unruly slave.

I have realized for some time that Apa Tani society is divided into *gute*, people of higher status, and *gachi* people of lower status. But only today did I discover the truth about the relative position of the two classes. Every *gachi* clan is dependent on one *gute* clan, or in some cases part of it is dependent on one *gute* and the other part on another *gute* clan. Individual *gachi* families are attached to individual *gute* families and have the inherited obligation of giving their patrons the head of any animal slaughtered or killed in the chase, and helping them on their fields with no other reward than food for the day they work. If they fail in this obligation, their *gute* patrons can seize their cattle and in extreme cases their fields. With the one exception that they cannot be sold their position is indeed not very different from that of slaves with their own house and land.

My informants admitted that all *gachi* clans were originally slave clans. Yet today *gachi* men can buy and sell slaves. Some are quite rich, but on ceremonial occasions they still eat with slaves, and they may marry slave girls. These *gachi* clans have no clan land of their own, but share in the usufruct of the land belonging of their master clans.

Incidentally I heard today of a raid undertaken by the Hang men against Mai some 20 years ago in revenge for the stealing of mithan and capturing of Hang men. Though Hang attacked with a force of 400-500 men, only ten women and children were killed and ten captured. All men escaped and the prisoners were subsequently released on payment of high ransom.

Some years afterwards Haja raided Mai, but this attack is said to have been unprovoked. The Haja men blamed Mai for having brought dysentery from the plains; but the disease actually reached Haja through Jorum and Toko and Haja singled out Mai for no other apparent reason than that it was a small village. They killed in the raid 40 men of Mai, and captured 20 women; ten of the latter were released on payment of ransom and ten were kept as slaves.

Mai revenged themselves on the Apa Tanis by attacking a large number of Michi Bamin people working on outlying rice fields; They killed 50 people on the spot and captured two young girls.

With the scores nearly squared Mai and the Apa Tanis decided to desist from further raids; a peace was negotiated and a *dapo-stone* set up in commemoration near Mai.

The Hang men told me also of an unsuccessful raid against Jorum. For that raid they had called levies of Miris from Gochasa, Bako, Hosi, Rdeam and Chemir, promising them part of the spoils and paying the village headmen in *dao gaute* and other valuables. But Jorum was forwarned by Apa Tanis of Michi Bamin and gave the raiders so hot a welcome with showers of arrows that they retreated in confusion. 8 Miri men were killed and three Apa Tanis; two guns brought by the Miris were captured by the Daflas of Jorum.

Among my informant was Taj Tako, a Dafla slave of Ponyo Tamar, who with his hooked nose and narrow face could be a European but for the colour of his skin. It is for the first time that I have seen this type in a Dafla. He told me with great animation his very eventful life history. His parents were of Licha and after a family quarrel went to stay in Haja and then moved to Mai. When his father tried to capture mithan from Michi Bamin he was killed, and Taj Tako, while still a small boy was sold to Tako by the Mai man in whose house he was staying. After several years he ran away from there and went to the plains where he lived for a year with plains Daflas. Then he went to Hang, and Ponyo Tamar persuaded him to stay and paid himself three mithan to his former master of Tako.

Taj Tako married then a girl half Apa Tani and half Dafla, who was a slave of Ponyo Tamar, and had three children, two sons and one daughter. The eldest lives in Tamar's sister's house, and the younger in Tamar's house, and the girl stays in his own house. Except for a garden, he has no cultivation of his own, but is maintained by Tamar. If his daughter marries and has children all her daughters will belong to Ponyo Tamar and all her sons to the father and the father's master. It is a general rule that the daughters of a slave woman become the property of the man who was the slave woman's owner. This explains perhaps also why slave owners have no objection to their slave girls marrying freed slaves or slaves of other people, even if they lose thereby their immediate help on the fields and in the house.

While this evening we were sitting in our house with Hibu Takr the great spirit-caller, heavy rain began to fall and soon there was not a dry space in the room. The repairs to the roof, which the Hang men pretended to have carried out, were obviously quite ineffective. But Hibu Takr came to our help; standing on the verandah he invoked the deities of rain and weather with long incantations and it was not long before the rain subsided.

27th April.—Hang to Duta. Approximately 4 miles.—With bad weather threatening and the roofs of our houses leaking, we decided to return early to Duta. On all such moves it is not so much young boys who come forward to carry our luggage, but the more middle aged men with a smattering of Assamese, who have attached themselves to our camp. Since they are anxious to help us, but have little control over the young men, they find it easiest to carry our loads themselves. None of them ever accept the offered cash wage, but all want tobacco and matches.

On many of the fields groups of girls, sometimes re-inforced by two or three men, are planting out the early rice. Every unmarried girl is member of a gang (*pating*), consisting of boys and girls, both free and slave, of one clan, or in rare cases two or three related clans. The members of a gang are not all of exactly the same age, and a married woman may continue to work with her gang until she bears a child. The gangs work in turn on the fields of their members or are hired by men who have no daughters or

young slave girls and paid wages in grain. Though the *patang* companies both girls and boys, the latter often go out for work separately, and I have often seen groups of ten and more boys of the same age working on the fields. There exist, incidentally, no boys' or girls' dormitories or anything comparable to a *morung*.

Soon after we had arrived in Duta, Jorum Kamia, a Dafla headman of Jorum, with his wife, son, brother's wife and one slave came to see me. He brought a little goat and two chickens as 'presents', but with the admitted idea of getting presents of cloths and beads. Some time ago the slave's wife who was also a slave of Jorum Kamia, whom he had bought from Haja, escaped with another Dafla and sought refuge at Lutsa. But Jorum Kamia went to Lutsa and the girl was returned to him by the 'Political Officer'. Encouraged by this success, he descended today that several families of Jorum who had moved to the Dafla village of Joyhing close to the Inner Line should be compelled to return to Jorum, saying that if that was not done he would raid Joyhing. These families are not his slaves, but may have stood in some dependence towards the headman.

The Dafas of Jorum have not yet sown on their *jhum* fields. After burning, they scratch the soil with bamboo hoes which seem to be identical with Konyak hoes, and then broadcast small millets, but dibble such crops as rice.

28th April.—Camp Duta. Halt.—Yesterday afternoon I heard from men of Hari that three men of Rahke, a village south of the confluence of Khru and Kamla were in their village. They had brought back a mithan belonging to Hari, which had been stolen by men of Bua, and I hope that this may be the first sign of a détente between the Apa Tanis and their neighbours to the north. I sent Temi, my Dafla interpreter to Hari and asked him to do his best to bring the Rahke men here, or to persuade them to come and see me today. But Temi failed in the attempt to bring them with him and today passed without them turning up.

Temi told them that some of his own forefathers came from Rahke and that they should trust him, but they seemed very frightened and thought probably their journey to Hari a sufficiently risky venture without any contact with new and possibly dangerous people. Two of them were slaves and they had all been sent by Rahke Saia, the headman of their village. The mithan which they brought belonged to Hage Gate of Hari and had been stolen by Kap Tale of Bua and then made over to Guch Tamar of Cherair. Somehow or other it had wandered across the land of Rahke, and the headman thought it a good move to send it back to the rightful owner. He informed Guch Tamar and suggested that thereby amicable relations with the Apa Tanis could be resumed, and Guch Tamar commented that the mithan should be the returned. Bua was also informed and seems also to be tired of their feud with Hari, which has stopped all trade. The coming of the Rahke men can therefore be interpreted as a peace move on the part of these villages. They told Temi, who knows by now very well what I am interested in, that they have trade contacts with the villages on the Kamla, but that they have never been to the villages known as Hidjat Lupukher in the Khru valley west of Rahke. Temi says that they speak a mixture between Miri and Dafla, and dress more or less in Miri fashion. It is a pity that I could not see them, but it would have been injudicious to rush at once to Hari in order to meet two slaves and another man of very little importance. The fact that they refused to come to my camp seems to lessen the chances of making any contact this season with the villages on the Kamla River. For the peace negotiations between Hari and Bua will presumably still take a fairly long time.

Today I was badly handicapped in all enquiries regarding customs by the fact that Temi is laid out. He is the only one of our interpreters who can interpret from Apa Tani into Assamese at all efficiently and I am very conscious of the danger of the whole work depending on one man. But by now we have met every Apa Tani with any knowledge of Assamese and found that none of them has more than a smattering. For simple things, sometimes the little they know suffices, but once we come to more detailed and complex matters, Temi is indispensable. The only alternative is Tade, a Plains Dafla boy, whom I have attached to the doctor to interpret into Apa Tani. He has not sufficient intelligence and concentration for tackling difficult subjects, but is a possible temporary substitute for Temi. His great disadvantage is that he (Tade) suffers from elephantiasis, and I wonder how long he could stand hard conditions.

The lack of interpreters would be very serious if any closer control of Daflas, Apa Tanis, and Miris were to be attempted. It seems that besides Temi, who is no doubt first rate in every respect, there are only three or four Eastern Daflas who would be suitable as interpreters. The men of the hills know no or very little Assamese and those of the plains do not seem to be keen on leaving their villages for any length of time. This difficulty results no doubt partly from the policy of forbidding hillmen to settle in the plains within easy reach of their former villages. Apa Tanis, for instance, must go to Lokra if they want to settle in the plains and consequently lose all contact with their own tribe.

29th April.—Camp Duta. Halt.—After a period of better weather there has been today a good deal of rain, and it looks as if monsoon weather was gradually settling in. Practically all the rice fields are now flooded and so full are some channels that they overflow the dams and there is even in the fields quite a noticeable current. We all wonder how the dams will stand the much heavier rain of later months.

Temi is still not very well, and I had to use Tade for interpreting. Even so I hit on an interesting custom closely connected with the feuds competitions of destroying wealth. The competitors in this case were Nada Tasang and Dani Pila of Haja, and the cause of their quarrel seemed comparatively slight. A Dafla of Licha, who was heavily indebted to Haj Tamar of Haja, came as a guest to the house of Dani Pila, and when he was returning he was seized by Dani Pila, and kept in stocks until his brother had paid a ransom of one mithan and one cow. Haj Tamar gave the cow into the care of Nada Tasang, but Dani Pila killed it one night to revenge the loss of face which he had suffered when his guest was captured soon after leaving his house. Nada Tasang demanded from Dani Pila the price of the cow, but Dani Pila refused to give any compensation and challenged Nada Tasang to call all his kinsmen, friends and supporters and engage the man whom he, Dani Pila, could summon in a pre-arranged fight. So both called upon their kinsmen and friends and the whole of Haja was split into two camps. In the morning the opposing parties met on the island between the rice fields on which our camp stands; there were a thousand men on one side and a thousand men on the other. For men of Duta and other villages came to support the party with which they sympathized. Only Nada Tasang and Dani Pila themselves remained in their houses. But their supporters lined up in to enormously long lines stretching far into the fields; all men were fully armed with dao, bows, quivers and shields, and those without spears, swung pointed bamboos. Then it was seen that both sides were almost equally strong. They were not made up by whole clans. Chobiko the head of the Nada clan, was on the side of Dani Pila, while his first cousin Roza joined Nada Tasang's line.

If one side had been much weaker, the other might have attacked; not as seriously as in real war, but sufficiently in earnest for opponents to wound each other. For since both parties were equal, the men decided to go home and tell the competitors to start slaughtering animals. Nkala Tsanga began and killed a total of 43 mithan with 30 killed on the last day; Dani Fila followed suit, but reached only a total of 26 mithan. At that stage, when it would have been Dani Fila's turn to sacrifice 26 mithan, the other villagers inter vened and the competition was stopped. Dani Fila paid Nkala Tsanga one mithan and one *lka* as compensation for the original loss of the ego.

To this, as is apparently also in many other *ganda* competitions, most of the mithan did not belong to the quarrelling parties but to their relatives; Nada Tsanga, for instance, owned only 5 mithan; all the rest were given by his kinsmen, and had not to be repaid.

Of a similar case I heard today from Talyang Baker of Bela: two brothers' sons were quarrelling, the one accusing the other of having stolen some beads. The accused cousin began a *ganda* and both competitors killed ten mithan each. Though both had mithan of their own, these killed were those of brothers and kinsmen and only those of more distant relatives were to be given back.

30th April.—Camp Dutta—Hail.—The rain of the last two days has completely flooded the rice-fields and in many places the water is flowing over the dams and submerging some of the minor paths between the fields. The channels are already full to overflowing and I see no way in which the water could be diverted. On many, though perhaps not yet the majority of fields, the transplanting is completed and in the wide expanse of flooded traces there are here and there patches of green in various delicate shades.

During these days, one can observe very well the *gaura* (*patang*) of boys and girls going in single file to the work on the fields. All the members are usually of more or less the same age through occasionally a smaller boy or girl, who belongs perhaps not to the *patang*, has joined them for the day. The composition of such a gang does not seem to follow any strict rules, and the members belong very often to different clans. But once a boy or girl has become a member of a *patang*, he or she remains in it until the time of marriage. A young married man may still go out to work with his *patang*, but a woman cannot easily combine her household duties with the work of the *patang* and henceforth works with other married women, who adjust their working hours to the requirements of a household. It happens quite often that member of the same *patang*, but of course different clans, get married.

Today I heard more of the pre-arranged fights (*gandu*)—one might call them 'mass duels'—which are to the Apa Tanis the last resort in the settling of disputes. They result usually in real fighting; and lead often to casualties on both sides, but are regulated by rules preventing real general conflagration and are essentially different from the raids which Apa Tanis undertake when at war with their Dafla neighbours.

One of these *gandu* was held five years ago in Bela village; the opponents were Nani Tamar of Reru *khel* and Milo Dabo of Tajang *khel*. A Dafla who owed Milo Dabo the price for a good deal of rice came to the house of Nani Tamar, and was captured by Milo Dabo, after leaving the village; he was later released on payment of ransom. But Nani Tamar felt humbled by the *gandu* and captured and challenged Milo Dabo to a *gandu*. Next day the kinsmen and friends of both sides lined up outside the village, but before there was any fighting, leading men of the neighbouring village intervened and the dispute was settled by Milo Dabo slaughtering one mithan for a pacifying feast.

Less harmless was the outcome of a *gandu* between Bela and Hari. When five years ago Haja raided the Dafla village of Linia, a man of Hari joined the raiders and was killed in the fighting. One year later his brother Hage Sa heard that Linia people had come to Bela to purchase rice. On their return journey he and his kinsmen ambushed them and killed one man and one woman. The people of Bela were exceedingly angry over this breach of the peace, which threatened to disturb their trade relations with Linia and to involve all Apa Tania in hostilities with the Daflas to the north. They demanded therefore that Hage Sa should placate Linia by paying compensation. When he refused, the whole of the Reru and Tajang Khels declared a *gandu* against Hage Sa, who took up the challenge and was supported by his village.

On the arranged day the fighting men of both sides met on an open field between Bela and Hari; and Hage Sa remained according to custom in his house. Even the women helped by bringing bamboo spears. The numbers were approximately even and the parties attacked each other with arrows, spears and sometimes, when rallying forth, even with dao. Many men were wounded by arrows and spears and two on each side were killed. As usual when one or two men have been killed on both sides, the *gandu* was broken up. There was no formal peace making, but the dispute was considered settled and both villages were afterwards again quite friendly.

Another *gandu* occurred between Hang and Michi Bamin over a boundary dispute. The men of Hang encroached upon a piece of Michi Bamin's communal village land, declared that they would cut thatching grass there and erected, without consulting Michi Bamin, a boundary stone well inside Michi Bamin's land. Thereupon Michi Bamin upset the boundary mark and burned the thatching grass wrongly earmarked by Hang for their use. At that Hang men tried to make a permanent boundary line, which Michi but Michi Bamin stopped them. Both sides agreed then to hold a *gandu*, and on the fixed day the fighting men of the two villages lined up on both banks of the Kele River where it forms the boundary between Hang and Michi Bamin. Hang contains many more houses than Michi Bamin and can therefore muster many more warriors, but Michi Bamin was supported by the men of Mudang Tage. From the two banks they shot at each other with arrows and spears and each party lost one man, besides many being wounded. The outcome of the *gandu* was that Michi Bamin retained the disputed land, and that Hang's attempt to profit at the expense of a weaker neighbour was foiled by Michi Bamin's determined stand.

TOUR DIARY OF THE SPECIAL OFFICER, SUBANSIRI, 1ST MAY—25th MAY 1946

1st May.—Camp Duta.—Halt.—Typical monsoon weather has now set in and the clouds are hanging low over the valley. Off and on there are heavy showers and the building (still of the doctor's and Political Jemadar's houses had today to be mended. This was quite a problem, for it is impossible to get thatch for love or money at this time of the year; finally we had to use the thatch off the isolation room attached to the doctor's house. Most Apa Tanis are themselves short of thatch; considering their carefulness in preserving bamboo and forest groves in order to maintain a steady supply of wood and bamboo one would expect them to stack thatching grass or rice-straw against an emergency. For any future plans regarding the establishment of an outpost or station in the Apa Tanis country it will be well to remember that thatch is not available in appreciable quantities from the middle of the cold weather until after the rains.

Following up the question of the pre-arranged fights (*gumbu*) by which inter village quarrels are terminated, I heard to-day of a case which throws light both on the relations between Apa Tanis and Dafflas and the reaction of the entire Apa Tani tribe to any breach of custom affecting tribal solidarity. This case, which divided the whole tribe into camps, started with a trivial incident: Talyang Tagang of Bela and another Bela man went to Jorum village to buy cotton. There they met the two young widows of Jara Tana's elder brother who complained that their deceased husband's younger brother would not give them the status of his wives, but told them that they would have to marry some of his slaves. The Apa Tanis, with an eye to the possibility of making a profitable deal, suggested to the women that they should run away to Bela, and that they, the Apa Tanis, would arrange suitable marriages with the men of Bela, taking, of course, the bride-prices. The women agreed and on a fixed day Talyang Tagang met them in the forest near Jorum and took them to Bela, where he had them in a granary. But on the way to Jorum Talyang Tagang had been seen by other Apa Tanis, and when the Dafla Jara Tana inquired in Haja about his brother's widows, he was told that possibly they were hidden in Bela. Haja accused Bela of disturbing their relations with the Jorum people and in this they were supported by the other villages. When the Bela people admitted the presence of the women in their village, Haja and Duta paid each one cow to the captors and the widows were handed over and subsequently returned to Jorum. In recognition of these services Jara Tana paid to Haja and Duta one mithan each and slaughtered a third mithan to be eaten by the assembly of men who came to decide the dispute.

But after some days, Jara Tana came to Haja and complaining that the Bela people had demanded payment for the return of the two women, instigated Taku Tana of Haja to steal the two cows that had been paid by Haja as ransom; Taku Tana set to get one brass plate for this service. Taku Tana did not succeed in stealing the two cows paid for the Dafla women, but stole another cow belonging to Milo Dabo of Bela and made it over to Jara Tana of Jorum. Milo Dabo subsequently captured Taku Tana, got his cow back and in addition a ransom of one mithan and one cow.

But this did not satisfy the Apa Tanis. The whole tribe rose against Haja and Duta, accusing Taku Tana of having violated Apa Tani custom and tribal solidarity by robbing Apa Tani property in the pay of a Dafla. Such behaviour was a dangerous precedent and could not be tolerated.

All the other Apa Tani villages therefore declared a *gumbu* and on the appointed day lined up in front of Haja and Duta ready for a fight. Haja and Duta could only just cover the approach to the villages with their outnumbered men, but the opposite line stretched from Mudang Tage across the rice-fields as far as the hills. Fighting began with arrows and spears and many men, including Taku Tana were wounded. There was, however, no attempt to attack Haja and Duta from the rear. In the evening all the fighters went home, but next day the *gumbu* continued from morning till evening. No one was killed and on the third day Taku Tana offered a cow to be slaughtered and eaten by both parties, if thereby peace could be restored. Bela and their allies accepted and the *gumbu* came to an end. There had been no fatal casualties but a good deal of Haja's and Duta's standing rice-crop had been destroyed and many bamboos in private groves had been felled.

2nd May.—Camp Duta. Halt.—The more I hear of the Apa Tani system of land-tenure the more complicated does it appear.—The land owned by individual clans or groups of clans lies in many cases at a great distance from the village, and often separated from the village by land belonging to the clans of other villages. To day I made a list of all the land belonging to Koji and Chigi, the leading clans of Duta village. These two clans intermarry, and yet own all the forest and grazing land jointly. I counted 29 separate areas belonging to these two clans, each with a name of its own, and each put to a definite use. Some of these areas lie southeast of Hang nearly a day's march from Duta, others equally far to the east within a few minutes walk of the Dafla village of Licha, but a long day's march from Duta. All the forest belonging to Duta which lies near Licha is one of no use to the Apa Tanis because no one dares to trap and hunt there, and to risk thereby capture by Licha. If this country should ever come under regular administration, these rights of individual clans on land far from their villages, and sometimes close to the villages of different villages will need very careful handling.

In Haja there are three groups of clans holding stretches of forest as common property; and here again intermarrying clans hold land jointly.

From a man of Hari village I heard of another *gumbu* fight that occurred in recent years. The reason was again that one village sided with their Dafla friends and trade partners against another Apa Tani village. Takhe Tagang of Hang went with Tasso Sili of Hari to Bua in order to purchase cotton. On their return Dafias of Hidjai captured both. Takhe Tagang was kept in Hidjai but Tasso Sili was sent to a village south of Bua. From there he escaped and after crossing the Subansiri by a rope bridge, cut the ropes and thereby prevented his pursuers from following. Takhe Tagang was ultimately ransomed, but he blamed Bua from having done nothing to obtain his release; since he had been on the way from their village, he had still a claim to their protection.

In revenge he captured two Bua women who came, accompanied by an Apa Tani of Hari to attend the great Miioko feast in Hari. The Apa Tani fled and the two women were taken to Hang. Hari demanded the release of their guests but Takhe Tagang refused. Thereupon Hari challenged Hang to a *gumbu* fight and was supported by Bela, Mudang Tage, and Michi Basin, all villages that have forests and pastures in the direction of Bua and had formal peace treaties with Bua.

But on the morning when the Hari men and their allies went to the place arranged for the fight, Takhe Tagang killed one of the captured women in front of the sago shrine, cut the body into pieces and burnt them in front of the sago. Then the Hang men came out to fight; many men were wounded and the Hang people were hard pressed, when the rumour spread that the son of Penyo Tamar, the richest and most prominent man of Hang, was dying of an arrow wound. When the Hari men and their allies heard this they gave up the fight, thinking that if he died the consequences would be serious. They had been on the point of breaking into Hang, but withdrew and ended the *gumbu*. In

the end the wounded man recovered and the other woman still held by Takhe Tagum was ransomed by her relations. The latter, as is the general custom, did not take part in the fight; only occasionally do the men on whose account a gaadu is fought take the field. For they are personally responsible for any losses on their own side and must pay compensation for any one killed; therefore they are not generally allowed to fight; if they were to die, who would pay compensation to the kinsmen of fallen fighters?

For a long time we have been buying rice from the Apa Tanis entirely for the permanent porters but also for ourselves. At first we asked the prominent men to sell us rice; they brought some, but not enough and though we offered payment in cloth at a generous rate we were always hard pressed to get sufficient supplies for our day to day needs. But then some women came to sell rice and we began trading with the women. From that moment our difficulties disappeared, and the supply was assured. I am told that a man must ask his wife when he wants to sell rice, but that the women have control of the granaries and can sell even without consulting their husbands. Considering that land and cattle is generally inherited in the male line and owned by men, the position regarding the rice store is surprising.

3rd May.—Camp Duta. Halt—After two days of rain, there was a fine morning and I went to the villages of Duta and Haja, to establish the territorial distribution of clans, the lay-out of the villages and if possible count the houses.

In Duta, which is a comparatively small village the local character of the clans (*kula*) is well pronounced. All the 121 houses of the Koji clan are grouped together, in streets of their own around the two Koji sitting platforms (*lapang*) which are the social centres. On the outskirts of the village in side lanes and interspersed among Koji houses stand two groups of 33 houses of Yachang clan; this clan is a *gachi* clan attached to the Koji clan and has no *lapang* of its own.

One quarter of the village with one *lapang* is inhabited only by people of Chigi clan, which comprises 25 households. Although small in numbers the Chigi clan furnishes now the virtual leader of the village, Chigi Nime, famous as a spirit-caller and warrior. Surprising this is a group of 25 houses of Hanya clan with one small *lapang*, but this group descends with the Koji quarter. Hanye is a *gachi* clan, and some of its families are dependants of Koji and some of Chigi men.

Haja is about three times as large as Duta. I made a rough plan of the village, according to which the clans are here also strictly localized; in many a street one can draw a line which divides, to both sides, one clan from the other. This strict localization of the clans is only possible if the house-sites are inherited in the male line; and this is indeed the rule. Freed slaves have their houses usually near that of their master and since s'even adopt their master's clan name, this does not upset the local character of clans.

This afternoon I talked to a Dafla of Telo, who had come here to buy rice and had brought with him one mithun to pay for it. He once lived in Nichom, a village half a day's march from Licha. He said that Licha lies quite close to Nichom, and that both are in the K yi valley. Licha and Licha could thus easily be dealt with in the same operation, should the necessity arise.

4th May.—Camp Duta. Halt—Today the two Apa Tanis whom I had sent with three Galong porters to North Lakhimpur returned; they were alone, all three porters having fallen ill in North Lakhimpur and my clerk writes that three porters of another party are also ill and under treatment. This means less provisions for us, and greater difficulties with communications.

Talking to the headman of the Nendin clan, Nendin Tagum, I asked him about his property in land, and how he had acquired it. Apart from his inheritance he bought a good deal of his land himself; the mithan required for these purchases he obtained partly by selling rice and partly, as he explained cheerfully, by capturing men. Within the last ten years he captured four Daflas of Licha and Likha and kept them in stocks until the ransom was paid. In each case, there was a good pretext, usually the fact that one of Nendin Tagum's relatives had once been captured by Daflas of the same village. Three of the victims had come to Haja to buy rice, but one was a woman who had quarrelled with her co-wife, and ran away from home. But in one case he was cheated of his profit; the captive, although Nendin Tagum did not know it at the time, was a very poor man, and all he got as ransom was one prayer bell (*deo gaate, sagi*) worth about Rs. 3. The man, however, had been for 8 months in his house in stocks, and eaten much more food than the value of the ransom. Nendin Tagum described laughingly how far the Dafla prisoner grew on his good food.

The capturing of men is thus not Licha's monopoly and Nendin Tagum admitted quite openly that the main object of keeping the victims as prisoners was to extract a high ransom, sufficient to offset ransoms previously paid by his kinsmen to Licha and Likha.

But of late Haja has not captured any Daflas and it is two years since the last Dafla was kept captive in Haja.

Some 15 or 20 years ago Haja raided Licha, but the Licha people were forewarned and the raiders, led by renegade Daflas of Licha and supported by men of Jorum and Toko retired without striking. No Licha man or woman came to harm; but my informants say they burnt the houses in Licha: I have, however, reason to doubt that they did even this.

5th May.—Camp Duta. To Hari and back—Last night Nada Bida, who had brought our post from North Lakhimpur, was sitting in our house with some other men, but left after a drink of liquor in the best of spirits and in good time. At about 11 p.m., when I was just going to bed, the door opened and his wife stood there, pouring forth a tale of woe, of which I understood only that he had not come home. With difficulty I persuaded her to go away, but dawn had hardly broken when she came again and woke us with the same story. From that moment, we had little sleep, for every hour she came and kept on talking and complaining quite oblivious of the fact that we understood practically nothing of what she said. At last we ourselves grew anxious fearing something might have happened to Bida. But there was another explanation. My interpreter Karu confided to me that Bida had spent the night in a granary with a young unmarried girl of good family and at cock's crow had come to Karu's house to establish an alibi; the two friends pretended that from our house Bida had gone straight to Karu's house and had slept there. Bida's material circumstances are of interest. He belongs to the richest and most prominent clan of Haja, but is himself very poor. He had some land, but sold it all when he was hard up for rice and pressed by a creditor. Now he works here and there for other men; he is one of the men who go frequently to the plains to buy salt and sell it at a profit. His wife is of a good and

rich family of Bela, but his parents-in-law do not help him very much. Though he has been married for nearly ten years, he has no children, and when I asked Karu, whether Bida could take a second wife, he replied that his wife's relatives would not tolerate that and would tie him up if he did such a thing and cut off his hair.

Polygamy is indeed rare among Apa Tanis and in Haja there are only three men with more than one wife. But Kago Bida, one of the richest younger men, told me that his wife had permitted him to marry another wife, and he had already arranged with three young girls to marry them one after the other, and had received their parents consent. He said laughingly that he wants to be like a Dafla. Next year he will marry the first of these prospective brides.

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In talking to the headman of the Pato khel, Gate Tadu, I clarified the position regarding the children of slaves. If a slave girl marries the slave of another man, and his owner does not pay any bride-price, all her children, male and female, become the property of her owner. But if a bride-price has been paid, her owner can claim only the daughters while the sons go to the father's owner. The same rule applies if she marries a free *gachi* man. In his case too her owner has a claim on the daughters unless the husband paid, not a bride-price of the normal very moderate value, but her full price which the owner could have realised by selling her as a slave.

A good deal of the rice seedlings are still in the seed beds, most of which are immediately near the village and fenced in. But transplanting is in full swing. On a slope of one of the small islands standing out from the flooded rice terraces, I saw lately transplanted millets, and I watched a woman planting millet seedlings on the sides of a dam, making the holes with a pointed stick. On a rice-fi-ld girls were planting seedlings between the stubble of last year's harvest. From some of this stubble new shoots were springing. The Apa Tanis take advantage of the perennial character of some type of their rice, and in some fields where the ground is soft and damp, they don't disturb the stubble and roots, but allow the old shoots to come up, planting the spaces between with fresh seedlings. Thus some fields are not dug over for periods of several years.

6th May.—Camp Duta. To Mudang Tage and back.—The party of Gallong porters who arrived yesterday from North Lakhimpur brought news which necessitates a change of plans. The number of sick porters has increased and there is not much hope of getting them all up by the end of the month to take us and our luggage down. Of late not a single party has done the trip without some falling ill either in North Lakhimpur, here on arrival, or being forced to return after the first stage. To bring all the Gallongs up again may mean a return journey burdened by sick men. The second piece of news is that at Perre the water has already nearly reached the level of the bridge. This is a bridge partly suspended from trees and supported at the banks by posts. The Daflas who built it aware that the river could never rise to the level of this lofty structure. But the Gallongs speak of the unusual confluence of the two swollen rivers, the Perre and Panior, and there is no doubt the possibility that this bridge, which seemed to us all so secure, may give way when the rainfall increases. The trouble is proximately that few Daflas have ever seen the Perre in full flood at this particular place, and that they could not gauge how high the water rises. Some members of our camp imagine themselves already cut off from all communications with the plains and wonder how they will live for four months without salt and cooking oil. Though this is a wildly exaggerated fear, I have decided to adjust the programme of our return journey. The Gallong porters now here will start on the 8th with Siraj and the Mechicus carrier and some of our luggage. There has been no heavy rain lately and they will no doubt be able to cross the Perre River without difficulty. After their arrival in North Lakhimpur they will return with all Gallongs to Perre and Siraj will send word to the Daflas of Selemendi, who built the Perre bridge, to await us there on 23rd May. We will start from here 10 days earlier than originally planned, namely on the 21st May, and engage Apa Tanis to carry our loads as far as Perre. With parties on both sides of the Perre river, some arrangement for crossing can no doubt be made even if the bridge has collapsed. My reasons for an earlier start are twofold: first of all the Apa Tanis are emphasic that they would not undertake any trip down after the end of this lunar month; secondly the earlier start increases the chances of finding the bridge standing. All the other bridges are described by the Gallongs as safe and well above the water l- -el. But they complain that one stretch of the path near Gego is knee deep in water.

Today we went to Mudang Tage. "The most prominent headman, Mudang Tahr, has so far kept rather aloof, but came recently to see us and was very insistent that we should come again to his village. For on our previous visits he had always happened to be out. So we sent him word this morning, but when we arrived there were difficulties. It was raining slightly and we had no intention of sitting on one of the open sitting platforms. But Mudang Takr had made a puja for a sick child, and did not want us to enter his house. While in some villages we can go freely into the houses, there are in others still difficulties, but at last we were accommodated on the covered verandu of the house of a freed slave.

Mudang Tahr told me that some fifteen years ago he had taken part in the famous Apa Tani raid on Licha and described how the raiders found the village deserted and burnt the houses. But I have my doubts as to the accuracy of this statement. Every man I ask about this raid tells a different version, and the only point of agreement is that no Licha man was killed. I believe that the mere fact that Apa Tanis dared to decide to raid Licha was considered such an extraordinary feat that an abortive and in no way creditable raid gained a certain fame. When I discussed it this evening with Koji Raja he admitted that the raiders never got to Licha, and far from burning the houses, turned back a long way from the village; their only achievement was some damage which they did to the crops on outlying fields.

In this abortive raid the Apa Tanis were reinforced by some twenty-five Daflas of Licha who were living in Haja and Duta at that time. Most of them were refugees who had had to leave Licha for various reasons; some because they had eloped with girls or married women, some on account of quarrels with relatives, another because he had accidentally killed a man, and yet another because he could not pay the full bride-price for his wife. The case of Licha Tana was unusual: he had been captured by a man of Haja and after having been kept in stocks for some time, proposed to his captors that they should set him free on the condition that henceforth he would live in Haja and, by helping them to capture mithan from Licha, purchase his freedom. Licha had at that time large debts for rice bought on credit from Haja and Duta, and the Apa Tanis unable to obtain payment sounded the Dafla refugees in their midst as to whether they would help in a raid against Licha. Relying on these Daflas, they prepared a raid against Licha, but their allies failed them and some shouts from the hill-tops near Licha sufficed to cause a hasty and inglorious retreat.

the end the wounded man recovered and the other woman still held by Takhe Tagung was exonerated by her relations. The latter, as is the general custom, did not take part in the fight; only occasionally do the men on whose account a gamble is fought take the field. For they are personally responsible for any losses on their own side and must pay compensation for any one killed; therefore they are not generally allowed to fight; if they were to die, who would pay compensation to the kinsmen of fallen fighters?

For a long time we have been buying rice from the Apa Tanis mainly for the permanent porters but also for ourselves. At first we asked the prominent men to sell us rice; they brought some, but not enough and though we offered payment in cloth at a generous rate we were always hard pressed to get sufficient supplies for our day to day needs. But then some women came to sell rice and we began trading with the women. From that moment our difficulties disappeared, and the supply was assured. I am told that a man must ask his wife when he wants to sell rice, but that the women have control of the granaries and can sell even without consulting their husbands. Considering that land and cattle is generally inherited in the male line and owned by men, the position regarding the rice store is surprising.

3rd May.—Camp Dura.' Halt—After two days of rain, there was a fine morning and I went to the villages of Duta and Haja, to establish the territorial distribution of clans, the lay-out of the villages and if possible count the houses.

In Duta, which is a comparatively small village the local character of the clans (*bata*) is well pronounced. All the 121 houses of the Koji clan are grouped together, in streets of their own around the two Koji sitting platforms (*lapang*) which are the social centres. On the outskirts of the village in side lanes and interspersed among Koji houses stand two groups of 33 houses of Yachang clan; this clan is a *gachi* clan attached to the Koji clan and has no *lapang* of its own.

One quarter of the village with one *lapang* is inhabited only by people of Chigi clan, which comprises 25 households. Although small in numbers the Chigi clan furnishes now the virtual leader of the village, Chigi Nitze, famous as a spirit-caller and warrior. Adjoining this is a group of 25 houses of Hanyo clan with one small *lapang*, but this group dovetails with the Koji quarter. Hanyo is a *gachi* clan, and some of its families are dependants of Koji and some of Chigi men.

Haja is about three times as large as Duta. I made a rough plan of the village, according to which the clans are here also strictly localized; in many a street one can draw a line which divides, to both sides, one clan from the other. This strict localization of the clans is only possible if the house-sites are inherited in the male line; and this is indeed the rule. Freed slaves have their houses usually near that of their master and since slaves adopt their master's clan name, this does not upset the local character of clans.

This afternoon I talked to a Dafla of Teko, who had come here to buy rice and had brought with him one mithan to pay for it. He once lived in Nichom, a village half a day's march from Licha. He said that Likha lies quite close to Nichom, and that both are in the Ki yi valley. Licha and Likha could thus easily be dealt with in the same operations, should the necessity arise.

4th May.—Camp Duta. Halt—Today the two Apa Tanis whom I had sent with three Galong porters to North Lakhimpur returned; they were alone, all three porters having fallen ill in North Lakhimpur and my clerk writes that three porters of another party are also ill and under treatment. This means less provisions for us, and greater difficulties with communications.

Talking to the headman of the Nendin clan, Nendin Tagum, I asked him about his property in land, and how he had acquired it. Apart from his inheritance he bought a good deal of his land himself; the mithan required for these purchases he obtained partly by selling rice and partly, as he explained cheerfully, by capturing men. Within the last ten years he captured four Daflas of Licha and Likha and kept them in stocks until his ransom was paid. In each case, there was a good pretext, usually the fact that one of Nendin Tagum's relatives had once been captured by Daflas of the same village. Three of the victims had come to Haja to buy rice, but one was a woman who had quarrelled with her co-wife, and ran away from home. But in one case he was cheated of his profit; the captive, although Nendin Tagum did not know it at the time, was a very poor man, and all he got as ransom was one prayer bell (*deo ganta, mejri*) worth about Rs. 3. The man, however, had been for 8 months in his house in stocks, and eaten much more food than the value of the ransom. Nendin Tagum described laughingly how fat the Dafla prisoner grew on his good food.

The capturing of men is thus not Licha's monopoly and Nendin Tagum admitted quite openly that the main object of keeping the victims as prisoners was to extract a high ransom, sufficient to offset ransoms previously paid by his kinsmen to Licha and Likha.

But of late Haja has not captured any Daflas and it is two years since the last Dafla was kept captive in Haja.

Some 15 or 20 years ago Haja raided Licha, but the Licha people were forewarned and the raiders, led by respected Daflas of Licha and supported by men of Jorum and Toko, retired without striking. No Licha man or woman came to harm; but my informants say they burnt the houses in Licha; I have, however, reason to doubt that they did even this.

5th May.—Camp Duta. To Hari and back—Last night Nada Bida, who had brought our post from North Lakhimpur, was sitting in our house with some other men, but left after a drink of liquor in the best of spirits and in good time. At about 11 P.M., when I was just going to bed, the door opened and his wife stood there, pouring forth a tale of woe, of which I understood only that he had not come home. With difficulty I persuaded her to go away, but dawn had hardly broken when she came again and woke us with the same story. From that moment, we had little sleep, for every hour she came and kept on talking and complaining quite oblivious of the fact that we understood practically nothing of what she said. At last we ourselves grew anxious fearing something might have happened to Bida. But there was another explanation. My interpreter Karu confided to me that Bida had spent the night in a granary with a young unmarried girl of good family and at cock's crow had come to Karu's house to establish an alibi; the two friends pretended that from our house Bida had gone straight to Karu's house and had kept there. Bida's material circumstances are of interest. He belongs to the richest and most prominent clan of Haja, but is himself very poor. He had some land, but sold it all when he was hard up for rice and pressed by a creditor. Now he works here and there for other men; he is one of the men who go frequently to the plains to buy salt and sell it at a profit. His wife is of a good and

rich family of Bela, but his parents-in-law do not help him very much. Though he has been married for nearly ten years, he has no children, and when I asked Karu, whether Bela could take a second wife, he replied that his wife's relatives would not tolerate that and would tie him up if he did such a thing and cut off his hair.

Polygamy is indeed rare among Apa Tanis and in Haja there are only three men with more than one wife. But Kago Bida, one of the richest younger men, told me that his wife had permitted him to marry another wife, and he had already arranged with three young girls to marry them one after the other, and had received their parents consent. He said laughingly that he wants to be like a Dafla. Next year he will marry the first of these prospective brides.

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In talking to the headman of the Pato khel, Gate Tadu, I clarified the position regarding the children of slaves. If a slave girl marries the slave of another man, and his owner does not pay any bride-price, all her children, male and female, become the property of her owner. But if a bride-price has been paid, her owner can claim only the daughters while the sons go to the father's owner. The same rule applies if the marriage is a free *gachi* man. In his case too her owner has a claim on the daughters unless the husband paid, not a bride-price of the normal very moderate value, but her full price which the owner could have realized by selling her as a slave.

A good deal of the rice seedlings are still in the seed beds, most of which are immediately near the village and fenced in. But transplanting is in full swing. On a slope of one of the small islands standing out from the flooded rice terraces, I saw clearly transplanted millet, and I watched a woman planting millet seedlings on the sides of a dam, making the holes with a pointed stick. On a rice-fi ld girls were planting seedlings between the stubble of last year's harvest. From some of this stubble new shoots were springing. The Apa Tanis take advantage of the perennial character of some type of their rice, and in some fields where the ground is soft and damp, they don't disturb the stubble and roots, but allow the old shoots to come up, planting the spaces between with fresh seedlings. Thus some fields are not dug over for periods of several years.

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Most of the Dafla continued to live for several years in Haja, but only one, who incidentally still lives here, had a house of his own. All the others stayed in the houses of Apa Tanis and repaid their hospitality by work on their fields and gifts of game that fell to their bows. Many went later to live in Jorum and Toko.

This evening came the wife of Toko Bat, one of the headmen of Toko, with some presents of rice, beer and eggs. From her I heard that on their jhum-fields the Daflas dibble the red rice into holes made with digging-sticks, while the white rice is broadcast. The dibbling of rice, reminiscent of the dibbling of *Sorghum subjore* by digging with cultivators in the Eastern Ghats, is to me new, and I do not think that the literature on the Assam hill-tribes contains any reference to this method of sowing rice.

7th May.—Camp Dida. Halt.—A good deal of today was spent in arrangements for the departure tomorrow of the last batch of Gallong porters. They will leave with some of our luggage and meet us again at Perre in about a fortnight's time. I am now breaking the news to the Apa Tanis that we will have to rely on them to take us down as far as Perre. There is little enthusiasm for the trip and they all start by saying that they are not used to travel at this time of the year and would risk fever and death if they did. But in the end they see that somehow we have to get down and promise to consult *nimmo*. I am not disturbed over this hesitation; it is after all the first time the Apa Tanis have ever been asked to do all sorts of things with no precedent in their customary behaviour, and they have on the whole proved very accommodating and helpful.

This morning Mudang Takr came to repay my visit accompanied by his wife and four brothers. They brought two bundles of bamboo sticks tallying with the numbers of houses in the village I had asked them to count the number of *guts* and *gachi* houses, and these were 176 and 131 respectively,—a total of 307 houses for the whole of Mudang Tage. There, as in most villages, the families of higher rank are more numerous than those of commoners and slaves. Takr asked for a document stating that there would be permanent peace and friendship between Government and his village—a kind of *dapo* stone in paper. I told him that he should first prove his practical friendship by sending some men to carry my loads to Perre, and then I would give him a piece of paper to say that he had personally proved friendly towards Government. I do not know where from he got the idea of written agreements of this kind, but there can be no doubt of the Apa Tanis' desire for friendly and closer contact with a Government which in their view may strengthen their position *vis-à-vis* troublesome Dafla neighbours.

Chigi Nime told me today of a curious tradition concerning the Apa Tanis' early history. According to him they are descended from Nime Bendi, the original mother of Apa Tanis and other races, who lived in a country to the north called Supong. On their migration southwards the ancestors of the Apa Tanis crossed first two large streams called Ui-Kamla and Ui-Khru (*i.e.*, god's Kamla and god's Khru) which unlike the real Kamla and Khru turned northwards and flowed into Tibet. (Could this be a faint recollection of the Subansiri or Tsangpo?). Later they crossed the Kamla and Khru which are still regarded as the northern borders of the Apa Tani country.

8th May.—Duta to Hang. Approximately 4 miles.—This morning a party consisting of Sirsi, the medicine carrier, and eight Gallong porters left for North Lakhimpur. They will halt at Lohit and build some sheds. In all the other camps huts have been built by various parties of Gallongs.

Padi Layang, the most prominent headman of Reru, and indeed the whole of Bela village, has a great reputation as a warrior and the great influence he has seems to be due not only to his wealth, but also to his power of leadership. Today he told me of his raids on Dodun near the Khru and the many unrelated scenes of the fiercer aspects of the feuds between Apa Tanis and Daflas.

It seems that there has been for many years enmity between Bela and Dodun, probably manifested in a similar way as that now prevailing between Haja and Licha. Padi Layang said that many years ago, before he was born, his father was captured by Dodun and subsequently ransomed, and that the men of Dodun kept on robbing Bela's paddies and capturing men who were out hunting or on tending cucumbers to the villages south of the Khru. The men of Dodun never dared to raid Bela, but by their many acts of theft and kidnapping they enraged the Apa Tanis to such an extent that retaliation became inevitable. There had been many *dapo* agreements, but Dodun broke the peace again and again.

At last, some four years ago, Padi Layang decided to raid Dodun. His objective was not the whole village, whose sixty houses are distributed over several settlements, but only the settlement of Dodun Tania, a prominent leader in war who had once captured Padi Layang's father. The settlement consisted only of five houses, but some of these were very large and Dodun Tania's house alone contained twelve hearths.

Padi Layang took with him twenty Apa Tanis of Reru and arranged with ten Daflas of Licha to join the raiding party. Before starting from Reru, the Apa Tanis sacrificed a dog, taking the head with them. First they went to Licha, and from there started at midnight, reaching Dodun before sunrise. The men of Dodun had been warned that they might be raided and so they had been on guard outside the village all night. But they had expected the raid at night and not in the morning and the raiders managed to creep close up to the village unnoticed and to attack just as the sun rose. On entering the village they came under the fire of the Dodun men's arrows and one Reru man, Nani Kani, was hit by a poisoned arrow shot by Dodun Taka, Tania's younger brother. Padi Layang attacked the house of Dodun Tania and one of his men threw the dog's head onto Tania's veranda. Each house was entered by a separate party of raiders and so successful were these tactics that ten women and ten children were led away as captives and taken to Reru.

During the raid no one was killed on either side, but Nani Kani died in Reru of his arrow wound ten days afterwards. To revenge his death his clansmen killed Dodun Taka's two wives and his small son who were among the captives. They took them to a stream, cut them into pieces and threw the fragments of the bodies into the water, taking only the left hands to the village to perform with them the *nyi* ceremony.

Four boys and four women were subsequently ransomed by their kinsmen, but the remaining nine captives were sold to various Dafla villages, such as Licha, Toko, Jorum and Sekke (near Chuska).

But the hate of the Reru men was unappeased and the death of Nani Kani had given it a new sting. After the raid, the Daflas of Dodun Tania's settlement moved for safety to the largest settlement of Dodun. The Apa Tanis, however, were not deterred, they made a second raid and this time all three *khels* of Bela took part. They attacked late in the evening and affected a complete surprise. They burnt two houses, killed five men and five women, and captured ten women and ten small boys. Only three of the boys were subsequently released on receipt of ransom; the others were sold to various Apa Tanis, and the women were sold to Mai and Leji.

Dodun Tania had again escaped the raiders, and the Apa Tanis sent word to Dodun through men of Limia, that only when Tania was dead would they cease raiding Dodun. They even went so far as to bribe Tania's brother Taka, saying that only by killing Tania could he save his village from utter destruction and promising him at the same time a reward. It seems that Taka consented, and a Tibetan bell was paid to him in advance. But Tania got wind of the plot, seized his brother when he suspected of treachery, took him in bonds to the banks of the Khru and had him killed there and his body thrown into the river. An Apa Tani slave of Reru, who surprisingly—happened to be in Dodun, watched the killing.

Though Dodun Tania is still alive, there have been no more hostilities between Dodun and Bela; Apa Tani slaves go now-a-days to Dodun for purposes of trade, but no free men.

At midday I started for Hang, and arrived there to find all the terraces between my camp and the main village green with sprouting rice. Only on high outlying terraces has the transplanting not been completed.

I had hardly arrived when Gate Tadu, a headman of the Pato *khel* of Hari and Hage Gate came to see me. The latter is an extremely handsome young man with an oval face, a long fine nose and light brown eyes; with a lighter skin and a different hair dress he would look definitely European. Gate Tadu, who is related to him through the female line, is very much of the same type; both men are tall, very well-built and of a grave and most dignified bearing.

Hage Gat is the man who was recently released from captivity at Chemir, and he told me with calm indignation how one of his mithuns had disappeared and how, on a rumour that it had been seen in Chemir, he went there and entered the house of his friend Gauch Tamar, the headman (who is incidentally a *pura* holder). Tamar had often been to Hari and was on friendly terms with Hage Gat. Notwithstanding he acted his guest and put him in stocks, explaining that so would he revenge the death of Taia Tara of Bua, his wife's brother, who had been killed by Apa Tanis of Hari. Hage Gat says that there has never been any quarrel between Hari and Chemir, and that even Daflas admit that Taia Tara had deserved his fate. He considered therefore Gauch Tamar's action as entirely unwarranted and as a break of friendship and at the *dafe* between Chemir and Hari. Gauch Tamar kept him for four months in stocks and demanded an inordinately high ransom. This was at last paid and Hage Gat had in addition to pay very large fees to various negotiators[1].

Hage Gat said that he understood that Gauch Tamar was receiving *pura* from Government and requested that Government should in future exert pressure on *pura* receiving *Miris* so that they should not capture Apa Tanis and extort enormous ransoms. I think that this is a concrete instance where intervention would be justified and comparatively easy. Someone must obviously be the first to stop the game of man-catching and extortions of ransoms and *pura* holders might be asked to give a good example.

In the evening I had a long talk with two Hang men which threw some light on the relations between *gute* and *gocie*, the two classes of Apa Tani society. My informants told me that nearly all girls have a number of love-affairs before they marry. They meet their lovers in granaries, field houses, empty houses, in the forest and sometimes even in their parent's house. No objection is raised to such premarital intercourse as long as the rules of clan-exogamy are not infringed. And no one minds if *gute* girls have intercourse with boys of lower class, and if such a girl bears a child before marriage it may be accepted in her parents clan and have all the privileges of a *gute*. If, on the other hand, the girl admits that the child's father is a *pachi*, and is prepared to become his wife, she may do so, but loses thereby her status as *gute*. On no account however can a *gute* man marry a *pachi* girl and all children sprung from such patrons remain *pachi* and members of the girl's clan.

9th May.—Camp Hang—Halt.—A perfect day with white fairy tale mist in the morning, a cloudless sky and cool wind, followed by a still, moon-flooded night.

In the morning I made the round of the village, and asked at each of the sitting platforms (*lapang*), which are the social and ritual centres of clans, one or two men to count the houses of their clan. There was none of the opposition which my first proposal to count not only the houses, but also the people, had evoked on my last visit, and I had not long to wait for the bundles of bamboo sticks representing the houses. Their total number is less than that given by the villagers out of hand, and comes only to 807 houses, a good many of them shelter, however, two or more families and have the corresponding number of fireplaces. It seems that recently Hang has grown, for in Ponyo Tamar's lifetime five new *lapang* have been founded because the old ones failed to accommodate all the men of certain clan groups. Thus where men of two *bote* used one *lapang*, a new *lapang* was built and now each clan has its own sitting platform.

In Hang there are many men even of *gute* clans and respectable families who own no rice fields, and a few who have neither rice-fields nor dry land in the shape of gardens and fields for millet. Yet, there would be land for more rice terraces at the southern end of the valley, and I was told that there a village of the size of Michi Buniem could easily be accommodated. But the Hang men say that no one dares to settle or cultivate there, because lying at the end of the valley, and surrounded by forest, it is too exposed to Dafla raids, and that indeed many people were killed or captured in that place.

If only they were given protection from Daflas, Tamar said they would gladly give up that land for a post or station to be built there and the land could be cultivated by those who had to live there. I think that this suggestion might once be taken up; at the south end of the valley there would be an ideal place for a civil station with ample land, forest and water, and if there is land suitable for rice cultivation landless Apa Tanis could settle there and cultivate partly for their own benefit, and partly for the personnel of the station. By introducing new vegetables and improved crops, two birds would be killed with one stone; for the station staff would be easily supplied with vegetables, potatoes and fruit, and the Apa Tanis, expert gardeners as they already are, would quickly adopt these crops for their own use. Ponyo Tamar mentioned also that Hang had sanctioned the last expedition (Captain Lightfoote's) to camp at Bori, near the village, within easy reach of the other villages; if this invitation had been accepted they say all Apa Tania would have come and made friends with the party. The Political Jemadar confirms this statement and explained that the offer was declined for fear that so central a place might have given the Apa Tanis an opportunity to attack the camp from all sides; 50 Rifles were considered insufficient protection in such an eventuality.

10th May.—Hang to Duta.—Approximately 6 miles.—Before leaving Hang I explained to the headmen the necessity of giving us porters for the way to Pereo; I think there will be no unsurmountable difficulties in getting a sufficient number. Some have already volunteered and the headmen said they would ask for a few men from each clan. In the cold weather we could have as many men as we liked, but now some persuasion would be necessary.

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1. When I visited Chemir in 1944 I discovered that Hage Gate was not an innocent as he had made out, and that the capture had only been one incident in a long quarrel.

I then broached the question of purchasing rice next autumn. This year Hang did not sell any appreciable quantity to outsiders; for their usual customers, Mai and Leji, have had good crops and are not in need of grain. Apa Tanis seldom store rice for long and they say that if kept longer than until the next harvest, it goes bad. Since plains people—and also Nagas—keep their unhusked rice for years, this must be due to a faulty method of storage. The bamboo roofs of the granaries are presumably not quite water-tight, and moisture undoubtedly spoils paddy.

Pooye Tamar, husband of four wives, confirmed that women have the right to dispose of their husband's rice, fowls, pigs, and mithan, without consulting their husbands. If the household is short of food a wife may even sell a piece of the husband's land. Pooye Tamar and other men present said that in case husband and wife made independent arrangements for the sale of say the same mithan, the wife's arrangement would be given priority and upheld even at the expense of the husband's plans.

The Apa Tanis do nowadays a good deal of hunting and legs of wild boar and deer are often offered to me for sale. But the difficulty is that all people offering game want cloth, and rarely agree to sell for money. And our store of cloth is nearly exhausted; what we have we require for buying rice. Tobacco is now fast losing its value, for the new crop is already coming in. Apa Tanis do not dry their *tobacco* leaves whole as in the plains, but tread them underfoot while they are still fresh and green; the crumbled mass is then dried on mats on the verandas.

11th May.—Camp Duta—Halt—This morning we went to look for a possible site for the Assam Rifles in case they come up next year. I had envisaged a site at the north end of the valley where water and communal forest are near to hand. But on going there I found it is really too far away, and I have come to the conclusion that the open fields and soft slopes about three furlongs north of our present camp will be most suitable. The millet grown on these fields, will by then have long been harvested.

Just now young men and in some places also girls, are busy digging up these fields with their large iron hoes, most of which are of the type used in tea-gardens. In the old times, when such hoes were not available, the Apa Tanis used wooden spiked hoes, made of a forked branch. Old men say that the work was then much harder and there can be no doubt that the digging over of the soil with such wooden hoes must have been far less effective. After the men have turned over the soil, the women break up the clods and level the ground with little hoes with a moon-shaped blade, very much resembling Kenyah hoes. Into the level soil the millet seedlings are then transplanted. Some of the millet fields are very large and it is surprising that there too each individual plant is planted. Some of these dry fields are on gentle slopes, and dams between the plots prevent too rapid drainage.

In a depression between dry fields lies a group of rice fields, and I was told that these were made only three or four years ago. Previously that land too had been used for dry cultivation. The rolling hills at the end of the valley offer still opportunities for an extension of both wet and dry cultivation, but here to the south end, there is the danger from Daflа kidnappers. My interpreter pointed out the places from where Apa Tanis, while working on distant fields, had been carried off by men of Licha. He gave a telling demonstration of how they hide behind trees in the near jungle and then rush forward, some of the raiders covering the victim with their drawn bows while the others tie him up.

This evening I had a conference with several headmen of Hoja in which we discussed the question of porters for our trip to Perre and next year's tour to Licha and the Khru valley. They see less difficulties in getting 150 men in the cold season for a long tour than 30 now for 5 days, but promised that they will arrange for both. Without relying too much on headmen we have already made our private arrangements for porters; ten men of Bela, five of Hari, eight of Duta, and five of Mustang Tage have so far promised to come. The number of Hang men is still uncertain, but I think we will be all right.

Now that it is known that we are to leave so soon, various clan headmen drop hints that they too are hoping for presents. When we arrived we gave the more valuable of our presents to those prominent headmen who were in the foreground and helped us in settling down. Later we realized that many of the no less important and partly even more dignified headmen, who had been less pushing, had received no/absent presents. We explain that we have given nearly everything away, and they take this in a reasonable spirit, but the existence of so many headmen of equal rank and nearly equal influence is a difficulty in the disposal of political presents. A headman of a clan of a hundred households would appear important where villages are small; but in villages with eight hundred houses he may at first not be noticed at all, while a more forthcoming headman of a clan comprising perhaps only 30 households may appear very prominent. Fortunately we made no real *faux pas*, and no man of any but the highest rank got a valuable present. It is worth remembering that any Apa Tani who describes himself as a *gaonbura* is almost certainly a slave or a freed slave; no headman of high rank is ever referred to as *gaonbura* either by himself or by others. Assamese speaking Apa Tanis sometimes refer to such headmen as 'raja'. When going to the plains these men who have a smattering of Assamese style themselves *gaonbura* and act as foremen or gang-leaders for batches of five or six of their fellow villagers, and as such get a slightly higher wage.

12th May.—Camp Duta.—Halt—Nani Tayo, a man of Reru, told me to-day that this year both he and his wife went to work in the plains and stayed there for nearly three months. Together they earned daily an average of Rs. 2, and saved sufficient money to buy three silk cloths at a total cost of Rs. 63 two silver bangles at Rs. 15 and two small pigs costing Rs. 2 each. On their return they sold all their purchases except one small red cloth retained by the wife, for rice and salt.

Freed slaves can do what they like with the goods which they bring from the plains, only sometimes do they give a little salt to their former masters. A headman of Hoja told me, however, that since salt has become scarce in the plains and Apa Tanis can no longer buy as much as they want, his freed slaves and dependants have stopped giving him any complimentary presents of salt.

The exchange value of cloth, salt and other articles brought from the plains has not risen, and however expensive a silk cloth may now be, it fetches in the hills the same price in rice as before. This is perfectly reasonable, for the wages earned by the Apa Tanis in the plains have risen in proportion and a man need not work to-day any longer than before in order to earn the money required to buy, say, an red cloth.

This evening Dumpr Pila and Nadd Bida returned from Perre after accompanying Siraj and his party. They tell that the bridge across the Perre River is unmanaged and that just now the river is quite low. This is a great relief, and I hope that on our return journey we will have no more difficulty than Siraj's party had.

Since yesterday it has been raining of and on and the temperature, which on the previous five days rose to nearly 80° F., is again down to about 60° F.

15th May.—Camp Duta. Halt—I did not feel very well to-day and had to stay most of the time in bed. Other members of the camp are also suffering from some kind of diarrhoea. But even if one is not particularly in a mood to see anyone, it is impossible to save one-self from the Apa Tanis. They will walk into the room and sit down beside the fire, smiling vaguely at any meek protests.

What strikes me often in the Apa Tanis is their passion for counting. Whenever a man gets hold of any note book or diary he will solemnly sit down and count the pages, and to-day one man counted all the pages of a book by Gbarye, and made only a mistake of some eight pages among 240. Their interest in numbers may spring from their trading spirit and help them to calculate prices and measure quantities. They are on the other hand very back in drawing, and while even middle-aged men love scribbling with pencil and paper, their attempts to draw a man or mithan are lamentable. Their drawings are indeed inferior even to those of the Chenchus! So what of the theory that drawings are in any way indicative of the mental age of a people. However, many boys model very nice mithan and human figures of clay and some carve crude mithan from soft chalk. I have never seen any attempt at wood carving.

In recording the genealogies of some prominent men of Haja I realized to my surprise that many men know the names of their ancestors in the male line as far as the 5th generation before them, and as far as the fifth generation they usually even remember the names of their grand-and great-grandmothers as well as the clans and villages from which they came.

16th May.—Camp Duta. Halt—To-day there has been a good deal of rain, alternating with some bright hours. But undeterred by the rain, men and women of Duta streamed to their dry fields which have to be dug over now the transplanting of the rice is nearly over.

Talyang Bokar, one of the headmen of the Kalung Khel of Bela, came this morning with a peace offering of rice and pork. The other day he refused in a rather rude way to converse on some quite harmless subject and so I told him that he need not sit about on my veranda. He stayed away for some ten days but re-appeared to-day in a chastened mood.

He and his companions confirmed that all their trade was with Liniu, Rakhe, Pemir and other villages to the north, and they never encroached on Haja's and Duta's preserve by trading with Tolko and Jorum. To-day Dallas of Tolko are in Haja trying to buy rice for a mithan, but they too never seem to approach villages on the other side of the valley. Owing to the feud with Pemir, the trade of Bela is this year restricted; free men of Bela go only as far as Liniu and Liniu people come to Bela; but only slaves go occasionally to Pemir, Rakhe and Mungu and no men from there dare come to Bela. To Pemir go only slaves of the Tajang Khel, but since the recent murder of a Pemir woman by a Kalung man not even slaves of the Kalung Khel venture so far north.

Only a few days ago I heard from Haja men about the fabulous prices demanded by Dallas for their pigs and dogs when sold against such articles as cloth. The Bela people tell too that for a white cloth costing Rs 3-8-0 in the plains, the Dallas on the Khru will give only one piglet and for one silk cloth costing perhaps Rs. 15 to Rs. 20 only two small pigs. When I pointed to a mithan calf perhaps 6 months old, tentatively tied up here they said that Dallas would demand for such a mithan six double sheet silk cloth, each costing Rs. 20 to Rs. 25 and in addition several score of salt. When in need of rice the Dallas barter their animals for more reasonable rates, and even expressed in salt their prices are far lower.

Salt is the only imported commodity whose value has recently risen; not owing to the rise in prices in the plains but to the necessity of salt. Thus a pig valued previously at 12 seers of salt, can now be obtained for six seers. In general it seems that the carriage up here puts up the price of salt by nearly eight annas per seer.

15th May.—Camp Duta—Halt.—I heard to-day that the arrow poison used by the Dallas of the vicinity and sometimes sold by them to Apa Tanis is obtained from Mengo. On the high ranges near Mengo, near the snows, grows a small plant of the size of *ai* oil-seed; from its tuberous roots the arrow poison is made. A scratch by a poisonous arrow is not dangerous, and even a 8yeth wound is not fatal provided the arrow can be pulled out at once and the wound is washed. But if a poisoned arrow remains in the wound for any length of time, the victim is certain to die.

Men of the Kalung and Tajang Khels of Bela brought to-day the bundles of sticks tallying the number of houses. Kalung comprises 180 houses, and Tajang 387; only the figure for the Reru Khel is still outstanding. The social structure of the Kalung Khel is so far exceptional as it contains no *gaki* clans; all the clans represented are of *gata* status and there are comparatively very few slaves in Kalung.

In Tajang, on the other hand, the numbers of *gata* and *gaki* clans are equal. The unusual thing here is that one of the two *aago* shrines, and that one used as ritual centre by all clans but one, is situated beside the *lapang* of a *gaki* clan and bears the *gaki* clan's name. This confirms my belief that *gaki* clans consist of the descendants of slaves whose *gata* masters and patrons have died out.

There has been heavy rain to-day and it is still rather cold, temperature being about 62°—65° F. in the day time. But the Apa Tanis work in the rain as on any fine day and their large bamboo rain-shields give them no doubt a good deal of protection.

16th May.—Camp Duta—To Reru and back.—The weather has surprisingly and suddenly changed and to-day was a beautiful day, sunny throughout and with a cool north-wind blowing. Walking at mid-day over the new flooded rice fields I was rather cool than hot. There can be no doubt that even at this time of the year the climate is very different from that of the Naga Hills.

I set out hoping to see the people at work on their dry millet fields where the small seedlings must soon be transplanted, but found that all were going to outlying rice fields where some work remained still to be done. So I used the fine day to go to Bele village, where I wanted to see the blacksmith at work. In other villages there are no blacksmiths and the three blacksmiths of Bela, two in the Reru and one in the Tajang Khel, provide all Apa Tanis with their iron implements in so far as they do not obtain them from outside.

First I went to one of the blacksmiths' houses, situated on the outskirts of the village, the last house of its street. But he was not at home, and I was taken to his smithy. It lies a good way off; we went first through the village, then across rice fields in a wide valley and up a slope past pine groves.

Then in the middle of pasture land we saw a small hut, the blacksmith's workshop. The blacksmith, Nenkre Kechi, was at work, helped by a boy who blew the bellows and another older man, busy sharpening a new *dao*. Several men were watching the work perhaps to see that the blacksmith used the whole of the iron which they had supplied.

A blacksmith's workshop must be at some distance from the village, for his art is fraught with dangers and the gods would be offended, if iron was worked close to the houses and the sites of religious rites. In Nenkre Kechi's family the art has been hereditary for generations, but anyone may learn blacksmith's work and Kechi's father actually taught Haruma Tayo, the second Blacksmith of Raru. A blacksmith is considered of slightly inferior social status, although he may partake of sacrificial food and people may eat in his house.

The bellows are different from any type I have ever seen. They consist of two wooden bowls let into the floor and covered with the leaves of wild bananas twisted into cones to which handles are attached. A man standing between the two bellows pulls the banana leaf-cone alternately up and down, thereby pressing the air into the bamboo-tubes leading to the forge. These banana-leaf cones which take the place of the skin bags used in other parts of India, last, I was told, about one month before they must be renewed. Apa Tanis have never seen any other type of bellows.

Nenkre Kechi has made all his instruments, hammers and tongs himself. His manufactures *dao*, knives and axes, but cannot make the large hoes such as the Apa Tanis use on the fields. His raw material is mainly hoes, which are bought in the plains; those I saw were of English make and had obviously been obtained from tea-gardens. Most probably tea-garden coolies steal them or get old hoes at a small rate and then sell them to Apa Tanis. The blacksmith never goes to the plains and does not buy his raw material. His customer's bring the iron and pay him a making charge in pork or rice, or give him instead half of the iron for his own use. From one hoe supplied he makes two *dao*; if he is paid a basket of rice or a side of pork, he gives both to his customer, but otherwise he retains one for himself in place of wages. With nearly 29,000 Apa Tanis dependant for repairs and new implements on three blacksmiths, these workshops are always busy.

This evening came Gate Tadu, one of the Hari headmen, who had been to Bua and Rakhe to negotiate a peace with the Dafla of those villages. He had given the men of Bua and Ra the my message that they should come and see me, but they said that just now they were too busy with their cultivation. Next season they would receive me well if I came that way. Men of Pemir and Monga had also come to Rakhe and all these villages agreed to come to terms with the Apa Tanis; it was decided that between these villages on the one side and Hari on the other there should be no more raiding and capturing of men and mithan, and that after the harvest of the small millets a formal *dapo* agreement should be concluded. Such an agreement would also affect Hang, Michi Bamin and Mudang Tage whose lands lie on the path to Bua. The Hari men had sent an invitation to Chemir, to attend the meeting at Rakhe. But Chemir had refused to send representatives; so it was agreed that Bua and Rakhe should leave Hari a free hand to deal with Chemir as they liked. But just when the Hari men were on the point of returning, a message came from Chemir inviting them to come and discuss terms in Chemir. They refused, however, saying that the Chemir men, who had captured and detained one of their men and owed them compensation should take the initiative in re-establishing peace, particularly since they had refused the invitation to attend the meeting at Rakhe.

17th May.—Camp Dutta—Nasia Rika, a man of Haja, who is one of the men who came up with us from North Lakhimpur, went yesterday to one of the settlements of Likha, and I told him he should try to persuade the headmen to come and see me before I left. Rika returned this afternoon, but had not succeeded in bringing anyone with him. He has been to a settlement called Yogtu, inhabited by Daflas of the Likha clan but a long day's march from the main settlements of Likha which are Mido and Tas. Yogtu is from Haja about as far as the Pangen River, *i.e.*, an easy march and consists of only four large houses containing about 25 adult men. The headman Likha Rehla told Rika that he had meant to come and see me for some time but that his wife had been ill; now he did not dare to undertake the journey, for three or four days ago some men of his village had captured six mithan belonging to Toko Bai of Tolin. Though apparently the two have not swore to such raids, the Yogtu people told Rika that they would welcome it, if next year I established peace between Apa Tanis and Daflas. The purpose of Rika's visit was to buy pigs and he had taken with him a white cloth and some salt; but all of Yogtu's pigs had recently died of a disease, and so he brought back his exchange goods.

The Apa Tanis do not breed pigs themselves; they castrate all males and keep the pigs shut up in small enclosures under the houses where they feed on refuse; at the time of the Mloko feast in March they usually slaughter all their pigs and then start again buying small pigs from Daflas and Miris and even from the plains.

Four Gallong porters returned to-day and said that the Perre bridge is all right. There has been heavy rain and the river was high, but was not touching the bridge.

18th May.—Camp Dutta—Halt—Padi Layang came to see me on his return from Taplo a village near Tado and Linia. He had gone there to fetch one of his mithan which is in the care of a Taplo man, but as it was raining they could not find the animal. So he brought with him two of his own pigs, which he also keeps in Taplo. It seems that all the Apa Tanis' live-stock is scattered over the neighbouring Dafla and Miri villages.

In Taplo he met also Taplo Kosku and from him he heard a strange story. When I heard that Padi Layang was going to the villages near Linia, I had told him he should tell those Daflas that next year I would visit them and that he should try to bring one of the headmen back with him. But when he gave the message, Taplo Kosku ridiculed the idea that I would ever dare to enter a Dafla village and blamed Padi Layang and the Apa Tanis for having been so foolish as to let me stay in their country and even take the trouble of building houses for me. He had recently been to Rakhe and there he had met Hipu Taia of Chemir, who is a *gaon*-bodder and had some weeks previously been to the plains and received his *pas* from the Political Officer. Hipu Taia had grumbled that "Government had no good rupees left, because they had all been used for the war and with the new rupees one could buy but little in the plains." He had then gone on to ridicule the Apa Tanis for having taken so much trouble over and set their hopes on a Sahib who was neither the Political Sahib (Political Officer) nor the Jila Sahib (Sub-divisional Officer), but some outsider who had probably come to the Apa Tanis because he was afraid of the Japanese. Taplo Kosku also heaped scorn on the Apa Tanis, and spitting vigorously to show his contempt of their foolishness, said they should just wait and see whether their new Sahib would ever be able to prevent the Daflas from

capturing their mithan, Padi Layang was apparently somewhat taken aback but said, I think in a rather dignified way, that he would tell me of Hipa Taya's abuses, and that if I was a real Sahib Hipa Taya would no doubt lose his *pass*, while if he continued to draw his *pass* Taplo Koaku might be right. At this Taplo Koaku got even more abusive and threatened Padi Layang that when the Japanese arrive the Dafias and Miris would enlist their help and would drive the Apa Tanis together with their Sahib out of the country.

I was rather sorry for Padi Layang, for he is one of the most helpful Apa Tanis and was obviously disturbed by these rumours coming from a man who had just returned from the plains where he had received his *pass*. But it is good to know that this is the attitude of Chemsir, which was somehow believed to be friendly. Chemir has, of course, been well-aware of my presence and no doubt got the message sent through the Rakhe men who met my interpreter, asking the *pass* holders to come and see me. An opportunity for such a visit was given a few days ago when the Apa Tanis headmen went to Rakhe and Chemir was invited to meet them. But Chemir alone of all the neighbouring villages refused to attend the negotiations. It is odd that the Japanese push in the Naga Hills should have its repercussions as far as the Kamla. But it suggs to the idea that in these disturbed times it might be advisable to pay *pass* somewhere in the hills, where the hillmen are not exposed to political propaganda.

Yesterday there was a minor incident when through the vigilance of my Apa Tanis interpreter Koji Karu it was discovered that his clansman Koji Tini had stolen one of the white cloths with which we have been buying rice. One had been missing for some days and was now discovered in the house of Tini, whom I had employed to look after our houses and who had therefore had ample opportunity for stealing whenever we were out. The cloth was stamped and bore the same number and marks as one still with us. This convinced the assembled headmen and made Tini's explanation that he had bought the cloth in the plains quite untenable. I told the Apa Tanis that I would let them deal with the matter.

To-day Chigi Nime, spokesman of Duta, came and said they had held a council and that the young men were ready to seize Tini and put him in stocks for some days, but that they had waited to hear my view. I explained that I thought the disgrace sufficient punishment and that from my point of view no action need be taken. Chigi Nime said that in that case they would let him off with a warning. Tribal justice is apparently swift and it is a good sign that the headmen took so serious a view of the theft.

19th May.—Camp Duta—Halt—Most of the day was spent in negotiations about the porters whom we will need the day after to-morrow for our return journey. A few men are more or less certain, and most headmen have promised to send some of their men. But such promises are of little value, for they are subject to the outcome of omens, and as most men do not like to go on a journey at this time of the year, the omens are—very conveniently—in most cases unfavourable.

While the discussions with headmen such as Padi Layang and Nade Chobin, who are doing their best to get us some porters, were in a friendly atmosphere, I had to use rather strong language to Mudang Tahr, the headman of Mudang Taye. He came this morning and declared bluntly that none of his villagers would come as porters. As Mudang Tage contains more than three hundred houses, it is absurd that he cannot get even five men to go. I told him therefore that so unhelpful an attitude would get him into trouble. We had asked for men to take us to the borders of the Apa Tani country and were paying them well; if he did not bother to comply with a friendly request, means would be found to exert some pressure; next season we would not tolerate any such refusal. If the Apa Tanis want to buy salt and cloth in the plains, they will have to learn that friendly relations with Government involve also certain obligations.

Mudang Tahr returned in the evening and promised to send one of his own slaves, but declared himself unable to provide any more men.

I discovered to-day rather belatedly, that in casual conversation the Apa Tanis do not often use the terms *gale* and *gachi*, for the people of high and of low rank, but refer to them as *mile* and *mare*; it is only in formal discussions and councils that the words *gale* and *gachi* are mainly employed. The terms appear to be synonymous, but it is possible that there is a slight difference, which we have not yet detected. *Mare* like *gachi* means not only 'slave' but is generally used for any member of the lower class.

20th May.—Camp Duta—Halt—For the last five days the weather has been good and we only hope that there will be no radical change for at least another five days. There have been a few showers, but they passed quickly, and on the whole there has not been much rain. We are all sorry to leave, for it is still delightfully cool—now in the evening only 68°F. In a few weeks we would also get some fruit; to-day I was given branches with small green peaches which when ripe are probably quite good, and on the trees near our house small pear-like fruits are forming.

The valley is now chequered with fields bright green with young rice; in some fields the new seedlings have been planted amidst the stubble of last year's crop which is itself newly sprouting. It is mainly on these kind of fields that the seedlings are now being planted, seedlings much older and stronger than the small plants put into the ground of fields just dug over and trampled under foot into a soft mud. Eager not to waste a single piece of ground where rice could be grown, seedlings have been planted even in some channels where the current is not too strong.

Chigi Nime and Koji Talo of Duta came this morning and presented me with a Tibetan sword in a bamboo sheath such as is worn by many richer men. Chigi Nime put the strap round my head and said that it should signify our friendship; making the gesture of taking out his heart and putting it into my chest, he said that they and I should for ever be like brothers.

Inspite of these noble feelings there are still difficulties over the porters. Some clan headmen say that all their men refuse to go, partly because the omens are bad and partly because they are afraid of sharing the fate of those men who went down for me in March. It is indeed most unfortunate that then two men died on their return and several fell seriously ill. I remember that we had then not the slightest difficulty in getting at short notice some twenty men; but their misfortune has frightened others and the time for journeys to the plains is no doubt definitely over.

I mentioned to the headmen my doubts over getting 150–200 coolies next season when it is now hard to get 30. But they assured me that in the cold weather I would get as many porters as I liked. I do not take this literally, however, and believe that some time will elapse before the Apa Tanis are sufficiently disciplined to furnish at any given time a large number of porters. It seems that the headmen have really not much authority over their men and the only people whom they can send are their own slaves.

21st May.—Duta to camp on the Pangen River, approximately 14 miles—We got up at 5 a.m. although we had no illusions as to a late start. Duta is with us, for it was a perfect morning and we hoped that the sight of the sun and a clear sky might determine some hesitating men to run after all the risks of the trip.

Yesterday I was forced to give some advances to headmen who promised to send certain of their men. Even in the plains Apa Tanis do seldom any work without receiving at least half of the wages in advance, and the Political Jemadar tells me that the coolies are in the habit of complying with their demands for advance wages. But in our case the headmen wanted the advance probably because they do not trust their slaves to bring back the money. Thus Pash Layang brought back this morning part of the money and asked me to buy for it a cloth and send it through one of the men who were going with us to North Lakhimpur. Quite apart from the fact that most of the porters are slaves, the headmen have also a claim on part of the wages because they have supplied the greater part of the rice needed by the porters as rations.

While the men of Hang altogether nine including our chowkidar and four men of Michi Bamin came in good time, all the others did not turn up for a long time, and frantic messages had to be sent to their villages. The headmen assembled, but had not brought the porters, and consulted us with the assurance that the men were making ready. When at last they trickled in they turned out to be the oldest or most miserable slaves of their villages, evidently men entirely dependent on some rich people and so compelled to go as porters whether they liked it or not. Since there is now-a-days a great deal of work on the fields, the cultivation of the dry fields being in full swing, rich men hesitate to send any of their good workers. Perhaps there may also have been the idea that to send an old slave means incurring a smaller risk; even if he should die on the journey, which everyone seems to consider most dangerous, the owner does not suffer as great a financial loss as by the death of a young slave.

But I believe that there is also a good deal of trash in the headmen's plea that people will not listen to them and that their own separated slaves find dependents refuse to obey them if they order them to go as porters. This is born out by the situation in Duta village. Chigi Nime, the most prominent headmen and greatest spirit caller, did his best to persuade some more men to come, offering them rice and even meat for the journey. But his attempts were unsuccessful and at last he declared that if no one else would go, he would set a good example and accompany us to Pertr. But the villagers were not impressed and no new volunteers came forth. But he stuck to his word and has really come, dressed up magnificently in a large black fibre rain-coat and a rain hat of some strong black fibre, with a long tail-like brim at the back, covering exactly that part of the shoulders which is not protected by the rain coat. On the back of the coat he has tied some clean cloth with food and a bleached cotton shell. When he walks ahead completely covered by the bristly black fibre he looks like a bear, and it may be that these hats and coats, always worn for hunting, are not only protection but also a kind of camouflage, which deceives the game.

But although Nime was ready in his strange outfit and all the headmen stood almost solemnly in their best white cloaks bordered gorgeously with bands of a golden yellow and red, or a deep mauve and red, there was no getting away and some of the coolies did not turn up while others found such and heavy load too heavy. A lot of young men, as strong and fit as one could wish, were standing about as sightseers but seemed the idea of coming as porters. They felt they was a job for slaves and slaves and serfs, and must for reasons why they should neglect their fields to earn a few rupees which in their country are of very little value. There is, moreover, the feeling that it is the obligation of the plains going people to carry our luggage, since they are dependent on trade with the plains and consequently on the good will of those in power there. And as many of these people going habitually to the plains refused to come as porters, other men saw even less reason to embark on the journey.

If in future Apa Tani coolies should be regularly required, it may be necessary to have a register of the plains going men and provide them with passes, which are liable to be withdrawn if the holder refuses to carry loads when required by Government. The difficulty of exerting pressure on the headmen is that they themselves have not much authority and it is not desirable to make them unpopular with their own community. Another difficulty are the rations. Very poor men have often not enough rice in their houses to provide rations for the journey of several days. In the future it may be better to buy rice from rich men and provide the porters with food. But all this requires a definite policy and this year we had to manage as best we could.

At 9-30 A.M. we could at last start, and we thanked our stars that the weather was fine. If it had rained, half of the porters would probably have bolted. There was soon trouble over the loads and we were very glad when outside Hang two Dafias of Toko joined us and took over two loads. They and one other Dafla of Toko had heard that we wanted porters and came on their own initiative. Including them we had 39 porters and in addition five of our Gallongs. The other Gallongs will come to meet us in Perre the day after to-morrow.

Very slowly we wound our way through the maze of rice terraces and it was 11-30 when we passed Hang. The way from there to the end of the valley seemed to-day very long and we did not get to the edge of the forest till 1 P.M.

The weather continued fine and at times it was rather misty and hot. Two of our coolies who looked rather ill, had difficulties in carrying their loads; it was not until 5-15 P.M. that we got to the camp between the Nirishe and Pangen Rivers. The bridge across the Pangen, built by the Apa Tanis of Bela seems quite strong and is now still high above the water. I think it will stand in the rains. Just after we got into camp there was a light shower but fortunately it passed very quickly.

Chigi Nime, who feels obviously that it is below his dignity to sleep with all the slaves, insists on sharing our hut, saying that "we should stay like brothers" a sentiment that obviously and fortunately includes Betty. So Chigi Nime will sleep on the floor between our camp beds, a 'brother' placed rather oddly between husband and wife.

22nd May.—Camp on the Pangen River to Lobu, approximately 11 miles—Though I was very tired I could not sleep till nearly midnight. But we got off at 6 A.M. after an easy stage. The Apa Tanis proved far better than the Dafias with whom we had come up. Each man collected his load and started without any fuss. There was no bragging over the weight of the loads and no delay caused by people trying to get away with half loads. On the way too the Apa Tanis were good and I was surprised at our elderly men who carried fairly heavy loads over an atrocious route. This stage is very difficult and long, and the path is every bit as bad as I remembered it. After the first long ascent to a height of between 6,000—7,000 feet, it goes continuously up and down with a gradient so steep in places that in going down one has to hand one-self from one bamboo or creeper to another. There is no member of our party who did not slip or fall, and this although we were favoured by the weather, and the day was dry. It is to the credit of the Abor porters that they managed to negotiate this route so many times and I think they have well earned their bonus.

Although we never rested for longer than to allow stragglers to catch up and regain their breath, we were 10 1/4 hours on the road, and did not get to the summit of Mount Lai until 2 P.M. and into camp at Lobu until 4-15 P.M.

22nd May.—Lobu to Perre, approximately 8 miles—The weather is still fine and we had no difficulties in getting off at 6 A.M. The Apa Tani coolies were again excellent and I have little doubt that once they get used to the idea of carrying occasionally for Government officers they will make good and reliable porters. The stage Lobu to Perre is not unduly long and took us only six hours, but the path is very slippery even in dry weather, the earth being so loose that the feet can often find little grip.

For many hundred feet the path winds laboriously through a thicket of giant bamboos, with stems so thick that the fingers of both hands cannot meet round them. As they pass the Apa Tanis cut small holes into the walls of these bamboos so that rain water collects in the section and provides them with a drink on the return journey.

In Perre we found Siraj and a party of 15 Gallongs who had come to meet us. Six Gallongs are sick in North Lakhimpur. Neither the Panior nor the Perre River carries appreciably more water than in March, but drift wood collected high up on the shore marks the level of this year's flood tide; at one time the water must have come up to the bridge. Daflas of Selamchi and Joyhing have come to meet us, they are still confident that the bridges will stand in all weathers.

After all the difficulties of finding sufficient Apa Tanis to come as far as Perre, it now turns out that most of the men would like to come as far as North Lakhimpur and are disappointed that we do not employ them any further. But with 15 Gallongs and 12 Daflas it would be a waste of money to take all the Apa Tanis to North Lakhimpur. I hear moreover, that there are cases of small-pox and typhoid in North Lakhimpur and I think I will ask the Apa Tanis to go only as far as Ringajan village. They are all keen on obtaining salt and I've asked me to help them to get it.

23rd May.—Perre to Kemping, approximately 6 miles—Our luck with the weather has come to an end. It began to rain in the middle of the night and has not stopped ever since. Even after a few hours of rain there was much more water in Perre and Panior and I can now well imagine how these streams swell suddenly to raging torrents. But the change of weather was not the only misfortune. A Dafla boy carrying one of our personal loads across the bridge—a basin with lid containing all our precious medicines as well as some photo accessories—caught in the cane ropes and the basin crashed into the river and disappeared as once in a flaming whirlpool. There was no hope of recovering it and we had to resign ourselves to its loss.

Changing over this morning from Apa Tani porters to Daflas we realized the difference between them. The Apa Tanis took their loads every morning without fuss, tying them up carefully and efficiently; the Daflas rushed about to pick the lightest loads, separated any they considered too heavy and were a general nuisance.

We have always expected the return journey in the rains would be hell, and to-day our expectations were justified. The path up to Kemping, difficult in the best of weathers, was sodden and the yellow clay so slimy and slippery that every step was hazardous. Leeches were bad and by the time we reached Kemping at 12-30 P.M. we were wet to the skin, and the camp proved as narrow and unsatisfactory as before. But this time we had at least some huts, palm-leaf roofed, and these give some protection from the rain. On a fine day it should be easy to get in one day as far as Gage, but to-day everyone was exhausted, cold and wet when we arrived here.

Now in the evening it is raining so heavily that I have some misgivings about to-morrow's steep descent.

24th May.—Kemping to Joyhing, approximately 16 miles—It rained nearly all night and we had difficulty in providing adequate shelter for all the coolies. Narrow as our own hut was we took in an Apa Tani couple; the girl is accompanying her husband and has been carrying quite cheerfully a full load.

We started at about 7 A.M. in drizzling rain. The steep descent of some 4,000 feet was difficult, but we made good progress and when at about 9-30 I saw the Panior not very far below us, I had the idea that we might try to do two stages and reach Joyhing the same day. The thought of another night in dampness and mud was to no one's liking and the hope of getting under a solid roof gave us new energy. The last part of the path was through a stream-bed and then we reached the broad level valley and the prepared camp near the confluence of the Gage River and Panior. It was then 10-30, and our Dafla guides thought we might be able to reach Joyhing before nightfall. They urged us indeed to go on for they thought that another day of rain might swell the Panior to such an extent that the route might become impassable for porters.

So we had hot tea and some food for everyone and after an hour's rest we crossed the very good bridge which the Daflas of Joyhing had built across the Gage River. After a while the path emerges from thick forest onto the rocky bank of the Panior River. The volume of water must have increased by many times since thirty hours ago when we last saw the Panior at Perre. The muddy brown water was boiling up into white foam as it rushed over a continuous series of rapids and a fine grey mist lay over the river while the rain poured down steadily. There were just a few stone slabs, rounded and worn smooth by many floods, still left unsubmerged and over these the coolies balanced their loads along the thick undergrowth lining the bank. But it was only for a stretch that we could follow the river: before us rose a cliff and the river lapping furiously against the stony barrier had to turn right in a sharp angle and disappeared in a narrow gorge. A bamboo ladder led up the precipitous bank and a suspended cane-&-ridge spanned a small tributary that had remained hidden from view. Then began the first of many ascents some 1,500 feet up a slope where only the toes and fingers could find a grip in the shallow holds cut out of the sandstone. This was no longer just a steep climb but veritable mountaineering and I admired the coolies who unperturbed y scrambled up with their heavy loads. Hardly had we reached the height when a descent no less steep brought us again to the level of the river, perhaps only a few hundred yards further downstream but on the other side of the gorge.

For the next few hours we followed the river bank, climbed up the cliffs, descended through narrow ravines and stream-beds, only to be again and again faced by walls of rock enclosing the river, which forced us up and across another ridge. Just above one of the gorges was a huge whirlpool where drift wood—from large tree trunks to broken splinters—was slowly and unceasingly being churned round and round. Now and then the rain would beat down in sheets, clattering on the huge banana and cane-leaves and streaming from our topees, shoulders and backs, and then it would dissolve into a fine drizzle.

At last at about 4-30 P.M. we came to old Jhum-fields of Joyhing village; but the settlement was still a far way off and just then a downpour burst from any other considerations every path into a stream. It was now getting cool and the large fire in a spacious Dafla house was most welcome. To take all the Apa Tanis and Daflas further than night encamp somehow, for on the Joyhing Tea Estate we had no accommodation for them. So we left them and the bulk of the baggage in the Dafla village and started ourselves with the Gallongs for Joyhing. Dusk was setting in and in the high forest it was getting dark. But we raced ahead, tempted by the prospects of a dry house and a change. It was not yet quite dark when we reached the Gallong camp. A cold wind was blowing and we began to shiver in our wet clothes. The mile or so over the tea garden stood seemed long, but at last we saw the lights of Mr. Farmer's bungalow. The servants gazed at us in speechless surprise, wondering if they should let us in. It was about 7-30 P.M. and in a few minutes we were in a warm bath and felt that the age of miracles had not come to an end. The Political Jemadar and the Doctor found shelter with some friends on the tea-garden and our Gallongs stayed partly in their own camp and partly in Mr. Farmer's out-houses.

26th May.—Joyhing. Halt—It was lucky that we did yesterday two marches, for all night it poured and in the twenty-four hours ending this morning 2 1/2 inches of rain fell. The Pamir is to-day no doubt much higher and it is doubtful whether with the last ledge of rock along the bank submerged we could have got down with all our baggage.

This afternoon I went by lorry to North Lakhimpur and the coolies went in by foot. There is unfortunately a difficulty in getting salt, for North Lakhimpur has been short for some time and there is none in the shops. For the Apa Tanis this is a bad disappointment, and I hope that somehow or other it will be possible to scrape together a little for them.

I returned in the evening to Joyhing where some of our stores are still in the Tea garden storehouse.

27th May.—Joyhing. Halt—I discussed today with Mr. Farmer, the tea garden Manager, the question of how the Apa Tanis obtain their hoes and iron. He confirmed that all the tea-gardens lose a great many hoes by theft, and that such stolen implements find their way probably also into the Apa Tani country. This year the Joyhing Tea Estate lost a great many iron fence poles; they were removed at night from outlying fences and Mr. Farmer suspects hill-men, either Daflas or Apa Tanis of the theft. He says that local hill-men hardly ever work in the tea gardens, probably because the wages are not high enough and they are not interested in permanent work, but want to earn a lot at rush times. During the harvest, landowners pay them Re. 1 to Re. 1-4 a day, and Mr. Farmer heard the other day of a forest contractor who engaged Apa Tanis for Re. 1-4 plus food per day, but said that it was well worth-while, because they worked from morning till evening and did in one day a job over which a plains coolie would take three days.

28th May.—Joyhing. Halt—To-day I inspected the bungalow which the Joyhing Tea Estate would be prepared to let. It would be a good headquarters, for it stands at the far end of the tea-garden and hill-men could come in without touching the coolie lines. It would be very advantageous to have this bungalow as a base for next season's expedition; all stores could be kept there, the clerks could live in it, and the in-coming porters could live in quarters near by at the edge of the forest. This would save two days on every trip and consequently a good deal of money and the porters would not be subject to the same dangers of infection as in North Lakhimpur. Communications will be no difficulty, for the desk-runners of the tea-garden go daily to North Lakhimpur and lorries are going in and out at least two or three times a week.

29th May.—Joyhing to North Lakhimpur—Came this morning by lorry from Joyhing to North Lakhimpur. Near Rangajan I met a group of our Apa Tani porters who are very miserable about the lack of salt. All attempts to get salt have so far been in vain, but there is still some hope that to-morrow we may get hold of one or two sacks. I took the Apa Tanis in the lorry back to North Lakhimpur and have promised to feed them until the salt arrives.

INTRODUCTION TO THE TOUR DIARIES—OCTOBER 1944 TO MAY 1945

While the establishment of friendly relations with the tribesmen and the gaining of knowledge on country and people were the main objectives of my tour to the Apa Tani valley in the spring of 1944, operations in the Subansiri area during the following season, *i.e.*, October 1944 to May 1945 were of a different and more complex character.

During the first part of the season exploration and the study of tribal custom and local conditions had to take second place and the primary aim was the consolidation of Government's influence among Dafla and Apa Tanis and the establishment of Assam Rifles outposts at Daza and in the Kiyi valley. It was believed that this aim could only be achieved by strong action against Licha, a Dafla clan, whose many acts of aggression had induced the Apa Tanis to appeal to Government for protection, and against Likha, a Dafla clan responsible for numerous raids on villages of the Panior and Par valley.

Government's decision to check the raids of Licha and Likha by extending its authority over the Kiyi valley necessitated the employ of 1½ platoons of Assam Rifles, and while in the previous season I had travelled accompanied only by my wife, the Political Jamadar, a Sub-Assistant Surgeon and several tribal interpreters, the party which visited Licha and Likha consisted of Captain A. E. G. Davy, Additional Political Officer, Balipara Frontier Tract, Captain Cooksey, myself and my wife as well as a much larger staff. Moreover a Survey Party under Mr. M. W. Kshappa of the Survey of India worked with the main party from December until the middle of February, and carried out a ground survey of the Apa Tani and the Kiyi valley in conjunction with the air-survey undertaken at the beginning of the season.

The greatest problem throughout the season was transport. In planning the operations I had reckoned with 300 permanent Gallong porters and until a few weeks before my start it was believed that the expedition would be provisioned, at least in part, by air. But owing to a shortage of transport planes, air droppings could not be arranged, and the heavy demands on Abor porters for war-work made it impossible to provide for the Subansiri Area more than 100 Gallongs, many of whom struck work after the first few days. Consequently the expedition was largely dependent on local transport and this in an area over which Government exercised little control and where some of the tribesmen were suspicious and even hostile, while others had never been visited by any outsider. This shortage of permanent porters restricted the range of operations and hampered the mobility of the Assam Rifles, but it also had the unfortunate result that excessive demands for porters had to be made on the tribesmen, particularly the Apa Tanis, a tribe which had never before been called upon to furnish transport for Government. Although the Apa Tanis had asked for the intervention of Government in their feud with Licha and during my first visit I had made it clear that if a column were to visit Licha they would have to provide hundreds of porters and they had agreed to do so, they were slow to realize that their co-operation was an essential factor of Government's programme. This was to some extent understandable and it was therefore with the greatest reluctance that at the beginning of the season, when recruitment was difficult, I backed my demands for promised porters by a strictly limited show of force against non-co-operative headmen. Fortunately the action thus taken did not disturb Government's relations with the tribe as a whole and it is remarkable that some of the men who had felt the strong hand of Government afterwards became our most loyal and helpful friends. After the initial difficulties the Apa Tanis settled down to systematic convoy work and there were times when close on four hundred Apa Tani porters were travelling on the lines of communications. The response of the Daflas was, though not so spectacular, fairly satisfactory, and in assessing their efforts it should be remembered that they do not constitute such a large and concentrated population as the Apa Tanis.

My diaries of the season, 1944-45, cover three district periods. During the first (October-November) I was mainly engaged in preparations for the expedition to Licha. I first built a base camp in Joyhing, then established a ration dump in the Dafla village of Sekeschi, visited several villages in the Panior valley and finally went to Daza in the Apa Tani country, accompanied by my wife, a small staff and two sections Assam Rifles. There I established an outpost and a trading depot, which was necessary to enable the Apa Tanis to dispose of the money they earned by working as porters and Government to purchase rice for porters' rations. At the end of November I returned to the plains for a reconnaissance flight and there met Captain Davy, Captain Cooksey and Mr. Kshappa. The second period during which the entire party was in the hills, extended from December 1944 to February 1945. At that time, Licha, Nichen and Likha in the Kiyi valley were visited, and Captain Davy, my wife and I made a short reconnaissance tour into the hitherto unexplored Upper Panior valley as far as Mengo, while Captain Cooksey established an outpost in Likha and Mr. Kshappa after mapping the Kiyi valley returned to Joyhing.

In February I separated from Captain Davy and the Assam Rifles who returned to the plains in the middle of March. During this third period, which covers March, April and May 1945, I toured the so-called Miri country accompanied only by my wife, the Sub-Assistant Surgeon and several tribal interpreters. With this small and mobile party I visited Miri villages south of the Kamla River in order to settle a feud between them and the Apa Tanis and then moved up the Kamla as far as its confluence with the Selu. From there we crossed into the Sipi valley (Sheet 83 H) which lies beyond the area visited by the Miri Mission and further up than any point reached by previous expeditions west of the Subansiri. The Sipi valley is on the Tibetan side of the Trade Divide between India and Tibet and the tribesmen of this area resemble in every detail of appearance and dress the tribesmen photographed by F. Ludlow at Migyitsa in Tibet. The season was unfortunately too far progressed to allow us to move further north or to reach the great Subansiri gorge, but although a geographical gap remains, it would seem that ethnologically the connection between the tribes of the Upper Kamla and Subansiri Region and the so-called Lobas met by travellers north of the Himalayan main range in the Tsari area has now been established.

I re-crossed the Kamla River just before the onset of the monsoon and returned to the Apa Tani country, where I wound up the trade depot. On the 15th May I left the Apa Tani valley and reached the base at Joyhing on the 22nd May 1945.

During my first tour in spring 1944 as well as throughout the three seasons, 1944-45, I was fortunate to receive the fullest support from the staff of the newly created Subansiri Subagency. I should like to pay a special tribute to Rajaraj Gogoi, Political Jemadar, who has for many years enjoyed the confidence of the Apa Tanis visiting the plains of North Lakhimpur and who proved invaluable in organizing transport and rationing arrangements, to the Sub-Assistant Surgeon, A. K. Bhattacharya, who showed not only skill and unfailing enthusiasm in his medical work, but proved hardy and cheerful during extremely strenuous tours in unexplored and difficult country, to Lovo C. Phuken who managed the trading depot at Daza with efficiency and tact and was on the most friendly terms with the Apa Tanis, and to Sirajuddin, the Transport Supervisor, who covered more miles than any other member of the party, and who by courage and unfailing reliability made him an extremely valuable member of the staff. They all worked under conditions of great physical discomfort in a climate, whose rigours are for them far more trying than for the European members of the party; their efforts were all the more praiseworthy as the thrill and exhilaration of original discovery

cannot have rewarded them for the hardships in the same way as it did my wife and myself. No less important for the success of the expedition were the tribal interpreters, among whom Kap Temi of Rangpiso, our head interpreter was unsurpassed in efficiency, intelligence, tact and courage. Excellent work was also done by the Dafla Bat Heli and Jumo Gogoi, the Apa Tanis Koj Kaya and Kago Taje and the Miris Nekir Made and Gochum Tapak. All those who have ever travelled in wind-swept tribal territory will realize how great a debt I owe to these interpreters, who left their homes for weeks and months and by their reliability, courage and tact enabled me to move without escort through the country of suspicious and war-like tribesmen many of whom had never before come in contact with outsiders.

Hyderabad, Deccan,
15th October 1945.

CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF.

15th October.—Joyking to Selemchi 7·7 miles. I started from the Joyking Camp at 6 A. M. with 1 section Assam Rifles, 50 Dafla porters under Sirajuddin, the Transport Supervisor, and the Doctor. Twenty-five, Dafla porters had already gone ahead the afternoon before in order to save time in crossing the Ranga Nadi.

The path from the camp to the river had been cleared the day before and is easy, leading throughout over more or less level ground. I estimate the distance at 2½ miles. We reached the river in less than an hour and hailed the Miri boatmen who were camping on a sandy site on the right bank of the Ranga Nadi together with the advance party of Dafla porters.

The river is not very deep and the boatmen can use their poles during the whole crossing, but the current is fast; there is one place where every boat is carried down with great speed, and the boatmen do not regain full control until it nearly touches the bank and is dragged up with ropes. The two boats had both been brought from the Subansiri. To cross and come back takes ten to twelve minutes. Our entire party was across the river within an hour, but when large numbers of porters go up to Selemchi it will be necessary to send the majority ahead and let them cross on the afternoons before. There is a good camp site on the other bank which can take several hundred men.

From the Ranga Nadi the path follows for about 2½ miles the bed of a small stream called Kamuchie. With a little trouble it is possible to avoid wading, but after heavy rain one will no doubt have to wait a good deal in the water.

Finally the path leaves the right bank and I-ads first uphill and then down to the Kimin River which has to be crossed by wading. The path used by the Selemchi people when going to Dijo bazaar leads along this river, but is said to be more difficult than the path by which we came from Joyking.

After the crossing the Kimin River the steepest climb of the march starts; the path leads through high forest approximately 2,000 feet up a slope. Landslides are here very frequent and we had to cross one which had occurred within the last week. I have never seen a country where the process of erosion is so visible; a few thousand years must have witnessed quite a considerable change in the shape of the hills.

Near the top of the ridge we emerged on to a plain field of extraordinary steepness where rice and millet stood in ears: I saw also a few isolated stalks of *sorghum vulgare*. From this field we could see clearly the tea gardens of Dijo and Joyking and the bungalow which is now our base.

Crossing the ridge we saw on the other side a good many fields and plots of young secondary jungle, as well as two isolated houses with their small granaries. But to reach the main settlement of Selemchi we had to climb another ridge, then drop steeply into a valley and again ascend to where six houses stand on separate ledges of the hillside.

On a spur slightly higher than the village and close to water and forest the Selemchi men have built a good house in Dafla style as a godown for our ration dumps. The narrow spur with a magnificent view on Mount Kemping on the one side, and the plains on the other, has just enough room for the Assam Rifle post and few tents. The sheds for porters will have to be built at a small distance between this camp and the village.

It was 3-30 P. M. when we reached the camp. The march of 9½ hours was not very hard, but the plains Dafla porters had difficulties on the hills.

The Dafla porters are certainly not perfect, but they are already far better disciplined than they were last year, and the system of having them divided into companies under their own sirdars works well and simplifies rationing.

The whole day was fine and at times it was fairly hot. But the evening is quite chilly.

16th October.—Halt Selemchi. Early in the morning one could see beyond the Brahmaputra valley the long line of the Naga Hills, but later mist rose and the view was veiled. Yet it was a fine sunny day.

The Assam Rifles and porters spent the day in making a perimeter which encloses the storehouse and the Assam Rifles shelter. At a short distance between the outpost and the village I had the shrub cleared and a house for the porters built as well as bamboo structures to take tarpaulins for more porters.

The six houses of Selemchi stand scattered over a hill-side. They are all built on piles and thatched with palmyra palm leaves. At a little distance, sometimes hidden by shrub, stand small granaries, and some houses have separate pigsties. But mithan and most pigs are housed between the piles below the houses. There are a many very fine mithan in the village and unlike Apa Tani mithan which live half wild in the jungle, they are proper *domestic* animals and come to the houses where they are often fed with salt.

The houses are fairly large and contain two to three hearths. Normally at least two families, often of brothers, live in one house. There are, however no partitions and the entire house consists of one large room.

Selemchi was founded some ten years ago by six families from Kakoi village on a site that had not been inhabited within human memory and on land that was claimed by no one, not even as hunting grounds. The settlers had left Kakoi because there many people had died of disease. Selemchi seems to be a healthy open site, and the inhabitants have kept well ever since they came here. Later they were joined by a family from Potin and another from Pente; these two households have, however, settled about a mile away on the next ridge.

The land is fine, as elsewhere among the Dafla, uncommon property. In Selemchi it is so ample that there is no cause for dispute, but in some of the large villages in the Par valley it is scarce and then there are sometimes quarrels over land. Yet even there no private ownership in land is recognised.

This morning came Tasa Tabar of Posa, a village in the Par valley one mile from Dolpu, and half a day's march from the big village of Pilapu. This year there has been a severe small-pox epidemic in the Par valley, and in the thirteen houses of Posa 50 people are said to have died. To make things worse the villagers now blame each other for having brought the disease and threaten retaliations.

Tasa Tabar has come to ask for Government's protection against Chuhu Taj of Pilapu who has declared his intention to raid Posa with men raised from Sekhe village. He has already captured five mithans of Posa, three of which belonged to Tasa Tabar. The odd thing about this quarrel is that Posa is on friendly terms with the main part of Pilapu and the threat comes only from Chuhu Taj who lives in a one house settlement at some distance and relies for support in raiding on his many friends in Sekhe and other villages.

I told Tasa Tabar that I will probably visit the Par valley and look into their disputes, but that in the meantime they should give proof of their desire to co-operate with Government by sending men to carry loads to Posin and Duta. He asked for three written orders for Posa, Dolpa and Pilapu and promised to throw the papers to the headmen and tell them to send porters to Joyhing.

At dusk a group of extremely jungle and dirty but sturdy looking men, all heavily armed with bows and dao appeared in the camp and told me to my surprise that they were men of Small Mengo and had come to carry my loads. Some after my arrival in North Lakhimpur I sent word to Mengo by a man of Posa, who had fallen ill in the plains and had been looked after and fed by us for a month or so. I asked them to send men to carry loads, but I never thought that any one would turn up. Apparently my superficial contact with a few Mengos must last years as well as with the sons of Posa has born fruit and thirteen men have turned up. Small Mengo has grimaces on both against Likha and Licha, hence their co-operative attitude. The assistance of a friendly village in the rear of Likha and Licha might prove helpful; the most recent grievance is the capture of six Mengo sons by Likha; they were caught nearly one year ago and have not yet been released.

I think that a visit to Mengo will be very useful and enable us to establish really friendly relations with an important and large Dafla village, even if Licha and Likha are hostile.

17th October.—Selemchi to Joyhing 7·7 miles. The weather is now delightful. I started back at 8 A. M. leaving one section Assam Rifles in charge of the Selemchi dump. The Daflas are setting great hopes on the morrow to deal with the wild pigs and deer that are ravishing their ripening crops. But they were rather disappointed that only one or two sepoys at a time may go hunting. Their idea of an outpost is obviously one sepoy in each field! While the sepoys were still in Joyhing two tins of boot-polish disappeared—*now it turns out* that some Daflas stole them and ate the contents, taking the polish for a new type of *ghee*.

On the way through the rice fields I heard of an interesting custom. All rice is dibbled and all small millet (*Eleusine coracana*) broadcast. The dibbling of the rice may only be done by women and on the day of sowing the women must cook and eat their food separately; similarly the broadcasting of the millet must be done by men, who have to observe a corresponding taboo; no such taboos are connected with the sowing of other crops. Small millet is reaped with small knives, and rice is not cut at all but men and women rip off the grains by drawing the ears through the closed hand.

As we went down through the forest the porters collected and ate various jungle fruits. None was of outstanding flavour but some were quite palatable.

We crossed the Ranga Nadi without difficulty and reached Joyhing at 2 P. M.

18th October.—Halt Joyhing. Today the porters rested.

A Dafla who had worked in the camp and fell ill three days ago died this morning in the Joyhing hospital of septic Cellulitis.

19th October.—Halt Joyhing. Seventy five Daflas and 23 Gallongs porters went today to Selemchi accompanied by Siraj and the Commandant. Two Gallongs are ill and had to stay behind. Most of the Gallongs are of poor physique and rather truculent; not nearly as good as the lot I had last year.

20th October.—Halt Joyhing. The party of porters returned from Selemchi. The weather is fortunately continuously fine; a great boon as we have no water-proof tacks for the rations.

21st October.—Halt Joyhing. Two men of Pilapu, Nahum Epo and Tabla Kaya came to see me. They say that in retaliation for the spreading of small-pox last year, Techi Teke of Sekhe has captured five mithan of Pilapu; of these two returned of their own accord to Pilapu.

Mara Ravo of Perè village complains that men of Pila and Nahur village captured five mithan and threaten to raid Perè; all in retaliation for the spreading of small-pox. I asked both to go back to their villages and to send us porters.

22nd October.—Halt Joyhing. We had intended to start today, but there is as yet no sign of the Gallong porters who are expected from Sadiya. A piece of luck were 25 men of Potin; they had meant to meet me in Selemchi, but as I did not arrive have come here. So I am sending tomorrow a convoy to Selemchi, and have postponed my departure till the 30th or 31st, hoping the Gallongs will arrive.

23rd October.—Joyhing to Selemchi 7·7 miles. Many of the Daflas who have been working since October 1st and have already done four trips to Selemchi have for some time been clamouring to be discharged, and it was not easy to get them to do another trip. At last they agreed and took their loads, but drawing their *dao* and making the gesture of killing themselves, they swore that they would rather die than go as far as Potin. I did not argue, and decided to wait till we got to Selemchi. The first 25 Gallongs too are rather miserable; four of them are definitely ill and two are too weak to carry. Last night at last came 75 Gallongs from Sadiya and among them Mari Riba, the sirdar of last year. But they had had a long and tiring journey and could not go on without a day's rest. With the *Mukarar*, who conducted them I sent this morning two of the definitely sick Gallongs back to Sadiya. The new batch of Gallongs I issued with cigarettes and liquor and sent off to the camp telling them that they should rest next day and join me in Selemchi on the day after.

Fifty men crossed the Passier yesterday afternoon, but when this morning we were ready to get off, there was a dreadful down pour and I began to doubt whether it would be wise to leave in such torrential rain. However, after an hour or so the rain subsided and we started at about 9 A. M. with the Gallongs and some Daflas. In all we had 31 Gallongs and a hundred Dafla porters.

The boatmen have found a better crossing about two furlongs upstream where the water is deeper, and the current less swift. But the path on the other side is worse than the old route along the stream-bed.

We got into camp shortly after 4. P. M., but on the way we overtook many Daflas groaning under their loads and some collapsed with fever; the Gallongs and the Doctor did not reach camp until dusk. The Assam Rifles have improved the camp and it is now as comfortable as its situation is attractive.

The most cheering thing, however, is the arrival of thirty Daflas of Pilliapu. I had send them a message and they arrived here yesterday. Since then, they complained, they have had nothing to eat and it is hardly that we have enough rations in Selemchi to give them some food at once. The Selemchi people did not offer them hospitality and it seems that the Daflas have by no means the custom of feeding any tribesmen who happen to come to their village.

The arrival of the Piliapu men solves the problem of discharging the most deserving cases among the Dafla porters, many of whom, having served throughout October, have only one idea and that is to go home. Many are really rather run down and carry with difficulty.

1st November.—Halt Selemchi. A good deal of the morning was spent in selecting the porters most worthy of being discharged, and there were many more than 30 who would have liked to go home. But I stuck to the 30 for whom there were relief porters from Pilliapu.

The men of Pilliapu are today in some excitement because a slave of Nabum Tahum, Bilbo Tasin, ran away this morning, and some men have set off in search of him. Tahum brought him one year ago from Nabum Gerum of Likhipulia, who had brought him as a boy from people somewhere near the Khru. Four men went out, hoping to find him, but in vain. It is believed that he ran away in the direction of the high hills, but nothing could be done.

I also heard a case in which a man of Selemchi re-married of a man of Pom a *dee gaute* (Tibetan bell) which had been promised as dowry. But the girl lived with her husband, who claims the *dee gaute* from her brother, only for one year and was already pregnant when she came to his house. She went then to live with the father of the child, leaving her husband's house, and the latter received compensation. My interpreters maintained that although the wife had deserted him, the husband was yet entitled to the agreed dowry. Since it is important to get this point clear I adjourned the case till Potin where several Dafla headmen will come to see me and where a *mel* can be arranged.

This evening I went to Bat Peikhi's house. He has worked as circar of the Selemchi men and is the obvious headman of the village. As he has been most co-operative both this year and last when he helped to build the Perre bridge, I gave him a red cloth. The interpreter Bat Heli, has already received one in Joyhing in his capacity as interpreter, but to make it clear that the red cloths are also for co-operative village notables I gave one to Peikhi although both are of the same class.

The main body of Gallongs arrived to-night after dark.

Of the 98 Gallongs who came with me six are sick here, and six have been left behind in Joyhing; of the new batch four have already fallen out.

There is also a fair amount of malaria among the Daflas and treatment is often made difficult by their conviction that most illnesses are caused by spirits. Unfortunately the cure by sacrifices and offerings can in their opinion not be combined with the taking of medicines and a man who for two days has taken quinine, stops taking any more pills as soon as a ceremony has been performed to appease a spirit.

2nd November.—Selemchi to Camp Lichi, 5·9 miles. Though everyone in the camp got up at 6 A.M., there was long delay before we could start. The Daflas were excellent, lined up in good time and looked to their own loads. But with the Gallongs and particularly with those recently arrived we had endless trouble. First they did not turn out, then they made difficulties over their loads and wanted to make a separate load of all their plates and cooking vessels and were generally un-co-operative. Many did not start at all because they were ill.

So much time was lost over all this, that I myself did not start till 7 A. M. With me went one section, and the other section took over the guard of the Selemchi dump. Nearly 300 loads are left here and it will need two convoys to take the bulk of them to Potin.

The path to Potin has been cleared up to the border by the Selemchi men and from there on by the Potin men. It rises fairly steeply from the camp and leads first through several *jhum* fields, each carved from the jungle and bearing mixed crops of rice, millets and *sorghum*.

The Gallongs were from the beginning most troublesome. After a short time they decided to sit down and have a meal and throughout the march we had to wait for them although their loads were by no means heavier than those of the Daflas. For the first four or five miles the path leads up and down over slopes and spurs without any great descent. But the ascent to the Tsampanin ridge of 4,700 feet is pretty stiff, though neither as long nor as exhausting as the climb up to Kemping.

The weather was at first fairly clear, but just as we reached the top of the ridge and wanted to sit down and have something to eat there was a heavy downpour.

From the ridge the path drops steeply some 3,000 feet into a narrow valley with a stream and then rises again steeply to a site called Lichi, where the Potin men have cleared a camp site. The village of Potin used to live here and it is only some ten years ago that the people moved to the present site.

The camp site looked rather like a newly cleared *jhum* field with the bare trunks of a good many trees still standing, and fallen trees scattered all over the place. There was ample room for us, the Assam Rifles and nearly two hundred coolies, but water is rather far away and not very plentiful. Later in the year it may be too little for a very large column, and this would make it necessary to fetch water from the stream at the bottom of the valley.

It was getting dark when the last Gallongs and some Dafla stragglers came in. A few men are not well and will have to be discharged tomorrow.

I started at 7 A. M., and got into camp at about 4 P. M. Though not excessively long the march is fairly hard on the coolies, but there is no possible camp-site on the stream (called Ilhai) from where one has to climb up to the camp.

2nd November.—Lichi to Potin, 5·5 miles. We got up at 6 A. M. in the bright light of a moon still nearly full, but it was 6.45 till we could start.

From Camp Lichi the path leads down a steep slope, which falls ultimately into the Panior. After a short time the gradient became less steep and the path led in irregular ups and downs along the slope. A short climb brought us to a place sometimes used as a midway camp from where we could see far up the Panior valley, and high on an open spur the scattered houses of Sekhe village.

Gradually the path dropped again and at last, very abruptly, descended into the bed of a small stream. Then it rose and led to another stream, crossed by a bridge, and at last over a hump to third and bigger one. There several men, women and boys of Potin, but not the headmen were awaiting us. They had brought excellent rice-beer and gave us the present of half a fish.

From this valley which opens a furlong or two further downstream into the Panior valley, the path leads up a very steep slope to the rice fields of Potin. The first is fairly low down, and from there we enjoy-looked magnificent scenery. Mount Lobu and its ridge tower above us beyond the Panior valley, and wooded slopes, uninterrupted by any cultivation, rise from the left bank of the Panior River. On that side (the south side) there are, on the other hand, a good many fields. The slopes near Lichi bear still traces of previous feelings, but the jungle is rapidly regaining its hold on the land—the first year with wild bananas, then shrub and last of all with proper forest.

At the very beginning of the climb up to Potin a path branches off to the right and leads along the Panior to Pite. Later on it will be best to let the coolies take this route without touching the village of Potin.

On the fields of Potin a small part of the rice and millet (*Eleusine coracana*) has already been reaped and in the field houses are heaps of ears spread out to dry. Here some of the rice has also been reaped, the ears having been cut off, whereas generally the grains are stripped off by hand. Both millet and rice are trodden out by foot. On one field I saw a good deal of Job's Tears and I found one single ear of, I think, *setaria italica*. All crops are sown mixed, and here and there is a high stalk of sorghum. The Dafias say that they don't sow more of it lest it spoil the rice and small millets. Though the Dafias eat taro, I did not see any quantities growing in these fields.

It is a fairly long climb, alternatively through fields and jungle up to the village the houses of which are loosely scattered over slope and ridge. The camp the Potin men had prepared occupies a narrow spur, just big enough for our tents and the Assam Rifles. But the coolies have to camp in a sheltered place, below. The strategic position is excellent, for on three sides open slopes drop steeply and the only communication with the main ridge is a narrow saddle.

For a short stay of a small party the camp is thus very good, but there would be no room for more people, and water is not too plentiful. Building material is also rather short, and it will thus be better to use as a dump the camp near the Pite river on the banks of the Panior.

In the Potin camp we were at once surrounded by men and women who brought rice-beer, eggs and a few chickens. They were very friendly and the women were not at all shy. Among the visitors from other villages was Tana Sera, the headman of Pona. I asked him why he had not brought any porters (as far there are only two Pona men working as porters). He said bluntly that he could not give some porters, and excused himself with the pretext that many of the young men of his village had died of small-pox. The other Dafias did not think much of this excuse and insisted that there were still a lot of men in Pona and that if Sera liked he could recruit about 100 men from his village and the nearby village of his son. Tana Sera then complained that Sekhe men had captured 5 mithan of Pona.

To my surprise a young man from among our porters whom I had taken for a Potin man turned out to be from Sekhe and defended passionately the justice of capturing the Pona mithan. From Pona the illness had spread to Sekhe and 25 people died; but it was not as compensation for the dead that they had captured the Pona mithan but to recoupe the loss of grain they had suffered by being unable to look after their fields owing to sickness.

Sera, on the other hand, maintained that the disease had not been carried to Sekhe by Pona men, but that Sekhe people had contracted it independently in the plains. I ended the debate by saying that, however the disease spread, there was no point in adding losses to losses suffered by all in the epidemic, and that Government would in future not tolerate the capturing of mithan.

When I pressed my demand for porters from Pona, Sera said that no Political Officer had ever given the Dafias so much trouble, and that on previous shows all loads were carried by porters from outside. To this I retorted that I saw no reason why Nagas or Gorkhalis should carry in the Dafia country, for it was not the Nagas or the Nepalis' mithan and men which Likha had been capturing and that Government was intervening only for the Dafias' benefit. Finally I gave Sera a written order to bring at least fifteen more porters and he sent it with two of his men back to Pona, while he himself remained in camp.

4th November.—Halt Potin. The weather has improved and sunshine alternates with the clouds enveloping the heights that bring sometimes a few drops of rain. The view from Potin is magnificent. To the east one looks along the Panior valley towards Lobu and Kempong and to the north-west right up the Panior and over the ridges of Chind, Sekhe, Yojat, each with a few houses above yellow jhum fields. And on the far distance one can see the light coloured fields of Likha on the upper slopes of higher ranges.

This morning I went to the house of the headman of Potin, Tabia Nieri. The path leads through a fenced-in field where early rice, and millet (*Setaria italica*) have been grown and already reaped two months ago. It seems that the Dafias always grow some early crops comparatively near their houses.

I invented Tabia Nieri with the red cloth of a headman. Both last season and now he has been most co-operative and his family is of good status.

Today a party of porters under Siraj left for Selemchi to bring up more loads, and I had a good deal of difficulty in persuading some of the Dafla porters to do one more trip.

5th November.—Camp Potin—halt. Early this morning the Dafla porters left for Selemchi, and I listened until mid-day to the complaints of Dafla of Potin and neighbouring villages about the depredations of Likha. It seems that Likha is no better than Licha, and in some respects even worse. For while Licha is mainly intent in capturing people in order to realize ransoms Likha has a very black record for wholesale slaughter and deliberate murder of captives.

I asked why so many villages all burning for revenge against Likha cannot combine and retaliate by raiding Likha. The answer was that Likha is not only strong, but has friendships and marriage relations with so many people in different villages that no plan can be conceived, and even less executed without information leaking out beforehand. Dafla warfare depends entirely on the element of surprise and no force, however strong, would dare attack a prepared Likha, which no doubt would quickly summon numerous allies.

Today I discovered a division of the Eastern Duflas into various exogamous groups which may be described as sub-tribes or better as phratries. These groups are to some extent localized, but in many villages there are men of two or more phratries. Besides the exogamous groups and largely coinciding with them are dialectic divisions so far I have ascertained three definite dialects, called Leli, Aya and Doreen occurring in the area of the Par and Panior.

6th November.—Halt Potin. This morning I went to one of the *jhum* fields to find out something about agricultural methods. Rarely have I seen *jhum* fields quite as steep as these here. Many are very large, not just patches carved from the forest, but whole hill-sides denuded of tree growth, except for a very few tall tree trunks that have defied *dao* and fire. To clear such a field takes up to two months and the owner often calls all the men of the village to help him, rewarding their services with a feast of meat and beer. Even poor men get at least five or six friends to help them and a slave having his own cultivation is entitled to the assistance of all the men of his master's household.

I asked whether grain was never stolen from the granaries that stand at a fair distance from the houses, and was told that grain-theft from the granaries was practically unknown, though children and very poor people might sometimes steal small amounts of grain or tubers from the fields. "To steal mithun and capture men", I was told "is Dafla custom, but grain in the granaries is safe from raiders as well as from other villagers."

The large amounts of millet (*Eleusine coracana*) grown by Duflas, are used almost entirely for making beer, but if food is short millet is also made up into a coarse bread.

Duflas have seldom a surplus of grain, but individuals sometimes sell grain for mithun.

According to the programme Siraj with his convoy of Gallongs and Duflas should leave left Selemchi for Potin today. But in the evening came the disturbing news that most of the Gallongs absconded, or more literally, walked out at Selemchi, in front of the Assam Rifles. This is quite an unexpected blow, for although the Gallongs complained from the very beginning of the distance from their homes, the rate of pay and the loads, which are yet only 25 seers, they seemed to be settling down well on the evening before they left for Selemchi I had had a long talk with the sirdars, explained to them that after the fortnight's dump was transferred to Potin, they would find the work not so very heavy, and that they would be given a cook for each section, though I could not now concede to their demands for an orderly per sirdar in addition. I told them that they would be well looked after and that as they did not like the idea of permanent Labour Corps duties I would give them meat or fresh vegetables wherever possible. The sirdars seemed quite amenable and gave no indication that they were contemplating mutiny. Of all the Gallongs only Mori Riba, the Gallong sirdar of last year with eight of his people and the men of the advance party who have settled down and are very cheerful stayed on, but the main party including the three sirdars have run away. With these men I have so far had very little contact; they arrived the evening before I started, rested a day in Joyhing and joined me in Selemchi the following evening. They were only two days on the road with me. None of the marches they have hitherto done was particularly long or strenuous, the weather was good and the camps were comfortable.

7th November.—Halt Potin. Most of the morning I spent in hearing the complaints of Duflas against Likha. Many cases speak of a ruthlessness on the part of Likha which must definitely be checked. Thus a man now living in Pilisapa told me that he used to live in Ange, a village a short distance west of Yoijar, when Likha Ekhin and Likha Tabia raided some five years ago, killed four people captured seven. All attempts to release the captives failed and six of them died in captivity; one is still a slave in Likha. The other inhabitants of Ange dispersed in terror. Similarly Tadre Kawa of Tada Soring, another now deserted village near Yoijar complained that Likha Teji and Likha Tabia wiped out his village, killed both his parents his elder brother and his wife, and captured the two wives of his elder brother and their small children. He is the only free survivor of his family and lives now in the house of Nabam Epo, a headman of Pilisapa.

I consider it absolutely essential that action is taken against the leading men of Likha, who are responsible for the destruction of at least ten to twelve villages, and have amassed large numbers of slaves mithun and *dao gaula*. The captives taken in recent raids will have to be freed, and I think that the ring-leaders of the raids that occurred, say within the last five years, should be compelled to pay compensation to the relatives of those killed. I have gone into the question whether this would be according to Dafla custom and have noted concrete cases where at a settlement of a feud substantial compensation was paid for those killed. But I think that at this stage Government can do little more than to arrange a *mel* and that Likha should not be "fined" or "punished", for they may argue that they had no knowledge of any law forbidding slave-raiding, but that they should be made to pay compensation to the victims of their raids in the same way as a village, which is suddenly faced by a combination of villages stronger than itself may according to Dafla custom pay compensation in order to avoid more violent retaliation.

8th November.—Halt Potin.—This morning the weather was so clear that from the fields above Potin one could clearly see the fields of the various settlements of Likha. Furthest to the north are those of Pobi the village of Likha Hurku and Likha Take, obviously a village with a large population judging from the amount of cultivated land, and to the south Takbo, the village of Likha Teji. These three men are the richest in Likha and the leaders in most raids.

Today Kej Karu my Apa Tani interpreter arrived with eleven men and the good news that Apa Tanis of all villages except Hang were on the way to Pite. This is a great relief, for since the defection of the Gallongs everything depends on the co-operation of the Apa Tanis.

Throughout the day I heard more complaints, mainly against Likha, and looking over this vast and sparsely populated country with many times more land than the people can possibly cultivate, one may really despair of man's ability ever to live in peace with his neighbours.

This evening one section of Assam Rifles, the remaining Gallongs and a party of Dafias reached Pite, and I sent word that early in the morning they should send up a convoy to fetch us down from Potin.

9th November.—Potin to Camp Pite. 3 miles. The porters coming from Pite did not get to Potin until about 9-A.M., and I started at 9-30A.M. The path drops steeply into the Panior valley, and leads along the stony bank and through jungle in the bottom of the valley. In two places one has to climb up the precipitous river bank, but on the whole the way is good, leading for stretches over the soft sand of small tributaries and through stretches of banana jungle; with the shining red of the giant stems, the pale green of the broad leaves luminous in the sun-light, and the delicate fawn colour of the faded leaves, such banana jungle is very lovely.

Just before one reaches the camp, one has to cross the Pite River, a major tributary and the Potin men have built a high bamboo and cane bridge across it. I reached the camp soon after 11A.M. and found there Rajani, Siraj and the section of Assam Rifles that had been left in Seluemchi. The camp is close to the suspension bridge which now spans the Panior at a place where it is dark and quiet. It is a good piece of work and does credit to the Potin men who built it at my request within a short time.

There had once been a bridge here before, but when Likha began raiding the villages on the right bank, the latter cut it down to make the crossing of the Panior more difficult for the Likha men.

From Siraj and the Naik that the Assam Rifles I heard details of the desertion of the Gallong porters. It seems that they had contemplated this move for some time, presumably ever since they realized that they would not get Rs. 30 like last year but only Rs. 20 per month. For on the same day when the Gallongs absconded from Seluemchi, three convalescent Gallongs secretly left the camp at Joyhing. The whole night before the wake out, the three Gallong sirdars of the second party were consulting omens. Meri Rina the head sirdar, who worked for me last year and remained loyal reported to the Transport Supervisor and the Naik that the Gallongs of the second batch were planning to run away. In the morning the disaffected Gallongs threw down their blankets and waterproof sheets near the Assam Rifles barrack and declared that they were leaving. The Dafla porters tried to prevent them from going, but the Naik ordered them not to interfere. Without the active help of the Assam Rifles, Siraj could do little but try persuasion, and the Gallongs walked out. After they had left, the Naik took some of his men to the crossing of the Panior River. In the jungle a sepoy met the sirdar Tage Ete with a group of Gallongs and tried to stop them but Tage drew his *dao* and threatened to attack saying he had seen too many sepoys to be afraid of them, and the sepoy withdrew.

Eleven Gallongs were caught when crossing the Panior, and are now detained in Joyhing.

The Apa Tanis are unfortunately also rather a disappointment, for so far only 38 men have turned up, and though there are rumours that more are coming, there seems to be little hope. I am afraid the headmen are playing the same old game of sending only a few slaves!

The problem is now how to get porters. Some of the Dafias who have worked for more than a month cannot be longer detained, and the Pasa men, whom I expected have failed to materialize. This evening men of Sekhe, the village on the hill above this camp, came to see me in response to an earlier message, with presents of two goats, eggs and beer. They were at first too shy to come into the camp and I had to go in a nearby rice-field and bring them in myself. But at last they were quite amenable and agreed to give some porters. To make quite sure, I will go tomorrow to their village.

Tabia Nieri, the headman or Potin threatened me the other day with a half grown mithan, and to-night we killed it and fed the whole camp and the Dafla headmen who have followed us.

10th November.—Halt Camp Pite. Today we had to halt in order to redistribute the loads and select the porters who have to go with us to Duta and those who must go with Siraj to Seluemchi to bring up the loads left there owing to the defection of the Gallongs. The section of the Assam Rifles that came from Seluemchi has to remain in Pite to guard the loads we cannot take up to Duta. Siraj will go back to Seluemchi to bring the bulk of the rations and he will be met at Pite by the Apa Tanis who we hope to send down. If enough porters can be raised he will bring all the loads at Pite and those from Seluemchi as well as the section of Assam Rifles up to Duta. This section can then take me down to Joyhing, for unless there are serious complications in Duta I will have to leave for Joyhing on the 22nd, to meet Davy and be in time for the reconnaissance flight.

But the most pressing need is now the need for porters, and to raise some more and at the same time visit a village which appears friendly and lies right on top of Pite camp, I went this morning with one section to Sekhe. Tabia Jobo, the headman, one of his wives, and some other prominent men and women had spent the night in Pite and went with me to show me their village. Quite close to the camp and less than a hundred yards from the river bank is a fairly large field belonging to Sekhe. The rice has been reaped, but an excellent crop of millet is still standing.

After a fairly hard climb of 2½ hours I came to an open place close to the village and had from there an excellent view over the country to the west and north. To my surprise I realized that the land of Jarnan and Teko, as well as most of the land between here and Likha is without much forest, consisting mainly of grass-covered round hills very much like those of the Apa Tani country. Behind the ridge on which Likha lies there seem to be at least two more major ranges before the snows, "the high peaks of which were clearly visible.

Sekhe lies in two settlements on two neighbouring spurs, and there are 8 houses in each standing scattered over a rounded hill-top. The house of Tabia Jobo, standing on piles on the sloping hill side contains six hearths. Later I went to the house of Benga Tete, who was once arrested for raiding Hoguli, but escaped. Yet he seemed only too pleased that I was visiting his house.

Although each settlement consists only of eight houses, I got twenty new porters; five had already worked for me alongside Potin men.

In Sekhe there was a man from Pasa and he told me that Tana Sera had sent word to his village that no men should consent to carry my loads. The obvious explanation is that Tana Sera is a great friend of the

leaders of Likha, and seeing me record so many cases against Likha wants to hinder our progress. I had sent a message to Tana Sera who is Government gaonbura of Pom while I was in Selemechil for the first time, but though it is a village as large as Pilloppa, which has sent 30 men, only four turned up and of these two ran away almost at once. Tana Sera was in Potin when I arrived and I ordered him personally to provide one company of porters; he sent two men to Pom but was non-committal as to whether porters would come or not. Owing to the Gallongs defection Sera had a week to collect his men but to-day's report makes it clear that although there were rumours they would arrive to-day, Sera is playing a double game.

When I returned from Sakhe, I saw Tana Sera sitting in the porters' camp surrounded by a crowd of Dafias and arguing a case with a long tally of bamboo sticks. When I asked him, he said his men were not coming. Having been appointed 'gaonbura' by Captain Lightfoot and given a cost with red cuffs, he should consider it an obligation to collaborate with Government and his attitude is the worst possible example for other Dafla villagers. I decided therefore to fine him, and as he was on the spot I arrested him and then pronounced the fine of one mithun for his double dealing. He gave as security two of his much-Loers and I took these with the promise to return them as soon as I hear that he has handed the mithun into the safe keeping of Tabia Nani of Potin.

I was a bit anxious about the general reaction of the Dafias in my Porter Corps and the headmen present, but found that the fining of Tana Sera was a popular move; most men said that he was a bad man and that because he is a Government gaonbura his villagers should not get out of working as porters.

11th November.—Pin to Camp Dodo Seram. Approximately 7 miles. After a good deal of difficulty in getting a man for every load we started at 7. 15 with 65 Dafla and 28 Apa Tani porters, carrying 14 days' rations for everyone. Siraj with 28 Gallongs and 20 Sekhe men went the same morning back to Selemechil to bring the baggage left there.

For several miles the path followed the left bank of the river. As long as it was cut, the going was easy through high forest in the level river bed. But later on the track was hard to discern and we were held up several times by losing the way. Now and then the path came right down to the river and we had to climb over slippery boulders. A different track will have to be cleared for travel in the rains. Over long stretches the Panior is here quiet and deep, but boats would not be of much use, as these navigable stretches are frequently interrupted by rapids. Once or twice one has to climb the steep bank, but on the whole the path is fairly easy, until one reaches the confluence of Panior and Pangen. There the forest opens out on to a large stretch of open ground covered with high grass. The slopes too are bare and grass-covered, with tree growth only in ravines and on the crests of the hills. It looks as if the soil has here been exhausted by over cultivation, and then abandoned.

Immediately after we had reached the Pangen River the path led steeply up a hill-slope and after a while equally steeply down. It would be better to bridge the Pangen here with a simple bamboo bridge, cut a path on the level ground on the right bank and if necessary re-cross further upstream. When the platoon comes up such a bridge could be built within an hour or so.

For about two miles the path led through the beds of small rivulets, running more or less parallel to the Pangen. One of these is called Dodo Seram and given its name to the locality. At last we reached the crossing of the road where the path to Jorum branches off from the path to Mai. Here there is a somewhat doubtful bamboo bridge leading ladderlike from the left bank up to a tree on the right bank. Just when we were exploring the possibilities for a camp site we met a group of Dafias-and-so one unusual ment Apa Tani women. I asked them about the respective merits of the path to Jorum and the Mai-route, for from Sekhe I had seen Jorum and heard that an easy route leads via Jorum to the Apa Tani country, but the Pei people painted the difficulties of the Jorum road in the blackest colours, and told us of a path not used for a long time and overgrown by high grass. They obviously wanted to discourage us from going to Jorum, but I believe them and will not try the Jorum route. Both the interpreter and I hope he went that away last year and it is quite easy, and a visit to Jorum (two of whose headmen visited me in Dutta last year) will have a wholesome effect on the neighbours of Licha and Likha; to get an impression of the country will be useful for the future and Jorum and the near-lying Toko are huge villages from which I hope to recruit porters.

In the end we decided on a camp-site on the right bank of the Pangen River, and the Assam Rifles built within a short time a temporary bridge using the foundations of a fish weir. The last porter arrived at about 4-30 P.M. The camp was cleared and a perimeter built before night fell.

12th November.—Camp Dodo Seram to Jorum.—Approximately 9 miles. We left camp at 6-30 A.M. The path rises directly from the camp very steeply through jungle and then up a very long grass covered slope. From there we saw the fields of Pei on the opposite hillside and not very far off the houses of Pei on a spur.

To our surprise we found the path well trodden. After passing over a saddle the path leads down through forest, and very soon one comes to the first *jhum* fields belonging to Jorum. Some years ago this land belonged to the village of Tade Yusa, the site of which we passed, but Tade Yusa was wiped out by Likha and some of the survivors fled to Jorum. Scarcity of land near their village forces the Jorum people to cultivate at so great a distance. Some of the field houses on these distant *jhums* are unusually well and solidly built; for the people often spend the night in distant fields.

After many a steep climb, the path drops to the Kale (or Kal) River, and as there is no bridge we had to wade.

From then on there is less and less forest and soon one comes to the first wet rice-fields in the flat bottoms of the valleys. The path leads up and down along the peculiar hillocks and innumerable grass covered slopes all bare of cultivation and of little use except as pasture for mithun and cattle. In some places the Jorum people have already started burning the grass. This has the purpose of allowing fresh grass, suitable as pasture, to come up, but kills all young tree growth, which if allowed to develop might ultimately restore to the soil its fertility. It is a vicious circle—the slopes with their exhausted soil are usable only as pastures and their very exploitation in this way keeps them for ever in their present state.

The nearer one comes to the village of Jorum, the larger are the plots under wet rice cultivation, how all reaped. But however much the Jorum Daflas may have taken over or learnt from the Apa Tanis as to rice cultivation, their village is of true Dafla style, the houses standing on different levels on the crests and slopes of high spurs.

It was too late in the day to climb up to any of the three settlements and we searched for a camp site somewhere on level ground. At last we found one, just above a field, and enclosed on one side already with a wooden fence. But there was difficulty over fire-wood and wood and bamboos for the shelters for Assam Rifles and porters, and we had to use the wood of some nearby fences, which after the rice harvest did not serve any immediate purpose.

We met some people whom Peli knew returning from the fields and sent word to the headmen of the four separate settlements to come to our camp and to send firewood. We sent Peli to his friend Jorum Kamin on whose land we were camping, to ask for firewood and to tell him we were using his fences for shelters but would compensate him for any damage done.

Long after nightfall Jorum Kamin of Jara settlement and his people and the prominent men of the Peli khel turned up with gifts of fowls and rice-beer, most of them accompanied by their wives and children. This alone seemed to show that they came as friends and indeed they seemed delighted to see us. One of the reasons for my coming to Jorum was the hope of getting porters to bring up the luggage from Pite, and I asked the headmen to give me some men. They said that they would discuss it, and let me know tomorrow.

13th November.—Jorum to Duta.—Approximately 8 miles. Before leaving camp there was a scene with Jorum Tacho of Pah khel which showed that not all Daflas are as proud and generous as those we have so far met. He and his family brought several chickens and as they handed them over proclaimed loudly from whom each was. When in return I gave them beads and mirrors, they declared that they did not want these, but wanted a cloth for each chicken. I said I understood the chickens were gifts and as such I had made gifts in return, but I did not want to buy the chickens and ordered them to be given back. The Daflas with me shamed Tacho for behaving like a slave and not like a *sieti*, but he was unashamed and left with his family and all his chickens.

I then went up to Kamin's settlement perched high on a spur, each house by itself with its group of granaries. In front of two houses Apa Tani women were sitting weaving, and on some balconies I saw more Apa Tanis than Daflas.

Kamin's house, with eight fire places, was the largest Dafla house I have yet seen. In the dark, undivided interior we were entertained with rice-beer, and surrounded by a crowd of men and women. I again asked for porters and Kamin promised to try and raise two companies of 23 each.

We left the village at 9-30 and started on a very tiring climb up a steep slope. Toko which has never been visited is clearly visible with its enormous long houses.

On a high ridge, on the border between Jorum and Apa Tani land I saw a *dapo* monument made of wooden stakes with a pointed peg stuck in a wooden block to signify that anyone disturbing the *dapo* would be put into stocks. This *dapo* has recently been erected at a peace settlement between the Nada clan of Haja and the Jara settlement of Jorum. The horn of a mithan, sacrificed, hangs also on the monument.

From there on the path leads over a 6,000 feet ridge through the peculiar type of forest, which I have seen only at the approaches to the Apa Tani country. Heli too said that nowhere in the Dafla hills has he seen the like. There are trees with fruits like acorns, but not the typical serrated leaves of oaks, and many other very high trees the trunks clad in creepers. The Apa Tanis must have defended this land very effectively to prevent the land-hungry Daflas of Jorum from using it for their *jhooming*.

The path is partly very muddy and leads for a stretch through the bed of a stream. Then it rises again and emerges from the forest just above the fields of Haja. The view of the Apa Tani country, the fields now yellow with the straw of the reaped rice, and the dark pine trees was as attractive as ever. We dropped down a steep slope and were soon among the rice-fields, our column winding its way through the tangle of dams like a long snake.

After last year's splendid reception and the friendly relations we had established with the Apa Tanis, we had expected to be met by a good many people, but except for a few boys on the fields, Nada Roza and four men, were the only people who awaited us at the approaches to Duta. They did not show any great pleasure at seeing us, but were mainly interested in the sepoys. As we went along the outskirts of Haja we found the entrances barred and Karu, my interpreter said something of a *puja* being held to-day which prevented people from coming out.

As we approached our old camp-site a few boys ran out from the village and gradually some men collected under the pines. But there was no firewood and the houses were badly dilapidated. The only man who seemed pleased to see us was Koj Tasi, with whom last year we had had a row because he stole a white cloth. The other men looked glum and did nothing when we pointed out that we must have firewood. We waited several hours and at last I had to give the Daflas the order to break the nearby fences of some bamboo growers for firewood and shelters; for they could not go without a meal. To make things worse it began to rain, and as there were not sufficient tarpaulins to go round, we gave some Daflas our house and slept in a tent.

Very belatedly and rather apologetically Nada Chobin came, but did not do much. Only the Duta men brought a little firewood as it grew dark.

I do not think there is any evil intention in this lack of suitable arrangements but the Apa Tanis just cannot be bothered with anything out of the ordinary.

14th November.—Halt Duta. This morning most of the Dafla porters were discharged, for they were anxious to return to their harvest. But before they left they insisted on having their many complaints heard; claims for bride-prices and compensations, prices for mithan long given and never paid for, and above all complaints about the killing and capture of men by Likha and other villages. I noted some 25 cases in which some action may be taken later, particularly when Likha is visited. We should certainly try to affect the release of persons still kept captive.

The attitude of the Apa Tanis is still unsatisfactory. This morning I called the prominent men of Haja to explain Government's policy and what we expected from them, but only Nada Chobin, Nada Roza and Neadin Tarum and several less influential men turned up. I reminded them that last year they had asked for protection against Licha and beseeched me to bring sepoys and punish Licha. I had then made it clear that their co-operation in carrying loads and selling rice would be a condition for any expedition against Licha and they and promised to give men and rice. Now Government has decided to meet their demand for protection and messages had been sent to them to send porters. But their response was quite inadequate and coming here I find that they are in no way anxious to help. Chobin's reply was that unless my first messages came they were busy with their harvest and no one listened to him or to any other of the clan-heads. But now they would give help and furnish porters. I ordered Haja to provide immediately three companies of 23 men with one dirdar each and explained the manner of rationing and payment. Then I chose three of the men present as sirdars and told them to get their men together. But this evening I hear that as yet there are no results.

All today we tried to get bamboos and wood for building a perimeter and storehouses, but with very little effect. The men of Duta brought in the morning a little firewood, but no bamboos were forthcoming and I threatened to have the nearby groves cut unless we got bamboos against payment, offering Rs. 3 a hundred which is slightly more than what I paid last year.

All today it was rainy and cold with clouds hanging low over the valley.

15th November.—Camp Duta—Halt. If yesterday the situation was unsatisfactory, it is today depressing. Early this morning I sent Temi the head interpreter to the village to find out whether the porters were ready. He returned with the news that none of the sirdars had raised anything like twenty-two men. All in all eight porters arrived in camp and so I went myself to Haja. In the village I saw everywhere stacks of bamboos, timber, thatching grass, and here and there the signs of recent repairs to houses.

I asked for Chobin, but was told that he was not in his house. But on a nearby balcony I saw Nada Bat, the son of Roza and some other young men; all strong and fit and obviously with nothing to do. So I went up and told them that they would have to fetch loads from Pite; they showed little inclination to do so, but I took their names. Then I went into the Nada-Kunde street and going from house to house wrote down the names of young men, marking at the same time their house-posts. It was a laborious process, for many men were out hunting, others were said to be ill, and some men had gone to trade in Daffa villages and what is significant—even to Likha. Finally I came to a place where many than a dozen young men were building a house; they were only just starting and I asked them too to go to Pite. Chobin who had in the meantime joined me tried also to persuade them, but they remained obdurate, saying they might go tomorrow.

In the other *khel* I had even less luck, for there few men were to be seen and those I found on their verandahs were not much impressed by either orders or persuasion.

I returned to the camp to find that neither wood nor bamboos had arrived, but that instead a crowd of Miris from Gochum, Biku, Ratam, La, and Chemir were awaiting me. Pranu Jophing I had sent Nabr Mado of Seajali with a message that they should come to Duta in the last days of November, but somehow they had misunderstood the date and turned up together with Mado. Among them were Gochum Tapak, the headman of Gocham, Guch Tamne and Hipa Taya of Chemar, and Biku Yama, a woman *jang*-holder of Biku.

The Miris of Chemir have a feud with Hari, and I told them that tomorrow morning I would call the prominent men of Hari and arrange for a settlement of their outstanding disputes. The Miris spent last night in Bela and Padi Layang was with them. But for today and tomorrow morning they have nothing to eat and since their relations with the Apa Tanis are still strained I had to give them rice. The men of Gocham and Bini complained much about the long and difficult way, but all thought the Apa Tani country very pleasant. With them was an Apa Tani who has emigrated and lives now in Bun; he said that he left because he had no land here, whereas there is plenty in the Miri country.

Later in the day I called Chigi Nime and Koj Talo of Duta and explained to them how very disappointed I am at the behaviour of their people, and that they were gravely mistaken in thinking that they could play about with Government. But they were still time to mend their ways, and I wanted tomorrow from Duta 500 bamboos and 100 men to help build the camp. Chigi Nime produced various excuses and promised to collect the Duta men tomorrow.

Only 17 men of Haja left for Pite, and in the evening came Kassin of Jorum and declared that from Jorum too only twenty men had gone to Pite, for all the others had refused saying that they were still too busy with their millet-harvest. I told him that never the less one other company must go down to Pite and that this was an order not to be disobeyed. I gave him a red bordered parwana to show to the other villages.

The whole position looks at present pretty hopeless and I do not see much chance of raising by the 22nd, the day when I ought to go to Joyhing, the porters who are required to bring up Davy and the platoon.

To-day was a clear day and now in the evening it is extremely cold. Our house is in such bad repair that we have not yet been able to move into it but in the evening we use it nevertheless in order to have at least a fire.

16th November.—Halt Duta. This morning Chigi Nime came to say that the Duta men had not heeded his words and had gone hunting instead of working for us. He and Koj Talo would cut some bamboos, but he was unable to send any men. A little later Chobin produced ten instead of the required forty men, but he sent some bamboos and I heard that the men of Rom, Nada Bat, has at last gone to Pite.

All this makes me believe that the extraordinary attitude of the Apa Tanis is a social, rather than a political phenomenon. Last year I had contact mainly with two classes of society: the most prominent and richest men, who appeared as the leaders of their villages and their hangers-on and slaves, most of whom have been to the plains, and have a smattering of Assamese. Those men, used to work for wages and to trade, naturally crowded round me and benefited by conducting barter of eatables; and the most prominent men had felt perhaps the advisability of coming to terms with any new element exerting an influence on the hill-men. Between these two classes lies a broad middle class of free men, who have their own land, never go to the plains and are less interested in trade. This class is presumably also less affected by feuds like that with Likha; for its members neither possess many mithan, which might be captured, nor make very eligible victims for capture, because they are not rich enough to pay heavy ransoms.

It seems now that the men of this middle class, whose interests are centred in their cultivations, are unwilling to exert themselves in an undertaking which promises them little advantage and indeed resent any suggestion that like the slaves and hangers-on of rich men, they should go to the plains and carry loads. Government is for them, who have perhaps never left the Apa Tani country, a very vague force, and they are determined not to allow themselves to be disturbed by either me or the rich men of their villages.

The so-called headmen realize in the face of this passive opposition their own impotence, for the only men over whom they have control are their slaves and freed slaves, and these they send indeed to work as porters. Although they themselves may be, and partly are, prepared to co-operate they cannot carry with them the bulk of the population.

It is quite possible that last season when they promised porters and rice, they did not foresee this development but it is quite obvious that they have no means of controlling the free men even of their own class.

This curious lack of any authority explains perhaps why the Apa Tanis are incapable of dealing with a village like Licha, and why in most raids Dafla force the bulk of the raiding force, the Apa Tanis being at the best the nominal leaders, who pay Dafla warriors for their services.

Since it is obviously impossible to persuade individually every single man of a village of 600 or 800 houses, it will not be easy to effect a change of heart in the broad class of independent free men, yet it is they who could furnish the largest number of porters. At present there is entirely neither the time to hope for a gradual change of attitude nor have I the force to exert any real pressure on the bulk of the Apa Tanis.

In the late morning Chigi Nime, Koj Talo and perhaps six other Duta men brought bamboos, and the fact that the old and respected Nime—a great warrior and a great priest—had to carry the bamboos on his own shoulders shows how very little power he has. He and the men with him went almost four dozen for bamboos, and so we could start building the Assam Rifles lines. At first we had only three Apa Tanis to help, but gradually more trickled in and in the late afternoon about twenty men were working on the camp.

Padi Layang and his people of Reru also brought some bamboos and though he declared that he could never raise 200 men in Bela (a village of over 1,000 houses), he was less elusive than yesterday and we are regaining hope.

The greatest success is so far the shop, and if we were prepared to sell we could do a roaring business. But we have said that until we get more co-operation we are not selling such things as salt and matches except to men actually working for us, and for the moment we are mainly buying dal, vegetables and thatching grass from Apa Tanis against cash.

The main purpose of calling the Miris to Duta was to settle their feud with Hari village, and as soon as they arrived I sent messages to Hari calling Gate-Tadu, the other headman and particularly Hage Gaz, who last season was captured by Guch Tamar of Chemir (*see* May 9th). But this morning no headman of Hari appeared, although I sent them more messages and even a written chit; at last Rajoni had to go to Hari with two escorts and fetch Gate Tadu and Hage Gaz. They arrived with a good many Hari men, and I collected Miris and Apa Tanis under the big pine-trees and started the *mel*.

To one side sat the Miris, stocky figures in their barbaric dress and rich ornaments, with large head dresses of hornbills, enormous silver, trumpet-shaped ear-plugs and heavy necklaces of multicoloured beads, no man dressed quite like the other; on the other sat the Apa Tanis, sleek figures with shiny smoothed hair held in place by a simple narrow head band, with no other ornaments than some small ear-rings, wrapped in their heavy cloaks of severe chaste lines.

The first to speak was Gate Tadu, the headman of one *khel* of Hari, and when he had finished his version illustrated by tallies of the usual sacks and cannons, Guch Tamar, sitting opposite him related his story. It turned out that both parties had a case: both having suffered losses and both having committed acts of agression. Hari men had waylaid and killed a Bia man a close relation of Guch Tamar, and Guch Tamar in retaliation had captured a prominent man of Hari and exacted a large ransom. After I had heard both sides, I told them that I had brought them together in order to make a peace, so that trade relations between the two peoples could be resumed. The details of the peace should be worked out by the parties in consultation with the present headmen of both tribes and the result reported to me tomorrow. Only if they could not reach an agreement, they should come back to me and I would impose a settlement. Guch Tamar declared himself ready to pay some compensation to Hage Gaz and they all departed for Bela.

Before Gachum Tapak left I gave him a red cloth. He has always shown himself most loyal to Government, and last year took enormous trouble to trace a crashed American plane. Many years ago he was given a red coat, which is now very worn, and so he seems definitely entitled to a red cloth.

On the other hand I re-assessed Hipa Taya of Chemir with Padi Layang who repeated all he told me last season about Hipa Taya's derogatory remarks about Government (*see* May 18th). Since it is obvious that the rumours in question were spread by one of the Miri *patwa*-holders, I told them that Hipa Taya would be held responsible and his *pota* temporarily stopped, unless they could trace any other culprit. Hipa Taya's whole behaviour made it pretty obvious that he had a bad conscience.

17th November.—Halt. Duta. The work on the camp is now proceeding better, more men are working and more bamboos and thatch are coming in.

But the porter situation is as bad as ever. I questioned Nendin Tagum why his part of the village had not sent any men and gave him time until afternoon to collect his clansmen. At yesterday's *mel* I had ordered Hari to send forty porters, but when I sent Tem there this morning, they flatly refused to give even a single man. So when later in the day I saw Dumpro Dobo who had even before my arrival demanded the Hari people from carrying and had boasted of this to Temi, I compelled him to stay in my camp until Hari would send porters.

When no Nendin people turned up I took eight Rifles to Haja, called Nendin Tagum, and as witness Chigi Nime of Duta, and began demolishing Nendin Tagum's granary. Before much damage was done I stopped the demolition and told the astonished crowd that this was only a lesson but that anyone disobeying Government's orders would have to suffer.

To demonstrate how on the other hand, Government recognized loyalty, I invested in the evening Chiri Nime and Koj Talo of Duta with red cloths. They had pulled their weight to get the Duta men to co-operate and while their success was modest, they had worked hard, themselves carrying bamboos and building the houses, which in elderly and respected clan-heads is quite a creditable feat.

Suddenly at about 10 p.m. I heard peculiar and ominous shouts and cries, and saw from my verandah the fields alive with torches moving towards our camp. Then I saw that red smoke was rising from Haja and realized that the village was on fire. For a moment I was anxious thinking that in the confusion we might be blamed for the fire, having threatened to burn granaries as punishment for non-co-operation, but I soon saw that the men with torches were running from other villages towards Haja. The fire grew, exploding bamboos cracked, and huge flames shot into the sky. I thought the village with its crowded streets doomed and had already the worst forebodings for the progress of our work if a village of 600 houses had to be rebuilt.

Just then a group of Hari men arrived with Gade Tadu; I thought to help in Haja, but in reality to collect as porters and thereby effect the release of Dumpro Dobo. They did not seem at all disturbed about the disaster in Haja but I sent them off with our buckets to help.

Almost miraculously, as it seemed, the fire subsided and we soon saw that it was under control. The shouting ceased and the men with torches began to move back to Duta.

The Hari men begged for the release of Dibo and promised to return in the morning. They were only 15 men, but they promised more and so we took their names and as a gesture of compromise I allowed Dibo to return with them. He had the extraordinary cheek to ask *for* the blanket given to him for the night as a present, and when I refused, at least for a gift of matches.

Late that evening we heard that only three houses of Haja had burnt down, but that enemy around them had been cut down to prevent the fire from spreading. This shows a very creditable efficiency; I had thought the situation hopeless, and if there had been a wind a large part of the village would certainly have gone.

18th November.—Halt Duta. This morning we heard how the fire at Haja started. A man of Haj clan was sitting by his fire smoking a pipe. Some burning ash fell on his cloth, but not noticing it he hung it up on the wall and left the house to visit a friend. Two of the adjoining houses were also destroyed by fire, but by cutting down all the surrounding houses and pouring water on the debris the villagers prevented a general conflagration.

Today a good many men, also from Dutta and Hapi helped rebuilding. Nevertheless a number of men came for our work and we were able to buy thatch and bamboos.

In the morning some 12 Harg men and 26 men of Haja came to carry and we sent them to Pite. Later 28 men of Hari turned up and these I sent straight to Joyhing. Yesterday's stern measures seem to have had some effect.

Gaie Tadu of Hari came too, and to my great annoyance I heard from him that the Chemsir people left to-day without settling their dispute with Hari. Yesterday they were the whole day in Hera with Padi Layang, and I heard that his house was filled with debating men. But Gaie Tadu and Hage Gat were obviously not keen on a settlement and though they invited—without success—Goch Tamar to Tadu's house, they did not themselves go to Bela, and thus missed the opportunity of establishing peace with Chemsir. Goch Tamar and the other Miri *pusa* holders are also to blame, for flaunting an express order that on midday after the *mel* they should report to me the terms of the settlement; they left without coming to see me again. I think this incident makes it clear that even *pusa* holders have not yet realized that orders of Government must be obeyed. They believe obviously that their obligations end with meeting touring officers and providing perhaps some porters and gifts of chickens and beer.

19th November.—Duta to Hang and back. This morning I went to Hang to arrange for porters to go with me to Joyhing. The temperature early in the morning was 60°F, and I started in a thick white mist. But by the time I reached Hang, the sun had broken through and it had become so warm that I had to take off my coat and pullover.

At first I had some difficulty in collecting my important men and Pusyo Tamar was ill and could not get up. His son Kago, however, proved helpful and promised to come himself as a sirdar. On the whole I found the Hang people more accommodating in regard to providing porters than the people of Haja or Bela, and they agreed to collect three companies of 23. But it remains to be seen whether they will stick to it.

A lot of building is now going on, for this is the month when the Apa Tanis rebuild all houses that need repair or renewal.

From Hang I went to Michi Bassin where I found nearly all the men and boys of Bassin gathered on a *lapang* drinking rice-beer in a pause in the work of building a house. From this village too I asked for two companies and was promised that they would be forthcoming.

Mudan Tage was less positive, and only Mudang Talew promised to raise a company, while the men of the other *khel* remained non-committal, saying that since among them they had no "Babib" who could give orders, no one could compel his neighbour to work as porter.

Yet, I feel that the atmosphere has slightly changed and that the people are more prepared to co-operate. This may be due to the action taken against Dinapre Dibo and Nendun Tagum, which taught them that I am determined to enforce orders, or perhaps it is only that it takes a long time until the realization of the necessity to co-operate sinks into the public mind.

This afternoon Siraj with Gallong and Dalla porters and the section left in Pite arrived with all but 16 of the loads left in Pite, and these are being brought up by Apa Tanis who are one day behind. This move was made possible by the helpful attitude of Sekhe and Jorum Dalla, the former providing one and the latter two companies of porters. Mai and Leji also came more porters than we had dared hope. The convoy came by the Jorum route, but in going to Joyhing I will explore the path via Mai, which is said to be somewhat shorter.

20th November.—Duta to Bela and back. The building of the camp is slowly progressing and the Assam Rifles barracks and the shop are now complete. The great difficulty is nowadays not so much men as building material, and the fire in Haja which necessitated the rebuilding of nearly twenty houses, has caused an acute shortage of bamboos. Fortunately bamboos from Michi Bassin and Mudang Tage are gradually trickling in but it is clear that the Apa Tanis are not really keen on selling bamboos, probably because every man wants to preserve his stock against the day when his own house might get burnt.

Today I went to Bela and repeated at each *lapang* my now already stereotyped speech about the necessity of providing porters and the benefits the Apa Tanis will derive from working in the hills for Government instead of going to the plains and buying their requirements of salt and cloth there.

The very fact that the Apa Tanis yearly routine is so exactly regulated, with times allocated for every activity, may make it difficult for a village to provide at short notice any appreciable number of porters for work which takes them away for two weeks. It is obvious that a people of 2,000 living in a single valley of about 20 square miles and maintaining a higher standard of living than most hill tribes, must have a very well developed economic system, and even the slightest transference of man-power to work and forestry in this system may, before an adjustment has been effected, disturb the smooth working of the economic machinery. If for instance the Apa Tanis had given about 600 of the finest men to do two trips to Joyhing in November, it is imaginable (though by no means certain) that their house-building programme would have been delayed and the building activity of the men working as porters extended into the next month, which according to the traditional routine is reserved for other occupations. Similarly the detailed regulation of every activity according to the calender, evolved during immemorable generations of surroundbed isolation, may obviate the need for any effective leadership and strong authority. Perhaps we have here an example of the perfect democracy, a democracy where the Government is not simply unobtrusive, but actually non-existent. Such a system would, of course, have no adequate answer to either the aggression of a strong

and well fed village such as Licha or the visit of an officer of Government who demands suddenly a considerable diversion of economic effort to work as porters and offers those doing the work reward in a new medium of exchange.

The Apa Tanis may, for instance, argue that the man who spends this month working as a potter and buys at the end for his wages perhaps a cloth, a bell metal bowl and beads for his wife, demands those of his co-villagers who helped him—for a drink of rice-beer—to rebuild his house last year, and are now entitled to his help in building their houses.

Such considerations may prevent one from regarding the attitude of the Apa Tanis just as unfriendliness stubbornness or even complicity with Licha. Realizing how great a breach in their traditional economy is any work for cash wages, and that in a society without effective leadership every individual man must be persuaded before a change is possible, I am rather disinclined to adopt at this stage severe measures which might antagonise the whole tribe without producing more than temporary results. Such punitive action as is unavoidable, should in my mind be taken against individuals who flaunt Government's orders, rather than against whole village communities. This may mean a slowing up of operations, but such delay may not be too great a sacrifice, if it allows us to discover a way by which the Apa Tanis can be persuaded rather than compelled to co-operate and which gives them time to adjust their mentality and their economy to Government's demands for porters.

21st November.—Halt—Duta. An uneventful day on which the buildings in the camp progressed fairly well. Large quantities of thatch are now brought in, for we pay a fair price and it seems that anyone may collect the straw left on the fields after reaping.

I went to see the site of the fire in Haja and found that nearly all the burnt and demolished houses have already been rebuilt with good new material, obviously with the help of a great many villagers and relations from neighbouring villages.

Now is the time when the women dye their cotton yarn for weaving. This may not be done in the villages, and so they have places outside the village where they boil the dyes (mainly the bark of trees) in pots.

The shop is flourishing and a good many women bring in rice, vegetables, and eggs. To dispose of rice seems to be much more a matter for women than for men.

22nd November.—Duta to Mudang Tage and back. My hopes that the Apa Tanis have resigned themselves to work as porters have been disappointed. This morning I sent messengers to all the Apa Tani villages to remind them to furnish by this evening the agreed number of porters, but the result was most disappointing. Temi returned from Hari and told that Gate Tadu had failed to raise any porters, and it seems that the villagers even threaten Gate Tadu, holding him responsible if any of the men who have already gone to Joyhing fall ill or die on the way.

While some of the clans have given at least a few porters, others despite their promise refused all co-operation and so I went myself to the village with nine Rifles. The most prominent men besides Gate Tade who was with me, were unfortunately out and so I could get hold of only two kinsmen of clan heads. I told them that they would have to come with me and so to shy stand security that porters would be sent. I did not arrest them and at first even left them their *dao*, in order to save their faces. Hari was thronged with people who seemed more amused than angry about the detention of these two men.

But Heli came with an equally depressing story from Hang. Pooyo Tamar's son Kago, who had agreed to work as Sardar has gone hunting and the other clans refused to give any porters. Hibu Takr came later with two men and gave vague promises that men would be forthcoming after two days when the house-building was finished, but one of the young Hibu men with him ridiculed the idea of giving so many porters, so I added him to the other Apa Tanis in the care of the Assam Rifles until the porters turn up.

A message came from Mudang Tage who declared flatly that they would not give a single man, and since Mudang Takr is already in my bad books, I wanted to set an example and arrest him. Unfortunately two of his brothers who had just come into camp got wind of this and created a stir by suddenly running off. Attempts to catch them were in vain and so I took eight Rifles and went to Mudang Takr's house. I gave the villagers a short time to call Takr, but he did not appear and so I gave the order to demolish his house. Many men of Duta had followed us and tried to mediate; and when Koj Talo promised to prevail on the Mudang Tage men to come as porters, I accepted their guarantee and left the house standing.

Late at night 19 Duta men came for enlistment; this falls short of my demand on Duta, but is at least a symbol of their good intentions.

Altogether four men are now detained: two from Hari, one from Bela and one from Hang. Though all are fairly prominent men, no attempt has yet been made to effect their release.

23rd November.—Duta to Camp near Mai.—Approximately 10 miles. None of the men who had promised to come with me to Joyhing turned up and it was only after I had sent repeated messages to Duta and Haja that a mere handful of men arrived. But none had brought their kit and food, and thus more time was lost by the men returning to their houses to make ready.

There was no move on the side of the Hari men to effect the release of the two hostages by sending porters or even open in negotiations. I let it be known that Hage Tatam would have to come with me; if no porters turned up, but it was of no avail.

At last with enormous trouble and messages hither and thither I obtained sufficient men to move me and one section of Assam Rifles; even 16 men of Mudang Tage came to carry, hoping thereby to ward off further trouble. But they too had left their kit behind and were not at all pleased when I sent one man to fetch it and gave the others their loads. When a group of Nani people of Reru arrived I released the Nani prisoner but Hage Tatam had to go with me.

It was nearly 12 p.m. when at last I set out and I had hardly reached the path outside Duta when excited villagers appeared on the outskirts of Duta and shouted to the porters they should drop their loads, and refuse to carry. My Dafla interpreters Heli and Gogoi got quite perturbed when they picked up shouts announcing that the Apa Tanis would make war, not in daylight when they could no prevail against sepoys, but at night; even Koj Talo was heard shouting defiantly after I had refused to stop again and let the porters go back to the village to pick up more kit.

With great difficulties I got the coolies past Mpidang Tagg and Nichi Bamin. Everywhere crowds stood in the approaches to the villages, there was shouting and yelling and Huge Tamun, whom I compelled to accompany me was alternatively invoking the gods, uttering a piercing shrill cry and calling to the men living the road. After passing through a narrow lane between two bamboo groves I ordered a halt, and questioned my Dafla interpreters about the exact meaning of all the shouting. They were definite that some of the shouts had been threats to fight. At that moment I saw large groups of men streaming from Mari and running along the rice bunds towards us. From their movements and number I guessed at once that these were not men coming to work as porters, and looking through my binoculars saw that they carried spears and shields and wore the peculiar black fibre rain-cloaks used in hunting and raids. They moved as far as the middle of the valley, where they stopped and gathered in large groups. This was obviously a hostile demonstration if nothing worse, and although I considered an immediate attack in open country of extremely unlikely, I did not think it wise to leave the base at Duta with only 1 section.

So leaving the luggage in charge of the section with me, I walked back the odd mile to the Duta camp to see what the situation was there. Everywhere the path was lined with men, some sitting glum and silent, some shouting wildly. Eraj Tolo came in greatly perturbed and I charged him at once with leaving joined in the hostile shouts. He denied any evil intention and I sent him off in the direction of the Hari men with the message that if their intentions were peaceful they should come and say what they wanted. Just then Nada Tomu came with the news that the Haja men—42 of them—were all ready to start; no doubt he expected to get a lot of praise and was taken aback when he found me in not too amicable a mood. At first I thought of letting the section and porters proceed and stay myself in Duta, but this would have meant missing the re-connaissance flight. Eventually I decided to leave my wife and two sections to look after the Duta base and to go with the porters without escort to Joyhing. As this meant that I would have no Rifles with me I could obviously not take Huge Tamun with me; so I consigned to where I had left the luggage and sent him back to Duta.

By the time I could finally leave it was 2 P.M. and to my surprise I found that many more Apa Tanis had joined my party. There were altogether 139 men to go with me and among them were eight men and one woman of Hari. Only Haaj had sent no rice, and the one man who on I had detained yesterday and released today because he promised to carry a load voluntarily, dropped the load somewhere in the forest and vanished.

We went by way of our first camp of last season, and this is preferable to the way along the rice terraces of Haag. The sun was sinking when we reached the forest, and by the time it was dark, we had crossed the ridge separating Haag and Mai land, but had not yet reached the open country round Mai. Therefore we camped in the forest near a small stream at a place where men out hunting sometimes spend the night.

It was curious that the Apa Tanis recruited with so much difficulty, were perfectly cheerful and did not seem to bear any grudge of the mornings' events.

26th November.—Camp near Mai to Camp Pito—Approximately 18 miles. I left camp early and soon we emerged from the forest onto the open grass spurs near Mai. It would have been impossible to reach the village last night.

Mai lies on the top of a spur very much like Jorum. There are a few planted bamboo groves probably inspired by Apa Tanis, but very little forest. With a guide from Mai we dropped into a valley with rice terraces, climbed a steep slope and then descended into the Pangeo valley where harvested and obviously irrigated rice-fields of Leji village occupy most of the flat bottom.

We crossed the Pangeo by a small temporary bridge and then climbed up to Pei village where we were well received and entertained with beer. But to reach Pito in one day we hurried on, past our last camp at Dodo Seram. Although we had walked from 7 A.M. with very little break, we had to move fast to reach Pito at 5.30 before it got really dark. It was a forced match, possible only with very little luggage and many porters to change the loads round.

In Pito I found one section Assam Rifles under a Jemadar, coming up with 66 Apa Tanis.

27th November.—Camp Pito to Camp Lichi.—7·2 miles. I sent the section of Assam Rifles towards Duta and left myself at 8 A.M. It had begun to rain at night and still drizzled in the morning. The path was very wet and slippery and the stretch along the river below Potin is rather hard going with a lot of balancing over rocks and boulders. But we managed to get into Lichi some after 4 P.M. On the way 40 men of Jorum and 6 of Toko caught up with us; they have all come to carry loads and ration themselves by leaving small dumps near their various camps.

28th November.—Camp Lichi to Camp Selemchi.—5·9—miles. I left Lichi at 7 A.M. and found the climb up to the ridge above Selemchi not too bad. But the way down is long and it took me till 1 P.M. to reach Selemchi. There I found everything in good order and 1 section of Assam Rifles.

Since there is no chance of finding in the near future sufficient porters to carry all the salt up to Duta, I have decided to liquidate most of the Selemchi dump by taking most of the salt back to Joyhing. But I arranged for 10 bags to be kept and sold by Bat Peikhi for Rs.9-5 each.

A large number of villagers came to buy salt before it was taken back and I sold several sacks of 25 seer at a price of annas 6 per seer.

As men of Potin and Sekhe had come to Selemchi to buy salt I sent twelve loads of porters' rations back with them to Pito.

27th November.—Camp Selemchi to Joyhing. I left Selemchi at 8 A.M. and arrived before 12 P.M. at the Panior River crossing. Just before the crossing I met Captain Davy, coming to meet me. In the camp at Joyhing, I found the Survey Party under Mr. Kalappa, who will accompany us for the next two months. There were also the 52 new Gallongs from Sadiya.

28th November.—Halt Joyhing. The day was spent in calculating porterage and rations. To save porterage on the first day, we sent the Survey Party to Selemchi where they have some work to do. Twelve Nepali porter's arrived yesterday from Charduar and went also to Selemchi to carry some of the Survey Party's 51 loads.

29th November.—By plane over Daffa and Apa Tani Country. This morning we went by lorry to the Lillabari aerodrome where at 10 A.M. we had a rendezvous with a reconnaissance plane. The weather was fine and the plane arrived punctually. It was a small plane, taking two passengers. After gaining height, we made for the Panior River, which in the plains appeared as a winding line between broad white banks but in the hills is just a narrow band enclosed by forest. Flying high above Selemchi we passed within a

a few minutes the densely wooded country through which one struggles on foot for several days. The cultivated land appears there only as small patches amidst the vast forest covering every hill and valley. But as soon as we reached the confluence of Panior and Pangen the picture changed, and below us spread the open hilly grasslands of the Jorum area, with only here and there a streak of forest filling a ravine or lining a river. From the air the hills seemed little more than ripples on a sandy beach, but I knew from bitter experience that each has to be climbed in at least fifteen minutes of strenuous walk. We could discern Jorum and Taku with their stretches of irrigated rice-fields, and further west the cultivated slopes and houses of the various settlements of the Likha group. Over a wooded range we crossed into a valley running at right angles to the Panior valley, obviously the Kiyi valley of the map. Here too there is a great deal of grassland and cultivated slopes, and we saw three settlements of typical Dafla style, long houses each surrounded by smaller granaries and sheds. This I took to be the Licha group, and we were glad to see that the country is fairly open with little forest in the immediate vicinity of the villages.

Further west, on the left bank of the Panior we saw a large village, probably Mesago, but by that time clouds were rapidly rising and we had to climb to 14,000 feet to keep clear of them. With his small plane the pilot was anxious about flying below the clouds and we had to give up the idea of either following the course of the Panior or crossing over into the Khru valley. But rising above the clouds we gained a magnificent view of the snow ranges, a continuous chain of dazzling white peaks emerging from the sea of bulging milky clouds. As we returned over the Apa Tani area the sky was largely overcast and we could not get sufficiently low down, but at the end of the valley we caught a glimpse of a village which must have been Hung, the reaped rice-fields light yellow amidst the purple hills covered with dry bracken.

To our great disappointment we had to return, but even the glimpse we had of the Dafla country on the upper Panior seems to confirm all that we heard last year, namely, that Jorum, Taku and Likha are only the outposts of a large Dafla population inhabiting the valleys between the Apa Tani country and the snow ranges and that north of Mesago lies a large and fairly densely populated area. Looking northwards from above the Kiyi valley in the direction of the Khru we could see beyond a low ridge traces of heavy cultivation, and then it seems that small isolated villages separated by great stretches of unbroken forest, such as Sebemchi and Potin are by no means representative of the bulk of the Daflas.

Returning along the Panior we made a second attempt at penetrating into the hills by following the Subansiri, but here too clouds forced us to turn back. We could see, however, that in the valley of the Sidem River, flowing into the Subansiri from the east, there is a good deal of cultivation and that on the spur enclosed by a sharp bend of the Subansiri, near the confluence of Subansiri and Sikra, there lies a village not marked on the map. In the area of Bini and Gochum we saw from a distance also a good many cultivated slopes, but before we could reach the confluence of Subansiri and Kamla clouds again barred our way.

We landed at Lilabari at 12 P. M. and before returning to Joyhing bungalow went to see about stores in North Lakhimpur.

When we came back to Joyhing I was very relieved to find a group of Apa Tanis of Hari and a letter from my wife saying that all was well in Duta. Gaa Tada and Hage Gai have apparently been remiss and after a day or two of negotiations agreed to send porters and as a fine for their hostile demonstration to rebuild our house without payment and the detained men were released. The people of Duta and Haja have apparently behaved very well and done their best to patch up the difficulty.

30th November.—Halt Joyhing. The men of Bela village were anxious to leave ahead of us in order to get back soon and take part in the building of new *tapang*. So we sent them to Duta with 26 Assam Rifles loads and they will take the shorter way. Other companies of Daflas and Apa Tanis were also given their loads and crossed the Ranga Nadi this afternoon. We and the rest of the porters with the Assam Rifles will start tomorrow morning for Duta.

1st December.—Joyhing to Sebemchi.—7·7 miles—Captain Davy, Captain Cooksey and I with one section Assam Rifles left Joyhing Camp at about 9 A. M. and reached Sebemchi at about 4 P. M.. The journey was uneventful and the route needs no description as I described it in detail on October 15th. I was surprised however to hear from the Survey Officer that the distance between Joyhing Camp and Sebemchi is only 7·7, miles on the ground. The highest point reached is 2,300 feet, but Sebemchi lies at an altitude of only 1,900 feet.

A real problem in Sebemchi and presumably also other Dafla villages of the foothills, is the rapid spread of a *Gaunt Ageratum* which has occupied many of the slopes round the village and prevents the growth of jungle. The Daflas say that this weed was unknown in the hills and appeared only some ten years ago. In the immediate vicinity of the houses of Sebemchi there are several hill slopes which eight years ago were cultivated for the first time, and on which owing to the thick cover of *Ageratum* no trees have yet grown up. Consequently this land is now entirely valueless; further away from the village I saw in some places slopes abandoned only for two or three years and already bearing good forest growth, and in others *Ageratum* covered land that has lain fallow for six years and shows no sign of regaining its usefulness for cultivation. Advice of an agricultural expert regarding how *Ageratum* could be kept in check would be most valuable, for in villages with limited land the spread of this weed may have serious consequences.

2nd December.—Sebemchi to Lichi—5·9 miles. We had not enough porters to move our own party, the Survey Party with its 50 loads and 3 sections of Assam Rifles, and so we decided to leave 1 section of Assam Rifles and some non-essential equipment at Sebemchi. The sorting out of the loads took some time and we did not start until 8 A. M. The climb to the 4,700 feet ridge of Tamyputu seemed as long and as steep as on the first trip, but as this time there was no rain and the path was fairly firm, neither I nor the porters found it quite as strenuous. Dense cloud enveloped the highest part of the ridge and the vegetation dripping with moisture, looks as if at that altitude the rainfall was much higher than on the lower slopes.

When we arrived in Lichi we found to our pleasant surprise 55 Apa Tanis of Hang whom my wife had sent down to meet us. They enable us to bring up the Sebemchi section and remaining Survey staff.

The distance between Sebemchi and Lichi is according to the Survey Officer only 5·9 miles, a fact that met with general incredulity among the members of our party.

3rd December.—Lichi to Pire—7·2 miles. The 55 Apa Tanis and 6 Gallongs, whose loads had been eaten, returned this morning to Sebemchi, while we proceeded to Pire, the Survey Officer making a detour via Potin.

Even today when it was not raining, I found the stretch along the Pauler River, with its innumerable ups and downs on a newly cut path along steep and partly precipitable river banks rather exhausting and though there is no major climb the march is pretty long for the portable.

On the bank of the Pauler we were joined by most of the Potin lines. There are several cases of illness in Potin and judging from the descriptions and the fact that mainly children are ill I believe that it must be measles. But the Potin men are convinced that suspicions of Likha are causing disease spirits to Potin and that only by sacrifices and powerful counter magic can the disease be combatted.

In Pite we found all the lands which on my down journey I had sent from Sebumichi by Potin and Sekhe men, and this very much eased the carriers situation.

A great many Dafins have come to meet us, and several of them lodged complaints against Likha.

The most interesting development is the release of two captives by Likha and their arrival in Sekhe. Chera Bogu, who had not come to Pite, was captured several years ago in Tabia Nirri's house while on a visit to Lichi. Now Likha Tani, who is obviously afraid of what might happen to him if we visit Likha has of his own accord brought Chera Bogu to Sekhe.

The other released prisoner is Chera Tamo, a miserable looking youth of perhaps 18 or 20 years, the son of Chera Hali of Sekhe. Many years ago, when Tamo was a young boy, Likha Tamer raided his father's house and captured him and his mother Yaji. Likha Tamer sold both captives at once to Nioh Topa for five mithan. Likha Tamer is a poor man, who lives now in Jorum, but Nioh Topa of Mioh settlement is rich and bought the two Sekhe people on speculation, hoping probably for a ransom higher than five mithan. But Chera Hali of Sekhe was too poor to effect the release of his wife and son, and whereas the woman was, after some time, allowed to go about as a slave, the boy Tamo was for five years kept with one leg in a heavy block of wood, which he could drag about within the house, but which prevented him from ever going into the open. The traces of this long imprisonment are obvious; he is pale, underdeveloped, with legs weak and spindly compared to those of other Dafins. His mental development seems also retarded and he squatted before us frightened and speechless, not fully taking in what the interpreters said. While in Likha he often begged his captor to release him from the leg, promising to work for him as a slave, but his entreaties were of no avail.

It is remarkable that a man will for five years feed a captive without deriving any advantage, only in the expectation of getting a ransom or selling him at a profit. Tamo's mother Yaji is still in Likha and we hope to effect her release when we visit the village.

This afternoon we saw a large fish otter manoeuvring himself in the sand of the Pauler bank. Dafins tried to shoot him first on the river bank and then in the water but without success.

4th December.—Pite to Pei—9·4 miles. We started at 7·45 A.M. in fine weather and found the first part of the march very easy. Parties going up and down have burnt a good deal of the high grass on the flat ground near the confluence of Pangen and Pauler and it appears that the construction of a landing strip on this level ground should be another difficult nor unduly expensive. The Dafins of Pei village have cut a path running along the slope half way between the Pangen River and the village, as I anticipated in my survey down. This shortening of the route allowed us to start without too great a strain on the porters to the rice fields of Puchu village close to the Pangen, where there is a good open site for a camp as well as plenty of wood and water.

5th December.—Pei to Camp on the Kale River—9·8 miles. Last night there was a light drizzle, but not enough to make things really uncomfortable. Dafins of Puchu and Pei came to see us, the latter to get their wages for cutting the new path. We managed to persuade several of them to carry our loads as far as Duta and this enabled us to send back a bunch of Gallongs. Transport is still so short, that only by pushing use of every casual porter can we get all our rations and the Survey Party up to Duta.

To day's march started with a long climb up a grass-covered slope to a ridge above Mai village just over 5,000 feet. Where small streams have cut into the slope a few small rice terraces have been constructed, and the attempts at terracing the slopes are obviously inspired by the example of the Apa Tanis.

We stopped only for a few minutes in Mai where we were not expected and the women made feverish but not too successful efforts to produce some parable rice-beer. Quite a number of Apa Tanis were in Mai, partly to trade and partly to weave cloth for the Dafins. From Mai we climbed higher, and it struck me again how suddenly one leaves the dry grass land with poor sandy soil and only an occasional patch of scraggy jungle, and enters the high luxuriant forest with a rich soil, today doubly slippery after the night's light rain. The highest point the path reaches on the ridge between Mai and Haag is nearly 6,000 feet and in frequent ups and downs one drops from there gradually to the wide trend of the Apa Tani valley. With a great effort we could have reached Duta before dark, but we decided to camp on the open hillocky ground on the Kale River.

6th December.—Camp on the Kale River to Duta—7·6 miles. We started before 8 A.M. and reached Duta in about two hours. My wife and the Political Jemadar have succeeded in settling all the disputes, the excitement which accompanied my departure has died down and harmony reigns again in the Apa Tani valley. After I had left, our house was broken up to strengthen the perimeter, then negotiations with Hari started. The Hari men produced the feeble and somewhat disingenious excuse that their armed demonstration was not against Government or the Assam Rifles, but against Duta and Haja which by calling Government into the country brought all the trouble upon them. But they were obviously afraid of the effects of their rash action and agreed not only to send porters, but to build me another house. The new house is quite well built, but rather smaller than the old one, the Duta men, led by Chigi Nime and Koj Talo have built a house as a present for Davy.

7th December.—Halt Duta. It is now possible to sum up the attitude of the Apa Tanis. Though very slow in taking to any new idea and infuriating on account of their genius for procrastination, they have yet given a considerable amount of help and porters on the way up from Jorehaut we met two large groups of Apa Tanis going down to fetch more loads. Indeed without the co-operation of the Apa Tanis this year's programme could never be carried out. The buying of rice is gradually progressing; very few men sell large quantities, but many women bring a few seers at a time to the shop. If I could have come up earlier and had not had to wait for the Gallong porters and if once in Duta I had not had to go down again to Jorhaut no doubt much more rice could have been purchased, for in that case I would have had several weeks in which to tackle every individual rich man and to bulk up a large store of rice. As it is, we are burying

sufficient rice to ration our Gallong porters while they are here and for their return journeys. The shop is doing well and all white cloth we bring up is immediately sold out.

8th December.—Haji Data. A Bela man captured recently by Daflas of Licha came this morning to Data and told the story of his capture and eventual escape. He is Rade Lahyang of the Tajang Khel of Bela, a youngish man who is obviously shaken by his trying experience. Some two months ago he and about a dozen men of Bela went hunting for pigs in the Dafla forest north-west of Data. After spending a night in the forest they cooked rice and while pigs eating in the shelter of a big rock when some 30 Licha men surrounded them and seized half of the men. Most of the Apa Tanis could offer no resistance, but Rade Lahyang drew his *dao* and let fly. Thereupon a Dafla shot him at short range with an arrow, which might have killed him, but fortunately hit a rib and left a wound which is now healing. Other Dafias cut his bonds and he: who *dao* and so he was forced to surrender. Some of the Apa Tanis had managed to get away in the first moments of the attack, but four of Lahyang's companions were also captured and dragged off to Licha. Lahyang and two other men were kept in Licha Tapa's house, and he says that once there they were not badly treated and were given enough to eat. Their legs were of course in stocks. Other Bela men were kept in the houses of Nichi Bu:ung of Ingi settlement and Likha Tana of Kinum settlement.

Negotiations for the release of the captives were started through Dafias of Linia village, but Licha refused even to discuss terms until Bela had paid compensation for the death of Nich Tacho, who last year was killed by Bela men in the course of an abortive raid by Licha into Apa Tani country.

Two or three days ago Lahyang managed to draw his foot out of the wooden block and make good his escape under cover of night. He avoided all paths and moving through the forest reached Bela. Only yesterday Nitisi Bulliang who was kept in Nichi Bu:ung's house also succeeded in escaping; he, however, has not yet come here.

Lahyang says that in Licha our prospective visit is the general topic of conversation, and the Licha men have apparently several strategems up their sleeves. Some say that they will kill all the Apa Tani prisoners in their hands if we approach their village and then fight to defend it; others plan to lull us into a feeling of security by giving us a friendly reception and then to attack us when we have entered their village. Little value can be attached to the conversations overheard by the captives, for I would not put it beyond Licha to have purposely discussed the situation before the Apa Tanis and then given them a chance to escape in order to tell us stories specially designed for our benefit.

As we were talking to Lahyang we heard that men of Linia were in Bela, and Davy and I decided to go there at once in order to contact them and send a message to Licha through them. Linia has for long acted as mediator between Apa Tanis and Licha, and many Linia men must have derived considerable profits from their activities as go-betweens in the negotiations for the release of captured Apa Tanis. Although we have succeeded in sending messages to Licha through Tolo, we have so far failed to find someone to carry a *parama*, and we now wanted to avail ourselves of this chance of tribal politics and approach Licha *via* Linia.

When we arrived in Bela, we were told that the Linia men were in a house in the Reru *khel*, and Temi went ahead to allay any fear and nervousness and explain what we wanted. But after we had waited a long time, he came back saying that the Linia men were frightened, and only one of them had talked to him at a distance, but refused to meet us. So we went ourselves to the house, only to find that the Dafias had hidden somewhere else, and we were on the point of leaving Reru when Padi Layang came running after us with the news that he had persuaded one Linia man to meet us. So we sat down on a *tajang* and Padi Layang brought Tanya Togar of Linia, a very attractive looking Dafla with surprisingly fair, almost rosy complexion and a ch.rming smile. His bearing and dress showed that he was a man of good status and I have often heard his name in connection with negotiations for the release of Apa Tanis captured by Licha.

We explained to Togar that he should go to Licha and tell the headmen of our intentions. We did not want to make war on Licha, but to settle their disputes with the Apa Tanis; so far we had heard only the Apa Tanis' story and now we wanted to hear what Licha had to say; we would visit Licha in any case and would there hold a *mel* were Dafias and Apa Tanis could state their case. If Licha wanted to be friends with Government we would come as friends, but force would be met with force. The first condition for any friendly relations was the release of the four captured Apa Tanis still in Licha and any harm done to them would be severely punished.

Tanya Togar promised to give the *parama* and the message and to bring us back Licha's answer. But he insisted on going first to his own village, and he will probably have to catch us up on the way to Licha. With this message despatched by a man who for long has been a *parama guru* in Licha, the people of Licha have no excuse for opposing our approach with force. As a reward for his work as go-between we promised Tanya Togar an *endi* cloth whatever the reply of Licha.

9th December.—Haji Data. With us and in our wake came many Dafias of Potin, Sekhe, Pilingpu, Pei and Pochin and other villages, all of whom have complaints against Licha or Likha or other villages. Thus we have a whole camp of Dafias with us and if we had the time we could spend the whole day in listening to their claims and grievances. But there is no point in hearing cases against Licha and Likha now and at this juncture it will probably be sound policy to hear cases preferably in the village of the defendant.

But today we had to deal with a serious complaint against Jorum Tacho, an influential man of Jorum whose house was burnt in 1926 by Nevill and who was subsequently taken to Lokra as a punishment for raiding. But the time in jail seems to have had no deterrent effect, and some years ago he sent men to waylay and capture Nibia Nia of Samodo, with whom it is said he had had no quarrel whatsoever. Nibia Nia was not only captured, but so badly cut up that he is manined for life, and ever since I came to Potin he has been clamouring for compensation. Yesterday we sent a *kotoki* for Jorum Tacho and he arrived today, in Duta. His defence was very long winded, but he failed to put forward a reasonable connection between the capture of Nibia Nia and a long chain of murders and captures which had preceeded the incident. In the end Davy admitted the claim of Nibia Nia for the return of the ransom at the value of six mithan paid by him to Jorum Tacho as well as four mithan compensation for his injuries, taking into account that Jorum Tacho had once been arrested and punished for raiding and had in no way mended his ways. He was given one month to collect the mithan or their value.

10th December.—Haji Data. Among the Apa Tanis there is astonishingly little enthusiasm for the expedition against Licha, now that we are on the eve of the adventure, and we are still doubtful whether all the required porters will turn up in time for our start on the 13th. On this expedition we want to take only men of Hoje, Duta and Bela, the three villages which have real grievances against Licha and have clamoured for armed intervention ever since I arrived in the Apa Tani country last March.

Many of the so-called headmen admit openly that they are much too frightened to join us, and in this they are quite unashamed. When we reproached Chobin, the richest and most influential man of Haja, for the bad example he was giving and suggested that he should dress like a woman and come with us in this guise, he laughed instead of being embarrassed and said this would be an excellent idea. His cousin Nada Tomsa as well as Chigi Nisse on the other hand have promised to come to Licha, and we will thus have some important Apa Tanis in addition to several Dafla headmen in our camp.

11th December.—Data to Hang and back. In Michi Bamin and Mudang Tage. This morning we went to Hang to see about porters which are to bring loads from Joyhing. Pierre Tarap, who has recovered from his recent illness, appeared in a chequered blanket given to him by Nevill, and was extremely friendly. He admitted that last year Kago had acted very wrongly in promising to work for us as tirdar and then going hunting. Bya it seems that now likes Tamar have really very little influence on the people who go as porters.

While we were in Hang there was a heavy shower and the weather is altogether very disappointing. Ever since I returned to Data, there has not been a single really clear day, and the Survey Party can hardly do any work. It seems that a dry season does not exist in these hills.

From Hang we went to Michi Bamin, where all entrances to the village were barred with bamboo doors, because the rise to prevent foes had been held.

Then we passed through Mudang Tage, but saw neither Mudang Tahr nor any other prominent man. We asked for porters to go to Joyhing and the tirdar of the last trip promised to bring the men tonight or tomorrow to Data.

12th December.—Data to Mudang Tage and back. Today there was again a crisis. Except for a handful of Hang men no porters were forthcoming, neither Michi Bamin nor Mudang Tage having sent a single man. As a little strong action worked so well in the case of Hari, we felt that some definite action against Mudang Tage was necessary before the planned left for Licha. The most influential man in Mudang Tage is Mudang Tahr but both this and last season he has been not at all co-operative. We have sent him messages repeatedly, but he has never come and when on more than one occasion we went to his village he either sent word that he was performing a *puja* or appeared truculent and sour. Yesterday's appeal for porters also remained unheeded: we therefore decided to take some action against Mudang Tahr. The best thing of course would have been to arrest him, but we had little hope of catching him. However, we took a chance, approached Mudang Tage in three parties from different sides and then entered more or less simultaneously and gathered at Tahr's house. But we found the house empty and Tahr in hiding and all attempts to make him come forward failed. We gave him half an hour to appear and when he did not come, began demolishing his house, not only symbolically, as I had done previously, but so that it was definitely uninhabitable. The other villagers showed extraordinarily little interest and made no attempt to retaliate.

The expedition had no immediate effect on Mudang Tage, but the news spread and before evening we had over 40 men from Hang ready to go to Joyhing.

A few days ago a Dafla brought a mithun calf as a present and on the eve of our departure for Licha, we gave the mithun to be sacrificed and eaten by the men coming with us to Licha. Chigi Nisse took it to the sacrificial place near our camp and there for long invoked the gods longing again and again at the beast with his long *dao*. At last the mithun was killed by Nisse and other Apa Tanis helped with their *dao* in cutting up the meat for the Apa Tanis and Dafla who assemble (or are expected to assemble) tonight in our camp.

Later Chigi Nisse in full war dress, with black fibre hat and rain cloak, leading a small black dog on a string and carrying a bamboo in lead, came to perform the rite which precedes a raid. In the part of our camp lying nearest to Licha—a little way from the perimeter—he began the preparations for the rite. A small tree was uprooted and others set around it. Nisse put his spear into the ground and tied the dog to a peg. Then, looking in the direction of Licha, he and his assistant squatted down and started the peculiar diaphonal chant typical of most Apa Tani rites. His assistant dressed up in black hat and cloak was Koj Plago of the withered leg, deformed obviously from birth. Chigi Nisse invoked the spirits of heaven, forest, water and earth as witness that the fault of the quarrel between Apa Tanis and Daflas lay with the Daflas of Licha and not with the Apa Tanis. Licha itself was responsible for this war: so that my evil might befall the Apa Tani warriors participating in the expedition against Licha, may their *dao* and spears be sharp, but may the arrows and *dao* of Licha be blunt and incapable of harming the Apa Tanis. As this went on the chant went on, the assistant repeating the end of each phrase.

It got dark and fires were lighted before the chanting priests but they continued without interruption and are still chanting.

There are various rumours about the attitude of Licha but the most consistent is that they have sent all their women and children, as well as their movable wealth, such as mithun, to Talo (Toko) and that the men are determined to fight. It is, certainly significant that neither would Toko Bat's wife, who visited Data the other day take the *pemsum* nor did Toko Bat or any other responsible man of Talo come to see us. Talo and Licha—just as Talo and Likha—stand in close marriage relations and are very friendly; and it would seem that Toko Bat, without openly taking part against Government, is doing all he can to help his friends in Licha.

13th December.—Data to Camp on the Gambo River. Even for this expedition against Licha it has not been easy to raise the required number of porters (160) and last night we were anxious that lack of porters would delay our start in spite of the rites already performed.

When I woke up this morning at 6-30 A. M. I still heard the chanting of Chigi Nisse, interrupted now and then by shrill war cries, followed by a humming sound, which at first I took for the noise of swarming bees. But when dawn came, I realized that this was produced by the young Apa Tani warriors and that close to the place where Nisse was singing a sacrificial monument of bamboo and leaves had been erected. Arrows stuck in the wooden parts of this monument, particularly in a large horizontal board and chickens big and small but all still alive hung head downwards from several parts of the monument and on the bent tops of several bamboos adorning the monument. The dog was now tied to the structure and Chigi Nisse and his assistant sat before it waving their fans of kite feathers, and invoking the gods, calling on them to give victory to the Apa Tanis and to protect them from all dangers.

After a short while the dog was seized and first Nisse and then the others stabbed at him with their *dao*. It was dead in an instant and then its head was cut off. Nisse cut off the heads of the dangling chickens and this was a signal for the warriors to start yelling, brandishing their *dao* and dancing round the ritual structure. At last Nisse cut the dog's head in two and tied the part with nose and jaws to the shield of a warrior.

In the meantime most of the porters had arrived, all in war dress with long spears and thick rain shields. Nada Tomra and Tara Talta were also dressed up for the trip, but to my surprise Padi Lopang of Bela wore his ordinary clothes and declared rather shamefacedly that he would not join us.

When the loads were distributed, there was suddenly a shortage of porters and we heard to our annoyance, that all the Duta men without order had gone ahead and would wait somewhere in the forest. We got off, however, with all our loads at 8.45 but it took some time before order could be brought into the chaos: the guides including Chigi Nime, distinguished by white hand bands, in front, then the advance guard, Davy, Cowlrey and I, another section of Assam Rifles, then a section Assam Rifles, four sections porters and finally the doctor and the rear guard. Unless well closed up the entire column stretched out over the best part of a mile and it took quite a long time and a great deal of shouting to explain to the Apa Tanis that this time they could not move in their own pace.

From Duta we went at first almost due north, and after passing through rice-fields and open grazing grounds, began to climb one of the steep slopes rising from the valley. At the foot of the slope we found the entire company of Duta men, all armed with spears, who awaited us there happily as if for them there had existed no obligation to carry any load. They were very much surprised when I told them that we had now no use for them and that they should go to Joyhing and fetch baggage from there. In spite of this order some of them followed our columns ; I do not whether any went back and joined a party going to Joyhing.

The climb was long and steep, and after about half an hour over open, bracken covered slopes with a few planted pine groves, we entered the high forest surrounding the Apa Tani country on all sides. In the valley had been sunshine but we had not climbed long through the moist and luxuriant forest, before we were in mist which seems to envelop these high ranges on most days of the year.

The path led fairly steadily in a north-western direction, and when at last we reached the crest of the ridge, it ran in a moderate up and down along a ridge, which must be well over 7,000 feet high. There the path was good and obviously much frequented, and several paths, described by the Apa Tanis as hunting paths, branched off towards the north. Resting places and traces of fires showed that many men used this path and after the initial climb it was a good deal easier than for instance the path between Hang and Mai. Without offering any view-point it led at last into a narrow valley with a small stream known to the Apa Tanis as Gandu ; it is the upper course of the Pais River which flows between Jorum and Tobo and eventually joins the Panior. In this moist and marshy valley the Apa Tanis of Duta and Hija keep some of their mithan, and it is from here than many a mithan has been stolen by Dafla of Licha. Though claiming this land as theirs, the men of Duta and Hija have no means of preventing the Licha men from trespassing and even from capturing men and mithan, and it is something of a problem how their *de jure* possession of so vast a forest area can be converted into an effective control.

It was 2 P. M. when we reached the valley and found a site possible, but in no way ideal, for a camp. The perimeter was built large enough to allow room for all the porters, but some Apa Tanis insisted on nothing their snug little camps in the forest outside, and they were so firmly convinced of the improbability of an attack at a place so far from Licha that no amount of persuasion induced them to move into the perimeter.

The general opinion is that Licha will put up a fight in the high grass near the village, or possibly attack our camp on the Pai River. Neither Apa Tanis nor Dafla have heard of any peace move on the part of Licha, and it are as indeed that Licha is too sure of its unassailable position to consider entering into negotiations.

After dark it began to rain, and though we have a good many tarpaulins the porters are rather miserable. Chigi Nime and two Daflas have sought shelter in my tent and I am letting them stay with me for the night.

14th December.—Camp on the Gandh River to Camp near the Pai River. Even today we had some difficulty in getting off early, the porters playing all sorts of tricks to avoid heavy loads. It was 7-15 A. M. before we started, and at first the path rose very steeply up a wooded slope. There I saw a most elaborate system of rat traps and began to understand how rat-trapping can be so important an occupation. All along and up a spur runs an unbroken barrier of bamboo sticks slightly more than a foot high ; here and there is a small gap and behind it a moveable rat trap. The entire length of the barrier into which rats are driven is hardly less than a mile. The men of Hija and Duta come here and build these traps in groups of sixty, and more ; consequently they are more or less safe from attack, for even Licha men hesitate to take on such large numbers.

The path leading along the barrier uphill was well trodden, but on a level place on the top of the ridge obviously often used as a resting place. Karu our Apa Tani interpreter trod on a *punji*, and we found that the whole place was thickly sown with newly made *punji*. Although the path continued to be good and led in easy gradients along a long crest, our progress was from then on slow, as the guides had to go warily and the advance guard as well as ourselves had to try to clear the path of *punji* for the heavily ladened porters.

We were not a little surprised to meet in this enemy territory a lone Apa Tani, an old and obviously enormously poor slave of Duta, who is too miserable to be an attractive victim even for Dafla raiders. He had come out to look after the traps and told us cheerfully that the day before yesterday he had met four men of Licha, ostensibly out hunting, and that they had asked him about developments in Duta and the time of our coming.

From a spur which we followed a fairly long time one would in fine weather have had some useful vistas north and south. Even with the more distant mountains veiled in clouds, we realized that square C 2 of the map-sheet 83E must be largely wrong. According to that map we ought to have been dropping into the Palin valley, but we were told that the valleys to both sides of the spur drained into the Kiyi River. The ridge sketched in as connecting the peaks of 7,549 feet and 8,189 feet obviously does not exist. Thus it seems that Licha and the sources of the Kiyi lie much further north than we had expected.

Gradually the path deteriorated until it was so overgrown that step by step it had to be cut through thick undergrowth, low bamboos, high ferns and bracken alternating with other jungle. Two more of our guides got their legs spiked by *punji*. In some places no track was discernible at all and progress became painfully slow. To make things worse it began to rain and we realized that Chigi Nime had miscalculated the distance to the Pai River when we had meant to camp.

Dropping steadily we lost a good deal of height, but the valley with the river seemed still far down, and when it was nearly 5 P. M. with only half an hour of day-light left, we decided to camp where we were, without reaching the river. Just then we heard long drawn out shouts and yells from the valley and glimpsed some jhum fields on the opposite slope. The possibilities of being attacked in the dark before a perimeter

could be built was decidedly unpleasant and so we hurried to get into camp with or without water. After some minutes of utter confusion among the porters, order was restored, the forest cleared, and tents and some kind of perimeter put up.

The lack of water hit us all, but to send a party down to the stream in the dark was too dangerous and we all managed as best we could.

Although we were on the move for more than nine hours, the distance covered is not great, and I doubt whether we have covered even as much as five miles. On a properly cut path and without fear of *panji* the stage would have been a very easy one, and Chigi Nzuze, who has not been this way for two years can be excused for miscalculating the time required for cutting the path and clearing it of *panji*. Some of the *panji*, were incidentally old and may have been put there when the Licha men hunted of my promote in Dima last season.

15th December.—Camp near the Pai River to Camp on the Pai River; Bagi and back. The night passed without incident and we started at 7 A. M. without breakfast and arrived within half an hour at the Pai River, a stream in a deep narrow valley. On the other side lay the camp-site which we had hoped to reach last night, and here we halted to allow sepoys and porters to cook a meal and ourselves to have some breakfast. Whereas under other circumstances Apa Tanis would have loudly protested against camping in a place without water for cooking their rice, there was last night no grumbling whatsoever, but this morning we had first to allow them to fill their stomachs.

Captain Davy did not like the idea of proceeding against Licha with a column of sepoys carrying heavy flying column kit, and even more heavily ladened porters and so he decided to leave the luggage guarded by one section and fifty Apa Tanis and Dafias here, inside a perimeter, and to move on with three sections and the rest of the Apa Tanis and Dafias not burdened by any loads. The basis of the perimeter was built while we were still here, and by the time sepoys and porters had cooked and eaten it was 11 A. M.

At first we had to cut our way through high grass and thick shrub, but after a few furlongs we came on to easier ground in a valley between slopes with old and new *jhum* fields. We had expected to be watched by Licha men, and it was not long before we saw the grass moving on a nearby hill and caught a glimpse of a man moving towards the village. Unlike yesterday there were, however, no shouts and yells.

At no great distance from the camp we came to the Kiyi River and had to wade through an cold, swift flowing water. On the other side the path led up through steep *jhum* fields, some abandoned and covered in high grass, others with the stalks of this year's rice and millet still standing. From these fields we could see the very extensive cultivation of Licha and, next to the virgin forest through which we came yesterday, newly cut jungle with the unburnt tree-trunks scattered over the ground as casually as split matches. Most of the abandoned slopes are covered with high grass, which is a certain sign of exhausted soil. It almost seems as if the unexhausted land lay only at the periphery of the cultivated area, and that to get new land suitable for cultivation the Licha people have had to eat more and more into the surrounding virgin forest. The distance between these newest fields and the village cannot be less than two miles and in between there is hardly any young secondary jungle, but grass alternates with a few patches of high forest spared for the one or other reason.

For the moment I am still puzzled by this situation, for I do not understand why a village of no very great size should have so completely exhausted the land of so large an area. A possible, though by no means entirely satisfactory explanation may be the general insecurity of the country which first induces people to cultivate fields close to the village until the soil is utterly exhausted and later, to respect this protective belt, every successive belt of cultivation. Another possibility is that the people of Licha's clan did not settle in virgin-country, but came into an area which several waves of *jhum*-cultivators had already denuded of much of its forest-growth.

In a gulley leading up a steep slope the path was barred with a bamboo-fencing bearing the heads of a pig and a dog, obviously killed but yesterday. It is a well known Dafla custom to perform such a sacrifice in order to ward off approaching enemies and to bring them death and misfortune. It may be that the Licha men meant to rely solely on the magical effect of the rite, or that they thought of making a stand in the easily defensible gulley. If they had considered an attack on our column their courage must have failed them when they saw our numbers. A few *panji* on the path were the only sign of opposition.

For a long time visibility was not more than three or four yards, but ultimately we reached a spur from where we saw on a nearby slope several houses of Licha, and further down the Kiyi valley the distant fields of Nielom and Likha. Thereafter the path hugged a steep slope and it was not long before we came to a point, where one path branched off to the Tablia settlement of Licha, and the other dropped past a line of granaries to the larger Bagi settlement. Some pigs and goats were moving about the village, but no people were to be seen.

Slowly we moved downhill and found that the granaries had not been emptied. Captain Davy set one of them on fire with his cigarette-lighter, and soon a column of smoke rose into the sky. But I hoped that we might yet make contact with the Licha people, and when we came past on a spur near two large houses of Bagi, we saw indeed a man in the main settlement across a deep ravine. He began shouting and was recognized as Licha Tara, a man of some importance. Two Tolos men among our porters volunteered to go and talk to him, but as they descended into the valley, he shouted that they should keep clear of him. Our interpreters shouted back and asked him to come and talk to us and to bring with him any important man who were nearby. But he refused, calling across the valley that tomorrow he might bring other men, but not today, and in the end he vanished altogether.

I still did not consider the position hopeless and at it was 2 P. M. I put forward the suggestion that we should stay in the village, camping in one of the houses, with one and a half sections and our Apa Tani and Dafla guides, and send down one and a half sections to bring up the remaining section, the porters and the luggage, either this evening or tomorrow morning. But Captain Davy and Captain Coulsey considered the risk too great, for in view of the shortness of the days it seemed doubtful whether the porters could rejoin us before nightfall. Consequently there seemed to be only two alternatives: either to return to camp without doing anything or to burn the village and then return. Since Licha had scorned all our approaches through intermediaries and the men about the village refused to negotiate, Captain Davy decided on the latter course, and this decision was no doubt popular with the Apa Tanis, who at once set about spearing pigs, catching chickens and looting the houses.

Two sections of Assam Rifles and some porters were detailed to burn Tablia and part of Bagi; they were to leave unharmed several houses which we may need on our return tomorrow.

Smoke began to rise from the houses and it was only a few moments before the village burst into roaring flames. Though Licha was by no means conquered, its fame of invincibility had definitely come to an end.

Apa Tanis brought the news that in Bagi there was still one old woman, but too old to be worth capturing. Hoping to get information about the Reds men who are still in Licha's hands and whose fate is causing us considerable anxiety, I told the men to bring her all the same. So they dragged her, not too gently, to the site where we were re-assembling, but she was too frightened to give us any useful information. We instructed her to tell the headmen that unless they came to our camp to talks things over, the remaining houses of Bagi and all Kirum, a larger settlement beyond Bagi and hidden by a hill, would also be burnt. Then we let her go, knowing that she would soon be found by man watching from the safety of the forest.

As we were leaving at 3-30 P. M. Apa Tanis saw a string of Licha men moving in the same direction higher up the slope. For a moment I thought that the Daflas would adopt the tactics of the Pangchi Nagas and stage a counter-attack, but all remained quiet and at 4-45 P. M. we reached the camp without any difficulty. We have been lucky with the weather and, except for a light shower in the morning and a drizzle in the later afternoon, there has been no rain. But ever since we left Duta it has been cloudy and far warmer than one would have expected at this time of year.

The original plan was that Captain Davy and Captain Cookey would camp at Licha with three sections establish an outpost and try to make contact and start negotiations with the Licha people, while I was to return with one section and all the porters to Duta, gather the Apa Tani headmen interested in a *mel* as well as new porters, and then bring the Survey Party and a convoy with relief rations to Licha, which was to be our base for further exploratory tours in the direction of Likha and Mengo. But in view of the attitude of the Licha people and the strong action taken against Bagi, Captain Davy and Captain Cookey felt it would be better not to split their force, and so it was decided that after another attempt to negotiate with Licha the whole party would return to Duta, if possible *via* Nielam and Talo.

16th *December*.—Camp on the Pai River to Bagi. Since yesterday we failed to contact any men of Licha, except Licha Tara who had shouted defiantly as on a valley, we decided to move our camp right up to the village and await developments there. Davy and I went ahead with two sections of Assam Rifles and a few scouts at 7-15 A. M. and though we could move faster than yesterday it was nearly 10 A. M. before we reached the village. Some of the climbs are stiff and I should say that the village lies at least 1,000 feet above the Kiyi River.

As we emerged from the high grass on to an open spur we heard a few shouts from the heights above the village, but we could see no men and found the village much as we had left it. There and there the embers of burnt houses were still faintly smoking, and under the ashes of granaries there lay a good deal of rice, which had hardly suffered. It seems that when a granary burns the rice falls to the ground where except for a thin top layer of *chir* it remains entirely undamaged. The fact that the people of Licha did not use the evening and early morning to salvage their grain would seem to show that they are really frightened and much too demoralized to venture back in the village. Even pigs, goats and chickens were straying about.

Between the part of Bagi where we had halted yesterday and the main group of houses is a deep wooded ravine with a fairly big stream, from where water has to be brought for camp use. The larger part of the settlement on the other side had remained unburnt including the long houses of Licha Topur, Likha Tar and Dunsung Tale. Close to them are a few clumps of strong bamboos, plots of tobacco, chillies, leafy vegetables and yams climbing up poles as well as a few cultivated bananas. I thought the Apa Tanis rather restrained when they cut off the bananas, but left the plants unharmed.

For a camp-site we chose a high rounded hill just above the houses, bare of tree-growth and overlooking both the village and the valley to the south. The flat top is small, but its strategic position is excellent.

While we were still near the highest house, we heard shouts and saw four men with a white goat coming towards us. Among them I recognized Likha Rebia, an old man who a year ago had fled from Likha after having been raided by the men of another Likha settlement, and who last season came several times to Duta to tell me his grievances. He lives now in the Kirum *khel* of Licha, and came to announce the peaceful intentions of the Kirum people. His story was that ever since our coming was known, he tried to persuade the Kirum men to treat with us, but that his council did not prevail, mainly because the Kirum people put the responsibility of making the first step to friendly relations with Government on the Bagi men, who were the main enemies of the Apa Tanis. He said that even yesterday he urged the Bagi people to meet us, but that they were still hesitant when the first granary went up in flames and all got frightened and hide in the forest.

We told him that we had no intention of making war on Kirum or any part of Licha prepared to reach a settlement, and that we would stay where we were and await the Kirum headmen in our camp at Bagi. If they came to see us and accepted our terms nothing would happen either to them or to their village, but that if they persisted in their defiance of Government, their village would share the fate of Bagi.

Likha Rebia, whose son is incidentally among our porters, left with the promise to bring the Kirum headmen to our camp and to search also for the men of Bagi. We insisted that the captive Apa Tanis of Bela should at once be released and brought to our camp by the negotiators.

In the meantime the perimeter was built and the Apa Tani and Dafla porters began settling into the new camp. In view of our intention to stay here at least over tomorrow and then move not straight to Duta, but to Tobu, the question of rations for our porters has become acute. Before we left the Apa Tanis were told to take with them seven days' rations, but already last night the Kahang men of Reru told me that their rations were running short, and I doubt whether many Apa Tanis really have food for seven days. The obvious solution is therefore to draw on the stores of Licha, for it is only owing to Licha's uncompromising attitude that the Apa Tani porters have to be kept here for so long. We allowed the Apa Tanangs and Dafla to help themselves to the unburnt rice, millet and maize they could find in the abandoned village. Some rice under the ashes of granaries was in perfectly good condition, and there found more in unburnt granaries in the upper part of the village. Pounding blocks were soon carried to the camp and the Apa Tanis set to work pounding and winnowing rice, delighted to live at the expense of Licha which had for years been a drain on their own resources.

Late in the afternoon some men came from the direction of Kirum, and I was not a little relieved to see among them one of the captured Apa Tani boys. It was Nani Kano of Repu, who had been held captive by Likha Tana and had been released from stocks only an hour before. He was incredibly dirty having obviously had no chance of washing since his capture, and was clad in a thin cotton cloth; otherwise he is quite well and says that in Likha Tana's house he was not badly treated. He believes that Nani Bada and Hawang Bada escaped on their own, probably when their captor Licha Taga evacuated his house in Bagi

and that Nani Lafi, the last of the captured Bela men, who was kept in Nich Bate's house, has now been taken to the forest.

All the Dafla in the negotiators' party were slaves of Licha, with whom we refused to treat. With them was Licha Taje, who had once come to see me in North Lakhimpur to complain that Likha Tabin of Bantam settlement had raided his home; now at the news of our approach he had come to spend two nights in Kiruu. He could not speak for the Kiruu men, but from what he said it appears that there is a good deal of dissension among the people of Licha. These who have no direct quarrel with the Apa Tanis urge the others to come forward and be prepared for a settlement, whereas the latter prefer to hide in the forest. We told Licha Taje what we expected from the Kiruu men and sounded him on the attitude of Likha. It seems that Taku Bat is feverishly negotiating with Likha to bring about a settlement and wants to invite the Likha men and us to Taku in order to hold a *mel* there. Some of the leaders of Likha are obviously considering the advisability of paying a few mithan in order to buy us off, and would rather negotiate in Taku than have us camp in Likha.

The weather has definitely improved and tonight it is much colder.

17th December.—Hazi Bagi. After a cold night there was a fine morning with the sun soon rising from the clouds which even today hung about the highest peaks. So we hope that the weather has really turned.

In vain did we wait for representatives of Licha. Only a slave of Likha Rebia came from Kiruu, saying that some of the big men of the village would come to see us this evening. As there would have been no point in waiting any longer, we left the camp guarded by one section of Assam Rifles and went with three sections, our interpreters, some guides and several Dafla headmen of other villages to Kiruu, starting at 8-45 A. M.

For about 40 minutes the path ascends a series of steep slopes, most of them once cultivated and now covered by high grass, with here and there a patch of jungle and a good many flowering bushes. I am always surprised that at this time of the year so many plants, both herbaceous flowers and shrubs are still blossoming. Fairly high up we passed a cooped field, and at last below the top of the ridge saw Kiruu village spread out below us. The Apa Tanis had described its position as well nigh impregnable, and I believe indeed that any raiders armed only with *dao*, spears and bows would find it extremely difficult to attack any of the Licha settlements, and particularly Kiruu. Its nineteen large houses stand in groups of twos and threes on the open spurs running from a semi-circle of high hills into the centre of a deep cup, which has only one opening where a branch of the Kyi River flows south-eastwards in between open grass slopes. Kiruu has a much more prosperous appearance than Bagi, and many more of the long houses stand in many as a dozen large and well built granaries, usually in groups at some small distance from the dwelling house. Here and there are a few banana trees in fenced-in enclosures, but there is nothing comparable to the extensive gardens of the Apa Tanis, and I saw none of the fruit trees which are so conspicuous a feature of the Apa Tani valley. Even now, when most of the live stock has no doubt been removed, there were a good many pigs and goats in the village and it is obvious that the Daflas are much keener on the breeding of animals than on gardening.

As we appeared on an open slope above the village, shouts sounded from every corner of the village, and through our binoculars we saw people running about in between the houses and granaries. Our guides and interpreters shouted that the principal men of the village should come to meet us and the people shouted back that we should wait where we were. This was obviously an echo of the policy of procrastination which has so far ruled the attitude of Licha towards us, and when we saw men and women staggering from the granaries with huge baskets laden-ed with grain and disking for the jungle, we moved down to a house belonging to Licha Sera, a man of whose raids against Apa Tanis I had heard a good deal.

The house was empty and many of the household goods had been removed. But on shelves stood several pots in various stages of manufacture, showing that some of the inhabitants were expert potters.

From this house we could overlook the whole village, and we sent Likha Rebia's slave to his master and all the influential men with the message that they should come and talk things over. Our interpreters reinforced this message by shouting to the men collected before several of the other houses, but the only shouts that came back were pleas that we should wait and not come any further. In the meantime the villagers, men and women alike, were feverishly busy carrying away rice and driving livestock into the jungle. Now and then we saw a group of young men, fully dressed and carrying bows, leave the village on the path leading into the forest on the high slopes. It seemed that our interpreters could shout themselves hoarse without making any impression on the men of Licha. Again and again they repeated that we had not come to make war on Kiruu, but to settle matters and hold a *mel* attended by Licha men and Apa Tanis.

At last an old man with a wrinkled but expressive and energetic face came up the hill. He wore no hat—a most unusual thing for a Dafla— an old cloth and no ornaments whatsoever. His scanty grey hair was tied up in the smallest knot, and at first I doubted whether he could possibly be a man of any status. But his poor dress was obviously for our benefit, and we heard that he was Licha Saha, once a warrior of very great reputation and still one of the leaders and brains of Licha. Many years ago he led the raid in which Soli (near Jorua), the village of our head interpreter's father, was wiped out. Licha Saha, wore no *dao*, but carried a kind of wooden sword such as Daflas use in disputes within the village and to beat women and slaves. From the very beginning he played the rôle of injured innocence and pretended to know nothing, either of the whereabouts of the other headmen or of the Apa Tani captive. He sat before us with a sullen expression, chewing his pipe and evading every direct question.

His presence did not profit us, and we moved one step further to one of the more central spurs, bearing the very large house of Toko Panior and higher up the house of Licha Teli. Here a very old man with white hair, of fine nose and profile, and clear light eyes joined Licha Saha. He was Toko Tatum, owner of one of the largest houses in the village, but he too was poorly dressed and bore only a wooden sword. We repeated to him all our arguments, but with singularly little result. Neither he nor Licha Saha were proper negotiators, they had obviously no authority to enter into negotiations with us, and claimed to have no influence over the other men of the village.

After long arguments a third and younger man appeared. He was Nielam Tani, and seemed to be a born orator. With violent gestures and raised voice he explained how he had realized the necessity to negotiate, but that the other men of the village would not listen to him but ran away and hid in the forest. Again we explained our aims and demands, and he in turn shouted to the men collected before the houses lower down, gesticulating and spitting, but without any effect.

Once more we realized that we had got no further and that the Licha men had decided rather to go into hiding than come to terms with us. All the time we were being watched not only by men, women and young boys assembled on the platforms of distant houses, but also by groups of young warriors sitting on the edge of the jungle just above the village.

To stay any longer would have been useless, and so we left the village at about 2 P.M. instructing the three men that Nani Lali, the captured Apa Tani would have to be brought to our camp this evening, and that tomorrow morning at the very latest the principal men of the village must come to see us. We said that the Kiruas people had taken part in the capture of Nani Lali and that because he was kept in Bagi, their responsibility had not ended. On the contrary we would make them responsible for the return of Nani Lali, whom they should contrive to have released by the Bagi men. Unless this happened Kiruas would share the fate of Bagi.

Rather disappointed and not too confident of the probability that the men of Licha would yet come to discuss matters, we left for our camp and reached it after 3 P.M.

In the evening a man and a small boy of Nielom came with gifts of chickens and eggs, and professed great friendship. Through them we sent word that on the morrow we would be coming to Nielom on a friendly visit: we would not be coming to settle any cases or inquire into disputes, but would like to meet the people of Nielom and make friends with them.

At about 7 P.M. long after dark, we heard shouts below us. The Apa Tanis said they recognized the voices as Apa Tani voices, and soon understood that the approaching men shouted for guides with torches to show the way; so we sent some Apa Tani warriors to lead them up to the camp. Shortly after arrived a party of Hoja, carrying heavy loads of rice, arrived in camp, and we were not a little upset to hear that they had come all the way from Hoja with relief rations for their co-villagers. They had been benighted on the way and walked with their conspicuous torches right through the valley where the Dafla of Bagi were hiding and not content with this, came straight through the hostile village itself. When the Hoja men, without consulting us, had sent for relief rations¹ they did not yet know of all the Licha rice which would fall to them; I think it speaks for their organizing ability—though not for their prudence—that the relief party arrived so speedily. However, one does not like to think what might have happened to the unfortunate Apa Tanis if by any chance we had left Licha today, or the Apa Tanis had arrived a day later.

18th December.—Bagi to Nielom. The weather has now radically changed; the nights are cloudless and very cold, the days sunny and at mid-day quite warm. Soon after 7 A.M. we started for Kiruas, for neither last night nor this morning did we hear or see anything of the Licha people. We had not gone half way when Licha Saha came to meet us; he pretended that two of his sons had been with him on their way to our camp, but had bolted when they saw us approaching. If it was true it sheds a curious light on the courage of the Licha warriors who would not seem not to be averse to letting the oldest and feeblest of the party run all the risks of an encounter with a feared opponent. Licha Saha's behaviour did then betray any change of heart on the part of Licha. When we arrived in the village the situation was always the same as yesterday. The only difference was the presence of an old woman—described to us as the mother of Licha Sera—in the nearest house; she was later joined by a boy of about ten, the son of Toko Panins. The Licha people accredit us apparently with a code of honour higher than their own and assume that we would do no harm to women and children. To the Apa Tanis with us our behaviour became more and more incomprehensible and Padi Layang poked me again and again throwing glances at the boy who in his eyes was the grand ex object for swift effective action to be initiated. But, as still I hoped for an understanding; the village was not deserted and near most of the houses were groups of people, while fully armed young men walked again quietly to the forest. Licha Saha now admitted what the other important men were little inclined either to negotiate or to release Nani Lali, the captured Apa Tani. Again we sent him to the village to bring other men with whom we could negotiate a preliminary settlement, but the result of a great deal of shouting from one group of spectators to the other was practically nil. Licha Saha produced only his own son Tanzo and a grandson, and later Nielom Tarin, a fairly young man who wore a rather beautiful pair of Tibetan ear-rings. None of them had anything to say; they did not know where the Bagi people were keeping Nani Lali, they had never heard of our presence in the Apa Tani country and indeed knew nothing of all the events that had led to our coming. Their whole attitude was so utterly negative, that we realized that they had come for no other purpose than to delay us and perhaps induce us to return to our camp in the same way as the older men had done yesterday.

Our greatest difficulty was the fact that Nani Lali is still in the hands of Licha men. After the burning of his captor's house in Bagi there was no more hope of ransoming him in the usual way (by paying mithun and other valuables through intermediaries of Liria or Toko, and it would indeed have been fatal for the prestige of Government if the Apa Tanis after joining an armed expedition had had to revert to these methods. But if we had left with no pawn in our hands, the Licha men might very easily have killed him in their rage at the blow administered to their pride as invincible warriors. As much as we disliked arresting men who had come to talk to us, Davy decided to take Licha Tanzo and Nielom Taria with us and detain them until Nani Lali was brought in.

The position was explained to Licha Saha, and his grandson (the son of Licha Tanzo) went off, as he said to arrange the release of Nani Lali with the Bagi men who were keeping him tied up somewhere in the forest.

All warnings that we would burn Kiruas if no negotiators came forth remained unheeded. At last Davy ordered five houses to be burnt; the houses of men notorious for their many raids. None of the houses of the men who had come and talked to us nor of the two men we had taken into custody were touched, and we fully realized that today when all valuables had been evacuated the burning of a few houses was a loss which the Licha men could bear with comparative equanimity.

Sepoys were sent to set the houses and granaries alight and Bat Heli, a Dafla interpreter, accompanied them. But he presented soon with a bleeding foot; the Licha people had apparently prepared for the possibility of having the village burnt, and had planted *punji* round the houses.

While smoke began to rise from the doomed houses groups of people on the verandas of more distant houses continued to watch our doings; they remained as unperturbed as they were unassailable. As the sepoys approached they faded away only to re-appear after a surprisingly short time.

In the brilliant sunlight of the winter morning the fires were an awe-inspiring sight. At first only thin spirals of smoke issued from the roofs, but suddenly masses of thick white smoke streaked with yellow billowed forth from the gables, then burst through the roof: a column of black smoke followed by

flames shot up into the sky, carrying with it fragments of thatch and bamboos. Bamboos crashed and exploded and in a few moments the whole house stood in flames.

There was nothing more to be done in Kirum, but to assure Licha Saba that unless the big men of the village came to negotiate in Toko, the rest of the village would also be burnt.

We returned to our camp where everything was ready for our start and we left at mid-day in the direction of Nielom, a village clearly visible on a spur on the opposite side of the valley. The path dropped sharply through old *jhums* into the valley of the Kiyi. Licha has extended its cultivation beyond the river and it seems that nearly all the most recently cut fields are carved from the forest on the eastern slopes of the valley. For a long time the path leads along the river, crossing and re-crossing over improved bridges. At this time of the year it presented no difficulty, but during the rains many of the crossings would be awkward. After perhaps two miles along the river, the path left the lofty slope in a south-eastern direction and passed through secondary forest, with trees perhaps fifteen years old and hardly any undergrowth. The slopes are there not very steep, and excellent forest has grown up after a period of cultivation. Only in ravines and narrow side valleys did we see any virgin forest with the usual climbers and ferns. At last we came to newer *jhums* belonging to Nielom, and in a small valley to a narrow rice-field protected by an unusual type of bird scare, a loose net with large, now dried leaves suspended from the string fastened above the entire length and breadth of the small field.

It was about 4 P.M. when we saw Nielom stretched out in a long line on the various levels of a long spur that ran at right angles to the valley. We sat down and sent ahead men of Toko who were friends of Nielom, to announce our arrival and assure the villagers that we were paying them a friendly visit and wanted to camp near the village on our way to Talo (Toko). But there was no need to announce our coming; Nielom seems to have watched the Licha path and through our field glasses we soon saw people gathering before the houses, and later a small group of men coming along the path towards us. So we moved on and soon met the men who had come to see us yesterday and two Toko men who happened to be in the village. They suggested a camp site on a small spur immediately below the village, and as it was getting late we had no other choice and camped there, though water is very scarce and the site rather narrow.

While sepoys and porters settled into camp and built a perimeter, Davy and I with Tomi as interpreter went to the village. At the entrance a few people and among them a most amiable woman met us and seemed as delighted with our friendliness as we were with theirs. The woman, who turned out to be the wife of Nielom Laling, virtually dragged us to her house, and the few people we saw seemed pleasantly surprised that we were not some kind of ferocious monsters, but rudimentarily smiling persons producing large quantities of cigarettes and matches from our pockets. Unfortunately our attempts to produce a good impression were lost on the majority of the Nielom people who—including Nielom Sera, the most important man—had thought it safer to leave the village temporarily. Yet, when we got to Likha Tasin's house we found quite a number of men and women gathered round the fires, and joining the circle we had the opportunity to give our version of the events in Licha and to assure them that a friendly reception would always be met with friendship on our part. There was no doubt an element of curiosity in the solicitude with which the Nielom people treated us to boiled beer and roasted our friendship, but they were not in any way shy, and the whole women of the house shared my arm and shoulders tightly as she spoke with emphatic urgency of her desire for understanding and friendship and was only conscious when I in turn held her arm in talking to her through Tomi. Soon our hosts were reassured that they had nothing to fear and produced lots of eggs, doubly welcome after puddinghas days in a hostile country.

As we walked back at dusk through the village, I remarked the many granaries roofed with sheet bark, others with wooden planks and only some with thatching grass. The houses are more solidly built than those of Licha, and some of the courtyards are surrounded by a strong fence of wooden pikaks and stakes, possibly to prevent cattle from straying, but perhaps also as defence against raiders, whose outcasts would then be slowed.

Returning to our camp we saw in the distance smoke and a large fire and realized that Licha men were burning our camp, remindful that the material with which the Apa Tanis had built shelters and houses, came from their own homes and could no doubt have been used again, but: think the burning of the camp, though rather childish in its senselessness, can be interpreted as an act of defiance, which shows that Licha is still very far from contemplating unconditional surrender. Chigi Nime was quite distressed over the burning of the camp and said that he felt great shame that the place where he had slept for two nights was now devasted by Dafias who jumped about in triumph. So it is not impossible that the burning had some magical purpose, the idea being that the destruction of people's leavings has a harmful effect on them.

19th *December*.—Nielom to Talo (Toko). In the early morning more Nielom people came to our camp with chickens, eggs and beer, but the really important men were still absent, and there can be no doubt the majority of the population was still too suspicious or too frightened to come forward.

We started soon after 7 A.M. and for the first hour the path wound its way up a narrow valley with a delightful, clear little stream, which we had to cross innumerable times. In the rains this path is presumably impassable for many days. After leaving the stream-bed we climbed very steeply through high grass and dense bush grown up on old *jhum* fields; this part of the way was the most difficult of the whole march, and we had to do and good deal of cutting.

Higher up we passed first through secondary jungle, and finally through the virgin forest with old, moss-bearded trees typical of all the high ridges above 6,000 feet. Here we came to a crossing of the ways where a path to Licha branches off and several wood-in crossed posts, some of them still decorated with bunches of faded leaves, stand as monuments of *dafo* treaties between Licha, Nielom and Talo, tripartite pacts which are annually renewed on that spot between the three villages. A little further on we saw at a rest place another row of very newly erected wooden posts; they were of different shape and one bore two small crossed pieces of wood. The Dafias with us explained that this was a monument put up to commemorate the handing over of a *jhu gante* (Tibetan: bell) after the price had been paid. Such a transaction is as important an event as a wedding and Dafias consider the paying of a bride-price and the purchase of a really valuable *dao gante*, deals of the same order.

The highest point of the ridge must have been well over 7,000 feet, and from there the well trodden path dropped steadily until at last we emerged on the open grass land of the Talo Jorum area. The slopes seem to have been cultivated here nearly to exhaustion and bear mainly a high coarse grass interspersed

with shrub and only in places is there prior secondary jungle. But even this miserable jungle is often killed, and we saw last year's jhum fields with the tree stumps no thicker than a man's arm and very few in number. The crops grown on this impoverished soil must be scanty and we saw indeed in a fenced-in field the short stalks of very inferior cotton. But in the valleys there are some fairly substantial terraced rice-fields, far better than anything we saw in Likha and Nielom, though neither in size nor structure comparable to the Apa Tani rice terraces. From a high hill slope we had seen the village of Talo (Talo of the mithan), and as we approached through the valley between grass-covered hillocks we saw the long houses and groups of pile-born granaries perched high on the hill-tops. Talo is the largest and most prosperous looking Dafla village I have yet seen; the houses are built on numerous isolated hillocks, separated by deep ravines.

Where exactly Talo's obvious prosperity comes from, is difficult to say. The village land is certainly not rich and the shortening of the cycle of rotation on the nearer slopes indicates a considerable pressure on the land. The existence of a good many irrigated rice-fields, ample grazing for mithan and economic interchange with the nearby Apa-Tanis may partly account for this prosperity.

Toko Bat, the richest and most influential man of Talo is extremely elusive, and last season I never succeeded in indicating him to come and see me, though his wife Yoyum came several times to Duta and we exchanged presents and had many long conversations. As we entered Talo we sent word to Toko Bat, but when we had settled in our camp on a small open space near a stream, not Toko Bat, but his wife Yoyum, a competent elderly lady with an enormous goitre brought us the customary gift of beer. She pretended that her husband had gone to Pei, but we had definite information that he had been to Likha, and thought it hardly likely that with our visit imminent he would go to Pei. Slightly annoyed that all attempts to get in touch with so important a man had failed, and that he had ignored our invitations to Duta and now sent his wife to greet us, we refused the millet-beer and insisted that Toko Bat should come and see us tomorrow.

While Dévy was making arrangements in camp I went to several houses in the village, including the enormously long house of Toko Tebbi, cousin of a Toko Bat. Everywhere I was received most cordially and if the people of Talo bear us any grudge for burning the houses of relations in Licha they certainly did not show it. Toko Tebbi, an old grey bearded and slightly senile man went even further and declared that the Licha men were wicked rascals who had stolen many mithan belonging to him and other Talo people, and that he wished we had killed or captured the whole lot of them. To this man's house I counted fourteen heads, of which twelve were actually in me. Innumerable men, women and children, all living in its one large room, were crowding round me and showing no very great respect for the old patriarch, happily chattered while he tried to talk to me.

If Toko Bat is sticky or perhaps only timid, his kinsmen were friendliness itself and the general atmosphere in the village is excellent. I only regret that last season my directives did not allow me to visit Talo; I am sure that I could have stayed here safely without escort and this would have enabled me to meet Nielom and Licha men and establish a contact which this season might have been invaluable in negociations with Licha.

20th December.—Talo to Duta. Last night and this morning we heard that Toko Bat had been in the village when we arrived, but was too timid or too wary to meet us. So we decided to go to his house and show him and his family that they had nothing to fear. His wife Yoyum—the most important of seven wives—still maintained that he was absent, but nevertheless entertained us with beer and we chatted for a short while in Toko Bat's colossal house with its 13 fire places. These long houses with their large number of inhabitants always give the impression of great prosperity and there can be no doubt that the owner himself is usually a man of means and influence. But on second thought one realises that the standard of living of ten families sharing one single house must be lower than that of ten families living in separate houses, and that Daflas spend far less energy and building material on their habitation, and have indeed less comfort not to speak of privacy in their home than Apa Tanis.

It seems that the economy of Talo is as much, if not more pastoral than agricultural, and that the breeding of mithan is the main source of wealth. I was told that Talo sells annually 30—50 mithan to Apa Tanis mainly against deliveries of grain, and that Toko Bat alone owns approximately 100 mithan. These may be exaggerations, but there can be no doubt that there is an extensive trade between the Daflas of Talo and the Apa Tanis, and that the latter do sell a good deal of grain to Talo. The Apa Tanis in our party seemed perfectly at home in Talo and most of them spent last night in the houses of Dafla friends.

The Apa Tanis claim the entire land of Talo as their own and tell that three generations ago the forefathers of the present Dafla inhabitants of Talo immigrated from Hidjat Luppuliker, which lies near the Khru and the Palin valley. Before a people called Tor had lived on Talo land, but had committed such atrocities against their neighbours and particularly against Mai, that many people combined and wiped them out. It is said that the Nada clan of Haja on whose land Talo lies, first objected to the settlement of the immigrant Daflas and, even raided their first settlement, but that through the good services of the Chigi men of Duta a peaceful settlement was reached and that there has been peace and friendship between Apa Tanis and Talo ever since.

Since we were anxious about the supply and porterage position in Duta, we decided that I would go back with the Apa Tani porters while Dávy and Cooktey would look for a suitable site for an Assam Rifles camp, build shelters and a perimeter and follow me to Duta in two days. By that time we hope that Toko Bat will have come forth and perhaps initiated some negotiations with Likha and even Licha.

I left before dawn with one sentries and all Apa Tani porters and was pleasantly surprised to find the path to Haja and Duta excellent and very short. There is only one long climb immediately beheath the village, up a series of grass-covered slopes but once over the crest of the ridge the path is fairly level until it drops steeply into the Apa Tani valley.

Although we were bringing with us a white mithan captured in Licha, the Apa Tanis were by no means in a triumphant mood. They had expected far greater exploits and were disappointed that the two Licha hostages had remained in Talo (where we hoped an exchange with Nani Lali could be effected). Chigi Nime, walking with me at the head of the long winding column, his black fibre-hat and rain shield worn above his red cloth, never stopped telling me that he was feeling great shame because he had to return to Duta without any slain foes or captives to his credit. All the people in

Apa Tani villages would laugh at him if he returned empty handed, and he added that particularly Yelu (my wife) would be disappointed that we were bringing nothing home with us and he consequently felt ashamed to show his face to her.

As we approached our camp Chigi Nime and Koj Karu collected bamboo tallies and as we came to the camp they sat down on the side of the path and laid a stick on the ground for each porter that passed. I had expected some rite or ceremony to precede the return of the warriors, but nothing of the kind happened, and after the Apa Tanis had received their wages, they went straight to their villages and not even the mithan brought from Licha was sacrificed.

21st December.—Halt Duta. Arrangements in Duta have gone fairly smoothly during my absence. Several parties of porters are on their way to Joyhing, and while we were in Licha there were at one time some 350 Apa Tani porters moving on various routes. This tends to show that the initial difficulties were more the result of lack of organization than of ill-will among the Apa Tanis. This morning a very humble Mudang Takr came to see me. Koj Talo had apparently induced him to realize his mistake and it is a very good thing that the unpleasant Mudang Tage incident has now come to a satisfactory end.

While we were away wild rumours of events in Licha reached the Apa Tani country: several Apa Tanis were reported to have been killed by Licha men and the others were said to be without food. Many Apa Tanis wanted to post scouts on the hills to warn the people of the valley of the approach of the Licha Dafias who were rumoured to be planning revenge. With our return today all these rumours and alarms died a natural death, but my wife has had to exert all her powers of persuasion to prevent the Apa Tanis from sending relief expeditions.

22nd December.—Halt Duta. Today the Survey Officer, returned from his camp above Jorum where he has been able to do a good deal of work. To provide him always with porters to go to various hill-tops and send his men to others has not been an easy task, and my wife has had her hands full arranging for his transport in addition to sending porters to Joyhing for Assam Rifles rations.

23rd December.—Halt Duta. Today Davy, Cookery and three sections of Assam Rifles returned from Talo, bringing with them Licha Taser, the man kept as hostage until Nani Lali has been returned. The other hostage Davy released while he was still in Talo, so that he could take a message to Licha and there is some hope that some men of Licha will come to Talo, and negotiate a settlement.

24th December.—Halt Duta. Mehi of small Mengo, who had been among the porters who brought us up to Duta in November and then went back to Mengo, has now returned. He says that Mengo is looking forward to our coming and hopes that we will have a restraining influence on Likhiapani, a village that has recently raided small Mengo. Mehi passed through Litha and was there told that the Licha men may now have to give way before Government, but that when we have gone they would take revenge on all those who have given us help or co-operated against Licha. If now their houses are to be burnt, after our departure they would burn the villages which had made friends with Government.

25th December.—Halt Duta. The fine spell has definitely come to an end, and all today it rained. The temperature is now slightly higher than it was in the early mornings of first days, and ranges between 40° and 50°. Many people in camp suffer from colds, sore throats and coughs and the Political Jemadar is completely laid out. Mr. Kalappa, the Survey Officer, who during our absence in Licha was engaged in a detailed survey of the Apa Tani valley and the surrounding areas, has now shifted his camp to Mount Dunkho, above Bela village, but the weather is far from favourable for survey work. Some of his men are still on the hills above Jorum and the necessity of keeping supplied both parties is an additional strain on our transport.

26th December.—Halt Duta. For some days we have been debating how we could consolidate control over the Apa Tanis and give some permanency to the system of raising and employing porters which has begun to work fairly smoothly. Without interfering in any drastic way with the traditional self-government of the villages, it will be necessary to choose men that can act as representatives of their villages in all dealings with Government. The prominent men of wealth and high social status such as Padi Layang, Chigi Nime and Nada Chobia, will obviously have to remain the leaders of their villages and their authority will have to be recognized and possibly strengthened. A few of them have already received red cloths, and others will receive them later this year when they have proved their worth. But besides them we need interpreters and messengers, men who are of good but not neither too old nor too rich for work for Government to attract them. So far, there is only one interpreter, Koj Karu, but one for Bela and Hari and one for Hang are definitely required. Yet even with three or four such interpreters—who at first may know very little Assamese—we would still have no direct link with the large number of former plains going men, who work now as porters. Most of them are of *gachi* class and mostly all are rather poor. Among them are some good sirdars, men who have the confidence of a fairly large number of the younger men, who speak some Assamese and can raise porters. To deal with these men only through the village headmen would be a circuitous and ineffective way and the practice has already grown up that these sirdars and not the village-headmen are informed when any particular party of porters is required. It would be a good thing to enrol the best of these sirdars as Government servants for the duration of the touring season, or possibly on permanent sirdars on the Permanent Labour Corp roll, without issuing them with food, and checking while they are in their own villages, but paying them on a monthly basis.

By means of such a system we would have lead lines to the three main classes of Apa Tani society: the clan headmen whose authority would be reinforced by a red cloth, the interpreters drawn from the younger sons of headmen as spokesmen and leaders of the broad upper strata of *gute* men, whose co-operation has been so difficult to gain, and thirdly, the Government sirdars who can control the ranks of poor *gute* and *gachi* from whose ranks all our porters come.

We had not discussed these problems with anyone, not even with the Political Jemadar or any of the interpreters, when today Chigi Nime and Padi Layang came with serious faces and explained at great length that the headmen alone could not shoulder all the work and responsibility of making our arrangements; they proposed therefore that we should appoint (and of course pay) a man in each village to look after our interests, just as Koj Karu does in Duta and Hija. They suggested practically the same men as whom we had already picked for sirdars, and we had no difficulty in explaining that in addition we wanted also a few young men of superior status to act first as messengers and ultimately as interpreters.

It is, I think, remarkable that the Apa Tanis have realized themselves that their present social organization is not adequate to fulfil Government's demands and would not stand the strain imposed on it by the growing contact with outsiders. They obviously feel the need for a particular class of men to assure the smooth working of their relations with Government and to interpret Government's demands and orders to the great mass of the tribesmen.

27th December.—Duta to Dookho Hill and back. Early this morning we all went to Bela and climbed from there to the peak of Dookho Hill (7,990 feet) on which the Survey officer has been working for some days. We started at 7 A.M. in thick white mist, but as we climbed the sun came through and we saw below us the Apa Tani valley covered with a sea of white milky clouds from which only some of the hills with pine groves round out like dark islands in a foaming ocean.

The path from Bela to Bua runs right up to the top of Dookho Hill, and is broad and well maintained. After three hours' climb we reached the top and could just see the highest peaks of the snow ranges to the north-west before rainy clouds obscured all view. Nyegyi Kansang (23, 120 feet) and Chumo (22, 760 feet), pointed peaks of dazzling whiteness were the most prominent, but the ranges to the north remained veiled. Later in the afternoon we caught one glimpse of the hills framing the Khru, and saw the large patches of cultivation and even some houses of Bala and several other villages on the left bank. Limia, far below us was clearly visible and in the distance to the north-west we saw the cultivation of Takum on the right bank of the Khru, beyond its confluence with the Palin River. All these villages looked from here so near that one could hardly believe that it would take us a good many days to get there. On the way down, when the clouds cleared, we saw a range nearer and lower than the main snow range, but also deep in snow.

28th December.—Halt Duta. Neither Licha nor Talo has so far made any effort to effect the release of Licha Tayer, but tonight a Talo man brought the rumour that the Licha people had been prepared to release Nani Lali and were actually with him on the way to Nielom, when Toko Tada of Talo, sent to Licha with the released Nielom Tarin, dissuaded them from so doing saying that they should not release Nani Lali until we had set free Licha Tayer. While we were in Talo Toko Tada had volunteered to go to Licha as negotiator and this action, if confirmed, is a particularly bad piece of double crossing.

29th December.—Halt Duta. Most of the time is now taken up with preparations for our tour to Likha and Mengo. The supply position is fairly good, and we no longer find it very difficult to induce Apa Tanis to fetch loads from Joyhing. Nearly all the men going down ask now for permits to purchase salt and cloth in the plains from our office in Joyhing. This has the double advantage of strengthening our control over the Apa Tanis and of gaining an idea of the quantities which the Apa Tanis will require in future years. The difficulty with the shop in Duta is that the shortage of porters prevents us from bringing up sufficient goods to meet all the Apa Tanis requirements. Both salt and white cloth has to be strictly rationed and only men who have actually worked for us and people who have sold rice or building materials are allowed to buy either.

30th December.—Halt Duta. The Apa Tanis are now beginning to repair the dams of their irrigated fields and one often sees women carrying baskets of manure to distant gardens and millet plots. Thus there is hardly any season when agricultural activity stops altogether. We are now getting a kind of spinach grown in gardens and even a few very tiny new potatoes and spring onions. There has as yet been no frost, and the weather is warmer than we had expected, the temperature seldom sinking below 40° F. But the damp and the mist filling the valley day after day till late in the morning makes one feel the cold and is obviously the cause of the many colds and coughs among the members of our party.

31st December.—Halt Duta. Today we heard that Nielom Tarin and some other men of Licha have come to Talo and brought Nani Lali the last of the captured Apa Tanis. It seems that they are prepared to negotiate and in order not to miss an opportunity we sent ahead Kop Temi, our head interpreter, to talk to the Licha men and induce them to stay on in Talo until we ourselves arrive the day after tomorrow. Chigi Nime and several other Apa Tanis also went to Talo with Temi, for they have seen that an armed expedition can inflict damage on their enemies, but is not necessarily the surest way of regaining the Tibetan bells and mithan which they have lost to Licha. So many Apa Tanis think that negotiations in the shadow of the Sircar and its sepoys may have more tangible results.

Our present plan is to spend a week or ten days in Talo and while we are there settle, if possible, the feud between Licha and the Apa Tanis. From Talo we will move to Likha and we have good reason to believe that Likha having learnt a lesson from Likha's fate, will be amenable to negotiations.

If conditions are not too unfavourable we will establish in or near Likha an outpost where Captain Cooper and the Political Jemadar with two sections of Assam Rifles will remain until March. From Likha Captain Davy, my wife and I intend to explore the Upper Panior Valley and to visit Mengo, where we hope to gather information on Lebia, the village (or area) which is said to have contacts both with Mengo and with Tibet (or with people habitually visiting Tibet). After the reconnaissance to Mengo, we will probably return to Duta. During March and April I hope to tour the Miri country south of the Kamla and then either the Upper Kamla or the Khru valley. I do not think that in this area an escort will be necessary and I hope that then I shall have a chance of getting down to systematic investigations of tribal custom, a task for which this season there has as yet been little opportunity.

1st January.—Halt Duta. We had hope to leave today for Talo, but there was still so much to do in Duta, that we had to postpone our start until tomorrow. With parties of Apa Tani porters arriving from and starting for Joyhing almost everyday, there is hardly ever a quiet day when we can devote some time to office work: the shop, the arrangements for further supplies of trade goods and the difficult calculations of the rations for the months ahead.

2nd January.—Duta to Talo.—6·6 miles approximately. In order not to frighten the Licha men who are reported to have arrived in Talo, we left all the Assam Rifles in Duta and Davy, my wife and I went without escort to Talo. We had arranged for porters from Bela, Hari, Haja and Duta, as the villages most implicated in the Licha dispute, and after some considerable delay in the morning were faced with the unusual position of having too many porters; however we diverted one small party of Hari to go to Joyhing.

We left Duta at 11-45 A.M. and, being in no hurry, we lunched on the way and arrived in Talo at 4-30 P.M.

We had heard rumours that Nani Lali had arrived in Talo, but since we had no real information we took our Licha hostage Lichli Tamer with us releasing him of his handcuffs on his promise that he would not attempt to escape before we reached Talo. He seemed content enough to come with us and said that if he was allowed to return to Licha, he would act as negotiator and try to persuade other Licha men to meet us in Talo and arrange for a settlement.

On the path to Talo we met several parties of Apa Tanis as well as Dafias, some going to and others coming from Talo. Nearly all of them had gone out to trade, and their various transactions represented a cross section of the economic relations between Apa Tanis and Dafias.

We were just climbing the first steep slope rising from the rice-fields, when heralded by squeals and grunts two Apa Tani men appeared with baskets containing their purchases. They had been to Talo and bartered cloth woven by Apa Tani women for two pigs and a small dog. The pigs they were carrying in loosely plaited bamboo baskets on their backs, but one of the men had a small reddish puppy perched on his shoulder. The cotton used for the weaving of cloth is not grown by Apa Tanis, but by the Dafias, who yet use Apa Tanis for spinning and weaving, and a few minutes later we met a group of Apa Tani women carrying several large gourd vessels filled with cotton. This they had brought in Talo for a kind of yeast necessary for the brewing of millet-beer, and apparently an Apa Tani speciality, for the Dafias, though expert brewers lack in general, though there are exceptions, the knowledge of preparing this yeast and rely for its supply on Apa Tanis. The large gourd vessels, used for carrying all sorts of goods, are themselves an article of trade, and we met an Apa Tani a little further on carrying four such vessels, one of them still fresh and green, which he had just bought in Talo for one small knife. Though the Apa Tanis have only very few blacksmiths, they yet seem to export a certain amount of *dao* and knives, for among the neighbouring Dafias there are even fewer blacksmiths, and knives always find a ready market. Although it is only two months after the Dafias' harvest and there should be as yet no grain shortage in Talo, we saw two Dafias with large conical baskets carrying rice, which they had bought in Haja, giving dogs in exchange. The rice is bought unhusked and is carried covered with a substantial wrapping of leaves.

This was no doubt a normal day and the volume of trade between Talo and the Apa Tanis must be quite considerable if on a walk of four hours one meets so many trading parties. Two other encounters gave us an idea of how industrious the Apa Tanis must be in order to maintain themselves in so small an area: about six miles from Haja we met a man carrying a load of a sago-like tree's pith used as fodder for pigs, and even further on the way to Talo a man with a load of firewood. He may have had business in Talo, and instead of returning empty handed used the opportunity to cut some wood and thus save the firewood grown in the privately owned groves near the Apa Tani villages.

On arrival in Talo we heard from Temi Kap that things did not look too bad. Two men of Licha have arrived: Nielam Tarin, whom Dawy released when he left Talo, and Taho Tatom, a very old man whom we had met in Kirum. There is as yet no sign of the Lichis headmen, but the Talo people hold out hopes that some of them will come and attend the *sul*.

Our camp is on a small hillock north of the village, with a beautiful view over the houses and granaries perched on similar hill-tops and beyond the wide, hilly grassland stretching as far as the Panior. In the evening the 8,000 feet range south of the Panior is a solid wall of deepest blue, its knife-like edge silhouetted sharply against a sky of pale yellow, flushed in the segment of the sun's passing with long drawn out streaks of pinkish cloud.

3rd January.—Hale Talo. Talo is thronged with Dafias from nearly every village of the Par valley and the lower Panior valley, all championing for redress of their many real and alleged grievances against people of Likha, Licha and—unfortunately—also Talo. There is Tahia Niori and his men of Pusia hoping for the liberation of his wife and several other relatives kept captive in the settlement of Likha Horku and Likha Take, as well as for compensation for the eleven men and women killed in the raid on Licha; Nahum Epo and several other headmen of Pilapu demanding action against Likha Teji of Takho and Taho Hoh of Talo who raided Pilapu, killing Epo's mother and four other of his relatives; and many men with big and small claims resulting from raids or trade transactions. Few, if any of these men of the foothills and the Par valley would without Government protection ever have dared to put their noses into Talo or Likha, but emboldened by the presence of Government officers and sepoys they press now for reparation of losses suffered as much as eight and ten years ago. Though it is no doubt a good thing that under our protection enemies of long standing can now meet and discuss claims and counter-claims in an atmosphere of equality, the presence of so many people out for the blood—or rather the mithun and Tibetan bells—of the men of Talo and Likha does not facilitate our work of establishing friendly contact with the Dafias of this area. The Talo people are obviously not delighted with this invasion of hostile claimants; they say—as the interpreters tell me—that "the rivers of all these men have grown coloured, their eyes are swollen with pride—but that once the Sahibs and the sepoys are gone they will shrink again to nothing!" Yet there are already signs of a change of heart on the part of some men of Likha, and this morning appeared Likha Rebia with his wife and other relatives who have just been freed by Likha Tahkie after a captivity of one year. Rebia has got back not only his relatives but also two Tibetan bells that had been robbed during the raid on his house, one of them a beautiful, old piece of bronze with a lovely mellow green patina.

Tibetan bells, known to the Dafias as *maje*, have here partly the function of a currency and partly that of valued pieces of art. There are *maje* of a value of ten and more mithan, which are known under a particular name just like any famous statue, *maje* of a value of one and two mithan and small and comparatively poor *maje* worth only the equivalent of Rs. 5 or so or Rs. 10. The purchase of a *major maje* is an elaborate and protracted affair, for the price of a *maje* is like a bridepriee and is paid usually in instalments and in a ceremonious way. Some of the valuable *maje* are considered male others female, some are thought of as adult, others as boys and girls; not only their names are like those of human beings, but they are treated not as dead pieces of wealth, but virtually as animate beings.

The only men of Licha who have so far appeared are Taho Tatom and Nielam Tarin, but they have brought Nani Lali, the last Apa Tani captive, and we formally exchanged Licha Tamer for him. The Apa Tanis in our camp were by no means pleased that Licha Tamer should be released, but having taken him only as a hostage to secure the safety of Nani Lali, we could not keep him any longer. He promised to go to Licha and prevail upon the other Licha headmen to come to Talo and arrange a settlement with the Apa Tanis. His actual release caused a good deal of hilarity, for when we wanted to divest him of the porter's blankets which he had worn wrapped round him while a prisoner he protested stridently. The reason was that as the cloth in which he had come to meet us had been very old, he had thrown it away when we lent him the blankets, and he had nothing on under the blankets: the idea of standing naked in

from of the whole assembly was too much even for Licha Tamer; so we left him the blanket until he had secured some other clothes.

Before departing he told eloquently of how ten years ago he had been captured by Dafias then living in Haja and kept for five months in the house of a prominent Apa Tani. Only by paying a large ransom had he regained his freedom: it seems that in the long drawn out feud the Apa Tanis have not been the only victims. Nevertheless the capture of Licha Tamer had been effected by renegade Dafias, the Apa Tanis apparently not being averse to making use of such emigrants and taking a large share of all ransoms.

Though the Licha people have as yet made no formal approach to either us or the Apa Tanis, at least some of them seem to favour a settlement of the feud. Through a man of Talo they returned one mithan paid as ransom by a Haja man and sent another mithan to compensate Haja and Duta for the breach of the *dafo*. Moreover they sent three *mugo* to be given to three men of Haja in settlement of claims.

Lastly, the Licha men fetch a woman, Chasha Bene, who many years ago was married to Nabum Tedi, now of Sekhe village. When she and her husband lived in Talo, she was captured by Licha Togur of Bagi and for four years kept in stocks. Later she was allowed some freedom and went to live with Likha Takap. They had one daughter, who is now grown up, but soon afterwards Likha Takap was captured and killed by men of Tasser village. For many years Bene lived with her daughter in a house of her own in Bagi, but she has now been sent here. She said that she has grown old and being alone she quite contrast to return to her first husband Nabum Tedi. He too declared himself prepared to take her back after perhaps twenty years of absence although in the meantime he had married another and younger wife. Thus this family re-unions ended to the general satisfaction.

Nielson Taria promised to compensate Koj Karu and other Apa Tanis who had some claims against him, saying that he would go back to Licha to fetch the necessary valuables. It remains to be seen whether his and Licha Tasser's word can be trusted.

4th January.—Hait Talo. All day long we are besieged by a crowd of Dafias anxious to get their cases heard, and I fear that with a very little encouragement the Dafias will develop a spirit of litigiousness which must be the despair of any officer. It is certainly significant that all through the time of our stay in Duta not a single quarrel between Apa Tanis was brought before us, whereas you have only to put your foot into a Dafla village to be overwhelmed by claims and complaints, many concerning events that occurred ten and more years ago.

A peculiar aspect of the Dafias' legal system—and one which must baffle every new-comer is the more or less accepted rule that an aggrieved person, such as a man captured and kept for many months in stocks, is entitled to compensation not from the man who injured him, but from the person on whose account he has had to suffer. Today for instance we had the case of a man (Tao Heri) who was captured by a man of Jorum (Jorum Hago); because the latter suspected that a run-away slave of his had been helped on by people of Tao Heri's village. Now Tao Heri does not ask compensation from Jorum Hago, but from Pil Nyel of Talo who had sold Jorum Hago the slave whose escape had been the cause of his capture. Pil Biyai, who would seem to be in no way responsible for the behaviour of a slave once sold, can have had nothing to do with the capture, yet most Dafias present agreed that Tao Heri should demand compensation from him rather than from Jorum Hago.

5th January.—Hait Talo. Our attempts to induce the many Dafias present to settle some of their disputes among themselves, have so far met with little success. Whenever possible we referred disputes to councils of some of the important headmen, but though the parties argued for hours, they never could agree, and we have one heard of a single case settled by compromise without our intervention. Sometimes a man when hard pressed by a majority in favour of his opponent, promises to pay up, but in fact waits only until he has collected supporters for his counter-claims and then refuses to abide by the original decision.

The Dafias seem to love arguing, and with men of so many villages assembled, there are every where *mel* and councils, with larger and smaller groups gathered round a claimant placing stick after stick on the ground and elaborating in an endless flow of words exactly how many mithan, *mugo*, cloths and *dao* his opponent owes him. Usually the defendant waits quietly and when the accuser has at last finished, takes up tally sticks himself and proves not less eloquently that all the claims put forward are more than outweighed by outstanding claims from his father's or grandfather's time against the family of the claimant. It is indeed difficult to attach the responsibility for any act, of violence to the one or other person, for most raids and captures are only one link in a long chain of reprisals and counter reprisals.

As a rule public opinion exerts very little restraining influence on warlike men; one or two households of a village may have an acute feud with members of another village, while the other inhabitants of the village dissociate themselves from the dispute as much as possible. Only very rarely does the interest of the community prevail over that of the individual, but today we had a case where the assembled prominent men of Talo and Jorum effected the release without ransom of a couple held captive in Talo in violation of an existing *dafo*.

Jorum Kopi, the headman of the Pelo settlement of Jorum, approached us today with the request that we should stop the Apa Tanis as well as the Talo people from stealing his cattle. He owns, as it seems, a large number of cattle, and loses every year many by theft and capture, Apa Tanis and Dafias of neighbouring villages often killing and eating cattle that stray too far away. Kopa brought a large bundle of bamboo sticks to tally his losses, but said that he would let past things be past, if he could obtain protection for the future. Last year I heard a good many complaints on the part of the Apa Tanis about the capture of their cattle by Jorum men, and it seems that there has been a drawn-out feud, with both sides forcibly recouping losses whenever an opportunity occurred. Since from our point of view it is essential to have peace between all settlements of Jorum and all Apa Tani villages, we impressed on Kopi and the Apa Tanis present that it was essential to have a *dafo* and sent for those Apa Tanis who are most involved in the feud. Pelo used to have *dafo* treaties with all Apa Tani villages except Bela and Hari, but only the *dafo* with Hang is still in force, whereas the *dafo* with Michi Bamin, Mudang Tage, Duta and Haja have been broken. The non-existence of *dafo* between Bela and Hari and Jorum does not signify a feud, but only that these two villages have no interest in the Jorum area and do not trade to that side.

This morning when I went through the village in search of porters for the Survey Officer, I saw in front of Licha Bunli's house a young mithan tied to a post, and in front of it the old priest Chasha Tebi and his little son invoking the gods in an endless diaphonal chant. The mithan was to be sacrificed to appease

a spirit which had caused an illness of Licha Bâta and which had at one time threatened to kill him. In the late afternoon I returned to the house, and found members of the family, guests and the priest inside Teki's house. I joined them and came just in time for some rites in honour of deities living in the house and the sacrifice of the mithan and several chickens, each for a different couple of deities, all Dafla deities being apparently in pairs.

6th January.—Halt Talo. The last few days the weather has been fine with cold nights, but pleasant, sunny days. But this morning was dull and bleak with a chilly wind, and since noon it has been raining. This is hard luck on the many Daflas from the foothills and the Par valley who came here to have cases heard and demand compensation for past raids from villages like Licha; for they live in temporary huts and shelters close to our camp and are in such weather pretty miserable.

We ourselves could not hold any sad in the open, but in the morning went to Toko Bat's house where on the veranda we heard a very long and involved case. Men of Chubu clan of Chod village in the Panior valley complained that five years ago their house was raided by men of Talo, that two men were killed and two women and one boy were captured. They alleged that the raid was instigated and organized by Toko Tapar; it turned out that Toko Tapar did not actually take part in the raid, though he was probably the brain behind it. The Toko men admitted the raid, but claimed that it was in retaliation for an attack on Toko men near Chod by men of Potin. Tabia Nieri of Potin who had taken part in that attack and whose brother had been killed by an arrow, claims that he too acted only in retaliation and in order to obtain prisoners to exchange for Tabia men who had been captured by people of Jorum; it was, he said, not his fault that the attacked Toko men defended themselves and shot his brother and that in Chuhu men of Chod whose father had been killed during the raid on his village pointed out that, though related to the Tabia men they had no part in the attack on the Toko, party and could not be made responsible for Tabia Nieri's feuds. Indeed when we suggested that both parties should wash out their claims, he protested violently and threatened to take his own revenge and kill two Toko men.

Our position in all these cases is somewhat difficult. On the one hand we do not like to come for the first time to a friendly village such as Talo and begin by enforcing a lot of claims for mithan and Tibetan bells put forward by men of distant villages, however justified these claims may be according to tribal custom. On the other hand we do not want to disappoint all these villages of the foothills and the lower Panior valley whichever since the beginning of October have helped us by clearing paths, building bridges and carrying our loads on inconceivable occasions. Thus in many cases a compromise is necessary, and in this particular case, we suggested that a raid should decide on the compensation due to the Chod men, and that this compensation should be paid jointly by the men who organized and led the raid on Chod, and the men of Jorum who had started the whole quarrel by capturing some Tabia people some ten or more years ago. For according to Dafla custom the main blame falls not on the perpetrators of an act of violence, but on the men on whose account it was committed or who started the chain of captures, ransoms and raids.

This is an uncomfortable night to sit on a wind-swept hill-top, with the storm beating against your tent.

7th January.—Halt Talo. Last night we feared our tents might be blown off their precarious perch, and we smoked ourselves to the prospect of another period of wet weather. But the morning brought a pleasant surprise: there were moments when shafts of sunshine parted swiftly trailing clouds of mist and when the clouds dissolved we saw the tops of the ridges sugared with a delicate coating of snow. Even the 6,000 foot ridge between Talo and Dutu had had its snowfall and later in the day we learnt that on the hill above Nielom where a Survey party is now clearing a view-point, there are two feet of snow and that large branches broke under the heavy weight. Captain Cooney, who arrived today from Duta with four sections of Assam Rifles, says that in the Apa Tani valley it snowed all night; in the morning he found himself in a white winter landscape with two inches of hard crisp snow on roofs and paths. Yet the Apa Tanis and boys went out for wood as usual, their bare feet unmindful of the crackling snow.

Among the people who came to see us was Nabing Tabum of Nirgi, a village on the right bank of the Panior, not far from great Mengio. He says that upstream from Mengio there are only two more villages, Kulu and Tapo, and beyond them high uninhabited mountains where the Daflas obtain their arrow poison. The path from Mengio to Lebin does not pass through these villages, but strikes straight north and leads over very difficult country with high hills and no villages. In Nirgi there are a few houses of Sulung, a tribe with a language different from Dafla.

Mai Heli, the most prominent man of Mai, came this morning to complain against Toko Bat. Five years ago an epidemic swept through Mai, Talo and the Apa Tani villages. The Toko people blamed Mai for having brought the disease and in retaliation captured six people of Mai from their fields. Four of these were subsequently ransomed, but the youngest wife of Mai Heli's late father and one slave are still in Toko Bat's house. The woman (Yagi) appeared, not to clamour for her release, but on the contrary in order to protest against any suggestion that she should have to return to Mai. Though the daughter of a wealthy and respected man and first married to a headman of Mai, she lives now as the wife of one of Toko Bat's slaves, has a son by him and seems to be perfectly content with her lot. Not only has she no desire to join the household of her late husband's son, Mai Heli, but her whole sympathies lie obviously on the side of her captors, and the very much resented the idea that Toko Bat should have to compensate Mai Heli by paying her price. Similarly the captured slave is now quite happy in Talo, and shows no desire to return to his former master.

Viewing the stories of captures and slave raids from a western standpoint one might be shocked, but the Daflas seem to have so great a capacity of fitting into almost any household that except when people are kept in stocks, lovers separated, or small children torn from their parents, there is perhaps less hardship than we might be led to imagine. I have met several captured men and women who refused to return to their former homes when given the opportunity, and I do not think that these were all exceptions. In Licha, for instance, we found a young man claimed by his brother who had come with us for the special purpose of effecting his release; the young man, however, far from appreciating his brother's exertions, said that he liked living in Licha and had no desire to rejoin his family.

This afternoon we heard another complicated case. A girl of Sekhe was betrothed to Nibia Tate of Sumodo who paid to her father Chera Tonu a bride-price of nine mithan. But before the marriage was celebrated she began an intrigue with a kinsman of her mother, Likha Tado, living in the same house, and on finding herself pregnant eloped with him to Jorum, where they now live with their child. Likha Tado too paid a bride price for her (four mithan) and for three years they remained undisturbed in Jorum. But

strong the chance of outside intervention the despoil first feared now claims the return of the girl or failing this the bride-price of nine mithuns from the young husband, in which claim he is supported by the girl's brother (her father having died) and the headmen of Sekhe. The girl herself appeared and argued her case with extraordinary self-possession, saying in a soft voice that she would rather allow herself to be killed than to leave Teda and go to live with Nibia Tate. Most of the old men present, with the exception of Jurum Kadfu, harped on the sanctity of the original betrothal and supported Nibia Tate, but it would be dangerous to lend the authority of Government to a narrow legalistic interpretation of Dafla custom. In tribal society as in any other, there is a far cry between the theory of the law, and its application and where the law as seen by old headmen, inclines to safeguard the interests of wealth, is stern and unchaste, there are in practice numerous loopholes, such as emigration to a village where retribution cannot reach the offender. If an effective administration sealed these loopholes by removing any possible asylum, where for instance a run-away lover's are safe from enraged husbands, without at the same time modifying the letter of the law, the result would be a gratification of Dafla custom and far from preserving tribal harmony and balance, Government would create an unhealthy and unnatural social atmosphere through over-emphasis of the strictly legal points of view as represented by councils of elders, at the expense of the freedom and happiness of the individual man and woman.

Today we moved from our first camp, which is being occupied by the Assam Rifles, to a neighbouring hillock, a little closer to the village.

8th *January*—Halt Talo. Yesterday we were rather dispirited, because there was no sign of the leading men of Likha and Licha, who were expected to come to the *mel*; and the feeling of frustration arising from the difficulty of clinching any of the many cases brought to us for judgment was accentuated by the obvious embarrassment of the people of Talo that we should come to their village and seemingly support the claims of a crowd of men from various distant villages all demanding compensation for alleged injuries suffered at the hands of Talo men.

But this morning we heard the good news that Likha Teji, one of the outstanding men of Likha had arrived in Talo, and was prepared to negotiate a settlement with the Pi'lapa people whom four years ago his villagers had raided. Anxious not to intimidate him by meeting him in a large crowd or asking him to come to our tent, we first sent Temi to meet him in Toko Bat's house, and after a considerable time I went there too.

Entering a large Dafla house from the bright sunlight one sees at first little but the long line of hearth fires, and groping my way to the nearest fireplace I saw a large circle of men who moved aside to leave a place for me and Temi. Sitting down I looked for Likha Teji, expecting some dignified headman with enormous head-dress and mantled necklaces. But Temi pointed at the man beside me, a youth of hardly more than twenty-five, very handsome and well built, and in that moment just a little nervous. This was obviously a person very different from the Licha men we had so far met, and a few amiable words produced a charming broad smile. I gave him cigarettes, but he said he did not smoke, and would keep them for the people of his house. After a few polite phrases, he declared that he was a young man who had never been in the plains or met any Government officer, but had received the messages of Government and had now come to hear what were our wishes. He would do his best to satisfy us, for he wanted peace and friendship and would try to reconcile his enemies. His whole manner was delightfully simple and frank, and I felt at once that here was a man whose friendship might become very valuable. Even the prestige of Nabum Epo, the headman of Pilapa, on whom he had made war, did not put him off, and his attitude was as dignified as it was conciliatory.

I explained shortly Government's desire for peace, and good relations between all villages and by the time Davy and my wife arrived, there was an atmosphere of general cordiality with Tako Bat and Yoram heartily agreeing to our plans for reconciliation and general peace.

Likha Teji said that he would try to square matters with Nabum Epo and when they had come to an agreement let us know the result of the *mel*. So we left them to themselves very much cheered by the prospect of a settling with Likha and of a friendly visit to the village of Likha Teji.

In the afternoon I went to Teko Tada's house, and found there two *mel* in progress, but the householder taking no part in it. Even if most of these *mel* do not achieve full agreement they serve at least to bring the parties together and allow them to talk over their disputes without fear or menace on either side. There are no doubt men who would like to exploit the situation and Teko Tada complained that men are coming to him for satisfaction of claims from his father's time, concerning events that occurred when he was a small child and some that even took place before his birth. It seemed to me that such old cases should not be stirred up, but with so many incidents having their roots in the past it is often difficult to draw the line.

9th *January*—Halt Talo. Today the long awaited *mel* between Likha Teji and the men of Pilapa began. When we arrived the parties were already seated on an open flat place between out-crops of grassie boulders. Likha Teji sat in the middle of a rough semi-circle of his followers and partisans, facing the larger semi-circle of his opponents with Nabum Epo, the headman of Pilapa, sitting with immobile features in the midst of his own men and sympathizers of Sekhe, Chodi, Potin and Sekmi-Michi. Likha Teji had already begun his oration, for it seems that in Dafla *mel* it is always the accused who has the first word. Slightly flushed with excitement, he spoke vividly and well, never hesitating or searching for a word, and handling the tally sticks that emphasized his words with the mastery of an expert orator. Even without understanding the language it was a pleasure to hear him, to listen to the modulations of his voice, to watch the harmonious and well balanced gestures of his right hand, the smile with which he wooed the approval of the listeners. So continuous was the flow of words coming apparently without effort to his lips that he had not even time to swallow, and every now and then he would with a jerk of his head spit out little drops of white saliva, that left one with the impression that he was almost foaming. Youthful, strong and handsome, his cheeks rosy and his eyes bright and sparkling he was the very opposite to Nabum Epo, whose yellow, mask-like face—more Mongoloid than is usual among Dafla—betrayed no trace of emotion.

Likha Teji was recapitulating the history of his raid on Pilapa. A disease had spread over the country, and in the neighbouring settlement of Likha Ekhin and Tabla several people had died. The two headmen blamed Teji's village for having brought the epidemic, and raided it capturing seven men and women. To ransom them Likha Teji had to pay 15 mithun, and then he proposed to clear himself by ordeal of any suspicion of disease-carrying. He had a large pot of water heated and one of his maternal kinsmen thrust his hand and arm in up to the elbow; when the arm was withdrawn the skin was unharmed and everyone admitted that Teji and his village must have been innocent of the spreading of that disease. The

epidemic had obviously come from elsewhere and it was not long before people spread that Pilāpu was responsible.

"You all", said Likha Teji, turning to the Likha and Tobo men in the audience, "blamed Pilāpu and talked about making war on the bringers of the disease. You all encouraged me when I came forward to organise the raid. Why should I alone have to answer for it? I had my losses when Ekhim and Tabla raided me unjustly, why should I alone pay for the damage done to Pilāpu? You Likha Rebels", and he addressed the old men who has always exasperated me by his many claims, "you are two of the mithan paid as ransom for the Pilāpu men; if we have to pay, why should you not return your shares of the gains?".

Likha Teji continued to describe how he had planned the raid and provisioned the warriors, but how according to Dafla custom) as the organizer and a great and wealthy man he had not actually taken part. (This prudence of Teji's though perfectly understandable to Dafla, showed to some extent the picture of a bold and high spirited Achilles). He had given the order to capture Pilāpu people, but not to kill them and if his warriors yet killed Epo's mother this was not forseen in his plan. What he wanted was to hold the captives to ransom and thereby force the Pilāpu men to attend a *sut* and compensate him for the losses he had suffered through the epidemic, the spread of which had wrongly been laid at his door. But of the eighteen Pilāpu men ultimately captured only one had been ransomed, whereas the others were set free when Tana Kuli, acting as a messenger of Government, demanded the unconditional release. Teji ended by saying that he was now prepared to compensate Nabum Epo and conclude a treaty of friendship which would enable him to go to Epo's house and Epo to receive hospitality in his own. As a sign of his good-will he had brought one Tibetan bell worth five to six mithan, and three magnificent huge mithan.

The next speaker was not Nabum Epo himself, but his sister's son Tab a Hak, a rather insignificant youth, who elaborated at great length the history of the raid from the Pilāpu point of view, but proved a poor orator and could never speak and arrange his tally-sticks at the same time. People continued to listen politely, but there was not the same interest interest as when Teji was speaking.

When we returned to the *sut* again after lunch the scene was still much the same. Licha Tagin, the mother's brother of Likha Teji was then speaking, but he soon ended and Nabum Epo of the opposing party summed up the position and put forward his demands. He would be content with the return of the ransoms paid by Pilāpu and compensation for the murder of his mother. No one could further repair this loss; if it had been a wife who was killed, he could marry another, but never can he find another mother. She was famous for her beauty being as light of skin as we were and his father had paid for her twenty mithan, since she came from a great house. For her he did not want mithan or many small pigs and valuables, but one very large and precious pig: he knew to be in the possession of Likha Teji. Then he would be prepared to forget the past and make a *dafa* treaty with Likha Teji. He was speaking well and with animation, and though as always, he seemed sullen and gloomy, the tone in which he addressed Teji was not entirely unfriendly, and I began to hope that a real reconciliation may result from this *sut*.

Epo had hardly ended when Likha Teji jumped up, and declared he would go back to his village, collect the mithan and valuables due to Epo and prepare for our coming. Then he departed rapidly, followed by his two wives who had come with him.

While the feud with Likha Teji has now assumed hopeful expectations, there remains still the equally difficult problem of compensation for the losses incurred by Pilāpu, in a raid which preceded that of Likha Teji by two months. Then Tobo Hibi and Nabum Taga were the co-sponsors of the raid and though both are present, they seem to be far less inclined to come to an understanding with Epo. Tobo Hibi admits having taken part in the organization of the raid and he even accompanied his warriors into the vicinity of Pilāpu, but claims that he acted only "like sepoys" under the order of Nabum Taga. One of the difficulties in unravelling right and wrong in these tribal feuds is that the instigator, the organizer and the leader of a raid are very often different persons, and the man who derive the greatest profit from raiding usually sit at home and let their slaves and young men of the village do the actual fighting.

Today was a bit more than one respect a hopeful day. Licha Tana our former hostage, returned from Licha with Tobo Tanom and several other Licha men and there are good prospects for real between Licha and the Apa Tanis tomorrow.

16th January.—Hiali Talo.—All today was taken up with the great *sut* between Licha and the Apa Tanis. Hearing of the arrival of the Licha men, many prominent Apa Tanis such as Padi Lajang, Dani Tāga, Tana Talo and others joined the small group under Chigi Nime who have been here as elsewhere ever since we came to Talo.

The setting of the *sut*, though it was held in a different place, was similar to that of yesterday, and after Chigi Nime had stated which men had arrived and which were still required for discussing a final settlement of the dispute with Licha, the spokesmen of Licha, Licha Taga of Bagi village, began a long tale of injuries suffered by the Licha men at the hands of the rapacious Apa Tanis. Very much in contrast to the aristocratic, well turned out Likha Teji of yesterday, Licha Taga, wrapped in a cumcu, dirty cloth and wearing no ornaments, gave at once the impression of a ruthless, though rather jovial rogue. He and the men of his party looked not so much like warriors who for years had terrorized twenty thousand Apa Tanis as a band of tough desperadoes. It is always said that while Likha is very rich, Licha is poor and the people live from hand to mouth, selling most of the booty from their raids.

When Licha Taga had laid out on two long boards a formidable array of bamboo tallies, each representing some claim against Apa Tanis, he began to accuse with more sticks for all the damage we and the Apa Tanis had done to Licha: the houses burnt, the granaries despoiled, the mithan captured and the pigs and chickens eaten. But here we intervened, the burning of the village was Government's punishment for Licha's warlike acts, and could not be debited to their account with the Apa Tanis, who were then only acting on the orders of Government. So the sticks tallying these losses were taken away, and the Apa Tanis began their indictment of Licha's many acts of aggression. Though many Licha men had in the past found refuge and hospitality in Apa Tani villages, they had repaid their hosts with treachery, the robbing of mithan and the capture of men. Now they had rejected all approaches through Limin and other neutral villages and thus brought misfortune on themselves. Then followed the enumeration of the many claims of Apa Tanis against men of Licha. After each side had stated its claims we left the Apa Tanis and Dafas to work out by themselves some equitable compromise, having first privately warned the Apa Tanis not to drive too hard a bargain and so jeopardise by immoderate demands the chances for an agreement.

When after some hours we returned the atmosphere seemed relaxed and cordial and instead of the two opposing parties, Dafa and Apa Tani headmen sat side by side still arguing about mithan and *mojo*, but with

many a laugh and gather like old business partners than like enemies with the blood of firearms between them. The Apa Tanis, after stating their claims, had reduced them by almost three-fourths, and demanded only the return of Tibetan bells and bronze plates recently paid in ransom, and of altogether thirty-six mithans, sixteen for Bela and ten each for Haja and Data. As a total demand from all three settlements of Licha this is not excessive and there can be no doubt that all Licha men together could easily pay up.

The Licha spokesmen offered something like 17 mithan, but promised to consult with their co-villagers and send for the headmen still in Licha, so that they could join in the discussions. We had not expected any immediate decision, but were well content that Apa Tanis and Licha men had at last been brought together.

11th January.—Halt. Talo.—This morning's news was an anti-climax after the high hopes of yesterday. All the Licha men have slipped away, some while it was still dark, and others early in the morning. When some Talo men wanted to detain them, they drew their dao and threatened to strike anyone who stepped in their way. The Apa Tanis are badly disappointed, but to put their long stay in Talo at least to some use, they proposed to enter upon a *dafe* agreement with the Dafias of Sekhe, Potin and Selemchi, the villagers on the new porter route to Joyleng. But the mithan the Apa Tanis wanted to sacrifice on this occasion was unfortunately not to the Dafias' liking, who said that it was too small and sickly for such an occasion. Since the Apa Tanis had no other mithan at hand, this idea too had to be dropped and they departed rather dispirited for Haja, Data and Bela.

During a visit to Likha Tekhi's house I heard more about the extraordinarily close economic relations between Apa Tanis and Talo. The sherpas walk through the village convinced one that Apa Tanis are here a permanent feature of the social structure. In or about nearly every house one sees Apa Tani girls who do apparently all the weaving in the village, and Apa Tani men are coming and going everyday with their loads of trade goods on their backs. In addition to live-stock and cotton, the Apa Tanis buy from the Talo people earthen pots, and they say that these are superior to those made in Michi Bamio, albeit made by the same technique. But Likha Hidi, Tekhi's eldest son, told me that Apa Tanis do also most of the house-building in Talo and that his own enormous house was built almost entirely by Apa Tanis.

The great role Apa Tanis play in Talo opens prospects for the future. If Apa Tanis are so easily acceptable as helpers to the Dafias, they could be used as instructors and any improvements started in the Apa Tani country, such as new agricultural methods and handicrafts could be then introduced among the less progressive Dafias by Apa Tanis.

12th January.—Halt. Talo.—Tomorrow is the day fixed for our departure for Likha, but transport is again our weak spot, and the whole day we have been collecting porters. However, it is only thanks to the presence of a good many Potin and Pilikapu men, that we can move at all. They are eager to go to Likha, where they hope to recover captured livestock and extract compensation for past losses, and Isaabe as we are to surround ourselves with a crowd of claimants, we could not move without them and have bought quantities of rice to ration them for the trip. The people of Talo promised after many difficulties to give three companies of porters, but Jorum proved a complete disappointment; the strikers said that in Jorum all were busy re-building their houses, and that the news of our need for porters had reached them too late. However after a talk by the fire they promised they would come to Talo in four days and join the second convoy then scheduled to start for Likha.

13th January.—Talo to Camp on Mount Pad (7160 feet)—5·1 miles—10-15 A.M.—2-15 P.M. The shortage of porters has necessitated a change in our programme, for without the expected 66 men of Jorum, there was no point even in attempting to move our entire party to Likha. It was decided that Davy, my wife and I should start with two sections, pick up the Survey Officer who has for some days been working on the ridge between Talo and Rinkom, move as far as Likha and from there send back the porters (or as least as many as we can possibly persuade to do a second trip) to bring up Cooksey with one more section, Rajoni, the Doctor and the remaining Assam Rifles rations.

We had breakfast at 6 A.M. when the last stars were paling and from 6-30 on we tried to marshal our porters. None, except the Potin and Pilikapu men had any idea of discipline, for the Talo men have never been with us on any long tour, and we spent hours in distributing the loads and preventing the men from snatching the lightest loads and leaving the bulky ones behind. To make things worse we were dreadfully short of men, and could hardly have started at all if not in the last moment nine men of Jorum Kopi's village had turned up and relieved us of our worst embarrassment.

After 3½ hours of running about, shouting at porters and cajoling the villagers into giving us a few more men, we started at last at 10-15 A.M., obviously much too late for a long and strenuous march.

For the first hour and a half we moved through the high grass covering most of the slopes round the village, and only here and there interspersed with some patchy jungle and a few hill-fields of definitely poor soil. I believe I have at last hit upon an explanation for the dearth of forest in the whole area between Talo Jorum, Mai and the Pauline River. The Dafias of Talo and all the villages in the vicinity agree that until four generations ago this country was inhabited by Dafias of Torr and Tago clan, a large and powerful folk whose settlements stretched in uninterrupted line from Talo as far as Mai. But so warlike were the Torr and Tago people and so continuous their depredations on neighbouring communities that all the surrounding villages combined in a war of extermination, wiped out the settlements of the Torr and Tago folk and killed every man and boy. Several years after this event, which is remembered in detail and is no doubt historical the people of Talo clan immigrated from the Palin valley. The presence of a very large population in the Talo-Jorum area in the not too distant past would explain the deforestation of the country, and it is not impossible that the deterioration of the legal and resultant decrease in grain output owing to the overcultivation of hillslopes led the Torr and Tago people to the practice of continual raiding, whereby they made up for the deficit in their economy.

On the highest parts of the Pad ridge we found many large branches and bamboos broken and the Survey Officer tells me that this happened during the snow-fall several days ago, when in places up to 2 feet of snow gathered and many branches collapsed under the unusual weight.

We did not reach the Survey Officer's camp close to the top of Mount Pad until 2·15 P.M. and since many porters were far behind and there was no hope of reaching Rinkom, or indeed the nearest camp site with water before nightfall, we decided to camp here, a decision which to our astonishment met with general approval among the porters. I had thought the Dafias would protest against camping in so high and exposed a place, but they seemed only too pleased not to have to go any further.

From the hill-top of 7,160 feet, which has for the most part been cleared of trees, by the Nepali porters and sepoys camping here with the Survey Officer, we had a good view into the Kiyi valley and further west and north-west. Nielom, Kirum and Likha Horke's settlement are all visible and the cultivated (or rather cleared) part of Licha seemed very large indeed. One can clearly that a very low pass leads from Kirum into the Palin valley, and it seems that two and in some places three ridges lie between here and the Khru valley. The only large cultivated area visible (except for Likha, Licha, Nielom) is where the old map shows the village Takum near the Khru head.

North of the Khru rises a high wooded ridge, as it seems with extremely steep slopes and the Survey Officer believes that so far as one can judge from here, the tentatively marked upper course of the Khru is in its direction correct. We were also told that on this upper course or somewhere near it lay the villages of Beni, Lahá and Sulu which traded with Tibetans and through whom villages such as Tamar on the Palin and Mengo on the Panior received Tibetan swords and beads. Our informants were firm that these Tibetans lived some ten days' march from here and on this side of the Himalayan main range, before one comes to the "land of snow".

We also saw the high ranges west of Mengo which would seem to enclose the upper waters of the Panior, steep, often precipitious slopes, partly covered in snow and bearing on top pine trees, recognisable by their shape on the crest of hills.

16th January.—Camp on Mount Pad to Camp near Likha.—6·5 miles.—7 A.M.—4·30 P.M.—We had expected a very cold night and were surprised that at 7,160 feet it was warmer in camp than it had been the previous nights in Talo at 6,600 feet. One of the reasons was probably that on Mount Pad we were camping under high trees where the many camp fires raised the temperature by several degrees. At 5 A.M. we measured 48°F. in camp, while on the cleared hill-top of Mount Pad I found even at 7 A.M. thick frost. In their snug little shelters of bamboo and leaves and wrapped in their warm blankets the porters had spent quite a comfortable night.

As we passed below the peak cleared by the Survey party I went up and was faced with a magnificent scene. The entire line of the snow ranges, lit up by the first rosy light of the morning, rose from the deep blue shadows of valleys and ridges not yet touched by the sun. The main Himalayan range is about 70 miles from here and I was surprised to notice that only three or four lower ranges seem to lie in the intervening space. Are there immediately before the snow ranges only very low hills not visible from here with broad valleys in between? All these questions are answered neither by the maps nor by the view from Pad Pemi.

The way to Nielom took us fully four hours and we heard there that it would hardly be possible to reach Likha today. Many of the villagers came out to meet us and were extremely friendly offering eggs in the hope of getting cigarettes and matches. It was a great contrast to our first visit when the majority of the villagers had sought safety in the forest, and we were welcomed only by a few of the bolder people. The story of our harmlessness seems to have gone round, however, and today we were given far more rice-beer than we could possibly drink.

In the house of Nielom Sera, the most important man of the village we found his wives and brothers, but he himself was said to have gone to Tamar'ha the Palin River, whom some friends of his had been raided. This may, however, have been only an excuse and having taken part in a good many raids Nielom Sera may be nervous of meeting us. But we asked his brothers to provide men porters to fetch our baggage from Talo and they consented saying their men would start tomorrow.

From Nielom we dropped steeply into the Kiyi valley and reached the river at the confluence of two main branches. The Survey Officer took the barometric height and found that it was 5,600 feet. Some Nielom men had gone ahead and constructed a temporary bridge. Just as we began the ascent of the west bank, three men of Likha appeared. They were slaves of Likha Horke and Likha Takhe, sent to meet us and show the way to a camp site. This was a reception very different from the Panjanad war-rites with which Licha had met us, and we were confident that Likha would create no difficulties. They seem to have forgotten all their bonds of casting us into little places and throwing us into the river.

We climbed steadily through thick jungle, until at last we emerged on slopes with entire sprees of an oak-like, deciduous tree, and here of any undergrowth. But our guides assured us that these trees, though useful owing to the hardness of the wood, were not purposely planted there. Shortly afterwards we came to the first jhum fields of Livha and to patches of wet rice cultivation in the swampy bottoms of narrow valleys.

Our guides said that the nearest camp site with good water was still far off, and as it was getting late we camped on a spur above a jhum field in full view of three of the settlements of Likha, spread out on the opposite hill slope. Water was scarce and muddy, but the camp itself quite comfortable. The Likha salve went to their village and the evening was uneventful.

15th January.—Camp near Likha to Módo (Likha)—2·5 miles—8 A.M.—12 30 A.M. The weather is now perfect with cold clear nights and sunny days, most welcome to us and an enormous boon for the Survey Officer.

While we were breaking camp some more slaves of Likha came to meet us. They were not too pleased when they saw us ready to start and suggested we should leave our camp where it was and visit the village without sepoys, producing all sorts of excuses why we could not camp on the ridge where the village lies. But when they saw us determined to go ahead they made haste with a message for and showed us the way to Pura the settlement of Likha Horke and Takhe. After several ups and downs we came to a slope near a stream where some grass had been recently cut; it was the camp site where the Likha men expected us to stay.

Our guides explained that if we arrived with all sepoys and porters in the village, the inhabitants might bolt, and so we decided to leave behind the porters and one section and go ahead with only one section. We had once more to drop into a valley and then climbed a very steep slope. At some distance from the main settlement we saw a solitary and rather small house, and were told that it belonged to a slave Likha Hopisa, who was a great magician, exorcised with evil, extra-mundane deities. Though no doubt useful at times, this man is therefore not allowed to dwell close to other houses.

When at last we came to the village where houses and granaries stand on different levels of an open slope, we realized at once that all was well and the villagers prepared to treat us. Thereupon men, women and children on the verandas and we recognized several men of Talo who had gone ahead and no doubt told all about us. We then went straight to the long house of Likha Horke and Likha Takhe the two brothers of whose bold and war-like deeds we had heard so much. Just before

the house there stood two enormously high bamboo structures, the funeral monuments of Horku's father and another prominent man. We climbed the shaky ladder to the veranda and were at once surrounded by curious and friendly young men. Then we entered into the twilight of the long hall with its row of glowing fires, surprising the women as they quickly swept the place round the hearth where guests are received.

Sitting down on the mithun skins which in wealthier householder serve as seats, we doled out cigarettes and matches and had soon every woman and child in the house crowding round us. But there were as yet no prominent men and we were told that Horku and Takhe had gone to tie up their mithun. This we took for an excuse and imagined that these great and experienced warriors were somewhere holding council as to how to deal with the 'invasion' of their villages by powerful strangers.

Then suddenly there entered a slave and shouted to the people to make room; a moment later two young men rushed abreast through the doorway, passed on the threshold to take stock of their visitors and sat down by the hearth. We were face to face with the bogey of many long tales and could hardly believe our eyes when we saw two charming very young boys, perhaps 20 and 21 years old. Though undoubtedly a bit nervous, they smiled at us quite happily and were delighted with our gifts of cigarettes, matches and two large safety pins which I happened to have in my pocket. Both were unusually handsome and dressed in good, new cotton-cloths and a good many beads. Their mothers, dignified, though by no means old ladies, brought towels with rice-beer and seemed to whisper to the young warriors the cue or other hint. We did not yet know any details of the feuds which we had come to settle, but said only that we came with the desire of making friends and establishing peace between the villages of the Dafias which would ultimately benefit them all; it was obvious that the two brothers must have been mere children when five years ago Lichi was raided, and it would not be fair to hold them responsible for all the deeds of their late father. The two boys said that they too would like to settle matters, but they seemed more interested in us and our clothes than in all the feuds of their father. They both tried on my sheep-skin jacket and had considerable difficulty in getting their arms in and out of the armholes.

We then talked about a camp-site and made it clear that we wanted to camp inside or close to the villages. This was at first not too popular, but we explained that the sepoys would in no way interfere with the villagers and set out to look for a site. Before leaving the house, however, the two boys asked Government's help against Tano a village in the Palin valley, who had recently raided their settlement. Climbing up and down some extremely steep and slippery paths, we passed through Puli settlement and crossing a ravine reached Mido on the neighbouring shoulder. There we saw just above the village a cropped and fenced-in field on a small knoll and decided to camp there. Most of the villagers came out of their houses and were pleased with our cigarettes; they were chatting and smiling and showed no great nervousness.

We asked whether we could use the field as a camp-site and promised to compensate the owner for any damage which might be done. Then we ran down on a tree trunk and rent for the sepoys and porters. Suddenly an excited woman came puffing up the hill, began to dig on the earth under the tree trunk, and extracted after some minutes a small pot containing a few bracelets of great value. So insecure is life in a Dafla village, that all valuables are hidden somewhere in the fields and the forest.

The site is very near to a small stream and to jungle for firewood and has a magnificent view over the two settlements of Puli and Mido, and north through the Kiyi valley as far as Licha, with Nielom clearly visible on an opposite shoulder.

It turns out that the map is quite wrong and that by connecting the two peaks of 8,189 feet and 7,569 feet in square 69E/C2 the surveyor of the Miri Mission had sketched in a continuous 7,000 feet range, where in reality the Kiyi basin through. When on the old map is shown as the upper course of the Palin, is actually a branch of the Kiyi and flows south instead of north. The distance from Licha to the Khru and so the Palin valley, which is much smaller than the valley shown on the map, is consequently one great, and one runs from here clearly the saddle over which one comes from Kiruan into the Palin valley.

16th January.—Camp Mido (Likha). This morning we had very great difficulty in persuading any of our porters to go back to Talo and fetch the remaining Assam Rifles and loads. The Posin, Sekhe and Bilarpu men, who have so far carried on many occasions have reached the objective of their long journey where they hope to realise compensation for losses suffered in past raids, and the Talo people declared that carrying heavy loads once across Pad Putin was bad enough, and that they would rather die than do it again. In the end however, we inducted, with varying arguments for the different groups, a good many men to carry once more, thus ensuring that the second convoy can start without delay.

Twelve Likha men of Likha Teji's settlement who had started from Licha independently and arrived in Talo the day after our departure arrived in the morning with loads. This is a good sign of Likha Teji's good faith.

Among our visitors were Nabum Taga of Embiakota and his wife Yopa, who has for three years been held captive in Nielom with her two small children and escaped when she heard of our and her husband's coming. Her history is strange. One day she went with the children, the one only a few months old, to Talo to visit her sister Yopa, who is married to Talo Togur. While Yopa was in Togur's house, his daughter died and Togur blamed Yopa, apparently without reason, that she had brought the disease. Toko Togur's daughter was betrothed to Nielom Taka, who had already paid 30 mithun as brideprice. Toko Togur did not return the price, but seized Yopa and her children and handed them over to Nielom Taka in compensation for the latter's loss. For three years Yopa vegetated as a slave in Nielom Taka's house, and hampered by her two small children could make no attempt at escape.

When the day before yesterday we approached Nielom, Taka told Yopa and her children to hide in the forest until we had passed but she, knowing of her husband's presence, had no will that even Taka could not find her, and made her way secretly to our camp, where she rejoined her husband last night.

A few hours after we had talked to Nabum Taga and Yopa—and congratulated ourselves that our presence made possible such re-unions—came the news that Nielom Taka had not resigned himself to his loss, but helped and abetted by his friend Toko Togur had forced his way into the house

of Likha Rebia, the brother of the escaped Yapa, and seized Rebia's small daughter. He took the child to his house, and Likha Rebia ran to us to tell of the incident and ask our help. He and the men with him spoke of a "raid" on his house, and it seems implied that Nielom Talo and Toko Togur entered his house with a small bunch of men, prepared to use force if Rebia did not give way. Two curious facts emerge from this incident: Yapa was apparently kept captive against her will for three years in a village where her own brother (Likha Rebia) lived as a free man. Secondly this 'raid' was carried out two days after we had passed through Nielom and visited several houses, while our present camp is in sight of the village—in addition one section of Assam Rifles was sitting on Mount Pad above Nielom also within sight of the village and on the path between Talo and Nielom which must have been used by Toko Togur, and a fourth section is still in Talo, within sight of Toko Togur's house. It would therefore be quite wrong to assume that the mere presence of Assam Rifles in an area, or even in a village, would prevent Dafla from using violence in their usual quarrels and disputes. The capturing of a close relative or kinsman of a man through whom you have suffered any kind of loss seems to be so general a custom, that it attracts little interest and comment and in no way disrupts the ordinary social life in a village.

In the afternoon, when walking through the village, we saw on a verandah an old couple, and began talking to them. Finding that the man's clan name was Nishum (and knowing that Likha is not a village of the Nishum group), I asked him where he was born and heard to my surprise and delight that he came from Lebia, which using the Aya dialect he called Labá. We asked him about the route of Lebia and heard that *six* Tanos and Bhalus it was possible to reach the village in four days. In Lebia there was a great deal of flat land and the people grow wet rice. But the most exciting item of information was that every year caravans of Tibetan traders come to Lebia and barter furs and dyes for rock-salt, *dao* and ornaments. The old woman described the clothes of the Tibetans: they had trousers like we have, black coats and high caps with protruding rims framing the face. So vivid was her description as she handled our clothes and particularly my sheep-skin jacket that we caught here no doubt as to her having seen Tibetans herself. She said that the Tibetans had their baggage carried by Dafla porters from villages closer to the snow ranges, had no pack animals and slept in Dafla houses. They spoke a language of their own, understandable to the Daflas, but could also speak Dafla. The time when they came coincided approximately with the beginning of the harvest (*i. e.*, September and October) and they never stayed in Lebia for long. Some Daflas of Lebia and many more of the Tedr and Tai clan go occasionally to Tibet; the journey from Lebia took them seven days and they had to cross the snows.

In another house we followed up this conversation and heard from Likha Tajam, whose wife comes from Khoda, a village said to be near Lebia, that Lebia lies in a large plain, not like that of the Aya Tania, but like the plain of *Assam*. In that plain there were many villages—at least thirty counting only those south of the Khru. *

17th January.—Halt Mido (Likha). Today I tried to gather more information on Lebia and the plain to the north-west, but with little success. Only a few men seem to have been to the Pulin valley, and no one could tell me very much about Lebia. The trouble is that most of the villages in the Pulin valley have feuds with Likha and only one month ago men of Tamer killed *two* women and a man of Likha and captured *two* boys.

The *mel* between Tabia Nieri of Potin and Likha Horku and Tahbe has now begun, but so far the two Likha men only shake sticks at each other in negotiations and there is no advance payment. Nieri's daughter Yefi has now also been released (following the previous release of his wife) and thus there are no more captives of the raid on Nieri's house in Lichi left in Likha.

Another woman released as a result of our presence is Mahnow Taki's sister Rinia. Five years ago Likha Rebia raided Pera village and killed five men including her husband. She herself was captured and kept in Likha Rebia's house in Pochu a settlement east of the Kiyi, one day from here. There she was forced to live with one of the men of the house and recently gave birth to a daughter. Likha Rebia has let her go, but refuses *as* gave up the child. With tears streaming down her face, she implored us to affect also the release of her daughter, and so we arranged that several Daflas of other villages, armed with a *panjam* should go to Pochu and demand the child. Later on we may visit the village, but until the second porter convoy has arrived, we cannot move from here, except on day trips.

In the evening Licha Tamer, our one-time prisoner, and since then faithful go-between came from Licha saying that he has done his best to persuade the Kiram headmen to come and see us, and that he expected some of them to arrive tomorrow. We asked him about the route to the Pulin valley and Lebia, and he said that Kiram had many a quarrel with the villages there and if we went to Tamer and Takum the Kirum men would willingly carry our loads—no doubt in the hope of enforcing their claims with the help of our prestige.

The *news* of the proximity of villages annually visited by Tibetans has changed the entire outlook, and we have altered our whole programme. Instead of returning to Duta and approaching the lower Khru valley *via* Chemir, we intend now to visit first Mengo and then strike from Licha straight towards the upper Khru, Lebia and the plain reported to lie in that direction.

18th January.—Halt Mido. Today Temi went to Jowbing to have a few days' leave before our great tour and to bring up a convoy of Galleng porters to Kiram with rations.

In the morning we went to the house of Likha Horku and Tahbe. They have not yet made any very strenuous efforts to satisfy the claims of Tabia Nieri and the other Potin and Pilingpa men, who have come to grief through their father's raids, but it seems that they want to settle matters and no doubt as a *reptatio benevolentiae* presented us today with a *mithan*. Their difficulty, seems to be that as the heirs of the organizer of various raids, they are expected to pay numerous compensations, while they are unable to compel or persuade the other participants in the raids to share the burden and disgorge their share of the loot.

In Horku's house, we met Nielom Sera, the headman of Nielom and a very great warrior. Unlike other organizers of raids, he has himself often led the raiding parties and is reputed to have killed 15 to 20 men with his own hand. Thus it was Nielom Sera who killed the father of Tabia Nieri of Potin.

* Subsequent inquiries did not confirm the existence of a large plain this side of the snow ranges; there are, as it seems, several broad valleys with some level land, but none as large as the Aya Tani valley.

Dafla warriors wear neither beads nor feathers in their hats and in conformity with this custom, he was dressed very simply without any ornaments. But his expressive face and manner of speaking characterised him at once as a leader. His last act, however, was not one of war, but of conciliation. When on his return to Nielam two days ago, he heard of the capture of Likha Rebia's daughter by Nielam Taba, he realized that the raid might involve Nielam in difficulties with Government, and insisted on the release of the child. Today he brought her here, and the incident can thus be regarded as closed. Nielam Sera has friends in the Palin valley and promised to accompany us when we go that way.

Likha Hurku and Take are now building a new house at some distance from their old one, which has stood for ten years. They are abandoning it and the site because their father and many people died in it.

19th January.—Mūdo to Takho, and back—14 miles. Likha Teji has several times been in our camp and the day before yesterday he brought the gift of a fine mithan. He has invited Naburu Epo of Pilaspu to come to his house and negotiate a final settlement of their feud. To strengthen him in this good resolution we went today to his village, which we thought to be on a neighbouring ridge, but which in reality is a good 2½ hours from Mūdo. The path leads up and down through old *jhums* and though a main line of communication between the settlements of Likha is not at all well cleared. Today groups of people were going backwards and forwards, most of them men of the Par valley and other distant villages who alone would never have dared to come to Likha, but who encouraged by our presence now went to one or the other settlement to claim compensation for losses or collect old trade debts.

Likha Teji's settlement is called Takho and consists of only five houses, including his own long house with many hearths. He seemed pleased to see us, and struck us again by his cheerful and dignified bearing. In return for his mithan we presented him with an *and* cloth and six seers of salt. His joy over the salt seemed even greater than that over the *and* cloth. I was interested to notice that—no doubt according to best Dafla etiquette—he opened neither the *and* cloth nor the bag of salt but handed both to his wives to be put at once into one of the small store rooms opening from the big hall.

Teji has seven wives, his first wife having died some time ago. The second wife is a daughter of Takio Bat, and for her he has paid a bride-price of a hundred mithan and has received with her a dowry of valuable Tibetan bells and various ornaments. All his other wives he married with comparatively small economic transactions, paying bride-prices of only four to six mithan. The "great" wife of a Dafla, who is usually but not necessarily the first, is a very important personage. In her care are all the family's valuables and it is she who buries precious Tibetan bells, bronze plates and ornaments in the forest and controls the store of grain. The husband cannot undertake any major transaction without her consent, and while she is free to sell for instance some of her beads, her husband may not sell any of his without consulting her. Even when going to a *mel* a Dafla acts only like a minister on a foreign mission dependent on his cabinet's agreement and must consult his wife before he actually gives up a mithan or a Tibetan bell.

Likha Teji promised to take us to Mengo and provide the porters necessary for a small party. So we will camp in his village and then make a flying visit to Mengo.

The weather is still fine and sunny, and we can hardly believe our luck. The Miri Mission had rain from the middle of January and we were prepared for similar bad weather. Tonight the temperature is 45°F. and will no doubt sink lower.

20th January.—Halt Mūdo. Today Captain Cawthey, Rajoni and one section of Assam Rifles arrived from Talo, where they had to stay owing to the lack of porters. Rations for an outpost of two sections until the middle of March are now here, and I have no doubt that an outpost in Likha will have a steadying effect—if it does not stop raiding it will at any rate convince the Duflas that Government's present policy is very different from the short expeditions undertaken at several years' interval on previous occasions.

The *panams* which we sent on the 17th of Likha Rebia has had a good effect, and he gave up the baby daughter of Naburu Rima. The messengers who had effected the release, and the happy mother came to our camp and showed us the child, a girl of not more than six or eight months, who very likely would not have survived the separation from her mother.

The number of captives in the various settlements of Likha and the neighbouring villages is still considerable and everyday we are requested to help in releasing the one or other man or woman. The difficulty is that some of these captives are married here, and that even if they want to return to their home village—which is not always the case—the position of the children is doubtful.

21st January.—Halt Mūdo. The Survey Officer, Mr. M. W. Krlappa, started this morning on his return journey after completing his work in the Kiyi valley. From the air photographs which he recently received emerges the interesting fact that the upper course of the Khru is not where it is sketched in on the old maps, but that the Khru rises somewhere to the north-west of Likha and flows first in a north-easterly direction before it turns east and describes a large bend, the last part of which has been surveyed by the Miri Mission.

The policy adopted by the Likha men *vis-a-vis* the many claimants who came in our wake is one of procrastination, and when this morning we heard of two captives whose release their relatives have in vain been demanding, Davy decided on some strong action. One was Chuhu Yaga, a woman captured in a raid on Kamap village and claimed by her daughter now living in Pilaspu, the other a little girl, Chuhu Yetu, the daughter of a Mengo man. Yaga has been living in the house of Likha Take and Yetu was kept by Likha Chili. Since both these young men were present at the *mel* held below our camp, we went there and asked them to come up and discuss matters. They came rather reluctantly, but when we demanded from Take the release of Chuhu Yaga, he refused to give her up unless her brother paid him two mithan. The argument that the release of captives captured in raids was an order of Government to be obeyed did not impress him, and so we had to resort to force and arrested Take. It took several sepoys to tie him up, and all his womenfolk, who had come with him to the camp clung to him like mad. Likha Chili was also detained and we told both men that they would be released as soon as the two captives were brought to our camp. Within half an hour Chuhu Yaga, a youngish woman and Yetu, a child of about six or seven were handed over to us. The little girl who had been captured some two years ago, recognized her father and seemed very pleased, but Yaga burst into tears and it took us some time to find out whether she really wanted to go with her brother

to Pilapu or stay on in Take's house. She was captured when a half grown girl and has ever since stayed in Likha. Though very poorly dressed, obviously treated as a slave and not married, she seemed somehow attached to her captors and was apparently distressed to see Taba in hand-cuffs. But as he was released she followed where he went, and said that she wanted to go with her brother.

22nd January.—Hah Mădo. For the last few days I have had a bad cold brewing, and today I did not leave the camp.

By chance I heard that Nielom Sera had brought a slave to Likha with the idea of handing him over to Tabia Nieri in compensation for losses suffered during the raid on Lichi, in which Sera had taken part. We could not very well allow such a transfer of a slave under our auspices, and so I asked to see the man. It turned out that Nielom Sera had purchased him only yesterday from Likha Tagar, and the man still showed signs of having been fettered. His name is Khoda Tamin and he said that his home was in Khoda, south of the Khru and that he had been captured by Likha Tagar some five months ago. When we visited Kirsan he was tied up in a house, and tried in vain to escape and seek our protection. Here he seemed to have an excellent guide for our tour up the Khru, and we told him that if he showed us the way to his village we would see that he safely reaches his home. Khoda Tamin, who at first had seemed miserable and listless, perked up at once and to my surprise told me that last year he had seen me in Duta when on a visit to some Apa Tani friends. What he tells of Khoda confirms much of what we have heard of the country round Lebia. Khoda can be reached from Kirsan in one and a half days (probably 3 days for men with loads) and lies on the right bank of the Khru River. To reach it one has to climb up considerably until one comes to a large plain,* bigger than the Apa Tani valley, with many villages where the houses stand in streets. There the Dafla cultivate wet rice and have no *jhum* cultivation, the country is fertile, but cold, and in the winter there is often two feet of snow. The people of that area seem to travel a good deal, for Khoda Tamin has not only been to Haja and Duta, but also to Mengo where he has friends. He knows nothing of Tibetans coming to Lebia (where he has not been), but told us that he once went across the Kamla and as far as the Subansiri, nine days' march from Khoda and that there on the Subansiri was a village called Subu, which is visitied by Tibetans.

23rd January.—Mădo to Takho—6 miles. Leaving all the Assam Rifles in Mădo, Davy and I moved today to Takho, the settlement of Likha Teji. We had no difficulties in collecting forty porters, all men of the Pira and Mădo settlement of Likha and started at 10 A.M. The weather is still fine and the way was easy. We arrived at 2 A.M. and camped on a small hillock next to Likha Teji's house.

The negotiations between Nabum Epo of Pilapu and Likha Teji have entered the final stage, and we were glad to hear that most probably a *pakhe* ceremony to seal their agreement will be performed tomorrow. Nabum Epo and Tana Kali, who throughout the negotiations had been its mediator, had gone to the settlement of Likha Ekhin and Tablia, who had started the series of raids by making war on Likha Taka, the mother's brother of Likha Teji. To release the captured members of Likha Taka's household, Likha Teji had paid Ekhin and Tablia nine mithan, and when Likha Taka had cleared himself by an ordeal with boiling water from the suspicion that a certain epidemic had started from Takho (his and Teji's village) and the blame for the disease was put on Pilapu, Likha Teji raided Pilapu, partly no doubt in order to recoup himself for the losses suffered through Likha Ekhin. Since Teji has now to compensate Nabum Epo, he is trying to get his mithan back from Ekhin and Tablia, arguing that all those involved in the raiding should pay their share. But as Ekhin and Tablia show no inclination to pay up, and Nabum Epo and Tana Kali returned unsuccessful from their mission to Ekhin and Tablia's settlement were they had tried to extract some of the mithan originally paid by Teji and thereby facilitate a settlement of the whole feud.

We found Teji in his house, and he declared his wish to settle the dispute with Epo tomorrow and sacrifice a mithan at the *pakhe* rite. But he is hard pressed by numerous men of other villages, such as Jorum, Talo and Nielom, who have all taken the opportunity of our visit to raise all sorts of claims for old debts and various compensations. Like vultures on carrion they descend on any village where we have arranged a *mel*, and it is not easy to make it clear that Government is not enforcing all these debts and old claims.

24th January.—Hah Takho. Our insistence that Teji and Epo should settle their quarrel today has not fallen on deaf ears. Already in the morning men of Teji's household began to put up the forked posts a ritual structure necessary for the reconciliation (*pakhe*) ceremony. Teji's house we found full of Pilapu men, and after some preliminary talk, Nabum Epo began once more to speak and pointed out that reasonable as Teji's words were, it was not only the question of providing mithan for the *pakhe* but Teji had first to pay the compensation for the death of Epo's mother Teji replied that he was prepared to do so, and after some short delay, he talked to his wives and they fetched from a store room the valuables to be given to Epo. The first was a fine Tibetan sword which Teji handed to Epo as price for his mother's ribs; then he produced a Tibetan bell for her knees, a cornelian bead for her eyes, two strings of yellow Tibetan beads as price for her bowels, and at last a bronze bracelet for her arms. After that he gave one Tibetan bell to appease Epo's wrath about his mother's murder and seal the peace pact to be concluded. Epo and his party closely scrutinized every object determined not to be content with anything inferior. In the *dao* they could find no fault, but the Tibetan bell offered "for the knees", was refused as inferior and they would not even look at the half broken cornelian bead. Teji tried to make them accept a bell metal plate instead of the *moje*, but that plate was of Assamese origin and therefore regarded as inferior. But when he produced an old Tibetan bell metal plate for Epo's mother's "knees" it was accepted, and Teji gave the *moje*, first refused as payment for the "knees", in addition to the cornelian bead for the woman's eyes. There was no objection against the yellow beads and the Tibetan bell paid to soften Epo's grief passed also the scrutiny of the experts. But the bronze bracelet, an apparently very ancient piece, possibly of pre-historic origin, was found very unsatisfactory, and after long arguments, Teji went to another store cupboard, whispered to his wives and brought at last a second bracelet of different type. This he gave Epo in addition to the first, and though the Pilapu party had talked about a cloth for "the skin", they did not press that claim and declared themselves satisfied.

In the meantime three mithan had been brought. One was to be taken away by Epo and the two others sacrificed during the *pakhe* rite. They were tied to the forked posts and a priest, who while in the house had chanted some incantations, invoked again Potor Met to watch the reconciliation rite. Then without much formality the two mithan were slain with a *dao* and cut up almost at once. Epo

* The term translated by our interpreters as "plain" means probably "open, treeless country", which is not necessarily flat.

was watching, but after the first moment Teji was not present, and I was astonished that in the *pakhe* rite the two reconciled enemies played no prominent rôle whatsoever. From now on Epo could eat and drink in Teji's house, but his men and he himself remained in the small camp at some distance, and cooked their share of the mithan there.

In the evening Likha Rayo of Soro settlement came to see us and brought the gift of a goat. We had heard that a captive Sekhe woman was in his village and asked him to release her. But it turned out that she was no old lady for many years married in Soro, with grown up sons who had children of their own, cultivated their own fields and owned even mithan. There is certainly nothing that she desires less than to be "released", and thus to be separated from her family and sent back to some kinsmen in Sekhe whom she has not seen for decades.

Different was the case of Tedre Yame and her daughter, a woman of Tadsaring village, who for five years has been kept captive in the house of Likha Tablia of Bentam settlement and who, thanks to our presence, has now been set free. Late in the evening she arrived here with a daughter about 13 years old and said she was very glad to return to her own relatives.

25th January.—Takho to Likhipulia—7 miles approximately. 8-30 A. M.—4 P. M. Eighteen of the porters of Mindo returned last night and so we needed only about a dozen porters from Takho to take us on to Mengo. But it is always difficult to get porters away early from their own village, and it was 8-30 A. M. before we could start.

The first part of the path leads in steep climbs and descents across several spurs and deep valley. Here we met Licha Chili of Hü village with a slave woman and three children, among them a girl of perhaps ten, who was completely naked in spite of the chilly morning air. They were all his slaves who had been captured by men of Likha Serbe's village, Dorde, and Licha Chili taking advantage of our presence and no doubt of the fact that our coming was known in Dorde, had done a little private debt collecting on his own and effected the release of his slaves without payment.

The most recently cleared *jhums* of the various Likha settlements, some obviously carved from virgin forest, lie high up the slopes in parts close to the crest of the ridge. This is the only part of the village land which still bears high forest, whereas elephant grass has taken possession of many lower slopes, making them unfit for cultivation.

Crossing over the first crest we came into a shady valley, dripping with moisture even now after weeks of dry weather and harbouring the most luxuriant vegetation obviously never touched by the axe. For some time the path ran in the bed of a small stream and we decided that in the rains this route must be far from pleasant. At the end of a short rise we reached a sitting place with *dapo* posts memorizing the transfer of Tibetan bells and from there we looked down on to the *jhums* of Dorde.

From there on the path dropped steeply and we were shown a huge overhanging boulder, in whose shelter benighted travellers sometimes camp. Local tradition tells that when the Likha people first entered their present country by this way, they camped in the rock-shelter and ate there a dog,—an unusual incident considering that nowadays Daflas do not ordinarily eat dogs. For a considerable time the well-trodden path led steeply down through high forest with some beautiful, straight boled trees, but even here in this forest certainly untouched for generations, if indeed ever, we saw a *rango dapo*, a sign on some trees indicating that someone was planning to fell some land here for a *jhum*-field.

At last we emerged from the forest and found ourselves in a clearing immediately above the village of Dorde. Passing some smaller houses, we went to the long and newly built house of Likha Serbe, the most prominent man of the village. We had heard of several captives kept in Dorde and after, no doubt with the use of our name, Licha Chili had yesterday effected the release of his slaves, we were a bit doubtful of the reception Likha Serbe would give us. In the entrance to the open space in front of Serbe's house we met another newly released woman, the last of the captives on our list, who told us that she was very happy to be on her way home. But once inside Likha Serbe's house our doubts vanished. Entering the room we found at the first hearth a charming, friendly old man whose womenfolk began plying us with large mugs of rice-beer.

We made no mention of feuds or negotiations, but explained that we had come this way only in order to see Dorde and Mengo and come to know their people. Likha Serbe said that he had been to Takho to attend the *mol* between Teji and Nabum Epo, but had missed us.

He told us that he was the brother of both Rayo's and Teji's father, and that his father had lived in a village midway between Mindo and Takho. All the existing Likha headmen and even Likha Tom of Pegabari, south of the Panior, are descended from Serbe's grandfather also called Serbe, and then dispersed from a village in the Kiyi valley not far from the present Nielom. He, Serbe, had himself founded Dorde because in his father's village the land bearing forest had become scarce and here there was ample land for *jhuming*. Some households of Nabum clan and one Takum man from the Palin valley joined his village later. Serbe was delighted with a gift of five seers of salt and insisted on giving us a goat in exchange. We left his house regretting that we could not camp in Dorde.

Several articles in Dorde were indicative of intercourse with Tibet. Likha Serbe had a metal pipe not of the usual type made by Daflas founders but of Tibetan workmanship, many men wore large Tibetan ear-rings, inlaid with coloured semi-precious stones, and clothes with black and red borders of coarse, presumably Tibetan wool, are more in evidence than in any other village of the Likha group.

Indeed geographically and culturally Dorde belongs today more to the Mengo group of villages than to the Likha group. By crossing the ridge between Takho and Dorde we have entered the Upper Panior valley, which stretches westwards as far as the 10,000 and 12,000 feet peaks forming the water-shed between Panior and Kameng. The river runs in a deep gorge; where the slopes recede, with here and there a flat or only gently inclined step, are the villages and in places the *jhum*-fields have eaten into the forest, nearly as far as the first ridge line. Above rise the higher ridges enclosing the valley horse-shoe like, and in ravines and on the hill-tops where pine trees stand clearly out against the sky line there are traces of recent snow-fall. It is beautiful country of much grander design than the pleasant grassland of Jorum and Talo and the wide and sunny Likha Licha valley of the Kiyi.

On a spur at no great distance we saw a village of a good many houses, and hearing that this was Likhipulia we decided to camp there for the night. For it is the most suitable half-way house on the way to Mengo and its position promised an excellent view.

We left Dorde at 2 P. M. and following a well-trodden path along the hillside with many a steep drop into ravines and equally steep climbs on the opposite side, we reached Likhipulia at 4 P. M. The houses stand partly in the hollow of a slightly concave slope and partly higher up on a flat spur commanding a

magnificent view eastwards along the Panior valley as far as the last foothills, and towards the west over Hü village, Mengo and Kuia up to the high mountains now covered in snow, that dominate the upper waters of the Panior.

We climbed to this highest part and failing a better site, camped on a level place near the long house of Nabum Taram surrounded by granaries. Quite a number of people crowded round us, and seemed quite pleased to help us to get the camp ready. The women brought rice-beer and there was no sign of suspicion in any of the men present. But later when we went to the house of Nabum Taram, we found none of the more important men and it became obvious that Nabum Taram was not prepared to meet us. The obvious explanation is that there are several captives in Likhipulia, and men in search of them were hunting our porters and hangers-on. When setting out for Mengo we had announced that on this trip we would not take on any cases, but this did not prevent people with grievances against Likhipulia and other villages on the way from following us and using our presence to press their claims.

Likhipulia consists of twelve houses and Nabum is the most prominent clan. But originally it was a settlement of the Tebia people and the Nabum people who-in relatively recent times emigrated from the Lebä area to the north, have been here only for 2 or 3 generations.

The evening was perfect. The long house of Nabum Taram with its walls of new reddish wood and dark yellow thatch glowed red and golden in the setting sun against a background of mountains of deepest and yet luminous blue, drawn in bold outlines and with a lack of detail against the lighter sky like the mountains in a picture of Svetoslav Roerich.

26th January.—Likhipulia to Mengo—8 miles approximately.—8-30 A. M.—3 P. M. We attempted an early start, got up before the first grey of dawn and had baggage and tents packed up before sunrise. But the difficulty of marshalling our porters defeated the best intentions. Some of the Likha men insisted on returning and had to be replaced by some Mengo men who fortunately had come to meet us, others, though eventually showing themselves willing to go on, made a fuss about it and had to be persuaded and pampered before they would pick up any loads: and these were many who had the night before promised to go to Mengo and back with us, but had spent the night in a friend's house in the village and did not appear until the sun had risen well in the sky. What with the paying of returning porters and the enlisting of new ones, it was 8-30 A. M. before we could start. The morning was sunny and glorious with thick white frost on leaf and grass in the hollows. Before us lay full of promise the valley of the Panior, enclosed by steep wooded ranges that rose to the snow-covered ridges where the unmistakable outlines of high pine trees stood out against the sky. On a spur, not too far as the crow flies, but separated from us by several shoulders and ravines, deeply incised into the hillside, we saw the houses of Hü, a village of which we had never even heard the name and beyond it, on, as it seemed a broad step in the hillside, clear of forest and sloping only gently into the Panior valley, lay Mengo, whose name had for our minds legendary associations with trade and communications to distant areas in the North which were inhabited by tribes in direct contact with Tibetans. There, if anywhere in this valley, we should be able to gather definite information on the country near the Upper Khru; this has been my conviction ever since the Apa Tanis told me of Mengo and the trade route across hills, blocked in the winter by snow. (Last year too I heard of this trade-route from a Likha men, who had emigrated to Licha and came to tell me his troubles. His son had had a Tibetan ear-ring in his ear and on enquiry I found it came from Mengo, whose men had brought it across the passes.)

On the slope dropping from the high houses of Likhipulia the grass was covered with thick frost, which in places looked almost like snow and we realized that at night the temperature must have fallen well below freezing point.

After crossing one ravine and climbing up a slope on the other side we came to Sakhin a settlement of three houses, and had to stop for a drink of millet-beer. Then we went on, following the narrow path, which leads alternatively along the grass and shrub of old jhums and across deep valleys clothed in luxurious vegetation, but is seldom level for even a furlong. Mengo seemed a long way off and some of our porters and guides doubted whether we would reach it. So we decided to forgo a visit to Hü, perched on a high spur, and passing below descended into the valley of the Pai River, which we crossed by an improvised bridge. Again we had to climb before we reached the open grass slopes of the village site of Mengo.

A remarkable and most refreshing feature of the vegetation were the innumerable lime-bushes scattered over the once *jhumed* slopes all along the way. So profuse are they that they can hardly be planted; indeed the Dafias say they grow wild. The fruits were largely ripe—real lemon shape and bright yellow—and much quite right, but were disappointing and dry once opened. Simultaneously with the fruit ripening the bushes were flowering, and we delighted ourselves on the weary way with crushing the leaves between our fingers and inhaling the lovely refreshing scent.

For a camp we chose a site between two settlements, and soon crowds of Mengo people came to see us and helped in clearing the high grass for the tents and tarpaulins. The people were very friendly and not particularly shy and from their cloths and ornaments and the style of the women's hairdress we saw at once that we were on the threshold of a new cultural sphere, a sphere very different from that of the Durum and Leli Dafias with whom we have so far had contact.

27th January.—Halt Mengo.—Since yesterday midday it has been cloudy and to our intense disappointment we awoke this morning to a dull day, with clouds veiling the hills and a steady drizzle. In the most beautifully situated and photographic Dafla village this is bad luck, and the weather does not look as if it would improve very soon. Indeed the local Daflas presume that we are in for a rainy period of five or six days.

Mengo consists of four settlements or groups of houses known as Komro, Mengo, Satu and Lyb-ogo, spread out over a series of open slopes and almost level steps, high above the left bank of the Panior, which is here a small stream almost completely hidden by the trees growing along its banks in a deep narrow valley. There is a ravine with some jungle dividing two of the Mengo settlements from those on the neighbouring spur, but otherwise there are few trees about the village site and the houses stand in between large stretches of grassy slopes, partly fenced in from last year's cultivation and partly burnt and black in preparation for this year's cultivation. Some of these permanent fields, cultivated in alternate years and apparently sufficiently manured by the drop of numerous pigs and some roaming goats, are quite large and well fenced-in by palisades of pointed stakes or bamboos. They are practically private property, but, as it seems, are never bought or sold. There are a few clumps of a high feathery bamboo, their ends curving elegantly, and here and there a few bananas in a little enclosure.

The people of Mengo, though no doubt Dafla, strike you at once as slightly different from those of the foothills and the Jorum-Tuko-Likha group. The type with the prominent, convex, narrow nose—reminding one always of certain Red Indian types—is here entirely lacking, whereas many people have round faces with little broad snub noses, a full childlike mouth and low forehands, giving a general impression of great primitiveness. But this too is not the predominant type, and the average Mengo man has perhaps somewhat more pronounced Mongoloid characteristics, without however being of a racial make up essentially different from that of other Daflas. The Nahum and Golo people have the reputation of being particularly light in colour and seem to pride themselves on this fact, but except for an absence of the rather darker-skinned type prevalent in Toko and Jorum, I did not find their skin colour strikingly light.

The difference in dress, however, is at once noticeable. Very little cotton seems to be grown in Mengo, and very many men and women wear cloths woven of yarn which is spun from the bark of a small shrub called *pul*. This shrub is cultivated and its fibre was in olden times probably the only raw material for Dafla textiles. Most of these coarse cloths are plain, but I have seen one or two with a few red stripes and quite a number have a peculiar narrow border embroidered with red and black wool of Tibetan origin. Cloths with a broad multi-coloured border such as is worn by Daflas of the Duo-sun group—many of whom buy them from Apa Tanis or get Apa Tani women to come to their houses with their dyes and weave them—are rare and those seen in Mengo have not been made locally, but have been purchased or received as gifts from people of Likha. It thus seems that the origin of these beautiful, decorative cloths lies in the Apa Tani country, and that those Dafla women of Talo and Likha who know how to weave them have learnt their art from Apa Tani women who often go to neighbouring Dafla villages to weave cloth for wages. Here in Mengo the women weave mainly cloths of natural coloured fibre, very rarely cotton, but a good many cloths with embroidery of Tibetan wool are brought from Lebá and other villages on the Pasi River. Moreover, woollen cloths, very much like the Bhutia blankets known as tonga and typical Tibetan basket of red and black wool are owned by a few people and all these have come from the Lebá area. Tibetan jewellery is very much in evidence, particularly large heavy silver ear-rings beset with coral, turquoise or jade, and women's belts consisting of cymbal like bell-metal discs. Whereas in other areas both men and women have their ears pierced and extended and wear large wooden ear-plugs with holes in their centre to take any ear-ring or small chain of beads the Mengo Daflas are not in the habit of wearing ear-plugs; however, they pierce their ear-lobes, as much as is necessary to insert a fairly small ring. The hair dress of some women appears also influenced by Tibetan example: little tufts of hair (the ends of plaits) stand out from the coiffure of plaits laid round the head.

It was not long before we found the explanation for all these affinities with Tibet. In the house of Nabum Taj, which was the first we visited, we heard that practically all families now living in Mengo, came originally from the north from an area on the Panyi River, an area commonly known as Lebá, which is obviously identical with the Lebla of which we have heard so much from the Apa Tanis. Lebá sometimes also called Leba-la is, as it seems the name of a village as well as of an area, perhaps a large valley. A man without a load can reach this area from Mengo in two days, but it takes at least four days to get a mithan across the very high ranges and now in winter they are under snow and altogether impassable. There are no villages on this route, but some distance off the path, one day from Mengo lies Ete, a Sulung village of four houses.

The Sulung often come to Mengo to barter game for grain, salt and cloth. They are expert in wood-craft, but have also some jhum-fields and cultivate in the same manner as Daflas. They speak and understand Dafla, but their own language is utterly understandable to Daflas.

Both the Sulung and the Daflas of this area collect the tubers of a plant called *ami*, which contain a powerful poison used for making poisoned arrows. The plant grows only at a great altitude in places which are under snow in the winter and is very rare. One single tuber, sufficient only for making one or two poisoned arrows, has a value corresponding to about Re. 1 and all the Daflas of the lower regions get their poisons from Mengo, Lebá and other villages near the high ranges.

In the crowd of women that thronged our camp, bringing eggs and millet beer and getting from us some much-prized salt, Heli picked out a girl with an unusual head-dress and found out that her home was in Litlot, a village in the Lebá area. She was not at all shy and told us in considerable detail about people called Boru (or Bongru) who come to trade in the villages of the Lebá area selling salt and sheepskins for furs, cane and dyes. She described their boots and coats, and when I produced my Gilgit boots and sheepskin coat she at once recognized the similarity.

This was exactly the information we have been hoping for and so in the evening we went to the house in which the girl is married. It was high up—about 900 feet—on the hill above our camp, and we slipped at every step as we clambered in darkness and a drizzling rain over the steep, muddy path. Entering the house we found a long row of hearths, their fires flickering in the darkness of the long room, and round them cosy groups of men and women sitting on mats and mithan hides enjoying the warmth after a long wet day.

At the hearth nearest to the verandah door sat Tara Nana, the head of the house, with his wife and some children. He has been sick for a long time and as he talked supported himself on the frame of the wood-rack hanging above the fire. In the first moment he seemed so weak and tired that I had little hope of much information, but as we began to talk he warmed to the subject and became more and more lively. Beer was brought and then eggs, boiled hard in the ashes of the fire with a little water poured on, and then a woman caught an unsuspecting sleeping hen, and brought it as a present. We suggested that we should all eat it together and so it was killed and put whole into the fire until all the feathers were signed off. Then the intestines were removed and the carcass roasted in red hot embers. After a very short time it was cooked and the meat, still slightly underdone, was surprisingly tender, perhaps because the *rigor mortis* had never set in. Chewing the meat and gnawing the bones we continued our conversation in which the girl of this morning soon took a major part.

Tara Nana told us that when he was a young boy, his father came from Gaga on the Panyi River, and settled in Mengo where he had relations by marriage. It was he who taught the Mengo people to cultivate wet rice on some small fields near the Panior River. Nana's eldest wife comes from a settlement of Lebá, not far from Litlot. There are many villages in that area, and one of the most important is Bür (of which we had already heard in Mūdo). Beyond Bür are two more villages, Nao and Buni, and then one comes to Puchilasa, the first settlement of the Tibetans. It lies on this side of the snow mountains and contains a great building of stone, like a large rock, but with many "houses" inside. Daflas who trade with Tibetans have been inside and there they bartered things like in a shop, but none of those present had ever been to Puchilasa, though they had heard all about it from others. The Tibetans themselves never came as far south as Gaga and Litlot but Borus, who often visit the villages on the Panyi, had many dealings with Tibetans.

The Boras seem to be a section of Daflas strongly influenced by Tibetans. They speak Dafla, dress their hair in Dafla style, build houses like Dafla, but wear coats and boots and use yaks. They are perhaps the rather more assimilated counterpart of our plains Dafla who wear also certain articles of foreign dress without renouncing their peculiar hair-dress. The Boras are reported to be war-like, fighting among themselves and against Dafla, but the Tibetans have now curtailed them to a great extent. For the Tibetans are powerful and are in many ways what the Sircar and the Sahiba are in the south and they interfered in feuds between Boras and Daflas. Yet the Tibetans fought for many years against people called Na or Nga (the exact sound being not expressible in Roman letters). The Nga people have a language of their own, build stone houses, wear woolen cloths of *tsuga* material, and live largely on the milk of sheep. They don't grow rice and millet, but wheat and maize and they are in every respect different from Tibetans. The Nga enlisted many Daflas in their wars against the Tibetans and armed them with match lock guns. But the Tibetans wiped out the majority of Ngas and now there is a rumour that peace has been established.

The road to the shoole of Tibetans on this side of the snow mountains is beset with many difficulties (mostly imaginary dangers, dangers perhaps purposefully disseminated by wily Tibetan propagandists). There is a piece of road where all passing are supposed to die if they look to either side, other parts where certain gifts must be deposited by every one passing by. There are, I believe, rules of this nature enforced in many places by Tibetan monasteries, and it is not surprising that the monks in these border areas exploit the simplicity and superstitions of the Daflas and other tribes under their control for their own benefit.

Near the great house of stone there lives a 'great raja' all by himself on a hill.

All this was told by our hosts in the most animated and vivid manner and it was clear that they spoke not of vague rumours, but of things of which they had definite and concrete knowledge. The girl from Litloe, for instance, produced a small piece of sheep's fleece with lovely long wool in proof of her story that the Boras had sheepskin coats like we and sold wool to Daflas.

We left the house charmed by the friendliness and generosity of its inhabitants, and climbed from the verandah over a precarious slippery ladder down to the rain sodden ground, and sliding and slipping made our way back to the camp.

28th January.—Hak Mengo. The weather was today as disappointing as yesterday: drizzling rain and low hanging clouds obstructing the view to the high mountains rising beyond the Panior. To leave Mengo without a single photograph of its magnificent position would be disappointing, but just now the clouds are thinning and there is every hope for tomorrow morning.

This morning we went to the Lyō-ngo settlement which consists of house-holds of the Golo, Tedir and Taio clans. In the house of Golo Tai we were told that Mengo was founded by Golo people, coming from Dobra on the Panyi River. They were the first to settle in Mengo and clear the land, but at that time—four generations ago—people of Tao and Tabin clan lived in Dardit, and the Golo people had stood in marriage relations with these families before they came to Mengo and settled there. The Golo people were soon followed by a group of Nahum families who had of old been their marriage-partners, and these two clans are still predominant in Mengo. But new settlers are still coming from the Panyi area in the north and the new-comers are mostly of Tara and Tedir clan. A man of Ce-nge village, who came only one year ago, to settle in Mengo, where incidentally his sister is married, told me that he emigrated from Cego on account of a food shortage. He spoke of a plague of rats which had damaged the crops, but this migration from the Khru and Panyi area is so general a feature, that other than temporary causes must lie at the back of it.

The source of the Panyi is said to lie on a mountain called Lusa, which divides the Panyi and the Kameng valleys, whereas the source of the Khru is believed to lie on a mountain below 'Nime', the land of the Tibetans. Everyone is quite definite that Nime and the villages of Tibetans lie on this side of the snow-ranges and no one here in Mengo knows anyone who has crossed the main range of the Himalaya[illegible].

Whereas innumerable family ties and probably also trade relations connect the Daflas of Mengo with those of the Panyi area, and the connecting paths are sufficiently good to allow even of trade in mithan, contacts with the Daflas to the west, in the Kameng area are slighter. But even the high ridges, rising to peaks such as the Uli-per-putin of 12,390 feet, do not prevent all intercourse between the Panior and the Kameng (Bareli) River. We met a woman of Golo clan, married to a Nahum man of Mengo, whose home village is Chidagōt on the Pach River (a tributary of the Kamen). From Mengo it is three days' journey over uninhabited hills to Chidagōt on the Pach River and the path is so steep that mithan cannot be taken across. But marriage-relations are maintained and bride-prices paid in Tibetan bells and other valuables whose transfer presents no difficulties. The Golo people on the Pach speak the same Aya dialect as the people of Mengo and the Panyi valley and it would thus seem that there are Eastern Daflas in the Kameng area, and that the high ranges west of Mengo do not form a definite ethnological boundary.

In the evening Nahum Telu of the nearby village of Pami came to see us, and from him we got a genealogy of the Nahum people, which shows that practically all the Nahum men now living in Mengo, the Upper Panior valley and the area south of the Panior are descended from two pairs of brothers who four generations ago came to Mengo from Letsi on the Panyi. In regard to family matters and connections the Daflas have an excellent memory and people know not only the names of their forefathers five or six generations back, but are aware of the fate and whereabouts of most collateral branches of their family.

29th January.—Mengo to Dorde, 11 miles—7-30 to 5 p. m. Last night and this morning compensated us for all the bad weather of the last two days. Just when we were going to bed the clouds thinned and then broke, the hills emerged and a glorious full moon transformed the valley into a silvered scene, the dark clumps of gracefully curving bamboos and the open grass slopes sweeping up to the forested ridges stood out from the valley alive with shreds of white mist which wreathed the high mountains and yet allowed a glimpse of moonlight on newly fallen snow.

This morning we got up too early, all our watches being out of order, and after we had had breakfast in brilliant moonlight had still a long time to wait for the dawn. It was bitterly cold with frost on the ground, and with our feet numb and hurting in boots and double socks, we wondered how the Daflas with nothing to protect them from half the thigh downwards can bear this cold, which in these high valleys lasts hardly less than four or five months a year.

As gradually the stars faded, the mountains gained shape and soon stood clearly delineated against a sky of dim grey, with a moon slowly loosing its brilliance. All the higher ranges were sprinkled with snow that stretched down far lower than before the two days of mist and rain. Highest of all the near mountains,

the Ui-per Pasta (13,390 feet) or Hill of the Gods caught first the light of the rising sun and began to glow a delicate pink, while the snows, still fully visible drew closer to its snowy crest. Seen through the frame of two clumps of bamboos their feathery stalks like great plumes presenting an oval picture, the beauty was not easily described. A few minutes more and the rosy tints on the snow had turned to gold and from gold to white—then the sun reached the *pyramid* shape above Mengo and cast the village itself. So I was yet to get some photographs of Mengo, and against a background of hills in the brilliance of newly fallen snow.

Most of the Likha porters had stayed on with us, and so we had not much difficulty in getting off. Davy went ahead with the porters at 7-30 A. M., and I stayed on for some time, photographing, and caught them up later.

Attempting to reach Darde, we did not enter Hö village, but stopped for a short while at Pode Sakhin where people with rice-beer met us on the way.

In Likhipulia we found in progress, a *sud* attended by the men of Nisrge, the no longer existing small Mengo and several other villages, but the prominent men of Likhipulia and particularly Nabum Tarum, were not present, but had detailed their slaves to deal with the claimants. Tana Kuli, the headman of Boguli, was acting as mediator and told us that so far the four captives whose release he was negotiating were still partly in Nabum Tarum's house and partly hidden in the forest. We had no desire to camp in a village with an unfriendly atmosphere, but Davy made it clear to Nabum Tarum's representatives what he insisted on the release of the captives. We had no force to back our demands, but this made little difference. No one called the bluff and the sepoys beyond the hills were quite sufficient to lend weight to our words. After a very short while three young women were brought from Nabum Tarum's house, and slaves went to fetch an old woman who had been hidden in the forest. The young women, captured during the raid on small Mengo, did not look in any way miserable and were indeed fairly good ornaments and clothes They had *obviously* not been treated as slaves, but kept with an idea of extracting ransom. One woman it was said had already a suitor in Likhipulia.

As we left the village, there was a dreadful wailing and crying, and we heard to our surprise that a sister of one of the victims, free and happily married in Likhipulia, deplored the sudden departure of her sister. Thus of two sisters the one was respectfully married in Likhipulia and the other had been captured and held in the house of Nabum Tarum. That such captives, with their own village, the village of kinsmen, only a few miles away, do not find a chance to escape, is surprising, and it would almost seem that it is against the rules for a captive to escape, and that the fact of having been captured places a person under a sort of obligation towards his captor which to ignore is a breach of custom.

We left Likhipulia with the four freed captives, who though glad to be free, did not seem to have been on particularly bad terms with their captors. Indeed one of the young women kept shouting back to the people in Nabum Tarum's house that they should bring her some provisions for her journey home

From Likhipulia it is not far to Darde and we reached there at 5 P. M. just in time to prepare a camp before dusk. Likha Serbe and his people were most friendly and brought presents. We spent an interesting evening in Likha Serbe's house, tracing the genealogy of the leading families of the Likha clan.

30th January.—Darde to Bentam—5 miles. 7-45 A.M. 11-30 A.M. From Darde we climbed a very steep slope through old and partly recently filled *jhums*, until we reached the high virgin forest covering only the crest of the ridge between Pasker and Kiyi. On the other side we dropped steeply to Bentam, the village of the brothers Likha Tablia and Ekhin, which lies scattered over a long spur. There Captain Cooksey with 1 section of Assam Rifles and 1 Rajput were awaiting us. Likha Tablia and Ekhin had previously refused both to come and see us and to give up certain captives kept in their houses and we thought that some pressure exerted on the two would be a good lesson.

Some years ago Tablia and Ekhin raided Komsp and most of the surviving families went to live in Piliapu, while some sought refuge in other villages. Now two Komsp men of Tablia clan were demanding compensation for their losses through this raid and this afternoon we found a *sud* fairly far advanced with some mithan tied up and several Tibetan bells offered by Ekhin put out on a bronze plate between the opposing parties. But difficulties still stood in the way of a complete agreement, and as we had little time we went to Tablia's house to see about the release of three captives still reported to be there. They turned out to be a very young man and two small boys of the same village, captured by Tablia in the course of a quarrel.

Tablia is an old man and obviously little inclined to change his ways and yield to any interference with what he considers his own affairs. He and his sons refused at first to give up the captives unless certain counter-claims were enforced, and at last we had to use the threat of calling the Assam Rifles close to his house, to make him understand the uselessness of his refusal. This threat worked well and the sepoys had hardly approached his house, when he gave in and the captives were produced.

But the release of one captive miscarried. Men of Piliapu had clamoured for the freeing of Nabum Tagum, a youth of Komsp kept as slave in Tablia's house. When the young man was delivered, he declared that now he had been so many years in Bentam it was too late to release him. He did not want to go with relatives he hardly knew to a distant unknown village and preferred to stay where he was. His kinsmen were furious with him, feeling no doubt their prestige at stake, but their persuasions were in vain, and we had of course no cause to free a man against his will. This and other similar incidents made it clear that the position of slaves and captives is not always as grim as one may think. Particularly people captured in their youth are more or less treated as members of the family and with the passing years often attain a great degree of freedom.

31st January.—Bentam to Mödo—Eight miles. 6 A. M.—1 P. M. We left the Piliapu people to complete their agreement with Likha Tablia and Ekhin, and were on the point of starting, when some Chuhu men clamoured for the release of a boy, alleged to be held captive in Ekhin's house. Davy and I went there only to find that Ekhin had not captured the boy, but bought him for two mithan from a man of the boy's own clan. There had been a quarrel between two men of Chuhu clan and the one shot at the other with a poisoned arrow and wounded him, though not killing him. To revenge the victim sold a boy of his opponent's family to Likha Ekhin. As the latter had bought the child in good faith, it would have been difficult to demand an immediate and unconditional release. Some of the captives who were freed while we were still in Mödo had, since their capture many years ago, been sold and resold and the present owners, who had bought them like any other slaves, were sure at suddenly being deprived of property worth several mithan. So we left the question of the Chuhu boy, who is probably quite happy in Ekhin's house where he has been brought up, to be settled by private negotiators. Indeed any wholesale liberation of slaves, would have the most serious consequences, not only on the Daflas' economic system in which domestic slavery has its definite place, but even more on the slaves themselves. For if slaves were taken from owners at random and without compensation, slave-owners would lose no time in selling their slaves into territory yet outside the

control of Government and unfortunate slaves who had been quite happy in the service of masters who regarded them practically as members of the family would find themselves sold to strangers living [illegible] where on the Upper Khru far away from their familiar surroundings and friends.

The way to Mūdo was uneventful and on arrival we found that the *mel* between Takhe and the Potin men was still not concluded, largely as it seems, owing to the intransigent attitude of Tahin Nisri, who wants the return of all ransoms and compensation for all losses suffered during the raid on Lichi five years ago.

1st February.—Halt Mūdo. The weather has now taken a turn for the worse, and all day it has been alternatively drizzling and raining with clouds hanging low and an unpleasant damp cold.

We spent the day in preparations for tomorrow's departure for Kirum, where we are to meet the Apa Tani headmen of Hija, Duta and Bela and several companies of Apa Tani porters carrying rations and stores from our base in Duta. Temi and the Gallong porters too are expected tomorrow in Kirum.

Yesterday we sent *Kaski* to Nielom to raise porters and were pleased when over fifty men turned up this evening.

2nd February.—Mūdo to Camp near Nielom.—7 miles approximately.—10 A. M. to 3 P. M. The day started with a steady drizzle and we doubted whether in this weather any porters would be prepared to carry our loads. But the Nielom people, among them women, did not seem to mind starting and by about 10 A. M. we had collected enough porters from Likha to make a start with one section of Assam Rifles, the Doctor and rations to take us to Kirum. It has been decided that the Political Jemadar shall stay in Mūdo with Captain Coakley and two Dafla *Kaski* and cement the friendly relations between Likha and Government. With almost two months at his disposal he should be able to do a great deal to consolidate Government's influence in this area. Without a man who maintains contact with the Daflas an outpost in these hills is likely to be more of a liability than an asset, the mobility of the Assam Rifles depending entirely on the co-operation of the surrounding villages. There is apparently no better path to Kirum than the one by which we came from Nielom, and we had to go down to the confluence of Pabe and Kiyi, partly over atrociously slippery slopes. After crossing the Pabe, but not the Kiyi, we climbed a steep hillside and then made our way across old and new *jhums* belonging to Nielom to a field suitable for a camp. There we stayed having carefully manoeuvred the Nielom porters sufficiently far away from their village so that they should not be tempted to return to their homes and thereby delay to-morrow's start. Except for a few minutes of sunshine at mid-day, the day was cloudy with now and then some light showers. In an open camp like this it is only owing to blankets and waterproof sheets that the tribal porters can be moderately comfortable.

3rd February.—Camp near Nielom to Kirum. 6 miles approximately.—8-15 A. M. to 12-30 P. M. Cheered by an improvement in the weather we started soon after 8 A. M. in the direction of Kirum. Nielom people who had come early in the morning to our camp to barter eggs, and they had not seen any Gallongs passing through their village, but brought the good news that the Apa Tanis were already awaiting us in Kirum. We later found that the Apa Tanis arrived yesterday; every movement of any large body of men is in these hills known at once in the whole vicinity, and one is often surprised how quickly such news spreads.

Our guides were right in promising us no major climbs on the Likha-Kirum path, but the road is yet far from easy, leading frequently through extremely muddy ravines and the beds of rivulets, and through small patches of veritable bog. In some of these valleys, where water is permanently stagnant, the Nielom people have carved out small rice-fields, but many more opportunities for wet rice cultivation seem to offer than are actually utilized, and it seems indeed that this type of agriculture is not one of the Daflas' strong points. We passed through large stretches of well conserved secondary forest; once a village had been situated nearby, but now the land lies midway between Nielom and Kirum, and men of either village may cultivate it. There appears to be no definite boundary between the land of these two villages and our Nielom porters were unable to say when we left Nielom and when we entered Kirum land.

After crossing a lovely clear stream called Sō, with the sunlight filtered through bamboo jungle, on the rippling surface and the yellow brownish stones of the river bed, we climbed a ridge with a good many fairly recently abandoned *jhums* and emerged on a slope lying opposite Kirum. We sent local men ahead to reassure the inhabitants and then, after lunch, we climbed the hill and entered the village. Everywhere people were collected on the verandas, and though only two months ago we had burnt the houses of several prominent men, there seemed to be far more curiosity than fear; when we stopped for a short time we were given beer and asked for medicines for two ill women. One woman with inflamed eyes had her face covered in congealed blood, on one cheek and the back of her neck screw-horns were affixed by suction and through these her blood had been let after incisions had been made in the skin.

We reassured the people of our peaceful intentions and promised that this time no one who came to see us would be arrested. Then we moved up to the spur which had once been Gem Pumbo's house, and seemed eminently suitable for our camp. Licha Tasser, our one time prisoner, had come to welcome us when we entered the village, and he now told of all his attempts to induce the men of Bagi to attend a *mel* and settle their dispute with the Apa Tanis. But so far he has not been successful and most of those Kirum men who have outstanding quarrels with Apa Tanis seem to have decamped and are hiding in field-houses and in the forest,—no doubt waiting to see what we shall do.

The Apa Tanis, who arrived yesterday, were very pleased to see us. Apart from some sixty men who carried our loads several prominent headmen such as Padi Lovang, Kago Bida and Tak Tara have come in the hopes that this time it will be possible to hold a *mel*. A few women and some less important men of Licha came to see us, but the general attitude of Kirum is still one of aloofness.

4th February.—Halt Kirum. Today was spent almost entirely in paying off Apa Tani porters, arranging stores and working out the rationing arrangements for our future movements. At mid-day a party of Gallong porters arrived from Joyfung, but the loads they brought are insufficient in many wayand we are very short of personal stores. The party was smaller than we had expected, for eleven Gallongs are sick and the company which has worked longest refused to start, all the men insisting on being discharged. They have worked since the middle of October and want now go to home and devote themselves to their cultivation.

The Apa Tani headmen have not yet succeeded in getting a *mel* going; most of the Daflas against whom they have claims are in hiding. Their greatest immediate difficulty is the fact that they cannot drink any Licha water. They believe that since the men of Licha invoked their gods to kill all attackers at the time of our first visit, and this rite has not been revoked, misfortune and even death would befall any Apa Tani who drank from the springs and streams on Kirum land. Consequently all water for their cooking as well as drinking water must be fetched from a great distance.

5th February.—Hah Kirum. This morning brought a pleasant surprise in the shape of small party of Gallongs with some additional rations from Joyhing. This party consisted of the men who had refused to work *any* longer but had in the end thought better of it and came up with loads to ask for their regular discharge. As they have worked well since October 15th it is difficult to refuse, and they will now return to Joyhing and from there to Sadiya.

In an attempt to win over some Licha men to the idea of a *mel* and a settlement with the Apa Tanis, I went this morning to the houses of a few men who have not run away, and I was pleased to find in those houses I visited a friendly if reserved atmosphere. Nearly the only fairly stable liaison with Licha is now our former prisoner Licha Tamer, and I went first to the house of his father Saba. His and several other houses in his group are fairly big, but don't give the same impression of wealth as the houses of Likha, etc. It is probably true that Licha is not a rich village, and that most of the mithan and valuables gained by way of ransoms were all once eaten or disposed of.

I had hoped to gather here more detailed information on the country near the Khru, but what I have so far heard is disappointing. There is on the side of the Licha people, who used to profit a good deal by acting as intermediaries in the trade between the villages to the north-west and the Apa Tanis, certainly no great desire that we should go in that direction and thereby remove perhaps a trade-block which was to their advantage. On the other hand, they may be genuine in saying that they only go as far as Tahum and Blabo, two and three days respectively from Kirum, and have no direct contact with Lebla and the villages on the Panyi River.

On all the Licha men I met, and quite a few gathered in the houses where I stopped and squatted by the fires, I impressed the necessity of settling their quarrel with the Apa Tanis and told them that as a first step to a *mel* and an earnest for their good intentions, they should perform the water cleansing rite (*uwdar*) which would enable the Apa Tanis to drink Kirum water without incurring magical dangers. For this rite a mithan is required, but so far the Kirum men have offered only two goats.

With the help of a few genealogies I ascertained that the Licha people have lived for several generations in this area, but that the village site has been frequently shifted. The Dafla system of *jhum* cultivation seems to necessitate an occasional shifting of the village, for instead of having a regular cycle of rotation comprising a fairly large area (*as for instance among the Konyak Nagas*), the Daflas seem to cultivate the whole of the land nearest to the village close to the point of exhaustion, and then move their village a few miles away and take up new land, such a move occurring about once in a generation. Usually all is well and the exhausted land has retained sufficient power of recuperation to cover itself again with forest if given a complete rest for twenty or thirty years. But if this practice is carried too far, as appears to be the case in the Jorum-Tsilo area, then the soil fertility sinks to so low a level that natural recuperation does not take place, and the land remains a barren grass land void of any forest.

6th February.—Kirum to Camp on the Pai River.—7 miles, 2 P.M.—5 P.M. For some time our supply position and that of the various sections of Assam Rifles stationed at Pite and Likha has been precarious owing to wrong allocation of loads from our base in Joyhing and before going on towards the Khru, with communications even further stretched, it seemed imperative that one of us should return to Duta to see what exactly the position is there and arrange for the bringing up of new supplies and trade goods by Apa Tani porters. While Davy stayed in Kirum, my wife and I started after lunch for our old camp on the Pai River *en route* for Duta. The Apa Tanis were doubtful whether from there we could reach Duta in one day, mainly because large sections of the path had been blocked by trees, branches and bamboos which broke under the weight of recent snowfall.

It was raining as we left and the path was extremely slippery, but the rain stopped as we reached Bagi. All the huts and shelters on the hill-top where we stayed in December have been burnt by the enraged Bagi men, although they would have done better to use the material for their own new houses. The old village site of Bagi has been abandoned and even those houses which we left unburnt have been dismantled and the thatch used for new buildings. The new houses stand only a few furlongs from the old village, partly hidden by the low jungle of old *jhums*. They are obviously temporary buildings, far smaller than the old houses but quite solid and well built. The rumour that most of the Bagi men have emigrated to Limia and other villages is obviously unfounded. When we became visible on the top of the hill above the village there were shouts from the houses and the surrounding jungle and we were told that the people were running off to the jungle to hide, but one youngman who had been to our camp yesterday came towards us and through him we reassured the other people that they had nothing to fear.

Then we continued our way down to the Pai River and reached before dusk our old camp, where the well-built huts of the Apa Tani porters were still in good repair and gave welcome shelter to the Gallongs in our party.

7th February.—Camp on the Pai River to Duta.—12 miles,—7 A.M.—6 P.M. It rained most of the night, and was drizzling when we started. The path, which had been overgrown when we came this way on our first visit to Licha, was now well enough cleared but so slippery that in the steeper places we had to cut steps with *dao* in order to help the porters up. The climb through the dense forest seemed endless and the higher we came the more it rained, and the worse became the path. At last, when we came to the region of rhododendrons we found it often blocked by huge branches broken by the weight of snow, whole trees fallen across or bamboos pressed to the ground. Snowfall as we had last month seems to be rare; and it was on this path that a lone Apa Tani looking as his rat-traps got caught in the snow and froze to death.

Though not below freezing point, it was cold enough today, and whenever we rested we lit fires, warmed our stiff hands and tried to get our clothes if not dry—which was impossible—at least a bit warmer and less clammy. Apa Tani and Gallongs seemed to suffer alike in the biting wind on the hill-top, and we all felt that a night in the wet, dripping forest would be a pretty grim experience. So we hurried on, encouraged by the Apa Tanis' prediction that if we went fast we might reach Duta, or at least the open Apa Tani valley before dark. But this could only be done if we left the path we had come on the first time, and took a short cut to Haja. Without touching the old camp site on the Gando (or Pein) River we kept further west, and did not descend into the river valley until we had reached a point a good distance downstream from that camp. Then we followed the river in a narrow valley, where the Haja people sometimes keep their mithan. It is damp and full of water in the best of weather. Today there was water on the path, water rushing in rivulets from the hillsides and water dripping from the old trees bearded with moss and looking in the rain and mist as fantastic as the enchanted trees in a fairy tale scenery. There was beauty in the blurred shapes and hazy colours and we would have enjoyed it even more had the dense mist not foreshadowed an early dusk and we had not been quite so far from Duta.

The Pei, we knew, down to Talo, and we had to climb another range and after long ups and downs along a crest, went down into a ravine, and then followed a small watercourse upstream. Normally this may be only a trickle, but in today's rain it was a stream rushing swiftly over the stones and the yellow mud. Still in a watercourse we climbed higher over stones with cascades of water pouring down. But at this stage we did not mind the water; we were so wet that nothing made any difference. A short climb, and suddenly and unexpectedly we emerged from the dripping forest with its slightly fetid smell and saw to our delight below us the rice-fields of the Apa Tani valley, the bracken covered slopes and hillocks with pine trees. Nothing in these hills can approach the beauty of this scene, and whether in sunshine or in rain, its charm is always strong and fascinating. Today it was painted in the most delicate pastel-shades with no loud or harsh tone in the grey mist, the pale straw colour of the rice-fields, the dark bluish green of the pine-covered hills and the brown the hills where the bracken was dry. Close to the villages the pastures were transformed by the glow of the evening light and the dispersing of the earth into carpets of golden orange, a mellow but rich tone which in any picture would have looked unnatural.

Just before dusk we worked through the ankle deep mud of Haja village: in these days the Murom feast is being held and smoke coming from the roof of Nada Tada's house who had given a big feast and was now entertaining the guests in his house.

We found Lobo and the Compounder in good spirits in Dota camp, and when we sat beside a fire under the dry roof of our bamboo hut, we felt that the effort of doing two stages in one day had been well worth while.

8th February.—Halt Dota. Today we took good stock of the ration position in Dota, and realized at once that our return had by no means been unnecessary. The storehouse is nearly empty except for 45 bags of salt, for instead of urgently required rations ordered in every denali and allocated to each party of porters sent down, only salt has been sent up from Joyhing. Moreover, it appears that owing to either faulty calculation or faulty allocation of provisions by the Assam Rifles, the section in Dota has no rations for March except atta of which there are 20 loads. My first task is therefore to organise porter convoys to go to Joyhing and bring up rice supplies—no easy matter considering that the Apa Tanis are in the throes of the Murom Festival.

This is next to the Mloko the most important festival, and is celebrated in all villages, whereas the Mloko is celebrated alternatively in different village groups. At the time of the Murom individual wealthy men performs sacrificial rites culminating in the slaughter of mithun, the meat of which is distributed among *all* Apa Tani households in the case of a great rite (*su-pole*) necessitating the killing of at least 5 or 6 mithun, or among the households of one or two villages of the same group in the case of a small rite (*pode-lutu*) when only two or three mithun are sacrificed.

Most of the Murom celebrations and all the mithun sacrifices took place during the last week, and today and tomorrow are the last days of the festival. It is Haja village which is last with the ceremonies. Two men performed this year the rites, Nada Tada, a son of Rora, an *su-pole* feast, and Pura Boda the less expensive rite. The six sacrificed mithun of Nada Tada as well as Pura Boda's mithun have already been slaughtered, but today there is the great procession and the dancing.

Early this morning, long before the cock had filled, we saw groups of men in their best cloaks pass here on their way from Haja to Bela and Hari carrying bamboo baskets with small pieces of mithun meat, one for each household in this village. With each group went one or two men from the village in question, for these men came to Haja last night to tell the number of households which have to get shares. It is the elder men who carry the meat while the younger do the actual distributing. In this they are entirely impartial, great men and men of lower status getting similar shares, and it is only large households with many mouths to feed that get extra shares.

When these parties returned, the young men and boys of the village gathered on the Nada *lapang*, and led by two Nada priests went first to the donor's house and then formed a procession and left the village for Bela. It was near our camp that I saw the procession coming across the fields. Ahead went Nada Bida in the full regalia of a *nyibu*, and behind him came a string of small boys all in their best white cloaks with yellow and blue borders, most of them adorned with strings of heavy white beads, made, I believe, from conch shells. Some of the young boys carried Tibetan bronze plates and as they went, beat them like gongs. Behind came young men, also in white or dark blue cloaks with heavy bead necklaces and shiny smoothed hair, uttering short rhythmic shouts and lifting their straight Tibetan swords. The *nyibu* chanted prayers, waved a fan of feathers and now and then scattered a few grains of husked rice on the fields as he passed.

At a small distance came another priest in nearly equally gorgeous attire, and behind him a similar string of small boys and young men. With them went an older man, carrying a basket of rice flour, small quantities of which are distributed in the villages visited by the procession.

It was a lovely sight, all these young boys in their fancy and attractive white and coloured cloths striding across the fields, swinging shining swords and beating their bronze gongs. But unfortunately I had not the time to follow them to Bela and all the Apa other Tani villages where they are entertained with beer and dance in the open squares. For long I heard their rhythmic shouts and was told that they did a tour of the entire valley visiting Bela, Hari, Hang, Michi Bamin, Mudang Tage and Duta before they returned to their own village.

At dusk I went to Haja and found the Nada *lapang* decorated with bamboo leaves. The surrounding houses were filled with people, and shouts heralded the approach of the returning procession. As it filed through the streets men came out with vessels of beer, and the boys lined up in rows (in groups according to age) and without moving backwards or forwards they beat their knees in the rhythm of a dance, the older boys raising their swords, and utte ed short little shouts, stopping momentarily only when young men and girls came with baskets of beer, feeding the dancers with gourd ladles and others brought dishes with strongly spiced rice. An old man (Nada Tamin) dressed as a priest, brought a plate of sliced ginger and other men distributed among the boys lumps of meat and bacon, some cooked some and uncooked to be taken home.

Nearly all young men wore the rich cloths with a broad orange border, donned now not as cloaks, but wrapped tightly round the body and thrown over a shoulder; coming from Duffa villages I was struck by the amount of valuable textiles in the Apa Tanis' possession.

9th February.—Duta to Mudang Tage, Michi Bamin and back. To renew contacts and show the Apa Tanis that we regarded them not merely as a convenient porter reservoir I went today to several

villages, and I was glad to find that the people were everywhere very friendly and cheerful and that there is no visible resentment at the pressure exerted on the Apa Tanis when at the beginning of the season we were in need of porters.

10th February.—Hale Duta. With the Murom feast days over the Apa Tanis return now to the work in preparation for the coming cultivating season. Most of their gardens have already been newly fenced in and the time of re-building and repairing granaries and houses is long over. Indeed everything is done here according to a strict time table and it is rarely that one sees an Apa Tani at an emergency occupation.

The time before the days when the efforts of every man, woman and child are required on the fields, is short, and many men want to make now their annual purchases of salt, cloth and other commodities imported from the plains. The trade depôt could never satisfy the Apa Tanis' entire wants, for this year only a small part of the available porters could be used for the transport of trade goods. On the other hand, we have poured several thousand rupees into the country in the form of porters' wages and many of the men who have worked for us possess now Rs. 20 and more in cash, with little opportunity of spending their earnings. In the trade depôt we can sell salt only in small quantities and—to cover transport—at three times the price prevailing in the plains, at present no white cotton cloth is in stock and iron bolts, which are much in demand cannot be sold freely. Luxury goods such as Assamese silk clothes and bell-metal vessels are still available, but their price is too high for the ordinary man. Most of our porters are poor men, who always relied on obtaining rice from the rich men, either by working for them, or by selling goods which they bought from the plains. These men want now to convert their cash into easily marketable goods such as salt, iron and cloth, and since we cannot sell here enough of these articles they are all asking for permission to go to the plains and make their purchases there. I had hoped that by this time our supply position would be so that we could allow all the men who have carried for us to go to the plains for their own purposes but the Assam Rifles are unfortunately short of rations (or more correctly the right rations) and so we have to insist that of these Apa Tanis going to the plains at least one brings up our loads—a not too popular ruling.

This morning we heard rhythmic shouts from Duta, not unlike those which accompany the dancing at the Murom feasts and so I thought that Duta was perhaps performing some belated Murom rite. But in the evening I heard that the cause for the chanting was far from joyous. Chigi Nime appeared in the evening with a serious face and told me that a man of his clan, Chigi Duyu, was four days ago (on the 7th) executed in Hang, and this morning's chanting accompanied the funeral rites. He explained that Chigi Duyu was a young man of *gute* class, and had stolen a cow belonging to Hibu Tarin of Hang, and used it to pay a debt to Bela. Six days ago he was captured from the Tage *lapang* of Mudang Tage by men of Bela and Hang and was taken to the Taliang *lapang* where he was tied up. There Chigi Nime and the Duta boys found him when they visited Hang in the course of their Murom procession, and Chigi Nime offered a ransom of four mithan. He said that Hibu Tarin was inclined to take the ransom, but that afterwards the other captors objected and that four days ago Padi Chiliang, Milo Dabo and Nani Sala killed Duyu at the *lapang* where he was tied up. They and some Hang men then cut off hands and feet and opened the belley to take out the liver. Duta people asked for the rest of the corpse, but the Hang men refused and burnt the entire body near the Nich sago of their village.

Chigi Nime complained that the theft of one cow was not sufficient cause to impose on Duyu the death sentence, but his end is so similar to the fate of other habitual thieves, that I believe that Chigi Duyu must have committed worse crimes than the theft of one cow. Chigi Nime did not ask for any intervention, and indeed made it quite clear that he did not consider this a matter for anyone but the Apa Tanis; a refreshing contrast after the endless complaints and claims of Daflas who seem never to be able to settle a quarrel among themselves. In the first indignation Chigi Nime said that the slain man's kinsmen would not accept any compensation but would be content only when they had taken the life of one of the men who had killed Duyu,—the omens would decide whose. But even then there would be no disturbance of the general peace,—they would enter the victim's house and allow his wife and children and all other inmates to leave it, and then kill their man. No one of the other villagers would interfere, for there would be no need to be mixed up in a quarrel. I doubt, however, if the relatives of Duyu will really take so drastic a revenge; if he was a habitual thief who died for his crimes, they are unlikely to take any action to avenge him.

11th February.—Hale Duta. This morning several Apa Tani headmen came to see me, having arrived last night from Kiruna. They are very disappointed with the developments there, for, as they say, there is very little hope of a *mel* and since their food ran short they returned to their villages. They said that they had established some contact with men of Bagi and Kiruna, and that on the day I left more Bagi men had indeed come into the camp, but that when one of them (Dur Tapa) was arrested (because he had captured and married a slave girl of Tanya Tara of Talo and refused to give her up) all the other Bagi men took to the forest. They asked me, however, that if possible we should burn no more houses in Kiruna and Bagi, because if we did so any chance of an early settlement would vanish. They are obviously worried that the Licha affair was dragging on indefinitely and said quite frankly that they were not interested in such punitive measures as the burning of houses; they would not mind if Government exterminated the whole male population of Licha, but if we were unable or unwilling to do this, they would rather have an amicable settlement than any more punitive action.

Today I went to see the grave (or rather cenotaph) of Chigi Duyu. It lies inside the village on a vacant site close to Duyu's house, and I was told that the graves of men killed are placed in such a conspicuous position so as to keep their kinsmen's wrath alive. Duyu's body had not been recovered, but his cloth, ornaments and hat were buried in its place, and high up on a single, erect bamboo hung the carcass of a fowl. The widow and children remain in the deceased's house, which is not entered by anyone else for some time.

From Apa Tanis who were in Mudo at the time of our visit to that Licha settlement, I heard of a case which shows the dangers of having one's camp surrounded by hangers-on who all want their cases heard and decided and often achieve settlements favourable to themselves simply by exploiting the tribesmen's fear of impose and arrest and by taking the Sircar's name in vain. Licha Hervaia, a man who after a quarrel with his kinsmen had fled game to live in Duta, had moved from there to Jarum and finally returned to Duta, took advantage of our presence in Licha and the nervousness of the Licha people in order to collect an old debt. To Reka of Pali village owed him three mithan, but since he could not pay

when Hormin pressed him, he gave to Likha Hormin, an old woman, the widow of a kinsman of his, who was living in his house. The woman who was free born and had been the wife of a free man, had now been taken away by Hormin and it is said that he is intending to sell her. Instead of returning to Dutu, he took her to the Dafla village of Joyhing, where a daughter of his is married. If it had not been for the pressure exerted by the presence of a great many sepoys, Tar Kcha would no doubt never have thought of selling the wife of a deceased kinsman.

12th February.—Halt Duta. I talked today to several Apa Tanis about the killing of Chigi Duyu and it becomes more and more evident that this incident, far from belonging to the order of crime, was an act of tribal justice, the victim having been a monstrously bad character. It seems that he was in the habit of stealing cattle, slaughtering the animals in the forest and selling the meat of cattle stolen from Daflas to Apa Tanis and *vice versa*. Thereby he not only caused losses, but he endangered also the social harmony and roused discord and the seed of quarrels between the villagers. The men who killed him thus did not act from selfish interest, but felt no doubt that they were fulfilling a public service. It would be very unwise to take in this case any action against the men who first executed the victim to death—for there were long discussions between the big men of all the villages except Duta and Michang Tage—or those who acted as executors. The Apa Tanis who lived in crowded villages on an extremely small space must obviously have a fairly severe code of justice and criminals must be dealt with by the community if private raids, which among the Daflas are the order of the day, are to be avoided. Their system of jurisdiction and punishment of crime is effective enough, for among the Apa Tanis raids and the slaughter of whole families simply do not occur. They have no prisons to segregate their bad characters, and the death sentence is then their only means of eliminating a disturbing element. Until such a time when Government sees fit to provide police and criminal courts in the hills, and is in a position to take over the effective administration of justice, it would therefore be very wrong to do anything to upset the existing tribal jurisdiction, which in the case of the Apa Tanis is most successful in preventing any major disturbances of the social harmony. Even Chigi Nime, who was very distressed about the death of his kinsman, emphasized that his execution would not be considered as a break of the *dafe* between Duta and Hang; "Only owing to the existence of that *dafe* can we live in peace," he said "without it no one would be safe, neither in his person nor in the possession of his mithun and cows."

13th February.—Halt Duta. The Likha affair is still the main topic of conversation among the Apa Tanis, and all news coming from Kiruan is eagerly discussed. Tara Tahr and some other Haja men brought today the news that Dony has made some owners and burnt Dor Tapu's house in Bagi. They said they had little hope of a *mel* in Kiruan, because the Likha men were much too frightened to come anywhere near the sepoys and they—therefore suggested that they themselves should make another attempt to hold a *mel* in a neutral place, and asked me whether the arrested Likha women and their children could not in the meanwhile be given into their care. While after Apa Tanis had been burning with revenge for wrongs suffered at the hands of the Likha men, I am therefore not averse to some measures—provided they succeed—other Apa Tanis still see in the Likha people their traditional trade partners and are not too pleased with their plight. The remarkable thing is that trade never completely stopped, and I noticed with some surprise, that most of the Apa Tanis who carried our loads from Duta to Kiruan did such a roaring trade (as well as a lot of looting from empty houses) with those Kiruan and Bagi people who had as that time not yet fled, that they left Kiruan fully indebted with tobacco, gourds and all sorts of other things, and those leaving Likha with me declared themselves unable to carry any of my loads because they had to carry such a lot of purchases. This shows that in the dealings between Apa Tanis and Daflas,—as well among Daflas themselves—a feud seldom extends to a whole village. No idea of the collective responsibility of villagers exists, every house is a separate political unit, and a man who has a long-standing feud with one or two house-holds of, say Kiruan, will happily trade with the other house-holds if he can do so safely.

14th February.—Duta to Hang and back. Today I went to Hang, both to re-establish contact, which has been rather feeble of late, as well as to inquire into the circumstances of Chigi Duyu's execution, and get the Apa Tanis' view on such a death-sentence quite clear.

The weather has of late been fairly good, with a lot of sunshine, but it is still very cold. On the way to Hang I saw everywhere gangs of young men and girls repairing dams and working in the mud and water of the rice-fields with an admirable disregard of the intense cold.

In Hang I went at first to the house of Hibu Tahr whom I had not seen since November and was glad to find him very friendly and apparently pleased with my visit. Carefully I broached the subject of Chigi Duyu—after talking first for long about the Mormon Fezzo—and was told that he was a habitual thief, who had stolen five mithun and on at least twenty occasions other valuables. His death was decided upon by the Apa Tanis of all villages, and the denouement preceding his capture were held on the *lapang* of first Hang, then Hari and Bula and at last Haja and Michi Bemin, all prominent men taking part and agreeing with the plan.

When at last he was captured on the Tago *lapang* of Michang Tage nobody stood up for him. He was brought to Hang and kept for two days at the Tahang *lapang*, and finally killed with *dao*.

I went to the Tahang *lapang* and saw on top of it a pile of shields and spears, which will remain there until the day after tomorrow when the *nyia* ceremony will be held. At the Nich *nyia* I saw the place where the corpse had been burnt to ashes, still surrounded by large wooden planks. At the *nyia* all the men of the village will dance and one mithun will be sacrificed. The price of the mithun was raised by public subscription: every household gave some rice and with the rice four cows were brought from four different men; these four cows are now going to be bartered for one good mithun from Jorum.

15th February.—Duta to Hari and back. Of all the Apa Tani villages, Hari is the one with which we have now least contact. True, the sirdar Dumpor Dalio with a band of plane-going men is working for us fairly regularly but the headmen keep very aloof. One reason may be that they are not interested in the Likha affair, and do not want to become involved; another is possibly the result of the action I was forced to take at the beginning of the season; it is noticeable however that no repercussions shadow our relations with the other headmen who in the first month also came in for stern action. So this morning I went to Hari.

Hari and Bela are this year celebrating the Miloko festival and have for months been busy with the preparations. Now it is only three weeks until the beginning of the feast, about one week after the next full moon. At the Miloko the tall *hulo* posts used for the rope-game must all be new; some have already been put up, while others still lie near the *lapang* and will be erected within the next few days. One was about 75 feet long. Very many small private *hulo* posts are put up near the houses, and boys amuse themselves by making their own small *hulo* posts.

The economic importance of the Miloko lies in the fact that all renewals of wood-work are done in that year, when everybody is busy carving and dragging the huge wooden boards for the *lapang*, smaller and thinner boards for their own houses and even the large wooden trays used for moving earth in the construction of rice terraces. Here and there you see up to four and five such broad new trays, carved from one solid piece of wood, lined up on a shelf above the house door. This concentration of the entire community on one particular activity shows again how extraordinarily well-regulated Apa Tani economics are. The advantages of doing all the wood-work at the same time are obvious; for while an individual could hardly fell one of the enormous forest trees in order to obtain wood for a new tray or ladder, odd ends and pieces left from the carving of the huge *lapang* boards provide ample material for all these, personal articles.

I went to see Gat Tachu, but did not find him at home. In a neighbour's house the preliminaries of a wedding were taking place and he was among the many assembled guests. The curious thing about this wedding was that both bride and bridegroom were small children, the bride being still breast fed. But the bride-price was already being arranged, the men scrutinised Tibetan bells (which my Dafla interpreter assessed as of very poor quality) and I was told that four mithun would be paid by the bridegroom's father. Such child marriages are not the rule among the Apa Tanis, and in view of the great freedom of the young girls, the bridegroom has no assurance that his 'wife' will ultimately consent to live with him.

Gat Tachu was at first a bit nervous, fearing no doubt that I would demand once again a number of porters, but showed considerably when he realised that I had come only for a friendly visit. The dispute with Chemsir, he said, was still unsettled, but he hoped for a settlement this year.

From Hari I went to Bela, and inquired what had happened to the hand of Chigi Duyu, which had been taken to Bela after his execution. But the men I found on the *lapang* near the Padi ago were rather reluctant to talk about the whole affair. With some difficulty I found out at last that the hand had already been borne near the *lapang*, and that the *raja* ceremony was planned for to-morrow but would probably have to be postponed because the public mithun envisaged for the sacrifice, could, for the moment, not be found. I was told very definitely that Padi Chiliyang, one of the actual slayers would not have to provide any sacrificial animals at his own expense, for his deed was in the public interest. While I was talking on the *lapang*, some shouts sounded from a distant part of the village. I was told that somebody was missing one of his mithun, and went now with some of his kinsmen through the village proclaiming that the thief if found would have to pay dearly for the crime. The circumstances of Chigi Duyu's execution were obviously at once employed to strike terror into the hearts of other cattle thieves in order to induce them to disgorge their ill-gotten gains.

On one of the verandas Heli spotted a Dafla woman with a log on one leg. As she moved she lifted the log, which was perhaps one yard long, by a sling of cane fastened to both ends, and so—could walk without very great difficulty. She was a woman of Takum, captured in retaliation for the capture and subsequent death of a number of Rertu, and when I heard that she came from that important village on the Khru, I very much wanted to talk to her. But though Heli could speak to her in Dafla, she would not speak to me and was soon hustled away by the people of the house. The Apa Tanis seemed more surprising but helpful, and would tell me nothing about her or her captor. This reluctance on their part was a new phenomenon and is probably due to the fact that Rertu men have been in our camps at Talo and in the Kiyi area, where they saw captives freed and heard that Government disapproves of the practice of holding people to ransom in order to enforce a private claim. Since Padi Layang, who would probably have helped me to contact the woman, is now in Kiruna, I could do nothing to utilize her presence, but later on I may be able to get from her some information on the neighbourhood of Takum.

16th February.—Hah Duta. For some days I have been gathering information on the rôle played by Toko Bat in the negotiations with Licha and it seems that his attitude has been double-faced from the beginning to the end. There is substantial evidence to show that he has encouraged and helped the Licha people in every way and that during our first expedition to Licha he sheltered in his house numerous wives and children of the prominent men of Licha, and among them the wife of Licha Togur, who is his father's brother's daughter. He had then declined to assist in establishing contact with Licha and when on our return we passed through Talo did not meet us at first, perhaps because he thought we knew already more than we actually did. Now several Apa Tanis have told me that during the *sul* in Talo, the Licha men were actually prepared to reach a settlement and had brought with them Tibetan bells and bronze plates, but that Toko Bat advised them to disappear, saying that Government would never be able to force them to pay up. This may, or may not be exactly true, but it is a fact that ever since that abortive *sul* Licha people have been in and out of his house, and Nemlin Tagum told me only the other day, that on coming from Kiruna to Talo he met the two sons of Licha Togur carrying supplies of rice for the Licha people hiding in the jungle, rice which they had received from the house of Toko Bat.

Nada Temu, to whom I talked today, confirmed all this and gave me the names and numbers of Licha people hiding in various houses of Talo and Jorum. He said that the people of Lisaa, on the other hand, had refused to take in any Licha men, saying that they had no wish to be mixed up in Licha's quarrel with Government and the Apa Tanis.

17th February.—Duta to Talo and back—13 miles. Some days ago I wrote to Davy about my discoveries concerning the activities of Toko Bat, and yesterday I received a letter from him asking me to try and arrest Toko Bat and bring him with me to Kiruna. I had little hope of catching him, for rain who had been to Talo yesterday told me that they had seen Toko Bat leaving for Nishom. Yet, I went this morning with half a section of Assam Rifles to Talo.

On the way, not far from Talo, I met the old Nada Rona, Mudang Tale and a few other Apa Tanis. They told me without the slightest hesitation that they were on a mission as negotiators the wife of Toko Heli was held captive in Duta, and they were now negotiating the release. The reason for the capture, which occurred very recently, was that the woman was surprised while stealing from a granary in Mudang Tage. She was caught while she tried to run away, and the owner of the granary Tage Tahr, demanded now a fine

of two mithan. Toko Hâli offered one mithan for her release and the negotiators left no doubt that they expected an agreement to be reached fairly soon and without any disturbance of the peace between Talo and Duta. Later I heard in Talo that Toko Hâli too had gone to Duta and when I visited his father Toko Tekhi, no one in the house asked for my intervention in favour of Hâli's wife. Everyone is obviously confident that the incident would soon be amicably settled.

Already on the way I had heard that Toko Bat has gone to Nielom and I think is very probable that somehow or other he had got wind of our move against him. Though I had discussed his actions only in a small circle of trusted Apa Tanis, news of our suspicions may yet have filtered to Talo, and he may have decided to avoid any danger by going to Nielom where he could not be easily surprised. When I came to his house, only his son Chada was sitting on the platform, making a drinking vessel. Toko Bat's wife Yoyum and his other sons were said to be on the fields, and except for a couple of young women and some children the house was empty. I told Chada that we had received Toko Bat's humble apology, and that he should not think he could dupe us in that way. Chada pretended at first to know of nothing, but admitted afterwards that the family of Licha Togur had been in the house recently and that rice had been sold to his sons.

Then I went to the house of Toko Tekhi, where I dumped some rations for the Assam Rifles. Tekhi was at home and we talked about the situation in Licha. His own son, a pleasant young boy, had been held captive in Licha for three years, and so he was certainly not biased in Licha's favour. Indeed the boy asked whether he might now capture his former captor, thus getting his own back. But Tekhi's explanation for the sudden disappearance of all the Licha headmen during the *mel* in Talo was that then the rumour had sprung up that all the Licha headmen would be captured or arrested as soon as they were all gathered together. He did not know how this rumour arose or who was the first to voice it, but he said that it found credence among the Licha headmen and they bolted without exception, taking their Tibetan bells and other valuables with them. Tekhi told me too that at present the Licha men lurking in the jungle were deliberating whether they should come to the camp at Kiriam or not. Most of them were in favour of settling their disputes with the Apa Tanis and pay up, but some opposed the view that as soon as they came to the camp to hold a *mel* they would be captured, and their council had so far prevented any rapprochement between the Licha men and the Apa Tanis encamped at Kiriam. Tekhi confirmed the rumour about the attitude of the Dafla in the Palin Valley, which has decided Davy to call off the Palin tour. He said that terrified of sharing the fate of Licha they had prepared everything for a rapid evacuation of their villages, had built granaries in hidden places in the forest and moved their stores of grain there, and had slaughtered and eaten all their pigs, presumably in order that they should not fall into our hands or give away their hiding places by their squealing. The men of Tamser and Talum are reported to have said that "if Government is going to make war on them, they would fight, even if they had to die,"—a threat which is presumably not to be taken literally, but tallies with Davy's information that all the paths into the Palin Valley are beset with *punji* and spear-traps.

Although Tekhi, who knows me well, was quite friendly I noticed a certain coldness in the whole atmosphere of Talo. Nowhere, not even in Tekhi's house, was I offered beer, and while on previous occasions quite a number of people collected whenever I visited a house, I was this time left alone with Tekhi and his son. Although not all Talo people are friends of Licha, the ties with that village are probably strong enough to sway the villager's sympathies on the side of Licha and of the men and women now held as prisoners in the Middo outpost.

On the way back to Duta I met several parties of women carrying rice and millet, which they had bought from Apa Tanis for pots or which they had received in payment of cotton delivered many months ago. Trade continues in the midst of war and the Apa Tanis still provide rice to Talo, although they know that part of this rice goes from there to Licha and enables the Licha people to continue their policy of evading any settlement with the Apa Tani headmen waiting for a *mel* in Kiriam.

For the last few days the weather has been fine, and if this is a fairly normal year, it can be said that February is still a good month for touring, though there are probably always a few rainy days. The Miri Mission, which experienced almost daily rain from the middle of January to the end of February, must have been particularly unlucky.

18th February.—Duta to Camp on the Gando River—7 miles approximately—2 P.M. to 5-30 P.M. As the impossibility of the tour to the Palin and Khru necessitates a complete change of programme, I am going to Kiriam to discuss plans with Davy. My wife is staying on in Duta as there is no point in her undertaking the very strenuous trip, and there is moreover a lot to be done in Duta.

In fine weather the way to the Gando River is not difficult, for where the path follows a stream bed one can avoid wading by jumping from stone to stone.

Even two hours' brisk walk from Haja and Duta I still met Apa Tanis carrying firewood, cane and even bamboos. Men who have no private bamboo groves can apparently procure some bamboos by fetching them from as far.

The moist and shady Gando valley is one of the favourite grazing grounds of the Apa Tanis' mithan; they are let loose there, and apparently stay in the valley without straying so far that their owners would have difficulty in finding them when they are required.

19th February.—Camp on the Gando River to Kiriam—10 miles approximately—7. A.M. to 2-30 P.M. I started at 7 A.M. and found the path, which is difficult and extremely strenuous for porters in wet weather, fairly easy now the mud has more or less dried. There are some difficult stretches where trees broken by snow have blocked the old path, but if these were improved, one would have the basis of a passable, though steep track. Even waiting here and there for porters I reached the camp on the Pai River at 11 A.M., covering a distance in 4 hours, which on the expedition against Licha when the path was sown with *punji*, and partly not cleared, we failed to cover in a whole day. After an hour's rest at the Pai River camp, I left at midday and reached Kiriam at 2-30 P.M. little more than twenty-four hours after my start from Duta. I can well understand that Apa Tanis often do the whole journey to Kiriam in one day.

On the way I met several Apa Tanis returning from Licha with such purchases as tobacco and small pigs and ahead of me I even saw two Apa Tani women going to Licha, obviously in order to trade. Thus an exchange of goods—probably vital to both parties has been resumed, although a settlement between Licha and the Apa Tanis is still far off. The explanation for this apparently puzzling situation lies again

in the last that Dafla villages are not political units, and that while individual households can maintain friendly relations with the Apa Tanis, other households are to all intents and purposes at war with Hija and Duta. I met also some Bela men dragging a white mithan which a Licha man had paid in settlement of a claim and their faithful hopes that Davy's attempts to coerce the Licha people to settle their disputes with the Apa Tanis may yet be successful.

In Kirum I found indeed a *mel*—or rather a number of private *mels*—between Licha men and Apa Tanis in progress. Davy told me that after he had adopted Dafla methods and captured sixteen Licha people, mainly in their own houses, several of the influential men had come forward and promised to satisfy the Apa Tanis' demands in order to effect the release of their wives and relations who are now held at the outpost in Mido. The atmosphere is (not unnaturally) not yet as cordial as it was during the *mel* at Talo, but I believe that there is the chance for a settlement, provided the Licha men can lay their hands on the mithan and valuables which the Apa Tanis are demanding. Licha is said to be a comparatively poor village, and there can be no doubt that many of the ransoms the Apa Tanis paid in the past, were soon expended and are no longer in the hands of the Licha men. Yet there must be at least some mithan and valuables in the possession of important men such as Licha Togur and Gem Pumbo.

20th February.—Camp Kirum.—Halt. A fine, sunny day, on which we regretted sitting in Kirum instead of shoving forward along the Kiru. But it is obvious that any move through the Palin valley without enlisted permanent porters is for the moment out of the question. Likha Teji, whom a few days ago Davy sent out to reconnoitre, came back with the news that he found the path to Tasso thickly sown with *falyi*. Snow, which on that day was falling heavily, had blocked his way further, but it seems indeed that though Tasso, Tahiso and Bidey may offer no active opposition (and I should be very surprised if they did) they would use passive resistance to the full, refusing to carry our baggage. Refugees from Licha have no doubt spread terrifying tales about our instructions and even if these were not all believed, the people of Tasso and Takum probably think that in our train would come numerous sons (such as Likha Take, who has a feud with Tasso) bent on exploiting our presence to realise their private claims.

The *mel* continued today and I saw for the first time Licha Togur, a lean and shrewd looking man, and Gem Pumbo, the hero of many adventures in love and war, a tall, slender man with grey hair and a rather noble, calm face. It is somewhat surprising that hardly any of the renowned warriors are of the coarse, brutal and fierce looking type which is so frequent among Daflas. There are quite a number of Dafla toughs, whom you "would not like to meet alone on a dark night," but none of them seems to have gained a great reputation by prowess in war.

The Licha men promised to pay a good many mithan and valuables, and paid in fact three mithan to men of Bela. But both they and the Apa Tanis complain that their *mel* is being disturbed by Daflas of such villages as Jorum and Likha who all take the opportunity of also making demands for mithan and Tibetan bells, demands which the Lichamen could not possibly satisfy in addition to those of the Apa Tanis. We made it quite clear that for the moment Government was only interested in a settlement between Licha and the Apa Tanis, but it seems to be unavoidable that any village in trouble—and particularly so war-like a village as Licha—is soon besieged by men seeking reparation for injuries suffered many years ago. Indeed I have heard it said that the Licha men are not averse to satisfying the Apa Tani claims, but are appalled at the prospect of having also to pay compensation to Daflas who in the past have suffered at their hands.

21st February.—Halt Kirum. The hopes both we and the Apa Tanis had set on the promises of the Licha men to yesterday's *mel* have so far not been fulfilled. Today no progress was made and to make things worse it has been drizzling most of the day. There were no discussions for the simple reason that no Licha men turned up, and the Apa Tanis (and incidentally we too) were left sitting in the rain on our slippery spur. Some say that the Licha men have gone to borrow some of the valuables they have promised to give (no doubts on the understanding that they will repay them after the next successful raid), and that necessitates journeys to neighbouring villages.

That Licha is really in an unenviable position and at the mercy of many who would never have dared to lift their hand against her, is shown by the fate of one of Licha Salia's slaves. After Licha Salia's and his son's arrest, one of his slaves carried an Assam Rifles load from Kirum to Mido, and hardly had he left the Mido outpost when he was captured by Licha Jili of Hili, one of the Likha settlements, who had an old grudge against Salia, and knowing the old man and his son arrested, captured at once his unfortunate slave, practically on the doorstep of the Mido outpost.

22nd February.—Kirum to Camp on the Pai River.—2 P.M. to 5 P.M. The great problem is now of moving all the loads, which were collected at Kirum for the Palin tour, and have now to be taken back to Duta. For the Apa Tani are rather tired of carrying backwards and forwards between Duta and Kirum and many of the men on our porter registers have been sent down to Joybing; Licha men are practically out of the question, though one or the other slave may be found, and the Nielom men, who carried previously on various occasions, are not likely to come forward since the Political Jemadar's unsuccessful attempt to arrest Nielom Tapa. So it would be impossible to move all the luggage at one time, and since I want to start as soon as possible on my Miri tour (which is to take the place of the planned tour to the Upper Kharo and Lekha), I left today with the first group of porters for Duta,—nine Nepalese permanent porters and about fifteen Apa Tanis, scraped together from the various camps of headmen taking part in the *mel*.

The morning passed again without any Licha men of importance putting in an appearance, and Chigi Nime declared that the Apa Tanis would "wait three more days and would then start hunting down and killing all absconding Licha men", a threat which is more designed to express his annoyance than to be translated into action. To cheer the old man up, I gave him today the present of a Moghul sword, which I had bought in Hyderabad, in order to repay his gift of a Tibetan sword, with which he had presented me last year when I was leaving Duta. The beautiful Moghul steel aroused enormous admiration for no Apa Tani has ever seen so flexible and light a sword.

With me went Khanda Yopa and her baby son, the woman who was the object of the quarrel which has precipitated the recent crisis in Kirum. This evening I asked her her story which is of sufficient interest to be shortly quoted and shows the great difficulties which one encounters in trying to settle Dafla cases.

On February 6th, just as I was starting for Duta, a few men of Bagi came into our camp, obviously to see how the wind blew. One of them was Dur Tapa; whereupon Tanya Tara of Talo who had obviously followed us, waiting for such an opportunity, accused Dur Tapo of having captured his "wife" and appealed to Davy to restore her to him. Davy asked Dur Tapa whether he would produce the woman so that she could choose between the two men, and when Tapa refused arrested him. One or two days later the woman, who had an infant son by Dur Tapa, was brought to the camp and said she would prefer

to go with Tanya Tara to Talo. Dur Tapa was released and claimed his son, but as the child was only six months old it was obvious that he must stay with the mother.

The next day Tanya Tara and Yopu with the child, started for Talo, but when they entered the jungle of the Kiyi valley they were waylaid by Dur Tapa and his brother Sera, who threatened Tanya Tara with a poisoned arrow and wounded him slightly in the hip with a dao. They took Yopu back to Bagi to Dur Tapa's house, but on her entreaties spared Tanya Tara's life. When Davy heard of the incident he went to Bagi, burnt Dur Tapa's house, and arrested two of the inmates; later Yopu was brought to Davy. Dur Tapa escaped and is now reported to be in the Palin valley. Davy's order to bring him dead or alive has as yet had no result, but his brother Sera was captured and handed over to Davy by another Licha man who hoped thereby to earn freedom for his arrested relation. Sera is now a prisoner at the Mudo outpost.

Yopu's story is that she was born in Hidjat Lapukher, a village east of the Palin and south of the Khru. When she was a small girl Apa Tanis of Bela raided the village and Tafaag Buda, whose father had been killed by a kinsman of hers, captured her and subsequently sold her to Gem Pumbo of Licha. So she grew up in Kiriam and among her play-mates was Dur Tapa, who was always extremely fond of her. Later, when he was half grown, Gem Pumbo sold her to Tanya Tara of Talo. In Tanya Tara's house she was well treated and as she was of a good clan, there was some talk that Tara would ultimately keep her as wife. But although she became mature while in Talo, Tanya Tara never had intercourse with her and she remained in the position of a well treated slave girl. Dur Tapa continued to take every opportunity of meeting her, and tried to persuade her to elope with him from her master's house. But she was not particularly enamoured of Dur Tapa and refused to leave Talo. Then one day, about two years ago, she accompanied Tanya Tara and his brother on a visit to Bagi and on the way back the whole party was waylaid by Dur Tapa and his five brothers. Dur Tapa seized Yopu and the two Tanya brothers were chased off. Yopu was taken to Dur Tapa's house and became his wife, but she was at first not happy and ran off to Talo. However, Dur Tapa, who as she admits was very much in love with her and treated her well, captured her again and employed the magic an Licha Take to win Yopu's heart by love magic. This had, as she says, some effect, and since then she felt happier in Bagi. Some six months ago she bore Tapa a son, the child still with her. Tanya Tara tried twice to get Yopu back, once he brought 30 warriors intending to capture her or Dur Tapa on the fields, and once he arranged to raid their house with 60 warriors. But Dur Tapa who has friends in Talo was always warned in time, and so he hid with Yopu until the danger was over.

I asked Yopu, who after all has found for two years as Dur Tapa's wife and has a son by him, why when Dur Tapa was arrested she chose to return to her former master Tanya Tara. The answer was disappointingly prosaic for a girl who has aroused such violent passions, for whose sake Tapa had first courted arrest rather than agree to return her to her master, and then defied Davy's decision and wounded Tanya Tara in the attempt to regain her. She said that Dur Tapa was a poor man and that since their house and granaries had been burnt during our first visit to Licha, life in Bagi had become so difficult that she preferred to return to the peace and comparative wealth of Talo. The fact that her husband and father of her child was a fugitive in the Palin valley did not disturb her at all, and she seemed quite happy to go with Tanya Tara's brother Talo.

22nd February.—Camp on the Pai River to Duta—12 miles approximately—7 A. M.—3-30 P. M. I started in good weather and reached the Gando River by mid-day, but then it began to rain and hail and the rest of the trek through the stream beds was far from pleasant. In Duta it is extremely cold, far colder than in Kiriam, and in our bamboo house it is difficult to keep warm.

24th February.—Halt Duta. Today a party of Apa Tani porters returned from Joyhing. They are all very disappointed that no cloth and no iron hoes are available at Joyhing or North Lakhimpur, for on this trip they had hoped to make purchases for all the cash which they have earned by carrying for us. Our attempts to obtain further supplies of standard cloth have so far been unsuccessful, and our inability to give the Apa Tanis the things useful to them for the money they have collected is a serious problem. We started by telling them that this season they were not allowed to go and work in the plains, but should work for Government as porters, and would be supplied by Government with the things they need. This promise we have not been able to keep, for there were always so many state and Assam Rifles rations to be carried to Duta that transport of trade goods was difficult, and now that we have reverted to the expedient of sending the men down to the plains to purchase their requirements, the expectations of the Apa Tanis are again disappointed owing to the shortage of goods. If our porters are left this year with a great deal of cash and no chance of converting it into goods, they will no doubt feel that it is better to work for rich men and get paid in rice, and next year it will be difficult to get porters. The Apa Tanis cannot understand that there is a shortage of commodities in the plains, and they think that if they had gone and worked as in other years for some weeks in the plains, they would somehow or other have managed to buy gradually some useful goods. It is not that the individual Apa Tani porter is personally in need of very much cloth, salt or iron, but these articles are the only exchange goods with which he can barter the rice, pigs and chickens which he wants. I notice, for instance, that many of the white cotton cloths bought by Apa Tanis are being sold to the neighbouring Daflas, whose weaving industry is much less developed, mainly for pigs, chickens, tobacco and gourd vessels, which are strangely enough a main item of the Apa Tanis import trade. It seems that the need for cloth in these hills, where only a very little cotton is grown, is so great that almost any amount of cloth is absorbed at once without being very noticeable in the dress of any individual community. But it would be desirable to supply the hillmen with really useful warm and hard wearing cloth, comparable to the excellent woollen cloth of Tibetan origin, which we saw in Mengio; the standard cloth which we are now selling, though fairly strong as machine-made white cloth for plains use goes, is certainly not ideal for the hills.

25th February.—Duta to Hari and back. Today I went to Hari to arrange for porters for my tour to Chemir, but as many parties of Apa Tanis have gone to the plains [redacted] Hari and Bela the only two villages in touch with Chemir, are this year celebrating the Mloke festival, [redacted] not easy to get the necessary men. Gat Tadu and other headmen were co-operative and promised to do their best, but I noticed that the immediate reaction of all men to whom I broached the subject of porters was the advice to get Dimpre Dubo to make the arrangements. Now Dimpre Dubo is by no means a headman but a freed slave, who speaks some Assamese and has for years acted as gang-leader of Hari men working in the plains. This year he is working as sirdar and is just now on a trip to Joyhing. I think that last year I did not realize the great influence of these "gaonbura" of slave-class, who are the trusted leaders of the men going to work and

trade in the plains. Here we have certainly an example of a definite change in the social structure caused by a new economic development.

The *bube* posts for the Miloko have not yet all been put up and it seems that the feast will not begin until next new moon—it is now about two days to the full moon.

On the way back I saw women sowing the rice in the nurseries, where the soft mud has been smoothed after being thoroughly mixed with the manure which for weeks has been thrown on to these small terrace-fields near the village. The Apa Tanis do not soak the seed grain before sowing, but scatter it dry over the liquid mud. There are several kinds of rice, ripening at different times, and they are all sown in separate nurseries, though at the same time. No ritual precedes sowing and any villager may make the start.

Tonight Kago Bida came back from Kiruna. He is not hopeful of a settlement with Licha, and from him and other Apa Tanis I heard the rumour that Tako But, who does no longer stay in his house, but is moving about in and around Nichum, advises the Licha men to hold out a few days more, because "the Sahibs and the sepoys would soon be forced to depart for want of rations"—a statement which is unfortunately true and which shows that the Dafas realize only too well that we are nearly as much in their hands as they in ours. There can, for instance, be no doubt that if Likha, Nichum, Talo and Jorum combined to refuse us transport and sold no more rice, they could practically force us to release the arrested Licha people. For it would be difficult to take the responsibility of allowing the men, women and children to starve, who are now fed at Mdolo with rice purchased from the Likha people, and porters would be required to send them under escort to the plains.

26th February.—Halt Duta. Today Gat Tadu and two other headmen of Hari came to see me to discuss the problem of porters for my journey to Chemir. They feel obviously that since Chemir lies in their sphere of trade-*interests*, this trip is their responsibility and they promise to do their best to arrange for porters. The feud with Chemir, which about a year ago led to the capture of Hage Gat by the Chemir headmen, has apparently come to an end, or is at least dormant though no formal *dapo*-treaty has yet been concluded.

Some days ago vegetable seeds suitable for high altitudes and some seed potatoes from Shillong arrived, and I distributed small quantities to the Hari headmen. They and most Apa Tanis to whom I showed the seeds were very interested and with their skill in gardening they should make a success of the new vegetables.

News from Kiruna is more hopeful. The Bagi men have offered sixteen mithan in bulk payment of the Apa Tanis' claim, but the Apa Tanis seem to take the view that a *dapo* can only be made when their individual, though already considerably reduced claims, are satisfied. They say that if they make a *dapo*, it must be with the whole of Licha, to be of any practical value, and that *dapo* with the one or other family are of little use.

The weather continues to be cold—at night near freezing point—but there has been no rain for several days.

27th February.—Halt Duta. Whether we will get sufficient porters to leave the day after tomorrow for Chemir is still a doubtful point. So far neither Hari nor Bela have produced any number of porters, and the general attension of Haja, Duta and indeed also Bela is so much focussed on the negotiations with Licha, that it is very difficult to interest them in my Chemir trip. Messages and demands for porters have been sent to Chemir, and it remains to be seen whether the forty Miris asked for will come to Duta and carry loads to Chemir. Since Bela . . made friends again with Chemir, and the trouble between Chemir and Hari is also no longer acute, there should be no reason to prevent them from coming to the Apa Tani country, and the *bura*-headers who have for years drawn their "pensions" from Government without doing anything in return have no excuse to refuse co-operation. It would be a pity if my start was delayed and we missed the spell of dry weather which has lasted for the last few days.

28th February.—Halt Duta. It is still doubtful whether I will be able to start tomorrow. No Miris nor any news from Chemir have as yet arrived, and though several Apa Tani headmen have promised to search for porters, there is no saying whether the required number will turn up tomorrow morning. There are various reasons for this difficulty: most of the recognized sirdars with their parties are on the way to or from Joyhing, or have only just returned, I had to send a good many Apa Tanis back to Kiruna to fetch the loads still with Davy; the work on the fields, where the dams must be repaired, is in this time between Morom and Miloko at its height and cannot be deferred; and Bela and Hari, who consider the road to Chemir as "theirs", are feverishly busy with the preparations for the Miloko, which it is their turn to celebrate this year. After the Apa Tanis have co-operated so splendidly for four months and have made all this season's operations possible, I do not want to exert any pressure and I am still hoping to get the very limited number of porters for the trip to Chemir by persuasion rather than coercion.

1st March.—Duta—Camp Bapu, approx 8 miles—10-30 A.M.—4 P.M. Last night I still doubted whether I would get sufficient porters to be able to start, for no Miris have arrived and the *bura*-holders sent a message that it would take them a week to collect forty men. Since moreover I could not draw on Duta, Haja and Reru, whose men are busy evacuating Assam Rifles and stores from Kiruna, I had to persuade Hari, the village usually the most difficult to tackle, to furnish a considerable number of porters. Yesterday I was told that owing to the death of an important man no one would come to carry loads, but I insisted that I had to start, and this morning, to my pleasant surprise, the Hari men arrived in force ready to take me to Chemir. On this trip not only men used to go to the plains came as porters, but also a fair number of young men of good family, who would never voluntary go to Joyhing but have no objection to do a trip to Chemir. Another large group of Apa Tani porters are the men of the Kalung khel of Bela, who have also close trade relations with Chemir and the villages of the Bua-Rakhe group. They are accompanied by Kalung Boker, the most influential man of Kalung; with us is also Gate Tadu an important man, if not the most important man of Hari, who is coming to further the negotiations between Hage Gate of Chemir and Gach Tamar of Chemir.

We started late, as one always does when leaving the Apa Tani country with local porters, but I was very relieved that it was possible to take all essential loads with us. Our party consists only of my wife, myself and Kop Temi, the only one among our interpreters who speaks Miri fluently. By leaving all Gallongs and Gurkha P. L. Co. with Davy, we have very much facilitated our rationing arrangements, but are of course

thus entirely dependent on local porters for all our moves. We have now sixty Apa Tanis with us, not a few of whom are required to carry their own provisions. A large proportion of the loads consist of trade goods with which we will have to pay porters once we leave the villages in close touch with the plains where money is acceptable. With us are also four Apa Tanis whom we are training to put up the tents and whom we shall keep with us as long as we are able to feed them—the beginning of a permanent porter corps of Apa Tanis.

There was much discussion which path we should take. There is the path *via* Mount Donkho, which involves one long climb and which was favoured by the Kalung men, and a path to the south described to Take and as much easier though a little longer by the Hari men. In the end I decided on the latter and starting at 10-30 A.M. we first went to Hari where much delay was caused by the porters going to their houses to don their travelling hit and have some food. It was nearly midday when we passed through an alley of magnificent pines in between Hari's bamboo groves. There, as everywhere on the path, we saw large stacks of firewood, brought in, no doubt, in preparation for the Mloko feast, when no one has time to go for wood. Here again is evidence for the high degree of organization in the Apa Tanis' economic life.

Past rice-fields and small groves of pines, we entered a secluded valley, where a clear swift flowing stream winds through pastures and small fenced-in plots, used for millet and dry crops, but now all open to the cattle as grazing grounds. Much of the grass and bracken was still dead and brown, but there was yet an air of early spring in the valley; there were catkins on the willows lining the stream, and here and there I saw the first massive primulas, which a fortnight later will cover the hill-sides all over the Apa Tani country with a flowery carpet.

The morning had been fine, but as we began the first climb it started raining, and the yellow clay of the path was soon a slippery slimy mass. Otherwise the climb is not bad and much less steep than the one up Mount Donkho. On the crest of the ridge which lies between 6,000 and 7,00 feet, the path is broad and well trodden, leading through the Apa Tanis' wood reserve of high, magnificent forest with very little undergrowth; a type of forest different from anything which I have yet seen in the Dafla hills. Each part of this forest has a name and belongs to an individual clan of Hari.

After dropping for a short time, we came to a spur with a few moderately level places, possible for a camp. The water of the Bapu stream is close by and the Hari men explained that this was the only place where we could spend the night because on the next ridge there was no water for a very long way. So we camped on a narrow ledge that barely held our tents, and the Apa Tani permanent porters were surprisingly quick and efficient in pitching my tent. Just how narrow these spurs are I have just experienced; for in pushing my chair back to poke the fire it fell down the slope and rolling through the scanty undergrowth must have travelled a couple of hundred feet.

2nd March.—Camp Bapu to Camp Dansok—Approximately 9 miles—7 A.M. to 3-15 P.M. Last night there was light rain, and dense mist enclosed the hills and the moist dripping forest until almost midday. We started at seven o'clock, and for the first time the path led first up and then along a high ridge, probably between 7,000 feet high. Rhododendrons were there in full blossom, clouds of red blossoms on the wide spreading branches and carpets of red beneath where the flowers had already fallen to the ground. In this forest never touched by the axe of *jhum*-cultivators. Rhododendrons are of gigantic size, some I believe must top 100 feet.

After two hours' walk we dropped into a narrow valley, and crossed the Sabbu and Pamit Rivers close to their confluence. Whereas the hunting grounds to the near side belong to the Hago clan of Hari, those to the far side belong to the Kalung clan of Bela village. It appears that here every part of the forest, even as far as a day's journey from the Apa Tani country, is owned by a particular clan and sometimes even individuals who guard jealously the rights to trap and cut cane in their piece of forest, while not interfering with hunting parties that use bow and arrows or spears.

After the crossing of the Pamit there was another long bad climb, and I felt that the crest of the hill could not be very much lower than Mount Donkho. At last we reached a high sitting place and were told that nearby lay the boundary between the Apa Tani and the Dafla land. The path dropped then steadily, and we soon passed a bamboo structure which the Apa Tanis erected as a sign of their willingness to conclude a *dojo* with Rakha, Pamir and Bua at the time when they started the peace negotiations some three months ago. If the negotiations succeed the structure will be used as basis for a *dojo* monument. It seems that the visit of a large party of Miris to Duta in November has had a good effect. I had called them to the Apa Tani country with the intention of settling by persuasion and in an amicable way the dispute between Bela and Hari on the one side and Bua and Chemir on the other. While agreement was reached between Bela and the Miris, no complete reconciliation took place in the case of Hari and Chemir. However, my admonishments that there must be peace between the Apa Tanis and the Miris, who are both the "children of Government" was not without effect. Trade relations were resumed and all concerned realized that Government would insist on the re-opening of the important line between Chemir and the Apa Tani country. No further incidents have taken place, the general atmosphere between the villages has gradually improved and I hope that with Gat Tadu of Hari in my train things will move once I get to Chemir.

A very long and tiring descent, partly over an atrociously slippery path, the steepness reminding us of last year's route *via* Kempging and Lobo, brought us to the Semla and Paoyi Rivers which rush in waterfalls and cascades through a narrow rocky valley. To our pleasant surprise we found newly made bamboo bridges built across both streams, and after climbing a steep slope on the right bank, found a group of young men of Bua (they pronounce the name of this village without an *h* between the two vowels) waiting for us on an open place, free of undergrowth and comparatively dry and thus eminently suitable for a camp. The young men of Bua turned out to be relations of Kop Temi, and hearing of our coming had come down to build the bridges for our benefit. They strike me as rather different from other Daflas.

The place where they awaited us was the deserted site of Dansok village which ten years ago was wiped out by Lisia. The survivors live now in Bua, but the men told us that they would like to return to Dansok. The only remaining traces of the old settlement are a few fruit-trees, now in full blossom, a delightfully fresh and delicate pink contrast to the moist tropical jungle.

3rd March.—Camp Dansok to Bua—Approximately 4 miles—7 A.M. to 10-30 A.M. The morning was fine, but the path rising from the camp up a wooded slope was still extremely muddy and some boggy places could only be crossed with the help of logs laid over the mud. After a climb of half an hour we reached a view point into and across the Pein valley. From there the path hugged a very steep slope, leading down into ravines and up over slippery steps. At last we emerged onto old *jhums* and from them on paved mainly through low secondary jungle. The sun had come out and we had a good view of the ridge with the *jhums* of Taplo and Rakhe and further north the range beyond the Kamla. The Miri Mission Report had

make me believe that this area was entirely covered in dense forest, but actually there are, quite apart from present *jhums*, large patches, sometimes whole hillsides, of barren ground, now reddish brown and probably the result of over-cultivation and erosion.

On an open hill I was assisted by a crowd of magnificently dressed men of Chegsir, led by Guch Tamar, the old man whom I knew from the *mel* in Duta. He was all smiles and greeted me with overwhelming friendliness, producing several *changs* of the best millet-beer I have tasted for a long time. He assured me that the men to fetch me from Duta were all ready, but I was soon to discover that though some had gathered, there was no question of an immediate start and had I waited for the Miris at Duta, I would at the best have been delayed for days. Tamar, as indeed also our Bua guides and Apa Tani porters, said it would be difficult to reach Ghemir today, and suggested we should camp in Bua. Since this was the third day on a hard pace, and the porters were all feeling the strain, I decided to camp at Bua, which in any case is an interesting link between the so-called Daflas of Pemir and Rakhe, and the so-called Miris of the Chemir group. After dropping for some considerable time through the high grass of exhausted *jhums*, we emerged just above the village of Bua, as I saw two clusters of houses, built against the steep slope. The larger is the old village of Bua (spelt wrongly on the map Baha) while the other is formed by the houses of the fugitives from Dansok.

There is an excellent small camp site between the two settlements and we were at once surrounded by a crowd of men, women and children. The putting-up of my tent caused great amusement and the Bua people and the Apa Tanis mixed freely like old acquaintances. Very soon people began to bring gifts of beer and eggs, and it was only due to the many thirsty Apa Tanis that we could cope with the batteries of *changs* that filled our tent.

I had not even to enter the village to realise that there is a great difference between Bua and the villages of the Leli, Duruma and Aya Daflas. While there the houses lie scattered, each on a small spur or hill-top of its own, surrounded by its pig-sties and granaries, here the houses stand much closer together, forming almost a kind of street. Coming from the camp site on the spur above, I entered through an opening in a living palisade of thorny trees, standing sufficiently close together to make it possible to build at very short notice an effective barrier sheltering the village against any rush from the higher ground above. I was told that this is not a general feature of the villages of this group, but has been adopted here because Bua is always nervous of the possibility of raids by Lirla. The slope below this palisade drops at an angle of 40° to 45° degrees and there on high piles stand some sixteen houses to both sides of a broad main street. I doubt whether I have ever seen a steeper village site, and one cannot help wondering why the people have chosen this precipitious slope in preference to a spur of lesser gradient. The proximity of water and the absence of any level ground anywhere near a stream may be the reason.

The houses are built along the slope and have on the one side of necessity very high poles. They are much smaller than most Dafla houses and none seemed to have more than two or three hearths. The verandas face the street, and the interior is, in Dafla style, one single *koom*.

Preparations for the sacrifice of a mithan and a pig in propitiation of disease spirits, which had afflicted a prominent man, were just under way, and I saw the two large and elaborate structures of leafy branches, young trees and a great deal of bamboo work in front of which the rite was to be performed. The priest wore a huge head-dress of bear-skin, large silver trumpets in his earlobes and many other ornaments. He had come from Rakhe village to perform the rite, and I was surprised to hear that he was a Duruma Dafla from Hat Yua, south of Mai, who lives now in Rakhe and has adopted the dress of the Miris.

In the few houses I visited I was well received. I tried to find out whether the people consider themselves as Daflas or Miris, but this was difficult since neither term is in use among the hillmen themselves. They could tell me only that they stood in marriage relations with Rakhe and Pemir as well as with Chemir and occasionally also with Lirla. All the clans are different from those familiar to me from Duruma, Kemdir and Leli Daflas. I asked about connections with villages to the north of the Kamla and Khru, but the people all emphasized that they never dared to go far afield and were content with relations with their immediate neighbours. They are perhaps not as parochial and timid as they would make me believe, but they certainly struck me as a rather insignificant lot.

In the evening I went to the other settlement and visited the house of Kop Elia, the father's brother of the head-interpreter Kop Temi, who is with me and on his first visit to his uncle's village. Kop Elia's father lived originally in Soipali near Jorum, but his village was raided by Nirlom, Likha and Licha, and he sought refuge with relations living in Dansok and settled there. Elia himself lived in Dansok until ten years ago when Dansok was raided by Lirla. During this raid eleven men and women were killed and three girls captured. The survivors attempted no revenge and went to live in Bua where they feel safer. But they would now like to return to Dansok, and asked for formal permission to re-occupy the village. I told them that Government had no objection to their contemplated move and would indeed welcome a village on the way to Bua. I said I could not commit Government to afford them protection against future raids by Lirla, but said that I could answer for the Apa Tanis who would give them no trouble unless provoked and that I thought it unlikely that Lirla would molest a village friendly with Government and the Apa Tanis.

The presence of Kop people, who belong to the Kemdir group of Daflas in Bua, and the fact that neither they nor anyone else is conscious of any essential difference between them and the other villagers tends to show that no hard line can be drawn between the Daflas and the tribal group popularly known as Hill Miris. Both intermarry and though Bua is built in a style considerably different from villages of the Duruma and Leli group, it is quite possible that the Dafla villages on the Khru are of a similar pattern and I remember indeed a Dafla telling me that Lebia was different from both Apa Tani and Dafla villages, the houses standing neither eave to eave as in Apa Tani villages, nor as far apart as in villages such as Likha, Licha or Mengo.

4th March.—Bua to Tapo (Chemir)—Approximately 5 miles—10 A.M. to 3-30 P.M. Before leaving for Guch Tamar's village, which is marked on the map as Chemir, but is really called Tapo, I gathered the Apa Tanis, Bua people and Miris from Tapo and other villages and explained to them that Government expected them to conclude a *dipo* treaty binding to peace Bela and Hari on the one side and Bua, Rakhe, Pemir, and Tapo on the other. Both the Apa Tanis and the Miris, some of whom were *pa.e*-holders, were the "children of Government" and any feuds between them ought now to be

settled, particularly since porters and messengers would have to come this way and the trade between Miri and Apa Tanis was of the greatest value to both. It was the murder of Tayo Tara of Bua by Apa Tanis of Hari which had last year given rise to a feud and caused indirectly the capture of Hago Gai by Guch Tamar of Tapo. Now it was essential to end this feud by an amicable arrangement acceptable to both parties which left no ill-feeling on either side. This speech was well received and both parties promised that they would complete a date within a few weeks. Even now a good many Apa Tanis are coming and going to Bua to trade—mainly to buy pigs for the impending Mloko, paying for them in salt or cloth.

From Bua one can see a spur with one of the houses of Tapo—the others lie on the far side of it—and the distances to the eye used on the map seemed to short that I expected to reach Tapo within two or three hours. What the crow flies it may be, but the path climbs and falls into three deep valleys and rising over two ridges, until at last it rises through Bua fields to the ridge on which Tapo lies, was very tedious. After the drizzle of the night it was muddy and slippery and the steep descents and climbs were trying for us as well as the porters; in the rains this path must be well nigh unusable for laden porters and even today it took us from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. to reach the village. Tapo like Bua, is built on a very steep slope with not a single level space and to pitch our tent we had to dig out part of a hill-side.

The view from the ridge above Tapo is magnificent. In no part of Assam have I ever seen such terrific, awe-inspiring country. Even the Dafla hills round Potin, Talo, Likha and Mengo are tame beside these forbidding mountains sweeping up within four or five miles from the deep gauge of the Kamla, whose level is below 1000 feet to 7000 and 8000 feet peaks. Every tributary rushing down in cascades and waterfalls has eaten deep into the hill-sides and no contour paths do not exist and are in some places probably impossible, one has to descend into several valleys often little higher than the main valley in moving between the villages clinging to the slopes at heights of 3,000 to 4,000 feet.

It has been oppressively hot, an enormous contrast after the cold bracing climate of Duta, and our Apa Tani porters discarded every cloth they carried. For the most part this meant to patch their blankets (issued to porters on longer treks) on top of their load, for the great majority had brought no other clothing with them, saying that when leaving the Apa Tani country they never wear their good cloths and that indeed their wives would not allow them to take a decent cloak away from home. This is apparently the reason why Apa Tanis going to the plains always wear the oldest of torn rags and it is no doubt their miserable appearance outside their own country that has given rise to the rather sneering tone in which Plains Duflas and Duflas of the foothills refer to the Apa Tanis. I rather fancy that in the past the 'Hill Miris' also disparaged the Apa Tanis with a jeer, and it was no doubt a great revelation to the Miri pass-builders who came to Duta to see what a prosperous people the Apa Tanis are and in what a rich country they live: many among the Miri porters, who have gone to bring up the rest of the loads and the doctor, said they were going because they wanted to see the Apa Tani country.

Our porters and the villagers were equally helpful in carving out a camp site from the hillside above some granaries, and I could not have wished for a better reception in Tapo.

The contrast between the tour to Likha and Licha, when we had sepoys and a few Nepalis of the Permanent Labour Corps in camp, and this tour when except for my cook only tribesmen are of the party, shows very clearly the *pros* and *cons* of the two different styles of touring. Permanent porters mean of course greater efficiency and greater comfort, and when coming in tired from a march one has not to bother about the pitching of the tent and the making of shelters. On the other hand they do erect a barrier between the touring officer and the villagers, who in the first and important moment of arrival are rather relegated to the rôle of spectators, and have to watch a crowd of strangers preparing a site, cutting posts and collecting wood on their village land. If you travel lightly with local tribesmen, the entire journey and every halt on the march has the political value of establishing and deepening contact, getting to know the people and becoming familiar to them. The very fact that no one else is about accepts in them the feeling that they are responsible for you, and they show themselves far more helpful, than when they carry your loads, but see you surrounded by sepoys and Permanent Labour Corps. Similarly on arrival in a village which has perhaps never been visited, or at least not for ten or twenty years, the best way of breaking down any shyness or suspicion is to give the people a job to do. In Bua as well as here the villagers were delighted to help in putting up the tent and their very inexperience—and even the entanglement with the ropes—was the cause of much laughter which is the best step to a friendly atmosphere. A small camp, consisting of a tent and two shelters for servants and interpreters can also be much closer to the village, or indeed inside the village and this again makes for a feeling of mutual trust.

On punitive expeditions or when for other political reasons sepoys have to be taken, it is of course necessary to have permanent porters unless one wants to be always at the mercy of the tribesmen. But there is, I believe, also a case for the exploratory tour, without either Assam rifles or permanent porters, when the marches and the process of getting into camp are themselves taken as opportunities for making contact. A major advantage is that moving in a very small party one is much freer in the choice of a camp site. From the Miri Mission Report it appears that the party camped usually in the valleys in-between the villages, where streams provided ample water, and touched the villages lying on hills only *en passant*. This is perhaps the reason why the Mission had so little real contact with the villages and why the information contained in the two reports is so unreliable.

Soon after we got into camp it began to rain; now it is pouring and the slope is gradually being transformed into a mud-slide.

5th March.—Halt Tapo. Before tackling the problems of either the not yet formally settled feud between Guch Tamar and Hari or the need for porters for my next move I went to have a look round the village and visit Guch Tamar's house. The whole village comprises 26 houses; 17 of these stand in one settlement grouped round Guch Tamar's house, and this is Tapo proper. Five other houses stand on a nearby slope, separated from the main slope by a small stream, and this group is known as Tanyo. One isolated house with its granaries, belonging to Hipu Taya, lies at a distance of two or three furlongs beyond a small valley and a brother of Guch Tamar who had several deaths in his family moved very recently to a site on the path to Bua.

Guch Tamar's house is fairly big and substantial with six hearths in the only long room, but the other houses are small with at the most two or three hearths. The granaries stand either in groups of six or more outside the village, and are fairly large structures on high piles, hardly distinguishable from houses; wood is much more used in the construction of buildings than in the Apa Tani country and thatching is not generally by bana leaf overlaid with grass. In Guch Tamar's house I was received most cordially and entertained with the most excellent millet-beer and a kind of bread made of crushed millet and entirely black. Tamar told me that the Miri Mission, which he remembers well, ran out of rations at one stage and subsisted precariously on such millet bread bought from Miris. Outside his house I saw some very fine cattle and Tamar was emphatic that this was not brought up from the plains, and that it is indeed impossible to take either mithan or cows over the steep and rocky path which the Miris use and which leads to Dalungmukh. But cattle could be brought via the Apa Tani country, though with great difficulty. The Miris have also a variety of goat with beautiful long hair, and another with large twisted horns. When I subdued a gauntlet of goat's hide with long silky brownish grey hair, Tamar took it off and insisted that I should accept it as a present.

The only flaw in the entirely pleasant atmosphere was the apparent inability of Guch Tamar and Gat Tada of Hari to get together and negotiate some settlement of the feud, in the course of which Gat Tada's sister's son Hage Gat was last year kept for several months captive in Tamar's house. So I called them together in front of my tent and told them that they had to take this opportunity of talking things over, and in the end I took the Apa Tani delegation myself to Tamar's house and made sure an hour afterwards that the negotiations were proceeding. Meanwhile I watched in a neighbouring house a sacrificial rite in propitiation of deities that had caused the illness of a child. The people of the house had lived north of the Kamla, just over Pulne Tapo, but had moved here three years ago because their village Pelrū was repeatedly raided by people of Kahak clan. The wife of one of the men of the house was from Chembū, on the left bank of the Khru, and all the connections of her clan seem to be with the Aya Dafla clans on the Upper Khru, which is another proof of the impossibility of drawing a clear line between Miris and Daflas. The rite gave me the opportunity of asking about the deities of the Miris and I found that all the main deities are practically identical in both name and character with those of Daflas.

6th March.—Halt Tapo. The discussions between Guch Tamar and the Apa Tanis of Hari have led to a provisional agreement, and both parties assured me that after the Miloko, which for a month will absorb all energies of Hari, they will conclude a *dapo* treaty and thus bury their feud.

This morning Gocham Tapak and the *pusa*-holders with a great many of their people from Biku, Bini and Rasam arrived. It was very awkward that owing to a mistake of the Charduar office and the lack of initiative on the part of the clerks in Joyhing I have neither the *pusa*-roll nor the *pusa*-money with me; the latter could have been advanced from my cash, but without the roll I am unable to make any payments. So I had to ask the people to come again in a week's time, which is much inconvenient for them, as they have come two or three days' journey and have not sufficient food to wait here in Tapo.

For the last few days I have been inspecting the accuracy of the information contained in the Miri Mission Reports and the maps based on the work of the Miri Mission. Names of villages seemed to convey nothing to the local Miris, while I in turn could not find on the map the villages of which they were speaking. So I went into the matter with Gocham Tapak, Guch Tamar and other intelligent men, and soon found one of the causes for the confusion.

The village names given on the map and in the reports are mostly the names, not of localities, but of clans or larger tribal groups then represented predominantly in the villages in question. Chemir (better spelt Chimir), for instance, is the name of a group of clans occurring both south and north of the Kamla and the village marked as Chemir is really called Tapo. Similarly the real name of Gocham is Sint-Boblok, of Nido Bichbat, of Bini Kūtbat, of Biku Yegdibeti, of Rasam Siatpaya and of La Ruthat. It is true that the Miris do refer to villages sometimes under the name of a dominant clan, but as clans move it seems a dangerous thing to use clan-names rather than the proper locality names on maps.

Another discovery of which for sometime I have had an inkling concerns the name Miri itself. It is a term neither used by the inhabitants of these hills themselves, nor by their neighbours, and the 'Miris' are indeed emphatic that they have nothing to do with the Plains and River Miris, the latter being an offshoot of the Abors and speaking still a language much closer related to Gallong Abor than to the language of the so-called Hill Miris. The 'Hill Miris' feel themselves much closer related to the Daflas, with whom they intermarry freely in the contact zone of Hija, Rakhe and Pemir. Their collective term for themselves is Gungū and they know the Daflas by the term Chili. Just as among the Daflas there are such subdivisions as Tarum, Leli and Aya, so there are tribal groups among the Gungū, one of them being Chimr and others Perū (popularly known as Panibhutia) and Pei (known as Sarak Miri). The statement of Captain Duff in his "Report on the Miri Country" (page 13) that "the Miris are separated from the Daflas by clearly marked mountain ranges" and that "Miris and Daflas seldom come into contact, peacefully or otherwise", is entirely erroneous. The people of Rakhe and Pemir who are Gungū of the same sub-group as the Chimr clans and intermarry freely with Tapo and village on the left bank of the Kamla, entertain also marriage relations with the Dursun Daflas of Lirla. Similarly the villages on the lower Khru, or at least some of them, intermarry with both 'Miris' of the Kamla area and Daflas of the Palin Valley and Upper Khru. It seems indeed that the 'Hill Miris' or Gungū are a branch of the great group of tribes which includes also all the known Dafla clans.

Realising that if I succeed in moving up the Kam'a on the left bank, Rakhe will be important as it lies on the shortest route back to the Apa Tani country, I sent a messenger to the headman Rakhe Bida, who is married to Guch Tamar's sister, and asked him to come and see me here in Tapo. There have been rumours that at the news of my approach the Rakhe people, who through Linia had heard of events in Licha, had all bolted, but I doubt their truth, and if there was any panic it must be over, for Rakhe Bida appeared here today, and we had a friendly talk. At first he was very shy, but soon gained confidence and promised to help us crossing the Kamla to Dobom, a village with which Rakhe is on friendly terms.

7th March.—Halt Tapo. I have come to the conclusion that the most profitable move is to cross to Dobom on the left bank of the Kamla, a village friendly with Rakhe and Tapo, and then feel my way forward along the Kamla, towards Kahak. Since Tapo with its 24 houses cannot possibly give all the necessary porters, I have asked the *pusa*-holders to send in six days' time porters from their villages. The main difficulty seems to be food, for most Miri villages have had a very bad harvest owing to a plague of rats, and I am told that in some places conditions border on a famine. Consequently the men find it difficult to take rations with them, and I have no means of rationing porters so far from Joyhing and Dutta. But it would be advantageous to take porters from this side as far as possible, for they can be paid in money, whereas north of the Kamla I will have to expend my precious cloth and salt to obtain porters.

Cloth is here one of the main needs and Apa Tanis are always sure of finding eager buyers for any kind of cloth they bring for sales. Both in Bun and here I have been struck by the miserable rags of the less wealthy. The *pass*-holders and the villagers who go to the plains wear lengths of bazaar cloth and *pattu*-cloths. Strangely enough the people of all the villages between here and the Subansiri and of some villages on the left bank of the Kamla do not know how to weave, whereas the villages between Khru and Kamla such as Bulu, and even in some villages on the Upper Kamla the art of weaving is known. Today I saw a woman of Dobom with a cloth of exactly the same pattern as those ornamen in Mengo with the only difference that the narrow black and red border was here in cotton woven into the cloth instead of being embroidered in Tibetan wo l. Here in Tapo a few women from in other villages weave, but the girls of the village are ignorant of this art. Many still wear small aprons to cover their private parts, woven from monkey hair and dyed red, that they get from Abotani.

8th March.—Tapo Tutist and back. This morning I went to Tutist, a settlement across a valley in sight of Tapo. It contains now of the single houses of Hipa Taya, but was once a large settlement of some 30 households of Hipu, Guchi, Lamu, Dume and Pai'chin, scattered over the whole hillside. When many people died, the remainder dispersed some going to Taya and Hillo to the now also deserted village of Reve. Judging from the number of villages which have been deserted by their inhabitants, and the number of clans of which I was told that they have died out or are reduced to a few families, I am inclined to believe that the Miris of the Kamla valley have decreased in recent years. As an hypothesis I would suggest that the reason for this decline may be due to the increased contact with plains populations. There can be no doubt that the Miris of the Kamla valley have for generations been in the habit of migrating in the dark season, when the weather in the plains is pleasant and cool, to hunting and fishing grounds on the Lower Subansiri. At a time when the north bank of the Brahmaputra was only sparsely populated and the tangarden areas an uninhabited wilderness, they came in preference only in fleeing contact with other people. When the Assamese missionary gradually pushed closer towards the hills, a process which undoubtedly was considerably with the absorption of such tribes as the Kacharis into the populations basically of Ahom stock, the Hill Miris asserted their old rights on fishing and hunting grounds by levying tribute from the new settlers, a tribute which was later converted into the *pass*-payments. But there is reason to believe that even then they did not mix very much with plains populations of any appreciable size, the new settlements being small and scattered. In the last seventy or eighty years this has considerably changed, and the populations crowding into Assam from many parts of India brought in their train diseases, which had previously never touched the Hill Miris and against which they have presumably little resistance. Whereas tribes such as Apa Tanis and those Dafla who go only occasionally and for short spells to the plains are affected mainly by great epidemics of small-pox and influenza the Hill Miris, who, men, women and children, live for two or three months in the plains are much more endangered, and it would not be surprising if the annual exposure to the dangers of infection was responsible for the apparent decline in numbers.

Hipu Taya, whose house I visited, is the man who last year caused some stir among the Apa Tanis by his disparaging remarks about Government in general and me in particular, having picked up some Japanese inspired propaganda when visiting the plains to receive his *pass*. But ever since the *pass*-holders' visit to Dirrang in November and my arrival in Bun he has made amends by a very humble attitude and commendable gifts of beer, chickens and eggs. Since it would be unwise to blame an ignorant fellow too much for falling victim to the fantastic rumours with which at the time of the Japanese threat into the Naga Hills the plains were buzzing, I told him that this time I would forget his bad behaviour, and accepted the hospitality of his house, only drawing a line when he suggested feasting me with a piece of pork which stank to heaven even before he could start roasting it under my nose.

Hipu Taya's house has four hearths, and shelters not only him, his three wives, and three girls whom he bought—rather like slaves—from their fathers with the idea of either keeping them as wives or taking their bride-prices, but also three younger brothers, who have all their own cultivation and granaries.

The more I hear of Miri custom, the more I am struck by the similarity with Dafla custom. The agricultural methods, for instance, including the fact that rice is dibbled, and may be dibbled only by women, are practically identical with those of the Daflas of the Panior area.

When visiting this afternoon the house of Meli Kokum, a man who used to live in Peirtie, on the left bank of the Kamla and came here fearing the raids of Hewa village, I found the house full of Apa Tanis. They have done some trading here, but told me that they are going on to Taka, a village more than half way towards Goolong. They have never ventured so far in the past, but my presence has made the route safe, and enterprising traders as they are, they are at once taking advantage of this new field. The exchange goods they bring are *dao* and white cloth (supplied through the trade depot at Duta and the Jeyhing office to our porters) and this demonstrates yet again what a very large area is affected by the Apa Tanis' new opportunities for earning money and obtaining goods. It becomes more and more clear to me that the Apa Tanis with their highly developed economy and far flung trade connections are the ideal agents for the introduction of new goods, new or improved crops and new crafts and ideas.

The weather has been fine for the last three days and the temperature of 79° at midday and 64° in the evening, is an enormous contrast to the temperature of between 35° and 50° during the last days in Duta. But the great drawback of this area are the dam-dim flies against which there is no effective protection. Everyone in camp is covered with their irritating bites, and I feel that in the choice of any permanent station in the hills freedo n from this pest must be a major consideration. For anyone, not born in these hills who will find the constant irritation well nigh unbearable. Fortunately the Apa Tani valley is entirely free from dam dims.

9th March.—Hali Tapo.—The weather is now as fine and dry, with a fine haze on the more distant hills, that I wish I could start for Dobom and the other villages north of the Kamla, which I want to visit. For judging from last year, this may be the last dry spell for many weeks to come. But the Tapo and Bua men who went to fetch the doctor and remaining loads from Duta have not yet returned, nor have I received the *pass* roll which I need to pay the *pass* before leaving this area.

So I am spending these days in inquiring into conditions in the villages south of the Kamla and into Miri custom in general. In discussing the different types of marriages recognized by the Miris I struck an interesting phenomenon which throws new light on Miri-and indeed also Dafla society. Goch Tamar told me that one of his daughters, a women of no remarkable or forceful personality, had remained unmarried for a long time and had during the years she stayed in her father's house acquired quite considerable wealth of her own. She cultivated separately, calling the men of the village to fell the jungle on her plums and feasting them at her expense, and had with the surplus of her grain bought mithan,

Tibetan bells and ornaments. These were her private property and when she met a man of Pebtse whom she liked, she went to live with him in his village, without even informing her father of her move. After some time both she and her husband came to live in Tapo because Pebtse had become unsafe on account of raids. Such independence of grown-up daughters is apparently no unusual thing, and Kap Temi, my Dafla interpreter, tells me that a similar custom prevails among the Daflas. There the daughters of very rich men often remain unmarried for many years because their parents expect extremely high bride-prices. Such girls often succeed in gaining great economic independence. They cultivate on their own and build up a stock of cattle and pigs from presents received from their parents and animals bought with grain. When they are wealthy enough to buy some slaves they are given a separate hearth, and have for all practical purposes a household of their own. Ultimately such a girl may marry a man of her choice either taking him into her house or—if her parents are likely to make things unpleasant—by going to live in his house. In that case the parents have no right to demand a bride-price, for the girl is not in need of a dowry, but provides herself the valuables (mostly Tibetan bells and beads) which in every marriage celebrated with full rites must be handed over with the bride. It seems that the position of a girl economically independent of her parents or brother is very strong, and her right to do as she likes not seriously contested by the other members of the family.

This right of unmarried women to economic independence opens very important vistas, and I wonder whether the entire property law of Miris and Daflas has so far not been misunderstood. I have previously remarked—on various occasions in Likha—that women have a very great say in the disposal of valuables, and that a husband cannot give away or sell any Tibetan bell or string of beads without the consent of his elder wife, while on the other hand a wife is allowed to sell ornaments without her husband's knowledge. It is not at all impossible that there is an underlying idea that valuables of that kind are really more the property of women than of men, they change hands by being brought into a family with a bride and are always in the keeping of the women, the husband sometimes not even knowing where they are hidden. One could well imagine that the females of a matriarchal society such as that of the Khasis with a society organized on patrilineal lines could have produced a state of property rights as found among the Miris and Daflas of today. For the administrator it is, of course, of major importance to know who is the real owner of valuables and it would, for instance, be difficult to press the men at *mol* for certain valuables, if the real owners are perhaps their wives who according to Dafla custom seem to have no obligation to satisfy their husband's creditors with their personal property. All these are problems I can only be solved gradually, but to ignore them would gravely prejudice any hope of administering justice in a spirit understandable to the tribesmen.

This afternoon there was a tragedy in the village. I was just going out, when there were shouts in the village, and people rushed to Guch Tamar's house. A small child, perhaps two years old had fallen from a high verandah, and had been picked up senseless. Hoping to be able to help, we went into the house, and found the unconscious child in his mother's arms, with two priests already closeby, reciting prayers to propitiate the deities that take human lives. But the child was past all help and soon stopped breathing. Seeing all the houses perched on piles some not less than 20 feet high, one wonders that such accidents do not occur more frequently and that the Miris do not build small railings like the Apa Tanis to prevent children from tumbling down.

10th March.—Halt Tapo. The funeral of the child who died yesterday took place this afternoon. Although it was the child of one of Guch Tamar's slaves, the grave was dug immediately beside his house, as deep as the height of a man, and was surrounded with an elaborate structure of posts, leafy branches and bamboos. The whole night and all this morning we heard wailing and Guch Tamar himself was very upset. The father of the child had gone to cut cane two days ago, and Tamar waited for him for hours on the path near my camp to give him the news before he saw the grave and met his wife. When the man came at last Tamar talked to him very quietly, but was unable to control his own tears. To anyone witnessing this scene it must be clear that slavery among the Miris is something very different from the popular idea of the relationship of exploited slaves and brutal masters.

I am finding more and more evidence of the extraordinary shrinkage of the population of the lower Kamla valley within the last generation or so. Many of the villages marked on the map of the Miri Mission no longer exist, and it does not look as if they had only shifted to other sites, for whole ridges once populated are now bare and the few families remaining of the former village communities have attached themselves to other villages.

Today I talked to a man of Dame clan of Tapo. He said that in his father's time there was a settlement of 15 or 16 houses of Dame people on a neighbouring slope, but nearly all died out gradually. The only surviving members of the Dame clan are he, one man in Rakhe and one man in Timinpa.

Similarly of nine clans of the Yichi group, populating four settlements comprising the village marked as La on the map, six are entirely extinct, of two only one household of each remains, and only the La clan has still sufficient members to form the small village called Rube Yae.

The Miris are conscious of this decline in their numbers, but have no explanation for it. Malaria may be one of the causes, for it seems that the people suffer a good deal from fever. I have not seen any mosquitoes but the annual visits to the plains (not of a few young men as among Apa Tanis, but of whole families) offer ample opportunity for contracting the disease. Coming from the Apa Tani country one is at once struck by the comparatively unhealthy look of the people, and particularly by the prevalence of goitre, which is as bad as among the Daflas of the Kiyi and Upper Panior Valley, but absent among the Apa Tanis. Hand-in-hand with goitre seems to go an unusually large number of cases of mental deficiency—I have seen several obviously half sane women and children and in family histories and histories of feuds simple-minded persons are always creeping in.

11th March.—Halt Tapo. Today 15 men of Tapo went down to the Kamla to make the raft required for crossing the river. They took with them loads of cane which yesterday and the day before they had collected in a distant part of the forest.

In the afternoon the Doctor arrived with a batch of porters from here and Bua, who had fetched him from !Data. I had great difficulty in persuading the Bua men to come here again the day after tomorrow and carry loads as far as Dobom. They argue that this is the time to fell trees and clear the jungle on their new *jhums*, and that they cannot afford the time to work as porters. I cannot quite understand why the Miris leave the cutting of the jungle till so late, while other *jhum* cultivators, start this work two months earlier. The reason may be that the men are used to going to the plains in January and February, and that even those staying behind wait for their co-villagers to help them.

13th March.—Halt Tapo. This afternoon the Miri *pase*-holders arrived with a good many porters whom they had recruited for my journey to Kabak. Whether they will go as far, and whether the rations they have brought with them will last them for the journey remains to be seen, but I will at least get as far as Doborn, two days from here on the left bank of the Kamla.

To my great relief the *pase* rolls and registers arrived this evening by special messenger from Joyhing. So I will be able to pay the *pase* tomorrow before leaving.

14th March.—Tapo to Camp Tajiya on the Kamla, approximately 3 miles—2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. The dry spell which prevailed all the time I was stationary at Tapo seems to have come to an end and a bleak, cloudy morning followed a rainy night. Before paying the *pase*, we had to get the luggage off, no easy task with porters who have hardly ever carried for Government. But on the whole they were good humoured and the *pase*-holders have done a good job in bringing porters from villages three days from Tapo to carry in the opposite direction. Without them it would have been quite impossible to collect sufficient porters for this move. Only one village let me down: the nearby Bua where there is no *pase*-holder. Sixteen Bua men had enlisted the day before, of mixed by after considerable persuasion, but only one of them turned up. This upset my calculations and although I had had a small margin and Gath Tamar was most obliging in sending every man and woman of his own household, I had to leave seven loads in his care to be sent on later. My own loads and the Doctor's do not amount to a third of the total loads despite the fact that we are carrying two months' rations for ourselves, servants and staff, but we have to carry a good deal of salt and cloth for payments in areas where money is not acceptable.

The paying of the *pase* took the better part of the morning, and was interrupted in the middle by a violent rain-storm. The tent was already packed and I with all my papers and the *pase*-holders had to take shelter under the leaky bamboo roof of a cook-shed.

In paying the *pase* I was struck by the inaccuracy and inadequateness of the *pase*-registers and *pase*-documents. There has been no attempt to group the *pase*-holders by villages or clans and the existing division into Hill Miris and Sarak Miris is entirely arbitrary, and does not correspond to any major difference between tribal groups. In none of the records is there an attempt to give the clan-names of the *pase*-holders although in some documents the clan-name does occur, being mistaken for the village name. Where the village name has been entered at all, it is usually erroneous, being either a clan-name or the name of a tribal group, extending over perhaps a dozen villages. But in some cases only the personal name of the *pase*-holder, without either the name of his clan or of his village is given both on his document and in the register and roll, and unless the person presents himself with the document showing the serial number it would be quite impossible to find or identify such an unspecified Tama, Tahar or Tayo. This confusion is borne out by a note in the *pase*-register according to which the two *pase*-holders (Gath Tamar of Tapo and Hipa Tava of Tapo) mentioned in my diary of last season could not be identified. Actually both *pase*-holders do occur in the register, but with their names so mutilated that identification was impossible.

Here I have no access to any records other than the Miri Mission reports that would throw light on the origin of *pase*-payments to Miris. But judging from local tradition it would seem that the Miris' rights to these payments is more substantial than one might expect. It does not seem that *pase* was merely instituted as "buy off" troubles one hillman, or that the idea was to pay influential village headmen for services they may render to Government, but *pase* was originally a kind of rent for land on which the Miris had ancient and well established rights. If tribal tradition is to be believed, the Miris of the Kamla valley and the hills south of the Kamla, were habituated to a certain seasonal nomadism, and every year the bulk of the population moved during the cold weather to the plains. There the Miris engaged in organized fishing and hunting each clan or each village community having their recognized fishing and hunting grounds, land which was considered as much their property as the village land used for *jhooming* on the hills. The Miris say that in olden times when hunting and fishing in the plains were still good, not only the people of the villages south of the Kamla, but also those of the north bank went regularly to the plains. When Assamese colonists settled in their hunting and fishing grounds, the Miris obviously demanded a certain tribute or rent for their land, and this was at first paid in kind. That payment was far more in the nature of rent than of tribute for the Miris, with their age old rights on the forest areas along the foothills, were in relation to the Assamese peasantry in a position similar to that of an absentee landlord, and in fact less divorced from their property than many a landlord is so far as they visited their hunting grounds annually and entertained quite friendly relations with the new-comers settled there. Later, when there was friction between the hillmen and the new settlers over the paying of these rents, Government took over the obligation in the form of the payment of *pase*, but the memory is still strong among the hillmen that the *pase* is rent for land along the foothills which belongs to the Miris by ancient right and every year the hillmen still spend some weeks in the plains villages built on their hunting grounds.

The practical advantage of the *pase* to Government is that it has created a set of influential people, who realise that they must co-operate with Government and on whom some pressure can be brought to bear. They have certainly a stabilizing influence and I felt today the difference between the villages of *pase*-holders who have all furnished porters and the men of Bua who promised to come but never did. I have not found any indication that among the *pase*-holders there are slaves, such as was suggested in correspondence between the Governor's Secretary and the Political Officer in 1940, and it seems indeed that the *pase*-holders are mainly members of a few prominent families. It would be advisable to make a full enquiry into the status and connections of the various recipients of *pase*-payments and I would have done this this year if the *pase* rolls had not arrived at the very last minute; to have delayed the start would have prejudiced my journey, each day of delay restricting the range the assembled porters could go.

While making the payments I entered on the roll such details as will make it possible to rewrite the registers in a more accurate and consistent form. And documents with the real names, clan names and village names of the *pase*-holders can be prepared for next year.

I finished paying the *pase* at 2 p.m. and started at once for the Kamla River.

The path drops from Tapo in a moderate gradient, partly over open slopes where the coarse grass has recently been burnt to further the growth of the new season's grass, and partly through light, largely deciduous forest into the valley of the Kamla. Only the last 500 to 600 feet are steep through higher forest and giant bamboos. From this dense growth we emerged on the rocky bank of the Kamla, which flows here deeply and quietly between wooded slopes rising steeply from the 780 feet level of the river to 4,000 feet and more. The ferry to take us to the other bank consisted of large bamboo rafts with pointed bows,

sliding along two strong cane ropes that spanned the river from bank to bank and in the middle just skimmed the surface of the water. The men working the rafts hauled hand over hand on these ropes and so propelled the rafts across. (The ropes two to each raft, are slung parallel at a distance of 15 feet apart and are attached to the bow and the stern of the raft which travels broadside on).

Most of the luggage had already been taken across, and we joined the Doctor and the porters in an excellent camp on a broad level sandy beach with a lovely view up and down the river; a camp night which obviously and unfortunately will be under water in the rains. The current is even now very strong and the Miris are emphatic that in a month it will be impossible to cross the river by these rafts. At the time of the Miri Mission there was a suspension bridge spanning the river and I was shown the old trees to which it had been fastened; it has been cut in recent years owing to the fear of raids.

14th March.—Camp Tajpe to Doborn.—Approximately 8 miles.—7-30 A. M. to 3-30 P. M. The weather has noticeably improved and there was no rain last night or during the day. We left the Camp on the Kamla at 7-30 and except for complaints about the heaviness of certain loads, particularly the tent, the Miri porters gave little trouble and agreed to do the rather long and tiring stage to Doborn. Unlike Apa Tanis who turn out in gangs of young men for carrying loads, the Miris had brought women and a good many small boys and girls to carry their own rations and the whole column was rather like a conglomeration of family parties. Even Biku Yama, an elderly lady who draws Rs.149 *per.*, has joined us and with her are several young girls carrying mainly the Biku party's rations while the young men of Biku carry my loads. Why exactly Yama has come personally I have no doubt yet to find out, but she says she is coming to see that I and my wife have no trouble; since she is very well known and speaks some Assamese, she is a welcome addition to our party.

The path led very steeply through forest, with many deciduous trees still leafless, some flaming with a profusion of fire-red blossoms. After climbing for perhaps 2,000 ft we reached the deserted site of Hachi, a village of the Nafare clan, which is today very nearly extinct. From there the path led down into a shallow valley and then up over open slopes where the high grass must have been burnt and new green grass is sprouting interspersed with violets. From the crest of some 4,000 feet we dropped very rapidly along a badly cut, muddy path leading through dense jungle, consisting mainly of high elephant grass. Soon we saw on a neighbouring spur, at almost the same altitude, but separated from us by the deep valley of the Poku stream, the houses of Doborn, occupying a spur in a large compact group.

After less than a mile we came to the place where until three years ago Pehrū village had stood. Passing several clumps of so-called poisonous bamboos used for *pegs* and planted by the former inhabitants of the village so that they would be near at hand, we reached the open ground of the old village site and found several patches of carefully dibbled maize, protected by a rough fence and watched during the day against birds. The maize is already sprouting and each small plant is surrounded by bamboo spikes to ward off birds, mice, etc. There were also plots with tobacco and a kind of spinach; our porters at once began collecting some greens for their dinner and replied to my protestations that they could do so with impunity because these plots belonged to Meli people now settled in Doborn, who are their clansmen and friends.

A steep drop through bamboo jungle brought us to the Poku stream, and then began a trying ascent, first through forest and then across and up a long open slope to Doborn village, situated on top of a spur at 3,800 feet altitude. The seventeen houses stand in one group, not in streets as in Apa Tani villages, but close enough to leave little open space between. They are built on fairly high wooden piles and are thatched with banana leaves and a layer of grass. None of the houses are very large, and most contained only two or three hearths. The granaries, also on high piles, stand on the outskirts of the village, for the most part a little way down the slope.

A young man of Hova village, whom we had met on the way, had gone ahead to Doborn to announce our coming, but it seems that most of the villagers were taken by surprise when we entered the village. Gocham Tapak has a friend in the village and went to his house, but was told by a woman that his friend, Yukar Tertī, was making a *bujo*, and that Tapak could not therefore enter his house for the moment. It struck me that Tapak, though well known in Doborn, went very slowly and did not enter uninvited any other house. But another young man, Yukar Topu, brought some beer and we sat down on stones on an open space, rather like a piazza, in the middle of houses. More people collected and it was soon clear that they were above all curious and a little shy, but by no means unfriendly. I handed round a few cigarettes and gave Yukar Topu a match box for his beer. But most people did not know what to do with either cigarettes or matches.

The cloths worn and the peculiar dress of some women showed at once that we had crossed over into the area of a different tribal group. Cloth seems to be extremely short and the poorer people wear little but a few torn and tattered rags. Besides a number of bazaar cloths, obtained partly through Miris from south of the Kamla and partly from Apa Tanis, and a few Apa Tani cloths, there were a good many cloths of a pattern I have so far seen only in the Mengo area. The distinctive feature of these cloths is a narrow border in dark colours, generally black and red, and in the cloths of the Lebla area (from where Mengo people get them) this black and red is embroidery in Tibetan wool. Here I found a few cloths of identical make, as well as others in which the border is either red, or green or blue, and is woven into the cloth in ordinary cotton. But most of these cloths are made by people to the west or north-west, and I was told that many had been bought from Kabak people of the villages on the Kamla who entertain trade relations with people further to the west. Thus these cloths, identical in Mengo and here, make it probable that somewhere on the Upper Khru and perhaps also the Upper Kamla, there is a large population producing a definite type of cloth and trading it to all their neighbours—in a similar way perhaps as the Apa Tanis manufacture cloth and sell it in their Daffa neighbours.

Even more surprising than these "Lebla" cloths are, however, the short grass skirts, worn by some women below the multitude of cane rings which both men and women wear round their waist.

The Doborn people were very helpful in clearing a good camp site above the village, and after some time Yukar Tertī, the friend of Gocham Tapak and an influential man in Doborn came to see me. Tapak credits him with the possession of 200 mithan and cows, but this figure is presumably an exaggeration. Tertī offered to present me with a cow, and I would have welcomed the chance for finding the porters, but in the end it proved difficult to catch the cow in question as it was already dusk and we had to be content with the good intention.

Dobom, also known as Remeknam, is a village of the Yukar clan, which has lived there for many generations, but there are also families of Bamrik, Yuma and Hochi clans and a few recent immigrants from the deserted Pelebe.

Towards evening I went to Yukar Teri's house and found it crowded with Miri porters. Except for the Apa Tanis, all porters have been shown hospitality in the one or other house and this evening there is no difficulty over their rations. From this it would appear that Miris, though this year very short of grain, are more hospitable than Dafla and centuries even tribesmen from villages as far as Kethar and Simpaga, most of whom were new-comers in Dobom.

15th March.—Dobom to Bidak—Approximately 8 miles—9 A. M. to 4-15 P. M. We experienced little difficulty in enlisting a few porters from among the people of Dobom, who were partly to take the place of a few men and women returning to Tapo, and partly to supply seconds for the heavier loads which on these awful hills are too much for one man to carry all day. The Dobom people did their best to appear helpful, but the headman Yukar Teri who had heard from Gochum Tapak that I was interested in the villages on the Upper Kamla showed great solicitude for our welfare, saying first that the tribes of the Upper Kamla were fierce and warlike and then that there was an epidemic of men too close a nature, which was raging in all the villages beyond Bidak. I took his stories with a grain of salt, but they were water in the mill for our porters who have only the one idea of returning to their own villages across the Kamla as speedily as possible.

Fortunately the weather is as fine as one could wish, and was it not for this piece of luck I very much doubt if all the porters would have gone on.

After a sharp drop from the village and through a recently cut *jhum*, the path led in steep ups and downs along an almost precipitous slope, bearing yet wonderful forest with high trees, creepers and whole patches of wild bananas. Some high step-ups over rocks were here unavoidable, but on the whole it seems that Miris are clever in choosing the best possible tracks in difficult country and do attempt to lead their paths along the contours of hills wherever feasible. After perhaps two miles, in the neighbourhood of the deserted village site of Bamrik the path rose through high thatching grass. We reached the crest of a 4000 feet hill, and there suddenly through a gap in the grass we saw spread out the most beautiful and breath-taking view I have yet seen in these hills. Even the interpreters, Apa Tanis and south Kamla Miris were thrilled by the sight and forgot for the moment their reluctance to go so far afield.

From the ridge where we stood the hill-side with its tropical jungle, giant trees spared in past fellings towering amidst dense thicket of shrub, bamboo and shiny wild bananas, sloped steeply into the valley of the Kamla. The near ridge with the village of Bidak was still hidden from view but beyond it the Kamla wound north-north-west, its right bank above the gorge flanked by wide grassy slopes on which were clearly visible the houses of Mingö and Gachi Sojam. Mingö is obviously the Kahuli of the map, and Lapchi Lapar turned out to lie not on the left bank as I had been led to believe in Tapo, but on the right bank of the Kamla. Beyond these grassy slopes, looking from the distance very large and flat, rose abruptly the densely wooded range containing in the twin cones of Pij Chulo (8417 feet) and the massive bump of Monna Remta (9876 feet). Above the villages on the right bank of the Kamla, opposite Mingö and Gachi Sojam the hills rose to a central massif of over 9,000 feet. But it was the scene visible through the large triangle of the Kamla valley, where the Kamla turns north-west and there is a gap in the ridges through which presumably the Selu or the map passes that held out the greatest promise. There, as it seemed behind not more than two dark blue ranges, spread in dazzling white, wreathed with just a fluff of heat-cloud, a solid chain of snow peaks. This was most probably the range between the peaks of 14,190 and 13,412 feet, which separates the Kamla from the Subansiri valley and is at this time of the year still deep in snow.

The Kamla valley seemed broader, the whole country grander and yet more friendly than we had been led to expect by the country of the Lower Kamla. After a short descent we came to an open *jhum* from which we could see Bidak on a ridge below. The largest village in sight was perhaps Gote (spelt Garta on the map) spreading over a knoll high above a sharp bend of the Kamla. The Khru valley was largely obscured by a fine hump, but I counted on both sides more than ten ridges sloping towards the river and in the far distance could just discern the snow on the 11000 feet peaks south of the Khru.

For the next 2000 feet we dropped almost the whole time through *jhums* either cultivated last year or cleared and burnt for cultivation for this year. For the first time the essential difference between the *jhum* cultivation of the Daflas of the Panior area and that of the Miris became apparent. The former cultivate in comparatively small patches, strewn as it seems haphazardly over the land surrounding the village, the Miris (rather like Nagas) prefer cultivating in large blocks, with one field adjoining the other. These blocks lie often far from the villages and here on the upper slope, a good three miles from Dobom, is a block belonging to several Yukar men, while lower down and separated only by a belt of jungle is a block of land cultivated by Bidak people. There seems to be a definite purpose in leaving belts of high forest between these large blocks and recuperation seems on the whole adequate.

At the Pai stream we rested, and then climbed very steeply, at first through mixed bamboo jungle and then through *jhum* land, to the village of Bidak. A man of Bidak, forewarned of our coming by a messenger from Dobom, had come to meet us half way and he now shouted to the villagers not to be afraid. But the first house we passed showed us that caution is in this country certainly the better part of valour. The house was entirely surrounded by a fence, and judging from the fact that there was no visible gate it would seem that the inhabitants must climb over the paling every time they go in and out. Even the veranda was railed in like a cage, and I was told that fear of raids had induced the owners to take these precautions. One might expect to find the houses huddled together, as at least on the road to Tapo, if safety is so great a consideration. But actually the seven houses of Bidak stand isolated hardly two visible to each other.

We found a possible, though narrow camp on the crest of the ridge, and several men and women gathered, rather timid, but obviously prepared to be friendly. The men were easily persuaded to help in clearing the site and the women soon reappeared with vessels of millet beer. They looked with few exceptions rather miserable: many have huge goitres and many have no other clothes but a few torn, discoloured rags. Most of the cloths were of the "Lebin" pattern and some had been bought from villages on the Khru. A few women seem to weave in the same style, but their output cannot be great. One or two of the men wore good Apa Tani cloth. It is amusing how a study of these textiles allows one to gauge at a glance the trade connections of a village. Here many men wear small aprons of a thick woolly texture, dyed bright red; I took them for wool, but was told that yarn was spun of the long hair of the grey monkey.

There were not many people present, and we soon heard that Tagin, the most important man of the village had gone with many of his relations to attend a feast in Rulo (on the opposite side of the river). In this absence no one seemed prepared to commit himself to any definite action, and we soon realized that we would either have to wait for his return or move on to Mingo with the porters we had brought. Not without difficulty and much cursing we finally persuaded our porters to go on next day; they were nearly all short of food and we had to move rations to nearly half the party—rice which we can ill afford to spare.

So our guides and interpreters have resigned themselves to go as far as Mingo; only this morning I was told of the terrible disease (with the most indefinite and varied symptoms) that had claimed already two victims in Mingo and everybody had sworn that though Bidak and the village beyond are of the same clan they don't, if in any relationship at all, then at enmity with each other. But were Mizam was described as the last village still unaffected by the evil—nay, and our guide of Dobom (Yakar Talo) remembered suddenly that three brothers of his with lived in Mingo. Everybody is in agreement, however, that the people of Gachi-Sojan are a terrible and dangerous lot, that the mysterious epidemic is ravaging their village, that no one of the Kabak group (including the people of Mingo) has any connection with them and that to go there would be little short of suicide.

16th March.—Bidak to Mingo (Kabak) Approximately 8 miles—9 A. M. to 4-30 P. M.—Only two of the men of Bidak were prepared to carry for us, and the reason is no doubt the absence of the headman whose whereabouts no one seems to be anything out of the ordinary. Sawra Tame, the man who met us yesterday, was willing to act again as a guide, and perhaps encouraged by his example Yakar Talo agreed to come too. But our start was long delayed because some of our porters from Tuno had gone to the nearby Gyo settlement—two houses below Bidak—where they had friends and did not return until 9 A. M.

I was told that there were two paths: one steeply, steeply into the valley and leading straight to Mingo, and the other hugging the hillside in a great bend until it too drops into the Palem valley. The latter path was described as easier and so we decided to take it, though it is probably slightly longer. From our camp we climbed up to the crest of the Bidak ridge, and followed the crest past Lomra, once a large village but now a one house settlement. Though winding along the steep hill-slopes some two thousand feet above the river level, the path involves a fair number of climbs and descents; the path is very roughly cut and must in wet weather be extremely trying, some slopes being so precipitous that even today care had to watch ones step and this after four days of fine weather. From the 3,000 feet level looking up the Palem one looks down almost vertically into the valley and the *jhum* through which the path passes are among the steepest pieces of cultivated land I have ever seen.

On the banks of the Palem we rested and gave all porters tea to sustain and fortify them on the long climb ahead. In travelling with porters who bring their own rations, occasional issues of tea are a cheap and useful way of keeping up their morale. The climb from the stream to the open slopes near the village is about 2,000 feet and took us exactly two hours. From a grass covered hill-side we also enjoyed a small valley the houses of Mingo, standing in groups of two and three in a thicket of elephant grass and shrubs. They were rather small and the whole village seemed rather insignificant for the number village of the important Kabak clan. There was one house—on which men were working on its third bahu barrak dated a few days previously—in the bottom of the valley, and yet another isolated house on some distance on a ridge of grassy slope. Patches of the slope were burnt and fenced in and it seems that even the ground covered by no other growth than thatching grass and lowest shrub can occasionally be cultivated.

Our guides, the men of Bishom and Bidak, had gone ahead to tell the inhabitants of our peaceful intentions. They did their job well, for first one man and then a whole group of men and women came down the path to meet us with *chungs* of millet beer. So we had to sit down once more, before we began the last ascent to drink the beer which was shared among all the porters and interpreters present. The men who had come to meet us were with few exceptions a minimum of clothing, either nothing but a little apron attached to their cane belts or a small cloth with the typical narrow dark border wrapped round their chest and shoulders that did not reach below their waist. I noticed one young man who wore a banana leaf instead of little apron, and later I saw a bamboo penis-cover, held in place by a string on an old man with a tattered rag as only other garment. Some women, and particularly old ones were only a loin cloth in addition to the usual cane belts, but others had fairly good cloths of 'Lehis' pattern.

We were pleasantly surprised by this cordial welcome, and the Mingo people seemed equally pleasantly surprised that our party bore no resemblance to the dreaded mass of armed strangers of which their elders, who had seen the Miri Mission seem to have told them grim stories. It was not long before they confided to Gochum Tapak, my main guide, that at the rumour of the coming of a Sahib, they had made up their minds to hide in the forest if he brought sepoys with him.

We found a possible camp-site close to the village, having rejected the suggestion that we should camp on the spur above the village where the Miri Mission had had a camp. Within a few moments we were surrounded by sightseers and inundated with millet beer. But my usual return gifts of cigarettes and matches produced a blank expression on the people's faces; no one had ever seen a cigarette or a match. The women put the flat of their hands before their mouths and made the gesture of licking; this was to show that they wanted salt, and I was left guessing whether the gesture was derived from the particular way in which they consumed salt, or the way the mithan lick salt from the hands of their owners.

Our porters helped a good deal in explaining the reasons for our presence and the peaceful character of the whole visit. Though few of them had ever been to Mingo they mixed freely with the local people, and in the end nearly everyone went to the village to spend the night in the houses of people with whom they had found points of contact. The advantages of tribal porters in breaking down suspicion or anxiety were once more evident.

17th March.—Halt Mingo. Most of the morning was spent in paying porters and I was glad to find that even the Dobom people accepted money. They may have sufficient contact with the South Kamla Miris to be able to exchange the money for some articles of more practical use. (The South Kamla Miris are the middle men for salt from Assam.)

Soon after midday Chugdu Tagin, the headman of Bidak, appeared with a small party. He is a man with an impressive face and a thin black beard, a feature rare among Miris. He had heard of my arrival in his village and on his return to Bidak from Rulo had some here without

delay.' His bearing is that of an important man, and being closely related to several people in Mingō from where his line of the Kabak clan has also sprung, he spoke, as it seemed to me, not only as headman of Dob-un, but acted in a way also as the spokesmen of the Mingō people who have now no important man among them.

Backed up in every word by several Mingō men he explained that the men of the Kabak villages would give us all the help they could and if I let him know he would arrange porters for carrying loads. But he and all Kabak men would be shy of friendly villages such as Lapchi Lapte and Balu, but nothing would induce them to go even a step further up the Kamla. Mingō was the last friendly village, and beyond is lived war-like people, who would threaten the life of anyone so rash as to enter their villages. Even with the nearby Gachi and Sojam clans he was not on good terms and he never went to their village. If I wanted to see other villages why not go to Lapchi Lapte and to Balu? Porters to these places could be arranged. There was no point in arguing at this stage, but to get in touch with Gachi Sojam or any other village to the north-east or north may be a tougher job than I had expected. When I took Tulga and a few other men on to a nearby hill to have the country explained, they remained emphatic that they never went to Gachi-Sojam and did not know in what a state the pat's was. To the north-west beyond the hills—and as I believe in the Sipi valley—lay the villages of Del and Wilā, the former three days' march through uninhabited forest from here. But the people of these villages were very fierce and lived at present a feud with Mingō and the whole Kabak group. They were Abors, and had little in common with the Miris of this group. Their houses lay isolated and hidden in the forest of deep valleys and so great was their fear of raids that each was fortified with a palisade. Unlike Miris, the men did not tie up their hair in a knot on the forehead, but cut it all round the head, obviously like Galongs. They wore a kind of coat, but often left the private parts uncovered or wore a bamboo penis-cover. It would be most interesting to do a short trip into the Sipi valley, but the mere suggestion of any such move produces the most violent protestations about the difficulties of the way and the fierceness of the tribesmen who would murder any party coming from Mingō.

This afternoon I had a foretaste of possible difficulties in our dealings with Miris. Changmo Tapak, apparently a prominent man as men go in Mingō, brought a white female goat as a 'present', but when I gave him a white cotton cloth and several seers of salt in exchange he refused it saying the cloth was too thin. The actual value of the goat was of course higher than that of the cloth and as it is bought in the plains but among Dafla slender cloths have often been gladly accepted in return for goats, and as I could not very well bargain with the man I told him that I was very sorry, but if he was not pleased with my present he should take his gift-goat back; if he wanted to sell the goat that was another matter. The trouble is partly that here where Tibetan woollen cloth is known and occasionally bought, strangers are expected to bring cloth superior to the local textiles and not flimsy banana cloth of inferior quality. There was a good deal of "shouse" on all sides over this incident, but it is very difficult to hold a balance between stinginess with presents and a largesse which cannot be kept up and spoils the market for subsequent occasions. Apparently the Miris still remember the gifts of the Mori Mission, which spent Rs. 1,000 on Political presents per month (a man easily equalling Rs.1,000 of present-day purchasing power) and showered silk cloths and other valuable presents on all the more prominent Miris.

18th March.—Halt Mingō. The weather has now definitely changed for the worse. The days are cloudy with light rain off and on, and only very rarely a glimpse of sunshine.

But the atmosphere among the villagers and the Miris in my camp is steadily improving. While yesterday everyone was obstinately opposed to any move to Gachi-Sojam, which incidentally is really called Rute-Hate, a young man with whom I made friends yesterday actually volunteered to go to Gachi-Sojam and ask the big men to come and see me here in Mingō. I jumped at the offer and gave him a small quantity of salt to distribute among his friends in Gachi-Sojam.

This morning we went to the house of Changmo Tachak, and were very cordially received in contradistinction to Dafla houses and the houses in Tapa and Dobom, this like most houses in Mingō has the only entrance in the centre, the verandas at the ends having no ladders to the ground. In this particular house the interior was undivided, but in other houses I have seen a small central room with a pounding block and separate rooms to both sides partitioned off. Tachak's house has four hearths, each being used by one of four brothers. By inquiring for the names and family connections of their wives, I got some idea of the relations between Mingō and other villages. One of Tachak's own wives is from a village near Balu, his brother Ekin's wife from Godak on the right bank of the Kamla. Godak seems to be allied to the Kabak group, and some ten days ago was raided by men of Temzir (a village two days from here on the left bank of Kamla); five people were killed, ten taken captive, and three seriously wounded with poisoned arrows. This is possibly the reason why the Mingō people are opposed to any trip higher up the Kamla.

On the whole the Mingō people cannot be said to be blessed with beauty and about half the adults have goitres, some distressingly large. But Tachak's younger wife is a charming exception. In the house she wore above her broad belt of cane rings, covering waist and hips, only a plaited cane breast-band and three long strings of large white beads harmonized happily with the simplicity of this dress.

In the darkness of the house our demonstrations of matches were even more effective than they had been in the open air, and the people—inveterate smokers—were not slow in learning to enjoy cigarettes.

I used this visit more in order to make contact than to get information, but in the end my hosts had so far gained in confidence that they enumerated the entire house-holders of Guchi Sojam while even yesterday everybody had denied having any contact with that village.

In the afternoon we went to Chugdu Tano's house, which lies on an isolated slope some two furlongs from the main village. Chugdu is, like Changmo, one of the branches of the Kabak clan, and it represented in Mingō as well as in Bidak and other villages. Tano's wife is from Niktor, a village on the Kamla north-west of Guchi-Sojam, belonging to the group of villages round Temzir, of which the Mingō people deny any closer knowledge. But contacts cannot be entirely lacking, for Tano's wife admitted that her widowed mother and her brothers sometimes came to visit her. From her I got some information on the clans of Niktor and neighbouring villages as well as on certain villages on the Sēdu River. While she said that some of the villages on the Kamla had

good cultivation, she spoke also of the Sukang folk high up on the Sala River, who lived mainly on the pith of a sago-like palm. The connections of Dam's wife were not confined to Nilăto; her mother was from Nilă, in the Sipi valley as it seems, but she herself has never visited Nilă. There was, however, a man of Dei village in the house, who has found refuge here after killing a brother who had seduced his wife. He confirmed that the people in Dei village cut their hair in Abar style and are in many ways different from the people here. I should very much like to go to Dei but as yet the people do not want to consider it. The weather is also not favourable for a trip of several days over high hills, and it would seem more important to get somehow to Guchi-Sojam.

When we returned to camp it was nearly dark, and as we passed a piece of jungle we heard a tree fall and some chanting. Gocham Tapak explained that somebody was making black magic and sending an evil spirit against the intended victims. He was obviously rather afraid and told us not to talk.

19th March.—Halt Mingō. Last night there was a scare in the camp. The Doctor and Temi heard an odd noise and went out to see what was the matter. At this the Miris including our guide and interpreter Gocham Tapak concluded that raiders or evil spirits were about, and in their tramp left the camp to seek safety in a house. The idea that if there should be any danger it would not be particularly creditable to leave us to our own resources did not seem to strike them and this morning they declared happily that if we had been killed they would at least have been able to take the news to the plains.

During a visit to Changmun Tapak's house I heard more about the reasons for the reluctance of the Mingō people to go to Dei or Nilă in the Sipi valley. It seems that until three years ago Mingō had close connections with Nilă, but since then several slaves of Mingō had found refuge in Nilă, and conversely men of Dei and Nilă, who had quarrelled with their kinsmen, had come to live for some time in Mingō. Intercourse has not completely stopped, but negotiations for a settlement of all outstanding claims have not led to concrete results.

In this connection I realized that unlike Dafla the Miris of this area have not the institution of standing *dapo*-treaties between neighbouring villages. The term *dapo* is known but *dapo*-rites are performed only in conclusion of major wars. Individuals have *pui* agreements (corresponding to the *puke* of Dafla) with friends in other villages, but these are not *dapo* treaties reinforced by the sanction of the God Potor Met.

In conversation with Tapak I realized that the Miris of the Kamla valley have more connections with the Dutum Dafla than one would think. For in his house lives, as the wife of a freed slave, a woman of Likha clan, who turned out to be the father's brother's daughter of Likha Take and Horku, the richest and most prominent men of the Puli settlement of Likha. She was originally married to a man of Godak village on the Khru, and was then captured during a raid on Gosla by men of Kumen (between Kamla and Khru) who sold her to Mingō. There is also a man from Takum in the Palin valley living as a slave in Changmun Tapak's house.

This afternoon four men of Guchi-Sojam all accompanied by their wives arrived here with the messenger who had gone to invite them to come and meet me. They struck me at once as rather superior to the Mingō men in appearance and bearing, and this seems to confirm the verdict on Mingō, which has been described to me as a village of "small men" without an outstanding personality. The Guchi-Sojam men certainly gave me the impression of being of good status and their behaviour was most dignified. They first listened to what I had to say, and when I explained that I would like to see their village and stay there for some time, they replied that they would be glad to welcome me and even carry my luggage, but that they would not take me to any village further up the Kamla. In order not to scare them I said I would be quite content with visiting their village, but here a Mingō man chipped in, saying, as it seemed, that here I had at first said exactly the same. This created at first some uneasiness among the Guchi-Sojam people, but just then my wife arrived and interpreters, helped substantially by Yama, the woman *pani*-holder of Bilru, did their best to explain that the Sahib had come as a friend with his wife, and just as they did not take women on raids, so we would not have women in our party if we had any war-like intentions. This made some impression and the atmosphere grew rapidly cordial. But when later I talked to one of the Guchi men alone, he said that at the rumour of my coming, half the villagers had left their houses and gone to camp in field-huts.

I was at first at a loss to understand this extraordinary fear, but realize now that the Miri Mission has left a legacy of deep-seated fear of the potential frightfulness of Government. There is the firm belief that several hundred Miris were killed in the fighting at Tali, and even my interpreter Gocham Tapak, who as a young boy accompanied the Mission, swears that he saw with his own eyes how the Naga's pounds cut up the bodies of the slain. He and apparently all other Miris are under the impression that those Nagas were cannibals, and I have heard from various sides that Naga porters killed a certain old woman of Guchi-Sojam and cut off her head "in order to eat it". Moreover, news of the events in Licha have reached Mingō as Limia, Khnda, the Khru villages and Balu and old stories of the Miri Mission in conjunction with recent exaggerated rumours of the destruction of Licha, have caused the Miris to be cautious and it is not until they see the smallness of our party that they shed their tears. The great reluctance of every village we have so far visited to take us further on and indeed to admit any connections with villages further up the Kamla or towards the Subansiri may be due to their anxiousness not to draw upon them the wrath of their neighbours in case any incident should occur. For it seems that after the departure of the Miri Mission the Tali-Tumar group put the blame for their losses on the Kabak people, who had provided guides and thus "helped the Sahibs and sepoys to get into their country". No village wants to risk a repetition of such a charge, and until the people are convinced of our harmlessness they shun the responsibility of taking us to their neighbours.

Indeed without the visit of the Guchi-Sojam people it is doubtful whether the Mingō men would ever have consented to take us to their village, but now the Guchi-Sojam men have agreed to welcome us they have no more hesitation and the rumours of feuds and epidemics have completely disappeared.

20th March.—Halt Mingō. The Guchi-Sojam men left with promises to send men to fetch us and our loads after four days, and they seemed so cheerful and friendly that I have little doubt of their sincerity. But it is, of course, still possible that their co-villagers will be less enthusiastic over our visit and that the promised porters will not materialize. In such an event I will have to go ahead with a few loads and try to arrange for relays to bring up the rest of the luggage.

In spite of the isolation of some village groups, which is however never complete, news seems to travel far in these hills. Chandu Tolak, an old man who remembers the Miri Mission, told me today that he had not only heard of our doings in Licha, but also of a visit of a Government *Kotoki* to Segia Sera, a village on

the east bank of the Subansiri, about one day from Nilo with which Mingo has connections. (It seems that an Abor *Kebak* went westwards from Wak and struck the Subansiri; our Galong porters had also heard rumours of his trip).

To my surprise prominent men of the villages of Balu, Lapchi and Lapte appeared today accompanied by Chagdo Tagla, the headman of Bidak. Tagla was here some days ago and has now brought several of his friends. They were all most anxious to express their friendly feelings and promised to send porters if I wished to visit their villages. Tagla insists that I should spend some days in his village on my way back and the man from Bidak told me we could live in one of his granaries, most of which are very substantial houses, if the rest could not be taken across the Kamla by the existing one rope bridge. If I fail to get on from Gechi-Sojam I will remember these invitations and in any case I will have to draw on porters from the nearby villages for my return journey.

Balu seems to be not on very good terms with the villages higher up the Khru, except with the nearby Nilo which belongs to the same group as the Kabak and Balu clans. Only one year ago Balu raided Nikter, the village beyond Gechi-Sojam, and that may be one of the reasons why the Kabak people do not want to take me as far as Nikter.

Chagdo Tagla told me also with great relish of how one year ago he first raided Rei (on the right bank of the Kamla, opposite Gechi-Sojam) killing two and capturing eight people, and then a settlement of Tshem called Bor-Champro (on the Khru near its confluence with the Palin) to which the people whom he had tried to get in Rei had in the meantime fled. In this later raid, on which he was accompanied by men of Mingo, Lapchi, Lapte and Gepe, they killed six people and captured three, but lost one of their own party in a counter-attack.

I have so far purposely avoided putting questions about connections with Tibet, for the reticence of the people to talk about anything concerning distant villages is only gradually vanishing. But all agree that Gechi-Sojam is the last village relying for salt and iron on supplies from Assam, whereas Nikter to the north-west and Nilo to the north-east, get all their salt from Tibet as well as many other commodities. Even here Tibetan cloth and Tibetan ornaments are much in evidence, and one man of Mingo wears a magnificent Tibetan cloak of purple woollen cloth, far superior to anything I have so far seen in these hills. The cloak is 'tailored' and the material is similar to, though thicker than our red bread-cloth; the proud owner says he paid a mithan for it.

During a visit to the house of Chagdo Tara, who wears himself a good woollen Tibetan cloth which he got from Nilo, the village of one of his four fathers-in-law, I found a young man from Lyablin, a village two days' march beyond Tali, who was captured by men of Nai and sold as a slave to Chagdo Tara. He and his master, who is obviously well informed told me a good deal about connections with Tibet. The people of the Tumir group, including such villages as Nikter, go as far as the last villages before the snow ranges on this side and the people of those villages go across the snows to trade with Tibetans. The stages from Mingo are as follows: Gechi-Sojam-Tumer-Naj-Tamuk-Tali-Haki-Hampa-Lyablin-Lope-Sdre-Mayu-Agia Sorü and Orö Sorü. All these are villages. Lyablin, the home village of my informant, is already high up; he told me that in the winter they had not to go to a spring for water, but brained snow in their cooking pots. They wear coats with long sleeves and the people who go over the snows wrap rags round their feet but have no boots. Beyond Orö Sorü there are no villages and it takes several days to reach Tibet (Nime) over high mountains. Both Tara and his slave denied any knowledge of Tibetans coming this side and said that the people of the Sorü villages, who are people like they, were the only middle-men in the trade with Tibetans. They had heard of Mara and described it as a place reached first on the way to Tibet, beyond the snow-ranges, where only men lived in great buildings, but no women. The question is, of course, whether they mean by the snow-ranges the Himalayan main-range or perhaps the 14,000 feet range between Kamla and Subansiri which the people of the high villages cross at a point much farther west than Tali. They know a route to the Subansiri *via* Deyi and Nilo, but say that it is not used for trade with Tibet.

21st March.—Halt. Mingo. After three days of cloudy weather with occasional showers we have today had several hours of sunshine. If this year is at all typical—and I am inclined to believe that last year the rains started unusually early—March should be a month still suitable for fairly extensive touring. But the haze on fine days and the clouds on rainy days would make survey work difficult and there would be little point in keeping a survey party in the hills much after the middle of February.

My relations with the people of Mingo grow more cordial every day, and having shed their initial reluctance to admit any knowledge of the country and people to the north and north-west, they now say that if next year I come soon after the harvest they would gladly carry for me to more distant villages. Even the few days of my stay have convinced them that we are able to bring them very tangible benefits, for I am sure that Mingo has not seen as much salt in years as I have already paid out for goods and services. Everyone is anxious to trade and three passes scarcely an hour of the day when I am not offered a variety of articles from edible roots, chickens, and smoked fish to Tibetan dao and beads in exchange; for either salt or cloth, but mainly salt. Alas, I must preserve my limited stock and refuse most of these temptations and at present I am giving salt only in exchange for rice at a rate of 3/4 seer of salt for one seer of rice. It has been impossible to carry sufficient rice for my whole camp and I have always relied on purchasing local supplies. When I arrived here I was rather disturbed by the Mingo people's promissions that they had had a catastrophically bad harvest and were on the verge of a famine, citing not their scanty grain store with wild roots and tubers. The last harvest was certainly bad (and I have just heard from Davy that the plague of rats occurred also in Miralat and Tado where he toured), but the Mingo people seem to have exaggerated their difficulties, fearing probably that they would be expected to feed the many Miris who had carried my loads. But when they saw them depart and realized that we made no demands on their resources, they dropped their talk of famine, and rice is coming in so steadily in seers and half seers that the supply position is causing me no more anxiety. Indeed from tomorrow on I will buy no more rice, and preserve the salt mainly for the payment of porters. Reliance on local supplies is possible for a very small party such as ours—twelve seers have come in today—but sufficient rice could not be obtained from these small villages to feed a large party; the women bring it in by one or at the most one and a half seers and will sell it only for salt. Most of the rice is of a coarse red variety.

The other great need of the people is cloth, and the existing shortage is almost entirely due to the scarcity of raw material. For the cloths woven by the women of the village are of strong quality and artistically pleasing with their borders and central patterns of dark blue, red, green and black. But the

cotton grown, is, as it seems, of poor quality and little space is devoted to its cultivation. There is consequently not enough of it to go round, and while wealthier men wear good cotton cloth, often in addition to very fine woollen cloth of Tibetan make, the poor men own only the most primitive rags. Again and again young men and even women offer to carry for me to Gachi-Sojam if thereby they can earn a piece of cloth. The tragedy is that owing to the shortage at North Lakhimpur, I have very little standard cloth with me. Otherwise I might be able to bribe the people into carrying on a more extensive trip.

The great scarcity of such essential commodities as salt and cloth seems to prove that Minga lies on the fringe of one economic sphere. It is so far away from the sources of supply and so dependent on several middle-men, that fewer imported commodities reach here than in other parts of the same sphere. The shortage of salt may have something to do with the very great frequency of goitre, which is here definitely the most prevalent disease. Another distressing complaint affecting a large part of the population is ringworm. Nowhere have I ever seen it in so serious a form; in many cases the disease has spread over the whole body, giving the skin a silvery, scaly appearance, and even children are disfigured in this way and presumably condemned to a life time of misery. If we could bring in iodised salt (which is Switzerland and the Tyrol did away with goitre within one generation) and combat ringworm, we should relieve suffering to a very great extent and benefit the people more immediately than by any other measure. It is strange that ringworm is not frequent among Apa Tanis nor to the same extent among the Dafla of the Panior Region.

22nd March.—Halt Minga. Today Biku Yampa and Hipa Tavo, two *pun*-holders who have so far accompanied us, left for their own villages. Biku Yami, a lady of certainly over fifty, has proved most useful in establishing contact and dispelling suspicions, and I only urged her to return because I feared that if the weather should break, the long journey and difficult river-crossing might be too great a strain on her. She has my best wishes for a safe journey while that is nearly over when I had to leave and I wish we could have promised to visit her village on the way back or even next season. But it lies rather off our route and in very difficult country. It is sometimes almost embarrassing how very much affection and loyalty a little personal interest arouses in primitive people. At first I had imagined that Yami had her private reasons for coming all this long way—at least six to seven days from her village—but she asked for nothing and does not seem to have any claims or connections on this side of the Kamla. Hipa Tayo and his wife would also have stayed on, had I not sent him back to Tapo to arrange for the despatch to Seram loads of salt which I had bought in error in Tapo. Nada Biku, who has brought my post from Bote, is going with them as far as Daboon, where he will cross to Rakhi. He and other Apa Tanis are rather frightened of the river crossing by raft, but I believe that they will get used to it and find here an *el dorado* for trade. One of the Minga men offered one of the Apa Tanis a beautiful Tibetan sword for two seers of salt and one cotton cloth! But at this stage I could not spare the salt and cloth and had also my scruples to finance so obviously iniquitable a transaction.

The case of the young man who offered the sword is interesting. His home village is Karr in the Siji valley, and he was born there as an 'Abor'. When a boy he was captured and sold to Minga as a slave. He grew up here, learnt to dress in Miri fashion and tie his hair in a knot. Ultimately he married a girl of Kahsi clan, was given his freedom and has established a separate household. Judging from his bearing and unusually good clothes I have always mistaken him for one of the more prominent young men of Minga and when I asked him whether he would like to return his home village, he told me that he went there often enough to visit his brothers, but had not the least desire to return to a place where raids are so much the order of the day "that people hide half the night in the jungle and come to their houses only to eat." This need not be taken literally, but everyone who has anything to say about the Siji valley tells me of the frequency of war in that area. I have not yet given up hope of persuading some men to take me to Dei and Nilo and yesterday I found the first man who said he would do so for a cloth.

When the day before yesterday the men of Gachi Sojam left, I told them to send porters on the fourth day to fetch me, but this afternoon some other men of Gachi-Sojam arrived, saying that 67 porters were preparing to come carry tomorrow morning! If they all come I shall be in difficulties owing to a surplus rather than a shortage of porters, for nearly thirty Minga men and women have already put down their names for the trip, anxious to earn wages of cloth or salt. And six days ago I thought it might be difficult to get in touch with Gachi Sojam!

23rd March.—Minga to Rane-Hate (Gachi)—Approximately 8 miles—8.30 a. m. to 3 p. m. Early this morning it rained, but the rain changed soon to a light drizzle and the drizzle eventually to mist, so dense that one could not see further than a hundred feet. Yesterday I took down the names of those Minga people, who were prepared and indeed anxious to carry my loads to Rane-Hate, the village marked on the map as Gachi. They and a good many others turned up early this morning, but as Gachi and Sojam people were coming to fetch me, I had to ask them to wait until we knew how many extra porters were required. The Gachi and Sojam people must have left their villages at the dead of night, for soon after eight o'clock they began to arrive. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a large crowd pouring out of the mist, men, women and boys in a seemingly endless stream. There were nearly a hundred of them, and I saw at once that the Minga people would not be required today. I explained that on my return journey they would have a chance of earning wages and they took it extraordinarily well. The Gachi and Sojam people were led by their influential men and there was a surprising discipline as I wrote their names and each man or woman was given a load. No one complained about the heaviness or bulk of loads and a very short time after their arrival we were ready to start.

The well trodden path leads for the first twenty minutes in a moderate gradient through the high grass and shrub of old *jhums*, but then leaves the top of the spur and drops suddenly and steeply into the Haren valley. Two men ahead were busy improving the path, cutting footholds into particularly precipitous and slippery places with the butt ends of their spears. Such assistance for us and the porters coming behind struck me as very different from the attitude of the average Dafla on a difficult path. At most of the valleys in this part of the hills, the slopes become steeper and steeper the nearer one comes to the bottoms, and here there were some passages over rocks where one had to hold on to cane ropes and watch one's step. The Haren is a small river, rushing through its narrow gorge in a succession of rapids and waterfalls. It is normally forded but for our benefit a small bamboo bridge had been built. Even in the rains this stream can no doubt easily be bridged. From the Haren crossing on the path rises gradually along a precipitous but densely wooded hill-side. To our Apa Tanis it

seems pretty frightful and when we reached camp they were full of stories of how one false step might have killed a mith. Here and there a difficult stretch is bridged by notched logs and poles, but the Miris carried their loads—some quite heavy—without delaying over any obstacle. None lagged behind; and though their physique is by no means particularly impressive, they seem much tougher porters than the South Kamla Miris.

From the virgin forest of the steep slopes flanking the Haven, we emerged finally on old jhum land and reached at 1 P.M. the approaches of Sibung-pa, the village marked on the map as Sojum, and inhabited by the Hamsam (or Sojum) clan. But the path we took skirted the village, and rising higher, led over open grassy slopes with old and new jhums intermixed up to the village of Ruta-Hatte, known by its predominant clan also as Guchi and marked so on the map. Houses of medium size and granaries, all on piles, lie in several groups on a hill-side, and on the fringe of the highest part of the village we found a field with a fairly level site for the camp.

Practically all the villagers had carried for us, but the very old people and children and a few women who had stayed behind came from their houses as we passed and following us up the hill stood watching us make our camp. A slice of the slope had to be dug out to accommodate my tent and the young men simply threw themselves into the work, while others climbed high trees and cut the branches to build shelters. Everybody seemed amused and in the best of spirits. But neither we nor our tent and belongings created half as much interest and excitement as one cat with her six kittens. The people had never seen a cat or even heard of such an animal, and sat round in a circle watching fascinated; they were delighted to handle the kittens and many people asked me to give them one. If I had not already many Apa Tanis and Dafias on the waiting list for these kittens I might have a pair in Ruta-Hatte to start a new line in cats!

The people look in many ways superior to those of Mingö, and the village is not only bigger but looks definitely more prosperous. There are several men of obvious importance and good status and some of the younger men are very fine looking with their headdresses of yak's hair, attractive cloth with narrow, dark borders and long Tibetan swords, often in sheaths covered with long grey monkey-fur and the lower jaw of a leopard beast with canines hanging on the chest from the shoulder-baldric. But in the great heat of midday many of the men had divested themselves of their clothes and wore besides the plaited cane rings round their hips only a penis-cover carved, as it seems, from the root of a bamboo. Others wear small aprons, and for these red, orange and purple are the favourite colours. Of the women who carried, many also took their cloths off, the older ones leaving the breasts bare, and the younger enclosing the breasts in a plaited cane-band, a small piece of cloth tucked into a narrow cane-ring, or even some leaves held in place by a narrow band. I noticed several men with short hair and one man with shaggy head were a bit in Abor style. Even more interesting were several grey woollen coats with sleeves, unmistakably of Tibetan origin, as well as a sleeveless purple coat. One woman wore a small cup of red Tibetan wool, and many men have aprons of woollen material resembling the Bhutia cloth known in Assam as "tongs". In no village, including Mongo on the Panior, have I yet seen so many clothes of Tibetan origin, and it is obvious that Ruta-Hatte receives many more commodities from the north-west than from Assam.

Since the making of the camp had taken quite a long time, and the people had eaten practically nothing all day, they themselves suggested deferring the paying of the wages until to-morrow. They have to be paid in cloth or salt and that cannot be done in a hurry.

All day it has been extremely hot and climbing the steep slopes we found the heat for the first time this year really trying. But towards evening it cooled off rapidly and after dusk it became quite chilly. There are some dam-flies, but not as many as on the lower Kamla.

Our camp is in an excellent position. It is just next door to the upper part of the village, and has a magnificent view across the Kamla onto the towering mass of mountains rising from the west without any real break to 9000 and 9,000 feet peaks, and south-east wards over the ridges of Hidak and other villages of the Kabak clan to the ranges between Kamla and Subansiri.

24th March.—Hali Ruta-Hatte. The first thing this morning was to pay the porters who carried yesterday. I had expected that most of them would want salt, but cloth was actually even more in demand. We paid either three arm lengths of cloth (worth about Rs.1) or 3/4 seer of salt and two match boxes. With a very few exceptions all the men chose the cloth, but as we have very little cloth we insisted that the women should take the salt and this proved fairly satisfactory, each household receiving both cloth and salt. The atmosphere was very good and no one asked for a higher wage.

On our arrival yesterday an old lady had introduced herself as a friend of the "Bin-Sahib" who came many years ago and insisted that I should visit her house before any other. She is the widow of Dangme Tame mentioned as headman of Guchi in the Miri Mission Report, and her husband's son Tame by another wife is to day as it seems the most prominent man in the village and incidentally also a great priest and magician.

Knowing that the people are anxious that this season we should not go any further up the Kamla, I decided to avoid for some time all direct questions about the country ahead and the Guchi people's connections with the villages of the Tame-Nikhor group. Seemingly innocent questions about the members of a man's family yield usually more reliable information, without arousing too much suspicion. In Dangme Tame's house this method proved singularly successful, and whereas to a direct question he would undoubtedly have replied that he never went higher up the Kamla, I learnt within half an hour that his eldest wife was from Nikhor, and his two younger wives were of Khorbam clan, which is concentrated in Tame and the villages to the north-west on the Sobi River. This and the many Tibetan articles worn by the villagers gives the lie to the assertion that Ruta-Hatte formed part of the Kabak group and had few connections with the north-west, an assertion made by several people in Mingö and contained also in the Miri Mission Report.

When I realized where my host's marriage connections lay I did not discomfort him by further questions, for he and several of the men present were sharp enough to realize that I had learnt more than they cared that I should know. So I turned to the useful subject of deities and ceremonies, and they grasped at the topic with visible relief. By the time they had told me what type of animals are sacrificed to the various deities and what rites precede and follow sacrificing they had shed their fear that I might impress them as porters for a trip to Tame, and were more inclined to believe that I had come to make friends with them. Dangme Tame produced a pig which will provide welcome meat for the camp and was delighted with my return gift of a brass cup.

In the evening I visited the house of Dangte Kahem and heard from him something about the trade with Assam. No man of this village has ever visited the plains, but salt is obtained from the men of the Kabak

villages, who in turn deal with the south Kamla Miris. The Rute-Hate people pay for the salt in beads and Tibetan *dao*—paying for half a seer of salt one conch-shell bead valued by the Miris of the foothills between Rs.1 and Rs.1. When I asked from where they got all their beads, bells, and *dao*, there was a very disingenuous attempt to deceive me by saying these also came from the Kahali people who in turn got them from people on the Subansiri. But one man admitted at last that these articles reached the Miris by a route along the Kamla as well as by the route along the Khru.

25th March.—Halt Rute-Hate. Last night a strong wind sprang up and carried ragged clouds with amazing speed through the Kamla valley. The gorge seemed to spout steam, which was seized by wind and whirled along the dark steep slopes of the mountains, torn into shreds and lifted upwards. Now and then we too were enveloped in grey mist and a few squalls of rain beat against the tents. But later the wind calmed down and we awoke to a quiet morning.

My sole aim is at the moment to make friends with the villagers and prepare thereby both a possible half-way house for next season and a forward move after a few days. The great friendliness of the people I meet might make one believe that the battle is already won, but from what my two Miri guides and interpreters, Gocham Tepak and Nakr Mado tell me, I see that a good many memories have to be lived down. Over some mugs of rice-beer they were told last night that before we approached the people of Rute-Hate removed their mithan and shut up their pigs, because during the Miri Mission, many mithan and pigs were speared and eaten by Naga porters. Considering that many porter convoys went without supervision this is not necessarily untrue; particularly after there had been some clashes in the Naga may have considered themselves at liberty to live on the country. But the Miris have now begun to realize that this year they have nothing to fear, and I want this feeling not only to sink in here, but to communicate itself to the villages which I am unable to visit. It is a good sign that people from neighbouring villages are already coming in to see me, no doubt as much in order to see what we are like as to know what attitude to adopt in case I want to visit their villages. Today two men of Rel clan from the village marked on the map as Ria, but actually called Ngôni-pobo, came across the Kamla. They have relatives in Rute-Hate and there is a *mir*, a cane rope bridge, across the Kamla between their village and Rute-Hate. The Rel men had not much to say, but gave me some useful information on the number of houses and composition of their village and other villages on the right bank of the Kamla. The clans Rel, Godak and Sungê form a group called Tenin, just as the clans of Gochi, Hasam (Sojam), Dangne, Dungu and Pacha form a group called Talom. Very gradually the complicated mosaique of the Miris' political and social organization is taking shape.

In the house of Dungu Tamung I met today Chugdu Kane, a man from Mingô; he moved here about a month ago on account of a quarrel with two Mingô men of Changmo clan, both Chugdu and Changmo being sub-clans of Kabak. The quarrel has a long history and it seems that Chugdu Kane was somehow responsible for the capture of the two Changmo men by men of Rute-Hate, and their subsequent detention in Tumr, in the house of Kane's wife's brother. Now they paid him back and helped in the capture of the widow and daughter of his brother by men of Baba and Pereu (a small village visible from here, not far from Kumra). Kane planned the expedition, but got slightly wounded in the chest by an arrow, and being alone, had to give up the attempt to rescue the women. Fearing to run into trouble with the two Changmo men, who were parties to the plot, he left Mingô and came to stay in the house of his sister who is married in Rute-Hate. He will cultivate here this year, but intends to return to Mingô, where he left his house and granaries as they were, when the danger has blown over. Ironically I am unwittingly a piece of a pig paid to the Changmo men as reward for their assistance in the capture of the women.

In the course of this story I realized that Kane's wife had a brother in Tumr (Tumir of the map), and that brother has close connections with Nilô. I further heard that Nilô is a large village of over forty houses, lying in two settlements to both sides of the Sipi River, and that men without heads can visit it from Gobin (the Nilkar of the map) one day after crossing a high hill. Considering that the Subu River, which flows near Tumr into the Kamla, means to come from the 14,000 feet range separating Kamla and Subansiri, I have suspected for some time that a route may lead along that river and across a pass into the upper Subansiri valley. Kane confirmed that there are many villages in the Subu valley and gave me the names of several of them. Most of these villages lie so high up that in winter they are under snow, and the path along the river is said to be extremely difficult. In the summer the high villages on this side of the snow range are visited by Tibetans, who come across the passes. They have guns and are dressed in many layers of cloth, with high boots, and caps covering the whole head and leaving only eyes, mouth and nose bare. When they come for war they wear iron armour which no arrow can pierce and carry double edged swords, which they wield with great skill.

The route along the Subu is one of three routes to Tibet known to the Miris. Another runs along the Kamla and a third along the Subansiri; apart from these there is the route along the Khru.

Chugdu Kane mentioned that in Nilô village on the Sipi nearly all men wear Tibetan coats and as he made no attempt to veil his close connections with Nilô, I asked him whether he would not accompany me to Gobin and from there to Nilô. I added that I had no wish to go to Sartam and Tali this season, but that I would like to see Nilô and the Sipi valley. This suggestion did not horrify him as much as I had feared and I believe indeed that the people are mainly anxious that we should not go to Sartam and Tali, where the Mizi Mission ran into trouble and inflicted losses on the tribesmen. For a trip up the Subu River, attractive as it would be, I have not sufficient exchange goods to pay the porters, but a visit to Gobin and possibly Tumr would bring me in touch with the important Tade-Tame group controlling the entrance into the Subu valley, and in Nilô I might be able to hear more about the two routes to Tibet along the Subu and along the Subansiri. For it seems that there is a direct connection between Sipi and the Subu valleys; both are inhabited by tribes differing from the Kamla Miris, and resembling in hair cut and dress the 'Abors' of the Subansiri area.

The Miri Mission Report, however, mentions nothing of a route through the Subu valley, nor indeed that Tibetans visit villages on this side of the snow ranges.

26th March.—Halt Rute-Hate. This morning I went up the spur west of the village and down a steep slope to a place with a good vista of the Kamla valley and the snowy ranges to the north-west. From deep down sounded the roar of the Kamla River, rushing over innumerable rapids. By cutting a few small trees we gained a view of the white foaming water breaking through barriers of boulders and pouring into pools of bottle-green green. From a distance it looks as if the river could here be easily bridged by bamboos spanning the gaps between the groups of boulders, but the width of these gaps may in reality be greater than it seems. The lowest part of the valley is narrow, in parts even gorge-like, but it widens some 1,300 feet above the water level, and the gentler slopes offer there possibilities for cultivation. But from the view

point onwards there was unbroken forest for a good many miles, as far as the village of Goba (the Nikter of the map) which is surrounded by plain-fields and large areas bearing only grass. Tumu, the village beyond it near the confluence of Kamla and Selu is not visible, but further up the valley I could clearly see the large open slopes of Sartam and one big house belonging to Rugi. While the Kamla valley runs westwards, the Selu River comes through a deep valley leading as it seems in a north-westerly direction. The clouds above the valley were just dispersing and soon a high snow range emerged, enclosing the valley to the north and north-north-west. This is obviously the range with the [illegible] as of 13,412 feet and 12,504 feet and above the hills of Sartam and Rugi appeared slightly higher snow peaks, being probably the points of 14,162 and 14,190 feet of the map.

The men with me had been several days march up the Selu valley and told me that the main valley leads not due north as sketched in on the map, but turns west and runs nearly parallel to the Kamla valley. Near the confluence of Kamla and Selu it is very narrow and the path leads in places dangerously along cliffs, but higher up it broadens and the villages lie amidst good land. The names of the villages which my informants knew, were largely the same which I had been told by the slave from Lyubita in Mingö, and it seems indeed that the latter had had the Selu route in mind. My informants left no doubt that from the Selu valley there leads a path across the same snow-mountains at which we were looking and that behind these mountains lies the land of the Tibetans. They said that the Selu route is shorter than the Kamla route, but in parts rather more difficult, that the sources of Kamla and Selu lie not very far apart and that both routes lead into an area of high villages on this side of the snows, inhabited by clans allied to themselves in manners and speech. These people go sometimes across the snow ranges, but many are said to perish on the way. My informants were full of phantastic stories about the dangers of the road to the land of the Tibetans, stories which stand in obvious contrast to their assertion that in those high villages practically only Tibetan clothes are worn.

We were still discussing the country ahead when a group of people came along the path from Rute-Hate, and I recognized a man and two women of Mingö. They were on their way to friends in Goba (Nikter) and I told them to tell some Goba men to accompany them on their way back and come to see me in Rute-Hate. So much for the assertion that Mingö has no connections with the villages further up the Kamla!

While on a visit in a house this afternoon I saw a woman who struck me as looking rather different and more purely Mongolid than the ordinary Mini. Her skin was unusually light and her features more delicate. She is now married to a man of this village, but her home is in Rakai Yenamo, a village high up near the snows and on the road, near the land of the Tibetans. There she said men and women wear Tibetan clothes, but their houses were not very different from those of this village. She herself was captured in war and sold and re-sold till while still a young girl she reached Rute-Hate. She told me that the people of her village used to buy their clothes from 'Agin Nienie', i. e., 'the Tibet on this side of the snow ranges', and that some of them went to 'Ana Nienie' the Tibet beyond the high snow ranges.

Hospitality in Rute-Hate is no inconsiderable affair. The man whose house I visited invited me yesterday for today, so that he could have enough time to prepare beer and a present. Similarly people have called me to their house to eat meat today. It is difficult if they have not been invited to observe rules in order to avoid embarrassment to one's hosts. In a country where personal safety depends on the number of one's friends, the ties created by hospitality are highly valued, and it seems that the first visit to a man's house accompanied by an exchange of presents, is an act of great importance. An old man commented today on the difference between this time when they have a chance of meeting friends with a finish, and last time when Sahibs did not enter their houses and would not even drink with them, but as the men passed a little beer into their own mouths. The custom of calling large groups round a gathering at a hearth have been so much symbolical value as the "price of peace" among East Indians and to refuse them is to say the least impolite.

Now the people have gained confidence in us, their hesitated five-stock has returned. The village is swarming with pigs and the evening scarcely passes without one grunting on the scarcely glowing fire. From what the older people heard still previously to our interpreters I gather that the portion of the Mini Mission were very bad in killing and eating whatever medium, pigs and goats they saw.

27th March.—Rute Hate to Sibing-pa and back.—Approximately 4 miles. The days are now so perfect that I almost regret that I cannot move forward. But it is essential to consolidate here and establish some contact with men of Goba (Nikter) and Tumu, before shifting my camp. This village is moreover an excellent centre, having as it seems equally strong connections with the Kabak group, the Rei group on the right bank of the Kamla, and the villages of Goba and Tumu.

This morning I went to Sibing-pa, the village of the Hamam clan which is closely allied to the Gochi clan of Rute-Hate. On the way I passed through a fine field on a very steep and stony slope. Nearly all the bigger trees were still standing, but branches had been largely lopped off, and the burning of the undergrowth had singed the remaining leaves. Part of the field was already planted with maize, and a boy and a girl in a little palm-thatched shelter were guarding the tender, sprouting shoots. Moreover there were small gratings of bamboo dangling above the young crop, suspended from ropes that were stretched between the trees.

The houses of Sibing-pa also known as Sojam, stand embedded in jungle on a sloping hill-side. I went to the house of Hamam Talar, which he shares with two brothers. None of the men were at home, but the women were in no way embarrassed and I got from them a good deal of information before Talar and his brothers returned from a fishing trip to the Haren stream. Most of the fish caught here are very small, and some run much streams as the Haren, where the people fish by building weirs and traps. Strangely enough they do not seem to fish in the Kamla.

Hamam Talar was the first Mini of this area who could tell me something of the history of his clan. The ancestors of the Talam clan (which split later into Hamam, Gochi, Danume and other clans), the Kabak clan, the Balu clan and the Rei clan are said to have entered this country from the north-west along a route following the Kamla and to have gone as far as Debom, where they settled. From there they spread out and the Hamam and Gochi clans, retracing their steps, went first to live in Mingö and then settled in Sibing-pa and Rute-Hate. When they first entered the country they found here a race akin to the 'Abors' of Dere and Nilo and wiped it out in bloody wars.

Late this afternoon a large group of men and [illegible] men from Malempoho, a village of Baki clan near Kumra, arrived here on a ceremonial visit connected with the purchase of a Tibetan bell. Chagedi Tania, a young man who left Mingö to settle here, told me the other day that he is entering into a bond of friendship with Bobi Tari by selling him a *mop* called Rusi, which he has inherited from his father. Bobi Tari has already paid two mithan, an *eshi* cloth and other valuables, and has brought now one mithan and a calf, as well as a large quantity of beer and meat. The party arrived shortly before sunset and most of the

villagers watched the procession coming up the hill. Ahead went two men leading the ar chan and mithan calf (the mithan with bamboo streamers on the horns), then followed a priest and a line of women, each carrying a basket with two new bamboo vessels of beer or with meat, and behind these came the men, Bôki Tari with a large head-dress of yak's hair, all carrying spears and at the end of the procession another priest, chanting as he went. As they approached the house of Chaugla Tânla, the mithan were tied up close to the verandah, and the visitors filed into the house. Inside they sat down, the women in one group and the men in another and the two priests paced up and down chanting incantations, one swinging a bamboo whisk. They chanted of the rope Rusi, moulded by gods, which they came to obtain, and prayed that the spirits of the place should be friendly to the guests. Then they purified food and drink, praying that none of those participating in the feast should be inflicted by pains in stomach or belly, a necessary enough precaution in view of the amount of drink prepared by the hosts and brought by the guests.

The whole proceedings occurred in an atmosphere of greatest solemnity, appropriate to the sanctity of the bond of friendship which the exchange of the bell was to create between the two families. Not until the priests had touched with their bamboo whisks the mouths of millet-beer, and taken a gourd ladle with beer to pour on the mithan and on the ground, was the drink dealt out. Not the hats, but the wife of Bôki Tari ladled out the beer prepared by Chaugla Tanie's household, and I was told that the beer brought by the visitors would not be drunk until tomorrow.

But the interest in us was too great to allow the visitors to concentrate entirely on the ritual of hospitality. As we left the house they followed us to our camp and, equally fascinated by our cats and the tent with its contents, seemed loathe to return to the ceremonies. Bôki Tari is a rather unusual personality, distinguished by a narrow face with a prominent, long nose and a small thin beard. He has the self-importance of a man of influence but the curiosity of a child, and strikes me as potentially useful but probably difficult to deal with. His two grown-up sons are very forthcoming and so are the other young men in his party.

28th March.—Hait Rute-Hate. For some days people of the village and the neighbouring Sibing-pa have approached my interpreters with complaints about the murder of a woman by Naga porters at the time of the Miri Mission. My interpreters started by explaining that I could not be made responsible for occurrences of so long ago, but I felt that although for the moment opportune, it would not be diplomatic nor indeed feasible to disclaim all connection between the Miri Mission and Officers of Government now visiting the hills, and decided that it would be best to face this unfortunate incident and try to settle it in a way understandable to the tribesmen. For as long as blood remained between us, the position of the villagers is difficult and embarrassing situations can arise if I try for instance to enter the house of a kinsman of the murdered woman who according to tribal custom cannot possibly offer me hospitality. If Rute-Hate and Sibing-pa were to be used as a base or a half-way house next year it is essential to remove old grievances and lay the foundations of friendship which in time can become as valuable as the friendship with the Apa Tanis.

I called therefore Hamam Tabli, who is an important man and the nearest relative of the murdered woman, being her late husband's brother's son; as her sons are dead the obligation to revenge her death or conversely the right to demand compensation falls on him. His description of the incident tallies with what I have so far heard. While the Political Officer was camping in Rute-Hate, Tôkai Yaram, the wife of Hamam Tadak of Sibing-pa went on a ceremonial visit to her daughter in Mingô who had just given birth to a child. Yaram left Mingô carrying a load of cane given to her by her son-in-law. But she never arrived in Sibing-pa, and when search parties went out they found her body close to the path, the head having been cut off with a knife or dâo. On the day Yaram left Mingô a large party of Naga porters had left Rute-Hate for Mingô and there was no doubt that the Nagas had killed her. My interpreter Gocham Tapak, who as a boy was with the Miri Mission, remembers the killing of the woman by Nagas and says that Kerwood did not hear of it until he had left Rute-Hate and was camping in Pai. The incident is not mentioned in either of the printed reports, but Captain Duff writes that the discipline of the Nagas left much to be desired and that the local tribesmen were very much afraid of them. This is an understatement. From what is remembered after 33 years in all the villages I have so far visited it seems that they were an absolute terror and the people here and elsewhere tell me that they killed and ate every mithan, pig, goat or chicken they saw, and that their camps were usually at some distance from that of the Sahibs and sepoys—a fact born out by the reports. In the light of this, the first suspicions and later lenient attitude of Sartam, Rupi and Tali is not so very surprising. If anyone tried to tour the country of the Kalyo Kengyu or Yimsunge Nagas with several hundred Dafflas who speared the pigs and goats of the villages on the way and engaged in private head-hunting, he would also be an unwelcome visitor.

Since the Gochi and Hamam people behaved extremely well and — as acknowledged in the reports — furnished guides and porters, the killing of a lone, unsuspecting old woman cannot be justified by any moral standard, and I feel it essential for our future relations with the Miris that, however belated, the officers of Government should dissociate themselves from the incident. It is too much to expect that the Miris should realize the difficulties with which Kerwood was faced in maintaining discipline among his porters, and the only way of repairing the damage and restoring faith in the representatives of Government is to settle the case according to tribal custom. I explained therefore to Hamam Tabli that Government very much regretted the murder, which was not an act of war and had certainly been done without the orders and knowledge of the Sahibs and that I did not want any more blood between him and the officers of Government. I had no mithan or Tibetan bells to give, but to restore friendship I would give him a symbolical gift of cloth, beads, salt and a brass cup. I then gave him an *ende*-cloth, a brass cup, a string of beads and some salt. This did not seem to satisfy him and he asked rather surprisingly for twenty rupees in addition. When I added the money to the other gifts he declared himself satisfied and we drank beer to seal the friendship between him and his people and Government. I made it quite clear that there was no question of Government paying any compensation for men killed in a fight, but that the murder of his aunt was entirely uncommanded with the hostilities at Tali and Sartam, and that the gifts he had just received were nothing but a gesture of good-will and a symbol of my desire for friendly relations with him and the other villagers.

How much I would need the support and friendship of the people of Rute-Hate and Sibing-pa I realised a few hours later when Chaglo Tara of Mingô returned from Gôba (Niktur) accompanied by two men of Tungam clan. Seeing them arrive with flasks of beer and chickens in baskets I hoped for a moment that a move to Gôba would be plain sailing, but I soon saw that this was by no means so. Tara, who had taken my message to Gôba, and the two envoys explained dramatically that my going to Gôba and Nido would certainly lead to disaster. The men of Sartam and Tamir had voiced their determination to kill me and anyone with me if I dared to come that way, and the men of Gôba would not let me come to their village either. Gôba contains now mainly of the Tungam and the Tagro clan, and while the Tungam men would have no objection to a visit and would indeed be pleased to welcome me, the Tagro men were saying that their men had been killed by Sahibs when they last came, and that therefore they would oppose my coming. As to the

people of Nilō, a village in the Sipi valley, Tara knew only that he had met two Nilō men in Gōba, and that far from being pleased with the idea of a visit of mine to their village, they said they would block the path with *pagi* and felled trees if I chose to approach.

I tried to dissuade the Gōba men from this aggressive attitude, but they kept on saying that in order to save me from danger they had come to turn me back, and that while their elsewhere were prepared to be friendly, the Tagi men, who formed the majority in the village, were dead against my visit, and the Sartam men might easily waylay me on the way back if they heard I had gone to Nilō.

In the hope that the friendly atmosphere now prevailing in the village may induce them to change their minds, I let the envoys go to the houses of relatives. When they returned in the evening their attitude was slightly less intransigeant. They said that they would go back to their village and discuss matters with the other men, I should send one or two influential men of Rute-Hate with them to support their arguments, and if they succeeded in persuading their co-villagers to welcome us, they would arrange for porters; otherwise they would return here and report that they had failed to sway the other men to their view. Dangme Tame, clearly the most prominent man of Rute-Hate, and his son Talem agreed to accompany them to Gōba and I feel that if there was no hope of arranging for my visit to Gōba and Nilō these two men would not have staked their prestige.

From the men of Malen-po who had come with Bōkō Tari to receive the Tibetan bell Rusi, I gathered some interesting information on the villages on the left bank of the Kheu, with which they entertain close relations. One man is married to a girl of Hora-Tai, a village on a tributary of the Khru (Sheet No.83E, C1), and has often been there. He as well as Gorham Tapak describe it as a wide valley with a good deal of flat land, very like the Apa Tani country, though much smaller in size. Some wet rice is grown in naturally swampy places, but while the Hora people know how to transplant the rice, they do not build proper dams and terraces like the Apa Tanis. It is not unlikely that this flat bottomed valley of Hora-Tai has given rise to the stories about a level country like the Apa Tani country, which we heard of in Likha and Licha. But if the map is at all correct, the level ground cannot be much larger than 1 mile by ½ mile. However, in country like this, even such a stretch of level ground is likely to make a considerable impression on people unused to even an acre of level space. The men told me moreover that in Hora-Tai, as he called the group of villages, people wore a great deal of Tibetan cloth and ornaments, and this too was confirmed by Tapak. The position of the area three to four easy marches from Kiruan coincides with what we heard about the "broad valley of level ground" from people in Likha.

In the area between Kamla and Khru 'Miris' and 'Dafles' merge imperceptibly into each other. One of the Malen-po men, who was born in Yit (the k.zorn of the map, 83E, D,1) is of Dakrum clan, and this clan occurs also in Jorum and belongs definitely to the group of Dorum Daflas. He was incidentally a standard cloth such as sold in the Dura shop, and told me that he got it in Dura from a man who had bought it from Apa Tanis. Not only trade goods, but also news spreads fast from village to village and group to group. The Dakrum man told me that he had heard that Tasso Tade (of Tasso village in the Palin valley) recently killed one man and wounded another who came from the direction of Licha at a time when the sepoys were in Kiruan. He was not quite sure whether the two victims were men of Likha or another Dafla village near Licha, but he said that he had heard that Tasso Tade was threatening to deal with any Sahib, sepoy or Dafla coming qithin his reach in the easterly direction very. It seems that these two unfortunate men went on a private Dafla collecting expedition; it is said they used the name of Government and the sepoys to reinforce their claim and that Tasso Tade for from being intimidated stood one man in half like a chicken and wounded the other. How much of this story is true remains to be seen, but it is clear evidence that anything happening in these hills is soon known, the news flying like wild fire over very wide areas, with distance magnifying rather than reducing the importance of any incident.

29th March.—Halt Rute-Hate. Early this morning the two Gōba men accompanied by Dangme Tame and his son Talem left for Gōba. The time spent here has done them a lot of good and they seemed now genuinely eager to make their mission a success and persuade their fellow villagers to receive us as friends. I told them that whereas this year I wanted no more than to pay a friendly visit to Gōba and if possible Nilō, next year I would like also to settle the old quarrel with Sartam, Rugi, Mri and Tali. Because there had been fighting 33 years ago, there need not be enmity between these villages and Government for all time to come, and Government would be prepared to make friends and a *dapo* with all villages in this area.

Fortunately it seems that abstention from hostilities is all that would be required of the men of Sartam and Tali; for an expedition moving towards the snow ranges need not necessarily touch them. The information I have gathered within the last few days leaves no doubt that the route *via* Tali is only one, and perhaps the less frequented, of two routes across the snow ranges. The other route leaves Tumr and follows the valley of the Selā River, and leads to Lyublia and Soreng,* two villages occasionally visited by people of Rute-Hate. From Tali there is a path across the hills to Lyublia and Soreng and it seems that Kamla and Selu run for a stretch almost parallel. The Tali route to Soreng is said to be easier, but longer than the Selu route, but the latter has the advantage that it leads through villages friendly with and well known to the Gochi and Hamaan people. There is said to be also a route along the right bank of the Kamla which ultimately meets the Khru route and leads across the snow ranges in a region different to that reached *via* Soreng. That route, however, is never used by people of whom my informants have any personal knowledge.

Soreng can be reached from Tumr in three days, but part of the path through the Selu gorge is difficult and mithan must be taken by a longer round-about way. On the second day one reaches Kete, a high hill with a good view of the surrounding country. Soreng is a large village of about 40 houses, and the predominant clans are Tado, Tagle and Tai. From there Agia Marrang*, (the area immediately beneath the snows, is only three or four days, and my informants have met Agia Marrang people in Soreng

Soreng would be a convenient base for a visit to Agia Marrang and the villages through which most of the trade with Tibet must flow. It is a pity that this season it is too late to go as far as Soreng, but quite apart from the impending monsoon, which makes it imperative to re-cross the Kamla before the end of April, the time would be too short to win over the villages on the way to the idea of providing porters for the trip.

*Soreng seems to be identical with Sera, and Marrang with Mara.

That the legacy of the Miri Mission necessitates the most lengthy diplomatic preparation for any forward move, I learnt this afternoon when messengers from Mingō, the brother of the Bidak headman and a prominent man of Gōte arrived here and besought me not to go any further. They said they had heard that the men of Sartam, Rugi and Tali were planning to take revenge for their losses at the time of the Miri Mission, and if we went as far as Gōba they would certainly attack and kill us, or wait until we returned from Nilō and ambush us on the way back. Chugdu Tagla, the Bidak headman, and his friends were very disturbed about the possibility that we who had come to them like guests and exchanged presents of friendship should run such dangers, and if we were killed they would feel that they had to avenge our death. So they begged us not to proceed, but to return soon and spend some days in their villages; Chugdu Tagla and Yakne Terū of Doboin would each kill a mithan for us and others would feast us with pigs or goats. They added that even if nothing should happen to us, any long delay in returning would make it impossible for us to stay long in their villages and they did not want us to spend just a night or two, but looked forward to our staying for four or five days. Unfortunately they added that the Sartam and Tali men had heard that Gocham Tapak, the son of Kojum, was in my party, and were determined to wreck their vengeance on him on account of the ill-fate, for which they blamed Kojum, as the principal interpreter of the Miri Mission, that overtook them at the time of the Miri Mission. To make things worse they related the rumour that Kojum himself had taken part in the shooting on one occasion; a rumour which seems to be entirely unfounded. Tapak has never been too stout of heart, but being the only man in our party who has full mastery of the dialect in this area, which is considerably different from the Sartam Kamla dialect, he is absolutely essential and if he loses his nerve we shall be in a difficult position. The fact that he accompanied the Miri Mission as a boy and remembers a good deal of the country has so far been extremely useful, but it has also its drawbacks. For according to the Miri code a son is responsible for the deeds of his father, and in areas where hostilities occurred Tapak is consequently in enemy territory.

In the course of the debates with the bringers of evil tidings, I heard of an incident during the Miri Mission whose shadow may make friendly contact with Gōba somewhat difficult. It seems that on the day after the attack on Kerwood's camp at Tali, mistrice at the pass at Sartam opened fire on a group of Miris seen passing at some distance from the camp. Kerwood writes that "Captain Duff at once stopped the firing and asked who they were. They called themselves men of Tagru, a village on the other side of the Kamla. Subsequent inquiry has failed to elicit the truth of this matter: it may be, I think, presumed that the persons whoever they were had no good purpose towards us." Unfortunately the incident was not as harmless or irrelevant as it would seem from the report. Tapak, who was present in the Sartam camp, tells me that fire was opened on the men passing the camp in broad daylight and that Captain Duff was furious with the sepoys for firing without orders, but was too late to prevent two of the Miris from being killed. He succeeded in contacting the others, and prevailed upon them to take their dead away. The men were men of Tagro clan and not of the Tagro settlement on the right bank of the Kamla, but of Gōba referred to in the reports as Niktar) which had always been friendly with the mission. A relative of one of the killed men who lives now in Rute-Hate, told me today that these men had no quarrel with the Mission, and had indeed seen all the parties pass through their village. When trouble broke out in Tali, the very fact that they had been friendly caused the Sartam men to call them to help in settling matters, Sartam having had no part in the hostilities. As they had nothing to fear they passed the camp on the ordinary path, although they could easily have made a detour, and were fired on without any warning. Two of their men were killed and among them a very important man of Niktor clan. It seems that there is more resentment over the killing of these two men, than over the losses in the fight at Tali, and hearing people talk one would think the incident occurred last year and not 33 years ago. It is perhaps understandable that the less glorious incidents such as the killing of the woman of Sigiag-pa by Naga porters, are not mentioned in the printed reports, or, like this firing by nervous sepoys on a non-aggressive party, retrained without the full facts, but for officers visiting the same localities in later years a little more accuracy in the reports would be extremely helpful and enable them to realise in which villages they are likely to have to overcome suspicion or hostility. I do not think the case of Gōba hopeless, but I would certainly have known better how to tackle the two envoys who left this morning if I had known that their village had a grievance because despite their non aggressive attitude they had sustained losses at the hands of the Miri Mission.

30th March—Halt Rute-Hate. The days are now warm and sunny, with a thin layer of high clouds now and then overcasting the sky. Smoke of the many burning *jhums* fills the air with a dense haze and reduces visibility to a few miles. It is like a fine, grey veil enveloping the whole landscape and even when there are no clouds the sun is pale and without brilliance, and spasmodic breezes rain black shreds of ash.

The reluctance of the people to talk of their trade with the peoples to the north and north-west has almost entirely vanished and I am gradually finding out about the manner in which they obtain the many articles of Tibetan clothing. The most extraordinary element in this trade is the cheapness of the Tibetan woollen cloth. For a few beads I bought yesterday a very lovely piece of multicoloured Tibetan cloth, and while the owner told me he had paid one bead for it, others told me that certainly not more than two fowls would constitute a reasonable price. The price of one long Tibetan woollen coat with sleeves is one middle-sized pig, and considering that near the Apa Tani country one small pig is paid for a cotton cloth, this is very cheap indeed. The price of Tibetan salt is in comparison high, and the people say that they prefer Indian salt, which though here also expensive has a much stronger taste.

The reason for the cheapness and plenty of woollen cloth is probably that it is made on this side of the snow-ranges in villages only a few days' march to the north-west. People distinguish here between Agia Marrang (or Agia Nieme), the area of high altitude villages on this side of the snow-ranges and Eri Marrang (or Eri Nieme), Tibet proper on the far side of the snows. The people of Agia Marrang come as far as Soreng (which is four days from here) and would seem to be a race half Miri and half Tibetan. They wear only Tibetan cloths, do not tie up their hair in a knot, have woollen caps instead of cane-helmets, have guns and speak a language which some though not all people of Soreng understand. They keep sheep and yaks, which are used as pack animals, and large fierce dogs which are kept on iron chains. The yaks are taken backwards and forwards across the snows, and the journey from Agia Marrang to Eri Marrang is said to take about five days. In Agia Marrang the houses are built of wood, and the only type of cultivation is *jhum* cultivation. But crops of rice, millet and maize are good. The main goods sold to

the Tibetans beyond the snows are skins of otter, leopard, tiger, bear, monkey and squirrel, as well as musk, and even villages such as Rute-Hate still such skins to the tribes further north who are the middle-men in that trade.

Soon after mid-day Dangme Tame and Tekim, whom I had sent to Gôba, returned with the news that they had in vain tried to persuade the Gôba people to let us come to their village, but that the latter were frightened of the reaction of Sartam, Rugi and Tali, and would not like to see me come nor co-operate in a tour to Nilô. Both men looked rather disgruntled, but said that some Gôba men would themselves come and explain the reasons why they could not welcome me in their village. That sounded depressing and I saw our hopes of a forward move rapidly dwindling.

Not very long afterwards a long procession approached the camp and I was glad to see that a good many Gôba people had thought it worth while to come and see me. There were eight men, most of them accompanied by their wives, and they all brought gifts of chickens and beer. Their clan-names showed that all the settlements of Gôba were represented. When we had all sat down, their spokesman began to explain that they themselves would like to be friends and would have no objection to my visiting their village, but that they were afraid Sartam and Taffi might take the opportunity to attack us, and that in that case they would also suffer and moreover get a bad name. They were not on good terms with either Sartam or Tali, and indeed had had of late several conflicts with these villages. If I waited until next year they would in the meantime try to come to terms with Sartam and Tali and arrange if possible a *dapu*, which would be a guarantee against any trouble.

I replied that I was not afraid of Tali and Sartam but, appreciated their difficulties and would not insist on a visit which might embarrass them. But if I could not go to Gôba, I would like to go to Nilô, and it was I, a then and the Guchi and Hamam men, who both had many connections of marriage and friendship with Nilô, to arrange the porters for that trip. There were at first shouts of protest, but I explained that I only wanted to see Nilô and the people in the Sipi valley who were in no way involved in the hostilities at the time of the Miri Mission. After a good deal of persuasion on my part and many assurances that I had only come to see and make friends, the visitors and the men of Rute-Hate began to discuss the route, and surprised me with the offer to take me not only to Nilô, but even to Gôba, provided I was content with a short trip, which did not interfere too badly with their agricultural work. If I stayed only one night in Gôba the men of Sartam and Tali would have no chance to make any trouble, and in Nilô they had sufficient friends to make things all right. I could hardly believe my ears, and assured them that such a short visit with light luggage was all that I wanted this season. As soon as we had agreed on this plan of action, the atmosphere changed almost miraculously and the Gôba people began to chat in the most amicable manner.

I believe that they arrived with the definite idea of buying me off with presents of chickens and beer, of which they had brought large quantities, and that the long speech of their spokesman at the beginning was so-to-say the agreed text of their excuse for turning me back. But when they saw the informal atmosphere in the camp (complete with wife and seven cats) they changed their minds and no longer considered a visit as great an imposition. They were delighted with gifts of tobacco, and the kittens were as usual an enormous success. If they were not all promised, I could dispose of them anywhere in these villages with the greatest of ease.

Unless anything unexpected happens we should be able to leave for Gôba and Nilô within two or three days, and Nilô will be the furthest point I can hope to reach this season.

31st March.—Halt Rute-Hate. The people of Gôba returned this morning to their village with the promise to send thirty porters to fetch me tomorrow evening. This will enable me to leave on April 2nd for Gôba and if all goes I should reach Nilô on the 4th. The special interest of that village in the Sipi valley lies in its trade connections with Tibet. I am told that the Nilô people get a great deal of Tibetan cloth by a route running through the Sipi valley, a route which then follows the Subansiri without crossing the river. People here say that more cloth comes by that route than by the Selu route leading to Agia Marrang. By visiting Gôba and Nilô it might be possible to ascertain whether the Kamla Route, the Selu Route or the Subansiri Route is the most promising approach to country under direct Tibetan influence.

A son of Dangme Tame who is at present living in Nîyi (his wife's village) on the Selu River told me today more details of the villages along the Selu as far as the first snow-range, and since his account of village-names and stages tallies with that of other informants I believe that my information on that route can be considered fairly reliable.

An interesting feature of that area are the Sulu, a tribe differing in speech and customs from the Miri's, but apparently identical with the Sulu of the Par and Panior regions. They are mainly hunters and trappers, collect the pith of sago-like trees, and sometimes come down to the Kamla and harpoon big fish with spears. Their own language is utterly ununderstandable to the Miris, but they know also the local languages of the villagers with whom they barter their jungle produce and game.

1st April.—Rute-Hate Halt. Easter Sunday was at least climatically in no way in accordance with our ideas of Easter and the first days of spring. It was the hottest day we have so far had and it is hardly believable that six weeks ago there was frost and ice in Duta (barely 900 feet higher than Rute-Hate) and today the temperature in the shade rose to 94°F, and even now at sunset it is still 87°F.

This morning Balu Temi, a friend of Gocham Tapak, came from Balu to warn Tapak not to go any further, for Sartam, Rugi and Tali were said to be planning to slay him in revenge for his father Kojom's participation in the punitive measures taken by the Miri Mission. Fortunately Tapak thinks that a visit to Gôba and Nilo will not expose him to any danger, and it consent with my promise that on no account will I ask him or anybody else to go to Sartam or even cross the Selu River this year.

This evening I was told that several men of Gôba related to the Nikter man killed by the Miri Mission had arrived and were waiting in the house of a friend. I sent them word that I was anxious to see them and talk things over before visiting their village. It seemed indeed very important to satisfy this section of opinion in Gôba in order to prevent them from persuading others to keep aloof and not help in the journey to Nilô. After some time Nikter Tamer and two slightly older men appeared and brought me beer and a chicken as signs of their willingness to settle things peacefully. Nikter Tamer began to explain that his brother had gone to Sartam with no evil intentions. The Nikter people had previously been friendly with the Mission and even carried luggage. When trouble seemed imminent in Tali, the Sartam men called their

friends from Göba, not in order to fight, but to help them arrange matters. They passed the camp on a path in broad day-light, although they could easily have remained hidden. Then the scouts opened fire without warning and killed two of the Göba men on the spot. Later the Sahibs called out to them and they were allowed to carry off the bodies. As brothers of Nikter Tasse, who was a young unmarried man when he was killed without any cause, he, Tasse, could not welcome us in Göba nor could he give up all thoughts of revenging his brother's death.

Since I was anxious that these men should be in no position to create difficulties during my visit, I declared that I wanted to achieve a settlement and explained that although I had no direct connection with the Sahibs of the Miri Mission (being neither brother nor son) Government was anxious to have good relations with all villages. I proposed therefore to give to the relations and heirs of the killed man a present to set their minds at rest. They replied that according to tribal custom they should get one Tibetan bell, one mithan, one bronze plate, one string of beads of mithan value and various smaller articles, this being the minimum price for a man's life; without such a payment it was impossible to restore friendship. I knew that this was no exaggeration, having seen the negotiations preceding a *bete* in Talo and Likha and knowing how much the kinsmen of a killed man will demand before they agree to resume friendly relations with the killer or his heirs. I explained, however, that it was quite out of the question that either I or any other officer of Government would pay a "price" in that sense of even approaching in value the items enumerated. But to show Government's good-will and desire to bury an old feud and re-establish the friendly relations which had prevailed between Göba and the representatives of Government when the Miri Mission first camped in the village, I would give the killed man's own brother one *eali* cloth, a brass cup, some beads and salt, and to the three other nearest kinsmen who had come with him to make friends a small cotton cloth and some salt each. This was finally accepted and Nikter Tasse and his cousins departed well pleased with their presents, declaring their friendship for Government.

One might argue that the paying of such compensations is detrimental to the prestige of Government. But we will have to wait for another generation before the tribesmen will even begin to judge us by any other than their own standards of justice. To them it is entirely honourable and indeed meritorious to end old feuds by the paying of compensations and subsequent exchange of presents, and I do not think that Political presents can be better employed than by terminating old grievances and turning potential enemies into friends. I would not have taken this course if Nikter Tasse and his kinsmen had attempted to exert any pressure; but they had approached me with presents of chickens and beer and expressed their desire to end a feud and join in the welcome which the other clans of Göba were prepared to give me.

Until last night I was doubtful whether the Göba men would stick to their word and come to fetch me and my baggage. But already at mid-day the first porters arrived, and an hour later I saw a long line of people making their way down the hill through the old jhums. They were the Göba men and a few women, a very picturesque crowd, in many ways different in dress from the people of this village.

2nd April.—Rute-Haste to Göba (Niktak)—Approximately 10 miles—6-45 A.M. to 2-15 P.M. We rose early hoping to leave at sunrise and the Göba men who had all slept in the houses of kinsmen and friends, collected even before we were quite ready to start. I left a large part of the luggage and my big tent in Rute-Haste and everyone has taken random only for eight days. Kop Temi, my Daflа interpreter, is footsore and suffering from neuralgic pains and had to stay behind. Though he finds it difficult to understand the dialect of this area, he is a very necessary stiffening for the two Miri interpreters and has taken over the camp arrangements, weighing and issuing of rations etc. But on this rapid and probably strenuous trip I can only take perfectly fit men. Two Apa Tanis, to look after the godown and my cats, are also staying in Rute-Haste.

The day was fine, but clouds and haze are now so dense that we saw nothing of the magnificent view from the hill over Rute-Haste and had I not gone there the other day I would never have known how much of the snow ranges are visible from that path.

For the first five hours the path led through dense forest; first steep down almost to the level of the Kamla, and then along the slope without major rise or descent. But though the roar of the Kamla rapids is nearly always present, one catches only a very few glimpses of the river. There are several small streams on the way as well as the Pai River which offered the porters a welcome opportunity for a bath.

Tents was not the only casualty. The doctor sprained his ankle before starting and though trying gallantly to walk had to turn back from the top of the hill above Rute-Haste, thus remained a party consisting only of my wife and myself, the two Miri interpreters Nake Mado and Gochan Tapak and two young South Kamla Mishs who work for them and help in the camp. Even the most suspicious tribesmen could not fear that such a party might prove in any way dangerous.

The spirit among the Göba people was indeed excellent and the two men showing the way, evinced the most touching solicitude, warning us of every difficult step, every spike or unsafe stone. Over long stretches the path is rocky and strenuous, and having to balance from stone to stone one is with boots at a grave disadvantage. It was oppressively hot—certainly above 90°F of a damp heat—and all the men used their little square plaited fans, which they wear on a string as part of their jungle outfit.

Near the borders of Gorbi land we came across secondary jungle of no great age, and I was told that this was Bido land, but that the Bido people had many years ago been defeated by Gorbi men and moved across the river to Godak. A few years ago the Bido men returned to cultivate their old clan land for one or two periods of cultivation, but returned afterwards to Godak.

It was not until we approached the villages that we emerged from the forest on to large cultivated slopes, and saw one newly cleared field with all the big trees still standing, though partly pollarded and partly burnt; in between was cotton and sprouting maize. There I saw also old fields covered with a large weed, which is reported to have made its first appearance throughout the hills in the year after the Miri Mission.

At intervals we were met and stopped by people bringing beer, and when we finally reached the village consisting of three settlements scattered over the hillside, which slopes steeply into the Kamla valley, everybody gathered to have a look at us and welcome us with beer. Our reception could not have been more cordial and we could hardly believe that only four days ago the envoys of Göba had come with the message that we should not visit their village.

Today the Göba people were not only friendly, but also extremely helpful. We found a small level space beside two houses and everybody helped in pitching my tent and making shelters. Men, women and children crowded round us and they only regretted that we had not brought our cats whose fame has preceded us.

Gôba comprises the three settlement marked as Niktor, Mara and Niktak on the map, but today they lie rather more closely together. The names marked on the map are those of clans and not localities, and today these clans are no longer prominent. The clans largest in numbers are Tangam and Tagro.

In Gôba one is very definitely outside the sphere of Indian trade influence and is, economically speaking, in the back yard of Tibet. I could not discern any cloth of Assamese origin, whereas Tibetan cloth and ornaments are in common use and the people get *all* their salt from Tibet. There are also certain features in the physical type which suggest northern connections. Some individuals have extremely light skin and purely Mongoloid facial features, and I saw one young man with a skin as light a yellow as that of a Chinese. About half the men wear the hair tied up in a knot on the forehead, and the rest wear it cut short rather like Abors and have also hats of Abor fashion. I wonder what the people in the Sipi valley will look like, but so far it is not absolutely certain whether tomorrow we will really be able to start for Nilô.

When I discussed the trip to Nilô with the Gôba men at Rute-Hate they agreed definitely to take me there, but made the condition that we should not stay in Gôba more than a night on the way. But to-night they changed their tune, spoke of the difficulty of the road to Nilô and the doubtfulness of the Nilo people's reaction to a visit. They said that certain Nilô men were blaming Mingô, Rute-Hate and Gôba for telling me of the existence of Nilô. The Nilô men argued that neither Sahibs nor Tibetans had ever been to their village and that they saw no reason why I should go there now. If any harm to them resulted from my visit, they would take revenge on the villages that told me of Nilô and showed me the way. It is obvious that they must have heard of the Miri Mission, and when men of Tali, Sartam and Gôba got into trouble, they probably congratulated themselves that their village lay so far off the route of the Sahibs and sepoys. But their reference to Tibetans is significant. Tibetans never came to any of the villages within the orbit of the Nilô men's experience, the latter would hardly have contemplated on the fact that Tibetans had never come to their village.

Whatever the Nilô people's reasons for hesitating to welcome me, their attitude seems to have influenced the people of Gôba who show little inclination to start tomorrow. They would like me to camp in Gôba for a day or two and await the return of a certain messenger who has gone to Nilô. Normally I would think this the wisest course, and a few days in Gôba would be very useful. But in this particular case I feel that if we do not start tomorrow the Nilô trip is as good as called off. We left Rute-Hate with rations for only eight days, and the weather is so hot and oppressive that rain cannot be far off. And once it begins to rain the Gôba people would have another excuse to add to the already mounting pile of reasons why they cannot take us to Nilô this year. So I tried every art of persuasion and Tungam Tebin and Dunga Char whose houses I visited promised in the end to do their best to find porters for to-morrow morning.

I do not attach any importance to the stories that Nilô men would put *punji* in the path or slay us if we came to their village, but I think it must be taken as a fact that no village likes to take on a party of strangers to a neighbouring village unless full agreement over the move has been achieved with the men of that village. The best course is no doubt to get the men of the further village to fetch one, as we did so successfully with Rute-Hate and Gôba.

That Gôba itself is no haven of peace we experienced this evening. We had just returned from Dunga Char's house when we were asked to help a girl who had been shot in the chest with an arrow. My wife went at once to the house and found a girl of about eight years with a fresh arrow wound just above the left breast. Fortunately we had taken the medicine chest when the doctor had had to turn back and she was able to deal with the wound quite adequately. The immediate cause of the attack on the girl was that her step father had killed a pig belonging to the attacker. My wife was offered part of the disputed pig as doctor's fee, but declined so doubtful a piece of pork, being not anxious to serve as a target for the enraged owner on her way back to camp.

3rd April.—Gôba to Camp Sole-Pasa—Approximately 8 miles—9-15 to 4-30 p. m. It did not help much that we got up in the dark and were ready to start at the crack of dawn. The few men who approved of taking us to Nilô today, had not succeeded in persuading many of their co-villagers and so we had to do the persuading ourselves and wrestle for every single porter. No word had yet come from Nilô and most men were not keen on a trip with a doubtful reception at the end—to which is added the cultivator's reluctance to leave his village at so exigeant a time. While we were busy finding men and distributing loads, the most interesting visitors appeared in the camp. There was a large number of Lower men, who as usual had come to sell and to carry if we wanted to go to their village. More surprisingly two men of Sartam brought the message that Sartam too would be glad to welcome us with a necessary proviso that the Government must never wanted war with Government but had been involved at the time of the Miri Mission through no fault of their own. But the most striking and attractive figure was a young man of Navi, a village up the Sehu River. He wore his hair cut, but long enough to frame his handsome, rather feminine face with Mongoloid eyes, a light skin and a smiling full mouth. Round shoulders and chest he had draped coat-like a piece of woollen material in white and red, woven as it seemed in carpet technique. This "coat" reached hardly to his cane-belt, and below it he wore only the usual bachen peris-cover. He said that if we wanted to visit Nayi he could arrange for porters, and that the Nayi men would be prepared to take us on as far as Sarang, from where people go across the snow ranges. It is a pity that for this season I have to decline all these tempting offers, but with the amount of exchange goods in hand the trip to Nilô is the most I can do. But for the next season it is a good thing that all these villages are so keen on having us.

It was 9-15 a. m. when at last we could start, having left behind my table and chairs and a servants' tent. The loads were all light, for knowing no doubt the path ahead the porters would not look at a heavy load and it was lucky that instead of the Government tent, we have taken only my light mountaineering tent weighing 30 lbs. in all.

We left in the most oppressive heat, climbing slowly through old *jhum* in a north-easterly direction. The path was at first good but worsened as it entered the forest. There was one stretch across the face of a landslide, when even Gochum Tapak, not used to quite such difficult country, got quite worried and said he wanted to live still a few years, and had no wish to kill himself on these hills.

After a hard and steady climb of some three hours we reached what looked like a saddle, but was obviously only a dent in a high spur in the triangle between the Kamla and the Sehu River.

From there the path turned nearly due north, winding along a steep hill-slope, with the valley of the Sôke deep below to the right. On either side towered high peaks enclosing the valley and Dungu Char warned everyone not to make any noise, lest the hill-deities dwelling on nearby mountain-tops grew offended and sent rain. So we continued the journey in silence, but soon our porters forgot the warning and resumed their noisy chatter, much to the annoyance of our guide.

We were just crossing a steep slope where sunlight broke through the leaves of huge bananas when we met a man and a woman. I thought they might be Niŋô people, but the man turned out to be the messenger sent to Niŋô to prepare the ground for our coming. His news was reassuring. The Niŋô people had sent the message that if I came with sepoys or Naga porters or brought disease with me, they would oppose my entering their country, but if I was not accompanied by any of these dread forces, they would be pleased to welcome me to their village. This cheered our guides and porters greatly and they stopped talking of the possibility of having to turn back without entering Niŋô.

In the meantime the path grew more and more difficult; there were trees broken by the weight of snow, over which one had to clamber, wet rocks where the boots found no hold, tunnels roofed by fallen bamboos and a continuous up and down without any apparent aim or end. Thunder proclaimed the approaching of a storm, and the rain that fell after the first crash of thunder made the path even more slippery than was usual in the permanent moisture of that high valley. It was obvious that the hill-deities had taken all the noise rather badly! Between the confusion of fallen trees, thick undergrowth and scattered rocks there was no place which seemed at all suitable for a camp. We crossed and re-crossed the Sôki River, climbed up and down steep slimy slopes and had crossed like tight rope dancers along fallen trees, the trunks and branches of which were the only possible track through the debris and thicket. At last, after we had crossed once more the stream, our guides pointed to the camp site—it was indeed the only possible camp site but was on a slope about 30°. The undergrowth was cut, and somehow or other we managed to pitch our little tent, with the beds as slanting as deck chairs.

A march of seven hours should not take too much out of one, but with all the climbing, jumping and sliding this march was rather like seven hours in the gymnasium and everyone was very tired. The Mirís quickly built very serviceable shelters of banana leaves, but the rain soon stopped and it was obvious that the full force of the thunderstorm had passed us by.

I should say that the camp must be about 5,000 to 5,500 feet high, but even at this altitude it is hardly chilly.

6th April.—Camp Sôke Pass to Lishô-Rangpa (Niŋô)—Approximately 8 miles—7 A.M. to 2-30 P.M. At night the sky cleared, but we awoke in dense mist and moved in mist and clouds nearly the whole march. But we considered ourselves lucky that there was no more rain. Last night when we camped I thought that the camp was close to the saddle between the Kamla and the Sipi valley. This, however, was a vain hope. Before we reached the saddle we had to do two hours of difficult track been with the same obstacles of snow broken trees and rocks as yesterday. With their bare feet, the people walk over these slippery passages quite easily, but for those encumbered by boots they are to say the least of it inconvenient. The difficulty of this march was relieved by the beauty of flowering trees, whose profuse large white blossoms I took for a kind of magnolia. There were also clouds of white rhododendron and several kinds of begonia, white and pink with great yellow centres.

We were relieved when we came to a rest place on the saddle known as Ogu Lata, and Dungu Char our indefatigable guide pointed out a ravine below us as the watershed between Kamla and Sipi. Nearby is a point from where on clear days one has a view over the Sipi valley, the hills beyond and even as far as the snow ranges, but today we were in the clouds and could hardly see a hundred yards.

The path dropped now rapidly, so rapidly indeed that in places one had to climb down rocks with precarious footholds. After perhaps an hour the path crossed a water-course and rose again steeply up a slope with slippery, clayey soil, difficult enough today but worse still in heavy rain. At 11-30 A.M. we reached a rest place and from there on the track became much better, being obviously used by Niŋô people for hunting and judging from foot-marks for taking mithun to their grazing grounds.

After perhaps an hour on this path leading downwards along the backbone of a narrow spur, we heard voices in the distance and our guide remarked us to put our hats on. He was anxious to save us from the social *faux pas* of meeting the Niŋô men with bare heads like slaves or young boys of no account. That the voices we heard were so loud and animated banished the last lingering doubt from every mind. If the Niŋô people had planned to turn us back they would no doubt have set about it in a very different way. A few moments later we came across a group of men sitting round a fire, and as we approached they rose. With them were the two young men of Rute-Hate and Goba who had yesterday gone ahead, making the journey in one day without loads, to announce our coming. The other men, perhaps six or seven, struck me immediately as different from the tribesmen I have so far met. Except for one man with a black palm-fibre hat, common also among Kamla Mirís and even Apa Tanis, they all were round cane-hats with a stout brim. Most of them had woollen cloths in Tibetan style, consisting of several strips sewn together. They wore Tibetan beads, mainly of the pale blue type and of white conch shell, and a few had Tibetan ear-ornaments.

Two were obviously the leaders and were introduced first: Niŋô Take, a powerful man with athletic figure, a broad massif face and disorderly short hair, the other Niŋô Tede, an elderly man with a longish face and small slit eyes, wearing a purple woollen cloth. They welcomed us in a calm and friendly manner and I explained that I had come for no other purpose than to make friends with them and to see their villages. Niŋô Take, the obvious spokesman, replied that we were welcome as long as we came alone, and did not bring sepoys or foreign porters and were free from disease. I assured them that all was well and we sat down in range of millet-beer and the Niŋô men had their first cigarettes.

After a short talk, we left for the village and moved along a good path for a considerable time through forest, and at last through recently abandoned jhum. Immediately above the village we had our first view of the Sipi valley and of the other settlement of Nilō chu, Rilu-Aio, spread over a steep slope on the north bank of the Sipi. The settlement just below us, known as Linkō-Rangpu was smaller, containing only of seven houses. Most of them were large, one as long as Dafla houses, but very broad and built on enormously high piles. All were thatched with palm leaves, which seem to be the only thatching material in use.

We were taken to a level place beside Nilō Take's house, which was most suitable for a small camp. Within a few moments the entire population of the village was crowding round us, and I saw once more that we had passed over into a different cultural sphere. Nearly everybody here wears Tibetan woollen cloth, and red woollen caps are quite common among the women. Not only men cut their hair: I saw several women with clipped hair, and in both sexes we see the same type of cloth one cannot, always see at a glance whether a person is a man or a woman.

To the men who had come to meet us with beer, we gave small quantities of salt and this was very much appreciated. All salt consumed here comes from Tibet, and is, of course, comparatively expensive and not too plentiful.

While the camp was prepared I went to Nilō Take's house. His whole bearing is that of a big and influential man; he was very amiable and expressed pleasure that we had come to his village to make friends and establish contacts where before there had been none whatsoever. He knew, of course, of the Miri Mission, and the existence of Assam, but told me himself that all his trade lay to the north, and that it was only from people in touch with Tibetans that he got salt and cloth.

The friendly attitude of the villagers has re-assured my interpreters who are at last convinced that we will not be slain. But the curiosity of the Nilō people places a great strain on our servants, whose cook-shed is continuously surrounded by people, and also on us, who have not had a minute of rest ever since we arrived.

5th April.—Linkō-Rangpu (Nilō) Halt. We had hardly got up, when a large delegation of men and women of Rilu Aio village, the settlement on the opposite slope came to see us with gifts of beer and chickens. They confirmed my impression that these people of the Sipi valley are of a physical type slightly different from that of the Kamla tribesmen. Many of the men have round heads and eyes like narrow slits, more definitely mongoloid than the larger and deeper set eyes of Kamla Miris and Daflas. They struck me as of a developed mongoloid type, comparable to Tibetans and Chinese, in contrast to the palaeomongoloid type of the other Assamese hillmen. The resemblance to Chinese is still further emphasized by the custom of shaving the head completely and then letting the hair grow to a length of several inches, when the hair-dress reminds one of Abors; but I am not sure whether there is really a direct connection between the two styles: one could easily imagine that the complete shaving of the hair is inspired by Tibetan example. Another common type is characterized by a very long nose, which, however, is not prominent, but rather low throughout its length.

Our visitors were mainly woollen cloth, partly grey with coloured stripes, and partly of plain purple. A certain number of cotton cloths with narrow, dark coloured border typical of the upper Kamla and upper Kru regions, are also to be seen; these, however, are not of local manufacture, but are bought from such villages as Gōba and Mingō. The men wear penis-covers, mostly made of bamboo, but sometimes also of brass. Many women have crude chains, with large rings of brass or iron, and these they tie round the waist letting the ends hang down in front. Ear-rings with inlaid semi-precious stones are seen on both men and women, but are on the whole not very common. Judging from the ease with which I could acquire some samples for modest quantities of salt, their value cannot be high.

A little later than the other visitors came Nilō Tera with his family from Rilu-Aio, and among the crowd and commotion round our tent waited at some distance on the path. So I went to meet him and receive his presents. The Tibetan cloth he wore was of excellent quality, soft and warm and of a pleasing pattern in pastel colours. He was very forthcoming and had no hesitation in telling me of the routes towards the centres of trade with Tibet.

From what he, the other men of Rilu-Aio as well as Nilō Take told me of their northward trade connections it would seem that the Nilō people obtain most of their Tibetan goods through villages in the Mōngō valley. The Mōngō River, is roughly sketched in on the Survey of India map (No. 82L, A4) and called there Mengza. According to the map it flows into the Subansiri about 3 miles north of the mouth of the Sipi, but this seems to be a mistake. All my informants agree that it flows into the Sipi and that the united Sipi and Mōngō flow then into the Subansiri; I was actually pointed out the hill-range converging with the Sipi valley behind which lies the part of the Mōngō nearest to its confluence with the Sipi. The Nilō people cross into the Mōngō valley by a high path, running across the hills between the two rivers, and reach first the village Tamra, then cross the Mōngō by a cane suspension bridge (*dem*) and come to Tamro. From there a path runs through several villages (Moye, Dovam, Bakti and Meso) in the hills between the Mōngō and the Subansiri and reaches in the end Marra, an area in the Subansiri valley, and a village called Sheke which is often visited by Tibetans. Sheke can be reached from here in six or seven days.

It appears that the Nilō people never go as far as Marra, but obtain all their requirements from their friends and trade-partners in the Mōngō valley. All their salt and woollen cloth comes from there as well as Tibetan beads and swords. In exchange they give mainly skins and furs and I saw several deer skins hanging under the rafters of one house ready for sale. Part of the Tibetan goods which reach them from the Mōngō valley are passed on to their kinsmen and friends in such Kamla villages as Gōba, Rute-Hate and Mingō from whom they receive some cotton cloth woven locally as well as pigs and fowls, the usual currency for small payments. Comparing the many brand new and beautiful Tibetan cloths worn here with the slightly shabby cloths and cloaks found in the Kamla villages, I would not be surprised if the Nilō people often handed on worn clothes to their friends further south, perhaps not in the course of a planned second hand cloth trade but in the way of the usual gifts between friends. No cotton is grown, nor cloth woven in either the Sipi or the Mōngō valley and the people in the Mōngō area wear exclusively woollen cloths.

The white cotton standard cloth which I have brought for payments of porters and political presents arouses little enthusiasm among people who are clad in woollen cloth of the most artistic patterns. In any future penetration into this area great care will have to be taken in the choice of exchange goods, and a difficulty with which I was faced today is indicative of the problems ahead.

Nilô Take, the headman of Linkô-Rangpu, suggested this morning concluding a *dapo* treaty of friendship and offered to provide a mithan for the sacrifice, if I agreed to the pact and gave a suitable present in return to seal the peace. The return gift is in such a rite instituting reciprocal obligations an absolute necessity and even in the similar *dapo*-pacts concluded between former enemies in Likha, both parties undertook to provide mithan in due time. As I did not want to be put under too great an obligation by Nilô Take producing a huge mithan I gave my present first and chose a very good green woollen blanket and a string of large red beads as well as two strings of smaller red beads, and these seem of value. Take did not seem very pleased and I discovered that he would prefer an *ondi* cloth. So I substituted an *ondi* cloth for the blanket and thought all was well. Shortly afterwards Take produced a small mithan and tied it up near my tent. The atmosphere was very cordial, but nothing further happened, and ultimately I realized that Take was waiting for me to make my gift up to the value of the mithan. This was apparently not so much due to greed as to the idea that the prestige of a man depends not only on the gifts he is able to give but on those he receives when concluding a formal friendship pact. This put me into dilemma. It would be a dangerous precedent if I increased the value of my gift on demand and it would be equally unwise to refuse an offer of friendship in a new and important area. In the end I had a long talk with Take and he agreed to sacrifice the mithan thus concluding the *dapo* and leave it to me as to whether I would give him anything more. A hole was dug in front of my tent and a *tapo*-tree brought. (This is a thorny tree with fire-red blossoms which easily takes root). The tree was planted and the mithan tied to it. A priest then recited incantations, praying that this pact of friendship should last for generations. At last the mithan was beheaded and the blood allowed to flow into the hole. Then I had to erect a stone in the hole beside the tree and another two stones, one upright and one horizontal, representing me and my wife were placed close to it. Take then declared that henceforth Government's enemies would be his, that if I came again he would accompany me to his friends in the Môngô valley and that no one in the whole area would harm me when it became known that a *dapo* existed between his village and Government. In order not to offend against tribal custom I then gave him a bell metal bowl, as a fairly lasting symbol of friendship, and a cotton cloth for his son, who in case of Take's death would automatically take over the *dapo* obligation.

It will have to be considered whether in future the not inconsiderable expense of such pacts of friendships may be incurred in all the more important villages. They are certainly an excellent means of spreading our influence in a peaceful way, and the expense is negligible compared to the cost of touring with an escort.

I spent the day in visiting various houses, and was everywhere well received and entertained with millet beer. The Sipi valley has also had a very bad harvest and the people complain that they are short of food and have had to buy grain for mithan from more fortunate villages. In one house I was shown several bronze objects, rather like parts of the high hats worn by the Tibetan hierarchy, and obviously of Tibetan origin. Such objects are used for ceremonial payments in the same way as *manje* (Tibetan prayer bells).

In the evening three men from Nayi (or Nöyi) village came to see me. Nayi lies in the Tela valley, but rather far away from the river, and they came by a path across the hills on hearing the news that I was visiting the Sipi valley. There was also a delegation from a Mate village inhabited by people of Dodé clan, who came with gifts of chickens and beer. Mate lies at a small distance from here, higher up the Sipi valley. The villages in the Sipi valley east of Linkô-Rangpu and Rilu Aio are as follows ; on the right bank : Dei, Hina, Sakam-Dibbô, Lowadé (deserted), Losar and Kangi (near the Subansiri) ; on the left bank : Karre, Gidu, Sôngda, Kôtachu Tania, Dungnia and Baier. The Môngô River flows into the Sipi between Dungnia and Baier. Except Mate there are no villages in the Sipi valley above the two villages of the Nilô people. The valley is narrow with very steep slopes, most of which are densely wooded. In character the landscape does not differ very much from that of the Kamla valley except that everything is steeper and narrower.

6th April.—Linkô-Rangpu to Camp Bapi—Approximately 10 miles.—7 A.M. to 4 P.M. I would have liked to stay another day in Linkô-Rangpu, but my porters from Gôba were anxious to get back to their cultivation and were moreover short of food, the Nilô people giving them in this time of scarcity only sparing hospitality. Last night they gorged themselves with mithan meat, but now they wanted to start on the home journey, knowing that they would have to take me not only back to their village but afterwards also to Rute-Hate.

The entire population of Linkô-Rangpu watched our packing and start, and mingling their voices with those of our porters they produced a noise extraordinary even for these parts where the shouting across valleys seems to have trained people to an amazing vociferousness. But there was no difficulty over porters and we started after the most cordial adieux and assurances of friendship at 7 A.M. in sunny and hot weather.

The climb over a very difficult path is pretty strenuous, but we reached the pass between Sipi and Kamla some after mid-day. Owing to clouds we had only a very limited view ; we saw the range between Sipi and Môngô and behind a higher range, which lies north of the Môngô valley, but the snows were today not visible. Descending on the other side we reached our old camp at 2 P.M. but decided to push on. The weather looked threatening and we wanted to get behind us as much as possible of the tricky path through the high valley before rain made it more difficult. At 4 P.M. we at last reached a possible, though by no means ideal site in dense jungle and cleared enough space, cutting roots and excavating stones, for tent and shelters. My 30 lb. Alpine tent is here a boon ; I don't think any porter could have, or would have, carried the heavy loads of my Government tent over this route. Leeches and dam-flies are bad, and having also picked up a good many fleas from the houses, we are suffering badly from bites.

7th April.—Camp Bapi to Gôba.—Approximately 6 miles.—7 A.M. to 1 P.M. The expected rain came during the night and we woke in a drenched, dripping jungle with everyone rather miserable after a night in leaky shelters. However by the time we started the rain had nearly stopped and during

the rest of the day there were only a few light showers. But the rain had made the track over the debris of snow-broken trees excessively slippery and our progress was very slow. The leeches were truly awful—all the coolies' legs were streaming with blood and despite every precaution we too suffered. Fortunately the march was comparatively short and we reached Góba some after 1 P.M.

We would have appreciated some rest, but until long after dark we were surrounded by a chattering crowd and there were visitors from neighbouring villages, who had come a long way to see me and could not be ignored. There was no more talk about a possible attack by men of Sartam and Tali, and I am convinced that if I had had the time and the exchange goods I could go to any village in the Sehu and Kamla valley.

A good many people of the nearby village of Tumr came with small gifts, one of them gave me the most detailed account of the route to Agla Marra I have yet heard. He is married to a girl of Soreng and has several times visited Agla Marra in the company of Soreng people. From Tumr it is three days to Soreng as the villages of Hi and Haki in the Sehi valley. From Soreng the path runs to Longpu, Nisrum and Tadung to Hai, the last major village on this side of the snow-mountains. Between Hai and Marra lie high hills which it takes three days to cross. There is always snow on these hills and during the winter even the path is under snow. Once when my informant crossed the hills his feet were frozen and his companions had to carry him. But the road is completely blocked for only about one month during the coldest time of the year. It takes about three days to cross the hills and the names of recognized camp sites are Holi, Kotr and Dergisung. Beyond the snow ranges one reaches Agla Marra, also known as Agla Nieme ("Near Tibet") an area in the valley of the Subansiri. The path from Soreng leads first to Tachi, a village on the right bank and Tachi is connected by a cane-bridge with Tape, a village on the left bank. Tibetans from Erti Nieme visit these villages and it appears that they come at all times of the year—which can only be possible if there is a comparatively low route along the Subansiri. The people of Agla Marra are akin to the tribes in the Sehi valley and they cultivate in the same style, growing rice, millet and maize on dry fields. They have not only mithan, but a few yaks and sheep, and they keep big, fierce dogs. They dress in Tibetan woollen clothes and caps, and some have even Tibetan armour and guns; the latter are short and have three barrels.

My informant spoke obviously from his own experience and said that if next autumn I wanted to go to Agla Marra he would gladly accompany me.

The very remarkable thing is that while many people will relate a good deal about the Sehi valley and the route across the snows to Agla Marra in the Subansiri valley, no one can say anything concrete about the villages on the Upper Kamla.

Among my visitors were also two men of Godak on the right bank of the Kamla. All their connections lie this side and they seem to have little knowledge of the country between Kamla and Khru.

In the evening I visited the house of Tungam Tebin, who had accompanied me to Linkó-Rangpu, and he presented me with a pig much to the delight of my camp.

The girl wounded by an arrow, whom my wife treated during our first stay, has recovered and came to the camp. The wound is healing well.

8th April.—Góba to Rute-Hate.—Approximately 10 miles.—7-30 A.M. to 4 P.M. The Góba men and women who carried my luggage to Linkó—Rangpu were not particularly pleased to have to do one more march to Rute-Hate, but since, fortunately for me and unfortunately for them, I had not the salt and cloth in Góba to pay them all, they had *mitan nidem* to come to Rute-Hate and carried their loads without much grumbling. The behaviour of these Góba people, who had never seen me before and whose last contact with Government was more than thirty years ago, was altogether admirable. They gave no trouble on the way, and were most helpful in camp. The prominent men who accompanied us, and above all Dungu Char, evinced the greatest solicitude for our well-being. Over difficult places he would show us what steps to take or point out roots and creepers as suitable hands by which to drag ourselves up. His behaviour towards my wife was of perfect gallantry, and really surprising among a people among whom women are not considered as either entitled to or in need of special solicitous treatment. Though she is rather more agile than I and much better on precipices, he helped her over every obstacle and watched carefully that she should not slip and fall when we had to climb over rocks. This morning too he was excellent in getting the porters ready and finding substitutes for the few people I had paid off yesterday.

Before we started a prominent man of Nayi came to see me. He confirmed in every detail the account of Agla Marra given by the Tumr people and also offered to take me there next year. He wore a lovely woollen cloth with a pattern in mauve and purple. If only we could find exchange goods of equal usefulness and artistic merit. It would be a pity to corrupt the people's appreciation of beautiful textiles.

The Nayi man told me of an occurrence in Agla Marra which may be of significance. Soreng people have brought a story that sometime ago, he could not say how long, a large number of Tibetans came to Agla Marra and distributed a lot of cloth, salt and *dao*, without asking for payment. Usually their transactions with the Agla Marra people are on a strict barter basis and this unusual generosity seems to have caused a great deal of surprise.

The way to Rute-Hate was very hot and seemed particularly long, but on our arrival we were cheered by the presence of four Apa Tanis, who had brought post and much needed supplies and exchange goods, and of Hipu Tayo of Tapo, who has brought five out of the seven loads of salt left in Tapo, dumping two on the way in Doboni as arranged. This is the *pao*-holder who last year made disparaging remarks about Government; by his great helpfulness he has now completely redeemed himself.

9th April.—Rute Hate. Hali. This morning I paid the people of Góba who had carried for seven days in cloth, salt and matches, and they seemed pleased enough with their wages. I think the success of the trip to the Sipi valley speaks for the advantages of using some but local porters when moving in new country. Had I tried to go to Góba with outside porters, I would probably have been received with the gravest suspicions, and I doubt very much whether I could have ever found a guide to take such a party to Linkó-Rangpu. There the approach of a large number of strangers might either have led to a stampede or to opposition in the form of *pungi* on the path. I heard today

that before I again reached Rute-Hate the people of Göba had already begun to hide their stores of grain in the Ringi, fearing presumably the arrival of a party resembling the Miri Mission. The smallness of my party and the good atmosphere in Rute-Hate must have re-assured them, and their favourable attitude must have communicated itself to those villages whose headmen came to see me with gifts and promises of co-operation if I wanted to visit their area.

The two men who have given me most help and have proved that they have real influence in their villages are Dangme Tamie of Rute-Hate and Dungu Clar of Göba. Both were not only invaluable during the tour to the Sipi, but have spent days in negotiating and winning over the men of their villages before I was able to start. As both villages will be important if either the Selu or the Kamla route is used next year, I invested them with the red cloths of Government "gaunbura". This has also the advantage of showing that Government has gifts at least equal to the goods coming from Tibet. To two younger men who had done good service as messengers I gave hand printed cotton cloth in red and black which I had bought personally in Hyderabad, and these products of Deccan rural craftsmen proved an astonishing success, and looked really quite pleasing with the picturesque Miri dress.

10th April.—Rute-Hate.—Halt. This morning Dungu Tamia invited me to his house and after we had had a long talk and drunk beer and eaten some excellent roasted rubers called *ungi*, whose taste lies between that of potatoes and chestnuts, he produced a goat and expressed his and the villagers' wish to conclude a pact of friendship and erect a *dapo* monument before my tent. I agreed with pleasure and in the presence of Dangme Tamie in his red cloth and other village notables, an old priest chanted long incantations, while young men dug a hole and brought a *tage* tree and a stone. I had to plant the tree while Dungu Tamie set up the stone; then the goat was tied to the tree and beheaded. Finally Tamia showed me his young son as the person to uphold the *dapo* in case of his death.

I believe that such *dapo* pacts are of considerable value and a far greater safeguard of personal security than any escort. For the breaking of a *dapo* brings supernatural sanction upon the head of the culprit, the deity Potor *Met*, who is the guardian of *dapo* treaties, afflicting the offender with paralysis. While *dapo* with one or two villages assure at least a friendly reception and co-operation on future occasions, a wide-spread net of *dapo* pacts may give Government also in the eyes of the tribesmen the right to mediate in inter-village feuds, and thus make any necessary intervention more acceptable. For according to tribal custom a man is held to look after the interests of his *ani-ase*, *i.e.*, friends with whom he is associated by *dapo* treaties or other reciprocal obligations. Should trouble break out between two villages, both of whom have *dapo* treaties with Government, a settlement by mediation might be much easier than if one party regarded Government with suspicion or purely as an ally of the other party.

The Miri Mission Report mentions that only "the presence of a large armed force draws out the latent affections of the hillmen", and that the Miris assume an arrogant attitude if superior force is on their side. I have had just the contrary experience. Although I have no force at my disposal, I have everywhere been treated with the greatest courtesy and even when the Guchi and Göba people thought they could not take me to the Sipi, they voiced their excuses in the most polite terms. Some of the men with whom we have been for days were not only polite, but almost embarrassed in their helpfulness and disinterde which sprang obviously from a feeling of genuine friendship. Far from being 'treacherous savages' these people strike me as warm hearted and cheerful as any primitive tribe I have yet met.

11th April.—Rute-Hate.—Halt. The weather is still quite good with occasional sunshine and only a few short showers. The heat during the first days of the month seems to have been unusual; now the temperature is quite pleasant.

To feed our camp we have again to buy rice, and I had no difficulty in purchasing yesterday and today nearly 100 seers of rice for salt, and this quantity will last us nearly until our return to Duta. The people of Rute-Hate told me today that if I come next year I should not bring any rice, for if they have a normal harvest they can give me as much as I want in exchange for *dão*, salt and cloth. This is a great advantage, for one load of cloth buys a good many loads of rice, and even salt can be bartered for nearly three times the amount of rice.

At present the early rice and millet crop is already being sown, but the sowing of the main crop will be delayed for a few days until after the new moon, when those with high hill-fields start with the sowing; on fields lower down in the valley the sowing can wait nearly a month or more.

In this area all cultivable land is clan-property, and there is even some property of individual families in land. Members of clans on the increase, who are short of land, can either hire land belonging to others for a small rent, or buy it outright. Similarly hunting grounds are clan and family property. Land is an object of conquest and the victors in a feud may take over the land of a vanquished and hence probably scattered clan. But large scale feuds and wars seem to be here much rarer than among the Daflas of the Kiyi and Panior region, and the whole country appears to be more settled. Migrations of whole clans do not seem to have taken place for many generations and even the individual villages are fairly stable; the only notable exception being the expansion of the Kabak clan. Nothing comparable to the pressure from the north-west which has driven many Dafla clans from the Khru region into the Kiyi and Panior valleys, is noticeable in the Kamla region, and whereas few Daflas in the Lilha-Licha triangle live in the villages where their fathers were born—practically every generation occupying a different site—people in these villages of the Kamla valley emphasize that their families have lived for untold generations in their present villages.

12th April.—Rute-Hate.—Halt. Today is our last day in Rute-Hate. Everybody is very anxious that I should cross the Kamla as long as the going is good, and the last dak-runners coming from Duta brought messages from Doboni and Rakhe, the two villages responsible for the crossing, to the effect that after the full moon the possibility of crossing the Kamla is very doubtful. So I decided to start on the return journey as long as there is only spasmodic rain, and told visitors from Mingö and Bedak that I would be leaving tomorrow. Consequently a good many Mingö men and the brother of the Bedak headman arrived today to take me to their villages.

A messenger from Navi (also known as Nöyi) on the Selu River arrived today, and repeated the invitation to that village. He said that the Navi men would like to see me this year and were keeping ready a mithun for a *dapo* pact of friendship. Next year they would then take me to Soreng and across the snows to Agia Marya. He mentioned that the villagers of Lyublia (between Nayi and Soreng) were also keen on

a visit, but unfortunately it is too late even to think of such a tour and my stock of trade-goods is much too low. The messenger left no doubt that the amount of cloth and salt earned by Gôba and other villages as porters' wages and as payments for rice and other provisions has impressed the people in the Seba valley and given rise to the desire for a friendship whereby they will receive equal benefits.

News from Sartam, Rugi and Tali is equally encouraging. The people of these villages, who had at first announced their determination rather to fight than to let me enter their land, seem to have completely changed their tune. While men of Sartam visited me when I passed through Gôba and expressed their wish to make peace with Government, Rugi and Tali are now reported to contemplate a similar move. They have occasioned no friends of Gôba that they would be prepared to end the old feud by making a *dapa*, and would provide the necessary mithan if I in turn released them from their obligations of revenging their dead by giving presents to the heirs as nominal compensation as was done in the case of this village and Gôba. They are also reported to have said that once peace was restored they would give me porters and all help to reach the snow-ranges. All this tends to show that Rugi and Tali would not be any problem next year, but that even after 33 years these villages still consider themselves at war with Government, and that any genuine co-operation can only begin when this state of war has been terminated by a *dapa*-treaty.

Dangme Tame asked me to pay a farewell visit to his house. His son Takin is very keen on accompanying me next year to Soreng and Agla Marra, but both father and son asked me to come immediately after the rice harvest, when not only the going to Agla Marra is easiest, but also the route from Agla Marra to Tibet is free from snow. The time after the harvest in autumn and this time, before the rains have properly started, are as it seems the two times of the year when communications between Agla Marra and Tibet proper are easiest. It is apparently mainly at these times that Tibetans come to trade in Agla Marra.

13th April.—Rute-Hate to Mingô.—Approximately 8 miles.—7-15 A.M. to 1-30 P.M. Last night there was thunderstorm and when we got up this morning it was again raining. But later the rain stopped and we had a surprisingly good day with quite a lot of sunshine.

Men and women of Rute-Hate, Sibiago and Mingô gathered in the early morning in my camp, and fat from having difficulties in finding enough porters, there were more people prepared to carry than there were loads. A great advantage in these Kamla villages is that both men and women will carry; and so even a fairly small village can furnish a good many porters.

The Doctor, who could not come to Gôba on account of a hurt foot, has unfortunately not yet recovered, and as he could not walk, he had to be carried today. A stretcher or even a carrying chair is out of the question in this country and he was therefore carried Miri fashion, the two Apa Tani porters and the two South Kamla Miri porters taking it in turns to carry him on their backs: the Doctor sits on a narrow bench which was firmly secured to either end of the carrying board, put his arms over the shoulders of the porter and had his legs tied together under the baton. In such an emergency it is good to have two or three reliable permanent men in camp. And future expeditions might be equipped with one or two batons of this type, well padded.

The way was not too troublesome and we reached Mingô at 1-30 P.M. By 2-30 P.M. our camp was ready and we had paid all the Miri porters in salt.

Later on I was asked to visit the house of a man, who last time could not invite me because his house was taboo for me on account of having the performance of a rite. Both his wives are from Dei in the Sipi valley, and I heard that some days ago men of Karre and Dei (in the Sipi valley) had come to Mingô to invite me to their villages. The messengers had blamed the Mingô people that the latter had not taken me to Dei when I wanted to go, and said that they would be glad if I came now. However, with my exchange goods nearly exhausted it is too late for any more side-tours. It is apparently only two marches from Mingô, and it seems that the Mingô people are very much regretting having made such a fuss about taking me to Dei now that they see what a lot of cloth and salt the men of Rute-Hate and Gôba received for carrying my luggage to Linkô-Rangpu.

Mingô has connections not only with the Rao tribe of the Sipi valley, but to a lesser degree also with the Dus people in the Sigen valley.

The Mingô people are very insistent that I should stay at least for one day, and they are talking of making a *dapa*. But as I camped in Mingô for nearly a week on the outward journey there is not much point in halting again, and being short of exchange goods I dread further gifts of mithan, pigs and goats, which when provided as sacrificial animals for a *dapa* pact definitely call for return gifts. So I told the people that I would leave tomorrow for Bidak unless there was heavy rain when it would be difficult to carry the Doctor over these slippery paths.

14th April.—Mingô to Bidak—Approximately 8 miles—7 A.M. to 2 P.M. There was heavy mist this morning, but no rain, and the first porters arrived soon after dawn. With all the Mingô people anxious to earn wages of cloth or salt, we had no difficulty whatsoever in getting off; some of the men who had come to escort us were stiffish little cross skirts, which, suggestive of the skirts of ballet dancers, stood in curious contrast to their heavy squat figures, some of them definitely matron-like.

Since we last were in Mingô the people have done a lot of work on their fields. Near the village are most carefully fenced-in plots, with the surface cleaned and evened after the burning of the shrub and elephant grass, and on these plots they are now sowing the early crops of rice and millet, maize being in many cases already sprouting. The more distant fields are mainly for the later crops, but there too the soil is very well cleaned and all the remaining logs and branches are arranged horizontally so as to prevent the soil from being washed down by heavy rains. The stumps of trees and bamboos are another safeguard against erosion, and, as it seems, particularly on very steep slopes a good many trees are left standing and are only pollarded.

The path is difficult and tiring, most of the way leading along very steep slopes and then down into narrow valleys in almost vertical descents. But it is not excessively long, and we reached Bidak soon after 2 P.M. There we found a pleasant surprise. Chagdu Tagla the headman who was so insistent that this time I should halt for several days, has cleared an excellent camp site just above the village with a shelter for the luggage and flat sites for the tents. Considering that he has only seen one camp in Mingô, this effort is extraordinarily good, and must have cost quite a lot of labour.

Many of the Mingô porters wanted to go back today, and so we paid them at once, giving them the choice between ½ seer salt or 1½ yards of white cloth. Most of them chose the cloth, and there were several men who had carried yesterday and today in order to earn a bigger piece. It struck me that the

Mingó people are much worse off for cloth than the people further up the Kamla valley who get more Tibetan textiles. But one of the wealthier men who came this morning to my camp to say good-bye wore a lovely woollen coat of a deep rose colour; it was of Tibetan make but dyed with *munjeet*, which the Tibetans themselves get from the Brittenanna on this side of the Himalayas.

Among the people who welcomed me in Bidak was a man of Bala on the opposite bank of the Kamla who brought a message from the old and no longer very mobile Balu headman, inviting me to his village. But I am so short of cloth and salt that even though the weather is still good, I cannot undertake any side-issues but will b: gla l if I get back to Data without difficulties over the payment of porters.

15th April.—Bidak—Halt. The weather is still unseasonably fine and my interpreters would like me to use this fine spell to cross the Kamla as soon as possible. But as I moved through Bidak and Dobom rapidly on the outward journey, I consider it essential to consolidate and prepare the ground for the considerable co-operation which next year will be demanded from these villages if a party is to go up the Sela valley.

This morning I visited Chugdu Tagla's house. With its six hearths it is the biggest Miri house I have seen north of the Kamla, and though Bidak is not a large village, there can be no doubt that Tagla is a very wealthy and important man, perhaps the most important man in this group of Kabak villages, excepting the large village of Hova.

After we had talked for an hour or so, Tagla produced some tally sticks and explained how a slave of Nilō clan, who had been sold to him by a Cōbra man after having been caught in the act of stealing from a granary, had killed his, Tagla's, brother in a quarrel and had then run off to Nilō. I remember having seen the man in Linkō-Rangpu and having heard of his killing an important man of Bidak. Tagla said that he had been planning for a long time to raid the house where the man had found refuge, but as I had made a *dapo* with the Nilō people would I object to such a raid? I replied that I would certainly disapprove of a raid undertaken against a village with which I had formally made friends; if Tagla had legitimate claims against any Nilō people, they could certainly be settled in an amicable way and without resorting to war. I pointed out that if both Bidak and Nilō were friendly with Government, they should avoid fighting among themselves, and I suggested that Dangme Tame, the headman of Ruse-Hate who has followed me to Bidak and is on good terms both with Tagla and Nilō Take should go to Nilō and negotiate a settlement acceptable to both parties. Dangme Tame agreed to try his best, but even if no complete agreement is achieved I think it is a good sign that people hesitate to raid a village which has concluded a *dapo* pact with Government.

16th April.—Bidak—Halt. Ever since Chugdu Tagla came to see me in Mingó, he has been talking about sacrificing a mithun when I come to his village, and thus establish a formal pact of friendship. But the news that I had concluded such a pact with the Nilō people, against whom he has claims, seems to have taken him somewhat aback and it was not easy to persuade him that Government stood above these local feuds and was prepared to enter into friendly relations with all villages willing to co-operate, even though these villages may not all be friendly with each other. However, in the end he understood that my being friends with Nilō Take, was no obstacle to a similar commercial friendship with himself, and so we agreed that the *dapo* should be performed this morning. I also succeeded in persuading him to substitute a goat for the mithun, for had he given a mithun, I would have been under the obligation of giving an equally valuable return gift. So a pig-iron was planted in the ground and Dangme Tame, the headman of Ruse-Hate, who has a great reputation as a priest, invoked the gods, praying that Met Potor and all great gods should be witness at this rite, and decree that there should be eternal friendship between Tagla's clan and all Sahibs who may ever come to this village. Then the goat was beheaded by one of my interpreters, the blood sprinkled on tree and stone, and the horns tied to the stone.

To seal the *dapo* pact (as well as in payment of the camp-building and all the help given to my dub-runners) I gave Tagla an *anā*-cloth and—as he is a great collector of beads—three large *gumsa* beads that I have bought personally in Hyderabad for such an occasion. They were a great success and Tagla pointed out that it was such beads they valued and not the ordinary red bazaar beads which I am using as exchange goods.

Later in the day he showed me his large collection of Tibetan beads. There were strings and strings of lovely turquoise beads, large beads as big as very big cherries of white stone and deep blue lapis-lazuli, and every kind of conch shell, strung together with large, sky-blue stone beads. The larger beads Tagla had collected one by one and it is obvious that among people so appreciative of really beautiful beads, our bazaar beads must make a very poor impression.

The *dapo* with Chugdu Tagla assures the friendship of the important Kabak clan, and together with the *dapo* concluded in Ruse-Hate with the Guchi people and in Linkō-Rangpu with the Nilō clan, is a guarantee for the future co-operation of the most influential men in this part of the Kamla valley and in the upper Sepi valley. The fact that Dangme Tame, a red cloth holder, was a witness to all three *dapo* further helps to strengthen this net of friendship pacts, which next year can easily be extended if such villages as Balu and Nayi, who invited me this season, are visited. While these *dapo* of individual villages with Government will certainly not at once establish complete peace, they will, I hope, have at least the effect that the officers of Government can travel in safety without being unduly inconvenienced by local quarrels, which otherwise might easily block the route to our objectives further north. I had thought of Chugdu Tagla as a suitable candidate for a red cloth, but decided to defer the investiture until his quarrel with the Nilō people is settled.

Bidak, which lies close to the confluence of Khru and Kamla has connections with villages in the valleys of both rivers. Chugdu Tagla confirmed what I had guessed for some time: namely that by the Khru route valuable articles of Tibetan origin, such as bells, bronze plates and beads, but very little cloth reaches the Miris, whereas by the Kamla and Seiu routes mainly cloth, but fewer valuables are traded down. Tagla has never been further up the Khru than Hora Tai, but yesterday I talked to a slave belonging to his brother who comes from a village far up between Khru and Kamla. This slave's name is Tarram Taya, and though he was captured and sold while still a young boy he remembers a good deal of the country round his home-village. Tarram lies between Khru and Kamla and one route to Tibet leads first along the left bank of the Khru then crosses into the Kamla valley and runs far *a* stretch along the right bank of the Kamla, and ultimately crosses over to the left bank. However another route follows the Khru throughout. Taya said that Tibetans come as far as Tarram, from where it is eight days' journey to Tibet, but whether the people he remembers as Tibetans were from Tibet proper or even of Tibetan race is doubtful.

Today a group of men from Char, a village on the left bank of the Khru near Tirit (Tirah of the map, No. 83E, C 1) came to Bidak, and among them was a young man, Lopio Pemi, whose home village is Gugi, which is one day's journey west of Geba, a village conspicuously marked on the maps. He and the Char men confirmed that the upper waters of Khru and Kamla lie very close together. They said that both Khru and Kamla rise on the side of the great snow range, and spoke of a lake out of which these rivers flow—a story which they seem to have heard without fully understanding it. They both know, of course, the flat land near Hora Tsi, and said that on the Khru there were several flat places like that, whereas on the Upper Kamla there were only steep mountains. From Gugi it is two days' journey to the Kamla and the path leads *not* Tarram. The Char men knew of the Pasyi River, on which, as they confirmed, the Tai Tede people dwell, but even the men from Gugi had not seen the confluence of the Khru and Pasyi, which is a long way upstream from Gugi. The names of the villages on the Khru as given by Tarram Tapa and Lopio Pemi tally roughly and among them are Tamchi Bimbo, Norum, Bengo and Pin. Tibetans come to come as far as Pin (from which a path leads also to Lokpo on the Kamla) and Pin is said to be as far down the Khru as Nuram and Bengo,—obviously the villages of the Nóram-Bengo clan, some members of which have filtered into the Pasiar valley *via* Mengo. In Gugi and all the villages on the Khru people wear mainly *pul* cloth, woven of the fibre of a shrub, and only very little Tibetan cloth. Thus it would seem that in so far as textiles are concerned they are less dependent on imports from Tibet than the people of Gôba on the Kamla and all the villages on the Siji and Seiu Rivers.

There has been rain this evening and the weather does not look too hopeful for our move to Dobom.

17th April.—Bidak to Doboro.—Approximately 8 miles—6-30 A. M. to 1-15 P. M. After some rain during the night, the weather cleared miraculously did it was fine all day, and extremely hot at midday.

Work on the fields is now in full swing, and most of the fields for the early crops are ready to be sown and carefully fenced in. But on the plains for the late and main crop, work is still in progress, and I passed a slope where people were cutting the jungle, which seemed extremely luxuriant. On other fields I found women busy digging up the soil with implements such I have never seen before. They used short spade-like instruments with a wooden shaft, and inserted into that shaft and forming its continuation a shoulder blade of a mithan, shaped roughly triangular and sharpened on the cutting edge. This instrument, which is called *tolo*, is wielded with both hands, inserting the ground at an angle of perhaps 60°, and being inclined away from the worker. A few women used identical implements but with a blade of iron which was smaller than the bone blade. These spades are used for digging over the soil before the sowing, whereas after the sowing the ground is covered with small hoes of bent bamboo. A good many axe-mamyas as well as hoeing mamyas are left on the fields, but between them the soil is very carefully prepared and whenever the field is steep, cut trees and branches are arranged horizontally in order to protect the soil against rapid erosion.

Doboro looks very attractive from a distance, with the houses standing all in one plane and forming a proper village rather than a spread out collection of habitations. But the inhabitants are the most miserable crowd I have seen on this whole tour; small, dirty and distastefully looking people, with a lot of skin disease and goitre, and many clad in rags that can hardly be described as clothes. They don't weave and get the few cloths they have from Apa Tana, south Kamla Miris, who sell them bazaar cloth, and the villages on Khru and Upper Kamla. This is the only village north of the Kamla, where I have seen cows.

18th April.—Doboro—Halt. The most important man in Doboro is Yakar Tarit. He is old and very rich and wanted to slaughter an ox in my honour. He showed me the animal already tied up under his house. He envisaged performing a *dapo* rite, but I am so short of suitable presents, that I persuaded him to desist from sacrificing the ox, and he gave me instead a whole pig, which a friend of his had slaughtered and brought yesterday as the initial payment in the long process of purchasing a Tibetan bell. The pork was welcomed with exclamations by my camp, but was just a mouthful too high for my own taste. Gifts of meat, both in the shape of whole carcasses and single strips, play a great rôle in all ceremonial friendships; and yesterday a whole mithan hind-leg was carried from Bidak to Doboro, sent to a friend by Chagdu Chude who had the day before received a mithan for slaughter in the final stage of disposing of a *mejo* (Tibetan bell).

Several men went today to cut and bring the long cane ropes which will be required for the crossing of the Kamla, particularly if (what is highly improbable) the river should suddenly rise.

Today I was told about the history of Hova (marked on the map No. 83 I, A 1 as Tago), which is now perhaps the most important village of the Kabak clan. Three generations ago it was a village of the Tago clan and the surrounding land was Tago land. Then a Kabak man of Mingo, after quarrelling with his own brothers, went to live in the house of a rich Tago man of Hova and subsequently married his daughter. He had two sons, who remained in Hova, and they in turn had six and seven sons respectively. All of them formed separate households and some of them became very rich. As the Kalak families flourished the Tago families declined, and many Tago people died in one way or the other. Today the entire village land has been taken possession of by the Kabak people and the only two remaining male members of the Tago clan are slaves in the house of Kabak Lefi.

This is an example of how quickly the dominant clan in a village can change and how essential it is to enter on the maps not only the clan name by which a village may be most commonly known but also the locality name which remains always the same.

Just above the village is an upright stone, obviously erected by human hand, which is believed to have been put up by Apa Tana on their migration before reaching their present country.

19th April.—Doboro to Rakbi—Approximately 7 miles—7-30 A. M. to 6-30 P. M. Compared to the surprising ease with which I could raise porters in all the other villages north of the Kamla, the start from Doboro was not quite as easy, and it took some time to collect sufficient men. Yet we were able to start at 7-30 A.M. and the path to the Kamla crossing proved very good, leading over open slopes and through an unusual type of forest with no undergrowth and only one or two kinds of medium-sized trees. This forest, I was told, is never felled for cultivation and is different from anything I have seen in these parts.

We reached the Kamla within 1½ hours at a place where it is deep and with no very strong current. White rocks lined the green water, and the forest on the steep slopes was dotted with blossoming trees (*Lonchocarpus Sigmoides ?*). Their white flowers were large and five petalled, one petal having a large splash of purple that almost entirely covered it; the scent was very delicate and sweet. High up on the bank, above flood level, was a derelict platform to which used to be the starting point of a *jola* or rope-bridge. But there is at present no such cane-rope spanning the river, and the Dobom men had dragged two very long and stout canes all the way from the village down to the river, in case it should be necessary to improvise a *jola*. But the river was low and crossing by raft presented no difficulty. Several men of Rakhe arrived on the opposite bank of the river, and both they and our party set about splitting canes and tying them into long ropes. One thin rope was already fastened to trees on both banks, and with this as leader they hauled across a stouter rope and tied it to a bamboo raft. Then some of our luggage was put on the raft and it was pulled across by the Rakhe men, while the men on our side were slowly feeding out their rope. By the reverse process the raft was dragged back after unloading, and the next lot of luggage was taken across. This manner of crossing is very different from that employed by the Tapo men when we first crossed the Kamla. For then the ropes spanned the river close to the surface, and the crew of the raft hauled the raft across hand over hand; here there was no crew and the pulling was done by men ashore.

While all the luggage and most of the porters crossed by the big raft on ropes, a few men crossed further upstream by a small (see floating raft, paddled across by two Dobom men obviously expert in this work, who stood in the bow while the passengers sat behind.

The whole crossing took a good many hours and it was past midday before we could start on the climb up to Rakhe.

Rakhe Bida, one of the headmen had himself come to meet us, and some of his men replaced Dobom women, who did not want to go further than the Kamla because they had small children at home. In all these Miri villages the women carry loads in almost equal numbers with men, and their carrying capacity is hardly less than that of men.

It was stifling hot when we climbed the steep south bank, and though the village of Rakhe is considerably lower than Dobom, we had first to climb a spur which must be nearly 4,000 feet. From there the path runs in moderate ups and downs along the hill-side passing ultimately through several fenced-in fields, where the maize is already standing about a foot high. Before reaching the village we had to drop into the valley of a small stream and climb steeply up on the other side.

The village of Rakhe is spread out over a slope, so steep that from a distance the houses look as if they stood one on top of the other. With difficulty we found a site where a place for my tent could be dug out of the slope. An empty house is providing excellent shelter for *Kutebi* and servants.

The villagers crowding round us were most friendly. In dress and appearance, they are considerably different from the Dobom people.

30th April.—Rakhe—Halt. The period of fine weather appears to have come to an end and though today there has been only a little rain, we are glad to be on this side of the Kamla.

First thing in the morning I paid off the Dobom people. Our exchange goods are nearly exhausted, and so I had to pay partly in money, giving each porter in addition only ½ seer salt, and some matches and tobacco. This caused some dissatisfaction, but not nearly as much as I had expected. Through their connection with plains-going Miris in Tapo and other villages south of the Kamla, the Dobom people have obviously opportunities for using money.

Gachimon Tapak and the two men of Silka, who have been with me as porters (and proved invaluable in carrying the doctor from Ruge Hate to Rakhe) left today for their villages. Tapak has not the polish and experience of an interpreter such as Temi, but being the only Hill Miri who is fluent in Assamese and who understands the dialects on the Upper Kamla, he will be indispensable for any party visiting the country between Kamla and Subansiri next year. He is a rich and influential man with wide spread connections, and if our influence is to be extended into the area north of the Kamla he is the obvious choice for a *Kutebi*.

Rakhe is a village of some thirty houses, grouped in three clusters and remains one in lay-out of Tapo. Many of the houses are longer than the houses in the villages north of the Kamla and having doors at the ends instead of in the middle, they are more like Dafla houses. The name of the locality is Dokur-Sala but this is seldom used and neighbours refer to the village as Rakhe, the name of the predominant clan, which has occupied the site for untold generations.

This morning I went to the house of Rakhe Bida, who is the most prominent, but not the eldest of five brothers. I was most cordially received and entertained with beer, bacon heated on the fire and roast meat. I have for some time overcome my revulsion against those dripping lumps of hot always too fresh pig's fat, seeing the difference it makes if one accepts this highly prized fare, the best a Miri can offer to a visitor. Rakhe has never been visited, lying off the route of the Miri Mission, and when last year Rakhe people came to Hari to negotiate the termination of a feud, they refused to come anywhere near my camp and were even too nervous to meet me in Hari. Rakhe Bida told me that this year too they were very frightened when they heard that after returning from Licha I would visit this area. He said they thought I would come to demand *mithan* and *dao gaota*, but news from other Miris villages visited reassured them gradually. Whenever last year only Apa Tani slaves ventured as far as Rakhe, trade has never been resumed and my dak-runners were given hospitality when they passed through and helped to cross the Kamla.

If next year a party is to push northwards along Kamla and Sehu, Rakhe will be an important point on the route, suitable for a dump which can be filled up by Apa Tani porters. Rakhe men and perhaps other South Kamla Miris could then carry from here as far as Bilak or Mingo.

31st April.—Rakhe—Halt. Today it rained most of the day, and we congratulated ourselves on having crossed the Kamla as long as the going was good. Men of Tapo, who arrived this evening, reported that even the Pein River has already risen very high.

An Apa Tani from Hari brought the news that the Hari headmen were on the way to Rakhe, having started as soon as the news of my impending arrival reached them. I hope to settle at last the old feud between Tapo (Chemin) and Hari and have sent word to Gachi Tamar, to come and negotiate a *dafo*. He arrived this evening and with him came Hipa Tapo and three other prominent men of Tapo. Gachi Tamar was loud in the expression of his pleasure at making me back, and I only hope that he will be equally enthusiastic over concluding a peace with the Hari men. He drove hard all tonight long, when my field glasses were believed to have been lost in Tapo (while actually Apa Tanis had taken them by mistake back to

Duta), he searched the whole village and all the houses, and committed innumerable crimes. When in the end he heard of the recovery of the glasses, he slaughtered a pig and feasted the villagers to compensate them for the trouble he had caused them. Whatever his other merits and faults, there can be no doubt that he realises the responsibilities of a village headman.

22nd April.—Rakhe—Halt. Guchi Tamar told me today that the Guchi clan of Bute-Blate and his clan were identical, and this explains how it is that the Guchi and Sojam clans belong to the Gongeh tribal group, while the Kabak clans do not. There is a good deal of evidence that the Kabak clans have come into this area comparatively recently and partly split and partly displaced the clans previously in possession of the Kamda valley.

Tamar told me too of a definite tradition that the Miris came originally along the Kamda, while the Apa Tanis came along the Subansiri. The Apa Tanis themselves have the tradition that on their migrations they came to Kare-in the Siyi valley and and across the hills past Pij Chedo. The branch now settled in the villages of Haja, Duta, Mudang Tage, Michi Bosia and Hang is believed to have moved south past Mount Ledu, crossed the Koru and reached their present habitats via the Palin valley and the Licha area. The other branch, now found in Bela and Hari on the other hand, followed the Kamda valley south-eastwards and crossed the Kamda in two places near Taya and Gochasa, and from there moved on to the Apa Tani country, where they met again the other group. How much credence can be given to these stories is not easy to say; but since they are confirmed by the Miris, who associate definite names and sites with their early migration of the Apa Tanis, they may have some historic foundation.

In the afternoon a delegation of Apa Tanis from Hari, led by Gat Talia, came to negotiate the *dafo* with the Miris of Tapo. It is a good sign that both Guchi Tamar and the Hari men started for Rakhe as soon as they received my message, particularly considering how difficult Hari has been in the past. Altogether fourteen Hari men have come, representing all the important clans. Although trade relations between Tapo and Hari have been resumed ever since my stay in Tapo, nearly two months ago, there are still several outstanding questions. But both parties say that they are willing to conclude a definite peace, and I have hopes that this time a settlement acceptable to both parties will be reached. The main causes for the feud are the killing (in their view the justified killing for various misdeeds) of Tapo Tara, a relative of Guchi Tamar, by men of Hari, and subsequent capture and detention of Hage Gat of Hari by Guchi Tamar. No compensation has been paid for the killing of Tayo Tara, but Guchi Tamar received a large ransom for Hage Gat. Apart from this there are claims of mithan on both sides, but these can be settled by compromise and my suggestion is to end the main dispute by saying that the ransom paid for Hage Gat should be considered as compensation for the killing of Tayo Tara, and that apart from the mithan to be provided by both sides for the *dafo*, there need be no substantial payments by either side.

Guchi Tamar and the Hari men seemed quite amenable to the idea of making a *dafo* without delay and I let them work out the details by themselves. Late in the evening I heard that an agreement had been reached.

23rd April.—Rakhe—Halt. Early in the morning Guchi Tamar and the Hari men came to tell me of the result of their *mel*. They have decided that a *dafo* pact between Tapo and Hari should be concluded forthwith, and the procedure will be as follows. First they will go to Tapo and there a mithun will be slaughtered and eaten by the assembled men of both parties. This is one of five mithan who, though belonging to Hari, have long been in the care of Hipa Taya and could not be recovered owing to the feud between the two villages. One of them will be given to Hipa Taya for looking after them, and the three others may at once be taken back to the Apa Tani country.

Then Guchi Tamar and the Tapo men are to come to Hari and erect a *dafo* monument near the village. Next Hage Gat and prominent Hari men are to go to Tapo and there Guchi Tamar will sacrifice a pig and perform a *fada* rite in order to reconcile Hage Gat, who was for months kept captive in Guchi Tamar's house.

After that the Hari men are to perform a sacrifice and erect a *dafo* monument near Tapo thus ending formally the quarrel between them and the Miri of the Chimar group. I have impressed on Guchi Tamar the need to come to Hari and perform there the *dafo* rite while I am still in Duta, but since both his eldest son and wife are ill, and the field work of Miris is at present at its most pressing stage there may possibly be some delay.

But the most important thing is that Guchi Tamar and the Apa Tanis are going today to Tapo as friends, and that no outstanding questions remain between the two parties.

When I went today to Rakhe Bida's house, I saw on the veranda a girl with one leg on a log, which she had to lift as she walked. Later I inquired casually who she was and was told without hesitation that she was girl of Pemir, a village only about a mile from Rakhe, and had been captured on account of a long-standing debt of her kinsmen. Negotiations about settlement of that debt of mithan would soon begin, and as soon as an agreement was reached, she would be set free. I wanted to take a photograph and Rakhe Bida's wife brought her out of the house. It struck me that she treated the girl, who was shy and frightened of the camera, extremely kindly, and the girl clung to her rather like to a mother than to the wife of her captor. Though a log on one leg is very inconvenient, this particular girl is probably not too miserable during the time of her captivity. For she is in a family she must have known from earliest childhood, people of her own village are going in and out of Rakhe Bida's house, and she is pretty sure that sooner or later she will be released and the dispute settled.

24th April.—Rakhe to Camp Bogde—Approximately 8 miles—10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Since I have had no serious difficulties over porters in any Miri village on this tour, and Rakhe is a fairly large village I anticipated no trouble and imagined we would be able to start as early as usual. But I was sadly disillusioned. Although this morning the weather was as fine as one could wish, only about half the required number of porters turned up. Rakhe Bida and his brothers tried their best to get more men, but all their efforts produced only a very few men and women, and they confessed that the villagers would not listen to their appeals and persuasion. It got later and later and when it was nearly 10 o'clock we decided to leave six non-essential loads behind, and start with the porters we had, including five men of Pemir. Even Rakhe Bida and Sala carried loads in the hope of finding more men in Pemir.

There are probably several reasons for this lack of enthusiasm for carrying my loads among the Rakhe people. The most decisive is no doubt the fact that I have to offer none of the things they want. Money is known in Rakhe, but not easily disposed of, and I have neither cloth, salt nor any other acceptable exchange goods left. The Rakhe people saw that the porters of Dobum were paid only half in kind and half in money and I cannot even promise cloth and salt to those who carry all the way to Duta. For I don't know whether

either is now available in the shop. Secondly, the Mizis are now very busy on their fields, and many people hardly come to their houses, but live in the fields in field houses. Thirdly, the Rakhe people know that most of the porters will have to go either all the way to Daza, or as far as Limla. For Taplo, the village one reaches in one day is too small to provide sufficient porters and Rakhe is moreover not on particularly good terms with Limla, which is the only larger village en route to Daza. Thus no one was keen on coming with us, and the porters who did turn up were mainly dependents and slaves of Rakhe Bida or his brothers, among them a slave woman, whom Bida had brought only last night from a Kabak man and whom he sent with bedraggled fearing she might use the opportunity to escape.

After less than an hour's walk we reached Pensir and Murga, two small settlements lying opposite each other at the end of the valley. Pensir has six and Murga five houses, and it took us more than one hour to raise some more porters to replace women too weak to come all the way and take over the loads brought to Rakhe by Bida and his brothers.

Considering that Bida has a captured Pensir girl in his house, I was surprised to see that he was in no way embarrassed in his dealings with the Pensir people, and in the house of Pensir Techi, the most prominent man, was offered beer like me and the other visitors. While a raid certainly prejudices a man's position towards the raided village for some time to come, the capture of an individual to enforce payment of a debt is obviously taken as a legitimate move in a civil case, and does not inspire very much enmity on the side of the victim's clansmen.

It was mid-day and very hot, with a blazing sun, when we left Murga, and started on a long climb up the range separating the Kasuba and the Pein valley. The path led mainly through old *jhums*, on the crest through forest, and on the other side down open slopes where young grass is sprouting in the places where the old grass has been burnt this year.

In the distance beyond the Pein could be seen the *jhums* of Taplo, and I was told, that the village lies now on the right bank of the Pein, whereas on the map it is marked as lying above the left bank. We dropped very steeply down the grassy hill-side, and soon to the south Mount Dakha enveloped in a rain-storm—a rain-storm which fortunately passed north-west and past us without more than a few drops.

As we came down to the Pein it was a question of whether to cross and go to Taplo village, or remain on the northside and make for a camp site on the left bank opposite Taplo. As the porters doubted whether by crossing to the right bank we could reach Taplo before dark, but thought we would get to the camp-site on the left bank by evening, we decided on the latter course, and moved up-stream along an extremely badly cut path, frequently sliding and dropping and blocked by many fallen bamboos. However, just as dusk we reached the camp-site Bogde, where as we were told Captain Davy camped some six weeks ago when he has visiting Taplo. The village can be seen on a very steep slope beyond the river, the houses standing scattered in luxuriant jungle.

It was dark by the time the last porter reached the camp and everyone is very tired. But most of the Rakhe people crossed the river and climbed up to Taplo to sleep in the houses of their friends.

25th April.—Camp Bogde to Limla.—Approximately 7 miles—10 A.M. to 5-30 P.M. Early this morning Taplo Tamr, the son of the most prominent man of Taplo village, came to our camp. Some of the Rakhe men, who had gone to sleep in the houses of friends had already talked about porters, but Taplo Tamr's *arachon* was not too hopeful. He said the villagers had already carried for one Sahib (Captain Davy) this year and would not carry a second time. If all the Rakhe and Pensir men had been prepared to go on this would have been annoying, but not serious. Unfortunately, however, nearly all the people of Pensir and Murga, in all eleven, had departed at dawn without saying anything or claiming yesterday's wages. It was imperative at least to replace them by porters from Taplo.

To get to the village I had to descend steeply to the Pein River, cross it by a single log bridge and then climb up equally steeply through jungle and *jhums*. On the plain both maize and the early rice were already sprouting, and I noticed that the rice is dibbled in such a way as to leave nearly one foot between each cluster of plants. The houses of the village, built against the hill-sides are partly hidden by trees, and it seems that ideas of security have decided the inhabitants not to clear the jungle between all the houses.

The village looked rather empty, but I found some men in the house of Taplo Tago, a very old man of obvious prominence. Among them were Gat Tachi and most of the other clan headmen of Hari, who had come to Rakhe for the *dapu* negotiations and were now on their back from Taplo, while their dependents took the mithan to Hari by another way. Taplo Tago was friendly and agreed to send his son and three of his slaves to carry my luggage, and apart from these I managed to recruit a couple from Bata, who wanted to come as Dare had given a Kabak Bata man who recently stolen a string of beads for their house. Taplo Tago too has a grievance; two days ago two Apa Tanis of Rora stole one of his mithan, and his co-operative attitude in giving his own son and two dependants as porters is no doubt due to the hope of enlisting my intervention and so get his mithan back. But no one else would carry and most men were indeed not in their houses.

Until four years ago Taplo was situated on a site called Bogde on the left bank of the Pein. There the Taplo people were raided by Minshu, and consequently moved to the present village site called Narva. The Tado people, who used to have a village further up-stream (marked on the map) joined them there because they too were afraid of being raided.

With the few porters I could get I returned to the camp and at about 10 A.M. we got off with some difficulty. But we had hardly gone a few steps when there were suddenly two loads dropped on the path and no sign of the porters. To move the attention my Naga bearer and the medicine carrier gallantly agreed to carry these. But after perhaps an hour another man, newly recruited from Taplo dropped his load and disappeared. This time we split it, and our indefatigable Apa Tanis distributed the extra weight among themselves. The Hari headmen who had agreed to come one way, had already each taken some of my luggage which was all the more creditable as some of them was young and no predominant Apa Tani will normally ever carry a load.

But soon there was a new crisis. Taplo Tamr, the son of the headman, vanished leaving his load, an unsplittable tent on the path. I could not think what to do, when Rakhe Bida—an unhoped for help—appeared with men carrying most of the loads left behind in Rakhe. He had also caught and was bringing back two deserters and so the situation was once more saved.

The lesson of all these difficulties is that wages in money in these remote villages are no attraction whatsoever. A man will rather lose one day's wages than carry a second day, and when he possibly can he will avoid carrying altogether. I am pretty certain that if, like in Mingo or Ruzo-Hane, I could have promised payment in cloth and salt, I would have got as many porters as I wanted from Rakhe, Pensir and Murga and the Pensir and Murga men who had already earned one wage, would not have run away this morning. The fact

that money is known does not mean that a man, and particularly a poor man or a slave can do very much with one or two rupees, whereas even a slave is permitted to wear the cloth he earns by carrying.

The question of how much a village knows of the powers of Government, seems to me hardly into the picture. For Taplo, two days' march at the most from Licha, and visited by Captain Dirry only six weeks ago, knows certainly that Government can make things unpleasant, whereas from the villages on the Upper Kamla with no contacts with Government since the Miri Mission in 1912, I had usually no few persons than I could use, for the simple reason that they got the cloth and salt they wanted.

Near Taplo the Pein valley is very narrow and the path hugging steep slopes is difficult. But further up the valley widens and the path leads without any climbs close along the river. Near Linia one comes to fairly large, fenced-in fields in the bed of the valley, but they occupy only a fraction of the available land laid. Apart from the Apa Tani country I have so far seen no places in these hills, where plough-cultivation could be so successful as in this valley. If ever the necessity occurred to settle plough-cultivating Padam Dafla in the hills, this would be a possible place and by occupying the bottom of the valley, they would in no way interfere with the pursuing of the people of Linia.

After passing by a log bridge from the left to the right bank of the Pein, we come to several small irrigated fields still bearing the stubble of last year's rice crop. The Apa Tanis are already busy transplanting seedlings, but here the fields have not even been cleared. I heard later that until some years ago the Linia people had more extensive rice cultivation, but have stopped laying out irrigated fields, because they no longer get taxes from the Apa Tanis. The shortage of taxes in the plains has thus its repercussions as far as the Pein valley.

The village of Linia lies high up on a steep slope, and we camped just below it on a newly cleared *jhum*. This site is sloping and not too comfortable, but it is, as it seems, the only possible one near the settlement. A few men and women of the village came to see me, but were non-committal in regard to porters for to-morrow.

26th April.—Linia to Duta—Approximately 9 miles—7-30 A.M. to 1-30 P.M. The Rakhe and Taplo men consented fortunately to carry as far as Duta. This was lucky, for the village of Linia is nearly empty, most men and women living on distant fields. I think it must be recognized that at this time of the year, when people are completely pre-occupied with urgent work on their fields, local porters cannot everywhere be had at short notice.

Of the more prominent men only Linia Pusea was in his house; and he probably only because I sent him on the path yesterday, and he returned with me to the village. He told me that the locality name of the village is Rip-Michu, but on account of the two patrilineal clans, Khodo and Linia, it is commonly known as Khodo-Linia. Though marked on the map (No. 83 S.D. 2.) as a deserted site (and called Tasyan), it has been in existence for several generations; the present village site with the houses was probably not visible from the peak from which the Pein valley was surveyed.

The path from Linia to the Apa Tani country is far better and easier than either the path via Mount Dunkho or the path called Talie, by which I went to Bun. This path is known as Pusea, from the highest point (over 7,900 feet) over which it leads, and between the Pusea and the Dunkho path, there is a path known as Nagin.

We reached the Apa Tani country soon after mid-day and came out in a side valley belonging to the Tajang Khel of Hola. There plots of green land, looking like pasture are found in and a bush growing there naturally is used in the manufacture of the black 'salt' used by the Apa Tanis and sold by them to many of their neighbours as a favourable patin. Dafla and Miris do not know how to produce this salty substance, and it is not unlikely that the complete absence of native among the Apa Tanis (striking in view of its prevalence among the surrounding Miris and Daflas) is due to the use of this salt.

However well one may know the Apa Tani country, returning after a tour in other parts of these hills, one is every time struck by the enormous difference between the wild country of Dafla and Miris, where man with his small patches of cultivated land and his villages seemingly precariously clinging to hill slopes appears to be there only on tolerance amidst the jungle pressing round his habitations and fields, and the purposeful order of the Apa Tani valley, where every feature and force of nature is tamed and pressed into the service of man. The neatness and care with which every dam is built, every path levelled and shaped, and every stream led into channels and distributary stands in extraordinary contrast to the ranking wilderness of shrubs and bushes and the stony difficult paths even in between the houses of many a Miri village.

To lay the impression of man mastering nature and controlling the land with loving care was intensified by hundreds of men and women out at work on the fields, some extracting the rice seedlings from the brilliant green nurseries, others planting them out or levelling and cleaning the fields, and yet others carrying out some last minute repairs on the dams of the already flooded fields. As they saw us coming, many dropped their hoes and came running along the dams, partly to welcome us and partly no doubt to have a look at the Miris carrying our luggage. Many asked from where we had come and it seems indeed that news does not travel as fast in the crowded Apa Tani villages as in the small settlements of Miris and Daflas, where every unusual event is discussed again and again, and news is quickly picked up by any visitor or traveller. Though Haja and Hari must have been going backwards and forwards to Rakhe, these Be's people seemed to have little idea where we had been.

In Duta we found everything in good order and were relieved to hear that porters bringing cloth and salt were expected this evening. They arrived after dusk and saved us the embarrassing situation of having no goods to pay the Rakhe and Taplo men to whom money is of very little use.

27th April.—Duta—Halt. The porters from Rakhe, Pemir and Taplo were very pleased to receive their wages in cloth and salt, and the providential arrival of these trade goods last night will make all the difference if next year porters from the villages in the Pein valley and Rakhe are required.

The atmosphere among the Apa Tanis is better than I had expected. The compounder and clerk left here after the departure of the Political Officer and the Assam Rifles, seem to have exaggerated the unruliness of a few youths who annoyed them by coming full of rice beer to the camp and by behaving themselves in a somewhat rowdy manner. Actually nothing happened which could be construed as a sign of evil intentions, and since the supply of beer left from the Miloko time has dried up, there have been no more difficulties. The thefts from the godown in the clerk's absence seem to have been only petty ones.

There is still a good deal of cash in the hands of the Apa Tanis who were unable to expend it on goods. The shop could still sell large quantities of cloth, salt and hoes, but while salt and hoes would be entirely beneficial, I am somewhat disturbed by the extent to which white bazaar cloth has already

displaced the beautiful multi-coloured Apa Tani cloth. A large percentage of the men and boys working on the fields are wearing white cloths, and even some women have adopted this new type of dress. If this is the result of one season's wage-earning, the weaving industry of the Apa Tanis may be seriously damaged by the availability of cheap, machine-made cloth. It might be seriously considered to import next year less cloth and still white cotton yarn which the Apa Tanis could dye in the usual way and use for weaving their traditional cloths. The difficulty is, of course, to replace the cloth by any other trade goods which is equally cheap, easy to transport and attractive to our porters. Hoes could certainly be sold in far larger numbers and the Apa Tani blacksmiths would take a certain amount of iron for the manufacture of *dao*, which have a wide market among neighbouring tribes. Aluminium vessels of all kinds were also rapidly sold and could be used as trade goods again next year. But if Apa Tani porters are used on the same scale as this season, the problem remains of how to direct their earning power into channels which bring them real benefits and do not harm existing industries. Those men to whom I mentioned the possibility of bringing yarn were unexpectedly enthusiastic and from this it would almost seem that the Apa Tanis are not oblivious of the artistic merit of their own multi-coloured cloth when compared to the plain, machine-made standard cloth.'

28th April.—Data—Hale. This morning the compounder left for Joyhing and I am trying to get the staff and baggage down gradually, so as to avoid the necessity for a great many porters at one time.

Miris of Tapo (Chemir), Boa and Ratam arrived today for the *dapo* with Hari, but Guchi Tamar, the headman of Tapo and the man who had the feud with Hari has unfortunately fallen ill on the way and has been left behind in Boa. He asked his kinsmen to act for him at the *dapo* rite, but this does not seem to be popular and all consider that a *dapo* without Guchi Tamar loses much of its value. Hoping nevertheless to end these long drawn out negotiations I went to Hari. There the Miris had already performed a small ceremony, sacrificed a fowl and erected at a *tapang* a temporary structure in token of their readiness to hold *dapo* rites. But it seems that they hesitate to go any further in Guchi Tamar's absence, and the Hari people proposed also a postponement at least until tomorrow. In such a situation patience is the only course, and as the *dapo* pact is sufficiently far advanced for the Miris to accept the hospitality of the Hari people, they suffer little inconvenience in waiting another day.

Hage Gat, the man who was last year captured by Guchi Tamar, is not too happy with the agreed terms of the *dapo*, but I explained that it was his fault that he had not attended the negotiations in Tapo and Rakhe, and in the end he agreed to sacrifice his claims to the public good.

29th April.—Data to Haja and back. During my absence four of the arrested Licha men, Licha, Saha, Dur Sera, Sahu Rei and Licha Pij had been brought to Haja and handed over to the Apa Tanis to be kept until an agreement with Licha has been reached. The Haja men have since released Licha Pij, who is a very old slave of Licha Saha, but the other three men are still in Haja. Last night Jorum Komin, a headman and red cloth holder of Jorum, came to see me and spoke of the attempts to settle the dispute and effect the release of the captured Licha men. Negotiators from Licha have been several times to Haja, and have repeatedly brought a fair number of mithan. According to Komin's reckoning they have paid a total of 28 mithan, and he mentioned with some bitterness that the Apa Tanis were continuously raising their claims. He said that Licha Saha's sons had already paid four mithan in order to effect their father's release, but could not prevail on other Licha men to satisfy all the Apa Tanis' demands.

This morning I went to see the prisoners and found Dur Sera on the veranda of Nendin Tagum's house, talking animatedly to several Apa Tani women. He sat on the railing with his left foot in a heavy log, which he lifted with a swing when he wanted to move. But otherwise he looked extremely well and seemed quite cheerful. He is a young man with a jolly full moon face and one would not expect of him the warlike deeds that have given him a certain notoriety among the Apa Tanis. He did not seem very disturbed about his fate and told me that his brother was trying to ransom him and would shortly bring a mithan as the final part of the ransom. Nendin Tagum said that since the Apa Tanis had no personal claims against Dur Sera, they would be prepared to release him as soon as the ransom was paid. It is customary to feed prisoners as well as punish, and judging from his face, Dur Sera must indeed be well provisioned in Nendin Tagum's house, and his boredom must be much relieved by the frequent visits of Dafla friends from Talo and even Nielam. There can be no doubt that the fate of a captive in an Apa Tani or a Dafla house is less grim than one is inclined to imagine, and that it is preferable by far to that of a man in a modern prison. For the captive lives in an atmosphere very much like that of his own home, and is in no way shut off from ordinary social intercourse. This is probably the reason why as a rule no lasting animosity remains between captors and captives and they soon become quite good friends again.

This impression was confirmed by a visit to the house of Tak Kömde, who is at present the keeper of Licha Saha. The latter, being old and decrepit has no leg on his foot, and lives, as far as I could judge, more like a guest in the house than as a prisoner. The people of the house keep, of course, an eye on him, but he is allowed a good deal of freedom and in the afternoon both he and Tak Kömde came to see me in my camp. Tak Kömde told me that the only remaining claim against Licha Saha is one mithan calf, and that if that were paid, he would have no objection to releasing him.

But Kago Bida, Pudi Layang and other prominent Apa Tanis involved in the dispute with Licha are determined to hold on to Licha Saha until not only he, but all the Licha men have satisfied the Apa Tanis demands. They claim to have received only 23 mithan from Licha and claim 16 mithan more as well as some *dao ganta* and bronze plates; only after receiving these will they conclude a *dapo* pact.

30th April.—Data to Hari, Kalung and Reru and back—5½ miles.—11-30 A.M. to 4 P.M. Owing to the absence of Guchi Tamar, who is reported to be still ill, the *dapo* rites between Hari and the Miris have not got further than the preparatory ceremony. The Hari people are very disappointed, for they had prepared all the food for the formal meal of reconciliation, but the Miris felt that without their leader, who is at the same time the man whose feud with Hari is to be buried, they could not perform the full rites. They returned this morning to their villages, and I sent a message to Guchi Tamar to come within ten days if at all possible. The position between Hari and the Miris of Tapo is now that the feud which existed last year and which had led to an interruption of all communications and trade has for all practical purposes been terminated, and that the claims of both parties have partly been cancelled out and partly satisfied. The negotiations which began last November, when I called the Miris to Data and held a *mel*, were continued during my stay in Tapo and concluded when both parties met me in Rakhe. Certain disputed mithan have been handed over to the Apa Tanis, and trade and normal intercourse

have been rammed. A token *dapo* has been performed at a *Lapang* of Hari, but the full *dapo* rites will have to wait till Gachi Tamar has recovered.

I heard that the Bela people are in favour of a general *dapo* between Bela, Hari and Hang on the one side and all South Kamla Miris on the other. So I went to Kalang and Raru to explore these possibilities. These villages too were at loggerheads with the Miris last year, but are on terms in Bhutanese fad them to discuss a settlement and now a *dapo* has been performed on the path near Tapin which is binding for the whole of Bela (*i.e.* Reru, Tajang and Kalgang) and the Miris of Tapo La, Bilin, Rina, Bantem and Gorkan a. The Miris have not yet performed the corresponding ceremony near Bela, but trade between the villages concerned has been resumed. All these negotiations extended over a very long time, and I think recent experience shows that the conclusion of a *dapo* is even under the most favourable circumstances a very lengthy affair, necessitating the exchange of innumerable pipes from village to village. Though Government can do much in bringing the parties together (as I did on three separate occasions in the case of Hari and Tapo), the details must be left to the disputing parties, who will perform a rite soliciting the sanction of supernatural powers only when real agreement has been achieved.

A stumbling block for a joint *dapo* between all Apa Tani villages and the South Kamla Miris are the old claims of the Miris against Hang, which date from an abortive raid against Jorum, more than 30 years ago. Then many Miris, enlisted by Hang to help against Jorum were killed by the *Dafla* and it is claimed that their fate was due to the blunders of their Hang leaders. But the non-enforcement of a *dapo* between Hang and Miris does not inconvenience Government, for parties from the Apa Tani country to Tago still always have to proceed from Bela and Hari, and these have never been on active hostility between Hang and the Miris. Padi Layang spoke to me of his plan of arranging also a *dapo* between Hang and Miris, but I very much doubt whether Hang will be prepared to satisfy claims of thirty years ago. Should the plan succeed, however, the existing individual village *dapos*, performed in Apa Tani style with dogs as sacrificial animals, will be embraced in a general mithun *dapo* guaranteeing the peace between the two tribes.

1st May.—Duta—Halt. Yesterday a slave of Mai Hali came and complained that in violation of the *dapo* between Hang and Mai, concluded barely a year ago, Kago Jili of Hang had captured a slave boy belonging to Mai Hali, the headman of Mai who is at present dangerously ill. As good relations between the Apa Tanis and Mai are essential to us, I called Kago Jili and inquired into the reasons of his action. It turns out that he and Mai Hali were friends and had various dealings in mithun, which in the usual way of Apa Tani and Dafla friends they gave into each other's care. On two occasions Kago Jili helped Mai Hali to recover mithun stolen by Hang men, and for this service he ought to have received the customary reward. But Mai Hali did not pay, and when Kago Jili came repeatedly to Mai to ask for his dues, he forbade him in the end to enter his house. The head of Mai Hali's enemies opened the door and determined Kago Jili to take by force what his own friend would not give, and he captured Dafla Hija, a young Apa Tani boy, whom Mai Hali bought some two years ago from Hacha Bhanda. Far from being pleased to return to the Apa Tani country, this boy is said to be protesting loudly against his capture; saying that he has become a Dafla and a 'son' of Mai Hali and does not want to live among the Apa Tanis who had once sold him. I explained that while Government did not want to interfere in the internal affairs of the Apa Tanis, the breach of a *dapo* with a village on the main route to Jorhaut would not be countenanced, and I advised the parties to settle the dispute by a mal in which Duta men should act as mediators; Kago Jili should return the slave boy to his master and Mai Hali should pay to Kago Jili such dues as the mal thought equitable.

Whereas Apa Tanis settle their own quarrels among themselves, unary D flu come here in the hopes of getting redress of a real or imaginary grievance. A few days ago a boy of Pel came to complain that a man of Mai had captured his small sister, but in this case the 'captor' was the girl's own maternal uncle and the dispute arose over the question where the motherless girl should be brought up. This evening Loko Tano came with bitter complaints against Toko Bat, and from his story it would seem that even such apparent Dafla villages as Tako, where all the prominent families belong to one clan, are by no means as well organised as Apa Tani villages, where an unobtrusive, but yet effective system of Government reduces internal friction to a minimum. The story of Toko Tanio deals with events which lie back nearly a year and do not call for intervention. But as illustration of the atmosphere inside an apparently peaceful Dafla village, it is of interest.

Toko Tagar and Toko Tanio with their wives, a daughter of Tagar and some slaves were on their way to Haja when Toko Bat, his sons and his son-in-law Likha Teji waylaid and captured them. Only Tagar was released at once without ransom. His daughter escaped, but six of the captives were kept in Toko Bat's house, with legs on their legs. All but Toko Tanio's wife were subsequently ransomed with nine mithan and one *mejo*, but Tanio's wife is still in Toko Bat's house and, friend of her lot, is kept as a concubine by Toko Kapa, one of Bat's sons. The ostensible reason for the capture was that the evil spirit of a man killed by Toko Tanio was supposed to have caused the death of a son of Toko Bat.

2nd May.—Duta—Halt. Among my visitors of this morning were Tago Tatar of Pali (Likha) and Tar Tacha of Mido (Likha). Tago acted on several occasions as guide of porters recruited in Likha, and he complains now that several men of Likha are threatening to kill him, accusing him of various misdeeds, but really because he worked for Government. He fears apparently to share the fate of Nielom Lama, who told me the other day that Nielom Sera, the headman, had kept him tied up for more than a month. Tago Tatar's story is that ever since the withdrawal of the outpost Likha has been in a state of unrest, the inhabitants blaming each other for their misfortunes and stealing each other's mithun in order to recoupe their own losses. If Tago Tatar is to be believed, the big men Sara and Tatke, Harka and Teji did not only use their own mithun to pay the compensation to the men they had raided, but succeeded on the strength of smaller men—presumably on the plea that the latter had got a share of the loot and should now bear part of the expenses of compensating the victims of the raids. Dissension has also broken out between Likha and Nielom and they are now capturing each others mithan.

3rd May.—Duta—Halt. Pichu Rei, a Sulu arrested in Kiriam and subsequently handed over to the Haja men, came this morning with Kago Bida, in whose house he is staying. He is obviously not treated as a prisoner and brought the leg of a deer which he had shot when out hunting. He is the first member of the elusive Sulu tribe with whom I have yet had a chance to talk, but having lost his parents early and grown up among Daflas, he knows next to nothing about his own tribe and has even forgotten its language.

In Kirum he lived ultimately not in a house, but in a field-hut on a jhum field. He says that as he had no quarrel with the Apa Tanis, but got arrested owing to the Licha men's quarrel with Government, he would take revenge on the Licha men—a threat he is not likely to implement.

Kaj Karu volunteered rather surprisingly to go to Licha and call the Kirum and Bagi men to Duta where the fate of the prisoners and the possibilities for a settlement is to be once more discussed.

Nendin Tagum, in whose house Dur Sera is kept, asked me today to arrange a *dafa* between Haja, Duta and Bela before I left, for he feared that disputes would break out over the amount of compensation received from Licha and the allocations of the various still outstanding matters. He would like to have all this settled before I leave, and the terms of the settlement confirmed by a tripartite *dafa*. But I have very little hope that things will happen so quickly, and though some Licha negotiators will presumably arrive, it is highly unlikely that any settlement will be reached within the next ten days. For the Apa Tanis are not likely to reduce their demands, and the Licha men are reported to have said that if the Apa Tanis will not accept a reasonable ransom for Licha Saha, he would have to remain as Haja ; they would not ruin themselves for one old man.

4th May.—Duta—Hafi. Nendin Tagum's chances of getting a ransom for his prisoner Dur Sera seem to have further receded. For today came the news, that his brother Dur Tapak, who had promised to ransom him, has been captured by Likha Tago and Nichom Talha. It seems that Dur Tapak went to Nichom to collect a mithun which he had received as part of the bride-price of his sister, and was captured there. The cause is not known.

The problem of the appalling death and sickness rate of Apa Tani porters going to Joyhing, which was serious enough last season, has now assumed so grave a form that in the future it will not be possible to ignore it. Within the last two days two young men of Duta died after an illness of several weeks. Both had been to the plains as porters and fallen ill shortly after their return. Another boy of Duta who went with the same party, is so dangerously ill that the Doctor doubts whether he will recover ; in Haja one young man died and several are ill, in Mudang Tage three of our porters died and in Hari also three porters died after returning from Joyhing. Apart from these fatal casualties, there have been many cases when men returning from the plains are ill for weeks, and this means not only that they cannot attend to their fields, but that the expense of sacrifices eats up anything they may have saved by working as porters and often forces them to contract debts. Most of the cases of death and sickness are due to malaria against which the Apa Tanis seem to have very little resistance, but three Mudang Tage men coming from the plains died of diphtheria and infected several of their relatives, three of whom also died.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that Apa Tanis are extremely reluctant to go to the plains, and it is very difficult to force them to go against their will if possibly one epidemic there thereby to death. The greatest danger of malarial infection seems to be from the end of February onwards, but even men who have not been to the plains since December seem still occasionally to suffer from fever.

There can be no doubt that the death and sickness rate of porters could be drastically reduced if in the future Apa Tanis were used only as the hills, from Potin (or even Seiamchu) to Duta, but normally not east all the way to *Joyhing*.

5th May.—Duta—Hafi. This afternoon two Dafins of Jorum came to tell me that two men of Jorum Kopi's settlement, Jorum Tarè and Tad Rèchi who had gone to Yogin to fetch their mithun, had been captured by Likha Rebin, in whose case the mithun had been. The two messengers were asking whether I would do anything in the matter ; if not, they would raid Yogin and free the captives themselves. I advised them to desist from such drastic action and try first their luck by negotiation. As the Apa Tanis of Hafi are friendly both with Jorum and with Likha Rebin, it was agreed that two Haja men, Rago Bida and Nada Bida, should go to Yogin and try to effect the release of the two Jorum men. But it turns out that the two captives were not as innocent as the messengers had tried to make me believe. When Likha Rebin told them that he could not lay his hands on the mithun they demanded, and promised to produce them later, the Jorum men went away—but on the way stole two of Rebin's own mithun. The Likha men followed them, recovered the mithun and tied the Jorum men up near the house. But at night the Jorum men escaped, again stole the mithun and were caught in the act.

Kaj Karu returned this evening from Licha. He has been to Bagi and Kirum and asked the Licha men to come once more to Haja and discuss the release of Licha Saha and Dur Tapa. Several men said they would come after two days and were prepared to pay some more mithun and valuables, but as it seems, no anything like the amount still demanded by the Apa Tanis. But it may be taken as a good sign that men like Karu can now safely go to Licha. The rumour that the Licha people had again blocked the path with *jungs* proved unfounded.

6th May.—Duta—Hafi. Today Milo Gat, an old man of the Tajang khel of Bela, came and complained that his brother's son, who had lived in his house, has died after returning from Joyhing. The boy had several times worked as porter and Milo Gat said that he himself had to bear the expense of the sacrifices during his nephew's illness and had to borrow a cow for the funeral feast. On these grounds he asked for compensation, and added that if no compensation was paid to the relatives of men who die because they went for Government to the plains, it would soon prove be even more difficult to raise porters. In this he is, I think, right, and it would indeed be only fair if, as in the case of permanent porters, Government assumed some responsibility for the deaths of porters who go to the plains and there contract malaria and other diseases fatal to Apa Tanis.

Jorum Tachu, a headman of Jorum, came today to tell that his son's wife, for whom he had paid a bride-price of eight mithun had eloped with a man of Dulrum clan to Mebia village in the Par valley. He asked for Government's intervention but I explained that it was not the job of Government to chase runaway wives or even bring their abductors to book. Tachu's retort was that if Government did not help him, would I mind if he took the law in his own hands and raided the house where the couple were sheltering ? To this I could not consent and in the end he agreed to attempt to settle the dispute with the headmen of Mebia. But herein lies a difficulty ; Government cannot possibly take up every quarrel over nonpayment of bride-prices or run-away wives, on the other hand in Jorum close to the plains and our lines of communications we cannot tolerate the old method of obtaining justice by raiding if thereby the whole area is rendered dangerous for porters.

7th May.—Duta—Bakhan *via* Hang and back—9 miles—9 A.M. to 3 P.M. How difficult it will be to keep the right balance between non-interference in private disputes and a certain control over inter-tribal relations is demonstrated by the quarrel between Mai Höli and Kago Jili of Hang, mentioned in my diary of May 1st. My advice to settle the dispute by compromise was followed by the Mai people, who produced a mithan as ransom for the captured slave boy, though maintaining that Mai Höli owed nothing to Kago Jili and gave the mithan only as a token of good-will. But Kago Jili proved far less compromising, and while only the other day he said that he would be content with one mithan he now refuses to give up the boy or even to come again to Duta to discuss the matter.

Since I wanted in any case to see the land above Hang which might be possible for an establishment, I went today myself to Hang, accompanied by several prominent Haja men, willing to act as mediators between Hang and Mai. For the incident has greatly disturbed the people in Haja, Duta and even Hari, since they fear that a quarrel between Hang and Mai would endanger the safety of the road *via* Mai to Pu-in and other villages in the Panior Valley.

The Hang men had been warned of my coming and I collected rather sooner than usual a good many of the prominent men. Ponyo Tamar began with a long and rambling speech which in part was, however very much to the point. He said that this time Government had taken up the cause of Haja, Duta and Bela, and had helped them to extract numerous mithan from Licha. He too had many claims, as many as hairs on his head, but he knew that to raise them would only start new quarrels; others however were less judicious and there were numerous Apa Tanig who thought the time had come to dig up old disputes and demand from neighbouring Daffa villages mithan and other valuables, threatening them with the fate of Licha if the demands were resisted. So bold had they become that they stole mithan right and left, thinking themselves safe from any retribution. I replied that this was exactly what I objected to in the action of Kago Jili, who had broken the *dafo* between Hang and Mai, by capturing Mai Höli's slave on the pretext of an old raid by no means fully justified claim. I appealed to the village headmen to use their influence in persuading Kago Jili to return the boy, accept the mithan offered by the Mai people and reinstitute the *dafo*.

But the reaction was in no way favourable. The Hang men harped on old claims, supported Kago Jili's plea that he had already sold the boy to Hibu Tabia and could not get him back, and in short gave the impression that they resented any interference and would not give up the boy. I argued for some time, pointing out that this was no private quarrel, but one which endangered the safety of the Mai route, a fact to which Government could not be indifferent. But Kago Jili showed himself much less compromising than he had done in Duta and in the end I had to tell him that if he did not return the boy or find other means of reconciling Mai Höli he would be made responsible for the closing of the Mai route for Apa Tanis, with consequences not very pleasant for him.

The Haja men who stayed on arguing told me afterwards that the Hang people were furious with them, blamed them for having brought Government into the country and expressed all sorts of threats as to what they would do to them in the rains. The Hang men have always resented rather aloof and have often stressed that unlike the Haja and Duta men who sought Government's assistance in the quarrel with Licha, they did not want us to interfere in their affairs. The reserved temper of the village is definitely unfriendly and I believe that the incident with Mai is rather a symptom than the cause of their attitude. One of the real causes for their dissatisfaction may be that in previous years the Hang people had many more contracts with the plains and went there in much greater numbers than the Apa Tanis of other villages. This year they found that all villages obtained large quantities of imported goods, and that they themselves instead of monopolizing a large part of the trade with the plains, had to work on the same terms with others and could not get salt or cloth when they went independently to the plains to trade and went as an inferior times. The reason for this being probably not so much the easily cowed bias on Apa Tanis overlying in the plains as the prevailing shortage of goods. But blame it on, and leave the feeling that they are burdened in their old trade contracts. My interference in Kago Jili's quarrel with Mai and my insistance that the *dafo* must be restored, brought the latent dissatisfaction to the surface and the village united in backing Kago Jili, though individual men admit privately that he is in the wrong, particularly in having sold Pilin without giving Mai Höli a chance of ransoming him.

From Hang I went to a place called Bakhang, which I think is one of the sites possible for an establishment more permanent than the present camp in Duta. The advantages are that there is much more space that the land now only used as pasture is of much less value than the gardens and groves bordering in the Duta camp and that there is a stream coming straight from the hills. The wide open slope in front of the potential site for the buildings would be useful for air droppings. The Duta camp is so situated that it can hardly be made into a permanency for it lies on the traditional grave yard of the Duta people and in the past few days two people have been buried within a few yards of our houses. Indeed the Duta people are now saying that so many men have died in their village because the spirits are enraged that the peace of the burial ground has been disturbed.

8th May.—Duta—Halt. Today Licha Sera came to negotiate the release of the Licha prisoners. He came to see me and said that to effect the release of Licha Saba he would settle the claims of several Haja men, paying one mithan, one *mujo* and two bronze plates and giving one mithan to be slaughtered for the *dafo*. If that was not accepted by the Haja men Licha Saba would have to be left to his fate; he was an old man who had had in any case only a few years to live; if the Haja people want to keep him or sell him, they may do so; he and the other kinsmen of Saba would not help themselves for one paid none to pay not only their own debts, but satisfy also all the Apa Tani claims against men who had left Licha and were now living in such villages as Linia. Tomorrow more Licha men would come and discuss matters with the Apa Tanis.

The latest development in the Hang-Mai quarrel is that Kago Jili, unable to buy back Dali Pilia, has declared that he would commemorate Mai Höli by buying him a Dafla slave. This is probably more acceptable to public opinion in Hang, for the loss of face would not be as great as if they had to return Dali Pilia.

Since yesterday rainy weather has set in. Nearly all the rice has already been planted out, and the women are now busy planting millet on the bunds between the fields.

9th May.—Duta—Halt. Licha Sera has been joined by Licha Tekhi, Licha Tarom and other Licha men, who have come to negotiate the release of Licha Saba and the conclusion of a *dafo* with the Apa Tanis. They offer to satisfy all the claims against the useless but protest that they cannot answer for such men as Dumang Talang who has gone to live in Linia. Their proposal is to settle the claims against Licha Saba and themselves, make a *dafo* with the men who raised these claims and afterwards to hold a meeting between Apa Tanis and the remaining Licha men in Kiruss. For they say that Licha Tagor and Gemir Pumbo did not dare to come here, fearing that the Apa Tanis might capture them. The Licha men arrived only this evening and I hope that tomorrow a *dafo* can be held.

16th May.—Duta—Halt. Today the Doctor left for Jophing, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that I got him five porters to carry his personal luggage. The many deaths among porters returning from the plains has terrified the Apa Tanis and they are most reluctant to embark on a journey which they consider highly dangerous. As I plan to take Apa Tanis only as far as Potin, I hope that I will have less difficulty.

Today there were only a few showers, but the Apa Tanis fear that heavier rain is in store.

The negotiations between the Licha delegation and the Apa Tanis have made little progress, for no prominent men of Haja, Duta or Bela came to attend a *mel*. Indeed I have the feeling that the Apa Tanis are pursuing a policy of procrastination ; there is at least one party opposing the release of Licha Saha and the conclusion of a partial *dafin* and disliking perhaps that by holding on to the prisoners they can gradually extract more advantages. The men in whose houses the prisoners are living are, on the other hand, only too anxious to get rid of them.

17th May.—Duta—Halt. The negotiators from Licha hung about all yesterday, for the Apa Tanis, who had obviously not yet agreed among themselves on their attitude, did not appear for the *mel*. But this morning I insisted that the headmen of Haja and Duta should come and finally Chigi Nime, Nada Rama Nada Tomo, Kago Bida, Tak Tara, Tak Edenda, Nemdin Tagum and other prominent men assembled to discuss matters with the Licha men. Both parties started in the usual way with old stories, but in the end I got the Apa Tanis to make their minimum claims and to leave out of account claims against men who had left Licha or had no connection whatsoever with the prisoners in Haja. Then I asked the Licha men whether they were willing to satisfy the Apa Tanis' reduced demands and hand over the mithan and valuables to me, if I guaranteed that Licha Saha would be set free as soon as the agreed amount had been fully paid. They consented to pay up their own debts and dues, but maintained that they could not satisfy the claims of two Duta men against two Duta men at present in Kiruan. On this point I suggested a compromise according to which after payment of the other claims and the release of Licha Saha, the Licha negotiators, Saha and a delegation of Apa Tanis should go to Kiruan and negotiate fulfilment of these claims. During that time Dur Sera would remain in Haja and if a settlement in Kiruan was reached a *dafin* would be made and the Haja men would subsequently also release Dur Sera.

Both parties agreed to this proposals and I detailed exactly what each Licha man present had promised to produce to effect the release of Licha Saha. They said that they had not brought quite as much with them but would go to Talo and try to borrow the balance from their friends and kinsmen.

This settlement, or rather attempted settlement, does not include Bela, but the Bela men have ignored all invitations to take part in the *mel* and do not seem very keen on an agreement. The reason is probably that they have already received more from Licha than either Haja or Duta, and think that they will be able to extract more if a *dafin* is postponed until later.

All the Haja and Duta men seemed very pleased with the result of the discussions, and it now remains to be seen whether the Licha negotiators will be able to raise the necessary mithan in Talo. The compensation they will have to pay at once amounts to 3 cows 1 bronze plate and 1 *dao* ; two more mithan will be due to be given to Kiruan before the *dafin* can be performed.

Since my return to Duta I have noticed that the Apa Tanis do not seem to trust the Dafla interpreter Bat Heli. Various headmen, such as Kago Bida, suggest that only Apa Tanis should translate for Apa Tanis and particularly in discussions of the Licha affair the Apa Tanis did not seem happy with Heli. As this morning he was incidentally away at Hari I had to use the former Apa Tani interpreter Koj Karu and I found him inspite of the limitations of his Assamese surprisingly efficient. The Apa Tanis seemed much happier, and there seemed no objection on the part of the Licha men, who could, after all, have insisted on waiting for Heli's return.

18th May.—Duta—Halt. The Licha negotiators, who went yesterday to Talo, have not yet returned and there were consequently no new developments in the negotiations. But the Apa Tanis' dissatisfaction with the Dafla interpreter Heli came to a head today and when Heli was on an errand in Bela they complained that Heli was favouring the Licha men, that he had received from them valuable gifts including a mithan at the time of the *mel* in Kiruan, and that he was now asking for similar gifts from the Apa Tani headmen. I explained that only the inexperience and linguistic limitations of the Apa Tani *bolois* forced us to employ Daflas in work among Apa Tanis but that soon we would be able to dispense altogether with Dafla interpreters in Apa Tani country. It seems indeed very important to educate as soon as possible a stock of efficient Apa Tani interpreters and thus avoid the necessity of employing always members of a different tribe. Heli is very good among Daflas, but does not like Apa Tanis very much, and has obviously not succeeded in gaining their confidence. The very outspoken protests of the Apa Tanis, voiced by Chigi Nime and other prominent men, show certainly that the Apa Tanis are very sensitive to anything they consider unfair, and that it will take a long time before we can relax in watching their temper.

19th May.—Duta—Halt. The Licha negotiators disappointed us all once again. Some of them had gone to Talo to borrow the mithan which they had promised to give in order to effect the release of Licha Saha. They returned saying that no one would lend them any mithan, and have now decided to return to their village and try to raise the agreed ransom there.

Men of Bela came to see me this morning and said that for the moment they would be content if the Licha men paid our mithan to the Reru khel and one to the Tajang khel as well as one *dahia* bronze plate. But as the Licha men could not or would not bring the very modest preliminary compensation for Haja and Duta, there is not much hope of an immediate settlement.

Tiling Khoda, one of the Hang headmen, came to tell of the suggestion of a compromise between Kago Jili and Mai Hili. It seems that the leaders of Hang have taken a hand in the matter and have persuaded Kago Jili to reduce his claims. They say now that Kago Jili will return the disputed boy, if Mai Hili gave him a mithan cow instead of the mithan bull which the Mai men had been ready to give. It is to be hoped that on this basis an arrangement acceptable to both parties will gradually be reached.

During the last few days I have discovered an institution of village dignitaries which will have to remain the basis of any tribal self-government. In every village there is a number of councillors or *ai-ko bulang*, middle aged or old men of prominent status, in whose hands lies the direction of village affairs and the settling of disputes. They are entitled to special shares of meat from animals sacrificed at certain feasts in their own village and at the Mloko festival they receive gifts of meat from the villages with which

their own village stands in relations of ceremonial reciprocity. These *abia bulang* are assisted by younger men, chosen and appointed by them, and known as *ajang bulang* and *papa bulang*. An *ajang bulang* reaching middle age becomes autom tically a *papa bulang* and there is little difference in their function and neither are entitled to special shares of meat. But only when the *abia bulang* of Ni dau dies can a *papa bulang* normally succeed to the higher office. *Ajang* and *papa bulang* go as negotiators and messengers to other villages and attend councils for the settlements of disputes, whereas the *abia bulang* stay mainly at home, give directions and take over only when the stage of the final negotiations has been reached. Their's is no absolute authority, but they are the only men in an Apa Tani village who have authority outside the immediate circle of their houses and family and can get things done.

14th May.—Dutu.—Halt. I had expected that there would be great difficulties in getting porters for the down journey, but so far it looks as if we will have sufficient for our start tomorrow. The weather is fortunately good, and though there was a heavy hail-storm yesterday afternoon, today it was sunny until midday, and there were only a few isolated showers later in the day.

The Licha people have left, promising to raise the required mithan, bells, etc., in their own villages, but I am beginning to wonder whether they have any real intention of fulfilling the Apa Tanis' demands. It is out of the question that they really cannot lay their hands on the small number of mithan and valuables still required by the Haja and Dafla people. The only man who is really in bad straits is Dere Sera who is kept in the house of Nendin Tagama. For both his brothers who had promised to redeem him are now prisoners in Nielom and with most of his family captive there is small chance of any of them being ransomed.

To prevent people from hacking up our house when we are away Chigi Nime has volunteered to make a *dapo* and sacrifice a dog and he is curiously confident that such a rite will guarantee the safety of the house.

15th May.—Dutu to Mai—Approximately 8 miles—8 A. M. to 3 P. M. The weather has changed and is rained with short intervals from early morning till midday. Nevertheless the full number of porters, 62 including sirdars and those carrying their own rations, arrived in the early morning and we could start without any difficulty. The houses at Dutu and Lobo's vegetable plots remained in the charge of Nada Bida, and the two *Kotoki* Kago Tajo and Takhe Bida will also keep an eye on the establishment.

On the way to Mai we passed a ridge at the end of the Apa Tani valley, which might be a suitable site, for a small station. There is certainly no point in building anything permanent at the Dutu-Bela end, where land is short and one is right in between four villages all using the available land to the last square yard. But at the south end of the valley there is a good deal of vacant land, where only this year new terraces have been laid out.

In Mai we found the people in a state of anxious suspension. The headman Mai Hili has been ill for two months and is expected to die at any moment. He is a comparatively young man and the nature of his illness is not clear. On the veranda of his long house, barred to all visitors, two priests were reciting incantations, and I was told that two mithan, several pigs and innumerable chickens had already been sacrificed to appease the spirits believed to have caused the disease. As so late a stage any fleeting treatment must be in vain and so I did not suggest giving any medicine.

Another man, however, begged us to treat a *dao* wound, the result of a quarrel with a co-villager. He has a gashing wound in his forehead, septic and stinking to heaven. My wife did what she could, but I think it highly doubtful whether without proper treatment the man will survive. Nothing has happened to the attacker, and unless the victim recovers and takes his own revenge the community will not take any steps against the offender—if he dies his next-of-kin may of course claim compensation.

All but four or five of the Apa Tani porters have been given hospitality in Dafla houses, and despite the recent capture of Mai Hili's slave by Hang men, even the Hang porters were welcomed in the houses of friends.

16th May.—Mai to Camp Pite.—Approximately 12 miles—7 A. M. to 6 P. M. In Mai and on the way to the Pangen I saw irrigated terrace fields in various stages of preparation. Right in the village people were working on a newly built flight of terraces, cut into a steep slope, flanking a small stream; I counted twenty-six terraces one above the other, none of them wider than ten feet, while most of the dams were at least 5 to 6 feet high. The whole flight is proof of the Mai Daflas' considerable skill in terracing and irrigation. Every valley near the village is used for wet rice cultivation, and here and there are small series of terraces built into the hillsides. But the most extensive system of terraces lies on a slightly concave slope above the Pangen valley. There, however, no water has yet been done and rice plants have grown up by themselves in between grass and weeds. Planting begins here obviously much later than in the Apa Tani country and the first terraces have only just been planted. Mai has practically changed over from the cultivation of rice on *jhums* to rice cultivation on terraces; only millet—mainly for beer—is grown on *jhum* fields, but the progressive deforestation has forced the people to rely more and more on irrigated terraces. The Apa Tanis have been good instructors and many Daflas employed Apa Tanis to help in laying out their fields. The same varieties of early rice as grown in the Apa Tani country are planted here and are known under exactly the same names (where other crops have very different names in Apa Tani and Dafla), but instead of the bearded variety of late rice grown by the Apa Tanis, the Mai people grow a non-bearded variety, which is incidentally the same as grown elsewhere on dry *jhum* fields.

The rice fields of Pochu and Pei, lying in the flat bed of the Pangen valley, have not yet been prepared, and it seems that the Daflas here finish the work on the *jhum* first, and only then devote themselves to the wet rice fields.

It was fine until midday, but in the early afternoon there was a sharp shower, and the path beyond Dodo Seram, where it rises steeply and falls abruptly, was so slippery that we and the porters had to leave the existing track and climb through the slightly less slippery forest. Later the weather improved very much and we were surprised that the Panior valley was not very hot. But the stage Mai-Pite is very long and should not be attempted unless there is any particular reason for hurry. We reached Pite at sunset extremely tired.

17th May.—Camp Pite—Pocin—Approximately 4 miles—7 A.M. to 10 A.M. The night was clear and pleasant with a strong cool wind springing up in the early morning. For this time of this year the weather is miraculously good.

Not far from Pite we passed across a newly cut *jhum* belonging to Chodo people. The ground between the trees that lay about in complete confusion was well cleared and cleaned, and a woman was just dibbling rice, making holes with a stick, but leaving the grain uncovered and just visible. Birds do not seem to be as great a danger to the seed here as elsewhere. The woman had her legs wrapped in leaves, and such 'gaiters' are used here frequently as protection against dam-dims.

On the climb from the river to Potin lies now another new *jhum* where some of the rice is already sprouting. Many banana stumps had been left standing and new leaves were already shooting up; they are obviously never allowed to develop fully, but the practice of sparing some banana clumps may account for the fact that abandoned *jhums* are often covered almost entirely with bananas.

In Potin we found some cloth and salt, sent there to pay the Apa Tani porters, but half of the arranged quantity has not yet arrived, and some of the Apa Tanis will therefore go on to Joyhing with Lobo, while others will wait in the hope that more cloth will still arrive.

18th May.—Potin—Halt. Some of the luggage went to day with Lobo and Apa Tani porters, but I have to stay on and arrange for Dafias to take the rest to Joyhing. There has been a great deal of illness—apparently some kind of influenza—in Sekhe and Chod, and the only villages on which I can draw for porters are therefore Potin and Selkemchi. But the halt in Potin is quite welcome to check some of my information on the Dafias of this area, and to renew contacts with people who have done a great deal of work for Government ever since the beginning of October. The Potin people have incidentally done quite well, for they got from Likha Taki and Likha Horku eleven mithan, eleven Tibetan bells and four bronze plates as compensation for the raid on their village and subsequent ransoms. This does not completely cover their losses, but is more than they could have ever hoped to regain without the intervention of Government.

Jorum Tacho arrived today to request my help in the case of the elopement of his small son's grown up wife with a man of another Jorum settlement—the couple has fled to Mebia, a village in the Par valley. He argued that if left to himself he would raid the house in which the couple is sheltering and regain the girl by force, but that since Government has forbidden raiding it is for Government to support his claim. Similar cases will no doubt crop up as our influence spreads and it will be necessary to decide on a definite policy. For the moment I told Tacho to go to Mebia and try to settle the matter with the help of the headman of Mebia, Tana Nieri who is a *jinna* holder, as a sort. If they could not come to an agreement they should all come to Joyhing and discuss a settlement.

19th May.—Potin—Halt. The weather is still magnificent, and even when I camped here in November there were not as many fine days. The Dafias say that the present good weather is the natural sequence of the unusual amount of rain during the winter.

Although it will be three months till the first crops ripen the people of Potin have practically exhausted their store of rice. The last harvest was indifferent and they say that they expended a lot of rice on entertaining the many prominent men who came to see me here last November and also the many porters from distant villages who passed occasionally through Potin. Now they buy rice from the plains and it seems indeed that in bad years these foothill Dafias are not self-sufficient for food. The work they do in the plains is for them an absolute necessity, for all their cloth and of course their salt comes from Assam. They work mainly on contract clearing jungle and say that a man may earn as much as Rs.40 a month; the daily wage now paid in the plains to Dafias is annas 12 *plus* food, which is annas 2 more than the Government rate for hired porters.

20th May.—Potin to Camp Lichi—Approximately 5 miles—8 A.M. to 11-30 A.M. The arrival of several Selkemchi men last night and the agreement of some Apa Tanis to carry as far as Selkemchi enabled me to start this morning with all loads. There was a short shower just before we reached camp and leeches were more than usually plentiful; but the stage is easy and men with light loads might reach Selkemchi in one day.

21st May.—Camp Lichi to Selkemchi—Approximately 8 miles—7 A.M. to 1-30 P.M. After the many high mountains which we have climbed during the last months, the ascent to Tasser Putru seemed today hardly worth hardly tiring. Half way down the scenery has been greatly changed. People of Selkemchi have observed a large number of *jhums* from the forest have never touched by rice axe during human memory. Enormous forest giants have been felled, and some of the stumps some 15 feet high are still surrounded by the fields on which the cutters stood. Maize, some six weeks old, is already standing between charred trunks but the rice has not yet been planted. Closer to the village we saw on an old *jhum* maize with the cobs already swelling and closeby women were dibbling rice with rude, wooden digging sticks.

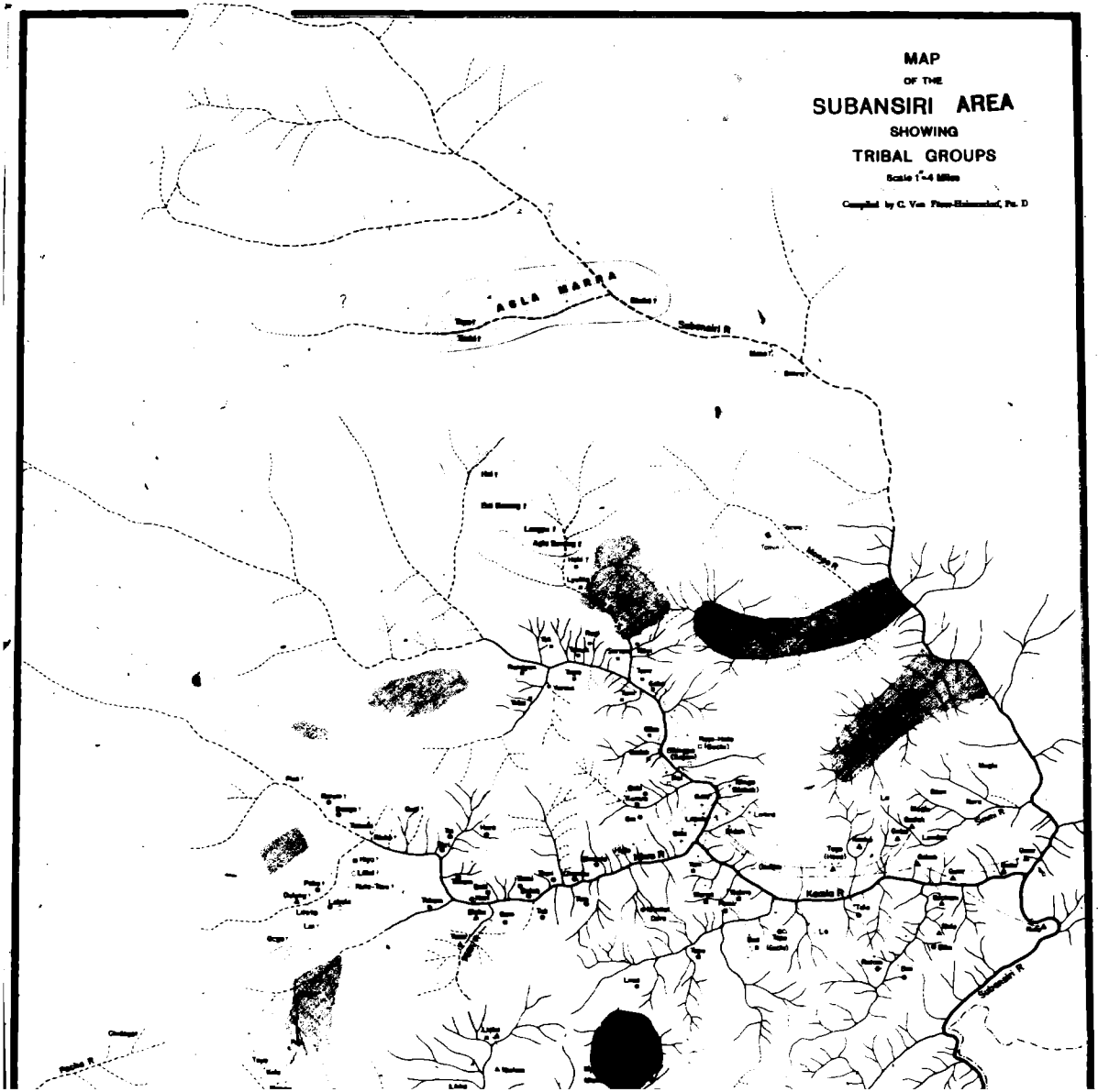
Selkemchi I found only the main store house and one shelter standing. All the other shelters have been taken up and used as firewood by passing porters. Preservation of any staging camps from a similar fate would be a real problem.

I spent most of the afternoon in paying porters and selling cloth and salt to the returning Apa Tanis. A few bags of rice were left from a dump, and as they have already suffered badly from rats and insects, I disposed of most to Apa Tanis and Dafias against payment. The Apa Tanis bought rations for the return journey but the Dafias of Potin and Selkemchi are in need of rice owing to a bad harvest.

22nd May.—Selkemchi to Joyhing—Approximately 9 miles.—7 A.M. to 2 P.M. At night there was a very heavy storm pour which partly flooded my tent. But the morning was fine and later in the day it became very hot. The stream whose bed the path follows for some time carries as yet little water, but later in the year, this stage must be difficult. I was told that all Apa Tanis now use this route in preference to the more circuitous Kemping Lobu route, which they used to take for fear of being attacked or captured by the Dafias of Sekhe Potin and other villages south of the Panior.

I reached Joyhing early in the afternoon, and thus concluded this season's touring which we began more than seven months ago. Very much in contrast to last year, we had this year a pleasant and easy down journey from Dura, with no heavy rain except on the first day.

P. (Advisers) No. 3—50—24-3-1947.


MAP
OF THE
SUBANSIRI AREA
SHOWING
TRIBAL GROUPS
Scale 1"=4 Miles
Compiled by C. Von Fürer-Haimendorf, Ph. D
AKA MARRA
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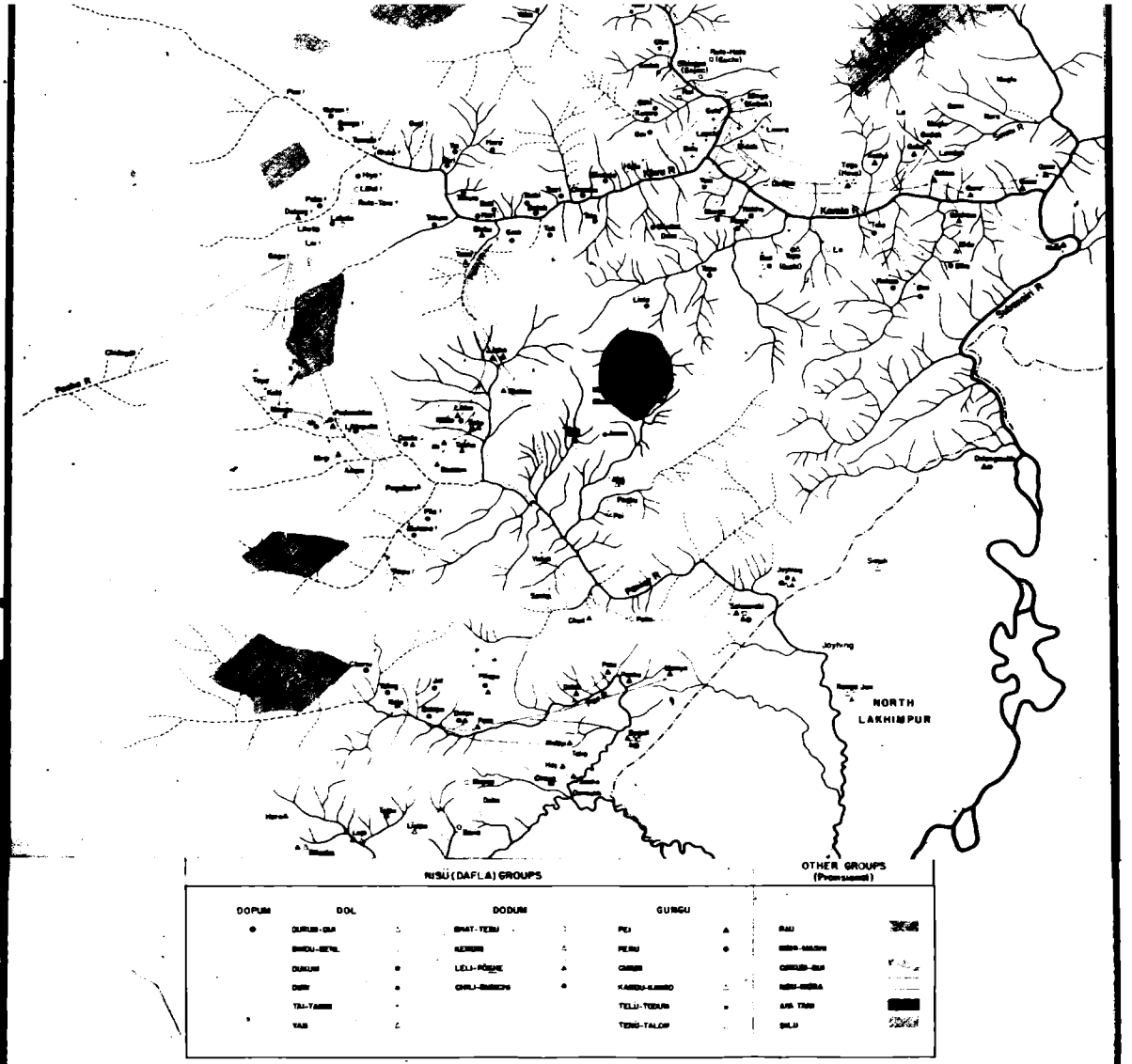
NORTH
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RISU (DAFLA) GROUPS
OTHER GROUPS
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1947

A NOTE ON A TOUR IN THE LAMAI COUNTRY IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER 1946, BY THE POLITICAL OFFICER, BALIPARA FRONTIER TRACT

the plea of sickness carrying and compelled his men to raid the friendly Lamai and the Monbum for goods to satisfy the ever rapacious Duflas. Lada whom we always thought to be a great oppressor in our eyes was actually a victim of aggression themselves. One of the offshoots of the big Duffa village of 300 houses of Weiyi on the Pdichuk, is now situated on Lada's land across the Pachuk on its left bank and during the last four years these Duflas had captured and released on payment of ransom 83 of Lada's people on the plea of sickness carrying. Only a week before my arrived at Lada one of their girls was captured by the same Duflas and held in captivity and demand two cocheans and two head of cattle for her release. These came and captured one more girl of Lada on the very night they had heard that Lada came to see me Several messengers went to ask for return of the girl, but to no effect. As the Duffa village was nearby and the circumstances demanded my intervention in the matter to secure the release of the girls, at the request of the Lamai, I proceeded to the village with an escort of two sections having sent ahead my guide, interpreters and men: Lamai with instructions to tell the Duflas that my visit to their village was friendly and that they should not try to resist me. But on our approach, the Duflas in large numbers came down to the river crossing and started shooting arrows at our guide and his companions, and inspite of

A NOTE ON A TOUR IN THE LAMAI COUNTRY IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER 1944. BY THE POLITICAL OFFICER, SAIPARA FRONTIER TRACT

During my tour in the Lamai country from which I returned on the 29th December, I went as far as the Lamai village of Lada (83 A Sq. S 8, 1) on the Pachuk Valley, and was generally well-received by all the Lamai Chiefs although from the beginning of the tour until our arrival at Lada we had repeatedly received threats of hostility against us by the Lamai of Lada in conjuction with their Dafla neighbours to their East. The persistance of the rumour that Lada was holding themselves in readiness to attack us has had the inevitable result in shaking some of our friendly Lamais under Dangcha and Laogyang, the chiefs of the Jarulong and the Melayanlego clans respectively. Dangcha, however, remained steadfast and helped me with as many porters as he could collect, and being unable to accompany me to Lada himself due to his wife's illness detailed one of his brothers, who knew the country well, to act as guide to the columns. These men remained with the column the upkeep the tour. While Laogyang, who was profuse with friendliness and promise of help with porters, guide and goodwill at But, before starting on this tour, played false having been totally shaken by the threats of Lada, and did not provide the porters he had promised. Owing to shortage of porters I was forced to reduce the strength of my escort to three sections and curtail my days of halt at Lada and cancel the visit to another Lamai village called Sakong (83A Sq. V 8, 9, 7, 9), which was involved in the last raid on Laogyang's village at Biroja. But inspite of initial difficulties, the tour went off well and we could arrive at Lada without actually encountering any opposition on the way. Later Laogyang sent one of his young sons, who joined us at Lada, but he was of little assistance having had no influence.

The Chief of Lada Pangchin Sangha, responded to my message and came and saw me with his followers at my camp, which was only half a mile away from the village. He surrendered a Mouba captive of Dirang Dzong his village had held over eight months and promised to pay a compensation of two mithuns for stealing four head of cattle with that captive. He assured of friendship with the Sircar and good relationship with the friendly Lamai of the Jarulong and the Melayanlego clans and also with the Moshus. He complained against the Daflas on his East who had encroached on his land and harrassed his village on the plea of sickness carrying and compelled his men to raid the friendly Lamai and the Moshus for goods to satisfy the over rapacious Daflas. Lada whom we always thought to be a great aggressor in our area was actually a victim of aggression themselves. One of the offenders of the big Dafla village of 300 houses of Weiyi on the Pachuk, is now situated on Lada's land across the Pachuk on its left bank and during the last four years these Daflas had captured and released on payment of ransom 33 of Lada's people on the plea of sickness carrying. Only a week before my arrival at Lada, one of their girls was captured by the same Daflas and held in captivity and demand two mithuns and two head of cattle for her release. These same had captured one more girl of Lada on the very night they had heard that Lada came to see me Several messengers went to ask for return of the girl, but to no effect. As the Dafla village was nearby and the circumstances demanded my intervention in the matter to secure the release of the girls, at the request of the Lamai, I proceeded to the village with an escort of two sections having sent ahead my guide, interpreters and some Lamai with instructions to tell the Daflas that my visit to their village was friendly and that they should not try to resist me. But on our approach, the Daflas in large numbers came down to the river crossing and started shooting arrows at our guide and his companions, and inspite of

repeated warnings by the guide and the interpreters that our visit was friendly the Daflas paid no heed and continued to encroach our area and two of their arrows hit them. When the Dafla were showing signs of being more and more aggressive I ordered two rounds to be fired with L. M. G. on the hill opposite, well below the village, to scare them away. Hearing the gun the Dafla dispersed except one who was still shooting arrows at the Lamai, hiding himself behind a big boulder on the river. When he was spotted he started running with his sword, and in the fight received a cut injury on his forearm and then surrendered to the Lamai. On the Dafla dispersal, the Lamai rushed to their village, looted far their two girls and having failed to trace them set fire to the village of 14 houses and carried away some of their property. The Lamai's conduct in setting fire to the village and carrying away their property was most reprehensible and contrary to my orders, but as the Dafla were determined not to come to see me, I had to leave this dispute to be settled in a nal to be arranged by two influential and reliable Lamai chiefs of the Jarolong and Mukumsalgo clans. The Dafla prisoner was taken over by me and is now being treated at Bat by the Sub-Assistant Surgeon there. This prisoner will be made over to the Dafla when the two girls of Lada are released by the Dafla. The Tibetan Agent now at Bat is being instructed to urge the Lamai to settle this dispute as early as possible.

Friendly reception by Lada was followed by surrender of another captive by the Lamai of Sakang, who had raided Laogyng last year. Taphi Khonnja, the chief of Sakang came in to see me at BIRUJA and brought one of the two remaining captives of that raid to Laogyang and promised to return the last captive in a few days. He was also undertaken to return the ransom paid for the release of the previous captives.

There are now left only six Lamai captives of Biruja and Nizong with the Ghum of Dijungmin, who are very friendly with Lada and Sakang. The latter two have undertaken to secure the release of these captives without delay.

On my return it was gratifying to see that all the Lamai headmen of the Jarolong and the Mukumsalgo clans including the recalcitrant Laogyang, were greatly impressed by our unopposed visit to Lada and the manner in which we secured the release of the captives held by them and Sakang. The lead, except for Dungchu and Laogyang, the other Lamai headmen were secret to the idea of maintaining close and friendly relationship with the Sircar. Many of them, though did not oppose the Sircar, have had so far only casual relationship with us, but now every one of them is eager to be friendly and to be recognized by the Sircar.

I presented red coats to the reliable headmen and they accepted them with great enthusiasm. The most important and immediate effect of my tour was to infuse in the Lamai a desire to combine their weak and divided groups into one powerful tribe so that they could withstand the aggressions of the Daflas.

As all the Lamai and the Eastern Monbas asked for a post at Bat for their protection and as there were rations left over of the last air drop I left behind two sections of my escort at Bat and have applied for retention of the post at Bat as it is essential if our influence to the East in this area were to be extended.

A. G.P. (Advisr) No.16—15—45 6-1947.

A NOTE ON A TOUR IN THE EASTERN DAFLA AND APA TANI COUNTRY IN NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1946

A NOTE ON A TOUR IN THE EASTERN DAFLA AND APA TANI COUNTRY IN NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1946.

My main objects were (a) to see if I could be of any assistance to Major Betts, who has only recently taken over as Political Officer of the Subansiri Area, (b) to select a site for a temporary headquarters, and (c) to form an estimate of the effect up to date of our occupation of the country. I was accompanied throughout by Mr. C. R. Stoner, Agricultural Officer, North-East Frontier Agency.

1. *Route*—

I took a slightly different route from that which I took in 1945. The temporary base camp at Jaibing has been abandoned and one made just North of the boundary of Dejoo Tea Estate. This avoids the ferry across the Ranga river. I took the route in from the new base camp and agree with the Political Officer that it will be possible to keep it open throughout the rains.

My route over the Jaboripita range and up the Panir valley was necessarily the same as that taken last year, for no other path exists. But from the junction of the Pangen and Panir I went *via* the present dropping zone in the grass land up to the important village of Talo and thence up to the Apa Tani valley. On the way to Talo the Political Officer and I turned aside to the hitherto unvisited village of Poi jorum, where we were accorded a most friendly reception. I left the Apa Tani valley by the lower end and descended to the Pangen valley through the Dafla village of Maj. Thence I retraced my step down the Panir valley and over the Jaboripita range to Dejoo Tea Estate.

2. *Attitude of the Tribes*—

The 20,000 Apa Tanis constitute by far the greatest reservoir of man-power, but they are as unhelpful as ever and it is fortunate that the permanent Porter Corps recently sanctioned makes us far less dependent on them for porters than we were. Many of the leading men are anxious to co-operate, but no one has any considerable influence over anyone else, and a request to a village of 500 houses to produce 10 porters is quite likely to be without result, simply because everyone is busy with his own affairs and cannot be bothered either to do a little work for us himself on excellent rates of pay or to see if anyone else wishes to do so. The average Apa Tani is exceedingly difficult to help, for he expects an exorbitant price from Government for anything he has to offer and will only pay a ridiculous price for anything he wants. As an example, the Political Officer went to great trouble to obtain a consignment of raw wool, which the Apa Tanis badly need. It arrived while I was there, and its appearance aroused great enthusiasm. But no Apa Tani would offer more than a fraction of what it cost Government. I therefore ordered it to be sold to Daflas, who will pay a fair price.

In contrast to the Apa Tanis the Daflas are helpful in every way. The weaker villages particularly welcome our presence in the country and I myself saw large stretches of fertile land recently brought under cultivation which formerly could not be used as being too far from the villages and too exposed to raiders. Another welcome sight was the number of small parties of men moving freely about everywhere. Such a thing was unthinkable three years ago. Somewhat surprisingly the stronger villages, which used to raid the weaker, do not appear to resent our presence. On the contrary most friendly deputations of what one was formerly tempted to regard as intractable savages have visited the Political Officer and there can be little doubt that the influence of Government will spread by invitation rather than by conquest. The question I was continually asked was "Is Government going to stay here permanently ?" My answer was in the affirmative.

3. *Site for a Headquarters*—

The site first suggested was that of the abandoned village of Pilu (*vide* paragraph 5 of my report on my 1945 tour), but further examination showed that this would be unsuitable, largely owing to scarcity of water. The Political Officer and I have therefore selected a site on a piece of ground known as Kore, above Talo. It is healthy and strategically suitable, since it lies on the main route from the Dafla to the Apa Tani country and commands subsidiary routes.

4. *Communications*—

The route to the plains, though slightly improved, can only be described as atrocious in many places. But the Political Officer will be able to employ his Porter Corps to make improvements and, what is all—important, he is satisfied that he can keep it open throughout the year, thus obviating the necessity of withdrawing himself and the outpost to the plains during the monsoon.

5. *Air dropping*—

An excellent dropping zone has been made in the grass land below Talo and the autumn operation was a complete success in every way. The political effect was very great indeed. Headmen, who were invited to watch, were greatly impressed and were convinced more by this than by anything else that Government have come to stay.

6. *Assam Rifles*—

At the time of my visit only half a platoon of the 5th Assam Rifles had moved up into the area and the other half platoon was to follow later. The discipline of the men was excellent and they were already regarded as preservers of the peace rather than invaders.

7. *Supplies*—

(a) *Supplies for officers.*—I found the Political Officer and his wife living largely on carried vegetables, for lack of other food, and without any milk at all. There are, of course, no bazaars in the hills and only an occasional chicken can be bought. Milk is lacking because Mithuns do not milk their cattle. If European officers are to keep their health they must have tinned provisions and, powdered milk (the patronage of ordinary evaporated milk being prohibitive). These commodities are unobtainable in shops in Assam and are only available in military canteens. Till recently passes for military canteens were granted to civil officers working on the frontier, but this privilege has now been withdrawn, apparently under the orders of General Headquarters, on the ground that the war is over and civilians no longer need canteens. If it is necessary to maintain canteens for military personnel, none of whom live in the jungle, it is difficult to see how it can be held that civil personnel, living far from any bazaars, no longer require similar amenities. I would earnestly ask the Government of India in the External Affairs Department to press General Headquarters to restore this privilege. The number of civil officers who need goods from military canteens probably does not exceed half a dozen and this small number could make no serious inroad on stocks.

(b) *Supplies for ministerial staff*.—The ministerial staff of the Subansiri Area is stationed at North Lakhimpur. I find it difficult to imagine how they live at all. When I was there no dal or sugar whatever was obtainable except on the black market, and very little mustard oil. Ghee had gone up to Rs. 6-0-0 to Rs.8 a seer, though buffaloes seem to be as numerous as ever. Cotton goods and salt are also very scarce.

I am asking that the state of affairs be brought to the notice of the Government of Assam and hope it will be remedied. Good work cannot be expected from men living in great discomfort.

7. *Medical work*—

Dr. Bhattacharjya is still the only doctor in the area, though the Civil Surgeon, North [redacted] Frontier Agency, hopes shortly to be able to fill up some of the vacancies on the medical staff. We still suffer from a great shortage of suitable recruits. Only hillmen, as a rule, take kindly to the life, but they cannot as yet provide sufficient trained men, while the urban Bengalis or Assamese not unnaturally detest the loneliness of the hills and prefer posts in the plains, even on considerably lower pay. Dr. Bhattacharjya's work continues to be excellent.

8. *Agriculture*—

A note by Mr. Stonor is attached. During the past year he has toured extensively and has been able to compare the methods and products of one area with those of another. By this means he will be able to select what is good in one area and try it in another.

We were fortunate in finding bamboos actually in flower, and the Dafias of the area were also fortunate in that the species is a comparatively uncommon one there. The flowering and seeding of bamboos is invariably followed by an increase in rodents, which feed on the seeds and then turn to any crops they can find. The seeding of a species of bamboo commonly over a wide area may thus lead to a serious famine, and nothing is more feared by hillmen than these periodic scourges. Knowledge of the year when any given species is going to flower and of the areas where the species is common would enable Government to arrange relief measures ahead, but the flowering cycles are so long that the collection of information will be a task for two, or even three generations of investigators. It is sincerely hoped that early information will not on this account be pigeon holed and forgotten before the enquiry is completed.

9. *Staff*—

Major Betts has been quick to grasp that the secret of successful work in the hills is the realisation that contact is not with institutions but with personalities. His industry for census and facts is a great asset, and he has already established a friendly relation with a large number of leading Dafias and Apa Tanis. His Assistant, Srijut Rajani Kanta Gogoi, and his head Dafia Interpreter, are doing excellent work, especially in inducing villages at loggerheads to settle their differences.

An interpreter is essentially a liaison officer, and strong sense of influence and unquestioned integrity are needed for the work. So far it has proved difficult to find enough men of the right type, but the Political Officer is constantly on the look out for them and a full and efficient staff will be recruited in time.

REPORT OF THE AGRICULTURAL OFFICER, NORTH-EAST FRONTIER AGENCY ON HIS TOUR IN THE EASTERN DAFLA AREA (NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER 1946)

1. Basic food production—

The Dafias produce enough cereals for their needs in all normal years; and some villages often have a small surplus for barter with others. Rice is the main food crop, and next in importance is Finger Millet, which is mainly used for the fermenting beer. Much Maize, of a very fine type, is also grown for food, and lesser quantities of Job Tears, Italian Millet, and Great Millet.

Taro, Sweet Potatoes, and Beans are universally grown in small quantities.

In the present state of knowledge, it is impossible to say definitely if rice and Millet are as good as or better than in other hill districts. The Maize is the finest I have seen in Assam. The Job Tears is not a very productive type, and seed of the big Angami type has been asked for, and will be sent up if possible in time for next seasons sowing.

2. Jhooming and pressure on the land—

The land near all villages I visited is over-jhummed, and is going back to bushes and semi-shrubby plants. It is used for 1-3 years, and is left for 5-10 years to regenerate. But most or all villages have other jhums in more distant parts of the forest, which are held to be left for up to twenty years after each cultivation. Consequently, the over-jhooming in the immediate vicinity of a village does not necessarily give an accurate picture of the land pressure of that particular village.

The great stretch of thatch grass in the lower country round Jorum, Talo and Mai, the pronounced deforestation of much of the surrounding ranges, and the "biting-in" of jhums to the higher altitude forests are all indicative of a somewhat heavy land pressure, which is deforesting the area considerably faster than it can regenerate.

On their own showing the Dafias are now turning to an increased extent to the cultivation of their lands remote from villages. This is due to the stopping of raiding, and applies to the *Panior* valley in particular; this increase in the use of virgin jungle must be taken into account if it should be proposed to work these forests for timber.

I was informed by the Government Interpreter and other men from the *Par* valley that conditions there are very similar to the Panior area.

3. Wet rice cultivation—

The Dafias know the principles of wet terracing, and the villages of Mai, Jorum, and Talo rely on it for their main rice crops; they have a good system of terraces. I enquired in all villages visited as to the attitude towards wet cultivation. Although wet-rice is known to give a higher yield, it is not preferred to jhooming, largely because the Dafias like to grow their crops as mixed up as possible, and "purebloes" which grow only rice are regarded as upsetting the economy of labours. I was unable to find any prejudice against "purebloes" as such in the jhooming villages.

There are some excellent stretches for wet rice along the bed of the Panior valley, which could be made into rice plots without undue strain on the labour resources of the small villages.

I do not consider that it will be at all easy to convert the jhooming villages to wet cultivation, even though it is not an innovation to them. There is no normal food shortage, and the Dafias do not regard themselves as short of land. One or two head-men told me openly that Mai, Jorum and Talo only rely on wet cultivation because of the difficulty of jhooming in their area.

One of the first lines of research to be started under reconstruction plans will be the growing of cereals other than rice under wet cultivation. There is already a technique for semi-wet cultivation of Job Tears, which gives a high yield ; and if this same can be worked out for Millet, there seems a good chance that the Duflas will change from mixed jhuming to mixed wet cultivation. It will not, however, be possible to make much progress in this for several seasons, and until trained staff are available. The technique of semi-wet cultivation for Job Tears is being gone into, and it may be possible to try it out in the Duffa area in a year or two.

From superficial examination the rice grown in existing paddiets is not a very productive type as compared with varieties from other Hill Districts, and as soon as supervising staff are available trials will be made in the Duffa area of other wet-grown rices.

For the immediate future vigorous propaganda for wet cultivation seems the only measure applicable.

4. *Prevention of burning*—

There is a great stretch of country at present mainly under thatch grass. It is periodically burnt, and consequently cannot regenerate to mixed vegetation. The use of the burnt land for grazing is very small and it is in no way necessary to the Duflas for this purpose. The area is one of innumerable small hills with gentle slopes, and if only it can be allowed to regenerate by administrative measures to check burning it will soon become workable for dry cultivation, and a good area, and or dry terracing.

5. *Agricultural implements*—

The Duflas rely on (1) a bamboo hoe (2) A bone hoe, made from the shoulder blade of mithan, for the cultivation of their jhums. Iron substitutes made on the model of these are in great demand, and every village head-man I spoke to asked for help in getting them.

A number of the very practical iron hoes used in the Naga Hills for weeding rice, and which are designed from the bamboo hoe, are on order and will be sent up for trial distribution when received.

The Duflas also ask for an equivalent of the bone hoe (which is used for the later, and heavier, weeding), and a few will be made on this pattern and sent for trial.

The parahhets are prepared by the ordinary "gudsil" bought on the plains. The heavy pointed hoe as used by Nagas and Khasis may be found easier for working the ground, and a few will be supplied.

6. *Mithis*.

The Duflas have no Mithis, and do not seem interested at present. When the most suitable type of iron hoe has been found (see paragraph 5) it is certain to be in great demand, and a local source of supply must be found. When Reconstruction Plans become operative, a trained Mithi will be sent up to try and persuade Duflas to take up hoe (and dao) making. If this is unsuccessful (and probably also as an initial measure in either event) thing should be no difficulty in getting hoes made in North Lakhimpur.

In this connection, the question of supply of good scrap iron will have to be gone into later.

7. *Protection of granaries*—

Rats are at present doing damage in the granaries (see under paragraph 12). They can be kept out by ringing the supporting posts and struts with softened tin or slippery bamboo sheaths which the rats cannot pass. The Duflas know of this method, but seldom apply it, since the damage is small in normal years, and because most granaries are supported by too many struts to make it practicable.

Should the damage to crops become very severe while bamboos are flowering (see paragraph 13) and many villages need help in food supplies, it is recommended that supply of grain from Government sources shall only be given to those villages which adopt rat protectors on their granaries. It will not be a major task to alter the supports so as to make this possible ; and at all events it will be more efficient than the stuffed weasels at present used in granaries as "rat-scares".

8. *Cotton Growing*—

Cotton is a very important crop for the Pe-Mai-Jorum- Tale group of villages: and these villages both use it for their own cloth, and for barter with the Apa Tanis. But the strain grown is a miserable one and there is vast room for improvement.

Seed of good hill cotton has been asked for from the Garo and North Cachar Hills for next seasons sowing.

Successful introduction of a good cotton will be of great benefit, and there is no reason why it should not be developed, in a small way as a cash crop for trade with the plains. The small, sunny, and well drained slopes in the area are well suited to cotton growing, especially if dry terraces can be constructed for the purpose (see paragraph 4 above). There is not sufficient suitable land to develop cotton growing on a scale larger than a "cottage industry" for nearby villages.

The technique of cleaning, ginning, etc., of the cotton is still very primitive, and could be made much more efficient. The whole subject of cotton growing and weaving in the Tribal Areas is being studied, and recommendations will be made later on.

9. *Fruit and Vegetable Growing*—

Selemchi village grows a few vegetables, notably brinjals, with which it does a good trade with North Lakhimpur. Otherwise the main articles of trade are maize cobs, chillies, sesamum, and dried bamboo shoots.

The Duflas eat extremely few vegetables, and the amount they grow for sale and barter is regulated entirely by their few needs from the plains. They do not eat cultivated fruit, and do not understand its cultivation. The orange trees sent up to Selemchi in May have accordingly been neglected.

The Pasiar valley is well suited to sub-tropical fruit such as pineapples, citrus, papayas and bananas and probably also to jam cultivation. There is an obvious market in North Lakhimpur. Thus, both vegetable and fruit growing are a good potential cash crop for the district ; development of this is limited by (1) Basic food production. Until the basic food production has become stabilised by fixed cultivation, the necessary labour released, and deterioration of the land checked, it will be basically unsound to launch out on cash-crop projects, except in a small experimental way. (2) Lack of supervising staff. It is useless to introduce new fruits, etc., to peoples who do not understand their cultivation unless the necessary staff is available for instruction and supervision. At present no such staff is available. (3) Needs of the Duflas. The Duflas have up to now very little need for money, and they will be interested in development of their cash-crop resources in accordance with the increase or otherwise in articles purchased from the plains.

10. *Livestock*—

Livestock are extremely important to the Duflas since they use a great deal of meat. Mithan are kept in large numbers, and richer men will kill up to ten in any one year. Cattle are regularly brought up from the plains and are eaten and also inter-bred with Mithan.

Two years back Potin, Chad, Saike, Joygat, and Salamachi lost much of their livestock from Foot and Mouth Disease. The possibilities of inoculation of cattle brought from the plains are under correspondence with the Assam Veterinary Department.

Poultry brought from the plains are said always to die, and to infect the local stock with disease. There is at present an India-wide shortage of good breeds for introduction. A large allotment has however been booked for next year on behalf of the Tribal Areas.

11. *Tobacco Curing*—

As in all our Hill Districts there is much scope for development of tobacco growing and curing for local use. The Department of Agriculture of Bengal has agreed to take a few of our staff for training in [illegible] their experimental station next year.

12. *Bamboo flowering and food shortage*—

A large type of bamboo has been flowering in the Dafla Hills for the past two seasons and will continue for several years more. This is causing a great increase in rats and certain insect pests, which are now damaging crops. The position is not uniform throughout the district, and each sector is therefore considered separately.

(1) *Salamachi*.—Bamboo abundant, but has not yet started to flower. An increase of rats is however reported. Damage to crops is so far very small, and is unlikely to be serious this season.

(2) *Potin-Chad-Saike-Joygat-Po area*.—Much bamboo is flowering, and has been for the past two seasons. Rats and mice are now a serious pest, as also a grub (not yet identified) which feeds on the roots of cereals—mainly rice. The damage is fairly serious, but the headmen concerned do not anticipate a real food shortage this year, although there is every chance of it from next season onwards. There is one exception to this. The Western settlement of Saike has had its rice crop ruined by the grub referred to above, I verified this from the granaries. The people anticipate having to sell their live-stock, and even their personal ornaments to buy food.

Furthermore, this village is common with others last livestock two seasons back from disease (paragraph 10 above), and had an epidemic sickness among the inhabitants only last year which caused the total abandonment of one of its settlements.

It is therefore recommended that this settlement of Saike be supplied with rice this season. The population is under 100, and 100 maunds of paddy would go a long way to help.

A similar state of affairs is likely to arise among other villages of this group during the next few seasons.

Inspection of granaries at harvest time gives a really check on the genuineness of any case.

(3) *Mari-Yorum-Tale Group*.—These villages rely on panikhet for the bulk of their rice crop, and the bamboo in question is apparently uncommon in the area (most of the jhoom are high altitude). No shortage was reported, and it is unlikely that an acute shortage will arise, although it is possible that the associated pests will spread from adjacent areas.

(4) *Libe-Licha group*.—Verbal reports from interpreters say the bamboo is scarce in the area, and no difficulty was reported. This should be checked.

(5) *Mengo Area*: As for (4).

(6) *Par Valley*.—Men from this area informed me that the bamboo has not yet started to flower. They say that the species concerned is abundant, and the situation should be carefully watched particularly in view of the relatively thick population.

It is particularly requested that all possible information on pest including specimens of insects associated with flowering, and details of all specific cases of crop failures may be sent to this office each season for as long as damage continues. All details are important for working out possibilities of control and forecasts of damage both in this and all other Hill Districts

The bamboo concerned is not yet identified, but its flowering cycle is known to be between 35-45 years and the actual flowering appears to be spread over 5-10 years in any one area. It is a low-level species, and may not occur above 4000 ft.

13. *The Apa Tani District*—

With their very highly developed food production, the Apa Tanis have no pressing needs for crop improvement. I regard the two main desiderata in the improvement of their economy as:—

(1) *Firewood*:—The large size of the villages has brought about a chronic shortage of firewood from near sources, and a very great deal of time is taken up in its collection, particularly by the children. The problem is partially solved by fir plantation, and offers scope in the great village of Hang. Much could be done to improve the situation by introducing the Naga system of pollarded alders. The alder grows in abundance round the valley, and it is considered that the Apa Tanis are advanced enough to be able to adopt the system without help other than careful explanation and demonstration. A note is being prepared on this and will be sent to the Political Officer in the near future, together with a suitable photograph.

(2) *Improvement of grazing*:—The grazing grounds are very poor in grasses. The climate and altitude seem well-suited to Kikuyu grass, which will in all probability do well. Once again, however, it is not practicable to start plots for nursery purposes and immediate introduction on a large scale until Agricultural staff are available who can supervise its introduction. Small quantities will however be sent up as and when the Political Officer has a member of his staff who can see to the planting and explain it to the Apa Tanis.

A.G.P. (Advisers' No. 15—50—15-6-1961.