

# INTO THE EAST

NOTES  
ON BURMA AND MALAYA

BY

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"WANDERINGS: A BOOK OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION," ETC., ETC.

WITH A PREFACE BY

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"Travelling is victory."  
*Arab Proverb.*

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that Malaya is a good sporting country in the African sense: the big game, tiger, elephant, rhinoceros, wild cattle, have been mostly driven into impenetrable forests where the foot-sore pursuit is perilous and often vain; and as for the small game, with the exception of the snipe-shooting about Krian, which is the best in the world, and the green-pigeon shooting on the coast, there isn't much to be had. However, you never quite know what you may see along a Malay country road; the only thing you may be sure you won't see is the ordinary bird-life of the tropics. That pleasant touch is singularly absent from this land of silence.

No doubt the best times for motoring in Malaya are dawn and twilight. Dawn I am prepared to take for granted, but twilight motoring I know well. It is delicious to slip down out of some gloomy pass into the flushed softness of a valley lying there in radiant quiet before the approach of night. Then, indeed, you can lower the hood and begin to breathe. I can imagine that even Klang, where the Sultan of Selangor lives, would be passable at such an hour, and I can almost imagine the same about Port Swettenham. But, no, I must be careful not to exaggerate.