

C e l e b r a t i n g A B r o t h e r h o o d E n t r e n c h e d



Golden 66

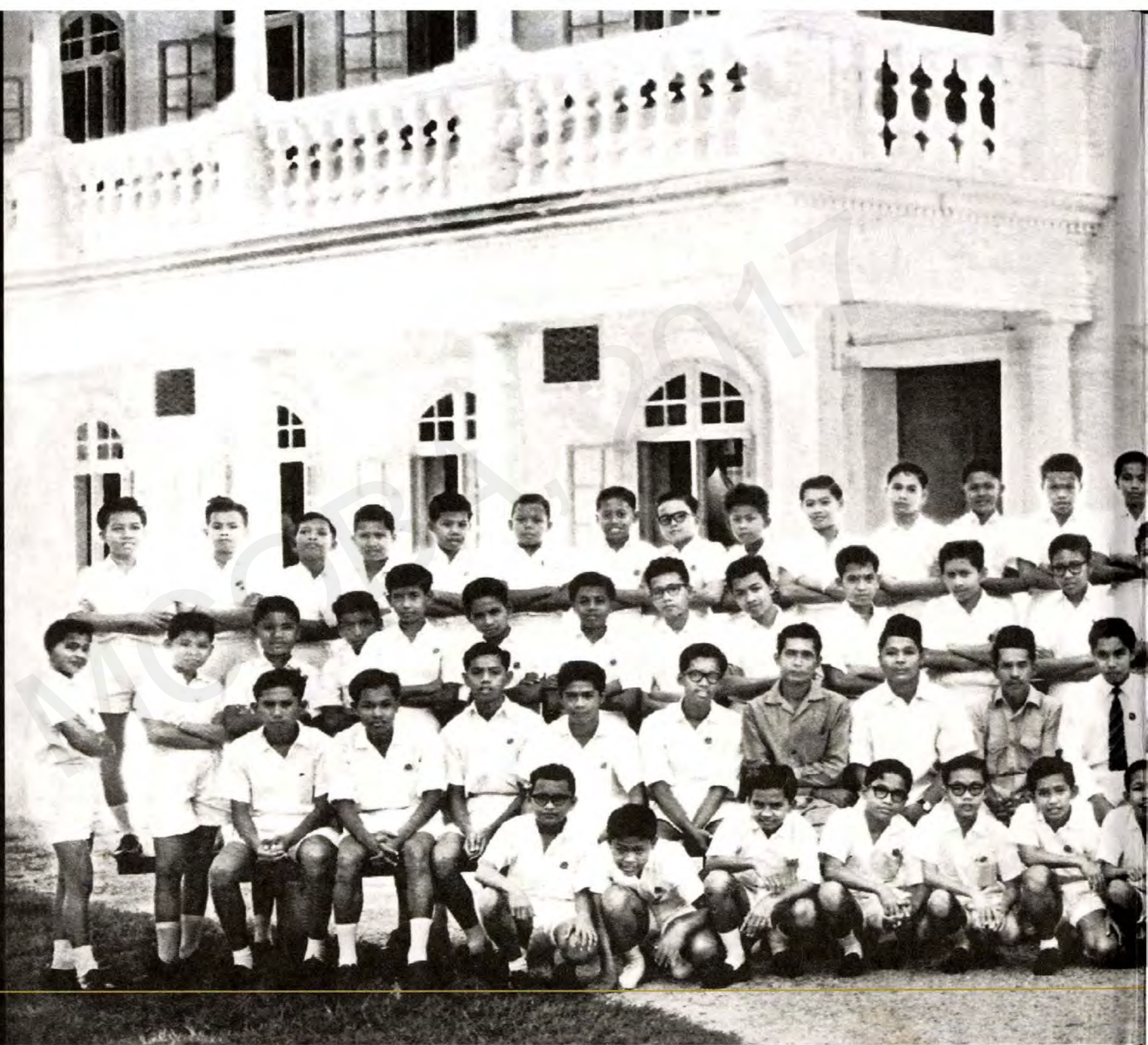
Golden Jubilee, Class of 1966 (1962-1968)
The Malay College Kuala Kangsar

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Celebrating A Brotherhood Entrenched

Golden Jubilee, Class of 1966 (1962 - 1968)

The Malay College Kuala Kangsar

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CONTENTS

FROM THE CHIEF EDITOR	7
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PROLOGUE	8
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REFLECTIONS

The Malay College of My Time (1962-68) and Further Thoughts	12
--	----

Fiat Sapientia Virtus	18
-----------------------	----

AT MCKK...

PREP SCHOOL YEAR • 1962

Breaking In	27
Life in Prep School	29
Sports	38
Activities	41
Understanding Authority	42

SHORT-PANTS YEARS • 1962 - 1964

College Life	45
Sports	52
Activities	55
College Customs and Traditions	62


REBEL ROUSING YEARS • 1965 - 1966

Life in College	83
Sports	90
Activities	98
More Customs and Traditions	107




MATURING YEARS • 1967 - 1968

	Life In College	122
	Sports	129
	Activities	130

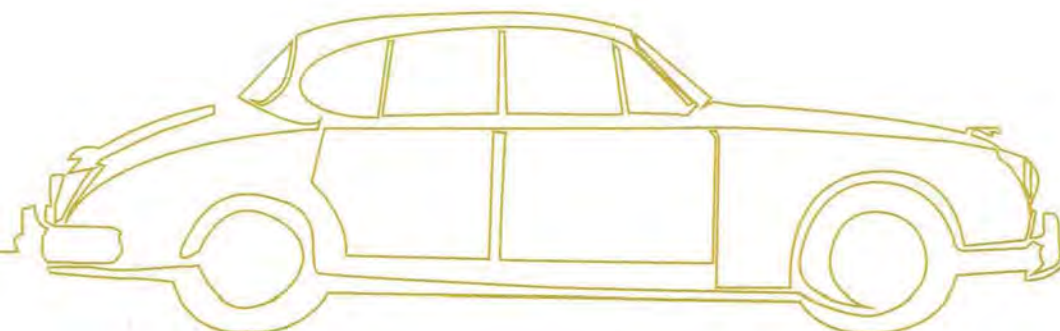
SPECIAL FEATURES

	Relationship With Teachers	135
	Motorcars In MCKK	140
	Remembering Them After College	142

POST MCKK

	Reflections From Over The Hill	150
	El Gato	151
	Where Had I Been	154

	C66 GATHERINGS
	MCKK CENTENARY
	BACK TO PREP SCHOOL
	GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR
	ALWAYS IN OUR HEARTS



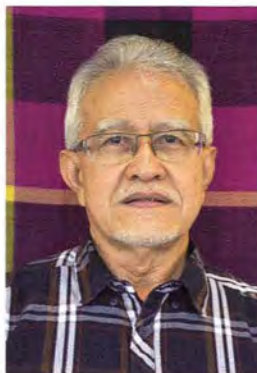
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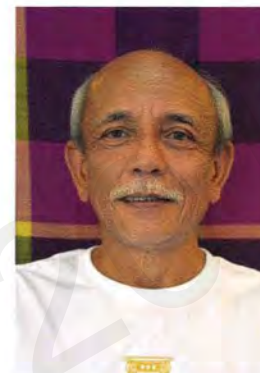
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Yusof Khalid

FROM THE CHIEF EDITOR

This publication, a book cum pictorial essay of the years that have passed since we entered the Malay College Kuala Kangsar in January 2nd 1962, is a labour of love.

Love for the sweetness of memories, the pains of life's challenges that didn't put us down but make us wiser and stronger, the beauty of association amongst brothers and families, the bounties that have been bestowed on us and for the prospect of many more of such years ahead, insyaa Allah.

It's a collection, a recollection.

Of photographs, memories, articles, essays, jottings and musings. Of illustrated memories, expressions of love and terms of endearments expressed in a way only the protagonists would understand and others will wonder. Thanks Bro SudinB for the untiring efforts to source, organise, touch-up and select the pictures to be used.

Some of the articles and snippets have been printed verbatim, as recounted by the protagonists, to retain their 'flavour' and the essence behind the story, as it were – simple truths that highlights the sincerity of expression, concern and straight from the heartOh! How simple things were then! There are slangs popular during those times, most peculiar only to C66ers or college boys, and where it is felt necessary, definitions are provided.

We believe that somewhere in time, someone may find within these pages philosophical nuances that highlight and illustrate the

growing years of a boy, the shaping of his personality and characters. Understand what boarding school is like, specifically life in The Malay College Kuala Kangsar. Ask any MCOB, they will readily admit that they learn (effectively, for sure) from all these experiences, sweet and sour, pleasurable or painful, memorable or forgettable.

More importantly, it's for keepsakes.

Written, organised and published with a heart that is sincerely plain, that's brimming with pride, no apologies for that! There may be references to breaking of rules or what some may seemingly see as blatant disregard for authority. But these are what boys do when growing up, why hide? We won't hide our jinks and kinks, for they are what we are. It's also for those after us who'd like to understand who and why we are or were, and what we are now. But through it all, we know, you will appreciate how our bonds were developed, blended and melded into a brotherhood.

Do read and enjoy! Read and understand our Pride, Passion and Tradition, being boys then, being an old boy now, and always a MCOB.

FIAT SAPIENTIA VIRTUS, that's what we are.



Dzulkifly Mohd Zain

Pahang, Sulaiman House

It was fun and fulfilling being the essayist, to write, feeding off all those many anecdotes, recounts, recaps, stories and jokes re-told over and over again through all these years. Thanks guys! Thanks Bro Hasnul C86 for the design and layout work. Awesome!

PROLOGUE

Batch C66 is the Class of 1966, of The Malay College Kuala Kangsar some of whom entered the College in Form 1 1962, Form 4 in 1965 and Lower Six in 1967.

1966 was the year when we were in Form Five, a pivotal year that marks the first significant formal 'test' towards us all building a life, although at that time it was more another hurdle to clear, another examination to face.

Going back to when it all started, Saturday January 13th 1962 was when 89 of us reported in and registered as Form One students, accompanied by parents and family members, coming in from all the eleven states of the then Persekutuan Tanah Melayu. We were put into three Form 1 Classes, A to C, and so began our journey through the hallowed halls and walkways of the sprawling 40 acre campus. In the following three years 6 of us left to continue their education in various other schools.

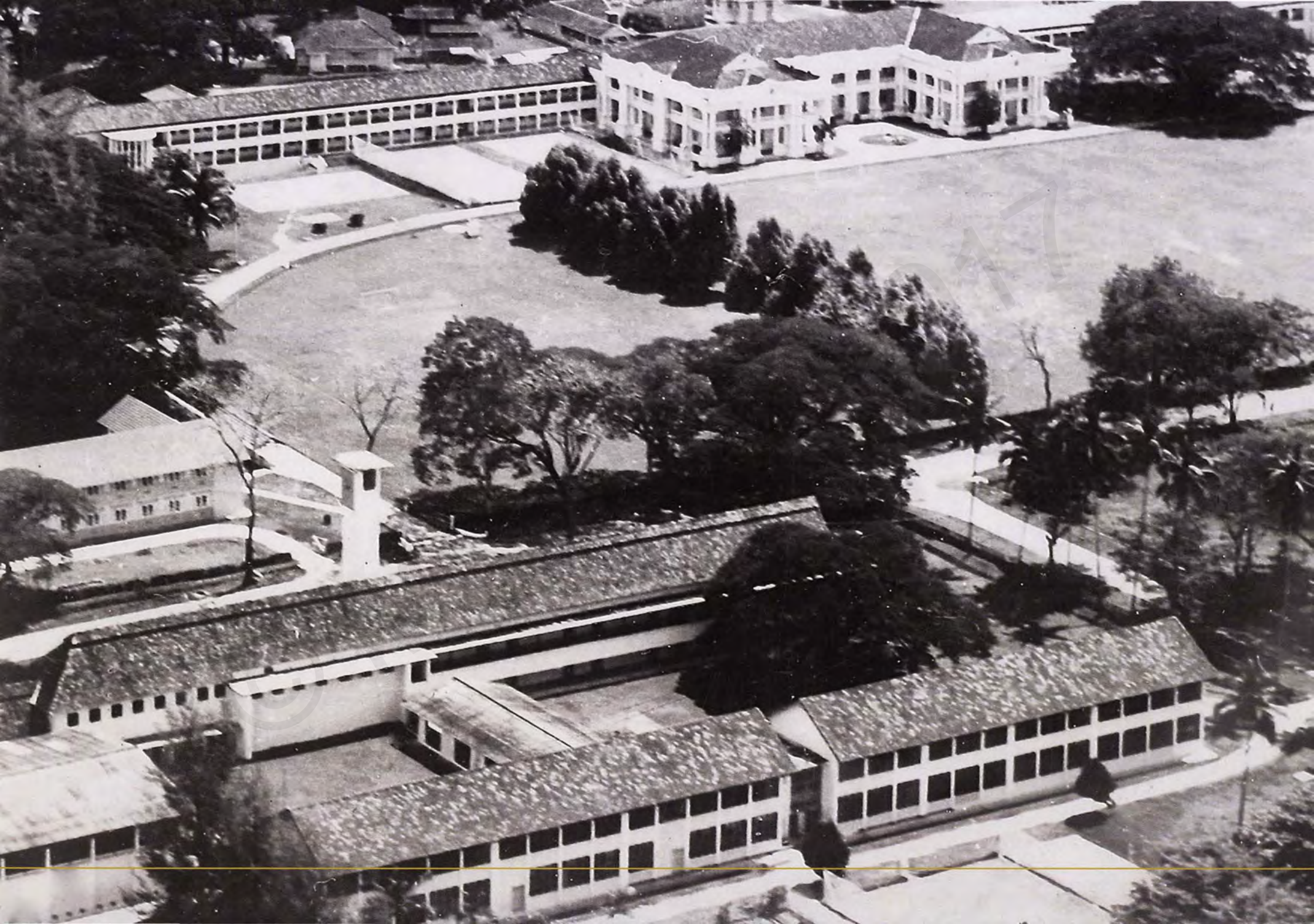
Three years later, following the Lower Certificate of Education Examinations, on Wednesday January 13th 1965, school started on a midweek, another group of 40 boys registered as Form Four students. We were streamed into two Science Classes and two Arts Classes, making a total enrolment of 123 students. With a further 3 joining us at Form Five in 1966, the total enrolment of C66 stabilised to 126, who in end 1966 sat for the Senior Cambridge/Malaysian Certificate of Education examinations.

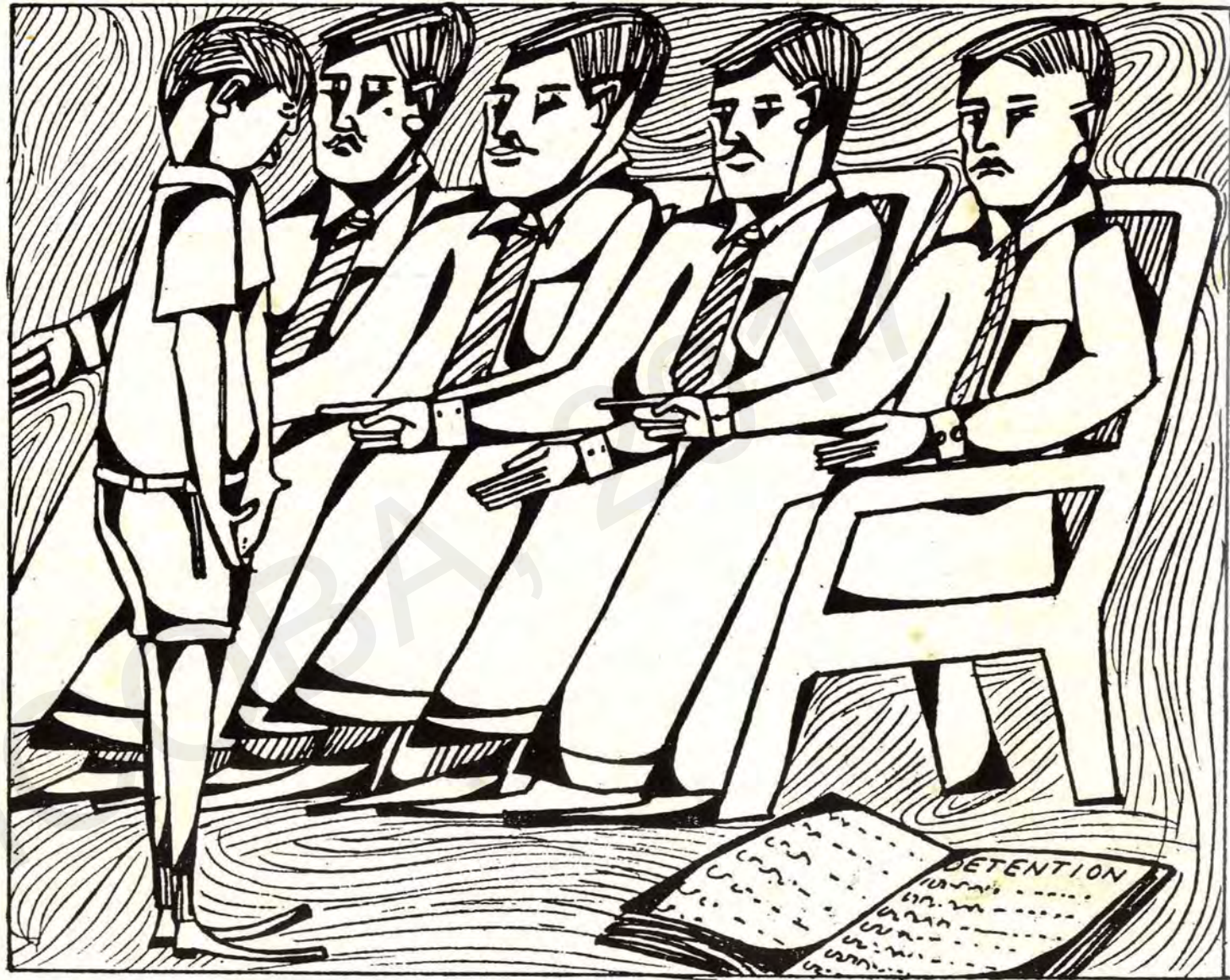
Post SC/MCE, following the Sixth Form Entrance Examinations and the results of the SC/MCE Examinations, in 1967, a total of about 90 students remained to pursue the Sixth Form for a two year study to sit for the Higher School Certificate Examinations. 60 in the Science stream and another 30 in the Arts stream. It includes 1 who joined the batch in Form Six. Thus as a statistic, the total number of students in batch 66 would total 135.

The Malay College Kuala Kangsar (MCKK), established in 1905, has on its roll of students, children from all walks of life, from Malay royalties to ordinary Malays from all levels of society. Their learning experiences at the College were enriched by the presence of British and British-trained teachers, foreign teachers and locally trained Malaysians. MCKK has a rich history, its historical tapestry spans two world wars, the stages of the birth of a nation from a colonial era to independence, people being taught to establish self-rule amidst simmering nationalism fervour leading to the birth of an independent Malaya culminating in the formation of Malaysia.

We are proud to be a part of this history of MCKK and creating our own history within it too. We immersed ourselves in its traditions, constantly awashed with the accompanying passion towards what it upholds, with Fiat Sapientia Virtus (Let Manliness Comes through Wisdom) emboldening us to face life's challenges and to be what we are today.

Yes, we are proud MCOBs – Malay College Old Boys - a big family, a brotherhood for life.







REFLECTIONS

The Malay College of My Time (1962-68) and Further Thoughts

I entered College in January 1962 at Form One and left in 1968 having completed the HSC in the Arts stream. In school I was a school debater and President, Senior Union. I served as Vice President of the Sixth Form Society and the Senior Arts Society. My extracurricular activities include organising excursions, writing for the Kris Kangsar and preparing essays on sixth form subjects.

Let me delve briefly on national events and socio-political circumstances which affected the College during and around my time.

Notable Historical Events

1948 – 1960 : Emergency, Communist insurgency.

1957 : Merdeka. Malaya a low-income country with per capita GDP of less than Malayan Dollars 700. Compare this with per capita of Ringgit Malaysia 36, 400 in 2015.

1959 : First national elections.

1963 - 66 : Formation of Malaysia, followed by Konfrontasi. Declaration of war by Indonesia imposed severe financial demands upon the new Federation. By 1966 Confrontation ended and Hargreaves Hall witnessed



goodwill visits by Indonesian artistes. I recall performances by songbirds Aida Mustafa and Wirdaningseh.

May 13 1969 : Racial riots broke out resulting in two years of Emergency rule. Led to promotion of Malay language and acceleration in training of Bumiputeras (under the New Economic Policy).

I have set-up the above events so as to better explain developments in college 1962-1969

Education for the Masses

With democratic representation come universal education for the citizenry. Up to 1960 Malay attendance at English-medium secondary schools was indeed very low. Back then less than 30% of pupils of all races completing primary schools proceeded to secondary schools. In 1957, there were only 47,700 English secondary pupils and sixth formers totalled a mere 865! English-educated Malays formed a small minority quite distinct from the general Malay population. Many tend to socialise within their “speaking” group. Some got carried away with their Anglophile ways, complete with pipe-smoking, cravat-wearing, English-nicknames and all.

Resources

In the period 1960-68, the country was still poor. Not much could be done with such low incomes and revenues, which was made worse by the ongoing communist insurgency and Konfrontasi. Sometime in 1963 the government embarked on an Austerity Drive which reached deep into College life. Envelopes were carefully unfolded to be reused. The LCE examination results which made its way by post to my house in Kota Bharu was envelope-less, the exam-sheet was simply folded and pressed into a letter. East Coast boys used to enjoying second class sleeping berths for the railway journey between Kuala Lumpur–Tumpat were relegated to third class. Imagine having to sit and sleep on those bus-style seats for the entire 21-hour journey. The quality of food served after 1963 also deteriorated. Chicken servings became less frequent. Around 1965 there occurred some hanky-panky relating to catering arrangements. Encik Yusof Razak, our Prep School Master, was brought in to sort out problems and there was a marked improvement thereafter. Tuan Syed Bakar (Art Teacher) related how Encik Yusof used a ruler-like wooden gauge which he used when rejecting under-sized ikan kembong.

Loss of Special Status

The Austerity Drive and shortage of government funds had implications for the College's standing in relation to other premier schools. The Federal Military College (later Royal Military College) benefited from having two sources of Federal government funding. They could look to the Ministry of Defence as well as the Ministry of Education. Many fully-residential schools were established during the 1950s/60s, including Sekolah Tuanku Abdul Rahman (STAR), Sekolah Dato' Abdul Razak (SDAR), Sekolah Alam Shah and Sekolah Tun Fatimah. No doubt there were sound reasons for establishing more residential schools, but our College's funding for both operational and development expenditure inevitably suffered. And to top it all there was the “big town” advantage enjoyed by schools located in the larger conurbations. The benefits were in the enrichment from vibrant urban hinterlands as well as the preference of teachers to serve in big towns. As such STAR benefited from being located in Ipoh, while Victoria Institution and Federal Military College benefited from their Klang Valley location. Penang Free School had its thriving entrepot trade city.

Malayanisation/Malaysianisation

The years to 1957 and thereafter witnessed the policy of Malayanisation/Malaysianisation. “Mat Sallehs” in senior posts had to go to be replaced by the country's own citizens. This involved not just education but across all government services. The College (1962-68) and beyond saw the full impact of the policy. The departure of Mr Neil John Ryan in 1965 marked the end of a long line of British headmasters, which started with Mr William Hargreaves in 1905. Mr Ryan referred to himself as the “Last Expatriate”. He was replaced by Encik Aziz Ismail, an experienced educationist and a keen sportsman.

The departure of expatriate teachers and headmasters undoubtedly affected the culture, outlook and quality of several schools in the Federation. Such impact was more pronounced for the College, which was modelled on the English Public School system. For us, seniors at the school, when it came, the process was somewhat unexpected, if not, traumatic.

Malaysianisation resulted in the rapid promotion and frequent transfers of senior local teachers who were in short supply. Many long-serving teachers left for more senior appointments further up the education service ladder. Mr Naidu and Mr Cheah left to head other premier schools. Then after 1969 we had a super-rapid succession of several headmasters within three years. Such frequent transfers do disrupt even day-schools. But for a residential school such as ours, the damage was indeed grave.

May 1969 Riots and New Economic Policy

The riots took place five months after my batch left College. The riots shook the new Federation to its foundations, leading to emergency rule and the suspension of democracy. The impact of the riots would constitute another story. Suffice to say that these dramatic events led to sudden, large-scale send-offs of high-scoring Malay students to overseas institutions. This served to deplete the College of many who would otherwise had stayed in Form Six and who would have contributed to the leadership and supervision of the student body. Later in 1988, the Sixth Form programme at College was ended. The implications of not having a Sixth Form in a residential school with public school pretensions would indeed prove disruptive if not downright disastrous.

What is the College For? Strategy of our Elders

I would analyse the College's role in our country's development into four phases.

- *The Early Years. Educating the royals and Malay aristocracy.*
- *Feeder for the Elite Administrative Services.*
- *Leading the Malay Community in Science and Technology.*
- *Finding a new role in the midst of many competitors.*
- *College's raison d'être for the future.*

The Early Years

It may be banal but it is still good to start off with Federated Malay States Inspector of Schools, RJ Wilkinson's pronouncement on educational need in 1903: to produce, "a vigorous and intelligent race of young men who will be in touch with modern progress but not out of touch with old traditions; who will be liberally educated but not educated out of sympathy with their own families and people; who will be manly and not effeminate, strong minded but not strong willed, acknowledging a duty to others instead of being a law unto themselves and will be fit to do something in the world instead of settling down into fops, spendthrifts or drones".

In 1905 universal education was far from everyone's mind. In fact at that time there was still no universal education among the English working class and for English women of all classes.

Wilkinson was concerned over the youth of the elite in the Malay states—the royals and aristocracy. Illiteracy was rife, there was little formal learning while there was much by way of unproductive, anti-social behaviour. By all accounts the college contributed much towards reforming the youth of the elite. The royalty of all the Malay States, and Brunei too, embraced the College's ideals and educational approach and blessed it with their unstinting support. The Perak Royal House played an exemplary role in that Perak provided the site and more for the setting up of the College, Mind you, the turn of the century was a time of shortages in every sense of the word.

The College's special ties to the Malay Rulers remain to this day. This coveted relationship is a source of pride and an inspiration to the College and alumni.

Feeder for the Elite Administrative Services

The next big task for the College from the 1920s right up to the 1950s was as feeder for the Elite Administrative Services, which later emerged as the Malayan Administrative Service (MAS) and the Malayan Civil Service (MCS). States such as Kelantan, Terengganu, Kedah and Johore had their own elite state civil services and the College similarly served these institutions.

For a limited period the College also served as a centre for administrative studies and this was the occasion for the College admitting a number of women into the student body.

The College did a remarkable job in preparing candidates for the elite administrative services. Our alumni filled a great number of positions in the civil service, serving their states and later the Federation with distinction.

Leading the Malay Community in Science and Technology

By the time I stepped foot in Prep School in 1962, I became aware that the College's emphasis then was all for the sciences. We worked hard to qualify for the Mathematics II paper in the LCE examinations, a prerequisite for the science stream. We juniors looked up to the budding scientists in the upper forms who displayed unusual scholarly prowess—the likes of Nik Zainal Abidin (the late cardiologist), Anwar Masduki (cardiologist), Khalid Hassan (doctor), Rameli Musa (engineer) and Ramli Mohamad (engineer).

Somewhat later I learned that the College, even from the late 1930s, under severe limitations, had succeeded in developing considerable scientific and technical talent. We produced the likes of Dr Hj Megat Khas, Dr Mohamad Said, Dr Ungku Omar, YM Raja Zainal, Professor Noramli and Professor Nawawi.

Scientists and technologists from the 1962-68 period include Ahmad Ibrahim, Ikram Said, Mohd Noor Embi, Ghazally Ismail, Tajuddin Ali, Khalilur Rahman, Ariffin Aton and Mustafa Yusof,

It is notable that numerous personalities from College went on to become pioneers and leaders in the nation's scientific and technological quest.

Finding a new role in the midst of multiple competitors (1970 to present)

Admittedly, I am not familiar with the position of the College post-1970. However, I would venture the following observations.

First, the termination of the Sixth Form in 1968 drastically changed the character and structure of a school such as ours. I doubt if any of the great public schools in England and elsewhere would contemplate such a drastic alteration to their structure.

Second, what are the important events which happened post 1970? Indeed there were many such far-reaching events which include the emphasis on Malay language, de-emphasis of English, sending students abroad post 'O' levels (instead of after 'A' levels), Look East Policy, increased religiosity, privatization, promotion of heavy industries and rapid expansion of corporate sector.

Third, what do I mean by multiple competitors? Up to 1970, there were only a handful of residential schools in the country. Post 1970, the numbers mushroomed. Such rapid expansion created pressures on resources both financial and manpower. Educational funds were perpetually in short supply and so were the pressures on finding quality teachers and administrators. When our batch of 1966, made a trip back to the College in January 2012, we found many buildings to be in a state of disrepair.

One major competitor post 1970 were the Maktab Rendah Sains MARA (MRSM) Colleges established and administered by MARA. These junior colleges proved a resounding success. The MRSM concept was the brainchild of ex-collegian Wahab Alwi (class of 1959) who sold the idea to Prime Minister Tun Abdul Razak and subsequently spearheaded its implementation. MRSM benefited a great deal financially by coming under the tutelage of the Ministry of National & Rural Development (and not the Ministry of Education).

College's Raison d'être for the Future

Thus far, the College had succeeded and even exceeded the expectations of our elders in at least three major national objectives:

- *Educating royal and aristocratic youth early 20th Century.*
- *As feeder for the elite administrative services.*
- *Training of pioneers and leaders in science and technology.*

What about the tasks ahead? There are undoubtedly numerous tasks to be tackled in view of the various chronic problems and challenges besetting the Malay community in particular and the nation at large. The college must continue to uphold its traditional role in addressing the community's and nation's problems and not merely be involved with short-term, mundane problems and individual concerns.

One might laugh, but the great English public schools do look unto themselves as protectors and promoters of their country. In the words of novelist Anthony Powell, writing on his Etonian days, "The government of the day was somehow made almost a personal matter..... (and) our mentors said: 'If you don't learn some sort of civilised behaviour, England will become uninhabitable for everybody'". For the College to ingrain itself with community and national concerns is no idle pretension. Just consider the three important national objectives the College had achieved. Furthermore, the national role for the College had always received the blessings and active support of the Malay Rulers and at the College's Centenary in 2005, the importance of the college to the Malay Rulers was reemphasised and reaffirmed.

For the future, the College's first duty and its traditional *raison d'être* would be the nurturing of future leaders. This leadership objective should encompass all sectors, be it political, civil service, corporate and entrepreneurship, military and police. Of course there is no set formula for creating leaders. There has to be strong emphasis on sports, uniformed activities, public speaking, creative endeavours, and organising. You need teachers who can provide suitable role models and inspire their wards towards excellence. There must also be constant, abiding reminders so that students are aware that they are not just being educated for themselves but in order to provide leadership to the community and the nation.

Second and no less important is the continued promotion of scientific awareness and competence within the community. Scientific knowledge and competence of the Malay community remain low despite progress in universal education and literacy. I used to ask educated Malays questions like, what is scientific methodology? What is the difference between scientific thinking and faith? Few could provide a reasonable answer. Some of my scientist-mates are even of the opinion that scientific knowledge among Malays is regressing. Without scientific knowledge and application it is difficult if not impossible to improve efficiency and productivity. Adding inputs or resources alone is not enough. We need more scientific knowledge in order to achieve increased incomes and to enable us to keep up with other communities as well as the outside world.

Third, is the necessity to increase the community's incomes and assets, and thereby reducing the wide economic gap between Bumiputeras and non-Bumiputeras. This is not a fitting occasion

to get into the figures, but several studies had revealed that Malay incomes and assets are much lower than that of other communities. Our planners often claim that Bumiputeras had made rapid progress towards achieving the thirty percent ownership target for the corporate sector. Such claims are indeed hollow when you consider that such figures include that of Bumiputeras trust holdings. Secondly, the data is limited to companies listed on the stock exchange and do not cover ownerships of individuals, sole-proprietorships, private companies and unlisted public companies. Malay incomes and assets had remained low due to a combination of chronic factors—the low base to start with, the effect of compounding, the lack of inherited assets, low savings caused by low incomes, unproductive and wasteful spending patterns, risk-taking behaviour and many more.

The upshot is that the Malay economic quandary is a continuing one and that concerted efforts are needed to address this chronic problem. The problem is not just economic but also political in that wide income cum asset gaps between communities would inevitably result in political instability or worse.

So the Collegian must be consistently reminded of his responsibility towards the economic betterment, not just for himself and his immediate family, but for the community at large.



Mohd Ridzuan Halim

Kelantan, Sulaiman House

Fiat Sapiencia Virtus?

"Fiat Sapiencia Virtus", we lived by that dictum in Kolet for whatever it meant to us at the time. We were repeatedly told about letting our manliness known and manifested through wisdom or something to that effect. Then we left Kolet with some of us becoming prominent as leaders of the Malays. We confidently put our faith on these budak Kolet whose rallying cry had also been "Fiat Sapiencia Virtus." They might be our only hope. They became leaders of Muslims, always quoting appropriate hadiths and Quranic verses in their speeches. They also assumed leadership role among other races. They greeted Chinese audiences with jokes and pleasantries in Chinese, Indians in Tamil, Kadazans, Ibans and Bidayus in their respective tongues. There were every bit the renaissance men, you were pretty sure.

But after years of pinning your hope on these budak Kolet to spearhead reforms and take us all out of the doldrums of corruptions, nepotisms, financial woes, stupid megaprojects, silly politicking, barbaric laws, autocratic leaderships, divisive and racist policies, sexually discriminatory practices and etcetera, some among them turned out to be nothing short of a bunch of frauds. Some turned out to be pathological liars, scandalously immoral and hopelessly irresponsible as leaders. They betrayed our trust, our loyalty and our faith in them.

Utterly disappointed but you meant well in believing in them. Millions others in this country had the same passion and hope for a better Malaysia. What was there left for us to do? Keep on defending these budak Kolet and doggedly denying every scandal thrown at them as mere speculations, untrue or another cleverly crafted conspiracy?



Is it now time to live by our conviction to "Fiat Sapiencia Virtus"? Will the real "Manliness through Wisdom, "please stand up! Is it now time to wise up and take stock of things around us? Shall we resign to the fact that we may have slept on the same bed but we end up having different dreams altogether? We are now so politically divided like never before. Racial harmony is heading down the drain. Religious sensitivities and respect for Malay rulers waning and breached. Racial time bomb is ticking away at unprecedented rate. It's a touch-and-go scenario. Desperados are at every corner.

We are bound to lose what we have painstakingly built for decades. Our society is in peril. Is there any option to our present predicament? Is there not a viable alternative that can offer an everlasting solution to our problems today? Or is it us, ourselves, to blame? Or is it them, our leaders, to blame? We want good leaders, yet we cast our votes for clowns to represent us in the parliament. We want democratic processes, yet we behave like hooligans and aggressors destroying public property, beating up the police, breaking laws passed by the court, bribing law enforcers when caught breaking the law etc. We say so and so are corrupt, but we hand out hampers, kickbacks and overseas trips to those who help us in our businesses. When caught speeding, we prefer to "settle" with a crisp RM50 instead of paying the fine for our breaking the law.

Is it time for us to be honest to ourselves and ask "Am I really ready for democracy?" "Do I have the values and attitudes of a democratic animal allowed to roam free and not be a nuisance to others?" or "Am I civil enough to live by the rule of law?" If your answers to the above are No, No and another No, then I suggest bring back the ISA and let draconian law rules!

Being humble isn't exactly my biggest strength, but let me humbly ask you to join me in being non-partisan and less emotional in our advocacy and action. Let's only look at the real issue at hand, not through the skewed eyes of a budak Kolet. When someone is corrupt, condemn him to the core regardless of where he comes from or used to be good friends once upon a time. When something has gone disgustingly awry, let's find a solution to solve it instead of outright condemnation devoid of any viable options to correct and avoid similar blunders or bad decision-making in future. Ditch leaders who lie and

betray our trust. Don't let them insult our intelligence ever again. Never let them carry out any transgression of decency and norms blatantly and get away scot free. Such impunity would only lead to swollen-headedness and thinking that they are smarter than the rakyat. Stop their silly antics. Clowns are only fit for the circus not in our house of lawmakers.

Heroes of today need not be loud, brave and confrontational all the times.

Along with other decrees expected from Fiat Sapientia Virtus is for us budak Kolet to listen to our conscience and heart of gold. We are not open to malicious lies spread at work or over the Internet. Half of our problems stems from our own ego. We may have been misled, never mind your ego this time, ditch bad leaders and better luck next time!



Mohd Ghazally Ismail

Kelantan, Mohd Shah House





AT MCKK...



PREP SCHOOL YEAR • 1962



Coming from all the eleven states of the then Federation of Malaya, from as little as 3 that came from Pahang to as large as 19 from Selangor (21% of that year's intake). We were a motley collection of young boys from all sorts of background, both urban and rural.

There were many stories about how each one of us made it to MCKK, maybe as many as the number of students that made it.

WHO WANTS TO ENTER MALAY COLLEGE?

“

That was the question posed by Mr Tan, our Headmaster at Sultan Abdullah School Kuantan early in the second term of our Standard Six in 1961. Nobody paid attention, he shouted again, and a few of us sitting at the

back rows of our classroom put up our hands when we saw a few hands went up in the front rows. We made nothing of it, and in fact I totally forgot about it until later in the year when a letter arrived at our house after the MSSEE (Malaysian Secondary School Entrance Examination) results were announced.

My father looked at me and asked “Bila kamu apply masuk Malay College?” and I replied “Huh?” as I did not realise that a letter had arrived at our house. I didn't know what Malay College was and where. Anyway, it was a letter to attend the selection interviews. Come interview day, there were about 30 applicants, and after the first level of interviews 10 were shortlisted and after another interview the same day, 3 were selected – Jauhar Musa, Danyal Malek and myself. We began preparing the things required to report to College.

I tracked Kuala Kangsar on the map, but I have no idea how far it was, just that we have to go to Kuala Lumpur first then travel further up to reach it. I only knew the extent of how far it was when it took us two days of travelling to reach it from Kuantan. It takes a day to cross the four ferries from Kuantan to Kuala Lumpur, then overnight in a relative's house and the next morning travel another several hours by car to Kuala Kangsar. I had a big bag of clothes and things, including two pillows.

I still do not know then what the school was about.”

Dzulkifly Mohd Zain

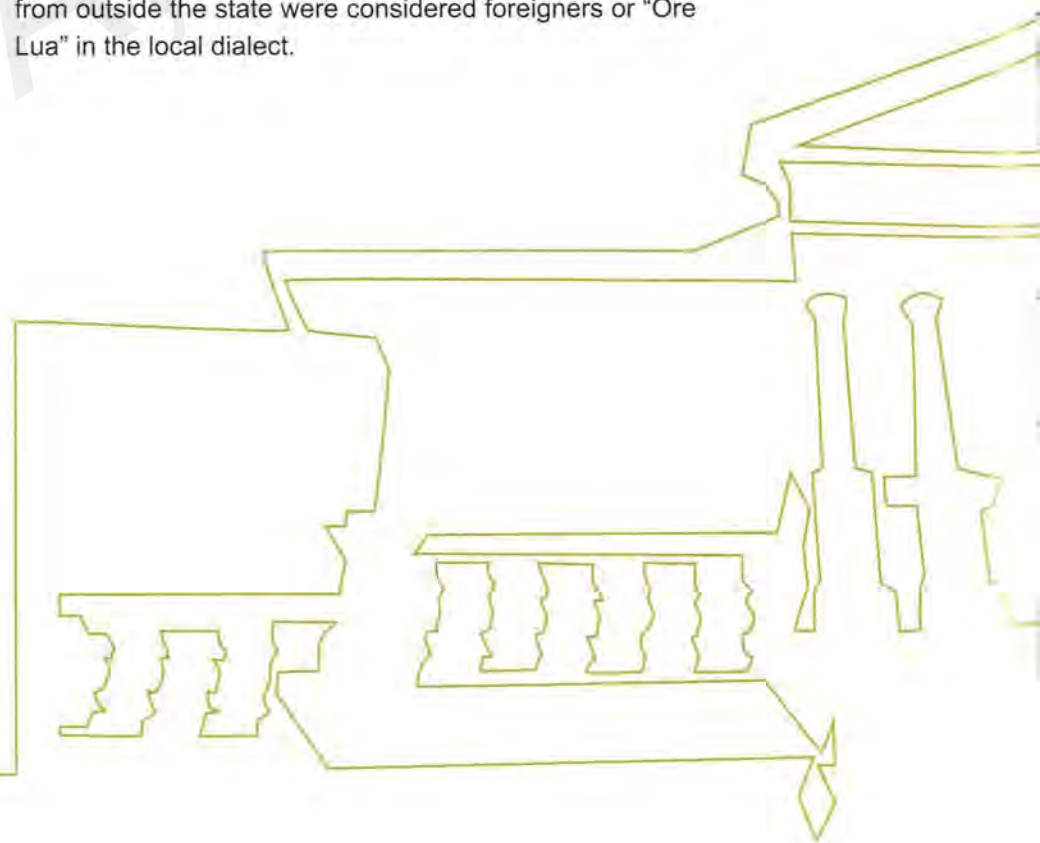
GO TO MALAY COLLEGE! Part 1

When I was in standard 6, I did not have any clue about MCKK. Never heard of the school. I thought the furthest I would go to for my secondary schooling was Sultan Ismail College in KB. To tell you the truth, I did not expect to be chosen to go to MCKK. That was in 1962. Those days in Kelantan your parent must be somebody of influence for you to stand a chance of being selected to go to a prestigious school like MCKK. I only went for the interview in Kota Bharu after being literally forced by my headmaster then. Encik Kassim who eventually did a law degree in the UK, I think during the time of Hamid Embong and Joe Bake, was very insistent that I should try my luck. I was not really hopeful after the interview especially when told by some of the more influential people in the community that you have to be a child of somebody to be chosen.

We were nobody. Our family was among the poor in Ketereh, a small town about 20km south of KB. As a barber, my father was not among the group of influential people. He did not earn much either. Those days a charge for a haircut was only 50sen. My mother was an ordinary housewife. She did earn some meagre income at home doing packaging for the roasted coffee dealers. We were so poor that sometime we had to buy food on a daily basis. Ours was the last house in the small town of Ketereh to have electricity. In fact even the first house that we built was financed by the first payment of my RM40 a month Federal Minor scholarship! When I was in standard 2, I

was awarded the scholarship and the first payment was a lump sum of RM480, a one full year instalment. I can still vividly remember the excitement on my father's face when told that I had brought back that sum of cash. That was considered quite substantial then and with that we could afford our own house albeit small.

Therefore when told that I was among the 10 chosen to go to MCKK, I had mixed feelings. I did not have the money to buy all the stuff that we were asked to bring to the College. And the cost of the train journey. What more the additional expenses since my father also had to accompany me for the first trip. Those days in Kelantan, a place like Kuala Kangsar, was like somewhere overseas. That was also the reason why to the Kelantanese, people from outside the state were considered foreigners or "Ore Lua" in the local dialect.



The journey by train, as we travelled through Gemas and back up through Kuala Lumpur would take almost two full days. The other alternative was to take the train to Kuala Lipis then travel by bus to Kuala Kubu Bharu and on to Kuala Kangsar by train. At the same time, I also felt some excitement with that once in a life time opportunity. I was curious about what life would be like outside Kelate. However, the more affluent members in my community continued to dissuade my parent from letting me go. I did not really understand why they did that. But that made me even more resolute to go. I wanted to sort of prove them wrong. That I could fit well with MCKK though constrained by many factors. I was fortunate because a friend of my dad offered to help out with a small loan. Alhamdulillah, my prayers were answered.



Ahmad Ibrahim

On that Sunday, we were introduced to En Yusof Razak, the Prep School Master and the five Prep School Prefects, and we were told of the dos and don'ts and there was a two page cyclo-styled sheet that summarises the major rules no to be broken. En Yusof later met up with all the parents individually, after which we said goodbyes to our parents and family members. We later found out that En Yusof stayed in the house just next to the Prep School Building.

Most of us thread the first few days of Prep School life cautiously, some with trepidation and some furtively.... while a few confidently.

“ When I received the offer letter into Form 1, I hesitated and my sister insisted that I take up the offer to enter the Gajah Berang Secondary School instead. My late father, already a pensioner, managed to raise the required fees and we spent a few days to acquire the school checklist items. Among the items were ready made school uniform from a road side shop near Jalan Bunga Raya / Rex Theatre junction.

We left house after breakfast in a hired Pak Din Teksi....my father's favourite because Pak Kasim the driver was the safest driver, actually, the north bond express train overtook us on the way! We arrived Kuala Kangsar late in the evening and stayed at the Double Lion hotel. The next day, a Sunday, my late father met the ever willing Cikgu Yusof Razak to register me. When the family left me, there were tears in my eyes, for being the youngest boy, it was sad to part from my mom.



Ainuddin Zainuddin

It was certainly a mixed bag of 12-13 year olds from the length and breadth of Federation of Malaya then. Mainly from urban schools, but they come from a mixed bag of town and kampung boys. Most would have no inkling what boarding school is all about, what is a dormitory and may never had beds of their own.

Our batch had a couple of firsts in terms of enrolment. We had the son of the sitting DYMM Yang Di Pertuan Agung, a veritable Royal Prince and we had the first pair of twins ever in the history of MCKK.

The presence of YM Syed Amir did not move us a bit, and apart from the first day formalities (apparently there were quite a flurry of bodyguards etc., but we hardly noticed and remember!), but the boy himself acquitted himself quite well and soon was a 'normal kid'.

1st pair of twins in MCKK

Salim and Salleh Kassim became the 1st pair of twins to join The Malay College in 1962, despite the government's ruling that only 1 son per family is allowed. Amazingly we scored the same marks in our Std. 6 exam results (536/600). The government had no choice but to send both. Anyway our late father told them it's both or none. So the twins entered MCKK as the first pair of twins. Since we were small sized we maintained at Division C for sports until Form 4. If not for our age we would still be in Division C till Form 5. Our weight in Form 5 was less than 50 pounds and height only 5 foot.



Salim Kassim



We were assigned 'Houses' and were grouped accordingly and assigned beds in dormitories according to Houses, each with their respective Dormitory Prefects. We were given a bed each with a bedside wooden locker that have compartments to hang our shirts, shelves to organise our folded clothes and a bottom drawer. Our family members helped to unpack our bags and arrange our clothes and toiletries, shoes under the bed, prepare our bed, and hang the mosquito nets. There were many different sizes and shapes of mosquito nets, and we were taught the right way to put it up when not in use and how to tuck it in at night.

Saying goodbyes were difficult of course, and there were not many dry eyes when we said goodbyes to our parents and family members. It was afternoon when we were by ourselves and the Prefects then began talking to us briefing us about the dos and don'ts. We heard our first bell ring to remind us to bathe and prepare for dinner, and we all troop to the dining hall for dining when the bell rang again, taking up our allocated places, numbered, on the long dinner tables and long benches. We partake our first taste of nasi kawah....no complaints heard.

Thus this collection of boys from myriad backgrounds began their boarding school life, and we know little of what lies ahead, but all were game to face it, come what may.

That first night a few sobs were discernible, after all we were still kids who miss the familiarity of home!

Breaking In

Indeed, most of us do not really know what to expect.

For those from the kampong, a few may not have seen a toilet (though still bucket toilets) or bathe under shower even, but they are certainly familiar with the bed-bugs (pijat/pepejat), which are common with kapok mattresses and wooden bed frames, unlike possibly their urban new friends who would squirm at sighting one or may even barf when smelling a crushed bed-bug. Such was the variety.

GO TO MALAY COLLEGE!Part 2..



I was eventually enrolled in Form One MCKK together with Charlie, Shagul, Shahrudin, Fuad, Ridzuan, Nik Din, Sudin, Mahadi and I have forgotten the last one. There were ten of us. Mahadi was the biggest among us. We used to joke he was the only one among us who had hairs on his legs. Charlie was also taller than many of us. Incidentally, we were told later that among the ten of us, Charlie came out top in the interview. Even then he looked more confident than the rest of us. I only knew Fuad because we both came from the same school in Ketereh. Eventually we got to know the others. The first week was tormenting. We were all homesick of

course. I could hear Ahmad Mohamad, Wesmad to us all, who was crying almost every night. I believe he was given that name because of his affection to Gary Cooper, the Hollywood star famous for his cowboy movies. His bed was next to mine. So I could clearly hear his sobbing missing his friends in Gong Kapas.

”

Ahmad Ibrahim

Some take a few days to adjust, some weeks...maybe a few didn't get out of their shyness till as long as the second term.

All were generally quite quick adjusting to college life and making new friends, mainly because our beds are close to one another, and we share long tables at dinner, jostling and cramming into your allocated spacet on the long bench. You stand in queue for the showers, when using the toilets and when waiting for the limited shower cubicles and when sharing a common standing pipe to bathe when waiting for the cubicles took a long time, and through it all having to deal with Kuala Kangsar's infamous limited water supply. Water seems to run out just when you have lathered yourself or when you are late in waking up or when you sorely need it...there are many such stories.



Flared short pants!

Life In Prep School



New friends I've made.....

Within the bowels of the Prep School, itself an imposing high-ceiling structure with Greco Roman columns, with large windows, wooden staircases in the middle of the wide V-shaped building and another one at one end, we gradually found comfort in each other. We slept with the windows open, as the nights were mostly cool and we are safe from the mosquitoes in our mosquito nets.

We were marshalled by five Prefects who were clear authoritative figures whom we obey without question and of course, too, the ubiquitous, omnipresent Prep School Master, Cikgu Yusof Razak, whose house was just a few steps away. He provided the father figure, a towering man then to us 12 and 13 year olds, thus completing the whole picture of Prep School. There were the kitchen staff, from the cooks to the house-boys, they were our adult friends, to whom some of us make quick acquaintances to garner favours like bigger chicken pieces and food helpings.

Learning to make your beds, neatly arranging your lockers, preparing for the weekly inspections, getting used to the loud hand-swung bell that tell you meal-times, what to do, where to be etc. and later the very loud electric bells, these are among the things these young boys have to go through, and being in a separate block away from the seniors thus helps to let us find our footing in a boarding school.

Airing of mattresses and wooden beds at the basketball court, in the hot sun, once every term to rid the bed bugs, that's when the gotong royong spirit was impulsively instilled, self-help among the smaller boys and the bigger ones helping when bringing it back upstairs, of course the Prefects were there to instruct!

We were allowed weekly town leave, wearing our school uniform and badge, prim and proper. As the weeks progress, cliques were formed and town visits were in small groups, each having their own favourite eating and drinking outlets, provision shops and cinemas. Friendships and bonds develop, and evenings were spent sharing exploits or stories.

Bathrooms

With only 4 shower cubicles in the ground floor bathroom catering for practically the whole population, we quickly learned the culture of queuing up using your personal soap – box to mark your position in the queue, a practice perpetuated till the end of our stay at the college, and seldom would anyone 'break' the queue unannounced. Discipline. So most of us patiently wait and queue for the toilets and showers. For toilets, we sometimes used the kitchen staff toilets, which were bucket toilets.

The upstairs shower cubicles and toilets could not be used most times, unless very early in the morning or at night. It was actually above the kitchen, though not directly, and it was placed next to the store. It was quite scary to go to these toilets at night for those staying in the upstairs dormitories.



Getting familiar and happy...







Dining and Food

The Dining Hall have two long rows of tables with benches on either side, and at the head of this arrangement are the big table where the Prefects sat. We were allowed to start eating only when the Doa Makan was read. We each have our allocated rations and that's when we learn to eat only was what was served. No seconds and no 'pinching' – though that eventually happened and switching your plate of chicken with a larger cut portion of nearby neighbours became an art, to be perfected in latter years in the College. Some of us had to "learn" drinking milk on some days and there were always scrambling for the more delicious tasting vanilla and strawberry flavours. Later, your seats were marked to indicate your choice of flavours.

We had house-boys who helped served during dinner, replenishing drinking water, passing the soy-sauce. A few of us quickly develop a rapport with them so that they can get the bigger-sized cuts of chicken or fish or to secure bigger portions of the "lauk". Thus we learn – the art of relating with others bigger and older than ourselves - and, of course, securing what you want for yourself.

Inspections...

A very formal affair indeed which didn't take us long to be aware of its demands. It's when we have to put up our best and be at our best, from shoes to bed (bed-sheets tucked in taut), pillows smoothed, blankets tucked in at the foot of the bed, to the lockers (everything arranged neatly and clean) and even to how your mosquito nets have to be folded while hanging on top of your beds. We have to display our

The Prep School as we knew it.....

soap boxes (of course with a fair sized soap in it!), our tube of tooth-paste, tooth-brush and clean sport shoes and slippers neatly arranged under the foot of the bed.

The Prep School Master, Cikgu Yusof, the Prep School Head Prefect and the Dormitory Prefect, will make a detailed inspection every Friday and they will point out your 'mistakes' or ask a question when they found things amiss. Standing at attention and looking straight ahead, our hearts always beat faster as the Inspection party gets closer to you. One history-making incident was when one of us were sent to the detention class for "Smiling during Inspection" - an exceptional happening, the stuff of College folk-lore.

College Film Shows

Saturday nights were film show night in College. The shows were at the Hargreaves Hall. For the Form One students we were to occupy the left and the right wings/balcony of the hall where the chairs are arranged, one front-back row having clear, uninterrupted view of the screen, the other row you have to balance your body to watch the shows. To get the better seats, after dinner at the Prep School we will be rushing and running out of the dining hall, pass the Gym, under the casuarina trees to the Hall. Since there were no lightings there, some tripped and fell down hitting on the protruding roots of the trees. Obviously the bigger and more athletic boys will get the better seats.



Ahmad Termizi Puteh



Proud as dorm mates....

Pocket Money

We got to know Pak Rubian, the School's Second Clerk who was responsible for dishing out the monthly pocket money that we have to withdraw after being subjected to his 'interrogation' as to why we need so much money. We were told and guided on how to manage our expenses, but pretty soon we became adept at providing answers to justify our withdrawal. We check the Notice Board often to see if our father/family had sent us any money through the school or if there was any registered letter (meaning money being mailed) for us.

We were asked to join the Thrift Society and the very likeable, portly Mr Rajaratnam, who taught us Mathematics was the Teacher in Charge. He would also go the classroom on specific days if we want to make any deposits or withdrawals.

Other than that, we were never 'controlled' when it comes to spending our pocket money, but have to learn when to buy things like toothpastes, tooth brushes, soap and the like. This is because a virtually empty toothpaste tube will certainly attract comments from En Yusof Razak and/or the Prefects during the weekly inspection, as would the dirty shoes.



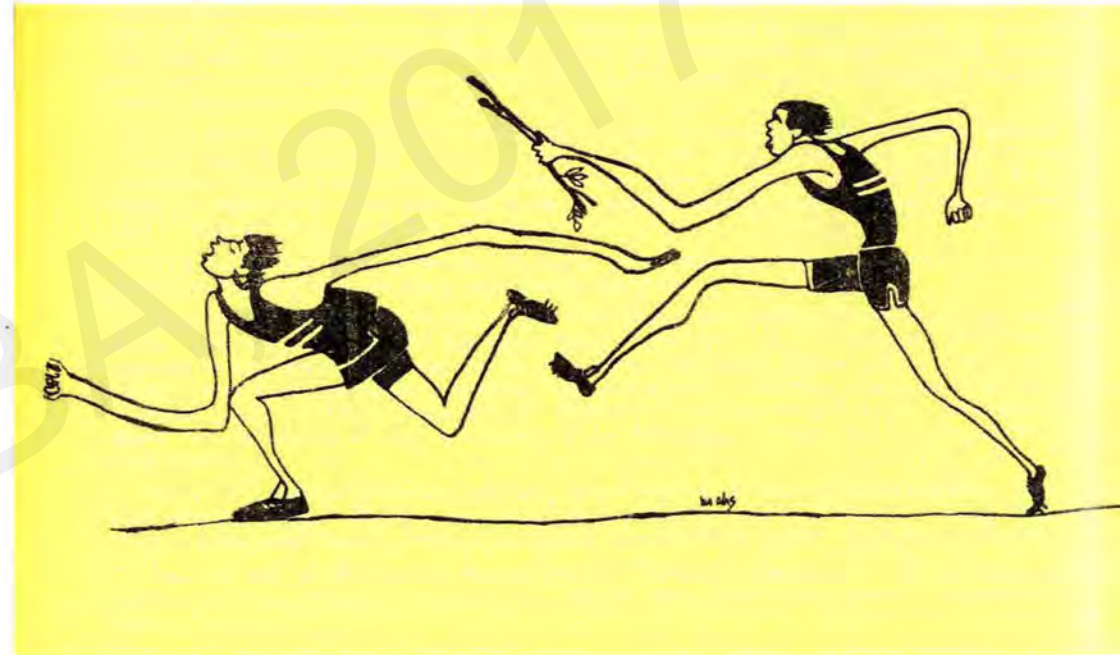
Towering Prefect...

Sports

We were encouraged to play games as there is a field nearby specifically for Prep School boys, one badminton court and two table tennis tables. There were board games of course, a small library cum reading room. There is a fully equipped gymnasium (the first ever in any school then) but it's quite off-limits to us Prep School boys as they'd be used for formal practices by the school badminton team and other games teams.

The competitive spirit was also nurtured for example through the establishment of a Top Ten Ladder for Table Tennis. After an open competition, the top 10 singles player and Doubles Team were established, and if you are ranked 10, you can challenge the person ranked ninth and if you win you move up the ladder. Anyone can challenge the tenth ranked player to get into the list.

However through such arrangements, one can expect the better players to hog the table tennis tables in normal days as they adopt the "Winner Stay" practice, thus practically depriving others to play, not necessarily driven by selfishness, but by the competitive spirit to hone their talents through more practice. Maybe a means to develop guile and cunning with which to face the real world.....



School Magazine 1967 by Mahsun Taib

GO TO MALAY COLLEGE!Part 3

But after the first month, most of us got over the homesickness. In fact soon when I got to know more of the Form One colleagues, there was no more pining for home. Looking back, Prep school days were memorable in many ways.

Though many among the C66 generally regarded me as a book worm, may be because of my glasses, in Form One I did show some surprising talent in sports. I remember becoming the Doubles champion in the prep school table tennis tournament. I partnered my good friend Sudin Dolah. I still remember the strategy to win. I would serve in such a way that it was difficult for the opponent to return the service. In the final we played against the top player Talib Fab who partnered Hishamuddin Yunus. The two were known to be formidable table tennis champions of prep school. We tore them apart. We literally humiliated them. We beat them in straight sets. They were humbled. Because of my tricky serve, they always returned a high ball and Sudin was excellent with his smash. We surprised everyone and won the championship trophy. This was presented at the Hargreaves Hall by the HM. I do not remember where that trophy is now.

Ahmad Ibrahim

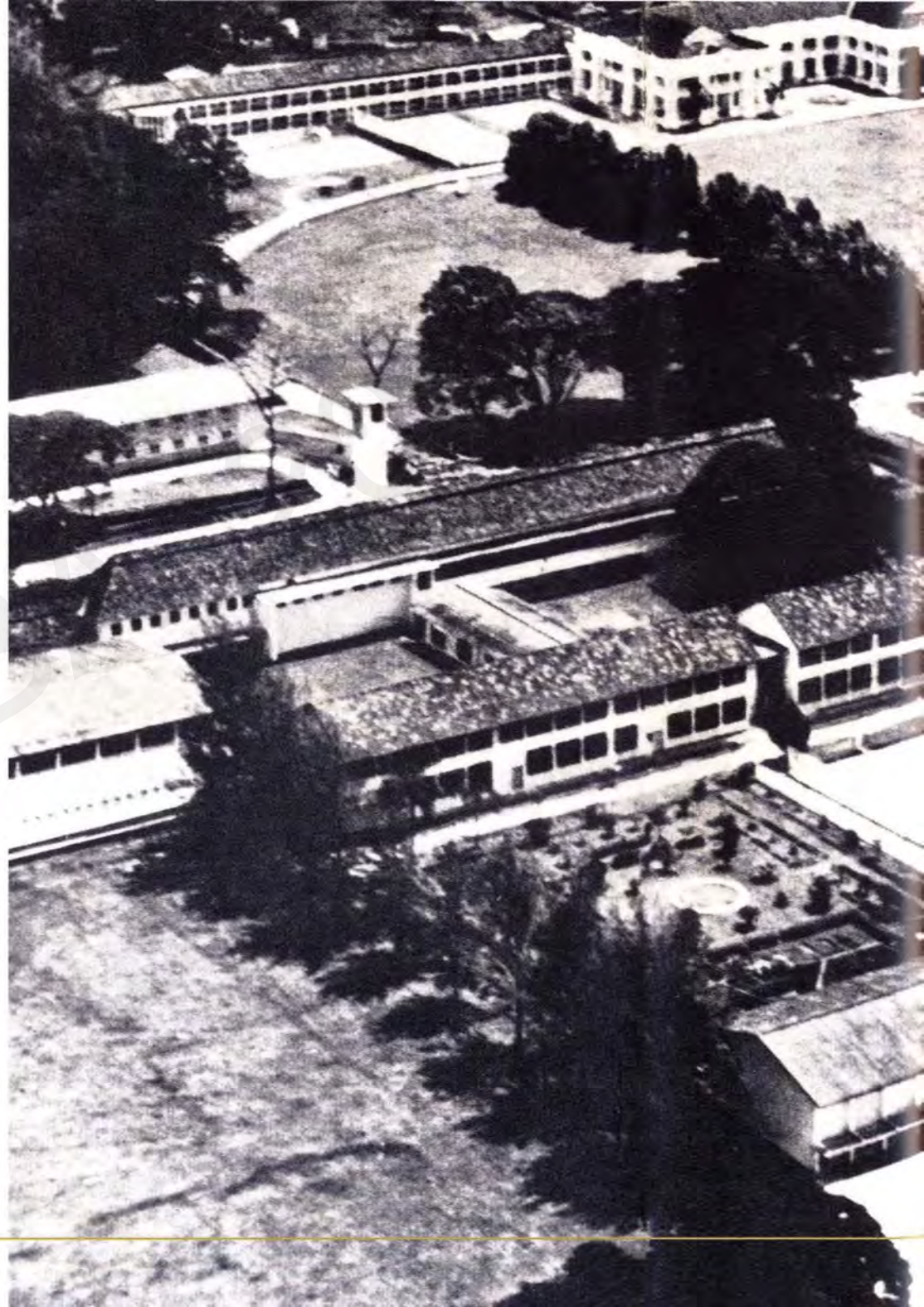


Football is game familiar to most of us, a popular game in all schools, primary and secondary, and the game for Malaysians then. The field can be expected to be crowded most afternoons with a game being played in the main pitch with as many as 15 in a side, or smaller matches played at the fringes. In time, those with the better footballing skills will feature more and a number of teams developed for short impromptu matches

Since only a limited number can be accommodated in a team that is playing, the rest of us have to find our own games to play every afternoon. Badminton, table-tennis require equipment that have to be shared, so first come, first served. Rugby...that's new to most of us. Flying model aeroplanes attached to a rope, that made some of us go gaga. Gymnasium, the range of things we saw in there was fascinating, the exercises you can do and have to do. Watching 'giants' playing basketball, relative to our heights the very senior boys playing them seem so tall to us, the ball so big in our small hands.

Sports – this is the arena where we learnt, accepted and adopted the principle of water finding its own level – you can't participate in football if you are not big enough or strong enough or have played the game in primary school. So, the smaller boys or those with less sporting tendencies have to find something else to play and do, uncomplaining and simply learning how to fit in, to wait your turn or to win/earn your turn.

Valuable lessons all, never taught, but learn you must.





Activities

There were limited organised activities specifically for the Prep School boys. We participate in the activities of the various clubs and association's that we chose to become members of. For the lucky few, they got to participate in excursions outside of Kuala Kangsar.

There were also picnics organised, either on a dormitory basis led by the Prefects and organised by the boys involved, or on house basis, organised by the more senior boys. Such picnics were often chaperoned by one or more teachers. A few times, Encik Yusof Razak would head the group and he brought along his older sons too. Ulu Kenas was a favourite spot.

The small Library have a collection of reading books for early teens, and the popular ones include the Enid Blyton's Famous Five series. For some of us, such books were indeed 'new', some may have read it whilst at Primary school and some may have heard of it then but never had the time, or desire, to read it. But Enid Blyton began to acquire new fans and a few might have managed to cover all the titles!

Comics – like Beano and Dandy - were another favourite, with some of them buying them and they were shared among those keen. MAD magazine began to make its rounds and Alfred E. Neuman gained new fans too.

Scouts Concert 1962

I had the early chance to appear on stage at the Hargreaves Hall while in Form One during The 1st KK Troop Scouts Concert initiated by Sanusi Junid, the Asst. Scout Master of the Troop. It was a fund raising move to generate income for the Scouts activities. I was in the Scout Choir and another scene singing the camp fire songs. It was the first time I was on stage in front of a large audience in the Hargreaves Hall. That was a good introduction, exposure to stage performance and appreciation of music and singing in a concert. I really fancied the college stage band with the piano, guitars, drums and the big double bass especially when they were playing the opening number, 'My Shawl.'

Ahmad Termizi Puteh



Taiping... Segan segan lagi kot...

Understanding Authority

The Prep School year was when we learn to quietly accede to rules and regulations. The only illustrations of authority were the Prefects and the 'giant of a man' Cikgu Yusof Razak, more a father figure than an authority. We obey the bell, which tells us what is the time for, to move on to the classroom and do the next expected thing for whenever the bell rings or tolls, rather, as it was indeed a big brass bell. It taught us to silently obey, although it stirs defiance sometimes!



Mr John Partridge, Form 1A 1962



We learn to acknowledge expectations and standards of behaviour. Daily routines were developed and most of them were linked school regulations, written and unwritten, and there were more unwritten rules than written ones.

The silent obeisance to authority is a necessary foundation of life in a boarding school. The fact that it was instilled in us within the first year of boarding school life, it provided us with a strong foundation to build new mores of behaviour, but always accepting and acknowledging that there is 'authority'. We learned that when caught breaking rules, there was no room for questioning other than accepting the 'judgment' and facing the consequences. Strange as it may seem, but it prepared us to stand and face the music as it were and move on, don't waste time or lamenting, treating it as another experience, another lesson learnt.

Valuable lessons all, never taught, but learned we did, for you have to.



Beyond all that, Prep School is more where we learned to live together as a group, later to be known as a batch, accepting each other as equals yet acknowledging who is better in what, where and when. We learn inter-personal skills that were never taught, but learnt through practical experiences. We grew up at our own pace, develop our own mores and practices, developing their own social knits.

We gained self-confidence and were ready to face life in Big School. Now that's another thing altogether! Mixing with the Form 3 boys, sharing toilets and baths with the more senior guys, where we'd be the most junior! Fear?

Balek Kampung after one year....



MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

1st Row (L. to R.) :—Che' Rahishah, Inche' Yusof Razak, Mr. G. Thanarajan, Mr. D. K. Gupta, Inche' Abd. Rahman, Mr. P. A. Norton, Mr. N. J. Ryan (The Headmaster), Mr. G. K. Iyer, Mr. Peter Chen Chieh Tang, Mr. A. Ratnam, Inche' Mohd. Ghazalli, Tuan Haji Ghazalli, Mr. Selvanayagam, Mrs. Amy Hussein.

2nd Row (L. to R.) :—Inche' Ahmad Hazari, Inche' Shahbudin, Mr. Yoong Khoo Weng, Mr. Kamalantran, Mr. Ang Thoon Seng, Mr. G. Palmer, Inche' Abu Zakaria, Mr. Chin Lim Sem, Mr. Rajamanickam, Mr. Amirthalingam, Inche' Abd. Kuddus.

3rd Row (L. to R.) :—Ustaz Nawawi, Ustaz Abd. Rahman, Mr. Leong Chee Seng, Mr. Tara Singh, Mr. Balasubramaniam, Tuan Syed Bakar, Mr. Liew Mui Chang, Mr. Felix Teh Theam Siew, Mr. R. Gieri, Mr. Robert Bojonovsky, Mr. Mah Chor Yong, Y. M. Raja Raffnan, Mr. A. Nadarajah, Inche' Rubian.

Absent :—Mr. K. N. Mehrotra, Mr. T. A. M. Bennett, Mr. D. J. Tate.

SHORT PANTS YEARS • 1962 - 1964

We returned to College for our second year, in early January 1963, fresh and with some measure of excitement and concern, as we'd be staying in the same block with our seniors. 1963 turned out to be a rather historical year for the Federation of Malaya and there were a few major historical events.

The then Sultan of Perak, Sultan Yussuf Izzuddin Shah Ibni Almarhum Sultan Abdul Jalil Karamatullah Nasiruddin Mukhataram Shah Radzillah, KCMG who was the 32nd Sultan of Perak, passed away on January 4th at Istana Iskandariah, Kuala Kangsar. He was among the first students of MCKK having joined the College in 1906 and studied here for 5 years after which he entered the civil service and in 1938 he was appointed the Raja Muda of Perak. There was a month-long period of mourning and we had a white band across our songkoks as a mark of mourning.

"The date 16th September 1963 will perhaps be best remembered as the birthday of the Federation of Malaysia which embraces Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and Sabah into a single political entity with a multiracial population of over 10 million." (The Malay College School Magazine 1962 printed in 1963). As 13 and 14-year olds it was probably just another holiday for joyous celebrations and town visit, it's significance rather less as we were busy adjusting to 'real' boarding school life.

"The 26th of October will be remembered in a different way, of particular significance in the state of Perak. This date was the installation of the 33rd ruler, Duli Yang Maha Mulia Sultan Idris Al-Mutawakil Alallahai Sultan Shah Ibni Al-Marhum Sultan Iskandar Shah Kaddasallah, an old

boy of the College, which was celebrated in a grand scale throughout the state" (The Malay College School Magazine 1962 printed in 1963). The whole Kuala Kangsar town were bedecked with a lot of arches commemorating the event, and one was also erected at the College's main gate. There were a week of celebrations, maybe more and we were allowed evening town-leave to go to the Iskandar Palace grounds that was made into a fairy-land of lights and various entertainment booths. A few of us got the privilege to enter the main Palace Buildings as one of our batch mates, Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah (RATS) was a close member of the royal family.

Shod in white short pants (some literally 'wide', skirt-like), with white short-sleeved shirts, white socks and black shoes, during these years we can be seen scampering here there and everywhere in the school grounds and in Kuala Kangsar town. In the town, which gradually becomes "our town", we made spots and places ours (marking our personal territories) but all the time behaving rather well, conscious of the fact that all the townspeople know we are College Boys, and truth be told, they do want us to behave "as Budak Kolet should" they say. While most will put up with our antics, there were the few stares when we sort of crossed the lines. There were the seniors and of course the Prefects who would keep an eagle eye on the younger boys, prominent, shod as we were.

Each of us have different recollections of these growing up years, the early-teen to mid-teen years. Memories abound, recollections frequent, tales recounted countless times and pranks related with an air of satisfaction.

Making Kuala Kangsar our town

Kuala Kangsar is relatively a small urban town, but its status as a Royal Town allows it to develop its own aura, retaining its splendour and characteristics through time. It was a small town then in the 1960s, where most of us spent a total of seven years of our growing up years. It has a landmark clock tower on a roundabout fronting the road leading to Bukit Chandan, where the Palace is situated, a Post Office near that roundabout, several rows of double storey shops, 3 cinemas (Rex, Cathay and Grand), a bazaar, bus terminal, police headquarters and of course a district hospital.

A small town it was and it is easy to complete the town in one town visit. However, Kolej boys were able to create their own 'places of interest,' gathering spots and hideouts. But our Kuala Kangsar has its New York, the Riviera!

There were the favourite restaurants and food stalls – Queens Restaurant, Yut Loy, Panjang Stall (which has the only juke box in town), the Rex Kueyteow stall and of course the quaint and special "Riviera" (a small stall by the riverside, close to the Chandan Bridge), "New York" (the collection of single storey thatched-roof eating shops and small businesses fronting the boat jetty to Sayong), the Swami Store that seems to sell everything, the Chong Wah stationery supplies and bookshops, the Kedai Tinggi, the record shops, the photo studios... more locations and shop names can be listed, each with their own 'specialties'.

The town of Kuala Kangsar became a fertile ground for this group of 13-15 year-olds, in their all white school uniform, white short-



pants, and black shoes to experience new and different adventures. We discovered girls, found our own favourite stalls, parts of the town to hang around and favourite restaurants and most times giving these spots our own names.

Thus we made KK 'our' town, our Kualer. Our attachment to the town is total to the extent that post-MCKK, we always refer to a trip to KK as 'Balek Kualer'.

College Life

Adjusting to the discipline of a 'wider' environment in the boarding school life, staying in the overflow dormitories according to houses, eating in a much bigger dining hall with the prominent High Table, frequenting the Junior Common Room, and avoiding the Senior Common room, out of deference to seniority. Each having their own rules and making new friends. As Form 1 boys, we only go to the Big School area for games and specific occasions or activities. The Form Three boys were the senior among the juniors. They were distinct because they were allowed to wear long white stockings, and boy, it was a 'privilege' and they seem to have a new swagger in their walk, it's a mark of coming to adulthood.

From the relative safety of the Prep School where the only seniors were the Prefects, we moved to the Big School when in Forms Two and Three. All of us were housed in the over-floor dormitories on the upper floor of the Big School, built in 1909, a majestic building with its Greco-Roman Composite Order architecture with tall, round columns

Riviera as seen by Tuan Syed Bakar



Increasingly confident....developing an attitude...

tapering at the top with Corinthian details. Very grand. It made us feel welcome as this is the 'real' Malay College 'life'.

We do have our own bathrooms, as the seniors at the dormitories in the Wings mainly use the bathrooms at the end of the blocks, however the seniors will still use these same bathrooms as their dormitories are close to it. So, at Form Two we began to mingle with the Third Formers, a gradual development in managing relationships with people only a year older than you.

These were the years when we learned new tricks and hatch different ways to face the challenges of life in a boarding school. We did everything and sometimes nothing and were rather oblivious to proper sense of responsibility to develop qualities that should hold us in good stead for the future. Who is thinking of the future? We were busy growing up!

So busy were we growing up and doing new things that naughtiness was a wanton feature of our characters and challenging authority an underlying feature though not in any arrogant manner. Breaking rules were necessary experiments to test our wits more than an affront to authority. Subconsciously, the Kolet social system were making us go through the paces of living up to our school motto – Fiat Sapientia Virtus – Let Manliness Come Through Wisdom.

Regimentation becomes a way of life, ruled by the bell and the rather precise time slots. There specific standing rules like being properly dressed in full school uniforms when going out for Town Leave and for Friday prayers. Lining up for specific activities like mosque parades and trooping to the Hargreaves Hall for Assembly become 'automatic' for most of us.

We thus began learning how to brighten up the mundane and fill our time. We do seem to have a lot of free time despite the class schedules and the activities that were compulsory. Lolling in bed, playing the guitar, listening to the radio, chatting at the balconies, relaxing in the common rooms – strangely, nobody seems bored.

We began packing as much as possible within that window of time available to us, the times in the dormitories, on the fields and various court games, board games and in town during town leave. Of course we have more time to ourselves during the weekend, especially Sundays. Pranks are the order of the day as we amuse ourselves, and 'obeying' rules become a 'creative' pursuit, setting new boundaries to not being caught 'disobeying' them. We accepted and seldom question authority, and getting caught is just a part of the game!

Being naughty can be an understatement at times, as we learn and observe what those before us did and watch what the seniors do. Sometimes we become creative in trying out the patience and latitude of those with authority – the teachers, especially the Duty Master, and the Prefects. They run the school and they are the ones we have our run-ins with.

Thus we learn to have to pay the price for disobedience, with no grudges, as the Prefects and the Teachers were essentially doing their duty. Though at times we grumble about unfair 'decisions' or 'treatments', we accept them nonetheless, taking it in like a man.

Learning financial discipline was another integral part of learning in these early years in the College.

Typical School Days

(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Saturday)

6:30 am	:	Bell to wake up
7:00 am	:	Breakfast
7:30 am	:	School begins
10:30-11:00 am	:	Break
1:20 pm	:	Lunch

DAILY ROUTINES

Monday

2:30-4:00 pm	:	Afternoon Prep / Classes
4:10 pm	:	Tea
4:00-6:30 pm	:	Town leave for Sixth Formers
6:30 pm	:	Bell for bath
7:20 pm	:	Dinner
7:50-9:15 pm	:	Prep for Forms I & II
7:50-9:50 pm	:	Prep for the rest of the school
9:30 pm	:	Lights out for Forms I & II
10:15 pm	:	Lights out for Forms III, IV & V
11:00 pm	:	Lights out for Sixth Formers

Tuesday

2:30-4:00 pm	:	Rest (Silent Hours)
5:15-6:15 pm	:	Tuesday Activities

Rest of the day same as Monday

Wednesday

2:30-4:00 pm	:	Afternoon Prep / Classes
4:10 pm	:	Tea
4:00-5:30 pm	:	Town leave for whole school

Rest of the day same as Monday

Thursday

2:30-4:00 pm	:	Rest (but some have Afternoon Classes)
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Otherwise, same as Monday except :

- Headmaster dines with the boys instead of Duty Master*
- Instead of Prep, Union Night or Society Night (alternately)*
- Lights out for all non-sixth Formers - 10:15 pm, Sixth Formers - 11:00 pm*

Saturday

Same as for Thursday, except that after Dinner there is usually a film show in the Hargreaves Hall.

Holidays are Fridays and Sundays (Once a month, on the last week-end of the month, Friday becomes a school-day and Saturday forms part of the weekend holiday)

Friday

7:30 am	:	Breakfast
9:00 am	:	Weekly inspection followed by Town Leave
12:00 noon	:	Lunch
12:40 pm	:	Mosque Parade
till 6:30 pm	:	followed by Town Leave

Rest of the day same as Monday

Sunday

7:00 am	:	Breakfast
8:30 am	:	Town Leave
12:30 pm	:	Lunch
till 6:30 pm	:	End of Town Leave

Rest of the day same as Monday



We were taught and encouraged to manage our funds. Parents were only allowed to send money through the School Administrator, who would then put up a list on the notice board every other day informing who had received pocket money from their parents. Later, we were encouraged to open up a savings account at the post office as some parents began sending money orders.

Tuesday mornings were always being looked forward to. "Bangun! Selamat Pagi Encik Rubian!" – that was an announcement that was looked forward to by the class as it also means no lessons for

about 10-15 minutes! Pak Rubian, as we affectionately called him, was one of the school's clerks and were in charge of Pocket money. He was a jolly, heavy set, round man, always smiling, and had a loud voice. We can't help but be embarrassed when he comments on your 'application' to withdraw your pocket money. "Kenapa banyak sangat nak ambik ni? Selain dari bayar dobi, duit ni untuk apa ni?" We have to submit to him a slip of paper listing our targeted expenses for the month to justify our withdrawal application. Once in a while he will reduce the amount you requested. This practice was later done at the 'window' in the school lobby.

Mr Rajamanickam, our Mathematics Teacher in the Lower Forms, was the Teacher in charge of Thrift Society. He will always encourage us to keep money with the Thrift Society and always advise us not to spend unnecessarily whenever we want to make withdrawals.

At this of our College life, we learn to 'test the waters' of civil disobedience, up to our naughty pranks like skipping classes where possible.

Ustaz Nawawi taught us Ugama and Quran reading while Ustaz Kasim only taught us Quran reading. A few of us who cannot now recollect Ustaz Kassim could be the ones missing his classes regularly! We had to trudge about 500metres from the New School Building where the classrooms were to the back of the Big School for our Quran classes.

“

There was an occasion when we were making our way to the Surau, half way through about half of the class were already missing! They actually went to the dormitory, missing the Quran class. It happens that our Headmaster Mr Ryan is up to that trick and he went to the dormitories to surprise them, making them run helter skelter. A few were caught in the toilets, our HM was very wise to the antics of his younger charges. Being caught by the HM was punishment enough, there were less truants in ensuing classes!



Mohd Tahir Azhar

”

Most afternoons after lunch there will be Prep Hours when we have to go back to our classes to do our homework and there were also specific times when we had to go to the School Library for at least one period. Some of us volunteered to become Librarians, responsible to restack the books returned and process the borrowings. Of course, while some were reading books, more were just sitting and chatting, drawing the "Shush!" from David the Librarian to remind us to keep quiet and read.

On Tuesdays, there would no Afternoon Prep but we have to remain in the dormitory and that period was called the "Silent Hours", with no talking, just sitting on your bed, resting and reading. We were being taught to value our own quiet moments, those caught making noises were either sent to 'Confinement' which means that we have to spent a couple of hours of the weekend in the classroom and not allowed to go out to town until Confinement period is over. The more serious offences like running around and making a nuisance would draw the 'Detention Class' punishment when you cannot go out to town for a whole week. Your name will be read out during the School Assembly on Thursday mornings together with an announcement of your 'offence'.

College Food

During these early years at the college when we were referred to as the 'babes' of the school, we also learn to live with what have been given, little complaints, just resigning to accept. The College food, nasi kawah as it has been referred to, takes a lot of getting used to. But by the second year we learn to 'appreciate' or more accurately 'accept' it as it is.

	BREAKFAST	10:30	LUNCH	TEA	DINNER
SATURDAY	Bread and Kaya Tea		Fried Fish & Kichap, Kacang Kundus, Kuah Lemak, Banana	Cake Tea	Daging Hitam, Kuah Lemak, Taugeh/cabbage, Rice
SUNDAY	Nasi Lemak Ikan Bilis, Coffee		Fried Egg, Sambal ikan Bilis, Sayor Kangkong, Rice, Curry, Banana	Biscuits Tea	Daging slice, Carrot, Cabbage Soup, Rice, Coffee
MONDAY	Bread & Margarine, 1 egg, Nescafe	Curry Puff Pineapple cordial	Fried Fish, Kicap	Pulut Udang Tea	Daging Rendang, Kuah Lemak, Salad, Rice, Tea
TUESDAY	Beehoon, Tomato sauce, Tea	Chekodok, Orange, Cold Lychee	Fried Fish & Sambal, Kachang Panjang, Kuah Asam, Rice, Banana	Pengat Pisang Tea	Daging Kichap, soup, Pachri Nenas, Rice, Coffee
WEDNESDAY	Nasi Lemak, Prawn, Cucumber, Coffee	Kueh Bom Cold Nescafe	Fried Fish & Cuka Salad, Kuah Tumis, Rice, Banana	Kueh Kochi Tea	Daging Curry, Kangkong, Kuah Assam Pedas, Rice, Tea
THURSDAY	Beefsteak, Bread, Nescafe	Cake, Watermelon, Cold Cordial	Ikan Masak Lemak, Cabbage, Kuah Assam Pedas, Rice, Banana	Bubur Kachang Tea	Daging Slice (ayam), Carrot Tahu & Puchok, Kuah Tumis, Rice Coffee
FRIDAY	Bread & Kaya Tea	Serimuka, Apple, Cold Lychee	Curry Daging, Keledek, Fried Fish, Rice, Banana	Pengat Pisang Tea	Daging sambal, Petola, Soup, Rice, Tea

WE SURVIVED!

We survived!

Imagine going through this type of menu for practically the whole year, yet, nasi kawah is nasi kawah, and do we all grew-up somehow to become rather robust teenagers! Presumably the town leave accorded

us with the opportunity to fill up with 'real' food, whenever we have the pocket money to spend. During the weekend lunch or tea meals, those who do not go out to town will be rather spoilt for choice to have a good sized piece of the beef or chicken or fish or cakes served.

If you represent the school in the major games, then you'd be given an egg for breakfast every day. A place on the Messing Committee is a treasured position to the extent that membership was shared among cronies. As a member of the Messing Committee, you get invited to tea with the Food Matron at her house, the House-boys will take note (or you made them take note) of your seat on which Dining Table (there are numbers to indicate seating positions on every table that seat about 10-12 persons), so that you will get the choicest piece of beef or chicken, perks which are priceless.

Faced with this, a place in the High Table, dining with the Duty Master, thus become a much awaited turn and it led to the development of a 'culture' where there's always a few boys lounging around the door behind the High Table, waiting for an opportunity to fill in any vacant spot/s.

Sports

These are the years to try out those sports that we may have never played before. Rugby is new to most of us, even chess to some, cricket and Eton Fives – "fives"? What game is that?

The school made it compulsory for us to be on the field on weekdays from 4.30pm till 6.00pm. Those caught in the dormitories will be sent to Detention Class or Confinement, although some would 'escape' by going to the classrooms at the new school, playing chess presumably! Playing sports are encouraged and leading a sedentary life is out of the question.

We were made to participate in athletic events prior to the main Sports Day as there are points to be scored for your respective Houses – through a Standards Test where your time, throw, jump etc. would be studiously measured and matched against established standards for each division from C Division (lowest) to A Division. There are standards set to be achieved for each Division – Low Standard (Half a point), High Standard (1 point) and College Standard (4 Points) which is considered as very high but below the College record for that event, a standards that would easily qualify you for the College's Athletics Team. There were a total of 10 athletic events including the Cross Country.

The points scored by each individual will be tallied according to Houses and added to the total points scored by each House in the Inter-House Team games. The House Team spirit is nurtured, and this House-spirit will remain strong even after years leaving the College.



And he grew up flying others.....

Houses

The normal question when two old boys, who are not familiar with each other, meet would be "Which Batch? House?" and with that all barriers will be down and we become "budak kolet".

Idris, Sulaiman, Mohd Shah and Ahmad – the four houses named after the four Sultans of the Federated Malay States who got together to establish the College. Assigned upon registration as a student and traditionally, members of the same family will be assigned the same houses such that one can find 3 generations of old boys all assigned the same house.



Growing to love this...

The House tradition is thick as all aspects of the College life other than academic were and are linked to houses, from assignment of dormitories, inter-house games, Champion House, and even activities were organised along houses like Annual House parties.

It becomes the foundation for developing the competitive and team spirits so much so that it lingers on well past College days. Wearing house coloured shirts can become an obsession for some.

Black Shorts

Black Shorts - a compulsory attire – normally with a white tops, for every afternoon games, since it is compulsory that we play games between 5pm and 6pm. Some would wear it, but for lounging around pretending that they were either on their way to the fields or back from it. Some who do not use it for games at all, would use it for bed!

The ubiquitous black short, if you have only one, you will wear it out soon enough, or it will not dry out sufficiently for the next day. Thus was born the casual habit of conveniently snatching black shorts right off the clothes-lines, it has become an accepted happening, though arguments may ensue if the 'borrower' did not wash it after use, just putting it back on the clothesline! This practice of 'borrowing' would generally be referred to as 'tenggek' and its span goes beyond black-shorts and its meaning to include taking someone else's place (eating at the High Table for example).

Representing the House and the School

From the exposure to games in Prep School, some of us revel in the opportunity to play in as many games as we could. The first term is the Soccer season, with Athletics and Hockey taking centre stage in the second term and Rugby is the main game in the third term. Court games like basketball, tennis, badminton, table tennis and sepak raga jarring may span two terms and similarly for board games like chess. In time one will tend to focus on one particular game for the term.

Through informal games played on some afternoons, names were picked to join the school team which normally would have senior and junior (under 15 normally) teams. Quite a few of us caught the attention of the respective team captains, Masters in charge and Coaches and were asked to train with the school teams. Some of us were selected to represent the school either in the second team or the Under-15 teams, and some became champions in the individual games.

Rosly had the distinction of being selected to represent the School First XI in Hockey as well as the Under 15 Team and the Second XI in Soccer in Form 2, and from then on Rosly began to feature in the major sports representing the school's first teams in Soccer, Hockey in 1964 and feature in most of the House team, where the rule is that school players cannot represent the house. From these early beginnings Rosly blossomed into a fine all-rounder representing the school even in athletics, as a member of the school and combined schools relay teams.



Scouts or Cubs?



Abu Hassan became the captain of the School Under-15 Soccer team in 1964, a team that also included Ahmad Shah, Ridzwan Salleh, Kamaruzzaman Zaini, and Shahid. Abu Hassan also featured in the school Sepak Raga team together with Shukri. Four of us were in the School's Under 15 Hockey Team that won the Perak Schools Hockey Championship in 1964 – Tengku Mohd, Yusof Hashim, Yaacob Othman and Ridzwan Salleh.

In individual games, Abu Talib became the School Table Tennis champion in the Open category in Form 2 and all the winners in the junior section were from the batch – Hishamuddin in Singles, with Raja Malek Kamaruzaman as Runner-up, Abu Talib and Hishamuddin in the Doubles and the Runners-up were Ahmad Zakaria and Khalid. In 1964 Izzuddin placed second in the Junior Section of the School Chess Tournament, and Ridzwan Salleh came in second in the Junior Section of the School Squash Individual competition. In Eton Fives, a game unique and played only in MCKK, Ridzwan Salleh and Dzulkifly was the winner of the Junior Section in 1964.

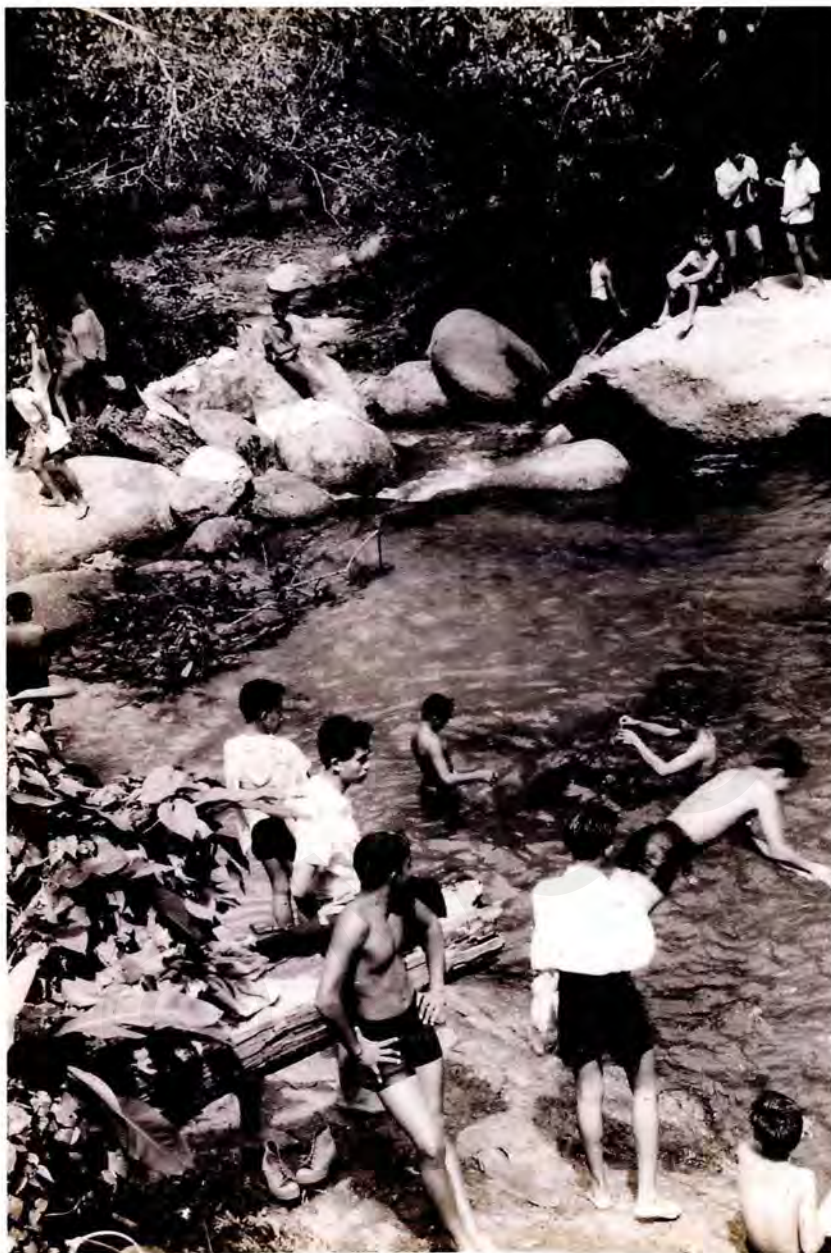
Activities

Apart from sports, we were made to register in formal activities like the Cadet Corps, Scouts, St Johns Ambulance Brigade and even Fire Fighting Club, which are classified as Tuesday activities – for which attendance is also compulsory. These formal activities take place every Tuesday afternoon after Tea.

We were also encouraged to be members of clubs and societies ranging from Subject-driven societies to Photography to state-based associations. There were also the Form Five Society, the Sixth Form Society, Senior Arts Society, Senior Science Society.



First Excursion to Penang.....slept in classrooms..

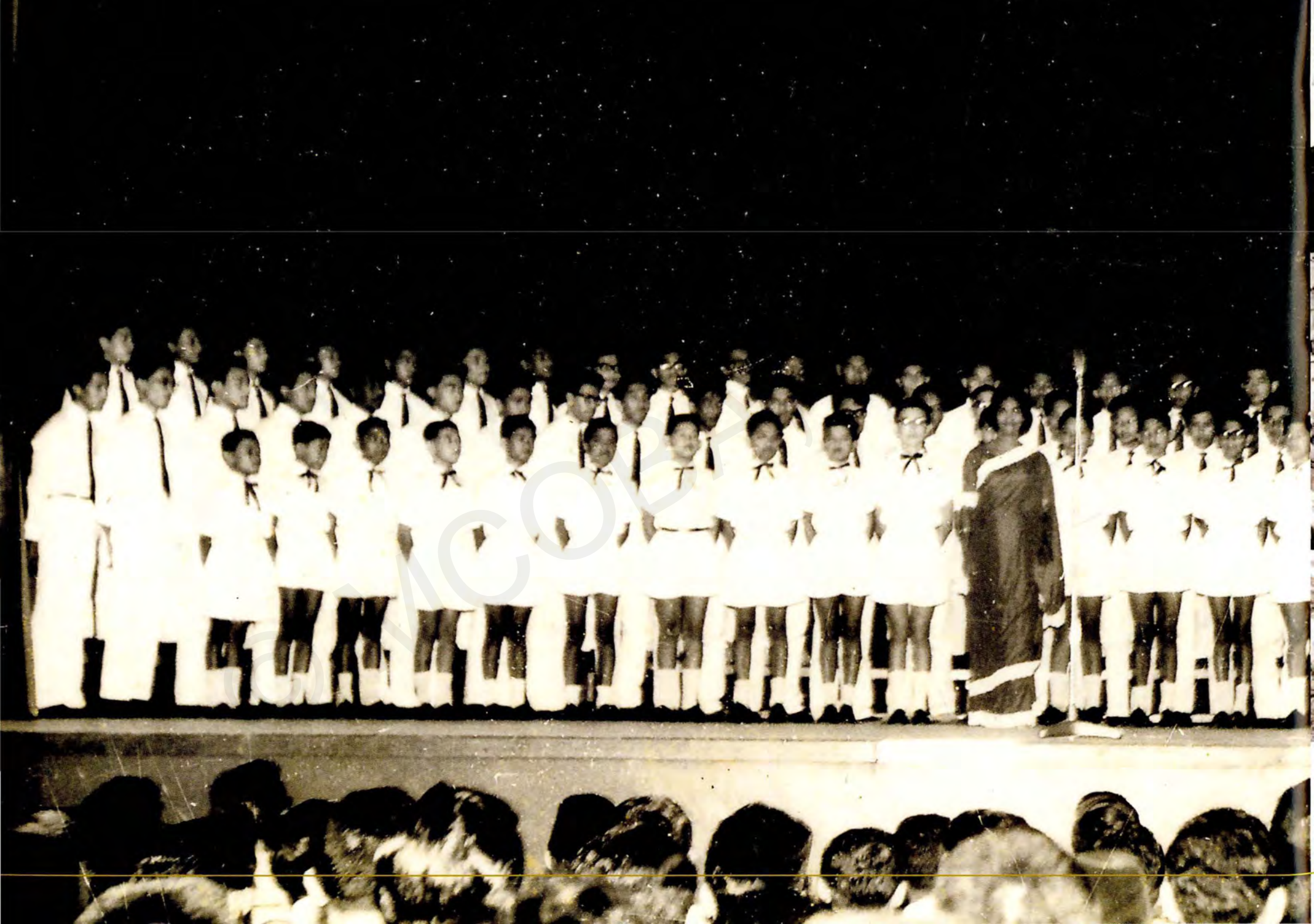


As junior members, initially we mainly participate in the various activities but gradually we'd be asked to contribute ideas and organise activities. The wide range of clubs and associations provided fertile ground for most of us to develop our inter-personal skills and the boarding environment allow us to independently decide on how to use our time and mobilise our resources.

Thus the College was indeed a fertile ground to develop inter-personal skills, developing self-worth and self-confidence allowing us the space, opportunity and safe environment. We also developed our talents, find talents that we do not know that we have, be it in sports and athletics, academic and hobbies including music.

When we were in Form 2 we stayed in the Overflow which is on the upper floor of the main Big School building and it has very high ceiling. Thus the dormitories only have 6-foot high partitions, giving it a more or less open floor feeling. There were only two transistor radios belonging to our mates and during the free hours they provided us with our only source of musical entertainment. Khalilur had one and he tinkered with it and added bigger speakers so that the music can fill the whole big room! On weekends we enjoy music from the 'Top of the Pops', Requests programmes aired by the then Radio Malaya, that's when we get our dose of popular songs. "Kee Huat Fantastic Facts and Fancies" was another favourite programme.

Favourite picnic spot...Ulu Kenas



Music and singing seems to come naturally to some of us, and soon guitars surfaced and initially there was only one or two persons who can play the guitar, but in no time several more new talents developed. Singalongs were the order of the day during the free times in between the activities and weekends. New singers popped out too!

There were the annual competitions from College Talentime to Quran Reading, Oratory and Debates. A few of us became bold enough to take part and even excelled, Engku Hashim was a winner of the Quran Reading Competition even when in Form one and was in the top 3 position the following years. Shagul's talent came to the fore as he can both sing and play the guitar and he got involved in the school band. Khairuddin Yunus, Johari Abas were the notable singers performing in the school concerts. Behind them there were many more who took part in the contests or join in the singalongs.

Musical and singing talents mushroomed amongst us. Johari Abas got second place in the Kuala Kangsar Open District Talentime English Section while Khairuddin Yunus won the Malay Section. Quite a number of us joined the School Choir which was set-up in 1964 under the guidance of Mrs Tina Kamalantran.



Mrs Tina Kamalantran's Angels....

GO TO MALAY COLLEGE! Part 3

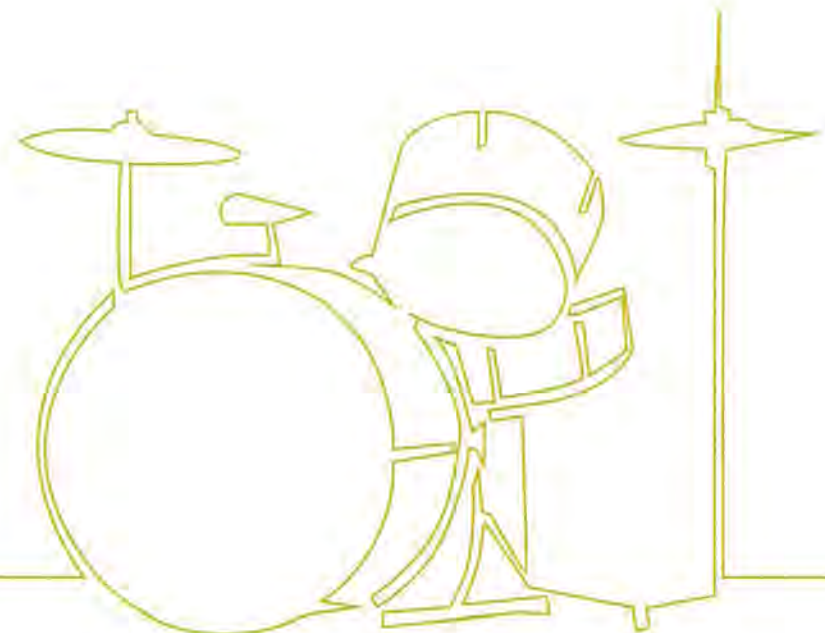
I was not very much into music when in Prep School. But I remember Khairuddin Yunus winning the talent time with his rendition of "Setangkai Bunga Mawar". Shagul was also showing his musical skills with his ukulele. I remember him singing a duet with Zahari Darus on stage. I think they sang "Tom Dooley". I only started getting close to music in Form two. I was inspired by the Wanderers of course with Ali Rajion, the college Elvis and Raja Ahmad Sheridan, who was a close copy of Cliff Richard. I could not play the guitar but I found drumming to somehow come naturally to me. I remember practising on the class desk especially during prep time.

Those days many of the college bands would practise back stage in the hall. I remember Shagul and Zahari were already teaming up with Rizz Karim in the group they called "The Electrons". One day during one of their practice sessions, I popped in to listen back stage. There I saw their drummer, can't remember the name, who struggled to keep the beat. And Rizz Karim, being the perfectionist that he was, was not happy. I could read his body language especially his eyes. I offered to try. It worked. I could not only keep the beat but also threw in the occasional flowery rolling at the right time. The rest is history. I was recruited into their band. I played the drum for the first time. I remember Encik Yusof Razak commenting later that he could hear the drum beat but he could not see the drummer. The drum was too big for me then.

From then on, music became part of me. I was always looking forward to when we had to perform. Later, Shagul, Zahari, Sudin and me teamed up to form the Jags 4. This later became Jags 4+1 with the addition of keyboardist Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah (RATS). At that time, the keyboard was just the simple organ. Notwithstanding that we had lots of fun. We even did a recording with Radio Malaysia Ipoh. And guess who provided the lyrics to the songs we did on radio? Fuad Hassan. Of course they were all composed by Shagul, the leader. I still remember Shagul always practising his tremolos! Those were truly fun days.

Given the chance, I for one would do that all over again.

Ahmad Ibrahim



There were enough Talentime competitions and concerts for these budding talents to develop their singing and even musical talents. More guitars appeared in the dormitories, and more people learned to play the guitars and to sing. Through this base, a few bands will develop amongst us.

Apart from singing, a few of us began to show prowess in public speaking even as early as in Form Two. Tahir Azhar won the Junior Section of the Badan Kesatuan Islam's Annual Elocution Contest in 1963, Kamaruzzaman Madarshah came in second in the Junior Section (English) of the Annual School Elocution Contest in 1963 while Khalilur Rahman won the Junior Section (Malay) of the same contest. Kamaruzzaman also came in second in the Junior Section of the same contest in 1964, while Tahir Azhar won the Junior Section (Malay).

In Form Three, as we began to participate in the various clubs and associations, some of us took advantage of the opportunity to pursue our specific interests, while some were selected to become office bearers.

Khalilur Rahman and Shaharuddin Omar became increasingly known as the faces of the Cinema Club from 1964. Being the most senior among the juniors some of us feature in the Junior Union and the Junior Arts Society and Science Society. (As reported in the School Magazine 1964). Bahar and Khalid got into the Messing Committee, a 'position' with obvious gastronomic-related benefits, which over years become a collection of cronies, but effective nonetheless!

The Junior Union

President	:	Abdul Hamid Ibrahim
Vice President	:	Yaakob Cha
Secretary	:	Kamaruzzaman Madarshah
Asst. Secretary	:	Kamarulzaman Zaini
House Representatives :		
Ahmad House		Ujang Joned
Idris House		Mohd Ismail Ibrahim
Sulaiman House		Mohd Saidi Hashim
Mohd Shah House		Yaakob Cha

The Junior Arts Society

President	:	Yaakob Cha
Secretary	:	Kamarulzaman Zaini
Asst. Secretary	:	Abdul Hamid Ibrahim
Treasurer	:	Latif bin Taha
Form Representatives :		
Form Three		Latif bin Taha

The Junior Science Society

President	:	Hanis Ahmad
Vice President	:	Mohd Bahar Mansor
Secretary	:	Mohd Saidi Hashim
Asst. Secretary	:	Abdul Hamid Ibrahim
Treasurer	:	Hamid Hussain
Librarian	:	Mohd Ismail Ibrahim

Most of the positions were filled through elections

College Customs and Traditions

Spending time in a boarding school promotes the development of values, habits, behaviours that gets emulated, repeated or 'improved' over time to become accepted practices. Staying in a boarding school where there are Forms 1 to Upper Six does have lots of plus points, character development-wise.

One of the more important aspects contributing to character development is the many references that a student in a school with about 650 students with that 7 year age spread, 40 odd teachers and many supporting staff can provide. There is also the time factor, since they'd be together for 3 months at a stretch. There was thus a rich pool of role models that a young college boy can view, admire and choose from, and to emulate, also good and bad habits. From sportsmen to academic champions and simple grass roots leaders to victors ludorum, from the quiet and confident to the raucous and loud. There are the heroes as well as those who tried but failed, didn't try and fail, we are free to pick any one.

As juniors, we observe, follow and absorb. Respecting the seniors is a given thing, and admiring the Form Five boys and the Sixth Formers – who are veritably the distinguished seniors – for many different reasons. While we revel in the company of our own batch-mates, the fact we may have boys who were one year our senior as our dormitory mates help us to learn how to manage dealings with seniors. As juniors, we were more copy-cats, imitating what the senior does.



Selangor Boys Party



Juniors wear short pants, seniors don long pants and ties and the sixth formers have their blazers. These visible hierarchy help shape our thinking. Prefects wear long pants and ties too albeit different ties and they have their maroon blazers to distinguish themselves from the rest, but on most days they are just like any other senior – but we can still tell them apart from the rest, the social system accorded them with an aura of authority.

Learning to live together, it's something we gradually absorb, tolerating people's habits and idiosyncracies and upon reflecting, there were minimal arguments that leads to fights. We believe it was because the school eco-system kept us busy and occupied with little time and perhaps opportunity to be demanding on others or imposing on others. It's quite difficult to be a spoilt-brat actually...

Sharing essentials like a still-'filled' toothpaste tube to be displayed during inspections, or a clean pair of games shoes or slippers, requires adroit planning and nimble execution of transfer actions, from a dormitory that have been recently inspected to another which is yet to be inspected. Using soap-boxes to mark your position in a queue for shower cubicles or the toilet is another practice.

'Sharing' things through the casual consumption or use of what is not yours, with or without permission, marks a level of acceptance that is just short of raising anger and more towards resigning to accept that people will use or borrow them anyway. This practice is referred to as 'tenggek', a term used to describe all sorts of borrowing, use or partaking of the belongings of others or usurping their turn or just 'sharing'.



*Picnic with Cikgu Yusof
Razak's family*



Penang Excursion....

We create conventions and customs that become the stuff of stories when recollecting our times in KK. The upper floor of Yut Loy, a kopitiam of the day, for example is 'exclusive' for seniors, and seldom would you see boys in short pants going up to that floor. The seniors would tend to hog the juke-box at the Panjang Stall – famous for its ABC – not the least because the operator's daughters help man the stall on weekends and it is located next to the Cathay Cinema. The Queens Restaurant is famous for its western food and is a popular location for annual parties and club/association dinners.

There are certain places in town where the juniors – those in short pants – were not allowed to go to, some for safety reasons and some for specific collegians only. There are restaurants that were exclusive only to the seniors and even among such places, there are specific ones just for Prefects only.

We learn early that groups and societies have their pecking orders that has to be acknowledge and respected. We learn to accept them even if it is to our disadvantage as we know that come next year, we'll be there. Thus we learn to be patient and accept that our own day in the sun will come, we do not rebel unnecessarily. We learn how tolerate but at the same time we have the urge to, and harbour the desire to, change things when it is our turn. We need to be better than our seniors were, and leave our own mark in history.

Picnics and Excursions

These are specially organised trips normally to outstation towns arranged by batches or by societies. The most popular destination was Penang as it then had a 'tax-free' port status and things were cheaper and choices wider.

Being in the junior classes, we eagerly sign on for such trips and these were 'learning trips' for when we become seniors ourselves we would be better able to organise more interesting trips. Excursions would range from visiting historical or important places, camping and a few, just shopping trips. There were also the one-day outings to nearby local picnic spots – Ulu Kenas being one of them. The Uniformed units would sometime organise weekend camping trips as part of their activities.

BUKIT MAXWELL TRIP



A group of us planned to go hiking up Maxwell Hill in Taiping. With the HM's permission we collected rations from the college kitchen i.e. sardines, bread, kaya, canned pineapples etc. We set up base at my house in Pokok Assam about 6 miles from the foot of Maxwell Hill. The next morning we woke up early at 6:00am ready to go but it started drizzling, later heavy raining. By 11:00am the rain continued and we decided to abandon the trip. We finished off the food/rations at home and went back to KK with the Red & Yellow Omnibus. The following week, En Aziz the HM, also from Taiping excitedly asked me how the trip was. I told him honestly we didn't made it to the top because of the rain. (But didn't tell him we didn't even start and were not even at the foot of the Maxwell Hill!).



Ahmad Termizi Puteh

Being Sick

We have our own 4-bed Sick Bay with a Clinical Matron on duty daily. We visit her whenever we feel sick and she will send us to the Hospital if more sustained medication is required. St. John Ambulance Brigade members will be present at all school games and those injured will be immediately attended to and sent to the hospital if required. The omnipresent Duty Master and Duty Prefect will always be around to provide a presence of authority which somehow creates a level of confidence, knowing that if matters come to a head, immediate transport arrangements can be organised to send the injured and sick to the hospital.

Students will make their own way to the General Hospital for their repeat visits since it is within walking distance. Those admitted to the General Hospital for any form of treatment will have daily visits by the Duty Prefect and sometimes the Duty Master.



Every year from Forms 1 to 5, I will be admitted to the KK Hospital for fever, cough, measles etc. Every evening at about 6 pm the Duty Prefect will bring College cooked food in a tiffin carrier for the hospitalised collegians. Always thanking the prefects so as not to hurt them, but we gossiped amongst ourselves that the standard and taste of the college food were not much different with the hospital food (especially when you are sick with less appetite to eat)

Ahmad Termizi Puteh



Spectacles & Glasses



During our stay in MCKK 1962-68, there were no spectacle/glasses shop in K.Kangsar. To make glasses with power, we had to ask special permission from the HM to go either to Ipoh or Taiping during the week ends. Since I was from Taiping, I would seek permission to visit the optician shops either 'Chin Kong' or 'Sunlight' in Taiping, then took the advantage of going back home for lunch.



Ahmad Termizi Puteh

Parties

During these junior years we were gradually exposed to mixing with the seniors through informal parties and get togethers. We were introduced to socialising at such parties organised along societies, clubs, houses, dormitories, states and batch lines. Generally there were two types of parties with different socialising experiences.

There were parties that were essentially a gathering based on formal groups like societies, clubs or State lines and the like, and they were mainly tea parties. Such parties provided us juniors with a safe environment to get to know our seniors as the size of the groups we relatively small, except for the house parties or gatherings. We picked up socialising skills in such gatherings through observation and exposure. The first such party that we went to when we were in Prep School was an outdoor party near the East Wing with the Headboy,

Prefects and some seniors arranged by our Prefects. We were asked to sing a song as a group. We normally attend such gatherings wearing the school uniform and it can be held in town, and among the favourite locations was the Queen's Restaurant.

The other type of parties were the dance parties and we had our first Dance Party in Form Three at the Senior Common Room. We can wear any form of dress, and we had music from a record player

while some boys sang with guitar accompaniment. Mr Chin, our Maths Teacher sang the song "Autumn Leaves". To some of us, that party was when we learn to dance, and apart from the Twist, A-Go-Go dances, we danced and learned the rhumba and cha-cha-cha from each other. Someone recalled that our Headmaster Mr. Ryan took a peek later in the night to see whether we were behaving well.

We brought these experiences to future dance parties.....



How we were introduced to the seniors with the Matron gracing the party





Left : Form 3 Batch Party 1964

— Journey to MCKK & To A Reunion

It was 1957. My brother, Sidek, had just returned from Kirkby, now a trained teacher. He brought home a stack of Beano, Dandy and Tarzan comics. I indulged in them with great delight. Abang Sidek had been in that faraway famous school in Kuala Kangsar for as long as I can remember. He joined MCKK in 1948, in the second post-war batch and left in 1954 enduring the Carey-Duke-Howell eras. He told me of that great school, how the Headmaster Carey would ride his horse, trotting around the school for his inspection tours. I was inspired by all these stories – and the comics too! I wanted so much to also go to MCKK and thereafter to England.

In 1961, after passing the MSSEE (Malaysian Secondary School Entrance Examination), I attended an interview at the State Secretariat (SS) Office in Kuala Terengganu, for admission into MCKK. The SS office was housed in a wooden building and popularly known as the Pejabat Jam Besar, a most befitting nickname with its big clock façade. It was under this building built on stilts, that I spent many happy hours “fishing” for “Che’ Ru” (antlions) a creature that nests in perfect funnel-shaped, crater-like pits, purpose-built for trapping ants. My constant playmate then was Ridzuan Halim (Mat Duan) who had been my classmate in the Paya Bunga Malay School since 1955 and in Sultan Sulaiman Primary School (SSPS) from 1955-1960 when his father got transferred to Kota Bharu in 1960. I lost a dear friend, or so I thought.

Seven of us were selected to go to MCKK from that interview. From my SSPS class was Ahmad Mohammad, and Mohd Saidi Hashim Tahir. From another class was Engku Hashim Pengiran Anum. Mohamad Othman was the Dungun candidate and Tengku Mohd Radzi Tengku Jalil, the Besut candidate. Ismail Abdul Rahman was the Marang candidate.

I vividly remember the first ever trip to MCKK. We rode on a bus to Kuala Krai, picking the Besut boys along the way. At Kuala Krai we board the train that would take us south to Gemas and then back north to Kuala Kangsar. On that trip, which was my first ever train ride, I bumped into Mat Duan! We were reunited again, together with Fizri (our Malay School classmate) and Shahid Majid (from SPSS days) in MCKK. It was a most delightful reunion.

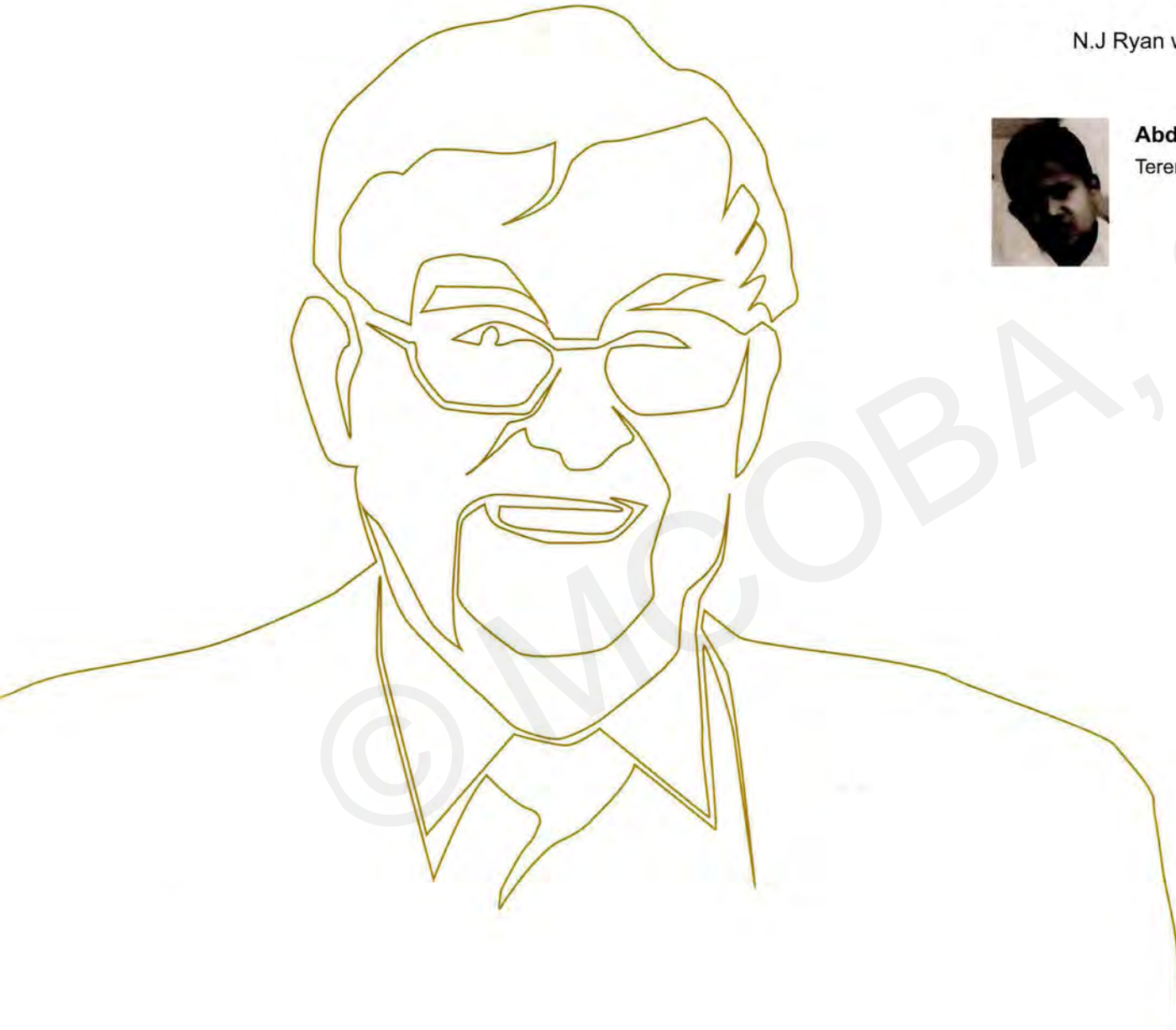
One incident in MCKK that I can clearly recall was the year-end Form Two party held at the Junior Common Room beneath the Overflow dormitories. That night we danced and sang. I remember singing “Why Do I Love You So” a then popular song by Johnny Tillotson. Unknowingly, Mr. N.J Ryan (the Headmaster) was peeping in through the glass window, watching our boyish antics. The next day I ran into the Headmaster and he said to me “That was good singing last night.” I was stunned by his remark, yet pleased and proud. The Headmaster actually recognised me, a Form 2 boy! Here was a Mat Salleh headmaster managing his school by walking about, quite aware and concerned about what a bunch of his 13-year old wards were up to in the Junior Common Room that night.

Such was the caring nature of N.J Ryan, a headmaster who we all much liked and respected. He was always restrained but very much in control. He had brought our alma mater to such great heights.

N.J Ryan will forever be fondly remembered.



Abdull Hamid Embong
Terengganu, Idris House



Sometime In Early March 1964

Mr Chin Lim Sam was the Mathematics master for Form 3B. The class was still settling down, while students were still somewhat playful, no doubt savouring their becoming the "seniors" among the "juniors". The class rabble-rousers I recall were Bahar Mansor, Abu Talib and Hamid Nor. The identical twins Salim and Salleh Kassim were also in our class. In the LCE examinations, only students destined for Form Four Science classes take the Mathematics II paper. What the students did not realise was that Mr. Chin was making his assessment as to who would be qualified to sit for the Mathematics II paper. Now, Ridzwan Salleh was somewhat playful in the early weeks and evidently did not pay too much attention to his mathematics studies.

In early March, somewhat out of the blue, Mr. Chin proceeded to announce the list of students selected to take the Mathematics II paper. To Ridzwan Salleh's shock and horror, he was not selected. Ridzwan Salleh, even then, had his career planned out, and it was to be in the sciences. Of course he was not expecting Mr. Chin to make the selection that early in the school year.

Anyway. Ridzwan Salleh put up a protest cum appeal to Mr. Chin before the whole class. Mr. Chin was not impressed because being the thorough teacher he was, he had good basis for making the selection. However, he was prepared to listen and so he told Ridzwan

Salleh, "OK show me your exercise book!" Ridzwan Salleh dutifully showed Mr. Chin his handiwork. Mr. Chin on examining the exercise book made the remark, which was to be repeated by one and all for almost a month: "Like this want to take Maths Two!"

Ridzwan Salleh no doubt realising the serious implications of not being allowed to take the paper actually broke down. There was a happy ending in that Mr. Chin, probably persuaded by Ridzwan Salleh's earnestness, actually relented. The rest as they say is history. Ridzwan Salleh proceeded to the science class and made good use of his scientific training in qualifying as Malaysia's first Test Pilot. It is an elite qualification which only few pilots could ever attain. His Test Pilot 'license' was handed over by the Princess Royal (Princess Anne). He proudly showed me photographs of the graduation ceremony.

Thinking of the above led me to ponder a bit more on Mr. Chin. Apart from doing a good job with his mathematics teaching, he was also a carpentry master (with Encik Yusof Razak). More important, Mr. Chin was our football master. Much had been written and extolled about Kolej's All Blacks prowess in rugby over the decades. The contribution of headmaster Neil John Ryan was nothing short of legendary. But Malaysia being Malaysia, football was and still is the most important spectator sports, and by a long shot. And so football in our time was a very crucial game. What more we had two very important annual football matches—The Razak Cup match with Royal Military College and the Piala Raja Melayu match with Victoria Institution. I recall that our football team performed creditably, winning some and losing

some, but always putting up a good fight to the end. For this, we owed much to the efforts of Mr. Chin who carried out his duties of manager/coach superbly. The star striker was Rosly Yahya who displayed his flair and served in the first eleven at an early age. I remember that the Victoria Institution football team had players who were good enough for the Selangor State team, so one can imagine what our team and Mr. Chin had to go through in those days. Incidentally, Ridzwan Salleh was also part of our football team, serving as a brave goalkeeper for at least two years.

Mohd Ridzuan Halim





REBEL ROUSING YEARS • 1965 - 1966

1965 was a banner year of sorts as it was the year the College celebrated its Diamond Jubilee (60 years) and the year when we had a long break for Hari Raya as it coincided with the Chinese New Year. It was also the year when Mr. N J Ryan said farewell to MCKK, the last expatriate headmaster, and we welcomed Encik Abdul Aziz Ismail, the first Malaysian to become the headmaster of MCKK.

In the second term of 1966 the school adopted the "long weekend" system where Friday became a normal schooling day with the weekly Inspection on Saturday morning. This system was tried alternately on a monthly basis in early 1966. Thus we had a longer weekend and organising excursions and camping become easier.

Form Four was the honeymoon year for some, if not most of us, consciously or otherwise, as we get used to wearing long pants – becoming a senior – and the recognition and perks that comes with it. Strutting confidently, announcing to the world "Look at me...a senior..." we learn to adjust to the new responsibilities.

We were streamed into either the Arts Class or the Science Class, thus beginning a conscious journey to charting your careers, although careers were not exactly in our minds for most of us then, other than being an idea of what we want to pursue.

There were three classes when we were in Forms 1-3, and for Form Four, with an additional intake of 35 students (including replacing the few that left during those years) there are now 4 classes of students. Class of C66 began to take its shape.



The Black Shorters

HOW I LANDED IN MCKK

William Shakespeare, Enid Blyton, etc., would call it fate. Ustads out there would call it “sudah tersurat”. I call it, “Allah wanted me to have many wonderful brothers”. ALLAHUAKBAR.

My LCE result was nothing to shout about... It's nowhere near Sudin Dollah's or Mat Pok Hing's results. Then, how on earth did I land in MCKK?

I heard about MCKK from my brother, fondly known as Pok Nik (Nik Adnan, class of 56), who entered koleq in 1949, the year I was born. He must have done well in his Special Malay Class (SMC) examination to earn a bed at The King's Pavilion (it was the GEGS building during our time) for the early years (primary school level) intake. I was told that N.J. Ryan has a soft spot for budak Kelate. Yes, he did visit my kampung house. And of course, he came to my house with his Jaguar MK II.

After my LCE results, I tore a page from my exercise book and wrote an application letter to enter kolet. On the envelope I wrote “Headmaster, The Malay College, Kuala Kangsar”. Two weeks after posting the application letter, I received a reply from N.J. Ryan himself asking me to report to kolet, it was as simple as that. If you don't call it an act of ALLAH, I don't know what you'd call it.

A few months after my reporting at MCKK, collegians pulled a mega sized black rugby ball along the Big School road. Standing inside the rugby ball was a sombre looking N.J. Ryan to bid us farewell. On reaching where I stood in the line, he looked at me and said “Goodbye Nik”. Tears fell onto my cheeks.

Now you all know why I love MCKK so much.



Nik Amrah Nik Omar

To those who came into MCKK at Form 4, they also have their stories to tell. Some came by design, some on family or parental suggestion or insistence, some as a matter of course, and some by their own choice. Taking the initiative to do what is necessary is

This determination to join the College is a reflection of the keen interest students might have but may be driven by different motives. Whatever it was, the desire to pursue an ambition pushes a person to take the initiative, as the concern then would be, “If I don't do it myself, who'd do it for me?”



A bit cramped, but well organised, clean... discipline...

HOW I GOT TO MCKK

The year was early 1965, and the setting was the classroom of Form 4 A in an ordinary but nonetheless venerable Secondary School in Batu Gajah named after one of the Sultans of Perak, Sekolah Sultan Yusuf. Four years earlier in 1961 for Standard 6, I had, on the impetus to save my parents some cash, volunteered to enrol in that school after attending two years at the "SMC Class" in the Anglo-Chinese School in Kampar which required me to take the train back and forth between Kota Baru, my hometown, and Kampar every school day.

Anyway, the years 1962 to 1964 were my full hostel years in Batu Gajah - the most memorable incidents being the news from the ice-cream vendor one day in November that Kennedy had been assassinated. During those years we developed a close friendship-rival cadre with a few top students in Class A year after year- including an angelic "Mee Yoong", and 3 boys: a Chinese, an Indian and a Sikh classmates.

My Malay friends were all hostellers but from different forms and classes- and in that hostel there were personalities that moved on to the Malay College; like Radhi Manan, Shukor Hamid and Jalaludin Japelus. That's as much as I knew about the College then.

I had good results in the Lower Certificate of Education ("L.C.E") in 1964 and so was placed in Form 4 A. The feeling of achievement at my good results was quickly

replaced by dismay when I looked around Class 4A and found none of the 'cadre' there - no Shook Lin, no Velu, no Harcharan (his homemade chapati still set the standard till now) and of course no fair-skinned, bespectacled Mee-Yoong.

At that tender age of 15+ years, a 'Kampung Boy' and living at the hostel, I have faced many physical challenges - but this time it was more spiritual. I felt completely demoralised on finding my friends are no longer around as they had moved to "better schools" in Ipoh and Kuala Lumpur. I have lost the thrill of competition and comradeship. So what can I do? Well, why not try Malay College even though the First Term had already started? Those guys who went there seems like a decent lot so perhaps I should follow their footsteps.

So I wrote a letter to the "Headmaster, Malay College, Kuala Kangsar" - what else? I can't quite remember what I wrote; apart from stating my L.C.E results and expressing a wish to do Science (which is not available at Sultan Yusof School). But I remembered being worried at a word I used in the letter which may have been misspelt!

To my utter surprise and delight, no less than Mr Ryan himself, who would become the last British headmaster of Malay College himself, wrote back. "Yes. We have a place in 4 Arts for you but Science classes are full"...he wrote. It was that simple.

However, a new intake in Form 4 Science left after a few weeks. Both Mohamad Noor Hamid and I vied for his place. I got it perhaps because I was more persistent in appealing to Mr Ryan ... so I got to do Science after all; at Form 4 Science 1 - seated behind Tengku Ahmad (TAD) and Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah (RATS)."

That was a turning point in my education...the rest of the Form 4 year up to Upper Six I was schooled at Malay College (my fourth school) - then I obtained a scholarship for the University of Canterbury, Christchurch to do Mechanical Engineering in 1969.

I salute you Mr Ryan...for giving me the chance to fulfil my scholastic dream. May your Soul rest in peace.



Megat Zabidi

Still another 'late' reportee in 1965 encountered similar apprehensions, feelings that were soon overwhelmed by the welcoming bowels of the Big School and its two wings, testimony to the richness of the learning experiences availed to whoever accepts the challenge or even just accept the offer, to study at this school.



Senior classroom.... Discipline....

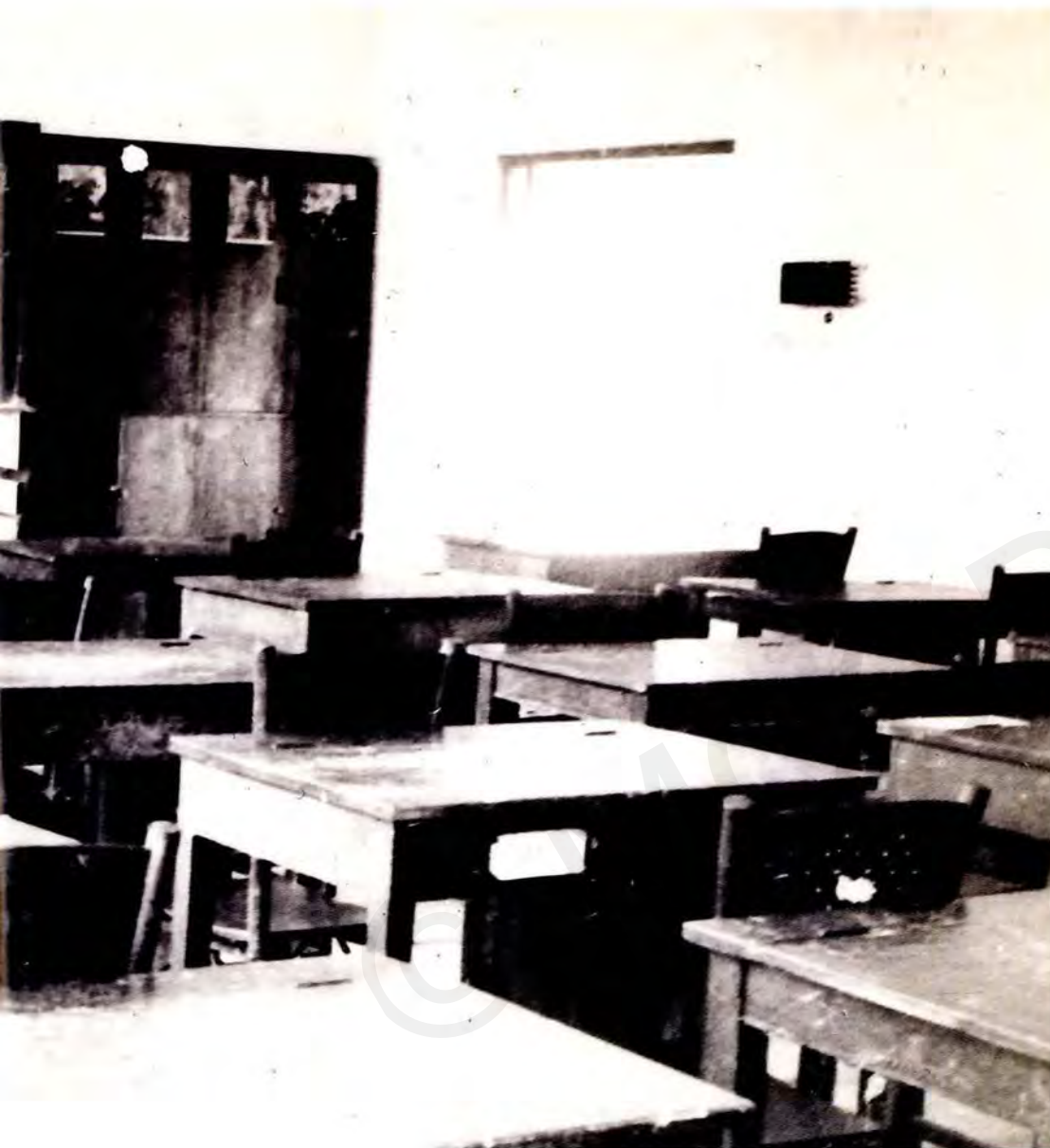


I was one of the last to report to MCKK when entering it at Form Four.

I reported in late March 1965 and it was because I hid the Offer Letter (under my pillow) for weeks when I saw that we had to pay about RM342 upon registration. My late mother was a rubber tapper and I knew that she would not be able to raise the money, although I must have told her about it for later one of my uncles came and he demanded to see the letter. He then called for a family meeting (buat 'Tekyan') and said that he will meet the payment.

Soon after, we prepared for the trip and I remember that we left Jasin at midnight and took the old road through Alor Gajah, Simpang 4, Rembau, Seremban, Mantin, Kajang, Cheras and then to Kuala Lumpur. We stopped along the Railway Line at Kuala Kubu Baru for Subuh prayers and we had the food that my mother prepared for the trip. By the time we reached the New School it was almost 11am and after the registration formalities I was taken to the BIG school where my late brother in law parked the car under the BIG Tree. It was a Friday, and the rest of the school were in the dormitories preparing to go for Friday Prayers. There were loud teasing from the corridors of BIG school, which still haunts me till today!! The reason? Because I cried when I said my goodbyes to my family members!! A Prefect asked me to quickly change into Baju Melayu and join the dormitory mates to





march to the nearby Masjid. I remember that Aziz Kadir was my immediate neighbour in the Dorm and on the other side was Kamaruddin Awang I think. The Dormitory Prefect was Zainol Abdullah (Brown).

That was my first day at Koleq....

”



Khamis Abu Samah

To all of them, coming to the College was a new experience, having to go through ragging or orientation processes, with some taking it lightly and while some may choose to forget. Entering into Form 4, at an age which is way past puberty, is still a new experience, for leaving home to join a faraway and different establishment can even be a major 'test' for some, even at 16 years old.



Life In College

While in the lower forms we were 'exploring' and partaking of what boarding school life offers, now that we are seniors, we have to learn to take additional responsibilities, being asked to lead or to play roles to lead clubs and associations.

We were assigned to dormitories at either Wings of the Big School, according to Houses and life was great.

In Form Four, there were 2 classes each for Science and Arts, and we occupied the ground floor of the senior block in New School. Form 4 Arts 1 occupy the first classroom followed by Arts 2, Science 1 and Science 2.

This being our fourth year, we have gotten used to "Mr. Bell" running our lives, telling us when to wake up and sleep and everything else in between. In Form 4 Arts 1 the boy sitting near the second door of the classroom have the duty to become the School Bell Ringer, i.e. the person responsible to ring the big brass bell to mark the end of each class period. For our batch the honour was Hashim Ahmad's. It was a big solid big brass bell and its sound resonates throughout the whole classroom and administration blocks.

Being a senior, one may be expected to hold office in societies or clubs or ranked officers in the uniformed units. Since there is a plethora of such 'organisations' quire a number of us get to hold office and began to be involved in planning and organising activities. Another opportunity to learn to lead and make a difference

We began to feel the 'heat' of the school's strict regulations as we began to test its boundaries and we began to populate the Confinement and the Detention Class 'honour' rolls. Thursdays are School Assembly days when names of all those who will be sent to the Detention Class for the coming week were announced. When the names were read out, the student would have to stand up, not many without 'pride'!

There are 3 levels of 'punishment' for various types of misdemeanours and breaking of school rules and regulations, behaviour-wise. It ranges from Confinement (not allowed town leave for specific hours/day in that week) to Detention Class (for a week or more) which can also be 'awarded' for multiple Confinements earned in a week. The highest is of course caning, and it is for significant offences like caught leaving the school grounds when you are not allowed town leave and of course smoking,

The story goes that Mr Ryan had 3 different sizes of canes and he'd ask you which particular size would you 'take' to have what he terms as 'six of the best'. Of course he would relieve you of things in your back pocket or for whenever you come 'prepared' with extra layers of briefs.

Strange as it may seems, the full list of these rules and regulations were never really captured in a formal book of dos and don'ts although some were written, and some new ones were 'crafted' as and when the Teachers or Prefects agree or decide that it is an offence and required. It can include an offence as simple as "Sitting more than two on a bed" (that's at the time when we have very rickety (read 'old') metal spring beds with the foldable legs that will collapse with extra weight), talking loudly during silent hours or even for an unsolicited "Smiling during Inspection"!

“

I have one story to tell about Nasir when Mr. Mehrotra the duty master sent him to detention class. When his name was called and he stood up the duty master at the Thursday assembly has to read the reason....and the reason was 'smiling at duty master'! Actually poor Nasir just had his new denture and the guy opposite him was making teasing signs so that he grinned just as Mehrotra turned towards him and thought Nasir was making fun of him....whereupon he turned to the duty prefect and ordered..."DETENTION!"

”

Mohd Tahir Azhar

One clear aspect is the fact that your 'sentence' will never be questioned by another authority, be it another Prefect, Teacher or the HM. The word of those in authority rules, no question. You breach and break a rule, you pay the price. That's summary.

“

At one Friday assembly, when the duty master read out the names of those "sentenced" to my astonishment my name was mentioned but I did not stand up because I knew that I have a very clean behaviour record. Upon checking under protest at the prefects' room, it appeared one of our junior with a similar name but different 'bin' was caught by Hasbullah committing an offence. Come next Thursday day assembly however my name AINUDDIN BIN ZAINUDDIN was read out again!

”

Ainuddin Zainuddin



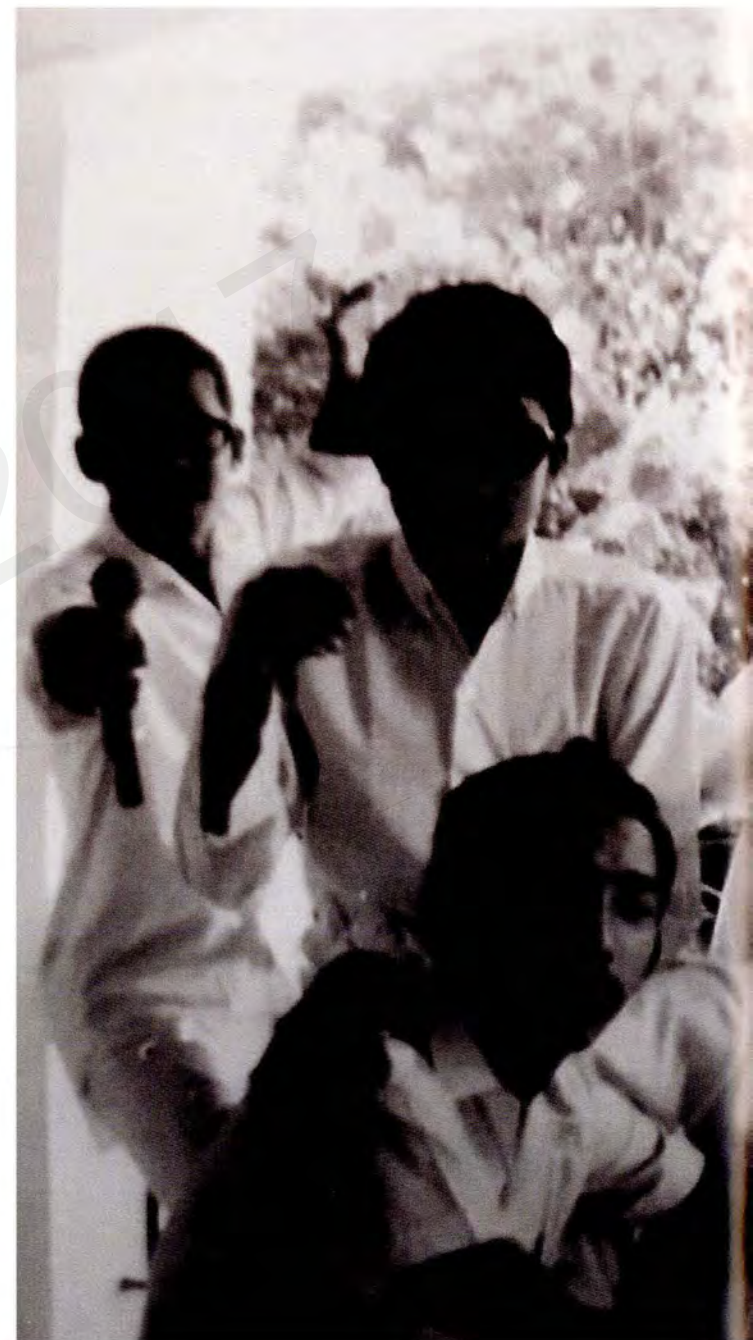
Tuck Shop



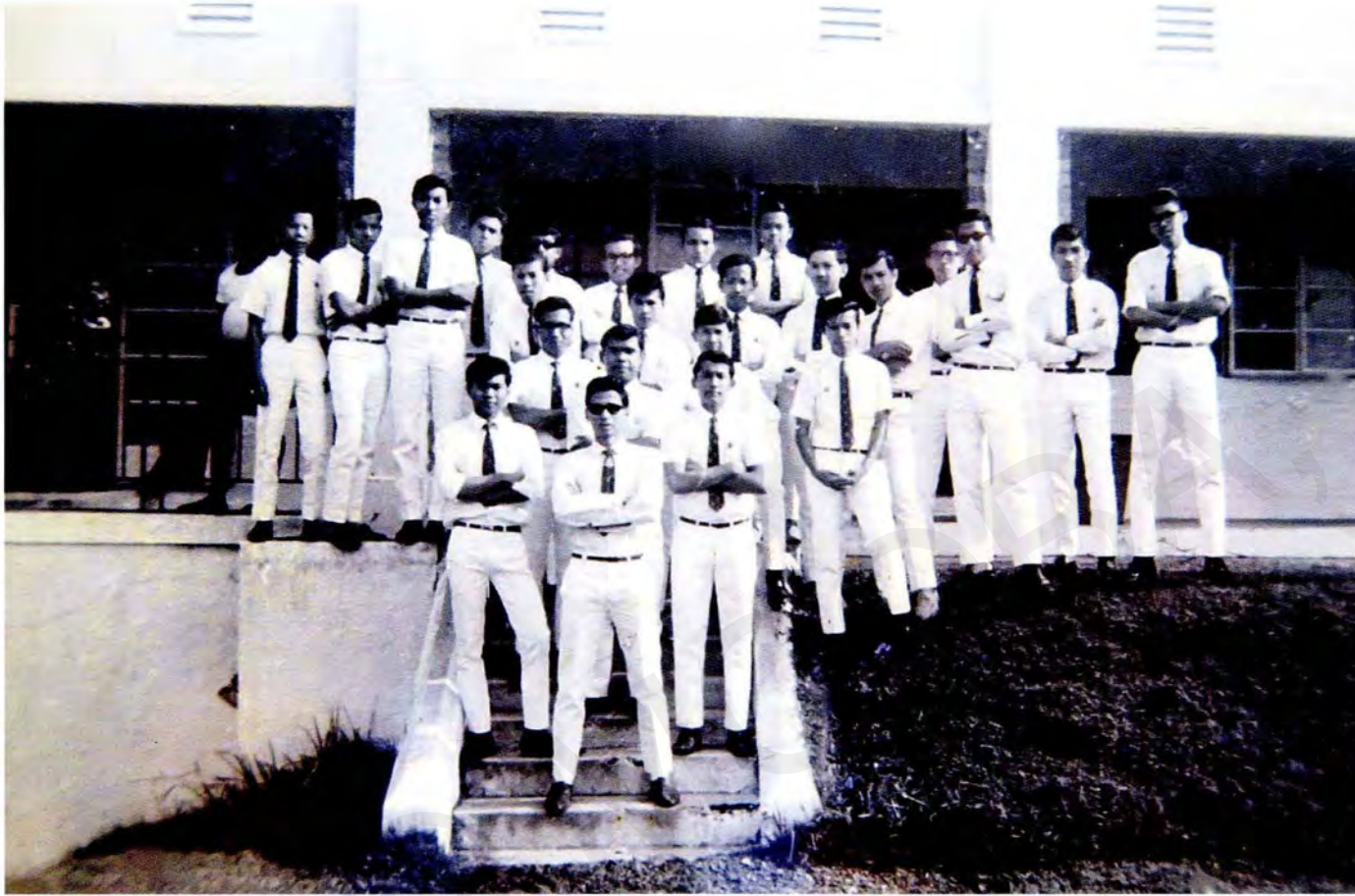
Discipline-wise, the school was practically run by the Prefects. There is the daily Duty Master and the Duty Prefect for the day. Their names would be put up above the main notice board in the School Foyer and very visible when we enter the New School Building. We took note of who was the Duty Master as a few teachers were known to be very 'hard-working' and vigilant, and can be expected to make surprise rounds at odd hours of the day. Between the Duty Master and the Duty Prefect, they lead all aspects of discipline management and are wont to make surprise tours, rounds and visits at odd hours. Depending on the individuals on duty, one can virtually expect to see, either one or both will make rounds in the middle of the night or even early morning when the boys can be expected to sneak out for supper or kuey-teow and of course to smoke. Yes, smoking was rather prevalent in society at that time, thus boys maturing into man can be expected to try cigarettes.

This is not to say that discipline is wanting in those days, on the contrary. Tardiness were not tolerated, cleanliness, smart appearance and strict adherence to uniformity either individually or as a group were all instilled in us, to become second nature. Antics, playful or naughty, were accepted. Boys caught regularly breaking rules - detentioned or caned - were not looked at by the teachers and the school as 'jahat' or malevolent, but as 'nakal' or naughty.

Each of us can recall many incidences when we consciously break the rules, planning not to get caught, but once in a while got caught anyway. Part of acquiring that "Manliness Through Wisdom"? Fiat Sapientia Virtus.









SmartRebel Rousers

Sports

Our participation became more pronounced in sports and activities as we moved up the social hierarchy of the school, we are now seniors. Participation is an integral part of the school's student development philosophy, and every single boy is expected to participate. While there is some measure of compulsoriness, it was actually more voluntary, as there were a wide variety and range of games, sports and activities that were available for us to choose. If it's not there, there's nothing to stop us from creating new ones – like the Book Binding Club, Swimming Club (when we only have a 'dry' and antiquated swimming pool in our campus) and The Rovers. There were enough to keep most of us occupied. Probably it was felt that if growing bodies and mind are constantly kept active, it will develop various aspects of the students' character', to be an all-rounder.

At this stage, those already involved in sports began to take sports seriously, as the inter-house games provided a convenient platform to 'test' your skills, as one can compete in the A, B or even C Divisions. The competitive spirit was nurtured in all fields. Some began to strive to be selected to play in the school teams – either the 1st or 2nd teams or a few were selected to represent the state teams too. Sports also increasingly become the agent to foster the love for the school as inter-school matches, whenever they are played 'at home' the whole school was reminded to watch the match, and groups of boys will become informal cheering teams. Announcements during lunch will include information about games to be played that day, including interschool matches, all across the campus.





Inter-house rivalry was a significant aspect of the school year, and every house will aspire to become the overall champion by collecting points through winning the inter-house matches for the major sports – soccer, hockey, cricket and rugby – and for the court games – basketball, sepak raga jaring, tennis, badminton, table tennis. Athletics was always a significant contributor to the overall points as the top three placings in the various events, including the cross-country run will garner points for the house. Through the participation, as all students can contribute to the House's overall championship honours through the Standards Test athletics programme where all students have to "run the course" by taking part in those 10 athletic events. It was so competitive that Houses were known to have written in their annual report to 'clarify' why they could not win the inter-house championship for the year – School first team players were not allowed to play for the house!

A HALF POINT GIFT BY MR TARA SINGH

“

As usual I was unable to contribute points to Sulaiman House as being what I am.

However during the heats for hurdles, seeing me struggling to the finished line, our considerate Mr Tara Singh waited for me to cross the finished line.....before blowing the whistle! A well-earned half point for Sulaiman House in 1966.

”

Ainuddin Zainuddin

Such was the desire to contribute.

Inter-house matches actually attracted more interest as the 'house-spirit' was stronger because we were assigned to dormitories according to houses. This is a significant contributor in developing the 'College Spirit' – the sense of belonging to the school – stemming from this conscious arrangement to groups boys of different ages and forms in 'blocks'. Not only does it facilitate inter-mingling that promotes camaraderie across age, it promotes the 'us' mentality (commitment to a formal group) and the bonds in our assigned groups, be it classes, clubs or associations, and houses. So significant is the house spirit that when two old boys meet, the second or third question will invariably be "Which House?"

Thus the College spirit gradually develop and acquire prominence as we share common experiences and pursue similar objectives.

The FFS U wak U wewek War Cry/Cheer

When we were in Form Five we formally became members of the Fifth Form Society, electing our President – Yaacob Cha – and a committee and among other things, we had inter class games with the Sixth Form Society. Soccer was an important game for us as we had quite a number of our members in the School Team and we need to win the match to stamp our superiority. While preparing for the game, it was agreed that we develop a formal cheering team, with our own cheering songs. In the other matches played we did have our cheering teams, but our 'songs' were similar to others, and the volume (sound) of our cheering had to be stronger.

Rugby was THE game in MCKK even then and the New Zealand All Blacks were everybody's favourite team, and their hakka was thus imitated. We had among us several rugby players and Joe Bake (Abu Bakar Awang Ngah) introduced the hakka idea for the rugby team. Khalid Hassan and Bahar Mansor took the initiative to 'compose' our version of the hakka, producing the FFS War Cry for our team to perform before the start of the game and the supporters to do it from the stands.

"U wak U wewek (Accompanied by clapping in tempo throughout the song)

Bung Kak Bung Kekek

Who are we? FFS! (Fifth Form Society)

Can't you see!

Wahh!" (Followed by a jump)

This song was later adopted by the rugby team before they start their game and we used it when we cheered the school teams, especially rugby, of course. The "FFS" was replaced with "Malay College". The Fifth Form Cheering Squad, having featured in school matches at home, went on its first outstation 'assignment' to cheer the school's Soccer team in the match against Sekolah Tuanku Abdul Rahman (STAR) in Ipoh, but we lost 3-1.

Thus, the MCKK Bung Wak Cheer took shape and since then it has become the MCKK Official cheering 'anthem'. The first two lines were random word-sounds created.

The Bung Wak Cheer was famously entrenched when the FFS Soccer Team beat the Sixth Form Society Team



More of us got to represent the school and win individual competitions in sports. The glory of success, the desire to test our limits and partaking of the opportunity to excel were the motivating factors. New talents emerge and discovered talents proceed to shine.

In 1965 Rosly, Ridzwan Salleh, Azizi Yom Ahmad and Yusof Hashim played in the Hockey First XI when MCKK became the North Perak Champions. Rosly was also in the Soccer First XI with Kamaruzzaman Zaini. Rosly, Khalid Hassan, Bahar Mansor and Ishak Said played in the Rugby Second XV. Rosly, Ridzwan Salleh and Hasamdin featured in the School Relay teams. Khalid Hassan was also in the school's Basketball team with Megat Zaharuddin. Shukri and Abu Hassan was in the School's Sepak Raga Team while Johari Abas featured in the School's Tennis Team and five of us represented the School in Table Tennis – Johari Abas, Abu Talib, Hishamuddin, Raja Malek Kamaruzzaman and Shamsudin Basri. Hishamuddin was in fact the Senior Singles champion after beating Raja Malek in the Final. Izzuddin and Hishamuddin represented the School in Chess and Izzuddin was the runner up in the Annual David Marshall Trophy competition. Izzuddin however turned the tables and became the champion in 1966.

Most of these players continued to feature in the first team of the School in their respective games during 1966, while more were selected. In Soccer Rosly became the School Captain, Ridzwan Salleh, Ahmad Nazari, Ahmad Shah, Yaakob Othman earned caps to be in

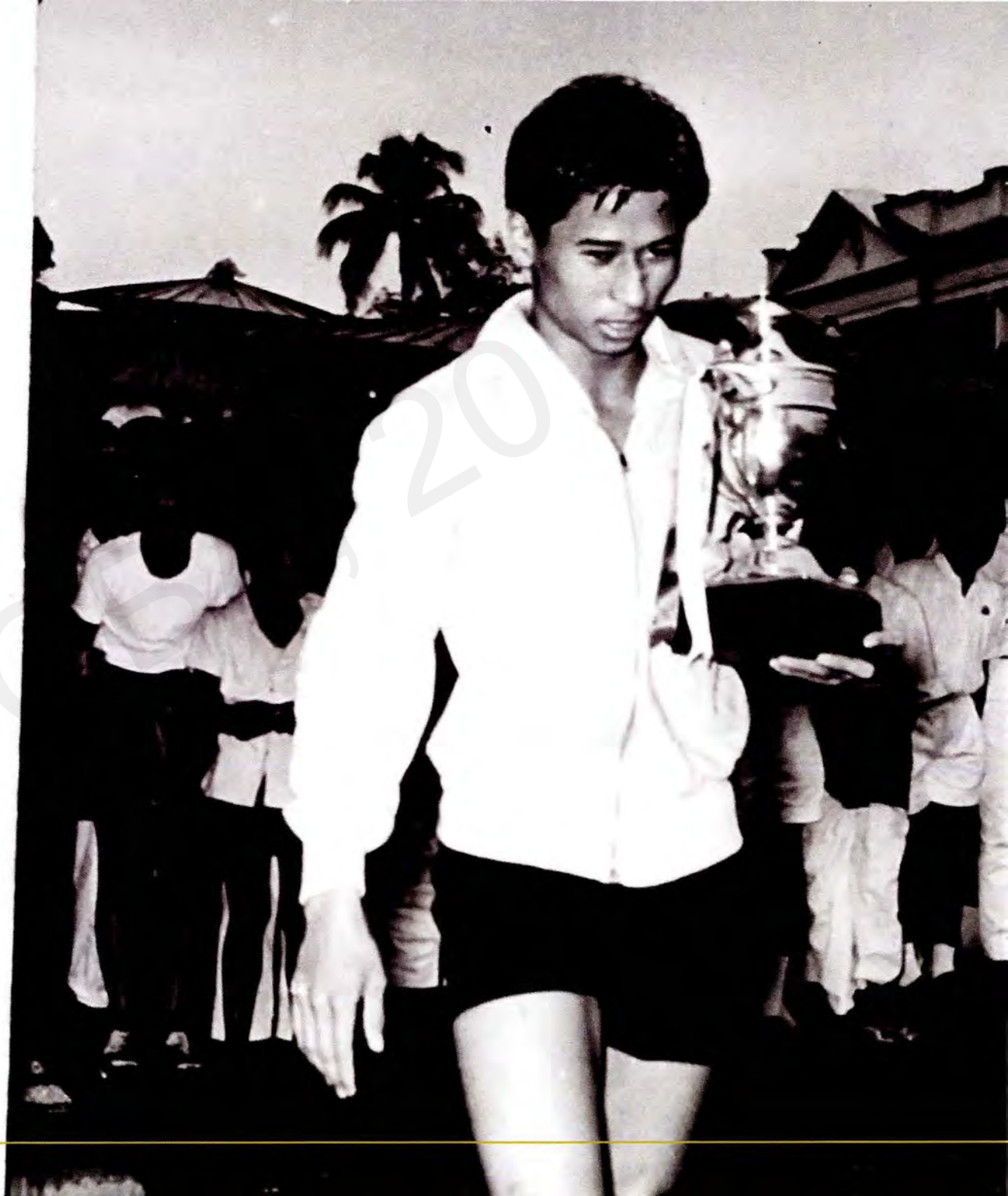




the First Team while Mustafa Albakri, Hamid Ibrahim, Abu Hassan and Sobri featured in the Second Team. In Hockey Yaakob Othman and Tengku Abd Aziz were additions to the first team. In Rugby Abu Hassan was the Captain of the Second XV and Hamid Hussein, Ishak Said, Zahari Kadir, Ahmad Shah, Mohd Harun and Kamaruzaman Zaini were also in the team. In Squash Abu Talib got to represent the school, while in Sepak Raga Jalil Mohd, Mokhtar Long Idris, Shamsudin Basri and Khamis joined Shukri in the school team.

The Rugby Boys went to Bangkok Thailand for the Annual Rugby Game and they left on Friday August 5th at the end of the Second Term. They played 3 matches, they won the first match against the TRU President's XV 8-0, lost their second match to Assumption College 6-3 and lost the key match against Vajiravudh College 27-3. When we came back to School for the Third Term, they had many stories to tell of their almost two weeks stay in Bangkok, some of them 'tall', no doubt, boys being boys!

Some of us took the opportunity to try new games and events and Abu Talib, apart from showing his prowess in table tennis and squash, also became the Novice Champion in Tennis after the first try. He also won the A Division 800 metres, came second in the A Division 1500metres event, with Jalil Mohd coming in third. Jalil also came in second in the A Division 400metres race. Abu Talib came Second in the Annual Cross Country run earlier in the year. Mokhtar Long Idris won the A Division Javelin competition.





Rosly Yahya achieved iconic status being an outstanding sportsman, representing the school in all the major games and even the combined school teams and state teams - a veritable all-rounder he was. He was awarded colours in Soccer and selected to represent the Perak Combined School Team. Rosly's exploits on the soccer field was rather legendary as he had a special brand of shot, and it was reported that between him and Ridzwan Salleh's brilliant goalkeeping, the College managed to win the Razak up in the match against the Federated Military College (FMC) winning 2-1, with Rosly scoring one goal. Rosly even excelled in athletics, representing the school relay teams. Rosly was in the School's first teams in Hockey (since Form 3) and Football, in Form 4.

Thus, games and sports provide lots of opportunities for us to test our capabilities, all it requires is just the courage to attempt. The compulsory rule that everyone is expected to be on the field on most afternoons bears fruit, and while the competition to be selected into the first teams are very tough, there are opportunities to show your talents at the inter-House competitions. This element was an important contributor to developing self-confidence and self-esteem, and many of us benefitted from this policy. Games and Sports together with the other extra-curricular activities promoted by the school were important to realise *Fiat Sapiencia Virtus*.



Activities

Building on our experiences in societies, clubs and associations when in the lower forms, we also got the opportunity to hold higher positions in the various bodies in the Tuesday Activities from the Cadet Corps to the Scouts movement, St John's Ambulance Brigade (the 'nurses!'), the Fire Fighters, and the many others including the Book-Binding Club! We moved up the ranks, either being pushed into it or elected or worked for it. It seems natural and through it all we picked up organising and leading skills and more importantly working with others.

In the Cadet Corps, our batch-mates began to move up the ranks with Ahmad Zakaria, Ahmad Fizri and Zahari Darus becoming Corporals and 7 were made Lance Corporals – Ismail Ibrahim, Hawari, Mohd Noor Embi, Khalid Hassan, Mohd Harun, Mohd Abdul Rahman and Wan Ahmad Kamal. Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah became a Troop Leader of the First Kuala Kangsar Scout Troop in 1965 with Fathil Mahmood as the Senior Assistant, and Izzuddin Che Din and Shukri Hj Omar became a Pengakap Raja in the same year.

The Swimming Club, although we do not have a swimming pool even in Kuala Kangsar, was a popular club because it offers two distinct 'attractions' – it means a weekly trip to Taiping to swim, presumably to learn to swim, and the Teacher in Charge was Miss Jean Cancro, an American Peace Corp teacher, who also swam with the boys, teaching them, presumably.

The Book Binding Club headed by Tuan Syed Bakar, the veritable Art Master, was formed specifically to rebind the worn out library books. Exactly how many books were rebound with new hard covers were not known, but the boys were kept occupied somehow. The school administration were rather generous to allow initiatives to establish new associations as Tuesday Activities and one of it was the MCKK Rovers that was also established but their exact activities not many of us can recall! Presumably, while encouraging initiatives, it was perceptively a move to get the boys to be occupied doing something, at least!

Photography began to garner interest amongst us and in 1965, during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, all the top three positions in the Senior Section of the photography competition were won by our batch mates – Ainuddin came out tops, followed by Shamsuddin Basri and Megat Zaharuddin. Engku Hashim came out tops in the Inter-School Koran-Reading Competition and a few of us were part of the Editorial team that came up with the first issue of Kris Kangsar. Two of our batch mates – Kamarulzaman Madarshah and Tahir Azhar – were in the debating team that accepted the challenge to debate the motion “Man is Essentially Evil” offered by the Government English Girls School Kuala Kangsar. The 1966 School Magazine reported that “After a highly confusing debate, in which the GEKS understood ‘Man’ as the male sex, the College team...triumphs ‘over’ the opponents.” Hanis came out third in the Inter-School Elocution Contest held on May 26th. Ahmad Ibrahim won the Ryan’s English Prize in 1966 with Hanis coming out second. Tahir Azhar won the Mr. Orator Contest Malay Section, Senior Category.



Selfie 1960s style

During these two years, organising excursions was popular and almost every other association, club or class will seek permission from the HM to organise one. For us, the popular destination was Penang, as it was a 'shopping' destination because Penang was still a free port then. Camping were popular too and at the end of every term, some boys will seek the HM's permission to hitch-hike their way home. We were told to wear a white top with the school badge when we hitch-hiked (though not many followed that) and many can recount their different tales when hitch-hiking. We were told much later by our teachers that Mr Ryan actually informed the State Chief Police Officer to "keep an eye" on boys who hitch-hike. (My own experience involve hiking on lorries and several cars from one town to another, and at one stage we were picked up by an army personnel who took us to an Army Mess for lunch. Ed.).

Similarly with camping jaunts, whether we are scouts or cadets or any other bodies, we have to seek the HM's approval and secure our food rations of rice and even beef or chicken and vegetables, complete with the spices and some cooking canteens and pots from the school kitchen. Camping was popular during the fruit season when we would purposely seek sites close to some dusuns and fruit orchards!

The variety of options to test your skills, courage and capability from competitions to just participation, further provide avenues for us to find our true form, and for that, the continuously busy school environment throughout the year in the Malay College Kuala Kangsar was a good ground to further develop self-confidence and esteem.





CONCERTS

When in Form Three we were allowed to stage our first one-hour concert, the audience limited only to College boys. With that experience we were really looking forward towards organising our own Form Five Concert.

Some of us got to participate in organising and participating in the Annual School concerts and took part in the many Talentime competitions organised by the senior classes over the years, and also of course the annual Quran reading competitions. To the Kuala Kangsar folks, concerts organised by MCKK boys were always an event to be looked forward to with reasonably priced tickets, especially the Kuala Kangsar District Open Talentime.

“

There were many Concerts and Talentime shows in MCKK those days, held at the Hargreaves Hall. The College Annual Concerts were held in conjunction with the Annual Speech and Sports Days. There was the school band and singers were selected from the various classes, a few even from the junior classes. The 'reigning' band during our time from the senior classes were the Wanderers who faithfully performed ala the Shadows with singers imitating the singing styles of the then favourites like Elvis Presley, Cliff Richard, Nat King Cole, the Walker Brothers and of course P Ramlee songs. The top singers from our batch was Shagul Hamid, Khairuddin Yunus and Johari Abas. Pop songs were the order of the day, the Twist and the



A-go-go were the dance raves and increasingly the sound of the Beatles took over with other rock bands. There were other Concerts organised by the Sixth Formers, Fifth Form Society etc.

The musical talents of College boys were indeed of a high standard being able to provide the backing for Talentime contests which require mastery of music to provide musical backing to all genre of songs and all types of aspiring singers. In fact the then Sultan of Perak, he himself an accomplished musician, always attend our school concerts, making almost every school concert a royal performance concert of sorts.

The school staged an operetta "Down In The Valley" on June 11th 1966, with Johari Abas (singing baritone) playing the lead actor role of Brack Weaver with Wan Nor (singing in soprano) from GEGS playing Jenny, the heroine, and several of us were the choral singers – for some it was the first time that we learned about singing in soprano, tenor or bass, but we were game to learn and participate. A few who attended the auditions, were not selected as cast but helped out as stage hands. Miss Jean Cancro directed the show and assisted by Mr. Slough among others. The other motivation was that there were more than 10 girls from Government English Girls School in the cast, and after the first rehearsals, there were some jostling amongst us as to who'd walk a few of the girls, who were staying near the Hospital, home.



Some of us who were not actors, musicians, singers (soloists or background singers) or having anything to do with them but wanted to escape the monotonous college life such as preps at night, volunteered to be 'stage crews' or 'extras' on stage. The roles were minimal but we were happy to be appointed as extras so that we can escape the prep hours and other routine things in College.

We had free times during the practices/rehearsals, watch the shows and concerts for free (since most of the concerts charge a fee for their shows). However during and after those practices, rehearsals and shows, you can find the extras doing their 'extra activities e.g. smoking, town escapes etc. capitalising on the opportunities.

Mr Yoong was a strict teacher. Usually when he was the Duty Teacher for the day, after dinner on the high table he would follow the Duty Prefect to observe the boys doing their Preps. If there were concert practices in the Hargreaves Hall, he would go there to chase away the boys who were not involved in them. Once there were a few boys watching the practice from the open door at the back of the hall. He shouted from near the stage to the boys, 'Boys, please close the door.' The boy nearest the door happily closed it and continued to watch the concert practice on stage. Mr Yoong continued, 'No, you close it from outside.' Meekly the boys went out one by one and the last who left, closed the door from the outside.

Ahmad Termizi Puteh

”



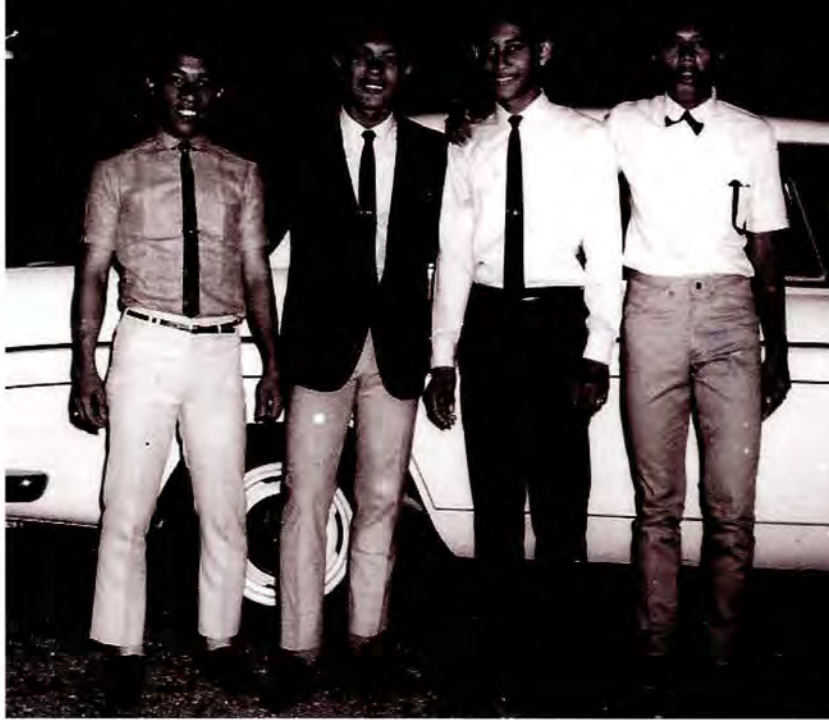


We presented our Fifth Form Concert on Friday March 4th in the middle of the first term with a target of collecting Ticket Sales to exceed the batch of 1965 who used their profits from the concert to donate a clock to the school, which was placed on top of the Stage in Hargreaves Hall. Our Band, The Jags 4 with Shagul Hamid, Zahari Darus, Shamsuddin Abdullah and Ahmad Ibrahim were the mainstay of our concert, providing the music backing for the singers including the guest artiste, S Mariam, a popular pop singer from Johor.

We started planning as soon as the year started and rehearsals began about a month before the date. Apart from singing, we staged a play about the emergency years and in between scenes, Zaki Taib and Mahathir Daud did a few minutes of stand-up comic which were very well received. Talk about unearthing talents! Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah (RATS) was the stage manager and he timed the performances during practices, organised the programme to make sure that the concert proceed smoothly.

Some of us were tasked with selling tickets for the concert, painting the posters (hand drawn some of them, as we do not have funds to print them!) and putting them up across Kuala Kangsar town and also produce a few buntings to advertise the concert. Tickets were sold to as far as Taiping and Ipoh. We managed to collect over \$1000 in ticket sales and the concert was acknowledged as a highly successful concert. We donated the money to the school to purchase a set of aluminium hurdles for the 100 metres hurdle race, thus exceeding our predecessors in terms of value of contribution, which was our expressed target.





More Customs and Traditions

Orientation, or ragging, for those who join College at Form Four was a feature of our life too, and while different people would have different recollections, it was nonetheless done with some restraint knowing fully well that we'd be staying together.

“

I entered MCKK in Form IV Arts I. Still remember how during 'ragging' to face the ring leaders.. Memory that is ever fresh in me until these days. That was the first time I learnt about orientation and life in a renowned boarding school.

”



Hamzah Sulaiman



There were words and phrases that we used that have a meaning only peculiar to College boys. Words common to us like 'tenggek' (to borrow or to hitch upon), 'lubok' (for a lousy player), 'kelambu' (to refer to baggy pants), 'swallow' (to memorise without understanding, to mug) were widely used among us then. However, we were quite innovative to come up with our own words too. We had 'bolaah' to refer to someone who is evidently 'thick' or seems to be so, or someone who is always clueless or have no idea. We use 'tojo' as a verb or 'tojo' as a noun to

describe a state of stupidity, idiotic or the personification of a 'bolaah' state. We accord the acronym 'WI' (Women's Institute) to classify individuals or a group of chatterboxes or yakkity-yakkers. We cut short people who tend to be verbose or who chip in at the wrong time as 'Out of Topic!' As boys grow into man, living as closely as we did, we do tend to fashion

One tradition which we enjoyed when we were in Form Five was the Dragon Dance, performed by Fifth Formers for years before us.

On the final night of the second term he had our Annual Ball in the Senior Common Room, to celebrate the night of the Dragon Dance and we had music, bands and dancing, no girls of course! At midnight we gathered at the Swimming Pool and from there we moved in a procession to the East Wing and walked the corridors, moving slowly across the breadth of the building, making as much noise as we can using pails or anything we can bang on to make a sound and shouting at the top of our voice. What did we shout? Nobody can really remember exactly what we shouted, we were just making as much noise as possible to wake the whole school. There was an unconfirmed report that the OCPD called the Headmaster to complain of the racket we made. We end it by gathering at the flag staff and from there proceeded to the field going round it and singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "Goodbye, Jimmy, Goodbye". It was an unforgettable event that that ended after 1am.

Why did we have the Dragon Dance? Nobody knows, and nobody cares, it's just something that we have to do, because it's a tradition.



Another event was the Souvenir Night which is in late third term before the examinations start. It was actually another occasion/excuse to make noise, supposedly "to release tension" while 'furiously' studying to prepare for the coming Senior Cambridge/Malaysian Certificate of Education examinations. It's like a pre-farewell event since the rest of the school will be going home when we'd be sitting for our examinations, and maybe some of us would not be coming back for the sixth form. We went around asking for souvenirs from the juniors, and there were the unconfirmed reports that a few dormitories of the junior boys were targeted that night!



Diamond Jubilee

The School was 'closed' for a week from 19th June 1965 to prepare for the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations which started on Friday 25th of June. For all of us it was a very memorable event, especially for those who just joined the College in 1965. To jolt those memories and to further revive the

Extract from the 1965 School Magazine on the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations.

"1965 is the 60th year of the College continuum and to mark the epochal page in the College History, this year's speech and prize-giving occasion was expanded and enhanced to integrate this more momentous celebration. For two weeks preceding, the bustle of practices and preparations put the College into some semblance of a circus or a military camp with the parade practices, the tum-tum-tum clangour of the cadet band, buntings and arches. Indoors, equally picturesque, the boys put finishing touches to their concert rehearsals and exhibits. The College had been newly repainted in time for the celebrations but the setting up of the ornamental gates presented by the Old Boys Association and the renovated kitchens could not be ready in time."... "The Headmaster, Mr Ryan, in an on-the-eve Thursday assembly speech, ushered in the sale of the Diamond Jubilee Souvenir Book which tells of the College's past, and reflecting the trend of liberalism and jocularly with which College life has borne under Ryan's regime and remarked that a purchase of more than one Souvenir Copy was encouraged, adding, "You might want to give one to your girlfriend," and "You can go out to town today and enjoy yourself."

The events for the Diamond Jubilee started with the arrival of the Old Boys on Friday morning. It was reported that "They fell upon the College scene in great shows of flashy cars and raucous raking of reminiscences which had present boys quite subdued. There were all manner and shades of them: big 'uns, small 'uns and recent 'uns."

Further it was stated that "To the present boys these old boys symbolised the outside freedom, the successful careers and the emancipation which they aspire to and hanker after." Thus, us present boys 'saw' within them, and image of our future and what we want to be. This impact stayed with us through our years, as subsequent old boy weekends continue to provide this same 'exposure'.

We saw in person our very distinguished old boys – the Prime Minister Tun Razak and Dato' Nik Kamil – and there was the inaugural Annual Football Match between the then Federal Military College (now The Royal Military College) for the Tun Razak Gold Cup, and that match ended in a 1-1 draw. The match was preceded by a performance by the Royal Malay Regiment Band and a Fancy Dress Football by the Fifth Formers.

On the second day, June 26th there was a March Past, followed by the School Speech Day and Prize Giving and Exhibition. That night there was an Old Boys Party and a Variety Concert at Hargreaves Hall. On the third day, June 27th there was the Annual Athletics Meet and games between Old Boys and Present Boys.

That exposure to a major celebration opened our eyes to the 'significance' of our experience while in the College. We saw and felt the College spirit among the Old Boys, we developed a feel for the traditions of the College – still rather unclear and sometimes difficult to define – yet we feel what it was and is, as we hear them relate their exploits and achievements while in college and find that we do the similar, if not the same things.



After the euphoria of the Diamond Jubilee we felt another emotion – losing the expatriate HM that we have come to honour and respect and accept as the personification of the values and qualities that we seek retain and aspire to achieve.

Farewell To Mr N J Ryan

It was on Wednesday July 21st that the whole school lined up the road from in front of the Big School to the main gate and sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" while Mr Ryan stood on a car that has a big rugby ball wrapped around it. It was a poignant, sad moment, but we didn't realise then that we could not take the MCKK out of Mr Ryan!

Mr Ryan joined the staff in 1955, thus have spent a total of 10 years at the school. His Jaguar car was prominent and it became synonymous with the man. Apart from his passion in Rugby which is well known, he was also passionate among increasing the number of boys studying pure science in line with the national aspiration then. Physics, Chemistry and Biology were introduced as subjects to replace General Science in Form Four and in 1963 that the number of students studying



science were doubled as two pure science classes were introduced in Form Four with a plan to extend it till Form VI. In 1964, the first double science stream classes sat for the School Certificate Examination.

We had four and a half years with Mr Ryan, but he certainly left an indelible mark on us, though for some it were marks on their bums for the caning he dished out. The tall Irishman with his Jaguar, ever smiling demeanour and omnipresent authoritative disposition easily became our favourite as he also 'joined' (peeping in to make sure we

do not misbehave actually) us in our parties and excursion trips. The rugby, rugby players and close contact with other teachers like Tuan Syed Bakar and Mr Kamalantran, we maintained contacts with him, and in fact the bond strengthened as he would join us for dinner gatherings and weddings whenever he drops into KL from where ever he was.

Khalilur Rahman led a few other of our batch-mates to help produce a book about him – The Last Expatriate. Mr Ryan, we have you in our hearts....always.

Year End 1966 – Thoughts Of Leaving The College

As we sat for the Sixth Form Entrance Examinations in late August, we began to feel the pinch of the thought about leaving College. We were aware that there were limited places in Sixth Form and we need to pass it to secure a place in Lower Sixth, because without it your chances of continuing Sixth Form will be low if not non-existent. For some of us who have decided not to go into Sixth Form, the awareness begin, but quickly pushed aside as the Third Term is always a busy period, examinations notwithstanding.

The Third Term was significant because as we prepared to face the Senior Cambridge/ Malaysian Certificate of Education (SC/MCE) examinations we also started to distribute autograph cards to whoever we wish, for them to write anything they wish about us or to wish us, complete with a small portrait picture. To the photo shops around Kuala Kangsar, it was good business season as practically hundreds of boys will have their portraits taken, including group photographs as mementos, for it would be autograph and photographs exchange time. To most of us, it was quite a revealing time as some of the notes on the autographs and at the back of the photographs were frank and generally sincere. We treasure them, certainly, but unfortunately not many have copies left as through time, some would be lost among items when moving houses or rot or got damaged by termites or damaged by floods or heavy rain.

This custom, also a tradition, brings out the best in us and it strengthened the bonds that we have developed and nurtured over the years, with seniors and juniors alike. It partly accounts for the deep sense of brotherhood among College boys and the closeness of the association, making us brothers in post-college life.





We ended 1966 with the Fifth Form Farewell Party and on the last day of school after the exams and when the final papers were done, we had a bonfire at the Swimming Pool at the back of East Wing, burning our notes and some books which we felt we will not use again, bringing them home would only be extra baggage.

We left the school, trooping to the train station by the College Bus and some on foot, gathering solemnly at the Railway Station as we wait for the train to take us home, north and south. There were some seniors and juniors there too, and as the train makes its way into the station, after lumbering and throwing the bags on board, we hugged, shook hands and unashamedly cry and bawl as we say goodbye to each other and to whoever were there at the station that night.





THE MALAY COLLEGE MAGAZINE 1966.

Vol. V

No. IV

FIFTH FORM SOCIETY REPORT 1966

Adviser:	Inche Salim Harun
President:	Yakob Cha (Arts)
Finance Sec:	Hamid Hussein (Arts)
Representatives:	Hamid Nor (Arts)
	Ahmad Shah (Arts)
	Hamid Ibrahim (Science)
	Rosly Yahya (Science)
Games Captain:	Abu Hassan (Arts)
Religious Rep:	Wan Ahmad Kamal (Science)
Cheer Leader:	Khalit Hassan (Arts)
	Bahar Mansor (Science)

The Fifth Form Society, the former Form Five Union, comprises all Form Five students both in the Arts and in the Science streams which total 123 members. The alteration of the name was made in the interest of the organisation. The organisation does not assume the activities of a trade union but limits its scope to academic, social and cultural fields. The omission of the word "UNION" is essential in accordance with the aims and functions of the organisation.

The Fifth Form Variety Concert is an annual affair organised by every batch of Fifth Formers. This year, in early March, the Society staged a two-night show in the school Hall. The overwhelming response from the public was a proof of its success. The amount collected was the highest ever made by the Fifth Form. Members of the Organising Committee especially Engku Hashim, the Business Manager, should be thanked for their efficiency. More than 70% of the gross collection was donated to the school for the purchase of a new set of hurdles. A sum of \$55 was donated to Enche Hussein b. Mat, a needy Fifth Form Student of Durian Daun Secondary School, Malacca.

The Fifth Form Cheering Squad went into operation throughout the year. It provided enormous moral support to the school teams playing on home ground. Only one out-station trip was made when the school football team went to play against S.T.A.R. in Ipoh.

On the final night of the second term, an annual "Ball" was held in the Common Room to celebrate the night of the Dragon Dance, a tradition of the Fifth Formers. At 12 midnight the Dragon Dance began. From the Swimming pool the procession marched along the corridors of all the dormitories and finally stopped in front of the flag staff. After going round the field singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "Goodbye, Jimmy, Goodbye", the procession came to an end at about 1 a.m.

The Souvenir night, another tradition, took place on the eve of the Cambridge School Certificate Examination. A grand Farewell Party was held on the final night of the term. The party also signified the closing of the Society's activities for the year. Next year, the Society and its functions will be resumed by the next batch of Fifth Formers.

President.
FFS, 1966.

司 公 華 新

號〇八一二話電 號一十二尼丹不蘭惹沙江

琴樂用釣雙銀器運用教賬中用文小圖雜書各經
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*Kami Sedia ada Menjual Buku2 Pelajaran. Buku Tulis, Alatan2
Menulis, Barang2 Alatan Pekerjaan Tangan untuk murid2 Sekolah
Rendah dan Menengah dan Barang2 Alatan Sukan.*

*Dengan hormat-nya kami menunggu kedatangan tuan2 dan puan2
serta seditu menerima pesanan2 atau langganan2 dari tuan dan puan.*

KASSIM BIN ABDUL RAHMAN

SELERA BARU

Menyediakan masak² Melayu
Nasi Lemak, Nasi Ayer, Mi Rebus, sup,
minuman sejok dan panas dan tiap² hari
Jumaat di-adakan Nasi Minyak.
Dan juga menerima tempahan² makan

(DINNER ATAU TEA PARTY)

STALL No. 124

JALAN BUKIT CHANDAN.

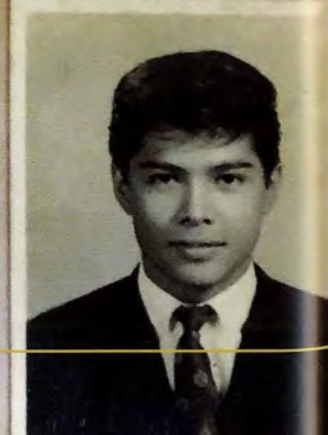
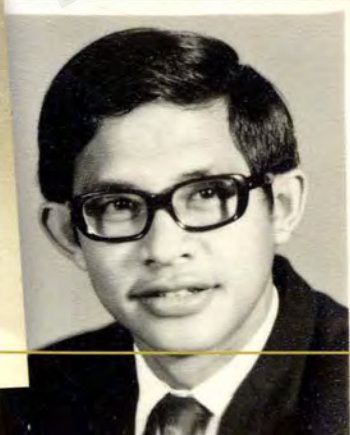


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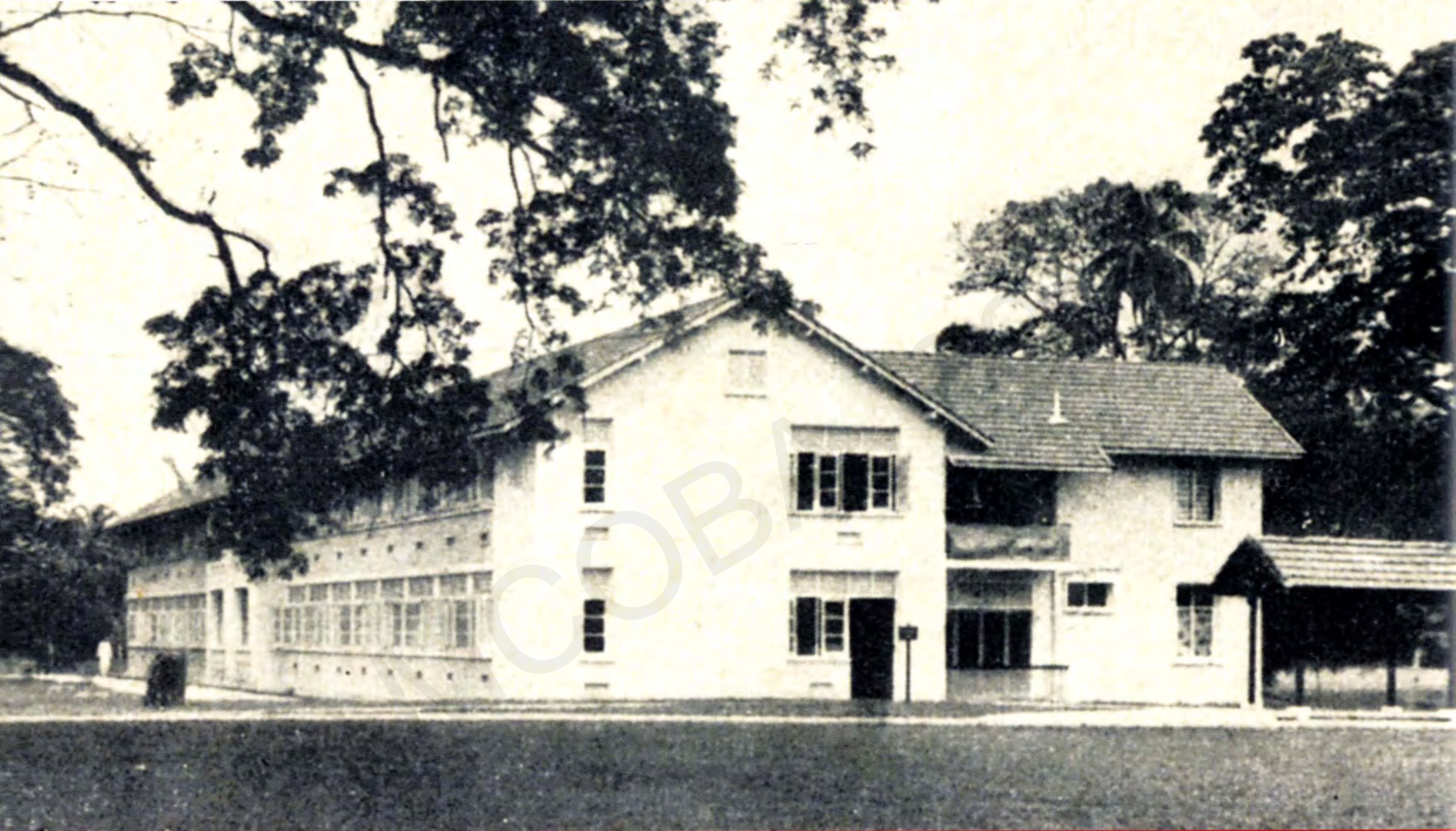


CIAN.









MATURING YEARS • 1967 - 1968



We started College in 1967 late, it was Monday January 23rd, because Kuala Kangsar was inundated by floods during the 1966 year end till early 1967. When we arrived, the flood-waters had long receded, but the tell-tale marks were there to indicate how high the water level was.

About 71 of us started the year in the Sixth Form, the ultimate senior class in the whole College. During the year, several left after the announcement of the SC/MCE results to pursue studies overseas after securing scholarships while some changed their mind to pursue vocations and places in other institutes of learning that suits their ambitions. By the time we were in Upper Six, there were about 42 in Science and about 32 in Arts classes.

The rebel rousing continued albeit with greater fervour and the impact of the Beatles' Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band Album, The Rolling Stones "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction", the Animals "House of the Rising Sun", were telling. Yes, there was The Herman Hermits "Ferry on the Mersey", Manfred Mann, are among the songs we sang to in the mid-60s. Elvis Presley, Cliff Richard, Bob Dylan, Helen Shapiro, Sure, we were infected and also affected by the Pop Yeh Yeh onslaught with singers like A. Ramli, Jeffrydin, A Halim, A Rahman Hassan, A Rahman Onn, M Osman and Eddie Ahmad among others.

We embraced drain-pipe trousers, coloured sunglasses, high collars, Clark Boots, Tancho pomades to make our hair stay in place. We became more fashion conscious and began to develop 'attitude' building on what we practice when we were in Form Five. It's not cockiness or egoistic, though it may loudly say so, but being the most senior we develop some 'airs' of our own.

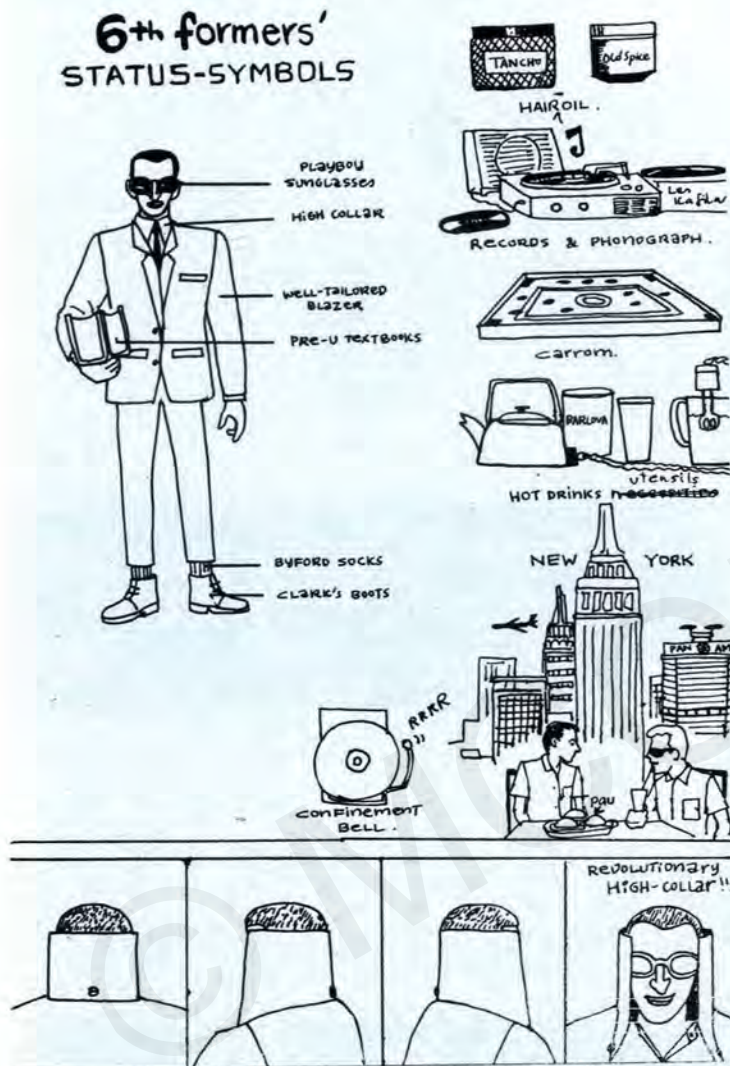
On May 16th 1967, DYMM Seri Paduka Baginda Yang Di Pertuan Agong and the DYMM Raja Permaisuri Agong visited the College, the second time that a sitting Yang Di Pertuan Agong visited the College, the first being in 1958. There was the ceremonial March Past by the various uniformed bodies and the visit to the Big School and New School Complex. On Saturday the 24th of June Yang Mulia Raja Muda Johore, on behalf of the DYMM Sultan Johore gave away the prizes during the Annual Speech Day and Annual Prize-Giving event. A record of sorts as the College played host to two members of the Royalty in its official functions in one year.

Life In College

As a Sixth Former, you are the Big Brother and you develop a different persona -carrying files instead of exercise books and each of us have a dark blue blazers to be worn in major functions and events. Going to a lecture theatre not a classroom, and gone are the single desks and chairs. Instead there's the lecture theatre style chair which you slide into rather than dropping yourself into a chair, with an attached table surface for writing on, and a rack beneath your seat to put your books on. These lecture chairs were arranged in an arc pattern facing the teacher/lecturer.

We do not have classes (most times we'd use 'lectures' instead when juniors are around!) every hour and we were expected to go to the library in between to read and study. We were allowed to go back to our dormitories in the Pavilion during school hours, but not to sleep. The Pavilion is closest to the New School. Such were the flexibility given to us 'adults'.





The Pavilion, the newest block then, completed in 1960, is a simple two storey L-shaped, with three dormitories (each partitioned into two, presumably to reduce the dormitory feeling) and one big living room with a record-player / gramophone and some rattan, cushioned lounge chairs, sparse but spacious. The Prefects were in their own section in the middle of the upper floor. The toilets and bathrooms were in the middle of the building on both floors. There were also two units of living quarters for the Pavilion Masters adjoining the main block.

A large number of us have been voted to take up positions in the various Tuesday Activities bodies, clubs and associations. Most couldn't recollect now what they did or achieve, some couldn't even remember. But, presumably we learn that sometimes you have to accept responsibilities and perform duties which comes because you are in the leadership territory. Within that lies the value of a boarding school that spans longer years than the rest, with Sixth formers at the top of the heap.

The Editor of the School Magazine 1967, Hanis Ahmad, highlighted in his Editorial that "...the Collegians have lost their 'sense of purpose'. In the upper segment of the College especially, there seems to exist a preponderance of 'drifters' – aimlessly shuttling between the classes and the library stopping in neither place long enough for constructive work to be done." An observation by a Sixth Former of themselves. That reflects the maturity of thinking, illustrating that listless as we were, we can still be driven by our own desires to do something, be it to revolt against authority or just to find our own level, maturing in the process.

Most of us find those two years in the Sixth Form as memorable and Hanis' call at the end of his Editorial "In this growing nation there is a dire need for intelligent and ambitious young men. Let us fulfil this nation's need".

In hindsight we can say that have done our best, and quite well, despite that laid-back attitude, and we can say that those two years have taught us well too.



EDITORIAL

The Fifth Formers' annual concert netted yet another record collection; the College teams had their successful seasons and the pistons of the 'Old Faithful' continued to oscillate to the coaxing of the time-worn carburettors. These and the exceptionally outstanding results in the public examinations all indicate the achievement of another successful year by the College. Let us not, however, be complacent for there are other objectives to achieve and more room for improvement. Let this initial success be the impetus to boost us forward to more glory even in the face of attendant difficulties from diverse quarters.

Perhaps there is truth in the opinion that the Collegians have lost their 'sense of purpose'. In the upper segment of the College especially, there seems to exist a preponderance of 'drifters'—aimlessly shuttling between the classes and the library stopping in neither place long enough for constructive work to be done. A fair proportion wait listlessly or nonchalantly for scholarships at the expense of their studies. And still others infected by this 'disease' conform to the general unsavoury trend. Most tend to dismiss this as a phenomenon of maturation—a transitional stage from boyhood to adulthood. However it is at this stage that the most important public examinations are faced. Thus we must note with alarm this sense of apathy, this sudden clamour for rights and privileges. Such undesirable attitudes must be eradicated for they are not conducive to obtaining better results in the crucial examinations, especially the H.S.C. for, allow me to twist the knife in the wound, it must be remembered that the results in this area had never been exceptionally good.

There are, of course, contributing factors that create this situation; the establishment of more upper secondary schools, the M.A.R.A. College especially is the most important reason to be taken into consideration. Collegians seem to envy the co-educational status of this particular institution, forgetting for a moment that they are also in the privileged group. They feel that they should be granted the same privileges and status. When denied this they become frustrated.

Nevertheless, in other aspects the College had functioned splendidly. We continue to produce sportsmen of calibre and the increase in the number of records broken on the Sports day is an excellent testimony to this fact. The North Perak Combined Schools Sports results are other confirmations of our athletic prowess. Let us continue this trend, keep up the 'College standard' and meet the challenge of the future with undaunted spirit — always remembering 'FIAT SAPIENTIA VIRTUS'.

We owe our existence largely to the goodwill of the public and ultimately the public we must serve. In this growing nation there is dire need for intelligent and ambitious young men. Let us fulfil this nation's need. "The public," commented a distinguished guest, "wants its money's worth."

EDITOR.



ENGLISH LITERARY SECTION

OPERATION C. G. T.



The beginning....

ture 'Operation C. G. T.' (Op.

The operation got under way when our squad boarded the midnight mail to K. L. on 28th July, 1967. From K. L. we just managed to catch the morning express bus to Kuala Lipis. Forty miles of serpentine highway across the Main Range presented us with a picturesque view of the Pahang jungle. A subsequent train journey took us to Tembeling Halt. There we rode in a decrepit bus (smaller than the college van) trotting uncertainly at a mere 10 m.p.h. It reminded us of our 'Old Faithful'. To our relief, the 'mammat-like' driver wearing a Jeffridin cap skilfully landed us in one piece at Kuala Tembeling which is a typical 'buffalo - town'. The young penghulu, clad in a bush jacket, a handsome pipe in one hand and an expensive cherrot in the other, greeted us. We told him we were officer - cadets under training. He was greatly impressed and extended his hospitality by allowing us to stay the night in the aged 'rumah kebajikan'.

The next morning, our boat the 'Taman Negara 38' was already waiting for us at the jetty. The thirty miles upstream was a testing experience. Against sweeping currents and through swift rapids and dangerous sandbanks, the boat-driver at the stern and the river-guide at the bow superbly manoeuvred the boat to Kuala Tahan (Headquarters of the Taman Negara). We were received by the Games Superintendent who introduced us to our guide - Pak Chik Ramlee, a timid ever-smiling baby-faced guy but his leg muscles were terribly bulky. That evening we were confronted by 6 university under-graduates (including an old boy, Zaharan and an ex-teacher, Mr. Bala and a bearded 'Peace Corps Volunteer' whom we nicknamed M. Salleh) who wished to scale G. Tahan with us.

That night after a hearty dinner at the ultra-modern Rest House we went to bed (not in the Rest House it was too expensive, but in our tents pitched within the vicinity of the Rest House). Then we received news that Mr. Bala had decided at the last minute to withdraw from the expedition.

The following day we set out at precisely 1830 hours. We were full of optimism but after a tedious six-hour journey, the mood began to change. Drenched in our own sweat and with sullen faces we staggered to our first camp, Sungai Melantal. A sudden downpour forced us to build a tent raised on logs of wood about three feet from the ground. Constantly terrorized by thirsty leeches and unceasingly harassed by the hungry jungle wasps, we gladly left the unwholesome place the next morning.

The subsequent journey was a real trial of endurance. We had to overcome a series of leech-infested hills constituting the Malang Range. Here there was scarcity of water, and here too, we had our first casualty. A

GUNONG TAHAN IS a mysterious mountain, towering majestically amidst the green panorama of the untamed Malayan jungle. Many expeditions had endeavoured to conquer it some were successful; others were not. A special squad of the Malay College cadets, comprising CSM Abu Bakar, Sgt. W. A. Kamal, Cpl. Rosly Jalil, Ariffin Yusoff, Adzman Musa, A. R. Ishak, Ahmad Kamal and Harun Baba, was one of those who tasted and enjoyed the fruits of success. It all began when we grouped together and laid down our plans to assault Gunong Tahan. We called our ambitious venture Conquest of Gunong Tahan.)



.....it's not easy my friend.....

member of our party had muscle-pulls on both thighs. We had to apply the typical 'karate' massage. When we resumed our journey we had another casualty. M. Salleh was so thirsty that he dropped half-dead under a 'petai tree' and just simply refused to budge. We eventually persuaded him to proceed. At the first sight of a stream he spurted and dived into the cool, clean water. This was the site of our camp, Sungai Puteh. To our disappointment it was another haven of leeches. But we were already immuned to their itchy bites.

The next morning, we actually departed two and a half hours late. The third day of our journey was relatively easy; we even found time to fish on the way. The third camp Kuala Teku, was heaven compared to the last two. Having caught some big fish (we approximated one to be twelve katis) and after a cool soapless bath, we enjoyed a modest barbecue.

With renewed spirit we left the camp scaled three mountains and reached Gunong Tahi. As darkness was falling we decided to camp there. We forgot that mountain tops have no streams nor were there any hard wood for our tent structure - only bushes, so everybody was obliged to sleep in the open. That night the wild mountain winds screeched mercilessly, the rocky ground turned ice-cold, and from the dark emptiness, the 'frozen' dew drops bit into our uncovered faces. We could not sleep though we pretended to. Fortunately it did not rain, otherwise....



Despite empty stomachs and poor visibility from the thick mist, we set out at day-break. they that stand above all others!

Having successfully assaulted a few more mountains we reached Gunong Pantat Lesong. Here we embarked on the most grovelling phase of our journey - the crossing of the Teku Ridge. It was a ridge barely a yard in width; the steep slopes on both sides were fenced with a screened with white clouds and the drop on both sides seemed bottomless. The restless wind, the slippery rocks and the falling pebbles! Indeed, it was a sequence of suspenses. Frankly, we were frightened but discipline kept us onwards. Subsequently we reached Gunong Gedong. It was an awesome spectacle - 6776 feet! The slope was steep and slippery and it was impossible to walk, so we crawled; even that was dangerous. However, the presence of a rusty but reliable cable aided our ascent. We reached our last camp Gunong Padang at noon. From there through the binoculars we could scan the top of Gunong Tahan - the one that stands above all others. The seasoned guide disapproved of our desire to move on. So we pitched our tents, bathed, refreshed ourselves and had a hurried lunch. Later, leaving our equipment behind our party was ready for the 'coup de grace'.

After traversing Gunong Gedong again, we could see the trigonometrical station on the Tahan Peak and quickened our steps. The station gradually swelled in our sight. We conquered the summit at 1530 hours. Bliss and ecstasy overwhelmed us. "Fantas! We are at the roof-top of Malaya." After pitching the College flag, the precious hour at the 'roof-top' was spent snapping photos, carving our initials and collecting souvenirs. It was indeed an experience to be remembered. Reluctantly we prepared for the descent.

The wearisome sixty-mile journey back to K. Tahan was as interesting. We equalled the record of seven days (from the day we started to scale the first mountain until we returned to our base) set by the R. M. C. Cadet Wing in 1960.

SGT. W. A. KAMAL,
2nd Platoon, M. C. Cadet Corps.



THE PREFECTS' BOARD

Head Prefect	-	Razman Ariffin
Deputy Head Prefect	-	Nik Amrah Nik Omar
Secretary (until 2nd term)		Ahmad Tajuddin Ali
Secretary (from 2nd term)		Mustapha Yusoff
Tahir Azhar		Zahari Darus
Hanis Ahmad		Azizi Yom Ahmad
Yusof Hashim		Ridzuan Salleh
Yusof Khalid		Zaki Taib
Johari Abas		Suhaimi Halim
Hamid Ibrahim		Azim Wahab
Shukri Omar		Mohammad Karim
(until 2nd term)		Ezanee Ishak
Khamis Abu Samah		Affandi Ismail
Ahmad Zakaria		Ariff Hamid
Hamid Hussein		Ahmad Kamal
Hazir Manah		Talaat Hussein (from 2nd term)
Ishak Said		Rashid Pateh Akhir (from 2nd term)
Annuar Johari		
Yusof Dalin		Sheikh Hardy (from 2nd term)

In a Residential School like Malay College, the Prefectorial Board plays an extremely important role in maintaining the general discipline of the School. Prefects then have to work conscientiously and actively in performing the heavy duties attached to the office of prefect. A duty prefect begins his duty early in the morning at 6.00 a.m. and ends at midnight. He has to see that everything is in order for the day, bring food to the hospital, attend to mass praying and numerous other out-of-the-way duties, including ringing the bell at the required time.

In the first, second and third terms, games were arranged between the Prefects' Board and the Staff and both parties had done equally well. It is worth noting that many members of the Prefects' Board had shown their sporting prowess by representing the College in various games, and they have made no small contribution to the success of the various teams. Quite a number of members too have achieved academic distinction.

In the second term, the Board organised the annual Kuala Kangsar Prefects' gathering and it turned out to be a success. We would like to express our thanks to the various Prefectorial Boards that had participated and had contributed to the evening. In the second term too, our Secretary Ahmad Tajuddin Ali, left for the United Kingdom on an N.E.B. Scholarship for Electrical Engineering. To him we wish the best of luck in his future undertakings.

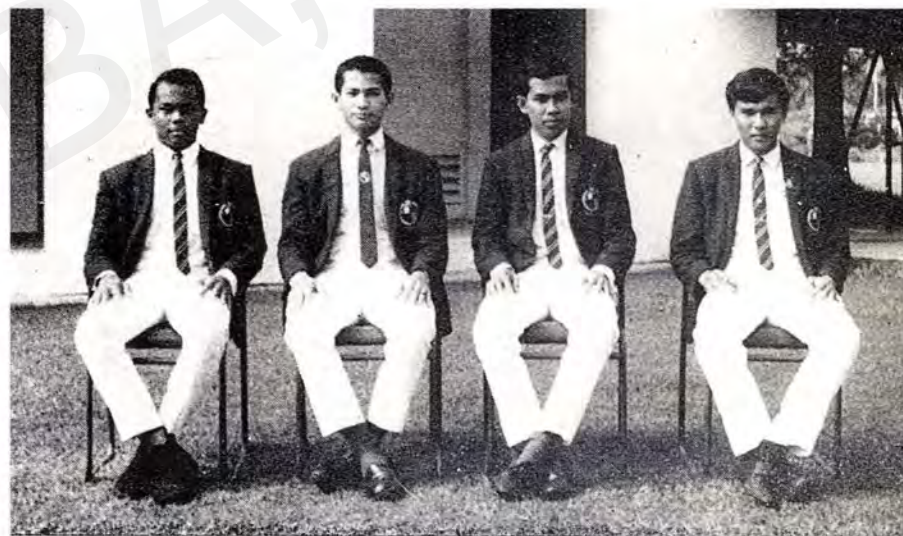
Finally, we would like to express our sincere gratitude to the Headmaster, the Adviser, the members of the Staff for their assistance and guidance in helping us in carrying out our duties.

Secretary.

34



The Jags 4 + 1 and the House Captains



Yusof Khalid, Ridzuan Salleh, Ahmad Zakaria, Hamid Hussein.

Sports

Quite a number of us continue our sporting pursuits, some excelling further and reaching new heights of achievements, some began to show more interest and were able to develop sporting skills that qualify you to become a member of the school team.

Being the Captain of the House, is a major responsibility as your 'reign' will be coloured by the position that the House achieve at the end of the year. The House set-up that is central to life in the College is indeed a significant contributor towards moulding the man in the boys. Participation in sports, clubs and competitions all contribute towards



the House's success and invariably, most of us, if not everyone, will get to experience the feeling of team-work and the joys and pains of working together.

The Pavilion, where we stay, has a volleyball court nearby, and on most afternoons, the familiar call "Volleyball oit!" will rang out and a motley of players, usually those not involved in games practices for the school teams or their respective houses, read 'non-sportsmen', would play. There will be frequent changes of players whenever one team loses a set, with calls of 'Lubok!' (If a ball get to you, you are not able to do anything about it and the opposing team can easily score a point) or assertions of being a 'Lalat' (non-contributor because you have never touched the ball) being the main reason for leaving the team.



Activities

Concerts are a major events, and there are at least two in a year that we can be involved in – the Annual School Concert and the Sixth Form Concert. The quality of the music and presentation improves as one concert organiser aim to better the previous one. Apart from those two, there's always the KK Annual Talentime Competition being organised to raise funds for the All Blacks Trip to Vajiravudh College or to receive their return visit on alternate years.

Parties also take a different turn, as Sixth Formers began to organise parties and invite their friends from the town, mainly girls that they have got acquainted with to attend. Of course the ratio is maybe one girl to 3 boys! During our time we manage to organise one with the help of a very 'friendly and understanding' teacher who allowed us to use his house for the party.

While in Upper Sixth we had to attend interviews conducted by the JPA for the various key Ministries, some of it for overseas universities and some for local universities, all depending on your final HSC results.





Leaving The College

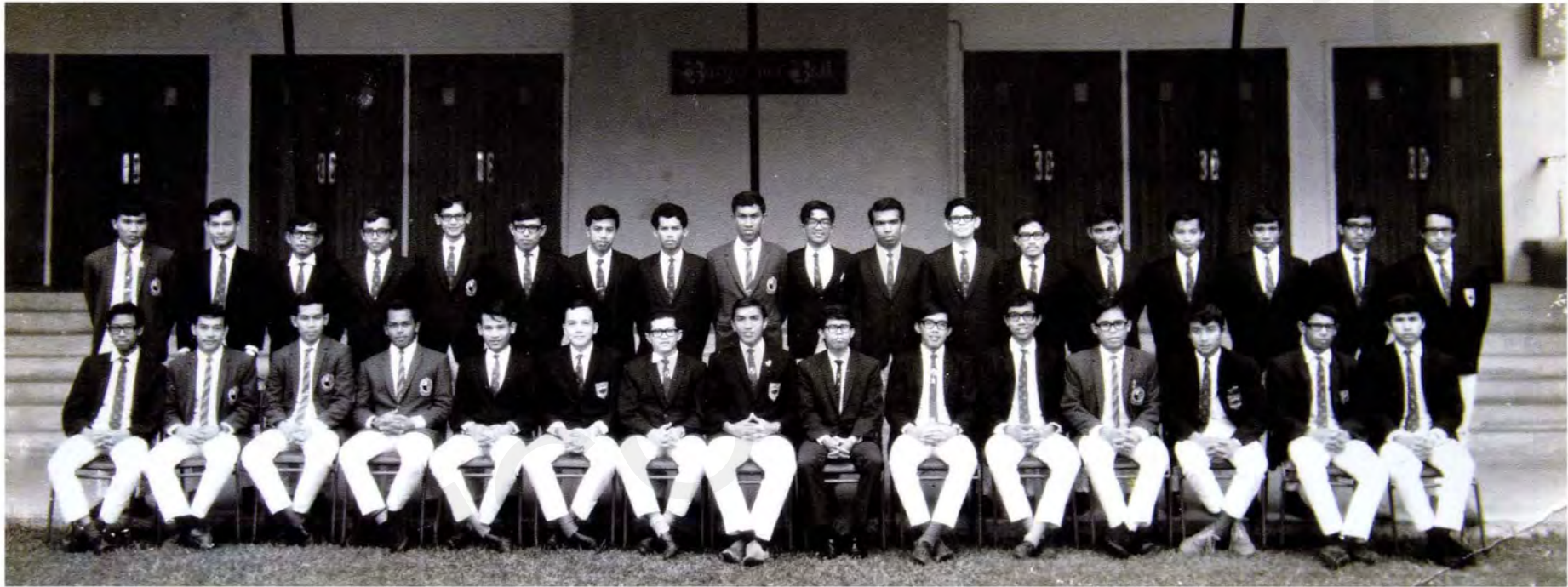
During and after the examinations, we actually felt very lonely as the bulk of the school leave for the third term break and those left behind were the Fifth Formers and the Upper Sixth Formers. For the Upper sixth Forms, the Pavilion will be half empty and everyone is busy with their own studies.

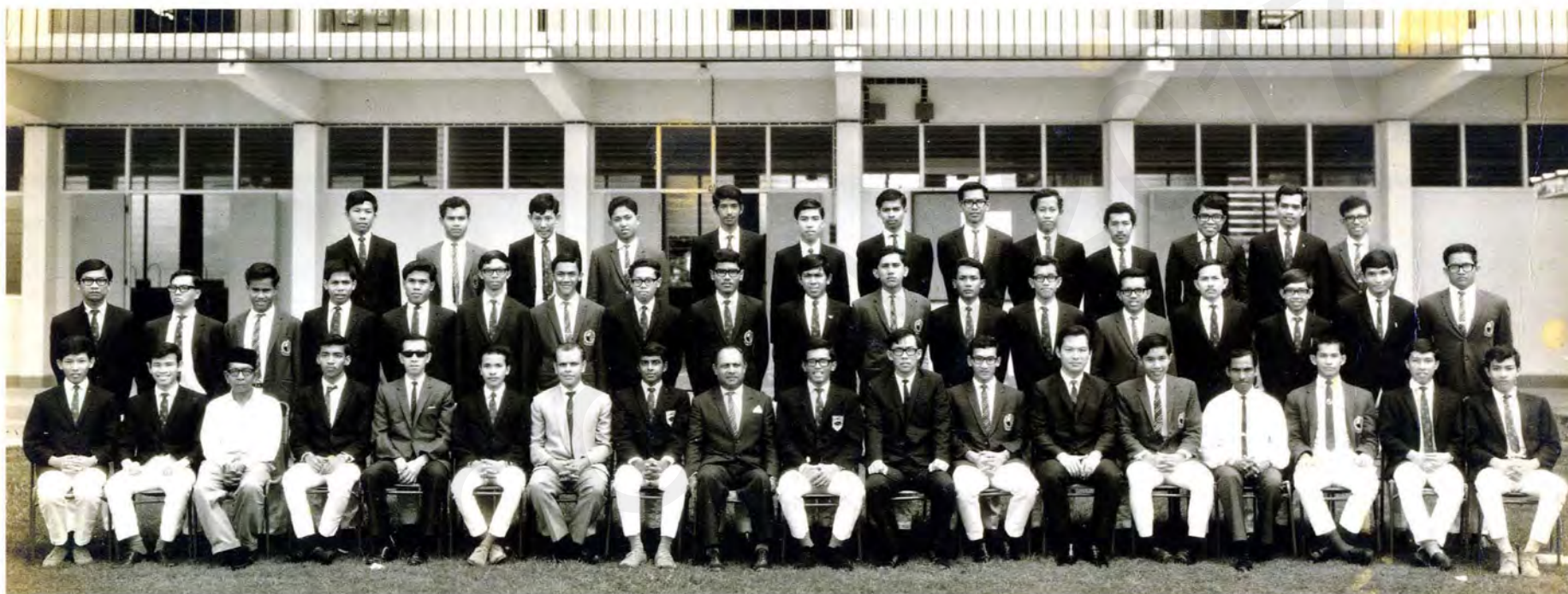
The exhilaration that surrounds the end of the Fifth Form were not there, we practically face the reality of leaving in just small groups, as some of us would leave earlier, the moment they sat for their last paper.

It was like slipping away unnoticed when the time comes packing your bags and clearing the lockers and dormitory. The goodbyes were not that memorable, maybe because through the two years we have sad goodbyes a few times, to those who secured scholarships to pursue their studies overseas, or those who decided to pursue specific vocations. It was quite a let-down, but being more matured, we thought not too much about it. Maybe because of the fact that, if we passed our exams, there is every likelihood we will meet again at University Malaya, the main University then, or the Technical College or ITM.

ADIOS COLLEGE.....it was fun, memorable and parts of it can be forgotten too.









SPECIAL FEATURES

Relationship With Teachers

Our relationship with Teachers grew as the years pass, and in the Sixth Form years we get to be close to the teachers and many an incident can be related, through it all we develop strong friendship with them, that will last till now. During our Sixth Form years we were able to get closer to the teachers as we hold positions in units, clubs etc. with them as the Masters-in-Charge. We were seniors, and we could relate with them better. Our closeness with them was built upon our experiences with them when we were in the lower forms.

Many an incident happen outside the classroom, and these help to cement the longer term bond that we have with these teachers, as in hindsight, we were able to gauge and appreciate their wisdom for handling us the way they did. May have caught us breaking rules and sent us to the HM for the appropriate punishment, but somehow, we only see that as them doing their duty and us paying our dues, never a grudge being held.

“

Mr Norton neither rode nor owned a Norton motorbike. He had a fiat ... the smallest of them (650 cc?). Sometime in early 1967, he took a couple of upper 6 boys and me on a trip to Taiping to solicit advertisement sponsors for our college magazines. I and one other sat at the back, with hardly 6 inches of legroom. Being well mannered we assured him that the one and a half hour trip (one way) without air-conditioning was ok and pleasant.

”



Engku Hashim Engku Pengiran Anum

Spending as much as seven years in the college, as students, and being boys, we do have memorable and sometimes even naughty moments with our teachers.

We respect them as teachers, sometime we are in awe of them and of what they have (especially cars) and even get to know their family members. Some of them were like older brothers and elders to whom we confide and they offer us advice, chastise us when we go over the limit, or just speak to us as ordinary people – thus they become dear to us.

“

Mr. Selvanayagam (we gave him a moniker – ‘Mr Silvernitrate’ for his mane of silver hair and his crisp voice), he taught us English Literature and ‘ignited’ us on Shakespeare. My English was hopeless at that time but I developed, benefitting especially from his words and advice, specifically ‘To read aloud, read a lot’.

”

Hamzah Sulaiman



Nobody can forget Desmond J. Tate, later Muzaffar Tate, who can read and write in Jawi script. A revered historian, teaching history, he was also an excellent teacher for 'The General Paper' when we were in Form 6. Kamaruzaman Madarshah and I always teased him, sometimes referring to his slight pot belly. He doesn't mind and took it all in his stride. A heck of a great person, teacher and historian, driving his blue Ford Cortina GT. Until today his definition of democracy beats Abraham Lincoln's!

Mohd Tahir Azhar

Pranks colour our relationship with the Teachers and they become topics of conversations and recall whenever we meet, post-College. In the 60s, April Fool jokes were quite a regular fun activity. Surprise announcement of tests were announced by a teacher or two as we stepped into class, and later told "April Fools!"

When we were in Form 4 (1965), before the first class were to start on that Thursday, April 1st, the students in Form 4 Science 2 swopped classrooms with Form 4 Science 1, evidently a brainchild of the Class monitor of Form 4 Science 2, Ghazally Ismail. When Mr Kamalantran came into Form 4 Science 2 classroom, he began his English class as usual. In a few minutes he discovered that it was a different group of students! He laughed when he realised what had happened. He was April Fooled!

A stuff of legends, the other really significant April Fool's Day incident happened in 1967, when a plot involving Sixth Formers were hatched to 'gather' all the cars of all the teachers and staff who were staying within the college grounds, and arrange them in the middle of

the College field. It started late night and were 'completed' by about 3am. No need to recount who did what and how, but through ingenuity, close to 10 cars were involved. We all watched as the respective car owners collected their cars the next morning after scrambling around trying to locate their cars that were missing from the respective car porches. It was significant that April 1st in 1967 was a Saturday.

Teachers were every bit part and parcel of the school life. The daily Master on Duty's name is on the main board of the school lobby and entrance were the target of mischievous glances, taking note of who was on duty. Most teachers took their role as the Duty Master seriously, and they often come late night into the campus grounds, unheralded, making their surprise rounds, catching many a truant and boys in various situations, boys whose names were then announced on the Thursday Assembly days for either confinement or detention classes.

Mr Kamalantran related a story of a boy he saw smoking, and when the boy knew that he was observed, he frantically jumped into the dormitory window (it was at one of the wings) and ran up the circular stairs to his bed in the upper floor dormitory. The boy actually slipped and fell down the stairs and suffered some painful bumps. Mr Kamalantran saw him slowly walking back up to his dormitory. He didn't report that boy, and years later met up with him. The boy asked why he was not reported, and Mr Kamalantran's reply was "I saw that you had your punishment already..." Mr Kamalantran, rest in peace, our dear teacher, you are the epitome of what teachers were to us!

Tuan Hj Ghazalli, always perfectly garbed in his white robe and shawl, was always a picture of serenity, constantly smiling and talking in confident, soft tones. He is always regarded highly and we would never misbehave when he is around, to us, to do that would be utterly disrespectful! He sometimes cycled to school as he stayed nearby.

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.



Last Row: (Standing):- Inche Sintek Tahar, Ustaz Nawawi, In. Mohd. Othman, In. Razak Shafiee, In. U. Krishnan, In. Mohd. Yunus, In. G. P. David, In. Liew Mui Chang, Tuan Syed Bakar, In. Dave Warner, Ustaz Abdul Rahman, In. Kamal Hussein, In. A. N'adarajah, In. M. Rajamanickam, In. M. Sandragasan, Ustaz Abdullah, Rev. Moses Job.

Middle Row (L. to R.):- In. K. Balasubramaniam, In. Yoong Khoo Weng, In. Neil Brown, In. John Eakins, In. John Slough, In. Abu Zakaria, In. Chin Lin Sem, Y. M. Raja Raffnan Shah, In. C. Kamalantran, In. Low Mui Chuan, In. Amirthalingam, In. Tara Singh.

First Row: (Sitting):- Mrs. Amy Hussein, Miss Jean Cancro, In. Yusoff Razak, In. Loo Yew Khin, In. A. Ratnam, In. Desmond Tate, In. Peter Chen, In. Aziz Ismail (*Headmaster*), In. P. A. Norton, In. D. K. Gupta, In. Ang Thoon Seng, In. Salim Hj. Harun, In. Goh Cheng Leong, Che Robeahtun Hj. Ahmad Damanhuri, In. Shahbodin b. Uda Tayob.

When back in Penang during the school holidays, Mr Loo drove me and a senior, Shahrom Shariff, my cousin, in his car to a restaurant beside Cathay theatre to have Kueyteow soup and popia. He gave us a treat!



Ahmad Zahari Kadir

It was during one of Mr Gupta's Maths Class. He saw a desk with the top cover slightly open and upon reaching the table he saw a boy sleeping, he lifted the cover and saw that pinned to the inner cover of that table top was a coloured poster of Jenny Hu, a very popular Cantonese actress then. Calmly and not the least angry, Mr Gupta simply said "He's sleeping under the shadow of love".



Ariffin Yusof

Oh My Bahasa Melayu. Cikgu Abu Zakaria. Perumpamaan jarak.

One fine weekend morning a group of us 4th Formers were hiking to Ulu Kenas with kitchen ration of nasi lemak, tea in the yellow jug and biscuits in the sling

bags. Past the Double Lion and grass track Padang, safely out of public view, or so we thought, cigarettes were lighted and we were puffing away. Halfway through to the destination, a familiar car, maybe a Simca it was, passed by and stopped some distance ahead. When we approached the car, we have discarded our cigarettes, and there was CikGu Abu Zakaria and he greeted us an inquired our destination. He told us that he was going in the same direction to Ulu Kenas to collect the fishing rod left behind the day before. Than he left, smiling ominously at us and no mention of cigarettes.

In the next Bahasa Melayu Class the story begins. CikGu Abu Zakaria introduced us to 'Perumpamaan jarak perjalanan' used by orang dulu dulu.

1. Sejauh sa pelaung.
2. Sejauh Burong Terbang
3. Sejauh Sebatang Rokok.....

And when he reached the third perumpamaan, he smiled and looked at us. We turned red of course!

Ahmad Zahari Kadir

There were indeed far too many anecdotes, stories, experiences to recount in this book, but these are examples as to how teachers and the school staff figure in our life. There were assigned to advise the myriad range of societies, clubs and associations. They were on the field, courts and rooms wherever we play, making sure we practice and practice. They took us out during excursions, accompany our trips to other schools sometimes for games and activities.

“

And we had Mr. Mah Chor Yong the science teacher who had problem with lighting the Bunsen burner.... he seems to have phobia for the popping sound every time he lit the burner. Noticing this, students will make the popping sound as he was trying to light the burner with great trepidation. He will get so upset that he said..."I say, you do that again I will slap you....."

”

Anon

Teachers and staff were certainly an inherent part of our college life, so readily and heavily involved were they in our affairs. Duty Masters sent us to the hospital when necessary and were always there in emergencies, on days when there were no hand phones! They visited us when we were in the hospital and might drop in to see us when they know that there were students in the Sick Bay at the Big School.

“

I remember Mr Liew Mui Chang very well, one of the Cadet Masters who left in late 1967. From the time I'm in lower 6, I love to have breakfast (before class) of nasi lemak and rendang (the best in town to me then) every morning at the stall beside the Kuala Kangsar Railway Station. One day, Mr Liew appeared for the first time, at the stall. He sat a few tables from me for his breakfast. Our eyes met and later at school, I was summoned to HM's office and got 5 cuts of the rattan cane.

The following day, Mr Liew appeared again at the stall, saw me and I got another caning. On the 3rd day, he appeared at the stall again. This time, he came to my table asked me why I keep on coming there despite knowing that he would be there. I told him ' Sir, you have your

duty and I am ever willing to be penalised for breaking the school rule'. He said ' But.but. Why..why this place?' I told him 'Sir, if you can find a better nasi lemak stall, then you will not see me here'. Later, in school I got my 3rd canning but he never appear again at the stall until I finished College. I'd like to think that Mr Liew changed his breakfast location knowing that I'd be hard-headed to stick to my rule-breaking ways, albeit only for breakfast, for I was not punished for other things. He must have thought that 3 canings is enough, and he left me on my own. For that he gain my respect and I learnt a lesson on having to give way sometimes...."

”

Anon.

Trengganu, Ahmad

ANG THONG SENG

“

Mr Ang : If you enter a building and you see a door, you push it, it won't open, you pull it, it won't open, how to open it?

Class : We don't know!

Mr Ang : It's a sliding door!

”

Ghazally Ismail

For such memories, we remember them, we respect them and honour them. Our respect for them get stronger as we age in life, for there were many hidden lessons that they have taught us, and humility, frankness and being objective are among the ones we learnt from them. May Allah bless them all.

Teachers' Cars

If the eyes are alert, then the mind will learn. The wide scope of perspectives available to us within the College compound and environment and the small, compact town of Kuala Kangsar, provide a fertile bed for our minds to explore whatever fancied us. The teachers and the staff of the College whom we see almost every day, the different races and nationalities, their different personalities, their families (quite a number of them stay within the campus) are all there for us to observe and subconsciously learn from.

We didn't realise it then, but when recounting our days at the college, quite a number of us can remember details of the cars that our teachers and staff use, and when we mention them, it would be with a gleam in our eyes, proud and happy that we remember how we 'admired' them, one way or the other.

Motorcars In MCKK

In college I acquired 2 hobbies that not many would regard as hobbies. Much as I wanted to delve into models of cars and radio controlled toys (motorcars and planes) I could not afford such an expensive hobby. So I developed my interest further by closely observing real motorcars that I see on the roads. The other hobby was to learn how to play the guitar better.

Having been admitted into MCKK, I began to realise that Perak was a bigger state and had far more automobiles than Kelantan or Trengganu combined. I found to my delight that there were all sorts of interesting makes of automobiles. Compared to the ones found

in Kelantan especially Kota Bharu, the ones I came across in Kuala Kangsar were more interesting and varied.

Perhaps, not surprisingly it was the teachers of MCKK who owned the most interesting variety of automobiles. Let me recall and list down here the cars owned by our teaching staff of MCKK then - Austin Cambridge, Ford Zephyr, Ford Consul, Wolseley, MG Magnette, MG TD, MGA Coupe, Volvo 122S, Volvo 123 GT, Simca Aronde, MG 1300, Austin 3000, Sunbeam Rapier, Morris Minor, Volkswagen, Ford Cortina and a Jaguar Mk 2 2.4 litres.

Kuala Kangsar is the Royal Town of Perak and His Highness Sultan Idris of Perak, the then Sultan, lived in Bukit Chandan. He alone had several exotic motorcars some of which were kept in his palace. The Sultan also had a home in Ipoh where I was told he garaged several of his automobiles.

Off the top of my head I remember he had several Alfa Romeos. He even had the bigger 6 cylinder Alfa 2500 Bertone. Needless to say, the good Sultan was also seen driving the Alfa 1750 and the Alfa 2000 GTV. I even remember a black Lancia Saloon. His Highness the Sultan of Perak was a real aficionado of exotic motorcars especially of Italian make. He had a passion for the sporting variety. Several of his favourite cars were of the cabriolet type and they were Italian too.

In contrast, most of our teachers owned British made motorcars. Perhaps Italian cars were not affordable to the ordinary salary earning teachers.

In a way, the more 'desirable' a car a teacher owned, he would earn more respect somehow. I remember the boys making fun of those

who owned mere Morris Minors. Maybe to us then style matters and that means one must have taste, have class, and have money?

Motorcars were a status symbol and a measure of a person's/ family's economic status.

The expatriates (especially the whites) were perceived to be wealthy because they had bigger and more expensive motor cars. Whether they were a Sergeant in the air force, a junior manager in Boustead or Guthrie, or a junior teacher teaching in a moderately sized school, these expatriates would probably drive a Riley, Wolseley, MG, a Sunbeam or a Mini Cooper. The ones working in foreign owned banks would drive the 3.5 litre Rover or a Humber Supersnipe, Rover TC or some top of the range automobile (usually British made). This perception that the type of motorcar owned or driven by a person reflects his status, power, influence and wealth pervaded our society then and even now. Our classmates too were quick to understand this too.

At the top of the admiration list was of course the Jaguar Mk 2 owned by our Headmaster, Mr. Neil John Ryan. Next to that must surely be those who had the Volvos and there were 3. En. Abd Rahman bin Arshad, En. Kudus and a Mr Liew. There were also a number of expatriate teachers who were graduates from India - Mr Mehrotra, Mr Gupta and Mr Norton. They all drove British cars. The 2 tone Ford Consul owned by Mr Gupta was one of the two 2-toned motor cars in school then, with the other one owned by Mr Kamalantran an MG Magnette saloon. CikGu Salim had a Fiat 1500 and there were 2 Morris Minors then, a black Morris belonged to Mr Rajamanickam while the Food and Kitchen Matron drove a grey Morris.



Invariably the boys looked to Mr NJ Ryan...it so happened he owned and drove a Jaguar. Personally, I feel that Mr Ryan showed sincerity, common sense, dedication, and had a big heart. Mr Ryan even brought his class to Langkawi, and camped out on the beach with the boys...he cooked, swum, slept...just like everyone else....and for that I believe he earned the admiration and respect of those he brought with him to Langkawi.

Ryan's dedication to Rugby, to team spirit, to encouraging a sense of pride in whatever we had to do for the alma mater...went a very long way to giving the Class of 66 some very genuine appreciation for the quality of the man. That he owned a Jaguar Mk 2 was not as important as the fact that he was a dedicated HM who deserved our respect. He was our hero. He still is to a lot of us. May Mr. Ryan Rest in Peace.



Shagul Hamid Abdullah

Remembering Them After College

We maintain contacts with some of the teachers after we have left school but mostly after we have graduated and worked and have families of our own. Some were invited to the weddings of our children, some to our Class Reunions.

Teacher becoming Student

I was already working as a Line Supervisor at Texas Instruments Malaysia when I was told by my Production Manager that I would have to train a new Line Supervisor who had just completed his basic training in Singapore. "Sure." I said, and he would report to me the next week when we are working on the Afternoon Shift.

I had a shock of my life when the person turned out to be Mr Kamalantran, the fierce-sounding, strict but quite amenable teacher we had at Malay College. It took me awhile to get used to it, and my line staff kept asking me why I kept calling him Mr Kamalantran when the practice at the plant was using first names only. After a couple of days, Mr Kamalantran pulled me aside to the Canteen and told me flatly..."I say, drop the Mr Kamalantran bit-lah, call me Kamal. From now on you are the teacher and I am the student, OK?" I of course said yes and then told him "If you make a mistake, can I ask you to 'mount'?" (In the lower forms when he taught us English Literature – The

39 Steps – if we couldn't answer his questions we would be asked to stand on the chair by saying 'mount!'). His reply...."Don't you dare!"

From then on we became more like buddies and the bond got stronger in later years when he progressed by the corporate ladder to become a very senior executive in Human Resource Management and our paths crossed again. When he retired, we worked together delivering some training programmes.

Dzulkifly Mohd Zain

Among the teachers we had occasions to meet up with were Mr. Ryan, Mr Kamalantran, Tuan Syed Bakar, Mr Muzaffar Tate, Mr. Ratnam, Puan Robeahtun, Encik Razalli Nordin, Encik Salim Harun, Mr. Anthony Loo, Mr. Amirthalingam, Mr. Ratnam, Mr. Mehrotra, Mr Leong Chee Seng and Mr Balasundram. There were others that we met coincidentally, and every time we do there'd be pictures passed around and stories shared. We even met up with Mr Ray Gieri when he came to visit Tuan Syed Bakar.

Whenever we hear news about a particular teacher either hospitalised or not well, there would always be visits and through such visits we got to know their family members as well. Recounting of tales of college days always a feature at such get-togethers. Quite a number of our teachers have passed away and we will always cherish the times we had with them.

Two of them were very close to us and a number of us were at their family side during their funerals.



MR NEIL JOHN RYAN, Eulogy

Thank you Josephine, for inviting me here. This is a sad occasion for us, we loved him, we knew him and today we're going to share some of the joys we had with him in his life. Datuk Neil Joseph James Ryan, was in Malaysia for a significant period of his life, 20 years to be exact. He's been there 3 times, first as a soldier at the age of 18 and then as an educationalist, a teacher, a headmaster of Malay College, a school that I was fortunate enough to attend. A boarding school 300 miles from my fishing village home. I was 13 years old when I went to that school. It took about 24 hours to reach there by train. I was 4 foot 2 inches tall then... when I first met this man, he was 6 foot 4, and he had a Jaguar. That was the impression that I would never forget... this 6 foot 4 man and his Jaguar!

He was a very humble and very passionate man. Very passionate about school, very dedicated to his students and to that end there are a few of us here who had travelled from Malaysia, to honour this man and to be here and share the grief with the family. We feel the loss and mourn his passing too.

I had always considered Neil Ryan as my headmaster. I called him Mister Ryan for obvious reasons...because we respected him. But we also loved him. We loved him for all the good reasons. He was a very good teacher, a very dedicated headmaster and most of all, he was a gentleman. I would remember him most, for his humour.

I remember one occasion...early morning... we were in class; there were 30 students in that class. There were a lot of noise and commotion in the classroom and Mr. Ryan walked into the class and asked, "What is going on here?" and we said "Well, we have no teacher". "Where is your teacher?" [He said] "He's not here, he hasn't come yet. Its 9 o'clock and class is supposed to start at 8". He said "Who is you teacher?" and we said, "Mr. Syed Bakar" and then he said, "If the mountain doesn't come to Muhammad, then Muhammad has to go to the mountain!" He took all 30 of us students to the house of Mr Syed Bakar, which was 300 meters away from the school. So we, 30 students woke Syed Bakar and had our lessons at his house. I'm saying this because Syed Bakar is sitting in front of me right now. He flew in from Malaysia yesterday. He is an Art teacher, our Art teacher and a colleague of Mr. Ryan. I'm sure after this, if you get a drink or two with him, he'll share a lot more stories about Neil Ryan, much more than I could because he was his friend.

This wonderful man was in Malay College for 10 years. One day, before the end of his term as Headmaster, in 1965, I approached him – I was a 16 year old boy, 4 foot 5 back then – and I said, “Sir, can I drive your Jaguar?” and he looked at me and said, “You must be joking!”, in his normal Irish way. So that’s it, I tried, I thought to myself. The next day was the last day of school and I was sleeping in the afternoon and I was woken up by Neil’s voice, “Where is Khalilur?” I replied “Yes, sir”? The car key was dangling from his hand and he dropped it in my hand and I asked, “What is it for?” He said “You want to drive, don’t you?”

At sixteen and 4 foot 5, I could hardly reach the paddles of the Jaguar! I was the only one, the only student ever to have the permission to drive his Jaguar! He used the same Jaguar, 30 years later, to pick me up, each time I visited him in Melbourne. I asked him, “Is this the same Jaguar that I drove”? “Yes” he said. Two days ago when I was visiting Josephine and the children, the Jaguar was still there. He loved that car. He was passionate about that car and he kept it running. He kept it in its original condition. It’s a gem of a car and it reflects the man. The man, the humour, and the dignity of this man.

I’m here representing 3 groups of people... I represent the Malay College Old Boys Association. Officially, there are more than 3000 people who knew him in Malaysia. They are all from different walks of life...several of his students have become Rulers, Ministers, Prime Ministers, Deputy Ministers, managers of banks and others who have become very successful in their profession. I also represent the current Headmaster and MCKK students who send their deepest sympathies to Josephine and the children. They knew and loved him from the wonderful stories that they hear about him.

On a personal note, my wife, Rodziah and I are here today to share fond memories of Neil whom we have grown to love. We are honoured and blessed to have known him. He had enriched our lives in many ways. When Rodziah was here in Melbourne, attending a clinic for a month, I called Mr Ryan and asked him “Can you look after my wife?” and he said “Yes”. He and Josephine actually looked after my wife during her stay here and frequently visited and took her out for dinner. We are eternally grateful for that. We will never forget their kindness. We offer our most heartfelt condolences to Josephine and family.

Mr Ryan, we have lost a great friend in you... I and all of the friends that you have in Malaysia will miss you but you will live on in our memories. There is a Malay saying, “Harimau mati meninggalkan belang. Manusia mati meninggalkan nama” roughly translated as, “When a tiger dies, he lives behind his stripes. When a man dies, he lives behind his legacy”. Neil Ryan, you are a legend and you have left us a legacy. Thank you very much.

P.S. The night before arwah RATS passed away, I visited him in hospital. He reminded me that he also had a chance to drive Ryan’s Jaguar, a fact I left out in my eulogy. I apologise for that.



Khalilur Rahman

Melaka, Ahmad (Delivered April 2011)



MR C KAMALANTRAN, Eulogy

It was his first job as a teacher, posted to a remote place in Tumpat, Kelantan, when he noticed a group of six Malay boys who were always tired in his class. He found out that these boys had to cycle long distances to come to school every day. Using his own, then, meagre salary, he rented them a house near the school, and became their guardian, making sure they do their homework and clean their rooms daily. These boys grew up and became successful men and to this day show their gratitude and love to Kamal and Tina.

He was an English teacher in Malay College Kuala Kangsar, and there he met many boys who later became successful corporate leaders, politicians, doctors, engineers and artists.

They all became his friends and remember him fondly as the best teacher they had. In sports, he was active in Cricket and Hockey. He made sure that the College not only excelled in studies but also in sports.

When the College celebrated its Diamond Jubilee in 1965, Cikgu Kamal, showing his artistic talents directed and produced a play titled "The Daily Mirror", a satire about life in the College. His lovely wife, Tina, although not a teacher in the College, coached and conducted the School Choir.

Cikgu Kamal was always kind, compassionate and never angry. Always well groomed, he walks with a certain air of confidence. His command of English is exemplary and he is proud of it. As a teacher he is a role model that befits the youth that he taught and cared for.

There is a time when a person touches your life and makes a difference. One often wonders where we would be if that person did not appear at that moment in time, whether we would be who we are today. Kamal appeared in our lives and made a difference, for the better. For many of us who knew Kamal, we will always be grateful to God for having him touch our lives. We offer Tina and the family our love and heartfelt condolences. Thank you.

Khalilur Rahman

Melaka, Ahmad (Delivered 14th May 2012)

50
2016
C66
MCKK

Welcoming Dinner

Commemorating
2016 Golden Jubilee Celebrations
Class of 1966

The Malay College Kuala Kangsar

It has been 50 years since...
from whence we made our way into the world





POST MCKK

It didn't take us long to rekindle our brotherhood ties Post MCKK. The natural sequence of life's cycle would lead us to seek further education, training and development to secure jobs so as to move on to the next steps of building our lives. A few did opt to start work and pursue developing their careers there on.

Other than those who went overseas on scholarships, the rest of us pursue further academic development in local institutions of learning, at that time it was either the local Universities – actually only one then, University Malaya, and then came Universiti Sains Malaysia which opened in June 1969 or the ITM or the Technical College which later became Universiti Teknologi Malaysia in 1975 or later Universiti Kebangsaan which opened in May 1970.

Thus, quite a large number of us were in the Klang Valley, pursuing our further education, and here we remain in contact, even become housemates while making new friends at our various universities and colleges.

Making new friends, especially non-Malay friends and of course, the belief is that we'd find it tough since we spent so many years in an all-boy, all-Malay school. The May 13 incident made us more resolute actually to reassess our commitments and aspirations, and like the rest of the country, we came out stronger and more resolute than before.

As MCOBs, we naturally fit in with other MCOBs where ever we went, finding that the mutuality of experiences that we shared at the Malay College Kuala Kangsar, regardless of the period we were there, made it so natural for us to blend and fit in.

Several of us attended our first MCOBA Annual Dinner in mid-1970s when the plan to construct the MCOBA Building was launched. It was held at the Dewan Tuanku Abdul Rahman along Jalan Ampang,





then it was also the place where the Parliament Sessions were held. It was a grand occasion with Sultans and the Prime Minister in attendance, including several Ministers – all MCOBs – our first exposure to the MCOB circle and to MCOBA, the association. That night they started the campaign to collect contributions towards the construction of the MCOBA Building by selling 'bricks' at a certain minimum charge. A few of us shared to buy a brick, being recent graduates and thus have limited funds to spare.

A few years later we went to our first Speech Day attending it as an old boy, and the love relationship with the College rekindled.

In time, as we settle into the humdrum of work-life, meeting the lady of dreams and getting married. Some of us attend each other's weddings and as we settled further into family-life we began to organise informal get-togethers, play golf together started visiting each other as and when we travel to various locations for work. Meeting up with those who went overseas for further studies were extra special events, and we also began to get our teachers to attend some of our events.

Class of 1966 in time evolved into a cohesive group, calling ourselves C66ers, and we started the publication of periodic newsletters and the gathering of contact addresses in mid 1980s to make sure that we are in contact.

"For me personally, the initiative to bring us together is a natural sequence of the development of that brotherhood spirit, and I soon got my family involved to pack and seal the envelopes, stick the stamps and to send them to all contactable C66ers. Of course, by then there was a small coterie of C66 golfers who worked together to secure and organise contact numbers and addresses and plan get-togethers." Ed

50 years later, we are stronger than ever, wiser and secure, our experiences having taught us that through all the pains and sorrows, the joy and the happiness, life is sweet and to be treasured.

Reflections From Over The Hill

(Just as all reflections, they are all not real. It's only my imagination)

This year, it would be 50 years ago that I took my Form 5 Cambridge Exam at the Malay College Kuala Kangsar. Half a century and counting! Suddenly you realised you are no longer a spring chicken and definitely over the hill already. I took the liberty to switch on my denial mode and forever think that I am still young at heart, only slightly older in some irrelevant places. I conveniently took into no account the day at a restaurant recently when the waiter asked how I would like my steak done. Gently rubbing the cheek above my jaw to remind myself of the missing wisdom tooth I extracted recently, I answered "Pureed using a blender." After dinner I also complained that the jelly for dessert was too tough.

At my birthday party, guests came from a list of people who think getting a little action meant their prune juice was working. When friends wished me a happy birthday and reminisced about our young days, I found it hard to be nostalgic when I couldn't remember anything. Correction, actually I knew it all, I just couldn't remember them all at once. Of late, the usual topics of conversation dominated. Invariably, the prime topic of choice would be wheat meal fibre content of breakfast cereals, then we argued on the value-for-money worth of these high-fibre cereals as indicated by the "regularity" of our visits to the loo after consuming them. When I started to doze off, someone stuck a metal spoon underneath my nose to see if I was still alive.

When evening came, I'd have had plenty of exercise of 'jumping', 'pushing' and 'dodging' for the day. I'd have "jumped" to conclusion about a classmate who hadn't paid the money he owed me. I'd have "pushed" my luck by lending him more money with the expectation that he'd not forget to pay me this time around. I'd have "dodged" the deadline to pay my road tax.

At home after dinner, I finally came to a profound realization that all TV programs today were educational. Yes indeed, because as soon as my wife turned the TV on, I'd get off my lounge chair, picked up a book to read in bed. Very educational!

When in bed, I suddenly realized that I could actually live without sex but not without my reading glasses. Up in the middle of the night heading for the loo, I also realized that God had in fact blessed me with a device for finding furniture in the dark. Ouch...it was my shin. In the bathroom the next morning, I'd bend down to pick up things left on the floor. But before getting up again, I'd make sure to look left and right if there were other things to be picked up while I was down there. Underneath the shower, it dawned on me that I've been using the same old bottle of shampoo for the last 2 years. There were more hairs in my ears than on my head!

On fine and sunny afternoons, I couldn't wait to get out in the garden to be near my proudest possession, the lawn mower. Lawn care became a big thing in my life. Time for a chill out? That too had changed. Chilling out was no longer at the trendiest club in town but pushing trolley along the cold supermarket isles for week supplies of fibre food.

Driving there, I kept humming the song by Johnny Nash "I can see clearly now, the brain is gone..." And I'd wave and smile at young dudes sticking their heads out of their car windows and shouted "You think you own the bloody road, grandpa?"

Need I say more? Old age is just wonderful. I know God put me on earth to accomplish a certain number of things. Right now I'm so far behind in doing and delivering what He has entrusted in me, I think I will never die. Every time I stop to think about this, I forget to start again. So every morning is the dawn of a new "error". They say things get better with age. If that's true, then I'm approaching perfection and magnificence.

Ghazally Ismail

El Gato

It was a small ginger thing at the gate. Presenting itself with insistent, plaintive anxious mewling that, you immediately recognized with a sinking feeling, comes from a discarded pet.

We already have two rehabilitated strays that we are just beginning to reconcile with each other. Munch, short for Muncung, is a black and white timid female that has already gone through seven of its nine lives while attempting to adjust to our household. A male psychotic killer hunter, Rufus, we collected when, with a festering hind leg ulcer, he insisted on following us to our car after we had had our meal at a

Siamese restaurant. Rufus was a gentle soul before we handed him over to the vet but returned to us partially healed and transformed into a spitting, clawing eye gouger. The vet assistants must have practiced very interesting restraining techniques when tending to his wounds.

Munch is a boudoir princess - venturing downstairs for food only when ensured of our protection from Rufus the Hun. She needs a chaperone for her toilet, lest Rufus sees her crossing the patio. Much antiseptic and painkillers have been deployed on Rufus and our limbs to induce a modicum of domesticity and civil behaviour. His relationships with the strays from the mosque across the road has racked up a three and a half thousand dollar bill at the animal hospital. The garden is steadily being depleted of rats, moles, lizards and squirrels. Much of our day is used up for ensuring a wide berth between two canines.

In short, we were not looking for another cat.

Over the years we have accepted our gate as some kind of a cosmic canine outpost that advertises a vacancy as soon as one of our current residents succumb. Three days after we buried Boots, Sylvie appeared a couple of days after Earl were in the ground Vasco was at the gate. Like clockwork a new candidate would be discovered under the culverts or around the post as soon as we interred the previous. We had accepted it as a fact of life. This new candidate was an anomaly.

It was a handsome, somewhat scruffy, ginger male adolescent with an intelligent face and engaging personality. Syed Bakar who stops by at my house when in KL was immediately enamoured and named him Jimmy. A bowl of Royal Canine and a saucer of milk were laid

out. Syed and I, like two aging queens, imagined his despair at being abandoned and his relief and joy at the certainty of his adoption. In short shrift, sated and relieved, Jimmy circled our ankles, purring and rubbing. We needed to convince Fatimah.

A tune looped in my head:

Wahai che abang adek nak tahu

Apakah obatnya hatiku yang rindu

Padi pulut padi lembah, padi kuning didalam peti

Janji mulut boleh ubah janji hati dibawa mati

Wahai che abang adek nak tahu

Apakah obatnya hatiku yang rindu

Tinggi sungguh bulan satu, mana lawan bintang seribu

Kalau adek rasa rindu dalam mimpi kita bertemu

Mari mari cik adik, mari mari cik abang

Mari kita berdendang sipinang muda.....

I left for work and Syed went on to meet with his clients. I had a scheduled meeting with Tik and Waad, my fellow musicians, at the house before heading to Ijok to front at the PKR annual dinner hosted by YB Dr Idris Ahmad, local parliamentarian, an old mate from Monash.

When I arrived home from the hospital Jimmy was no longer in my compound but soon reappeared to re-establish contact and familiarize himself. Munch and Rufus watched balefully from the patio

as the newcomer brazenly rubbed and weaved himself between my legs. He licked my fingers as I stroked his face. It isn't often with animals but Jimmy seem to almost indicate that he's meant to meet me. I was apprehensive about the prospect of introducing a new element into a brittle two canine set up but despite this I was looking forward to getting to know him and exploring his personality. He appeared so relaxed and relieved and eager to start a new life.

Outside my gate Waad had arrived and started a discussion with Tik about the gig. Tik was rummaging in his car boot for his amplifier and guitar when Fatimah arrived, clicked the gate open and drove in to park the car. I pointed Jimmy out to her and he ambled across and completely won her over.

"He's staying?" I asked tentatively

"I don't see why not" she said.

I left her with him and went into the house to pack my instruments into the carryall that I usually use for gigs. Fatimah went straight into the kitchen looking for a cold drink. I got out of my door and heaved my carryall to my car and as I did so out of the corner of my eye I saw Jimmy crossing the road to meet me.

And a white Myvi taking the corner way too sharply and fast.

There are occasions in my life when the scene in Superman II when he forcibly stopped the globe from rotating and reversed its spin momentarily and a phrase "can we do this over again" comes unbidden to my mind. One was when my late sister told me that the

lump biopsied from her right breast was positive for cancer and this was another. Jimmy was almost across when the front bumper caught him in a glancing blow and he cannoned off towards the gate culvert.

I dropped the carryall and rushed towards him. Cats camouflage their pain and distress well so I knew that he was badly injured. He was struggling to breathe and the horrible uncertainty of not knowing the extent of his injuries and the next necessary action became clear to me. Unable to explain the inexplicable I was only able to make cooing and shushing noises and repeatedly saying "I'm sorry". I attempted a gentle palpation and Jimmy snarled and attempted to bite my hand. The horrendous ignorance and confusion of not knowing whether to end his suffering or to continue supporting life became acutely clear to me. It was Sunday and the nearest vet was at least a couple of hours away. I kept no injectable narcotics or barbiturates at home.

I went back into the house to inform Fatimah and got a towel to wrap him up and carry him into the house. We placed him in the downstairs toilet thinking that if his injuries were non-fatal he would survive the night.

He died fifteen minutes later.

On the drive to Ijok I said very little and Tik tried to distract my attention with some anecdotes involving music and local musical personalities. Jimmy's incomprehension, pain and distress were images I could not blot out. The significance and implications of the kitten's death became a Rubik's cube that my mind could not disengage from. Epicurus's unanswered question from the 3rd century BC about evil and unnecessary suffering, determinism and free will and Dylan's

exhortation to rage against the dying light rambled and ramified against the backdrop of the friendships and loves that I had gained and lost. Syed Bakar and Nino were similarly crestfallen when we sat in the living room late that night before turning in. Syed and I both articulated the disconsolate thought of the short-lived joy an animal discarded, finding succour and dying almost immediately.

We dug Jimmy a grave beneath my mango tree and I got Syed to say this for him before we covered him with earth:

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,

Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun;

Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

Goodbye, Jimmy.



Hanis Ahmad

Where Had I Been

It is too easy to forget about Allah's blessings...

We take life for granted...our bodies, our sights, sounds, touch and smell. And more than that ...the air we breathe, the food on the table, the car starting in the morning, or somebody at the end of the line... And friends for golf; and brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, children at kenduris, birthdays, kekah, etc., etc.

When once, not too long ago, there were also Ayah dan Emak

But I am conscious of many things that seems to be so 'there' that only its absence will make you aware that they are so sweet and fulfilling...

Like where I had been..

Like turning on the bed from right side to left side, vice versa, without pain,

Like stretching like a cat just as consciousness come around from slumber

Like having a dream in your sleep so it isn't the drug that was working on your body

Like munching a piece of sweet watermelon

Like feeling the connection with the Earth while you sujud..

And I had wondered, in that space of time, where I had been...about the third dimension;

Why your son don't keep his promise to bring you home

Why the nurses don't want to help you make the phone call

Why the night blend into day...is Subuh after Asar?

What am I doing here in a bed under a carpark? Or hearing a meeting taking place beyond my curtains? And analysing over and over again why a senior friend is so bad at golf? Or amazed that 3- D manufacturing is right there in front of my eyes...making t-shirts and tea bags?

I want to be reminded, by this, that living an hour at a time, was worth it.

That life is fragile...as you never could know what other damages had occurred to your body that can surface and end you. Delighting in the sensation of spinning when you just roll your head...not really caring whether it is concussion or whatever. Keeping the numb-spot-at-the -back-of-the-skull condition from the doctors' knowledge – I am alive, aren't I?

Living the next hour is what really mattered where I had been

Praying every time that Allah will reconstitute the body like it once was...

For taking me away from the place where I had been,

And for all your other blessings.

Alhamdulillah, Alhamdulillah, Alhamdulillah

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C66 GATHERINGS

There were many gatherings that we had that it's rather impossible to be economical and pick the right ones, but they were all memorable.

Gatherings include class reunions, weddings of the children, golf competitions local and overseas, karaoke competitions, trips to each other's house, MCOBA Dinners, Old Boys' Weekends and lunches or dinners.

Through all these gatherings, silaturahmi among the family members were strengthened, our children got introduced to their many uncles and aunties and lately our grandchildren got to know more grand uncles and grand-aunties. We are proud of this closeness of association and we do wish for the relationships and friendships among our children and grandchildren to continue and remain intact.









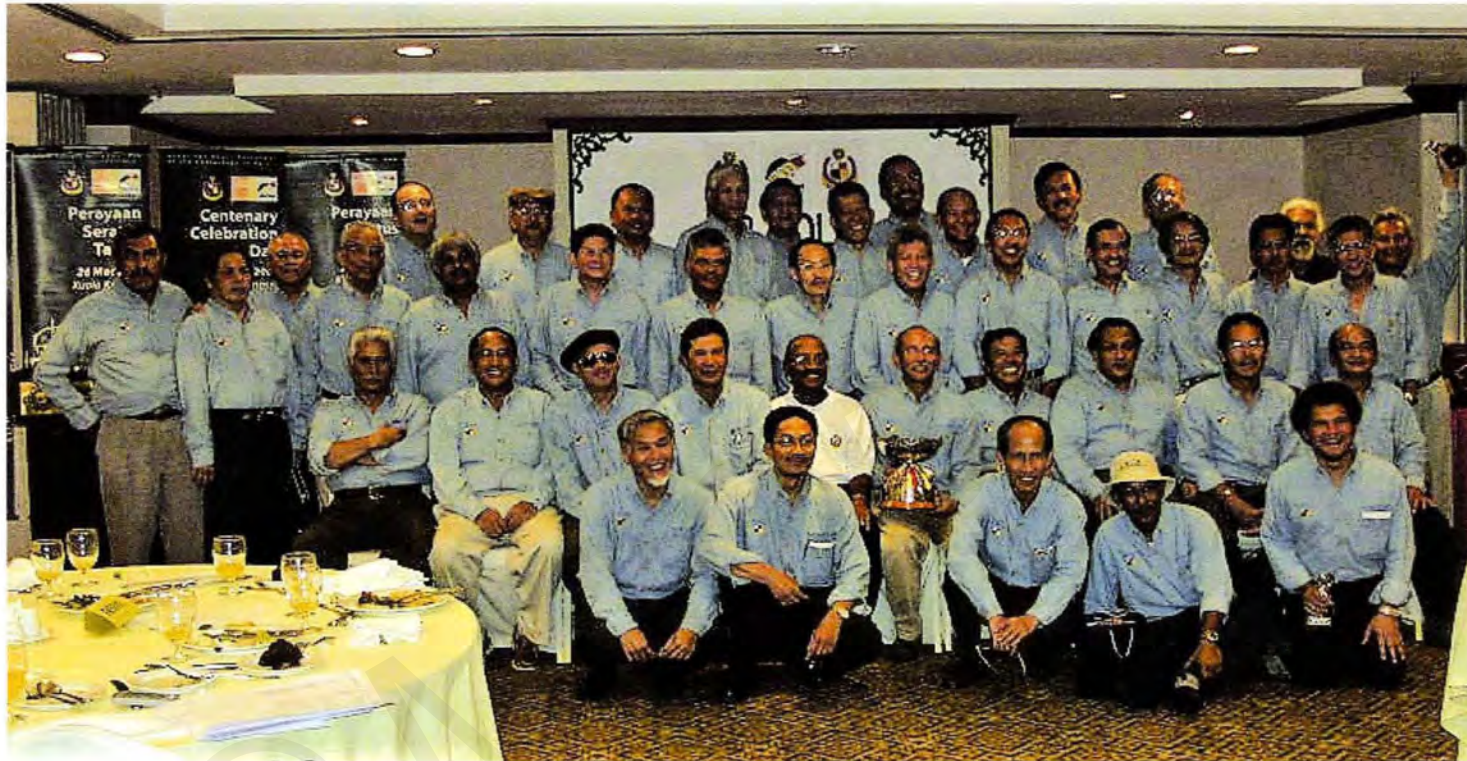
















MCKK CENTENARY

Over 40 of us joined in the celebration of MCKK's Centenary, cramming 3-4 persons to a small Kuala Kangsar hotel room and finding ourselves walking the familiar roads and streets of Kuala Kangsar town, to reminisce and rejoice.













C66 BACK to PREP
1962-1966-1968 : 2012 • 50th anniversary



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1 - 2 JANUARY 2012
Malay College Kuala Kangsar

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Malay College Kuala Kangsar

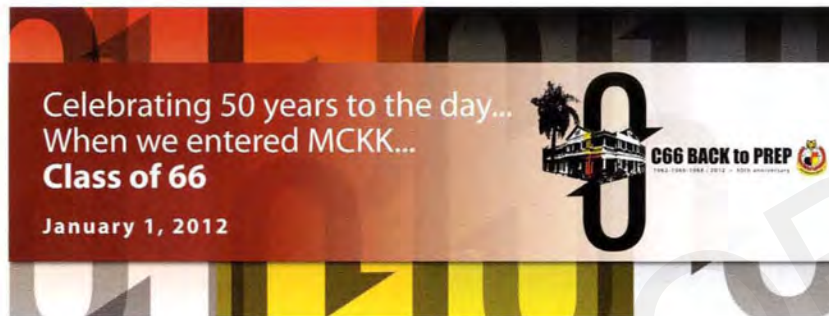
1 - 2 JANUARY 2012
Malay College Kuala Kangsar

1 - 2 JANUARY 2012
Malay College Kuala Kangsar

1 - 2 JANUARY 2012
Malay College Kuala

BACK TO PREP SCHOOL

2012 mark the 50th year of our entry into the Malay College Kuala Kangsar. We arranged for the school to issue us with an 'appropriate' letter of offer to join the school in 2012 and we trooped, registered and settled into one of the dormitories, preparing for an inspection by the Headmaster. Of course we can't be wearing short pants, but we got into our school uniforms and stood by our well prepared beds to await the inspection. We had lunch with the Prefects who were at the College attending the Prefects Orientation Programme and later walked the town in our school uniforms, drawing curious stares from the town folks.









Welcoming Dinner
Commemorating
2016 Golden Jubilee Celebrations
Class of 1966

The Malay College Kuala Kangsar

*It has been 50 years since,,,,,
from whence we made our way into the world*



GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR

2016 mark the 50th year after we sat for our SC/MCE exams, being in Form Five in 1966, a Golden Jubilee that demands a celebration as we thank Allah the Almighty for making it possible for us to enjoy the occasion. A total of 89 C66ers and spouses gathered for the Dinner at the President's Hall of Kelab Golf Negara Subang with several teachers and their wives.































SEM OGA ALLAH
MEN CUCURI RAHMATNYA

ALWAYS IN OUR HEARTS

*We mourn the passing of some of our brothers, some long gone,
but never forgotten.*

Ahmad b Mahmud
Azhar b Shaari
Bahar b Jabar
Hasamdin b Mohd Nor
Ismail b Abd Rahman
Jumaat b Mukri
Kamarulzaman b Maarof
Kamarulzaman b Madarshah
Khairuddin b Yaakub
Khairuddin b Yunus
Mohd Ali bin Ismail
Mohd Nor b Awang Lah
Mohd Rusli Yahya
Mohd Saidi b Hashim
Mohd Zahari b Mohd Darus
Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah b Raja Abdul Rashid
Shawkat Ali b Abd Rahim
Tengku Abd Aziz b Tengku Osman Jawa
Tengku Mohd Radzi b Tengku Jalil
Ujang b Joned

In Memory - Rosli Yahya



When asked "Whose batch were you at MCKK?" my quick answer would be "Rosly Yahya's batch." A knowing nod would definitely follow.

When I first came back from overseas in 1972, the first classmate I'd contact would be Rosly because he'd know where everyone else would be then. When I had a problem with my wife's resident permit, I'd call Rosly if he knew any budak kolet in high positions who'd be able to help me. Such had been how highly regarded Rosly was by me and I'm sure by the rest of his Class of 66 too.

An all-round sportsman in his young days, Rosly was inimitable - a one-off kind of budak kolet. He captained our invincible soccer and hockey teams, represented kolet in rugby, basketball and excelled in other sports as well. He was also a long-distance athlete and represented kolet in 400 m run.

Not one who'd swagger and crow about his extraordinary talents, Rosly came naturally as an icon for our Class of 66.

He wasn't much of a disciplinarian nor a conformist with respect to man-made rules. No wonder he was never made a prefect in school. Even hockey master Mr Kamalantran and football master Mr Chin failed to make a case for him to become one.

Years after leaving kolet, I was surprised he never got into golfing. Instead Rosly, Joe Bake and I preferred to spend our weekends at Cobra Club in PJ watching All Blacks rugby on TV. This rather than hitting golf balls with our classmates.

Rosly's love for food was also noteworthy. During kolet days, he was among the four in C66 besides Sudin Dolah, Bahar Mansor and yours truly who were regarded as champions in high table tenggek. This was a practice of slipping up at the last minute to occupy the empty chairs on stage to dine with the duty master of the day. The high table food was a tad better especially served with a smidgen of frozen milk they called ice cream for dessert. The four of us would be waiting outside in the dark behind the stage when everyone else was already at their respective places at the benches inside the dining hall. We would then quietly slither up on stage when grace was being read by the duty prefect.

Of late, I'd call Rosly every time I felt like feasting big. Rosly would be in the know of all the scrumptious kepala ikan and ayam kampung places in town.

With his passing, Zahari Kadir and Me'el would be hard pressed to recommend cheap but luscious eating places where C66 could lepak and touch base before our turns come to reunite with Rosly again.

God bless your soul my dear friend.

Charley

Tribute To My Dear Departed Raja And Friend RATS



Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah left us this morning. Alfatihah.... He's fondly known to all his friends as RATS. I can clearly recall the very morning when I first noticed this bizarre initial neatly scribbled across the collar of his white school shirt uniform. The year was 1962. The morning was my first day of school at MCKK after my first night at the Prep School. RATS and I shared a locker where each of us only had half a locker to stuff all whatever worldly possessions we had then at the age of 12. This however only lasted a few days before we were separated into our respective Houses, his was Ahmad House and mine was Mohd Shah.

But that first encounter with RATS blossomed into our life-time friendship. In college, we both measured up more as rule-breakers rather than brown-nosers. We both were useless players at pandering to the teachers and prefects of the day. Honestly, between the two of us, I've lost count how many strokes of rotan our poor buttocks had to suffer from the 'swinger' headmasters; the likes of NJ Ryan and Aziz Ismail. We were pretty much abused by the time we were in Form 5. The anguish and pains however eased down during our last few years at Kolej. This was because by then we had 'dug up a tunnel' from the Pavilion Hostel to his family house, just a few hundred yards from the school iron gates, where we puffed and huffed our ciggies to our hearts content. Not anyone of authority was allowed into the 'royal' compound.

Friendship is funny in a way. To be or to have a friend is just another common word used without much depth of thought. Ever pondered what it means to be a friend to someone? The word friend often holds little or ordinary value until we are in need of one. I remember not a single occasion when RATS couldn't be counted as a friend when in need. In any difficulty, danger, unfavourable experience and yes even financial need, RATS would be there to lend a hand, but not without casting his sheepish little smile and jestingly taking a swipe at your foolishness for getting yourself into a mess.

How many times have you wished you wanted a friend who did not judge; someone who was there when you needed him. Looking at my own life, I would say a lot. For those who knew RATS, he had always been a non-judgmental heart.

The last time I met RATS was outside Sheraton Hotel lobby in KL after a dinner given in his honour by his family; his birthday if my memory served me well. He was looking rather frail then, needing help to get into his passenger car seat. He was already half-way getting into the car when he suddenly realized that someone short and stocky was strangely standing upright among the crowd, staring and shaking his head at him. Surrounded by family members, he pored hard and finally recognized me. It took him a while to wiggle out of the car and hugged me and at the same time gesturing to his wife, children and relatives to 'salam' with me. As his children smiled and kissed Uncle Charlie's hand, I could hear him rattling away with my introduction in the background; peppered with fond anecdotes of our past days together. But hardly anyone there was particularly interested in what he had to say because they are all too concerned with getting him safe and sound into his seat. I practically had to 'shhhooosh' and tell him to stop his generous introduction and get on home; much to everyone's relief and delight. Such kindness and humility from someone whose status and authority are but a true reflection of a Raja!

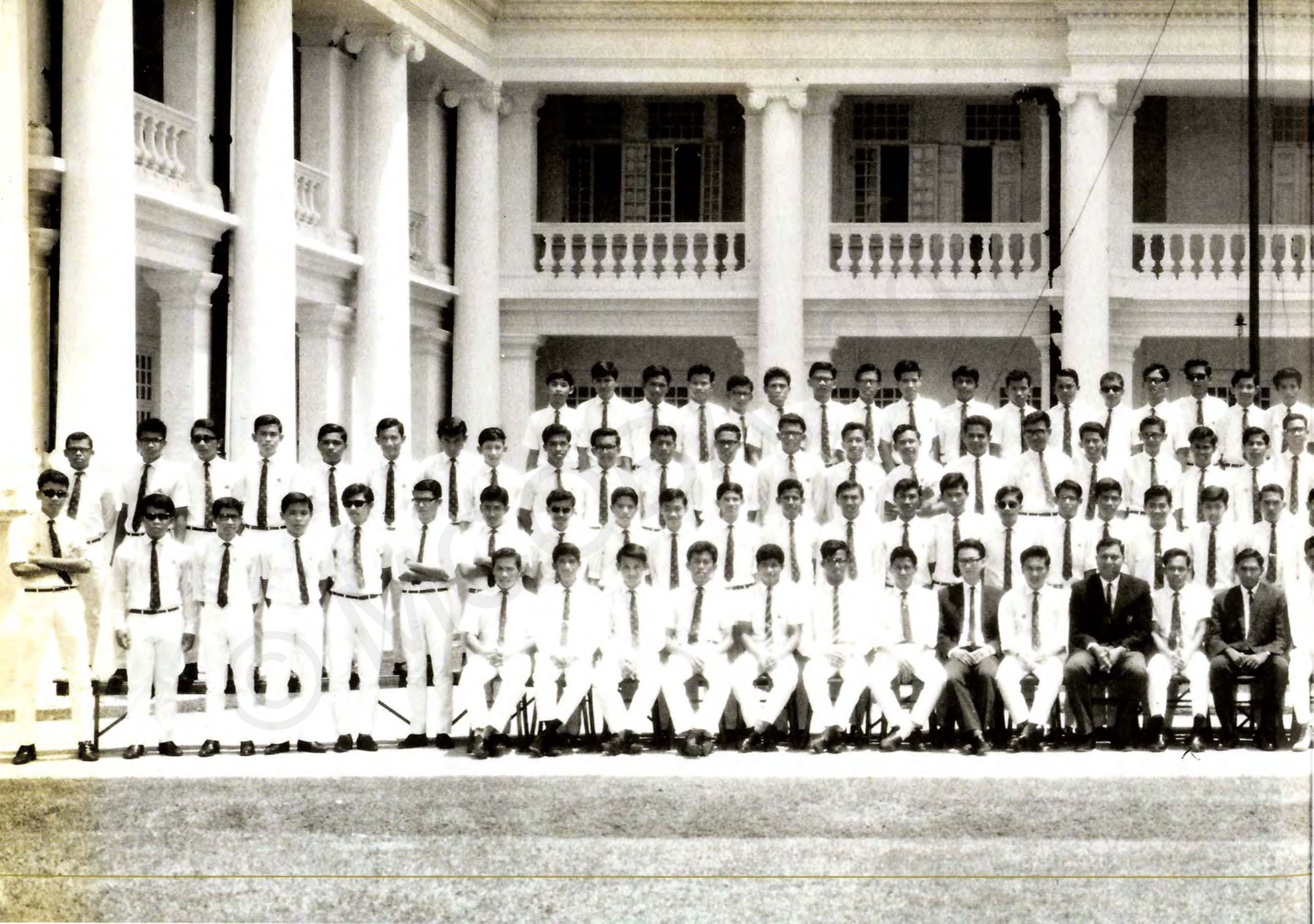
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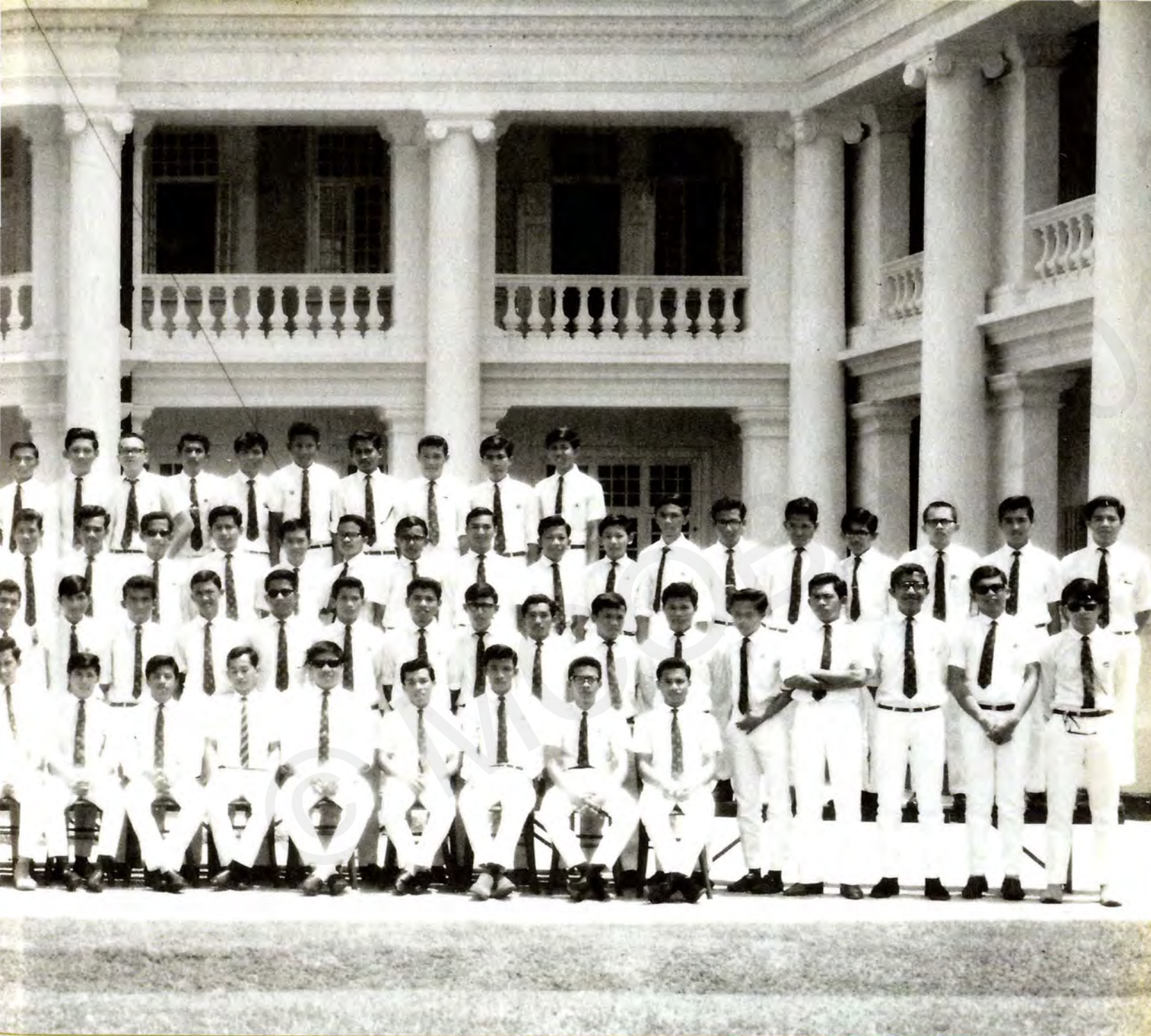
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3	Abd Halim b Shafie	37	Hamid b Hamidon
4	Abd Hamid b Embong	38	Hamzah b Ngah
5	Abd Hamid b Hussin	39	Hamzah b Sulaiman
6	Abd Hamid b Ibrahim	40	Hasamdin b Mohd Nor
7	Abd Hamid b Mohd Nor	41	Hashim b Ahmad
8	Abd Jalil b Mohamad	42	Hasran b Pauzi
9	Abd Jamil b Wahid	43	Idris b Rauf
10	Abd Latiff b Taha	44	Ishak b Mohd Said
11	Abd Rahman b Wahab	45	Ismail b Abd Rahman
12	Abu Bakar b Awang Ngah	46	Izzuddin b Che Din
13	Abu Hassan Ashaari	47	Jauhar b Musa
14	Abu Talib b Ahmad	48	Johari b Abas
15	Ahmad b Ibrahim	49	Jumaat b Mukri
16	Ahmad b Mahmud	50	Kamaruddin b Awang
17	Ahmad bin Mohamad	51	Kamarulzaman b Maarof
18	Ahmad Fizri b Abu Bakar	52	Kamarulzaman b Madarshah
19	Ahmad Hawari b Yusof Azeddin	53	Kamarulzaman b Zaini
20	Ahmad Nazari b Mahmud	54	Kamaruzaman b Wan Su
21	Ahmad Ridzwan b Mohd Salleh	55	Khairuddin b Yaakub
22	Ahmad Shah b Abd Rahman	56	Khairuddin b Yunus
23	Ahmad Termizi b Puteh	57	Khalid bin Kassim
24	Ahmad Zahari b Kadir	58	Khalilur Rahman b Ebrahim
25	Ahmad Zakariah b Mohamad	59	Khalit b Hassan
26	Ainuddin b Zainuddin	60	Khamis b Abu Samah
27	Annuar b Johari	61	Khanafiah b Hussein
28	Anuar b Abd Rahman	62	Madznan b Mahmud
29	Ariffin b Yusof	63	Mahadi b Yusof
30	Azhar b Shaari	64	Mahadzir b Daud
31	Azizi b Yom Ahmad	65	Mahsun b Taib
32	Bahar b Jabar	66	Md Radzi b Md Ali
33	Dzulkifly b Mohd Zain	67	Megat Zabidi b Husin
34	Engku Hashim b Pengiran Anum	68	Megat Zaharuddin b Megat Nor

69	Mior Idris b Shafie	103	Raja Malek Saripulazan b Raja Kamarulzaman
70	Mohamad b Hj Abd Rahman	104	Raja Malik b Raja Mohamed
71	Mohamad b Othman	105	Razman b Ariffin
72	Mohamad b Harun	106	Safaruddin b Kamaruddin
73	Mohamed Salim b Mohd Kassim	107	Shagul Hamid b Abdullah
74	Mohamed Salleh b Mohd Kassim	108	Shaharuddin b Omar
75	Mohammad b Che Harun	109	Shahid b Majid
76	Mohammad b Harun	110	Shamsuddin b Abdullah
77	Mohd Adzman b Musa	111	Shamsudin b Basri
78	Mohd Ali bin Ismail	112	Sharifuddin Rani / Saifuddin Rani
79	Mohd Bahar b Mansor	113	Shawkat Ali b Abd Rahim
80	Mohd Fathil b Mahmood	114	Shukor b Mahmud
81	Mohd Ghazally b Ismai	115	Shukri b Omar
82	Mohd Hanis b Ahmad	116	Sobri b Ahmad
83	Mohd Hishamudin b Yunus	117	Suhaimi b Abd Halim
84	Mohd Ismail b Ibrahim	118	Syed Ahmad b Syed Esa
85	Mohd Nasir b Ahmad	119	Syed Amir Abidin b Syed Putra Jamalullail
86	Mohd Nasser b Ali	120	Syed Amir Shahabudin b Syed Alwi
87	Mohd Noor b Embi	121	Syed Khalil b Syed Mohd
88	Mohd Nor b Awang Lah	122	Tahiruddin b Ayub
89	Mohd Nor b Hamid	123	Tengku Abd Aziz b Tengku Osman Jawa
90	Mohd Ridzuan b Abd Halim	124	Tengku Ahmad @ Tengku Nazamoudin b Tengku ibrahim
91	Mohd Rusli b Yahya	125	Tengku Mohd Radzi b Tengku Jalil
92	Mohd Saidi Hashim b Tahir	126	Tengku Shahbuddin b Tengku Mohd Maasum
93	Mohd Tahir b Azhar	127	Ujang b Joned
94	Mohd Yusof b Dalin	128	Ungku Chulan b Ungku Mohsin
95	Mohd Yusof b Hashim	129	Wan Ahmad Kamal b Wan Anuar
96	Mohd Zahari b Mohd Darus	130	Yaacob b Cha
97	Mohd Zaki b Taib	131	Yaacob b Othman
98	Mokhtar b Long Idris	132	Yusof b Khalid
99	Mustafa Albakri b Omardin	133	Zainal Abidin b Alang Kassim
100	Nik Amrah b Nik Omar	134	Zainal Abidin b Mohd Idris
101	Nik Din b Nik Sulaiman	135	Zainul Abidin b Mohd Shariff
102	Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah b Raja Abdul Rashid		

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SEATED (L-R) : Mahadi, Raja Ahmad Tajuddin Shah, Shagul Hamid, Khalit, Abu Hassan, Engku Hashim, Muhd Rusli, Mr. Anthony, Abdul Hamid, En Abdul Aziz, Yaacob, Mr. A.R. Ratnam, Abdul Hamid, Ahmad Shah, Abd Hamid, Khalilur Rahman, Mohd Bahar, Mohd Ghazally, Wan Ahmad Kamal Anuar, Shukri, Mohd Hanis.

FRONT ROW (L-R) : Hamzah, Safaruddin, Ahmad Termizi, Khamis, Kamarulzaman, Mustafa Albakri, Mokhtar Long, Shaharuddin b. Omar, Raja Malik Raja Saripulazan, Ainuddin, Hasran, Izzuddin, Ahmad Nazari, Hadzir, Yaacob, Nik Amrah, Abdul Jalil, Abd Hamid, Johari, Nik Din, Ahmad Zahari, Shamsuddin, Sobri, Tengku Shahbuddin, Suhaimi, Mohd Zaki, Ahmad Ridzwan, Mahadzir, Ahmad, Ismail, Shukor, Mokhtar Long Idris ?, Mohd Nor, Khanafiah, Abu Talib, Mohd Nasseri, Madznan.

MIDDLE ROW (L-R) : Hasamdin, Mohamad, Mohd Fadhil, Ahmad Zajariah, Mohd Azman, Ahmad Fizri, Ariffin, Mohamed Salleh, Hamzah, Zahari, Jumaat Mukri, Zainal Abidin, Megat Zaharuddin, Sharifuddin, Khairuddin, Kamarulzaman, Hashim, Kamaruddin, Idris, Ishak, Mohd Ali, Zainal Abidin, Raja Malik, Kamaruzaman, Shamsuddin, Mohd Yusof, Ahmad, Tengku Ahmad, Dzulkifly, Mohd Saidi, Megat Zabidi, Mohamed Salim, Abd Aziz, Mohammad, Kamarulzaman, Mohd Nor, Rahman, Md Radzi, Ahmad Hawari.

BACK ROW (L-R) : Syed Ahmad, Abdul Hamid, Abd Halim, Jauhar, Mohd Tahir, Mohammad, Khairuddin, Mahsun, Abd Jamil, Mohd Ismail, Tahiruddin, Yusof, Fuad, Azizi, Mohd Yusof, Mohd Hishamudin, Tengku Muhammad Jalil, Tengku Abd Aziz, Zainal Abidin, Mohd Ridzuan, Mohd Noor, Syed Amir Shahabuddin, Mohd Nasir, Mohammad, Annuar, Khalid, Abdul Aziz.



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