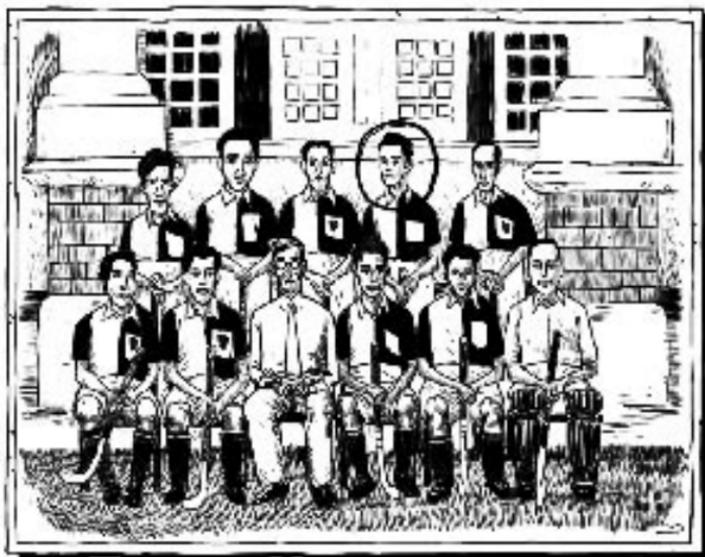


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A Letter to a Newspaper

Kuala Lumpur – 2003



Dear Sir,

Although I'm retired now I still think about Malaysia and could be of invaluable service to the nation. Unfortunately, everyone is so fixated with youth that we people with experience become ignored. And I have seen *everything*.

When I was a young ADO in Kuala Kangsar, I was talking to a group of Old Boys, chaps from MCKK or the Malay College Kuala Kangsar—also known as the Eton of the East. I think there was Zambli (the DO of BP who went far in the RMCS to become the MB of NS), Abdul Kudus (SITC, Tanjung Malim), Jamaludin (OCPD, Teluk Anson) and Samsudin (Rat Destruction Officer, Parit Buntar). I said to them, “I say you fellows, what do you think about this Merdeka business?” You see, we were all dreadfully concerned about the future of our nation and its Independence even then.

I’ve a wealth of experience and understanding that should be tapped. For instance, during all that terrible May 13th caboodle, I was on a driving tour of the south of France. As soon as I heard about the troubles, I immediately put down my glass of Château Margaux ‘61 (a particularly fine vintage year) and rushed straight back to Paris so that I could be nearer the action.

My generation is more in touch with all the various races that make up Malaya. I mean Malaysia. For instance, Yusof Embong is from Perlis and Syed Yaacob regularly chats with a Chinese shopkeeper in Muar. We understand the complexities of Malaya. I mean Malaysia. We are a culturally sophisticated bunch which is made evident by the fact that almost all of us, including myself, have European wives.

But what I really want to talk to you about is the youth of today. Young people are simply shocking and the worst thing about them is their hair. Why would a man need to have long hair? Answer: If he’s a girl. Only ladies should have long hair. Young ladies are entitled, nay, encouraged to enhance their femininity but men should be, well, manly.