



Alfred S. Hammond Jr.

Book 9.



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Oct. 28th (Continued from Book 3). Harry had returned and was in bed. He said he had had a fine chance at a "plenduk" but had missed it.

Oct 29th. Go woke ~~up~~ us up at 4 A.M. and we were up and dressed in a few minutes and then had a bite of bread and tea before starting off. Speil accompanied us and Asan came along with my camera as, after the sun got well up, I wanted to make some photographs in the jungle. The moon was still shining brightly and it was almost as light as day. We proceeded right along to the old "ladangs" but neither saw nor heard anything in the way. The jungle fowls were crowing lustily in all directions, the birds were commencing to fly about and sing their morning songs, and the cries of the "siamangs" could be heard in the distance. Asan was left at the "ladangs" and we pro-

needed in to the "bawang" but found nothing here, not even our friends the buffaloes. Harry decided to remain at the "bawang" and wait for the jungle fowl and wild ducks to come, while Speil and myself went in to the glade. Nothing seemed to be moving this morning and there was not a sound of an animal - in reaching the glade and crawling on my hands and knees to the edge of it I saw a large herd of pig feeding down at the far end - one old boar was laying flat on its back with its legs extending right up in the air, while a large jungle cock was picking the ticks from its body. I now went cautiously down through the jungle until I got opposite the pig, and then crawled out through the undergrowth, getting within 100 yards of the large boar who was now up and feeding. There were several good sized snags and a large number of very small pigs - I took aim at the boar and fired

my bullet hitting the ground right under its belly. I had neglected to put up my 100 yard sight - the whole herd was up in a minute and although I got a flying shot at a sow I failed to hit her - it was great fun to watch the little pigs dash for the jungle when I fired - they scampered along so quickly that you could not see daylight under their bellies - Speil had a shot at one of them but did not hit it - we now made our way back to the "bawang" - I shot an exceedingly pretty quail, its plumage being of various very bright colours, and a red shrew on my way back - found Harry at the "bawang" but he had gotten nothing - saw some jungle fowl and the ducks while he was there. Asan now came up with my camera and I photographed the "bawang" and made a few other photographs on our way back - reached our quarters shortly after 8 A.M. had our bath

and breakfast and settled down to work in our notes - a heavy storm came up at a moment's notice and was followed by showers throughout the day - we were kept busy at our work for the remainder of the day. Slavy packed up a couple of boxes of ethnological specimens after he had finished his notes - the Sep Kam returned from Gunung Segi in the afternoon - the gun Tak's case had been tried and he was given two months in jail during which time he must work daily in the roads, carrying sand and stones - his father returned from his pepper plantation as there was no one to look after his kampong house now - he was as angry as a wet hen with his son and refused to send him down any clothes, saying that the prison garb was now good enough for him - formerly his father committed incest and was driven away from the kampong and was just allowed to

return very recently after having lived in his fields for 14 years. He paid 3000 R. to the village people in his return and was taken right in amongst them again - built himself a fine house and then "nais paduan" all of which he did by making money in his pepper plantations during his 14 years of exile - as soon as it grew dark I developed my negatives which turned out very satisfactorily - we then had supper and Slavy and myself went off in another moonlight hunt to the old place - I remained an hour without seeing or hearing anything and then got tired of waiting and returned - the night was such a superb one that I went out for a walk through the village - a few of the men were sitting in front of the little stores but otherwise the village was quite deserted and as quiet as death - I returned after a short stroll and Slavy came back a little

later with a cued-cat finished up my work on my notes and then turned in.

Oct. 30th Had left word with the boys to wake us up at 7 A.M. but when I awoke it was considerably after 8 A.M. - I had expected the Sep. Sam to assist me in making some photographs but it had gone to Gunung Singi for some trial of the Javanese who he had recently arrested - they had been smuggling the Lampungs rights and left selling all sorts of charms and talismans which they said came from most holy "hera-mats" and had wonderful powers - the Lampungs believed all they were told and were investing in the bogus things paying as much as a ringgit for a piece of benzoin said to have been brought from one of the sacred places. These Javanese, within a week, had gathered in over Rs. 175. in this way. I never saw people so easily deceived as are the Lampungs

for they believe anything they are told, even the most miraculous things - anyone could simply rub them of everything they had - if you give them a piece of brass and tell them it is gold they will purchase it as such - our first friend had taken one of our collecting guns and had gone out to try his luck, returning with a jungle fowl - we spent the day in the village and were able to accomplish a good amount of writing as the Ufas Post and the Penguin in Sukor were our only visitors - the latter told us of his four months spent in jail for gambling and was very amusing about it - he was once very well off but lost practically all he had in gambling - now occupies the small house next to ours and just has enough left to support himself and his two wives - he is over 70 years of age, one of his wives is about 40 and the other

about 18 - after lunch Speer returned from his hunt with a samang - he had started out early in the morning and had shot a small boar in the outskirts of the village on his way to the "rimbu" - the javanese boys got me a two new birds and the natural history work is progressing very satisfactorily - we gave the Sep. Kam a list of the articles we still needed for the collection and he promised to procure them by to-morrow. The rainy season is ~~too~~ now commencing and we now have several showers during the course of the day which cool the atmosphere considerably - after supper Harry and self went over to visit the Sep. Kam of Kuni Patch but Harry did not remain long as he cannot get much information out of the old man who is afraid to relate things for fear of making a mistake and cannot get away from the shores of the Skoran. I remained

until about 9.30 telling and listening to stories and having my daily flirtation with the daughter - I showed her my gold boxes with mother's photo-graph which she took a great fancy to and which she wanted but I told her that it was my "hagimat" and that I could not possibly part with it or something would happen to me - some man in a dark corner then asked me if I would not give him a "hagimat" which would prevent anything from happening to him in the sea - to-night the girl wanted everything I had and wound up by asking me for "ubat" to make her hair grow long - I will fix her up some concoction to-morrow - before I left the Sep. Kam presented me with two very fine gilt kris scabbards which the Lampongs value very highly being worth to them from 25 to 40 rups each - they do not seem to care whether

there are houses in the scabbards
or not - the old man is always fran-
tically polite while the other men of
his household always give us the title
of "Padunka", a sort of raja, when ad-
dressing us - before leaving Harry bor-
rowed the old fellow's bendi for the
day after to-morrow to take us up
to the next village and his request
was readily granted - a couple of his
men followed me home, carrying the
scabbards as the Sep Kam would
not allow me to do so - Harry went
off to sis and wait for game at the
old place while I was busy for an
hour with my writing - when Harry came
back to bed

Oct. 31st. We were not up very early to-
day as we were rather tired out last
night - the Sep Kam came in shortly
after we had finished breakfast and as-
sisted us in getting some photographs -
when not dressed up in all their finery
the people object to being photographed

and it requires much persuasion
before they will consent - when we
were finished Harry commenced to
overhaul his medicine chest while three
of our old friends in the kampong
watched us with much interest and
marvelling at the powers of the white
man's medicine as Harry spun a few
yarns to them - I prepared a bottle of
stuff for my girl in Kam Puteh to
make her hair grow long - it was a
great mixture consisting of ~~can de~~
~~egg~~ gummi, various perfumes, perman-
yanate to give it a good colour, and
water - we were busy the rest of the
morning labelling our ethnological
specimens and getting them packed in
boxes - occasionally some one would
come in to sell something but if have
about gotten everything in the village
and it is difficult to find a new
specimen - after lunch Harry got a hold
of the Sep Kam and kept him oc-
cupied telling about childbirth - I fur-

chased a fine "Tapis" for myself and the Sep. Kam's wife is now making an elegant band for it - we were tired of sitting in our little shanty and eventually retiring, so towards evening we strolled down to the river and sat down on the bank to enjoy the refreshing breezes and quiet. a man was fishing with a crudely made pole and a little brass hook which he baited with "nasi kuning" and would occasionally manage to catch a small mummichog - some of the fresh young men had to follow us and see what we were up to and, pretending to be looking after their ponies, they squatted in the grass and watched us. the women, girls and children kept running down to the river for their evening plunge and water to cook the evening meal - there were more than a dozen ponies grazing about and fighting, squealing and licking at one another - they keep this up all night long and occasionally make us up when they

come under our house to steal bark - Speil had been off in the jungle almost the entire day but failed to get anything while the rajas - just was as unlucky in not getting us any jungle fowls - before dinner I went to pay my daily call at the house of the Sep. Kam of Sem. Patch and spent a couple of hours there most pleasantly - smoking cigarettes that the "princess" kept making for me, drinking tea and eating sweets - the hair-timer worked wonders and pleased his daughter greatly as did also a small gold chain which I gave her to hang her "dinars" on - she was most amiable this evening and sat at the foot of my chair during my entire visit and before I left she promised to dress up in all her finery and let me photograph her on the day after to-morrow - we had our supper about 7.30 P.M. and I was kept busy until very late developing my photographs.

Nov 1st 25 8 AM the Sep. Kom. of Kom.
Puteh sent us word that he was all
ready to take us to the next village - being
carried by camera over and the Sep. Kom.
of H. Agung and some of his followers ac-
companied us to the village to see us start.
Being Hari Jumat, they were all praying
in one of the houses, but as we came
along they immediately left their prayers
and joined us - on the way over the Sep.
Kom. of Agung invited us to dine with
him this evening and we could not get
out of it - we stopped at the house of a
Kadji whose wife was very ill and
Kadji prescribed for her. at the chief's
house all his wives and children were
assembled to see us start and there
was general excitement and commotion.
The old man had two of his ponies
hitched to his dus-a-dus and
climbed into the front seat as he
was to drive us himself - he had on
a pair of Javanese trousers, a white
jacket and a pair of high-heeled

Dutch shoes, while the pistol I gave
him was hung over one shoulder
and an old "topi" perched on his head.
He did not look like the descendant
of the old time rajas - two buyans,
relatives of the old man, acted as
an escort and rode ahead of us on
their ponies - we jumped into the
back seat and were off, going via
the road which we had tramped over
when we made the trip to Umbulan
Gongkhar - a short distance beyond the
place where we had turned into the
jungle the side of the road was border-
ed by arec palms and fruit trees - there
was once a small village here but the
people left it and moved en masse to
Klomeng Puteh - the families still own
the trees and during the fruit season
come to gather the durians - there is a
heavy punishment given to people who
steal fruit from other persons' trees - even
in the midst of the jungle fruit trees,
damar trees, nutans etc. are owned by

different natives and other people are not allowed to rob the owners. Along the road we passed several large areas of ground where the jungle had been felled and the undergrowth cut away. The mass of dead timber and brush covering the ground - "ladangs" were being made here but the brush was not yet sufficiently dry to be burnt - every year the people make new "ladangs" as the soil is not rich enough to yield two crops in succession - in fact the same field is not used again for 15 years - reaching a small stream whose banks were densely covered with fine clumps of bamboo we stopped for a few minutes to rest the ponies - although the water was shallow and brackish the stream was simply filled with fish that must delight the eye of the Lompung - a short distance further on we met a crowd of men from the village to which we were going, including the Kepala Lompung, coming along the road with their fishing

traps and gallas - they use a funnel shaped bamboo frame, in the small end of which is a small wooden collar just large enough for a man to be able to put his hand through - these traps are used for catching fish in muddy streams, swamps and "banangs" - the frame is shoved down into the mud and the man then puts his hand through the collar and grabs the fish - about 10 A.M. we drove into the little village of Hadji Pomang-gellan which is situated just 6 miles from Kemuning Puteh - it is composed of only 23 houses which stand in rows along either side of the road - wooden posts, standing close together, form a fence on either side of the road and behind these posts are continuous rows of fine coconut palms which give to the village a most picturesque appearance - in this small community of 23 houses are 260 men, women and children but at present most of the people

were away in their ladangs; but old women and men, gadjies and small children were quite numerous. Most of the houses are of a poor quality and the place has the appearance of having a poor population. The majority of the houses were made of bark walls with roofs of grass thatch or bamboo shingles, but we found nothing new about them, either inside or outside, from the houses of the two Komerig villages. There was one very good house with floor and walls of carefully planed planks, and a roof of red tiles, while the trays were carved in places. This house was built by a Palembang carpenter from which place the tiles are brought, but as they are quite expensive but few Langjungs can afford to use them. In the middle of the village was a small open space where a new "sesat" was being erected. A small temporary shed had been built to take the place of the "sesat" until it should be completed and here we were

received by a few old men of the village who were too old to work at the ladangs any longer. Chairs were brought us from the Sep Ham's house while one man scrambled up a near by coconut palm and cut off some of the young fruit. These were opened for us and we enjoyed a cool, refreshing drink. Stadij Pomerig gillan is only 30 years old and was named after an old Stadij who lived at a small village 10 miles further on. We walked about the village making photographs here and there but were unable to find anything new. The young boys of this village universally wear the silver torque around their necks as well as numerous talismans. The women and gadjies were weaving beneath the houses or pounding paddy in the large wooden mortars, while the old women were occupying themselves by guarding the paddy, spread out on mats in the sun to dry, from the chickens with long bamboo poles, and

at the same time caring for the infants - a Lomping woman carries her child on her left hip, the little one sitting straddle-wise, being held in place by a cloth which passes beneath its buttocks and is tied in a knot over the woman's right shoulder - after I had made what photograph I wanted there was no use in our remaining longer, so our escort mounted their ponies and made off and we followed them. The old Raja's ponies were good ones and we made excellent time but the sun was now directly overhead and it was intensely hot. We stopped once in order to make a photograph of me of the half made ladangs - it was terribly hard work making any progress through this mass of dead timber and networks of undergrowth and we would frequently sink down into it as far as our waists - finally managed to scramble up on a large fallen tree that was wedged in another tree and was about 10 feet from the

ground. I straddled this and was able to make a photograph by holding the camera in my hands - after leaving this place we soon left our escort behind as their ponies were not fast ones - and we reached Kinnering Poteh about 1 P.M. - the old man invited us to remain and have tiffin with him but having did not care for such food, although I accepted, and the Raja and myself made way with a good amount of food which was given us by the Princess and her ~~two~~ pretty relatives - while we were in the midst of our meal the two buyans who had formed our escort, arrived bringing with them a large hind-quarter of a Sambar deer. It ~~must~~ have been an unusually large deer for the hind-quarter was almost as large as that of an elk - a man had just shot it near the place where the village once stood and, as the buyans passed this place, the hunter put in an appearance and sold them one of the hind-quarters. The entire household

were delighted to see meat coming into the house as it is a great luxury to the Lompings. The old man immediately invited Harry and myself to have a reunion lunch with him in the following day and I accepted for us both. As soon as the meal was over I started back to Kmering. Along while I Ali Batin, the old man's daughter, followed me down the steps and tried to tell me something in her own language but unfortunately I could not catch the meaning. I no sooner reached our quarters than an exceedingly heavy storm came up and the rain came down in bucket-fuls flooding the streets in a few minutes. The roof of our house was about as much use as a sieve and we were kept busy moving things about in our attempt to find a dry corner. My negatives that were drying nicely were almost spoiled but I just managed to save them in time. Was beginning to settle down to work when the Sep. Kam's son came and said his father wanted to see me, so I went

over at once. In the railing of his verandah four very fine tagases were hung - a man who was hard up for money had brought them from Mengalla and they were much better and more skillfully made than those of this district. I bought the lot for Rs. 132.00 and sold me to Harry afterwards. The Lompings were astonished to see them go so cheaply as they always ask from Rs. 40 to 75. for their. As soon as it became sufficiently dark I started to develop and was kept busy until 7.30 when we went over to Radin Saleh's house for dinner. Speil was there before as having been also invited to the feast - we sat down immediately and started in on the meal, the Radin's son and another Luyai acting as waiters. The old man has his son well trained and has made an exceedingly nice fellow of him. The Radin expects this son to succeed him as Sep. Kam when he gets too old to do the

work himself - we have come to the conclusion that Spil is not such a good hunter after all for only about once a week does he bring back anything - he always has a wonderful story to tell us of how he wounded some animal and failed to get it; how he almost got a good shot etc. and Harry and myself have now gotten to look upon these tales as most amusing, for every day he returns with a new one - to night he gave us a very lengthy tale about a bear and a siamang - fired at and shot the former twice and it did not move again so, sticking his knife in a tree to mark the spot, he started after a siamang that was making rapidly up through the trees - failed to get the ape and also failed to find the place again where he had shot the bear, so was obliged to return without anything and minus his hunting knife - the same sort of hanging food that I have grown so accustomed to of late was given

us to night and when the meal was over we sat around for an hour or more listening to some of the Radin's stories which he is so fond of telling - on the evening of his wedding day, his first marriage when 16 years of age; after the ceremony had been celebrated, he escorted his bride to his father's house and then ran off, making for Teluk Betong - in this way he managed to borrow Rs. 1000 from some friends of his father's and from Teluk Betong he made off for Samangka, taking 3 men with him as servants - he remained 8 months at Samangka, living like a Raja and astonishing all the people - while there he commenced to trade in gutta and was very successful so that, when the 8 months were passed and he was ready to return home, he carried Rs. 2600 back with him - while in Samangka he had his teeth filled and on reaching his home no one recognised him for some time

until his father appeared on the scene when there was great feasting and dancing and rejoicing on the return of the "prodigal son". old Radin Saleh has had 9 wives and 23 children and 14 of his children are now living, 9 being dead - as one of his old wives recently died he is now anticipating procuring another wife to fill her place. It was considerably after 10 P.M. when we returned to our quarters and being pretty well tired out after the long day we did not waste much time in getting to bed.

Nov. 2nd After breakfast I took my camera and went over to Slim Puteh to get some information from the chief in regards to his descendants as he is descended from the Raja who came from Pagar Ruying in the Menang Kerbau country. Ratu Buinja Rupa was the man who left Pagar Ruying and became Raja at Segala Bute, near Bruee, afterwards moving to Sukeo, also near Bruee, were

his descendants still live - the line of his descendants is as follows:

- 1 Ratu Buinja Rupa
 - 2 " Pikelan
 - 3 Dalam "
 - 4 Ratu "
 - 5 Dalam "
 - 6 Ratu "
 - 7 Pengraan Ratu Pikelan
 - 8 Pikelan " di Lampung
 - 9 Dalam " Pikelan
 - 10 Ratu Pikelan
 - 11 Batin Ginjunang Pikelan di Lampung
 - 12 Dalam Perbujajak Pikelan
 13. Batin Mannunang Bala Sa'ribu
 - 14 Dalam Pikelan
 - 15 Batin "
 - 16 Sultan Ali Akbar Hali Patula Mo. Irammed Shah
 - 17 Sultan Pikelan, is the last descendant, and, a man of about 35 years of age, who lives at Sukeo.
- The son of Ratu Pikelan, (marked No. 6 above), came to the Sa'gitch district

and became Raja amongst the Sam-
jung here and his name was
1. Lijagat Yang Parlu Tuan Se-
gallah Alam

2. Busunan Bitara

3. Minak Tulang Bumi

4. Pengiran Jeminang Sacti

5. Tuan Raja muda

6. Batin Ratu Muntaha

7. Pangkal Batin

8. Bintang di Langgit

9. Minak Tulang Bumi, who had two
wives, the eldest son of the first wife
being

10. Pengiran Tehang Nagara

11. " Jeminang Sacti, who is
the present Sepala Stamping of Stom-
ernig Puteh and who has two sons
the eldest being

12. Gudong Datan. The youngest son
is named Bangsa Ratu.

The eldest son of the second wife of
Minak Tulang Bumi was

1. Pengiran Waka Mega

2. Pamitup Ratu, who at present
lives at Stomernig Puteh occupying
a house next to that of the Sepala
Stamping, and these two families
have been on bad terms always
Pamitup Ratu claiming to rank
above the Sepala Stamping. During
our visit to the two Stomernig vil-
lages the eldest daughter of the Sep-
ala Stamping of Stomernig Puteh died
and Pamitup Ratu was at once
charged with having poisoned her
and the case was still being tried
when we left. Pamitup Ratu's eld-
est son is

3. Saman.

Pengiran Jeminang Sacti had his
pedigree carefully written out and
read it over to me with great in-
terest, occupying most of the morn-
ing in doing so. - before leaving the
princess, Bali Batin, gave me per-
mission to photograph her and
dressed accordingly for it - a royal

parasol bearer had to stand
behind her holding an enormous
parasol of red, yellow and blue silk
while her younger sisters also flocked
around her, but I paid little at-
tention to them being desirous only
of getting Sali Batini's photograph,
and as soon as I accomplished this
I returned to my quarters -

Nov. 6th For two monkeys

2.50

" 7 " yarn

.65

" 9 Advance on 2 pedatis

5.00

~~shell~~
~~Byes~~
~~carrying basket~~
~~carplings~~
~~clapping~~
~~Spear~~
~~Scrape~~
~~Fish spear~~
~~bits butterfly & screws~~
~~mats used in games~~
~~mats~~
~~Ropes~~
~~fine traps~~

Nov. 4 moved down (mail)
 " 5 winter & b. mine
 " 6 b's departure
 " 7 Sultan Sultan