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Murder in Parit Chindai

Malaysia * The East Coast – 1988



Enough years have now passed for somebody to finally tell the true story of exactly what happened on that terrible night in Parit Chindai in 1988. You will no doubt remember the murder that took place in the house of the multi-millionaire Tan Sri Desmond Ong. For too long the truth has been covered-up but I was there and my conscience will not allow me to stay quiet any longer. I am

too old to worry about what anybody might try to do to me and I am also too old to let the truth remain a stain on my conscience. I, and everybody else who was there, have kept quiet for far too long. It is time to put an end to the rumours and conjecture that surround that dreadful, murder most foul and tell you who really killed Tan Sri Desmond Ong on that rain-swept night.

Being happily ensconced at The Ministry I had successfully ridden out the ravages of Malaysia's terrible Recession of the late 1980s. The People would always need The Ministry and my pay cheque was secure, but I had noticed that the private sector had been devastated by the simultaneous global crash in the tin and rubber prices. Many of us still remembered the stories from the time when the rubber prices had crashed in the 1920s and bewildered European planters had hanged themselves in their lonely plantation bungalows or were reduced to shining shoes on the streets of Singapore. Now, in the 1980s, the Kinta Valley, the world's greatest tin mining cauldron, was suddenly silenced. At the heart of the Kinta Valley, the city of Ipoh had boasted more Mercedes per capita than any other place on earth but now the huge Mercedes star that had been planted atop one of its limestone outcrops merely spoke of hubris as if erected by a car salesman Ozymandias. The city was in danger of dying and disappearing from the map like those Brazilian rubber boom towns that Malaya had destroyed a century earlier. For those one hundred years the Kinta Valley had been scoured, scraped and sluiced for its rich mineral deposits by thousands of Chinese men and women and dozens of monstrous dredges. It is said that every tin mining pool is the final watery resting place of at least one person but now the mines were closing, fortunes were being lost and the already devastated landscape was being