

## ON A BURMESE RIVER.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF ALEISTER CROWLEY.

ON Saturday I went off to Oakley, magar-shooting. Maiden, the proprietor of the Hotel, came with me and provided a most admirable tiffin. I lent him my Mauser, and relied myself upon the .577. After getting permission from the Engineer in charge of the Canal Works, we put off in a small boat and rowed up the stream. Very soon we saw a fine big crocodile on the banks; but as they are very suspicious beasts and slide into the water at anyone's approach, we determined to try a long shot. I crawled

I did, right down the beast's throat. The second shot very nearly led to a catastrophe, as our craft was not at all steady, and the recoil of the heavy express sent me an awful cropper backwards on to the gunwale of the boat. Luckily, no harm came of it. I was now more anxious than ever to get hold of the beast or to pin him with the boat-hook, but though his struggles were gradually ceasing, nothing we could do was any good; little by little he slid off the shallow into the deep water and sank. After hunting about for twenty minutes we gave it up as a bad job.

Rowing slowly up the stream, we soon caught sight of another fine beast, though not quite so big as the one we lost. I took, however, an extraordinarily careful shot at it, and had the good luck to smash the spine. Everyone thought I had missed, but I swore that was impossible. Certainly the beast did not move as we rowed towards it. I sent the natives on to the bank, and after an infinite display of funk, they ventured to catch hold of its tail; of course it had been shot stone dead. We got the body on board and rowed back to tiffin. A further excursion in the afternoon produced nothing; so we gave it up, and after a cup of tea drove back to Delhi with our prize. In the evening Maiden asked me round to his house to meet some people who were interested in what they called the



/THALASSA! /THALASSA!

into the bow of the boat, and while the natives held the boat steady loosed off at about 130 yards. The shot was either a very good one or a very lucky one; for the magar was certainly mortally wounded by it. We rowed rapidly up to the beast to find him lashing about in a couple of feet of water and bleeding profusely. I had almost certainly shot him through the heart. Unfortunately this is



THE SHADED WAY.

"willing game."\* The conversation, however, soon degenerated into a lecture on Buddhism. I got carried away by my subject, and preached the Good Law for four hours on end, and I am afraid bored my hearers immensely. The following day (Sunday, 23rd March) I went off by the mail, intending to meet the party at Rawal Pindi; but, as luck would have it, they were in the train; so of course I got into their carriage and was introduced to the other four who were with Eckenstein.

The "K 2" expedition had begun.

THE DURABILITY OF HUMBER CARS.—"Has travelled twenty thousand miles and cost practically nothing in repairs." This refers to the all-British Humber car, in which quality (and consequently durability) is the outstanding feature. The owner of a 15-h.p. landaulette of that make, whose name the makers are not permitted to publish, but whose letter is open to inspection, obtained delivery of his car in June, 1901, and since then has driven it twenty thousand miles. It has just been taken to pieces and well looked over by a motor engineer, who reports that the engine is practically as good as when delivered. The owner writes: "As there are so many foreign cars in this country, I think it only right to let you know your English car has been twenty thousand miles, and cost me practically nothing for repairs."

\*The rules are that you must not set about doing anything, but sit down and wish it were done.



FROM THE WOODED CREST.

of very little use with these reptiles. We got up as close as the natives could be persuaded to go. There certainly was some risk if we had gone quite close in, but we ought to have ventured near enough to drive a boat-hook into the mud between him and the deep water, but they could not be persuaded to do this, and there was no time for argument. Maiden sat up in the middle of the boat and fired fifteen Mauser cartridges into the struggling crocodile, which I think was a proceeding of doubtful utility. He persuaded me, however, to fire a couple more cartridges myself, which