



Dato' in Love

Switzerland * Monte Carlo – 1949



It was our golden wedding anniversary the other day and the family had gathered to celebrate. Even The Ayatollah had sent our grandson to represent him although The Ayatollah himself and his newest wife had a more pressing engagement somewhere in Subang Jaya. They were either attending some Umno breaking-of-fast do or it was the day they fill the Pajero's

petrol tank. I wouldn't have wanted him to have missed the excitement of the local Petronas station just to see his own parents on the day they give thanks for fifty years of wedded bliss.

As I sat there amidst the warm glow of three generations of the fruit of my loins, my thoughts naturally slipped back to those happy days when I first met my darling wife.

Back in '49 I was in Geneva because His Highness' health had taken a turn for the worse. The old man was of the Old School where a Sultan was not expected to be able to read and write and if he did it was viewed with the deepest suspicion by the British. His robust constitution had now finally been shattered by one too many nights at the baccarat tables and as his loyal ADC, I naturally followed him to Switzerland where it was felt that the lighter Italian wines might help a speedy recovery.

This trip to Geneva was not a happy one for me because it meant that I had had to leave behind my platinum blonde beauty in London. As I stood alone by the placid lake of this city of Janus, winter geese gliding past on their way to the wild Camargue, my aching heart and mind were being torn apart by thoughts of her delicious laughter, her cruel smile, her teasing words and, of course, her big bosom. She had been the first woman to teach me the agony and ecstasy of love. Oh the times I had sat at her feet, painting her toenails whilst she told me how expensive carrots had become ever since Hitler had invaded Poland. And all sorts of other interesting things about her favourite vegetables.

I thought I would die from a broken heart when who should appear before me like a Botticelli angel? A young Swiss girl carrying a milk churn. I knew that HH wasn't in the habit of rising before noon so I decided to take the opportunity to play my part as an ambassador of the people of Malaya to the gentle,