

Coat of Arms
JAVA

MISKIN

FROM

family

atchai

Memoirs of a Hidden Princess

An Autobiography by

N Nooranie Juwitha Cuttilan

CONTENTS

Foreword

Preface

Introduction

Family Trees

Part One

Chapter 1	My Story begins
Chapter 2	Badulla kakek & his home ‘Lani Villa’
Chapter 3	My School Days
Chapter 4	‘Astana-Nur’
Chapter 5	My Heritage Interest gets Triggered
Chapter 6	Dada’s Working Life at the Shell Company
Chapter 7	Ceylon Turf Club
Chapter 8	Days At ‘The Terraces’
Chapter 9	Family Trips to Deensland Tea Estate
Chapter 10	Ceylon Malay Youth League
Chapter 11	Miss Venus Contest
Chapter 12	Birthdays
Chapter 13	Hari Raya
Chapter 14	Christmas
Chapter 15	New Year
Chapter 16	Jawatte Kubur

Part Two

Chapter 17	I Meet My Husband
Chapter 18	My First Winter in London and Mummy's Demise
Chapter 19	Kingston Polytechnic
Chapter 20	We Move to Arlington Road
Chapter 21	Births of Azlan & Imran
Chapter 22	Camping Holidays in Europe
Chapter 23	Holiday of a Lifetime in the Far East
Chapter 24	Conferences
Chapter 25	Riana Green Condominium
Chapter 26	Holiday Trips with Malaysians
Chapter 27	Other Holidays in the Neighbouring Countries of Malaysia
Chapter 28	Some Terms used by the Sri Lankan Malays, Malaysians & Indonesians
Chapter 29	Sri Lanka Malay (UK) Association
Chapter 30	Some Malay Pantun ² of Sri Lanka

Appendix

Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen and related materials

Abdul Hamid Miskin and related materials

My Anthology to GAPENA

Raden Kirti (Cuttilan) and related family trees

Extracts from an article to GAPENA by

M. Usoof J Cuttilan

Extracts and notes taken from the Jubilee book of the
Colombo Malay Cricket Club

Preface

I write this for two reasons;

1. One day in the summer of 2009 I was seated with my younger son Raden Imran Johore in the conservatory at “Plevna Ville” our London home relating some anecdotes of my childhood days and he requested me to put these in writing.
2. Professor Emeritus Tan Sri Dato’ Dr. Ismail Hussein, who was the Head of the Federation of the Malay Writers Ass. GAPENA at the time of starting this memoir asked me about 3 or 4 years ago for some information about myself to make a story of a hidden princess. I hope that the information given will satisfy his needs.

I had always been proud of my family history and had been collating information for several years. To start on this project I needed some inspiration and this I got by the information which were given to me by uncle Rumi Jainu-Deen son of Moh’d Thajudeen Jainu-Deen regarding the philanthropist Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen and the little note which I got from my cousin Roja Dain about Tunku Miskin Ruboo. Both these gentlemen were my moyang².

I am not a computer ‘whiz kid’! When I was working at the University the secretaries typed my letters. I had

this phobia of losing data so whenever I was faced with a problem with the data base the advisory staff in the computing department would not wait for me to make an appointment which was the procedure but would come straight away to put things right by saying “Nora is in trouble”. So how I was going to do this daunting work became a huge question.

I have to thank my beloved husband for untiringly scanning all the pictures and transferring to my laptop. He felt that it was much quicker to do this rather than to teach me!, my two sons Jainudeen Azlan and Imran Johore for giving me their opinion and encouragement and to my niece Ermiza and her brother Salaf Tegal for patiently showing me tips on how to use the Microsoft programme and for transferring photographs that were held by their mother in Colombo.

I also like to thank all the other relatives who have given me information about our ancestors and my nephew Maliq Cuttilan without whose help in sorting out a problem that occurred with photographs I would have had to scan several photographs for the second time! Having read a couple of books by Tun Mahathir, the fourth Prime Minister of Malaysia I feel that I too should be frank like him. I had passed the word around to relatives to say that I was collating materials especially about Mudaliyar A. I Jainu-Deen and would appreciate it very much if I could have copies of what

they held. I was prepared to pay for any cost that would be incurred in copying and photographing. If anyone wanted to remain as an anonymous holder of the materials I was prepared to keep this confidentiality. I am aware of more materials being held but to date nothing has been forthcoming. There is no point in keeping items in the closet. We have to be proud of the achievements of our ancestors and should share whatever that was left behind with the rest of the family, not let termites attack thereby lose our great heritage forever. By putting together all the materials we should be able to achieve this and hand down to the future generations.

Finally I wish to thank Bapak Tan Sri Ismail Hussein for his encouragement if not for which 'Otobiografi Puteri Melayu Yang Tersembunyi' as he named this 'Memoirs of a Hidden Princess' let alone being completed would have not taken off the ground!

Introduction



Tunku Nghai Nooranie Juwitha Miskin married Raden Mohamed Usoof Jainudeen Cuttilan, a descendant of Raden Kirti from Central Java, Indonesia and immigrated to London in 1973 to join her husband. They have two sons Raden Jainudeen Azlan Cuttilan and Raden Imran Johore Cuttilan.

TUNKU RADEN OUSMAND FAMILY TREE

Tunku Raden Ousmand



Putrie Noorain m Kunjan

Putrie Noorathi m Dain Dawood

Putrie Noorani m Tunku Miskin Ruboo

TUNKU MISKIN RUBOO FAMILY TREE

Tunku Miskin Thatheono

Tunku Miskin Ruboo



Putrie Noorani
Ousmand



Nona Noraishi m Dawood Haji

Nona Laila m A. Sathiyen

Sallay m Miss Jamal

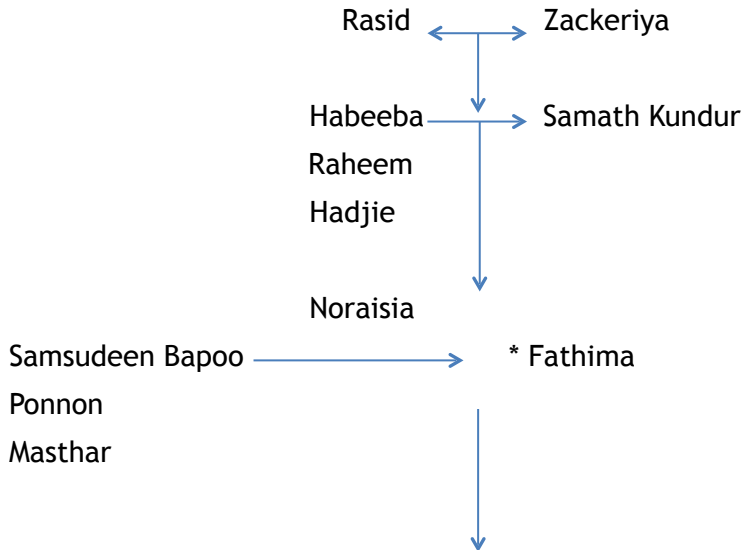
Nona Devi m A.D Dain

Abdul Rahim m Andhan Ousmand

Moh'd Hanif m Nooranie Sathiyen

Abdul Hamid m Jubeida Jainu-Deen (cont.
on pg.6)

SAMSUDEEN BAPPOO FAMILY TREE



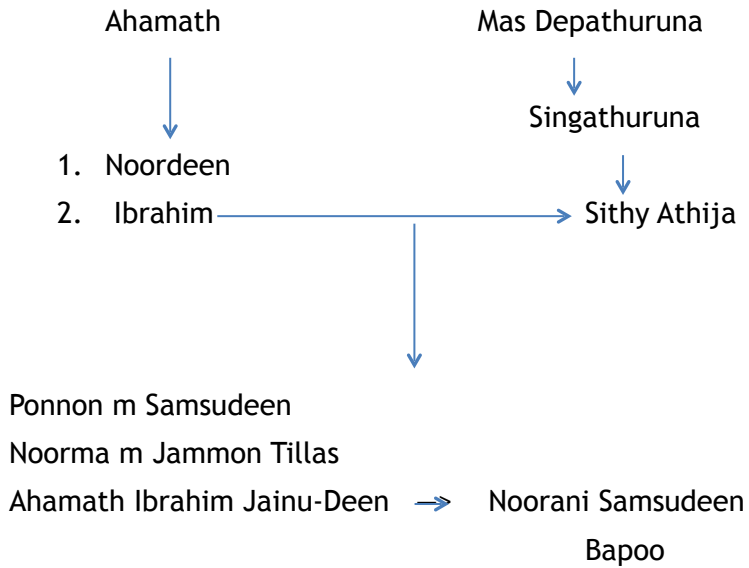
Tuan Kitchil Hallaldeen m 1st Surahie Jainu-Deen
2nd Sujon Abbas

Sithi Noorani	m	A.I Jainu-Deen cont. on pg.5
Aiyon	m	Bongo
Chappone	m	Cassim or Ahamath (not clear)
Packone	m	Chunchi

•

• * Fathima also known as Packeer Umma

JAINU-DEEN FAMILY TREE



Cont. next page

A.I JAINU-DEEN FAMILY TREE

Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen (1864-1924) → Noorani Samsudeen Bapoo (1863-1943)



Kamoordeen m Zam² (Seenar) Samahin

Soojani m T.S Samahin

Jubeida m Abdul Hamid Miskin cont. on pg.6

Noordeen m Thufa Jayman

Moh'd Thajudeen m Seenar Burah

Zam² m J.A Career

Rasdeen m. 1st Hureira Cassim

2nd Miss Costa

Nasoordeen m May Aster Landsburger

Jamaldeen m Neva Lappen

Arsan m Sianka H Chunchie

Binthan m Sianka H Chunchie

Noor m Laila Pakeerally

Surahie m Tuan Kitchil Hallaldeen

ABDUL HAMID MISKIN FAMILY TREE

ABDUL HAMID MISKIN & NGHAI JUBEIDA JAINU-DEEN

(DIED 11.12.1965)



1. Tuan Moh'd Johore m Nghai Rathna Abbas cont.pg7
2. Tuan Ariff (Ramjan) m Linga Chunchie
3. Tuan Kassiere m Ratna Deen
4. Lani m M.O Dain
- . 5. Sumani m Turna Cassiere
6. Tuan Shariff (Jappo) m Dalha Balkis Sarap
- 7 Juwitha (Baby) died young
8. Tuan Bintara m Senar Sheriffodeen
9. Tuan Tarik m Sharifa Pallie

TUAN MOH'D JOHORE MISKIN FAMILY TREE

Tuan Moh'd Johore Miskin 10.08.1941 Nghai Rathna Abbas
18.07.1911 08.06.1910
21.05.1988 20.01.1974

1. N. Nooranie J 11.06.1973 Moh'd Usoof J Cuttilan
27.06.1948- 8.09.1934-



Jainudeen Azlan Cuttilan 30.10.2010 Delwynne Ranner
24.10.1977 - 12.10.1977-
Imran Johore Cuttilan 2.04.2016 Shayna Suleyman
31.07.1981-

2. Sithy Noorathi Indranie 9.09.1979 Saam B Tegal
30.04.1952- 02.07.1945
Sithy Ermiza
Sithy Mutiara
Sithy Megara
Moh'd Salaf

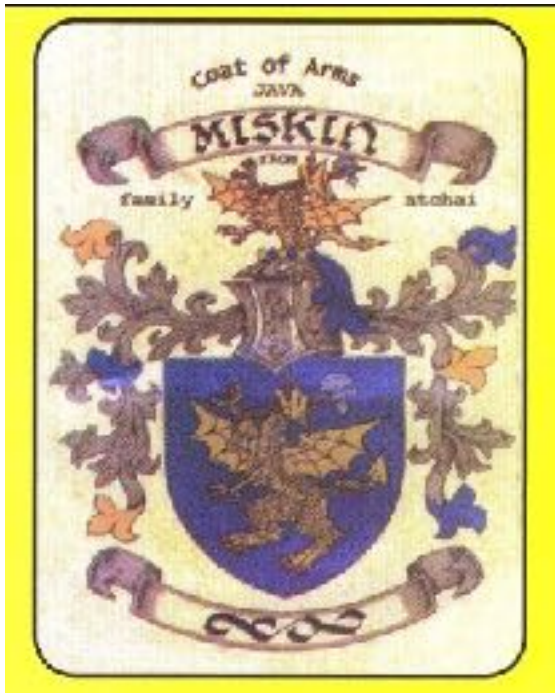
ABBAS BANGSAJAYAH FAMILY TREE

B.Babanoor Abbas m Nona Devan (her sisters were: Mrs Ismail (mother in law of Amin Akbar) Mrs Adahan and Mrs Samahin, mother of Dr. Samahin)

BABANOOR ABBAS & NONA DEWAN FAMILY TREE



1. Jayin Nona m Miskin Doll Amit
2. Jamjil m Tuan Kitchil Singhalaxana
3. Tuan Naim m Mass Anitha (Andon) Mass Aron
4. Tuan Ramiem m Gnei Kitchil Hashim
5. Binthayon m Mass Inthan Mass Aron
6. Muda Nona (Mudon) m Baba Curesh Dane Suhood
7. Sujan (Sujon) m Tuan Kitchil Hallal Deen
(previously m. to Surahie Jainu-Deen pg.5)
8. Nghai Rathna (Rathon) m Tuan Moh'd Johore
Miskin see pg.7



Tunku Miskin Ruboo born in Achai, as indicated above held the Coat of Arms from Java. He joined the Ceylon Malay Rifle Regiment as Captain and from then on dropped the Tunku title. He was married to Putrie Noorani one of the three daughters of Tunku Raden Ousmand. In 1873 when the Regiment was disbanded he was appointed as the Peace Officer for the entire Uva district. During this period he opened coffee plantations and also held positions in various local boards. The following note with an illegible signature was found recently at 'Lani Villa' Badulla. "We regret to

hear the death of the veteran Malay Planter, Mr R Miskin, who had died at the age of 93 years at Badulla. Four days before his death he had been walking about every morning at 5.00am and in the evening at 6.00pm looking like a strong and hearty man of about 60, with his son, Mr A.H Miskin and one of his other relation Mudaliyar Al Jainudeen J.P.U.P.M

The late Mr Miskin opened coffee plantation Colonel Tilly at Nayapane Estate, Pussellawa and later also opened Hillside Monkswood Excelsior and gave the Tamil names to the above Estates - Thamerawally Allagolla and Walsdemar in Udapussellawa districts for M/s T.H Moorhouse, Sydney Hyde, G.A Dick during the coffee time and planted cinchona and then retired from planting work.

In 1880 Mr R Miskin took up appointment under the judicial department of Nuwara Eliya as Peace Officer, Division Officer, Constable Aratchy etc. at Nanu Oya at the time of Government Agents Mr C J R Lemesuriar and others, who were highly pleased with his official duties. He quite recently resigned from these posts on pension and was spending his time travelling about visiting his sons and daughters all of whom are in Ceylon and attended his funeral.

His.....And his experience in connection to the Matale revolution and how he defended the British were always listened to with unusual interest.”



Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen



Noorani Bappoo

Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen great grandson of Mas Depathuruna in his autobiography states that they were residents in Ceylon long before the British went. They did not fight for any foreign powers and were known as Katukele Javo's He was married to Noorani Bapoo daughter of Samsudeen Bapoo. (See Appendix)



Abdul Hamid Miskin, son of Tunku Miskin Ruboo and Nghai Jubeida Jainu-Deen, second daughter of Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen. Photograph taken when celebrating their Golden Wedding 22.10.1960



Tuan Mohamed Johore Miskin and Nghai Rathna Abbas
10.08.1941



Invitation sent to Joe Miskin and Rathon Abbas's wedding by Mrs
Hadjie A.I Jainu-Deen and Mr and Mrs A.H Miskin

Part 1

My Story Begins

I was born in a car! Yes, a brand new car bought two weeks before by Hadjie Nasoor Jainu-Deen¹ and his wife May Aster Landsburger.

Named Nghai Nooranie Juwitha, Nooranie after my two paternal great grandmothers and Juwitha after my father's favourite sister, I was the third child to Tuan Mohamed Johore 'Joe' Miskin² and Nghai 'Rathon' Abbas, a descendant of Abbas Bangsajayah. The eldest, a girl was still born and the second Tuan Farook who was diagnosed as a blue baby died at the age of eight months; at least that is the age I believe. I have a younger sister Sithy Noorathi Indranie ('Indan' to me and 'Pratiwi' to some close friends) who is married to Tuan Saam Basir Tegal and they have three daughters Sithy Ermiza, Sithy Mutiara and Sithy Megara and a son Mohamed Salaf Tegal.

¹ Hadjie Nasoor Jainu-Deen, JP MBE, was the son of Mudaliyar Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen, and my paternal grandmother's younger brother who my father was very close to. His wife a Dutch Burger was a Chief Health Nurse in Ceylon.

² Joe Miskin was the eldest grandson of Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen a descendant of Mas Depathuruna and Tunku Miskin Ruboo. The latter being the paternal grandfather direct line Joe Miskin should hold the Royal title Tunku. For those of you not familiar with the Malay lineage, I am the first female down the line; therefore carry the title 'Tunku'. However my children cannot. They could have a lower ranking title of Putra or Putri.

Having lost two children my parents became desperate to have another child. My mother was prepared to try anything. My father believing in the Almighty and him alone left it to the will of Allah, but as was seen with other things even later in life, went along with my mother's wishes. Going from masjid to masjid and after making numerous vows my parents finally consulted a priest who advised my mother to become a vegetarian until a child was conceived. His payment was a bar of gold. A few months later I was conceived and was born about half a mile away from Sri Lanka Nursing Home, 62 High Street Wellawatte Colombo on 27th June 1948. The bar of gold was sent but I was not taken because Nuwara Eliya in Ceylon was considered to be too cold for a new born infant. When I was a child people would say that I was worth my weight in gold!

The cotton wool wrapped days now began. At the time of my birth my parents lived at 115, Fife Road, Colombo 5. This is where I grew up until the age of nine years. In my early years I was what one would call a sickly child, constantly down with colds, coughs, tonsillitis and influenza. I remember dada singing lullabies and putting me to sleep with Malay 'Pantun²' learnt from the late kakek M.H Bongso. Dada was also a member of the Malay Progressive Union Pantun Group.

Some of the Pantun² made sense to me but others did not. The three I remember well went like this:

1. Nyonya Hai Nyonya, Nyonya Hai Tuani,
Tuhan Allah Tuhan Pertama Siole,
Nabi Mohamed Nabi Bernama

2. Lahanang Aduh Si Lahanang
Lahanang Dewa Si Lahanang
Hai Lahanang Mabuk Penang
Lahanang nya Mabuk Di Kaki Dulang

Tinggi Langit, Mana Tanganya?
Tinggi Langit, Mana Tanganya?
Hai Lahanang Mabuk Penang
Lahanang nya Mabuk Di Kaki Dulang

3. Indong tuan/nyonya indons
Indong indong²
Kitchil tuan/nyonya induing
Indong indong²

I was brought up to be a quiet, well behaved girl never to retort, retaliate or be rude to people; in other words with 'adab'. I wonder whether this was good because I was very timid as a young girl and found it very hard to stand up for myself. Also, respecting

elders and the quote ‘paradise lies at the feet of thy mother’ were all incorporated into my upbringing. Years later when I was a teenager dada gave me one piece of advice. He said to me “Nora, a girl is like a flower. There will be a lot of bees around a flower. Once the nectar is taken away the flower has no value”. Dada spoke to me in English which helped me in school and mummy in Bahasa Sri Lanka Melayu. Both my parents confined to the Islamic principles, so I had an orthodox religious upbringing. I had never heard dada raise his voice at me and only twice in my life mummy was annoyed with me; once when I could not remember where I had put some photographs and the other was when I broke a dish which could not be replaced. We were a close knit family. My parents took us girls everywhere they went. If we were not invited to a function which was very seldom, mummy would ensure that on the following day we had similar or near enough dishes which she had eaten.

Opposite our house lived Advocate Sathurukulasinghe and his wife Amy. They had an only child called Dharshini who when I was little used to call me ‘Nangi Baba’. There were days when Dharshini would invite me to play with her 2 walking and talking dolls which were from London. Dharshini would take part in fashion shows and Aunty Amy would take me to watch

her model. Sometimes they would drop me off at school where Dharshini too studied as during this time dada did not own a car. One day the Weerasinghe's who lived at the end of Fife Road had seen my nanny dragging me and had reported the incident to my parents. Dada immediately bought a car and employed a chauffeur, Robert.



The first car



With mummy and dada



St Bridget's Convent Primary School Class Band with me seated at front 3rd from right



First day at School

Badulla kakek and his home ‘Lani Villa’

My early childhood days were quiet. During the holidays we would go to ‘Lani Villa’ at Badulla, in the hill country. This is the house my paternal grandparents Abdul Hamid Miskin and Nghai Jubeida Miskin nee Jainu-Deen moved to after dada was born. My grandfather, ‘Badulla Kakek’ as I used to call him was a fair, tall, good looking, wealthy person sitting on many committees and boards of the local council. He was the Shell Agent for the whole of the Uva Province and was also into transport business and owned many Lorries.

My aunty, muda Lani told me about three years ago that when kakek and nenek first moved in, the house had a veranda, a living room, and a bedroom. The toilet was outside with buckets which were emptied daily by the coolies who worked for the local council. The house was later extended and improved to accommodate the rest of the family. ‘Lani Villa’ was the place where everyone would meet after Jumma and Hari Raya prayers. I remember the room next to the kitchen. In the centre of the room there used to be a cauldron on a hearth and everyone would congregate to drink the soup that was being cooked. Opposite this room was a courtyard. Apparently at dawn people

would see dwarfs wearing turbans milking cows. Did my grandparents own cattle? Of course not! They were landed proprietors owning land, paddy fields and houses but not cattle.

My uncle, muda Kassiere, aunty Ratna and their daughter Nazneen would accompany us on our holidays to 'Lani Villa'. Although the distance nowadays one would call "not very far" the hill country narrow winding roads would take us almost a whole day. Dada would sing songs like 'Oh My Darling Clementine' 'She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain' 'Danny Boy' 'Old Man River' 'Gelang Terpaku Gelang' and so on until we reached our destination

The last song mentioned went like this:-

Gelang Terpaku Gelang, Gelang Si Rama²

Kaulah Nak Pulang, Mari Pulang Bersama Sama

Kaulah Saya Mati, Janganlah Taro Bunga

Siram Si Air (Ayer) Mata, Itulah Tanda Yang Syurga.

There will be stops to buy 'Tala Guli' (sesame balls), 'Milk Toffee' and 'Potato Toffee' at the Jinadasa shop. Mummy would insist on having a cup of tea at the Haputele kedai. This kedai was a small shed but the tea made with fresh cow's milk was "out of this world" she would say.

Once we've reached Badulla there was plenty to do, such as visit relatives. Bongso kakek lived at Andeniya and one had to walk on a suspended bridge over a river to get to his house. Muda Shariff, who was better known as 'Jappo', would put all the children into a lorry and take us to places where there was a waterfall and we would bathe and enjoy packed lunches. At times muda Jappo would go hunting and return with venison to make 'dendeng', venison marinated and dried in the sun. My cousins Roja and Farissa, Indan and I would rehearse songs and dances and perform them in the evenings; we did charge the adults an entrance fee. On one such trip to 'Lani Villa', kakek caught a sparrow and put into a box for me to take back to Colombo. I remember being very excited and somewhere near Haputale, coming downhill I wanted to have a peep and opened the box slightly and the little bird flew away! I kept on crying "Kakek yang kasih burung" the bird kakek gave. Although dada stopped the car he had no success in getting the bird back because on either side of the road were trees. In the evenings if kakek was in the mood he would relate stories while we children sat around him. The stories were to do with his experiences and encounters with ghosts while travelling at night. I remember going with Badulla kakek and nenek to Amparai where uncle Hanis

Miskin, (son of kakek's brother Abdul Rahim) was stationed as a sub inspector of Police.

(I think I should mention here that uncle Hanis's sister Kunjan was married to Mambang, one of the grandsons of Jumaron Tunku Ousmand of Kedah, Malaysia. Was this Tunku Ousmand connected to Tunku Raden Ousmand the father of my moyang Noorani, wife of Tunku Miskin Ruboo?)

On the way we stopped at Baticaloa where nenek's brother Thajudeen 'Thajone' was a practising magistrate. Here we tasted crab cooked in green chillie gravy. It was delicious and to this date I have never tasted a gulai ketam like this. We also went to Pasikudah beach. Kakek put me over his shoulder and walked until the water level reached his neck. This was very far and we were fairly close to the ship. The sea was calm and there were no waves. When we reached Amparai uncle Hanis instructed the housekeeper to take care of us and left saying he would be back soon. When night time came there was no sign of him. The adults were very worried and had no sleep. The next morning uncle Hanis arrived with two sacks full of birds! He had gone hunting with the vedas, the aborigines of Ceylon. We were told that he did this often. He would take bright coloured handkerchiefs as gifts since they fed him with ubi kayu (tapioca) and helped him with the hunting. I had no complaints

because I was able to use the feathers of these birds as a project for my Girl Guide badge!

Kakek once told me how he saw nenek Jubeida for the first time. I do not know how true this story is. I ask myself, was kakek trying to keep my interest in listening by relating such stories? The two fathers, Tunku Miskin Ruboo³ and Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen agreed to have their son and daughter married and a meeting was arranged to see the 'bride to be' and to discuss the wedding plans. Kakek was not included amongst the group and was curious to know what this girl looked like. So, he followed the group and climbed a tree near the house and watched the proceedings. He was very disappointed with what he saw. A petite dark girl! Nevertheless he agreed to marry and lived happily for over fifty years. Two parties were held to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary. One party was at 'Lani Villa' and another at our house 'Astana-Nur'. His love for her was proven when nenek went on pilgrimage to Mecca. She went by ship and in Mecca took ill and kakek could not wait for her return so made her fly back as soon as possible. I remember seeing him in

³ . It is not clear as to why Tunku Miskin Ruboo joined the Malay Rifle Regiment. Being a Royal surely he would not have been desperate to earn a living so it is likely he enrolled as a Captain after coming to Ceylon. From then on he was better known as Captain Miskin Ruboo and none of his descendants carried the title until my son Jainudeen Azlan decided to revive our long hidden titles on his wedding day 30th October 2010, this decision was supported by Tan Sri Ismail Hussein.

tears when discussing the arrangements for her speedy return. Whenever kakek came to stay with us mummy would cook a three course meal for dinner. I still remember the roast beef/baked fish with potatoes and other vegetables. At week-ends dada would drive us to either the Galle Face Green in Colombo or Mount Lavinia beach to enjoy the sea breeze. On the way back we would have Cream Soda milkshakes at Cream House or Nickerbockerglory at the Fountain House.



Cutting the 50th anniversary 'Lorry Cake' at 'Astana Nur'



Golden Wedding Celebration at 'Astana-Nur' Left to right myself, Nenek and Kakek seated with Nazneen between them and my sister on kakek's left. Also in the picture are dada, mummy and aunty Ratna at far right.

Kakek had a stroke. How sad it was for us. I do not remember where it happened but I do remember him propped up on the bed at 'Astana-Nur' looking helpless. When he improved in health he returned to 'Lani Villa'. One day when we were visiting kakek I remember everyone frantically looking for him. Later someone informed the adults that kakek was in town. He had taken a tongkat (walking stick) and walked all the way!

Just before Kakek passed away we went to see him and seeing his condition, on the return journey to Colombo by train, because

mummy and dada had to stay behind, I knew that I would never see ‘Badulla kakek’ again. He passed away on 11.12.1965. “Al Fatihah”. On the 40th day⁴ after kakek’s death, prayer recitals were held which was followed by a kenduri (feast) for a large gathering. It was while helping aunty Linga to peel garlic for the preparation of dishes that she told me that mummy carried the clothes fashion to Badulla. I hope aunty will not mind me relating an incident which took place while the prayers were going on. Her husband who was also dada’s younger brother Arif ‘Ramjan’ was very upset about his father’s death and had taken one too many of what I shall not mention. Aunty realising this quickly dished out some food on to a plate and placed it on the dining table for muda Ramjan to eat. On this table was the big spread of dishes which were to be taken to the kubur after the recitals. Next to muda’s plate was the bowl of Sirikaya which he must have thought was for him and scooped a handful to eat. Aunty panicked and rushed her husband and children to the bedroom and locked themselves in. One old lady

⁴ .It was a practice amongst the Muslims to invite friends and relatives and have a prayer recital on the eve of the 40th day when the soul is supposed to leave the house. Various dishes which the arwah (dead person) liked are prepared and taken to the kubur (grave) the following morning and distributed to the poor. Being away from Sri Lanka for almost 40 years, I am not sure whether this practice is still taking place.

oblivious to what had happened came to inspect the food and said “Look, the ‘arwah’ (dead person) must have really liked the Sirikaya and left an imprint!” Apparently, the soul in the form of some insect would settle on the food that s/he likes. Amboi, it must have been a huge insect!

In May 1988 when dada passed away I went to Sri Lanka and I visited nenek who was staying with muda Tarik. It was very sad to see her crippled and depending on others. She made me sit beside her and said “Nora look at me now. I have nothing. When kakek was alive, do you remember the door to our bedroom in Badulla? Well, at one time behind the door used to be a sack. Whenever the poor visited I would put my hand into this sack and take out handfuls of coins and give to them. They were not any coins but sovereign gold coins!” When nenek visited us at Nawala she loved to go round the garden in the mornings to pick seven varieties of leaves to make kerabu/cundi a dish served with rice. She always had fresh fruits with her rice and curry. I wonder whether this habit was a hand down from her ancestors from Melaya.

I think that I should mention something about nenek here which my sister told me recently. Whenever nenek visited my sister in the latter part of her life, she would feed the birds that came to my sister’s garden at Makola with breadcrumbs. One morning the whole

garden was full of birds which puzzled my sister and her family. Later on in the day they got a telephone call to inform that nenek had passed away. “Al Fatihah” I wish I had paid more attention to the Melayu perkataan (Malay words) she used. Some words I remember her using were “biarlah” “cukup” (pronounced as chukup) “nanti” “dia” all standard words in Bahasa Melayu which I hear daily in Malaysia. In Ceylon our customs and traditions were diluted. We were very much westernised during my growing days. One reading this will notice that I have addressed my parents as mummy and dada instead of bapak and emak/ibu. I feel sad about this and I hope that my children will revert back and bring up their children with the Malay form of addressing. Unlike in Malaysia where children are brought up to give salam to the elders by kissing their right hand when they greet, meet or leave, in Ceylon we only gave Salam on Hari Raya days. This too was done by bending and touching the feet of the elders which I think is a Hindu custom. However, later this was changed to holding the elders hand with both hands and reciting the salawat. But, I remember nenek taking my right hand and kissing before kissing my cheeks and forehead. I wonder whether she was telling me by action how to give salam without openly saying it in case she was contradicting what I had been brought up to do.

Mummy addressed nenek as 'emak' and kakek as 'bapak' which is the form of addressing in Malaysia. In Sri Lanka the majority of Sri Lankan Malays addressed their in-laws as aunties and uncles. These are just three examples of how the Sri Lankan Malay 'adat' differ from the 'adat' of our ancestral home.

My School Days

At the age of three and a half years I was admitted to the Montessori school at St. Bridget's Convent in Colombo 7. I do not know how it is now, but then SBC was a prestigious school where daughters of public figures attended, this included the Bandaranayakes who later became the Prime Ministers and President. My mother told me years later that before admittance I had to sit for a test on colours, numbers and the alphabets; I had done so well that the teacher who tested me had grabbed me and rushed to show the classroom where I was going to start. Everyday mummy would come with my lunch and wait outside with the other mothers. When it was time she would come in and place the food on my desk and wait for me to finish eating. In the Montessori there were two things I did not like, pottery and Kandyan dancing. Anandi, daughter of Buddhadasa Amarasuriya and niece to Sir Thomas Amarasuriya was one of the girls who started schooling at the same time as I did.

After one of her trips abroad she brought all her classmates 'Alice bands'. I remember mine being black and I treasured it for a long time. She had a birthday party every year and the whole party was filmed and

shown the following year. When we were in the primary school a group of us after being dropped off by our parents would walk to her house down Gregory's Road in the mornings and return back to school in her car although she lived only a few yards away from the school. If she was not at home we would wait outside the house to see her return on horseback after her riding lesson/exercise. Years later, after I had moved to London and she and her husband were living at Nawala, if she happened to see dada walking she would give him a lift. She had not forgotten us!

I did fairly well in the primary school. I liked arithmetic maybe because dada would take me on Saturdays to the Shell Company Head Office where he worked and made me add the figures in the ledger books. He taught me to add in tens. Muda Bintara too taught me short cuts. Now I show the nine times table with my 10 fingers to other children.

I studied the piano up to grade Level 6 of Trinity College at SBC and when the teacher left I started Royal College of Music from grade Level 1 under Conita Paronavitane at Nugegoda. This too I stopped at grade Level 6 due to the GCE O'level examination. The primary school music teacher was Mrs Marie Ratnam who in my book of autographs wrote "if music is the food of love, then play on" She was the mother of Mignonne Ratnam 'The Jetliners Group' singer. The

other daughter Angela taught Biology in the collegiate school. There were four houses and the pupils had to belong to one of the houses. I belonged to Borgia. I was a Brownie and later a Girl Guide in the Orchid pack of the 20th Colombo Company. It was on one of the Girl Guide camping trips that I learnt to cook scrambled eggs. If I remember correct the classrooms at SBC was made up of thirty girls. Some of the names that come to my mind are Melaika Jafferjee, Ummu Hafira Mohamed the daughter of M.H Mohamed, a former Mayor of Colombo, Sana Chang, Sunel de Silva, Lille Maira de Saram, sister of Margaret 'Nangi' the swimmer.

The school fares were very grand with music; merry-go-rounds and so on. In other words it had a carnival atmosphere. It was not just St. Bridget's Convent but other schools in Colombo too had such fares. One Christmas we had a helicopter land on the lawn outside the Convent entrance and Santa Clause alighted. We later learnt that it was a lady teacher!

During my school days most of the Nuns were Irish. Some had a good sense of humour while others I used to be terrified of. Every year there used to be cricket matches between Royal College and St. Thomas's College, St. Joseph's and St. Peter's. The boys from these colleges would break into SBC playground, sing, dance and cause havoc. On one such occasion when I

was in the primary school they grabbed a nun who was mopping the floor and danced around the premises. A stern looking nun holding a mop and a bucket being bounced up and down was a sight never to be forgotten.

The secondary school period too went off fairly well. When I was thirteen I had to sit for the selection test to do the Ceylon Teachers Association examination. This certificate once obtained permitted one to teach up to this level. One subject I did not enjoy was Geography and I did not revise. When the day arrived to sit for this paper I did not want to go to school but dada insisted I do this paper. He said “it does not matter if you don’t do well, just try”. When the teacher came with the results several days later she had called out my name to say that I had passed. Where was I? In the toilet hiding! Oh no, I was forced to do geography for the CTA exam. Other girls joined the latter part of my schooling days. Cheryl de Costa, Sriyani Kandappa, Zuleikha Eusoffally, Zurifa Kamil, Tibby Pereira and Dolly Devaraj are some names that come to my head at the moment.

After my GCE O’Level I went to Aquinas University to do a course on Chartered Secretary but had to give up in the first year because mummy took ill.



20th Colombo Girl Guide



Playing the Piano at home



Although much senior, Sunethra the sister of the former President of SL Chandrika Bandaranaike was good to us young ones.

‘Astana-Nur’

Around the time I was in the primary school, I must have been about 10 years old, dada was made the Chief Accountant at The Shell Company, Colombo and our life style changed completely. We moved to 294, Nawala Road, Rajagiriya. Dada named the house ‘Astana-Nur’. The house was always full of people. We had at least two to three servants and a chauffeur. The relatives would come to spend their holidays with us. There was a large garden. My parents planted fruit trees, several varieties of papaya, mango, avocado, damson to name a few. There were coffee plants at the far end of the garden. Mummy spent her early childhood days at Wariapola Cocoa Estate, in Matale. She decided to have animals and birds like her parents did. So, there was ‘Letchimi’ the cow, goats, geese, ducks, Muscovy ducks, rabbits, guinea fowl and pedigreed Alsatian dogs. When the first Sandy died mummy got another Alsation to take the place of Sandy and we named this one too Sandy. Later we had Bandit Bozen. Here I must relate an incident which took place when my cousin Raju Laxana had come to spend his holidays with us. The first Sandy was very naughty and was jealous of Letchimi. The servants had forgotten to

lock the doors on Sandy's kennel and Letchimi's shed. Seeing a stranger in the garden Sandy ran towards him and mummy dashed to save Raju kakak being bitten. Not knowing who was behind, Sandy turned and bit mummy's hand. Then seeing the shed door open Sandy ran and bit one of the ears of Letchimi. With only half of one ear, bleeding Letchimi ran across the road breaking our fence to the garden of the people living opposite to our house. Buses came to a standstill. Cyclists in sarongs with legs lifted as high as possible stopped with looks of fear. What a commotion it caused down Nawala Road that day! We also had chickens, turkeys, and a Myna bird that kept repeating "Nora datha puttu bawa" (Nora sister bring me puttu). The bird was trained to say this by Deen Maama, a foster child of my maternal grandparents who lived with my parents until his death. We had no television in the 1960's so it was the radio that we had for entertainment. Privileged Kitty the cat, the only animal allowed in the house would sit at my feet and by kicking the tail and clapping my hands I was able to train her to beat time to music that was been played on the radio. The only thing mummy did not do was to wake us up at midnight with a glass of milk and a slab of chocolate. This is what her father did! Mummy never spoke of her mother, perhaps she died when mummy

was very young. She only remembered her father Babanoor Abbas⁵ as an old man.



Babanoor Abbas Bangsajayah

⁵ Babanoor Abbas and Nona Dewan had four children, two daughters and two sons. After 17 years they had four girls and mummy was the youngest. Being the youngest, mummy had nephews and nieces older to her. During the 17 years gap my maternal grandparents fostered several children from poor families.



Long Service Watch Awarded to Babanoor Abbas

Almost every month mummy would invite around 100-150 people and hold a Mowlood. This went on until she took ill. She fostered a daughter of a less fortunate relative and gave her in marriage. It was a grand wedding and one old lady coming to our house by bus overheard two people saying that I was getting married! Mummy was a very generous lady. If a poor woman said that she liked the outfit mummy was wearing, she would have it washed and give it to that person. In one of the two trips to London, dada once said to me that if only Mummy had been a bit careful with her spending we would have ended been millionaires. Until she took ill mummy would accompany dada, my sister and me to school and to dada's office and then get Gunasekara, the chauffeur to take her to the market. Each day she would buy five

pounds of meat, fish and vegetables. She returned home to get the maid to cook lunch and by 12.00 noon she would be at the school gate to take us girls home. After lunch we were dropped off at school and at 3.00pm Gunasekara would come to take us home. Dada would return home around 6.00pm. In the evenings I would have my Sinhala tuition, Quran classes from an Ustad who we call 'Lebbe' in Sri Lanka or piano lesson. By 7.30pm we had our dinner and by 8.30pm it was lights off time. On Sundays and Thursdays at Maghrib time dada would recite various surah² from the Al Quran and when it came to the Yasin mummy, Indan and I joined him to recite for the arwah² (the dead people). After my schooling days if mummy did not have any hospital appointments, I would spend the day doing household chores whether we had domestic help or not. The day would begin around 6.30am. After breakfast I used to do a bit of gardening by weeding, sweeping the grounds and watering the plants. This was followed by cleaning the house before preparing the lunch. In the afternoons once a month I would polish the red floor and fortnightly polish all the furniture. Some evenings were left for visiting relatives and friends. However whenever our friends came to spend the day these afternoon chores were put off. Melina and Reeni Lantra lived very close to us so visited us frequently. Their cousins Inaya and Sharifa who lived

a little further away too would drop by now and then. When dada was working on the estate he asked Son Lantra to keep an eye on us so he made a weekly visit at the end of each week. To me he was a brother I never had. There were days if dada and mummy had something to do in Colombo they would drop me off at 'Merdeka' and I would keep Auntie Hazel (Mrs Drahaman) company. She would relate stories while at the same time play with her grandson Ramli Mohamed. I felt very close to her and I remember her telephoning me after my engagement to inquire whether I was sure that I will be happy with Usoof and also leaving my parents and going abroad. There were days when Kartini Drahaman Mohamed would invite me to show how to make sausages, corned beef or to prepare notes that I would have pre-played on my piano for the 'Angklung' orchestra, a set of bamboo instrument for our next Ceylon Malay Youth League performance. 'Astana-Nur' was a blessed house full of happiness and laughter. A house where the rich and the poor were all equals. The place from where mummy, Nasoor kakek and Deen mama departed this world to enter the next. About three years ago we went to Sri Lanka and drove down Nawala Road and found that this memorable house had been demolished and to my horror there existed a motor car repair garage!



May Aster Jainu-Deen (left) and Hazeline Drahama (right) at
dada's and mummy's 25th wedding anniversary party held at
'Astana-Nur'

My Heritage Interest Gets Triggered

My parents had been moving around in the diplomatic circle, mainly the Indonesians and Malaysians since the 1950's. Living in a bigger house with a large garden it now became possible to invite the diplomats in return to our house. Two families we got very close to in the 1960's were the Abdul Kadir and the Sjadzali. Mr Kadir was the Cultural Attaché at the Indonesian Embassy. Mr and Mrs Kadir had a son named Suseno and daughter named Ngesti. They taught society dances and classical dances to a group of us. We visited each other frequently and I learnt to cook kuping gajah, nagasari, rempeyek and kerepek from them. By attending these dancing classes my latent cultural interest surfaced. Uncle Munawir Sjadzali came to Ceylon as the 1st Secretary and was later appointed Charge de 'Affairs. As a result his period was extended. He and his wife aunty Murni had three sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter Tati was in the same class as my sister at school. Hadjie Nasoor Jainu-Deen was the Director of Deensland Uva Tea Company, his father Mudaliyar Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen's estate. The Sjadzalīs would go to this estate for their holidays and Indan and I would join them. When I came to London uncle

Munawir was the Ambassador and Usoof and I visited him and his family. Twenty years later in 1993 we made a trip to Jakarta, Indonesia and met them again. Uncle Munawir was an 'Angotta' advisor for President Suharto at that time. Uncle and aunty are no longer amongst us but whenever we visit Jakarta we meet up with Tati. I will never forget, at one of the Ceylon Malay Youth League Dinner Dance uncle Munawir stopping me in the presence of several people and asking me why I did not attend the "aqiqah" reception and prayer at his house the previous evening. Before I could think of a lame excuse he said "Even if you do not get an invitation, remember that you are invited whenever your parents are". As a result we attended all the parties and my sister and I were frequently mentioned sometimes with photographs in the fashion pages of the weekend newspapers, so much so that people would stop us in the street and say that they had seen our pictures. 'Kartini Day' celebration in memory of the lady who fought for women's liberation in Indonesia was a day time function for ladies and I had conducted the Anklung orchestra, modelled batiks and sung songs like 'Ibu Kita Kartini'. The Independence Day celebration was always in the evenings and Indan and I accompanied our parents. The Malaysian High Commission organised Bahasa Melayu classes and dada was one of the several people who attended these

classes. When he made his exit at the end of the lesson I would enter to follow rag doll making classes that was conducted by the wife of the High Commissioner. At one of the Ceylon Malaysia Society reception that was held at the Hotel Taprobane when Mrs G.G Ponnambalam was the President, Indan and I modelled as Chinese peasants. We together with our parents attended other functions that were held by the Malaysian High Commission including the ones in honour of Tunku Abdul Rahman the first Prime Minister of Malaysia.

When Nasoor kakek and aunty May held cocktail parties to host the diplomats in the Rose garden at their home 'The Terraces' Indan and I were included. The garden would be illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Badarala the butler immaculately dressed in his white jacket and sarong with his hair tied into a 'konde' that was held in position by a comb, walking around instructing the servants are memories I will hold until my dying day. Mingling with the Indonesians and Malaysians listening to their language, learning about their culture and behaviour attracted my interest into my heritage



Me conducting the Angklung Orchestra at a Kartini Day celebration



At the residence of the Abdul Kadir



Me, far left, Tati Sjadzali in the centre, next Nazli Fallil and far right Ngesti Kadir. The two little girls; Fatima Fallil (left) and Wati Sjadzali right). In the background, Shedan Hanifa, Auntie Mudon Suhood and uncle Fallil at 'Astana-Nur'



An invitation received by my parents to attend a farewell party on 17th Sept; 1954 from the Charge d' Affaires of the Indonesian Embassy.

This following extract was one of the many that appeared with photographs in the fashion pages in the late 1960's. The saree being my favourite and worn at a cocktail party held by the Indonesian Ambassador, I have to add this extract from Kirti Karunaratne's fashion page which appeared in The Sunday Mirror newspaper May 5th 1968.

'Indranie and Nooranie Miskin made a pretty duo in identically printed sarees of sparkling local nylon, printed in orchid amber and blue in diffused blocks of colours'.



How I looked in the late 1960's



Caption 'A pageant of costumes of Ceylon and Malaysia was a highlight of the Ceylon Malaysia Society's reception at the Hotel Taprobane'. Me standing 3rd from right in the Chinese peasant outfit.

Dada's working life at The Shell Company.

When dada finished his schooling after the London Matriculation, Badulla kakek wanted him to take over the Shell Agent business in Badulla. However having spent the latter part of his educational life namely at Wesley College in Colombo dada was not keen on going to the hill country and told his father that if he wanted him to work for Shell Company he would work at the head office in Colombo. So began his enjoyable working days at Shell working his way up from the bottom to the position of Chief Accountant! He got along well with everyone and was loved by all his colleagues. His own office had glass partitioning and I used to call it a gold fish bowl. This room helped him to keep an eye on everyone but this did not bother them.

Once when the staff at Shell Company went on strike dada was able to cross the picket line with no eggs or tomatoes been thrown at him! It was during this time when the money collection from the petrol stations became impossible that dada had to do a trip right round Ceylon. Since he decided to do this duty by himself he had to make it look like a family holiday. Mummy was very nervous because we were carrying so

much of money in the booth of the car. We went to Mahinyangane where we saw the vedas (the aborigines



Shell Hockey Team and Staff (dada in his hockey kit seated left to the Lady in the centre of the picture)

of Ceylon), and at one point two elephants gave us the guard of honour by holding their trunks for the car to go under. We stopped at Trincomalee and had baths from the water in the wells of varying temperature levels.

A sports day was held annually and the children of the staff were included in a race. There used to be two coloured cards, a pink and a green that were scattered on the grounds and each child had to run and pick one

card. A prize was handed later depending on the card picked. One card was for a slab of chocolate and the other was for more valuable prizes.

Dada helped people in every possible way he could, one being, starting up petrol stations. On one such occasion the gentleman was so appreciative and wanted to give dada a financial gift. Since this was declined, for a couple of years on Hari Raya day a van full for food was delivered. Since a return to sender act would seem rude, dada had no choice but to accept this kind offer. However when we moved to 'Astana-Nur' dada refused to leave a forwarding address and so ended the Moor gentleman's generous gift.

In the latter part of my secondary school days The Shell Company was nationalised. To get the best benefit from the deal dada was advised by the General Manager to take early retirement. He had put in 32 years of service. A party was held in his honour at Hotel Taprobane, in Colombo and all his colleagues attended. It was a grand party with music and dancing led by Roger Bartholemeuz and Miss Bulgen (I hope I have spelt the name correct). I think they were the winners of the 24 hours non-stop "Twist" dance competition in Colombo. There were others crying because their boss was leaving. Some tried to play a prank on dada and kept on offering orange barley drinks which dada continued to decline. He later went to the bar and

bought a fruit drink for himself. When asked why he did not accept the drink they offered he replied that it was not the orange barley that he did not want but the alcohol that had been added to it that put him off accepting their kind offer!



What a grand party!



Mercantile Amateur Athletic Association Award presented on 7.09.1963



Inscription reads: 1924, TM Miskin, Pin WT

Ceylon Turf Club

After leaving the Shell Company dada joined the Ceylon Turf Club as the Accountant in Charge. This was a good period for many young Malays because they were able to get employment during the horse race season. At the Nuwara Eliya races where all the fashion elites would meet mummy, Indan and I would be observers wandering around watching Yvonne Gullamhussein parade with her dogs dyed to match her outfits. She once came with a self coloured blouse and news spread like wild fire that she had come topless and this was sensational. A few times dada made Indan and I draw the lucky numbers for the sweepstakes. I felt very proud to be escorted to where the barrel was and to put my hand in and pull out the numbers. I wonder whether anyone would believe me if I say that although dada worked at the Turf Club he had never bought a sweep ticket in all his life! He was a teetotaller and never gambled! Here too he was loved by everyone and when he decided to leave to go to Deensland Estate as the Manager a former Governor General Sir Oliver Gunetilleke's son-in-law Mr Sathananthan held Nasoor kakek by the tie and said "why are you taking our man away?" He worked on the

estate for a couple of years but had to give this up very reluctantly because of family commitments. Mummy's health was a major factor. However he carried on as Assistant Director and assisted Nasoor kakek the best he could. He also worked for other accountancy firms from this point onwards which I have mentioned in the articles in the GAPENA magazine found at the end of this book.

In 1988 dada was planning to come to London and had sent his passport to the Visa Office. It was the 26th puasa in the month of Ramadan and he was rushed into Sulaiman's Nursing Home where he underwent an operation. A week after the first operation he had another operation for internal bleeding and did not gain consciousness "Al-Fatihah". If he had been in good health he would have been fasting on this 6th day of Shyawal. I remember after his demise I was in the conservatory at Plevna Villa reciting the Surah 'Yasin' and a cold breeze enveloping me and gradually sweeping away, I looked at the clock and realised that it was the exact time of his burial. I know that he has not left me for good. Now whenever I am distressed I write my problems to him and I feel much better.



Reception held by The Malay Progressive Union in honour of Hj. Dr. M.P Drahaman MP seated 6th from left and Hj. Nasoor Jainu-Deen J.P MBE seated 8th from left. Either side of Nasoor Jainu-Deen are President 'Joe' and 'Rathon' Miskin. Also in the picture are Hazeline Drahaman, C.B.A Azoor, Mrs Azoor, and Mr and Mrs Samdin

Days at ‘The Terraces’

Nasoor Kakek and aunty May moved from Alfred House Gardens to ‘The Terraces’, Kandy Road, Kadawatte. The bungalow used to be a rest house situated on an elevated centre of a 10 acre piece of land. There was a wide two tier lawn at the front with two huge trees; one a yellow flowering Acacia tree and the other an orange coloured Flamboyant tree both in bloom all year round. There was a rose garden and an orchid garden on one side of the house. On the other side of the house was an olive tree surrounded by olives at the foot during the season, in addition to other fruit trees. Right around the fence of this beautiful piece of land were ‘Durian trees’. The long drive way from the road would lead to the main entrance opening to the hall which had sliding grills. In this large hall were comfortable chairs scattered in strategic areas overlooking the lawn and other parts of the house and a 5’ tall alabaster statue which aunty called ‘My lady’ on a high pedestal. She told me that on one of her trips to the UK after the war she visited a museum which was in a chaotic state and this statue was lying on the floor. The curator did not know the value to charge so she was able to buy ‘My lady’ for sterling 5.00! On the right of the hall was the living room fully furnished to resemble a living room of the British upper class home!

On the left was the library which housed many interesting books and journals. Next to this library was the Billiard room. Facing these two rooms were Kakek's and aunty's bedrooms with a corridor separating the four rooms. This corridor also extended to the right passing the open plan entrance to the dining area and led to the guest room which I used to occupy. There was a grandfather clock at the far left hand corner of the dining room. The furniture was made of wood from the trees of Deensland Estate. Next to the dining room facing the pantry was a small breakfast room which was used when there were no guests. The pantry was for aunty's use. There were two kitchens. The one with the gas cookers used to be the old garage which was a part of the house. The kitchen with the hearth was in another building outside the house and was next to the servant's quarters. One day I counted the number of servants. There were 17 including the 2 chauffeurs! Whenever kakek and aunty needed company they would ask dada to take me there. The day would begin with the maid bringing a cup of tea around 7.00am. She always greeted me with "Missy time to get up" in Sinhala and drew the curtains open. After a quick wash I would run round the block with 'Caesar' the Alsation dog. Incidentally aunty May was the first person to import and breed Pomeranian dogs and kakek was the very first 'Bata Shoes' agent in Ceylon.



Indan (far right) Nasoor Jainu-Deen (centre) and myself (far left) at the 'Terraces'

After this I would take a shower and join kakek and aunty for breakfast. Around 8.30 am kakek would leave to Main Street, Pettah where JD Co; (Jainu-Deen and Company) was situated. This was also the office for Deensland Uva Tea Co; I would sit with aunty and read books held in the library or help her with the washing of the crystals that were kept under lock and key in the display cabinets. This task I considered a privilege because to open this cabinet I had to take the bunch of keys which aunty carried around constantly and open her wardrobe to take a key to open another cupboard

which housed the important key to open this display cabinet. Observing how the house was being cleaned, the garden maintained gave me inspiration and I follow these practises even today. Sometimes I would play with two of the Pomeranians, 'Topsy' and 'Turvy'. When the grandfather clock struck 11.30am lunch was served. Aunty would insist that I rested till 3.00 pm after lunch. She would tell me "It does not matter if you don't fall asleep, you must rest in the afternoon". She also gave another piece of advice about cutting down on the sugar and salt intake after the age of 35 years because of mummy's health problems which might be genetic. I brought it forward to 30 years and have stuck to it until today. Around 3.30pm biscuit with Edam cheese, fruit cake and tea would be served in the garden. Kakek used to return around 5.30pm. He would join us with a cup of tea for a while and relate the day's incidents before getting ready for dinner. At the strike of 7.30pm we would sit down for dinner. The day ended with me playing rummy with kakek while aunty observed quietly, chuckling whenever kakek teased me for making mistakes. The servants too would sit with us in the hall having their 'natter'. By 9.00pm lights were turned off and it was 'good night' time. Now and then kakek and aunty would take me to the cinema for a matinee movie and then to Green Cabin for chocolate cake and iced coffee.



In the garden



The Terraces' entrance

Whenever mummy, Indan and I went to JD Co; which was quite frequent kakek would take us to have mutton rolls served with Worcestershire sauce. While on the topic of food, kakek was a diabetic. Aunty was the Chief Health nurse at one time and was very knowledgeable on health and diet. She also knew most of the doctors and consultants. She would ensure that kakek's packed lunch was made up of 4-5 tablespoons of rice, a couple of vegetables and a meat or fish curry. When lunch time arrived he would give this to one of the employees in the shop and go out to a restaurant or to the clubs, Otters or SSC for an unhealthy meal. One day when I was staying with them, he returned very late with grease on his hands and a long story about the car breaking down and how he had to give the chauffeur a hand to get the car started. Later when I went to the garden the chauffeur said to me the tale is all "Boru" (lies). He was at the club playing cards! That was my Nasoor kakek. He would tease me all the time. Just before my wedding he gave me cash and asked me not to tell aunty because she too was going to give me money which was going to be from them both. Dada got attached to Nasoor kakek because he was boarded at Wesley College where kakek and the

late Dr. M.P Drahaman⁷ were both students and they kept an eye on him. When kakek passed away in 1977 aunty who was not in fit state mentally to organise a funeral handed over the responsibility to dada and the body was taken to the place of rest from 'Astana Nur'. Al Fatihah.



Hadjie Nasoor Jainudeen J.P M.B.E



May Aster Jainu-Deen

⁷ When Muda Ramjan came to London in the 1990's he gave me some information about our family tree and also told me that it was the late Dr. MP Drahaman who gave dada away at his wedding. I suppose that is the reason why my parents were very close to the Drahaman family.

Family trips to Deensland Tea Estate.

Deensland Uva Tea Co; originally owned by Mudliyar Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen was divided into the upper division and the lower division. I do not remember much about the lower division apart from paternal nenek's youngest brother Noor and his wife Leila living there. It was at the upper division that we spent most of our holidays. The bungalow was built with rock stones and immaculately furnished with carpets, rugs, fireplaces. There were journals from overseas stacked up in a corner for one to browse through. One I remember well was THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. In the same corner there were board games like monopoly stacked up. Very early in the morning water was boiled in a huge drum and sent down the pipes to the bathroom. The kitchen had an agar and old Karupiah, moyang Mudliyar's cook and later after Karupiah's death his grandson Balan would cook the meals. Not attached to the house but opposite the kitchen was the games room which housed a billiard table and another table to play cards. Joining this room to the kitchen was a metal arch frame

supporting a creeper bearing flowers in the shape of a lady's shoe.



Deensland Bungalow



Deensland Tea Factory

I had not seen these flowers until years later in 2010 Usoof and I visited S.H Alatas's home and garden at Jenda Baik in Malaysia. From a distant I spotted and shouted in an unbelievable voice 'Lady's shoe!'

A few yards away from the bungalow, there was a swimming pool with the warm water flowing through a lion's mouth! Fruit trees namely apple, pear and peach grew outside the office. Several rose bushes, one white flowering named after me and an immaculately mowed lawn were at the front of the bungalow. There was also a man-made waterfall in the lawn facing the front entrance. The soothing water from this waterfall, the scent of the roses and the aroma of the tea coming from the factory still lingers on and brings nostalgic memories.

The day began with breakfast made up of red rice flour puttu, boiled eggs and a sambal. However if the lawyers advocate Nadeson, advocate Nadaraja or any European were visiting, then it was a variety of fruits that were served in a huge bowl placed in the centre of the breakfast table. Having consumed a heavy breakfast we would sit on the hammock or go for a walk. We would then while away the time eating peaches and pears which were picked from the trees growing on the side of the pathway leading to the office and listening to the cockatoo's incessant "Hello" and "Good morning" Around 10.00am we were served

with a cup of tea or fruit juice. Lunch comprised mainly of rice and curry and was served between 11.30am and 12.00noon. Perhaps it was the cold weather which made us ravenous and we ate like hawks. We would then take a nap until tea time which gave time for Balan to prepare scones, scotch pancakes, seasonal corn on the cob, sweet potatoes or cakes. In the evenings we would play board games until dinner time and about an hour after dinner go to bed. When we went on holidays after dada took over the management of the estate, the daily routine remained the same except in the mornings before breakfast Indan and I would accompany dada on his rounds surveying the estate which included mostly walking amongst the tea bushes checking the plantation.

Moyang Mudliyar Jainu-Deen owned two tea plantations, Craigmore and Deensland. I ask myself what happened to Craigmore. Did he sell this estate or did he distribute the shares to his children? As for Deensland, when I was a child I used to hear the adults discussing that his children who happened to be shareholders selling their shares which were bought by the brother Hadjie Nasoor Jainu-Deen and his wife May Aster. As a result they became the major share-holders. Two or three years after I left to London the estate was nationalised by the government. Deensland was the life and soul of Hadjie Nasoor Jainu-Deen. The shock and

sadness made his health deteriorate and so ended the life of my favourite great uncle. Al Fatihah.

In 1998 I took my family to see this holiday place of ours and to my horror I found that this was not the Deensland I remembered! The beautiful immaculately mowed lawn was all dried up. There was no water flowing from the water fall. All the rose bushes including the one named after me were all gone. The swimming pool had cracks. The area between the games room and the kitchen where the lady's slipper creeper was had been turned into a vocational training building. I inquired after Balan and was told that he had gone to India. Badarala was dead. It was very upsetting to see the beautiful estate of moyang A.I Jainu-Deen in such a sad state and I ended up with tears in my eyes.



Hadjie Nasoor Jainu-Deen and Joe Miskin with the Kadirs



The Abdul Kadirs with Badarala far left and Balan far right holidaying at Deensland. Dada is second from left in the picture.



Suseno, Nasoor Jainu-Deen, Mr and Mrs Kadir and Norah Supriyo
in the Deensland living room

CEYLON MALAY YOUTH LEAGUE

Nasoor Kakek was informed by the Ambassador for the Republic of Indonesia Munawir Sjadzali that society dancing classes were to be conducted by the Cultural Attaché's son and daughter. On the insistence of kakek and against my protective mother's wishes Indan and I attended these classes. My parents accompanied us and stayed right through the whole hour every week until all 5 dances were learnt. Once the group had mastered a few dances a performance was to take place at the CMYL dinner dance. Indan and I too were included although we were not members. At the dance two members Ansar Doole and Arifin Hamidon invited us to join the CMYL and dada could not refuse because he was a Vice Patron and Nasoor kakek was the Patron. So with a payment of Rupees 50.00 each Indan and I became life members! Active participation in all the activities now began. We went on picnics, attended the annual Dinner Dance and performed the Indonesian dances that we had learnt at special functions. One year I was selected as 'Miss CMYL' best dressed lady. In 1967/68 I also served in the Literary and Religious Committee. When Tunku Abdul Rahman, the first Prime Minister of Malaysia visited Ceylon, I was one of the

participants who sang the National Anthem and performed some dances. These events were filmed and shown at the Liberty cinema. I was in the front row at the centre larger than life size singing Negara Ku! The CMYL organised a cultural show which was held at the Lionel Wendt Theatre Colombo. Tamarine 'Tammy' Dole and I conducted the Angklung Orchestra. Whenever we had to do an Angklung performance I used to play the songs on the piano to get the notes which was then given to Kartini Drahaman Mohamed to make the charts. I also modelled a batik which was made into a saree by adding another 4 metres of heavy cotton dyed to match the batik. This was 'memang' very heavy. Then, there was a radio broadcast and along with the Lantra girls we sang a Malayu Nasyide (song praising Allah). 'Astana Nur' doors were always open to the CMYL members. On a Friday Son Lantra would phone to inquire whether we were free the following Sunday. If we were about 20-30 people would come. Since I played the piano this was available. I also had a guitar. In addition to this Tammy too would bring his guitar. We had a little 'rabana'. So with these instruments and the spoons in place of castanets everyone would have a good sing along. Mummy would instruct the cook to prepare buriyani and other eats for lunch. At the end of the day they would all return home after an enjoyable time. The members were very grateful to my

parents and when mummy passed away some of the members were very helpful to Indan and dada in organising the funeral. Also another member Son Lye got his mother to recite a Quran thamam. The letter informing this, ending with “I shall be only too happy to do whatever possible within my reach, for this is the only way I could repay for all what aunty has done for me and the rest”, I still hold with all my other documents. These acts and the beautiful letter of ‘Takziah’ condolence (that is with me now) I appreciate to this day. We were what I now call a ‘big happy family’



Indan being crowned Miss CMYL 1973



Me far left; Dihan Mohamed, Khyam Ahamath, Hafeel Laxana and
Indan far right



What were we singing?



Certificate for Conducting the Angklung Orchestra



I gave the notes for the charts!

SECRET - EYES ONLY - MEMO

Mr. Robert L. Brown
Mr. George L. Brown
Mr. Arthur L. Brown
Mr. Percy L. Brown
Mr. Thomas L. Brown

Mr. Joe B. Brown
Mr. John L. Brown
Mr. William L. Brown
Mr. Charles L. Brown
Mr. Edward L. Brown

Dear Sirs,

Accept as the honor of informing you that you have been selected to serve in the Literary & Religious Committee of the League for the year 1937/38.

This is the tenth year of the existence of the League and the Executive Committee has drawn up plans to celebrate the tenth anniversary in a fitting manner. You may be sure that this year the Literary & Religious Committee has an important part to play in the activities of the League, in fact the major portion of the tenth anniversary celebrations will stem as a direct result of the hard work put in by us.

You are a member of a chosen band. You have been selected which because we feel that your services will be a great asset to us and to carry out the elaborate and ambitious programs successfully.

You may also be sure that the activities of the Literary and Religious Committee have been limited in the past, with everything else we positive against the majority of the members of the League. It should be our endeavor this year to share with the members the wonderful experience and the deep sense of gratification that lies in the pursuit of activities of literary or religious significance.

We look forward to your wholehearted cooperation.

Yours fraternally,
John L. Brown
- Secretary.

The 1st meeting of the L. & R. C. will be held on Wednesday 9th inst. at 5.30 p.m. at the Home. Please be present.

Yours,

1. Birth.
2. Notice meeting.
3. Chairman's address.
4. Reading up of programme for year.

The letter informing that I had been selected to serve in the Literary and Religious Committee.

MISS VENUS CONTEST



A gentleman I think it was a Mr Pakeerally from Kandy visited us and requested dada to allow Indan and me to take part in the Miss Venus contest that was to be held on 4th September 1965. Having deliberated and also discussed with the school dada agreed to this. We were told that the outfit had to be a saree. I was excited because I had never worn a saree before. Mummy decided that I choose a cream coloured silk and Indan's was lime green. We reached Kandy very early and took part in the rehearsals. Indan and I walked well and the trainer made the other girls observe and follow us. Unfortunately on the final practice walk Indan tripped over and at the actual event had a limp. If not for this I am sure that she would have won the title. She was a

stunning looking teenager and people used to call her 'Saira Banu' after the Hindustani actress! In 1973 she was elected as Miss CMYL. Apparently it was her complexion that the Indonesian Judges were taken up with. As for me I was selected as the first runner up at the Miss Venus contest!



BIRTHDAYS

Birthdays were not an important event in my life. I remember one after we moved to “Astana Nur”. It was my 11th birthday and I invited my school friends. All my other birthdays were celebrated in a quiet manner. I would get a new dress or a saree. Mummy would order a different shape cake every year. Muda Kassiere, aunty Ratna and their children and dada’s friend Mr Gomez, his wife and daughter Shireen were the regular visitors who came to wish me. Uncle Gomez was a professional photographer and would always take a photograph of me with the cake. I remember on my 21st birthday I got a pair of gypsy earrings from my parents. My sister’s birthday although was celebrated on the similar line, she had a very grand 18th birthday party. I would like to mention this event because of an incident that happened to me after the party. My cousin Sinkaya ‘kakoi’ Abbas new some people who played various musical instruments so he was able to put together an ad hoc band. Mummy agreed to feed everyone with puttumayam (stringhopper) buriyani and ice cream for dessert. I decided to sprinkle crushed peanut brittle on the ice cream. We invited

our friends and news travelled fast. On the day of the party we found girls and boys we had never seen or met before. Mummy had to send people to buy more and more puttu mayam to make the buriyani. There was music and dancing and the cake was cut at midnight. Some of the guests who came by bus missed the last bus so stayed behind and left after breakfast the following day. After all the guests had left, while tidying up I realised that the peanut brittle had been left untouched. Since I loved this, I started to eat but after a couple of bites my right molar tooth cracked and left me in severe pain. Fortunately Son Lye, a friend who was unable to attend the party visited us to give his apologies. Seeing me in such a state made dada take me to a hospital where his cousin was a dentist. Never did I want to eat peanut brittle again!



Indan cuts the cake at midnight

HARI RAYA

The month of 'puasa' was very special to us. Apart from the non-Muslim domestic help and the chauffeur everyone else fasted. We were up before Subuh to have our 'sahor' breakfast and then start the day as any other day by going to school, work and so on. We always had puttu or puttu mayam and Dada finished of his breakfast with pisang (banana) and syrup gula arin (palm treacle) mixed with the puttu or puttu mayam. Every evening after 'buka puasa' (breaking fast) we went to the Java Lane Masjid for the tarawiyah prayers. On the way to the masjid we would pick Aunt Hazel, wife of Dr. M.P Drahman. As a result of this Ramli Mohammed her grandson used to call my sister and me palli (masjid) akka (sister), mummy and dada were palli uncle and aunty and the car was palli car! On the first day mummy would send word to Aileen uwa to come over to make the dodol kelapa and musket. Other sweets like alua, milk toffee, sillere and seenima were all made at home. After the 15th puasa the poor would start to visit for their sadaqua share. Indan and I would get new dresses or sarees to wear on Raya day so it became a shopping period. The house would get a colour wash. New curtains would be made

if it was time to replace the old or change to clean ones. The floor and the furniture would be polished. On the eve of Hari Raya the dinner service and cutlery put aside for special occasions would be taken out of the cupboard. Mummy would marinate the sathay to 'bakar' grill the next morning, slow cook the daging cuka, 'goreng' (fry) the terung (aubergines) and ubi kentang (potatoes) for kaliya, make the acar and Sirikaya dessert. She would also marinate the ayam to 'goreng' the next day. In addition to these before lunch on the Raya day two vegetable curries like Kobis (cabbage) and ubi kentang would be cooked.

Early in the morning on Raya day mummy, Indan and I would have our Raya baths, wear our new clothes and rush to the Java Lane Masjidul Jamiah for prayers. As usual we would pick Auntie Hazel. After the prayers, auntie, mummy, my sister and I would collect the donations from the congregation and pass it to the Imam from under the curtain which separated him from the congregation. When we returned home, for breakfast we used to have puttu, soup ekor and sathay with dada before he left for prayers. After the prayers he would visit the kubur² (burial grounds) and then to 'Merdeka' Dr. Drahman's residence before returning home. We then gave Salams to both parents. Dada being the eldest, his brothers and the only sister in Colombo would visit us. Dada would give all my cousins

money which is known as ampau/paket duit in Malaysia. Nasoor Kakek and Aunty May were regular guests for lunch. The following day we would visit mummy's sisters to give Salams.

Unlike in Malaysia where the six optional fasts in the month of Shyawal are spread out, most Sri Lankan orang Melayu do the fasts immediately after Raya. So a week later we celebrate a mini Raya. Mummy would make sure that my sister and I got a new school uniform to wear to school on that day.

Hari Raya Haji too was celebrated in a similar manner and some years my parents would contribute towards or give a Qurban

CHRISTMAS

Being educated in a Catholic convent school, we learnt to sing Christmas carols and attended school plays. I believed in the existence of Father Christmas until the age of 10 years and I used to look forward to the Shell Company and the Colts Cricket Club Christmas parties mainly, because of the presents that were handed over by Santa Claus. In addition to this if I did well at school Santa Claus would leave me a present on the bed for me to open on Christmas morning. One day this childhood belief of Father Christmas was shattered when my cousin Zanir told me that there was no such person and it was our parents giving the presents. This made me very sad. However I continued to get presents from my parents for a few more years if the school reports were good.

It was a practice with us to visit our Christian friends in the evenings for our share of the Christmas cake. If aunty May was in good health, she would invite us to the 'Terraces' for Christmas lunch. We would have a three course meal which included a roast. As usual there would be a butler service. From our very early childhood days Dada had made sure that our table manners were perfect, cutlery from the outside

inwards, soup bowl to be tilted away from you and so on. This helped us when we visited ‘The Terraces’.

NEW YEAR’S DAY

This was another day to have some fun. My sister and I would get two new dresses; one to wear at midnight when we went visiting and another to wear on the day. At midnight we would light ‘bunga api’ fireworks. The servants would put lit fire crackers into empty drums to make the noise louder. There would be spinning wheels and so on. My sister and I were allowed to handle sparklers only. We then had ‘Sirikaya’, cakes and other ‘goodies’ which mummy would have prepared earlier in the day, put on one of the new dresses and visit muda Kassiere and Juara Kakak and his wife Rahilla. By the time we finish doing these rounds and return home it will be about 3.00am. When we first moved to ‘Astana Nur’ mummy would invite relatives for lunch on New Year’s Day. One year she invited several people and served rice and curry on ‘daun pisang’ banana leaves. My cousin Mooin Laxana was one of the guests and I remember him making everyone laugh by shaking his head from side to side and repeating ‘seppe otak ara goyang’ meaning his

brain was shaking because he had eaten the brain! I did not enjoy the goat meat because the goat was one from our stock and the 'korban' slaughtering was done in the back yard. This entertaining practice gradually died down and New Year's Day became a quiet relaxing time.

JAWATTE KUBUR

Another annual event we participated in was the cleaning of the Kuburan (cemetery) at Jawatte, Colombo. Unlike nowadays, in the 1960's ladies were allowed to enter the kuburan so a group of ladies, gentlemen and young girls and boys who included the Drahamans, Doles, Lyes, Miskins to name a few would gather all the appropriate tools to clean the premises and go on a Sunday. Some carried their picnic lunches and made it an enjoyable family outing. Everyone worked hard and would return home after their good deed done.



The good deed being done. In the picture is mummy facing away from the camera

Part 2



Photograph was taken at one of the Malaysia Independence Day reception in the mid 1990's

I MEET MY HUSBAND

(Youngest son of Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan)

25th December 1972. It was Christmas Day and also my cousin Nushan's circumcision. After the 'merinjis' ceremony where dada was the first to bless and put a gold ring on the little boy's finger and a 'kenduri' (feast) we decided to do our Christmas rounds. On the way dada remembered that a friend of his was ill and wished to visit him. However when we got there no one was at home. Opposite this house lived the Assens and Esmail Cuttilan's car was parked outside. Essy was married to the late Nina Saldin who happened to be mummy's second eldest sister's granddaughter. Essy's brother 'Ishak' Sankylan was married to Mr Assen's daughter Fazeela 'Adil'. My parents decided to visit Mr Assen and this is where I met Usoof Cuttilan who had come on a holiday from London. Like all other friends he too started to visit us and three weeks later we got engaged. This must have been a huge worry taken off from my parent's. All the boys I met I treated as friends and any proposal was rejected with some excuse or reason and my parents especially mummy used to despair. I have always been proud of being an Orang Melayu and also would have

never married against my parent's wishes so I had to think carefully of the nationality, family background, religion and profession of the man I was going to marry. Agreeing to marry Usoof Cuttilan I was sure fitted into my parent's expectations.



At our engagement

Usoof left to UK a few days later and returned in June 1974 for the wedding. We had the 'Akad Nikah', registration on the 11th. There were two witnesses, Usoof's brother in law T. Endra Sookoor and Hadjie Nasoor Jainu-Deen. Owing to the austerity period set by the government, if food was to be served there was a limit of only 300 guests at any function. As a result we had to have two 'Bersanding' one on the 18th at the Hotel Taprobane which was held by my parents and another by the groom's side the following day. I still

remember sleeping next to dada on the eve of the first 'Bersanding' and the tears running down my face while I was seated on the 'Pelamin' when the lead singer in the band sang the Sinhala song 'Mangala Mohota' (wedding moment) originally sung by Mignonne Ratnam and the Jetliners. The Pelamin was decorated with pink, peach, salmon and cream coloured flowers of anthuriums, gladioli, carnations, roses and various others that arrived from Deensland Estate that morning by train in eight 6x3 ft. hand woven coconut leaf baskets in the shape of boats. The canopy at the centre of the Pelamin that was in the shape of an opened umbrella had jasmine flowers trailing down.

Mr. & Mrs. D. M. J. Miskin
request the pleasure of the company of
Mr. & Mrs. _____
on the occasion of the marriage of their daughter
Hoorania (Nora)
to
Heoof (Shirley)
(son of late Mr. J. A. Cattelan & of Mrs. J. A. Cattelan)
on 18th June, 1979 at 6-00 p.m.
at the Lotus Room, Hotel Tropicana

"Arise-and-Work"
 294, Navala Road
 Rajagatija

R. S. V. P.
 (Regrets only)
 T'Phone: Kotte 2782



The two pages of our marriage certificate



With dada and mummy before walking to the Paladin



Usoof and I seated on the Pelamin with cousin Roja on left and Indan on right

We left together to UK on 26th the day before my birthday. I remember the countless number of friends and relatives coming to say good bye. ‘Astana Nur’ garden was crowded with people. Mummy kept on topping up the dishes on the dining table with food. The members of the CMYL presented me with a dinner gong and a brass tray. Some of the members together with my very close relatives came to see me off at the Katunayake airport. How sad I felt. I hugged my parents and my sister and cried as I had never done before and dada said to me in a choking voice “Nora it was your choice”. How could I forgive myself for leaving my very precious parents and my only sibling Indan?

We reached 'The Sheraton' a newly built block of apartments, early in the afternoon and while I had a shower Usoof had cooked a meal with the food in the fridge stocked up by a friend. It comprised of rice, dhal curry and chicken curry. So began my life in London.

Our flat was no.8, The Sheraton in Surbiton, a purpose built bachelor's flat comprising of a bedsit, a tiny kitchen just enough for one person and a large bathroom. There was a divan bed, a swivel chair and a writing desk so there was not much house work for me to do. At week -ends we washed the 4 doors, polished what little furniture we had and took the clothes to the laundrette. Fortnightly Usoof cleaned the windows. Every Sunday the late Mervyn Wickremasinghe would visit us and we would go to Hyde Park or to some other place of interest. Brought up in a protected environment I found the culture difference very difficult to accept. Seeing girls with barely any clothes on sunbathing made me write to dada requesting him to let me return home. I was also shocked to hear young girls swearing. What had I let myself in to? Anyway I gradually began to adjust myself into the way of life. Usoof worked at the Royal Borough of Kingston and also played several sports. If there were no matches or tournaments, every Monday evenings and Thursday evenings he played cricket. Tuesdays were tennis days. Wednesdays and Fridays he played

badminton at the Surrey County Club. Saturday afternoons were put aside for the Borough cricket. Sunday mornings he played Tennis with the Sri Lankan friends. During his lunch break at work it was squash time until he injured his back. Although I was never interested in sports when I was young, these activities were fine by me because I accompanied him everywhere. I was also given the task of keeping the cricket score. I don't know whether this was a good thing because I had to depend on the players to help me and they could have given the wrong score so as to help their team! I also enjoyed the annual Mayor's versus Town clerks cricket match which was followed by a high tea and a disco. A few years later at one of the annual events our older son Azlan who at that time was about three and a half years old was playing on the side with a bat and ball and suddenly batted hard and the ball hit the Mayor's leg. Ouch! How embarrassing!



The only time the Royal Borough of Kingston won the London Boroughs Cricket Trophy. The captain was Usoof.

Having had the cricket famous Amath brothers A.C and O.C as uncles (their achievements are found in the Jubilee Book - The Colombo Malay Cricket Club printed under the auspices of The All Ceylon Malay Association by 'The Ceylon Observer' Press 1924) and a father who was also a cricketer, (see J.A Cuttilan in the Appendix) cricket spirit runs in Usoof's veins and so captaining and winning the London Borough's Cricket Trophy was not a surprise. He was also coached by Sir Learie Constantine, father of the West Indies Cricket.



Zahira College Colombo versus Bombay Combined Schools in Bombay. Usoof is holding the bat.

My First Winter in London and Mummy's Demise.

I used to think that Deensland was cold but now I was in for a real shock. Usoof bought me a fur coat. What a weight it was. The nights were too cold for me so it was decided that I did not accompany Usoof when he played badminton. Poor me! I was not interested in watching television so I sat by the window and counted the vehicles that passed by. I became very miserable so Usoof decided that although he was not happy the best thing was for me to go to work. So began my working life on 2nd January 1974 at the Kingston Polytechnic which later gained University status.

A couple of weeks later Usoof was admitted to hospital to undergo an operation to remove two discs from his spine. I was too scared to live by myself at 'The Sheraton' so Mervyn made his nephew share his room and gave me his nephew's room. Bob Sheriffodeen, my aunty Seenar's younger brother who was looking out for a place moved into 'The Sheraton' temporarily. Life was hard. The rooms were rented by men. I did not like the look of the bath so just sponged myself every day. The toilets were dirty so would wait to go to the workplace. My line manager granted me time off from

4.00pm to 7.00pm to visit Usoof at the hospital. However, to make up the time I would return and work until 10.00pm. Mervyn and his nephew would wait until my return to give me my dinner and then I would go to my icy cold room which only had a small heater and get into bed. One day in the week I started work late so would go to 'The Sheraton' for my bath. At weekends Bob Sheriffodeen was at work so again I would go to 'The Sheraton' for a good soak and cook some food for myself.

Life went on like this for three weeks and then one night I felt very restless and kept on worrying about mummy. I was so far away from her. What will happen if mummy dies? Where in the house will her body be kept? These questions were churning in my head. Anyway, the following day I was at work when Usoof phoned to say he was being discharged from the hospital and for me to get there to accompany him home. When he got home he broke the news to me that mummy had passed away two days before "Al-Fatihah". Knowing Usoof was in hospital muda Bintara did not want to phone me so sent a telegram to his brother in law Bob Sheriffodeen. Unfortunately Bob was staying at 'The Sheraton' so did not receive it until his landlord had informed him. Although mummy had always said that she wanted to die after I was married I did not expect it to be so soon. It was only six months

after I left home. I found it very upsetting when I returned to 'Astana Nur' the following week. Everything was so different and I missed mummy so much.

Mr. T. M. J. Miskin
requests the pleasure of the company of
Mr. & Mrs _____
at the Reside of
Kathamul-Quran and Ratheeb
in memory of his beloved wife
Hghai Rathna
on the 2nd March '74 at 5-00 a.m.

"Astana-Nur"
 214, Harrold Road
 Banjagripa

The 40th day 'Prayer Recital' Invitation

Where to go

Ballot C
VAT, E
Send it

RECEIVED

POST OFFICE

TELEGRAM

From: T. M. J. Miskin to: Office of the Registrar General, London

001433 004998 8578 0514 00 0104

014 00000004 14 22 8578

0514 00000004 14 22 8578

0514 00000004 14 22 8578

DISCREETLY INFORM NURAN HER MUMMY EXPIRED 0514

0514

0514 00000004 14 22 8578

For free reception of electricity words telephone "TELEPHONE 0514" or call with this form
 at 0514 00000004 14 22 8578

Telegram informing of mummy's death

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC NOW UNIVERSITY

It was a very wet cold wintery day in early December 1973 I went for my interview for the post of a library assistant. I had never worked before because dada said that as long as he could support his family he would never let me go to work under anyone so there I was biting my nails and feeling very nervous. There were two people awaiting my arrival. I was introduced to them as Mr Cheshire, the Chief Librarian and Elizabeth Esteve-Coll, (now Dame of the British Empire) the Lending Services Librarian. I remember Liz asking me what I thought of women working in libraries and my reply was “Oh, it is a woman’s job” and Liz burst out laughing. Shows how naïve I was! Anyway, I think that this is what got me the job. Let alone work in a library I had never stepped into a library until then because dada bought all my books. I enjoyed working and Liz, Carol Bartlett, the Head of Technical Services, Joan Hunter and Gillian Varley, the two centre librarians at Canbury Park and Knights Park resp. and they were extremely good to me. I worked very hard and they in return rewarded me by re-grading my position several

times for the work I put in. Liz also encouraged me to sit for two

GCE Advance level Examination. The subjects were 1. British Government and Politics and 2. Economics. From a library assistant I went on to become the Senior Periodicals Assistant with full responsibility to all periodicals from receiving issues of journals to ensuring items were sent for binding when the sets were complete. This was done with the help of the assistants in my group. I was given the task of putting all the periodicals in order first at Penrhyn Road site and then at Canbury Park, Knights Park and New Malden Centre. I found it a nightmare because journals were hidden in stationery cupboards and were assumed as lost. Same titled journals were shelved in different places because they were bound with different names. Finally I started the Kalamazoo strip index system of arrangement which later led to the computerised form of cataloguing. At the end of 1987, the post of the Copyright and Film Hire Officer became vacant and I applied for this job. I am grateful to Mike Smith, the Chief Librarian, Nicholas Pollard and Robert James for their trust in giving me this challenging post to run this unit single handed. As time went by Copyright issues became more complex and stressful with The Licensing Agency's and other bodies rules and regulations. From just simply writing to rights holders to get the

permission , advising staff and students became a part of the Copyright Officer's job. The teaching methods too became more advanced and unlike in the 1980's staffs demands were greater. At times trying to obtain clearance was like looking for a needle in a haystack! When the rules were "muddy" I had to take steps and grant the approval which I found was very stressful because wrong decision by me was putting the University at risk. I was also made the Licensing Coordinator for Kingston University. I attended training courses and seminars to gain more knowledge on this complex subject. A search on copyright using the internet would highlight my name and I suddenly found that I was not only giving advice to the university staff but to strangers from overseas as well! I carried on and reached the 25 year service period. A reception was held at Doritch House Museum, Kingston upon Thames for all those who had completed this period that year and I was one of them. We were all given cash. I decided to put this back to the University so commissioned a painting to Benjamin Deakin, a fine art student who did a painting of the Kingston Bridge. With the hiring of films being reduced due to the teaching methods changing, this part of my job got overshadowed and gradually died down. Full emphasis was put on Copyright. I moved in with the administration and finance staff and we became a

close knit family. We had our ups and downs, moans and groans and also very happy days. In the early 2000 my lower back pain began to get worse and my hearing level did not help with the telephone conversations, especially the overseas calls to rights holders. Although my boss tried to make my life comfortable by providing me with necessary ergonomics and equipments I felt that it was time to pack up so I requested voluntary early retirement. With the support of the Deputy Vice Chancellor Professor Caroline Gipps and the Head of Learning Resources Nicholas Pollard my request was granted. It was in July 2003. On the 25th there was a grand party with not just the Learning Resources staff but staff from other departments and several ex colleagues some living far and wide in England attending. Usoof was also invited. Azlan and Imran could not attend due to University and work commitments. The theme for Simon Mackie's speech was "It always happens to Nora". For example my adventures with one of the duplicate master key to the Learning Resources Centre that I held, being signed off from work because a plastic box fell on my head from one of the windows of the YMCA when I was passing by and so on. I was given cash to buy gold jewellery either in Sri Lanka or Malaysia in addition to numerous other gifts. Dame Elizabeth Esteve-Coll sent me a beautiful scarf all the way from France. The conservatory in the

house was full of floral bouquets. The Friday of the following week was my last day. My colleagues had decorated the office with balloons. Around 10.00am a librarian walked in with some music and a cassette player and they made me do the dance ‘cha³’ with him. A little later young Jason from the finance group came with a parcel and said “Nora they gave me some money and asked me to get something of 21 carat gold. This is all I could afford for that amount”. When I opened the parcel I found 21 carrots! We then went out to a Pizza place in Kingston for lunch. I had an apology from the Deputy Vice Chancellor for not being able to join us. Here the finance and administration group gave me a beautiful ‘Swarowski’ pearls jewellery set. On our return to the office I kept on hearing voices repeating “Simon, I am going early today” and finally Simon’s reply “Ok, you can all go and I will run the office”. Simon was the Head of Finance and Administration. I got very emotional because the university was like my second home for twenty nine and a half years and so left the office. One by one the crowd came out and finally Jason with my chair! The chair had been the only gift I had asked for when asked what I would like as a leaving present. It was the chair that was custom made for me due to my back problem. They loaded the chair into Bhawani’s BMW, and Jason sat at the front with Bhawani behind the steering

wheel. Aki, Samantha, Carole and I were at the back and we drove to Arlington Road. They came in made themselves at home and later left with their good byes. I felt very depressed. Usoof was in Malaysia attending a conference. Mala Hayati, Datuk Abdullah Hussein's daughter who was staying with me decided to cook some Nasi Goreng for us since I was not in any mood to do anything! My twenty nine and a half years of service to the Kingston University ended this day.

Extracts from my farewell speech:

“In 1974 when I started here, I had no clue as to what took place in the background of a library. All my books were bought. If they were not available they were imported from the UK. So, I had my very own library!”

“One of the questions asked by Elizabeth Esteve-Coll was what I thought of women in libraries. Guess what I said? It is a woman's job. I have a lot to thank her for. She made sure I learnt as much as possible; from book preparation to organising the periodicals section in the libraries at the three sites; do long stints at the enquiries desk and other ad hoc duties such as full responsibility of the reference library when the seniors were away and so on. No complaints, because this gave me the confidence to apply for the position of the Copyright Officer and Licensing Co-ordinator and run the whole unit single handed.”

“It may seem strange but I was fated to spend most of my conscious life in England at the very building that my husband studied for his professional carrier.”

“More than half my life I’ve spent in this country and for twenty nine and a half years KU has been my second home. Sandy Norman formally from the Library Association and now an external consultant, in her good wishes to me called this time a life sentence. True, but this time was a pleasant one.”



When I joined the Kingston Polytechnic



Penrhyn Road site staff in the early 1980's with Elizabeth Esteve-Coll seated at the centre.



The Copyright Officer



Giving my farewell speech



What a party!



With the Vice Chancellor of Kingston University, Sir Peter Scott at my 25 year service celebration.

Extracts from the letter of best wishes received from Elizabeth Esteve-Coll DBE.

“Dear Nora, How sweet of you to send me your “farewell” wishes speech..... I did not send a message for your farewell card as asked by the organisers since I wished to send something more personal. Herewith -a bit of France. Hope you like it. So very pleased to hear about the boys....A very, very happy retirement and love to you all. Liz”

Dame Elizabeth Esteve-Coll started as a Library Assistant and worked her way up to be the Head of Learning Resources. She left Kingston to become University Librarian at the Surrey University. In 1987 she made the unprecedented leap to become the first female director at the Victoria & Albert Museum, London. In 1995 she was appointed Vice Chancellor of the University of East Anglia. After her retirement from here she became the Chancellor of the University of Lincoln. She is now Chancellor Emerita.



With Dame Elizabeth Esteve-Coll at the Knight Park LRC renaming ceremony. 24.03.2012



Some members of the past at the Dame Esteve-Coll Learning Resources Centre



Me with the Learning Resources Finance and Administration Group when I took early retirement in 2003

July 31, 2003

Dear Mrs Gustilan,

I am writing to thank you for your
long service to the University library.

I know that recently you have
suffered some health problems, but I
hope you are now recovered.

I wish you a very long - and
happy - retirement.

Very best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Leslie Scott

‘Happy Retirement’ wishes from the Vice Chancellor

From: "Caroline Gipps" <C.Gipps@kingston.ac.uk>
Organization: Kingston University
To: N.Cutlan@kingston.ac.uk
Date sent: Wed, 30 Jul 2003 16:24:44 +0100
Subject: thankyou
Priority: normal

Dear Nora

I know it is your leaving party tomorrow; I shall not be here , so I'm just dropping you a note to say goodbye and thankyou, for all the hard work and your commitment over the years.

I'm sure you will enjoy your retirement, although it may take time to get used to it!

Best wishes

Caroline

Professor Caroline Gipps
Deputy Vice-Chancellor
River House
Kingston University



I found this Detail of Offprint very amusing!

Title of offprint: Life and Times of the Kingston Uni's Copyright
Guru. Author: Nora Cuttlan. To be filed at T606 (my office room
number) Date to be withdrawn: End of July 2003



The Open University
Worldwide Ltd

Michael Young Building, Nelson Hall
Millers Avenue, MK8 6AA
Oxford, England

tel: +44 (0) 1865 206000

fax: +44 (0) 1865 206000

email: worldwide@open.ac.uk

www.open.ac.uk/worldwide

www.open.ac.uk

16th June 2003

Ms Noni Cardigan
Copyright Clearance Officer
Kingston University
Penrhyn Road
Kingston upon Thames
Surrey
KT1 2EE

Licensee Number: 000181

Dear Noni:

THE OPEN UNIVERSITY LICENSED OFF AIR RECORDING SCHEME

Many thanks for your recent letter informing me of your imminent retirement from Kingston University. What a loyal and valuable member of staff they will be losing; you really are an inspiration to others. I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your long service and also to wish you a very well earned and happy retirement.

As a token of my company's appreciation for your excellent work in Off Air, I enclose a small gift which I hope you will find useful.

Please rest assured that of course I will be very pleased to assist the new contact for your establishment and would be very grateful if you could perhaps write down a few pointers for guidance. Please also stress to her/him that I would be very happy to discuss the Scheme on the telephone in great detail if necessary – after all, you will be a very hard act to follow!!

With very best wishes,

Yours sincerely

SHIRLEY BATTISON
License Scheme Administrator



Global providers of supported
open learning solutions

The Open University Worldwide is the trading name of Open University Worldwide Ltd Registered in England No 27711571 VAT No 950 5957 00

Staff from several universities sent their good wishes! This was from the Open University.

WE MOVE TO ARLINGTON ROAD

The time had come to move out of 'The Sheraton' and we started looking out for a new home. Until I moved to London, I had lived in a spacious house. So I found the houses we looked at were very cramped and it being the autumn season everything looked so dull and gloomy. I also wanted a large kitchen. Finally Usoof gave up taking me around and one day he said to me that he will get me a house to my liking but I can only see it when the renovation work was completed. Little did I know that he had bought a derelict house! A few months later we sold the flat and it was time to move into 'Plevna Villa' but the house was not ready for occupation. A week before we were to move in I was taken to see this house and was shocked at the state in which it was in. There was a huge hole separating the living room and the dining room. There were no cooking facilities. The water to the bathroom was not connected. I leave the reader to guess the state the rest of the house was in. Anyway the day in September 1975 arrived and Mervyn who helped us with the move suggested that I boil some milk to usher good luck into the new home. This is one of the things people in Sri Lanka do when moving into a new house. I remember

when we moved to 'Astana Nur' mummy made me walk in first with a Quran and someone else I can't remember who followed with a 'tampa' winnower full of rice, mung beans, salt, dried chillies and various other things. She also cooked 'Kiri Bath' rice cooked in coconut milk and someone did a chicken korban (slaughter) inside the house! Since there was no cooker I decided to boil the milk in the kettle. I poured one pint of milk and waited and waited but no milk boiled over. Apparently if the milk boils over it will bring good luck. After a while I decided to pour another pint of milk and this time it did boil over. I next boiled the water and made coffee for the three of us. Oh dear! The coffee tasted horrible. The next day Usoof had to replace the element in the kettle! There was no water in the toilet cistern. So Usoof connected a hose pipe from the main tap to the toilet upstairs. What a nightmare we had at that time. Having had Kentucky Fried Chicken for dinner for almost a week we decided to buy a multi-cooker. I cooked the rice first and then the meat. When the meat was ready the rice was cold and by the time the vegetable was done both the rice and the meat were cold. So this is how we started life at Plevna Villa! Things improved gradually and life got back to normal. Or was it normal? Because since then we've had two conservatories built, extensions done, the kitchen sink to date has moved to different

positions over half a dozen times. So, work is still continuing. At the time of starting to write this memoir it is thirty seven years since we moved in. We had our ups and downs, good moments and sad moments but on the whole Plevna Villa has given us great pleasure. We have entertained friends, relatives, diplomats, Datuk² Tengku², Malaysian movie stars/film producers Rosham Noor Samsudeen and Erma Fatimah, singer Nassier Wahab an icon in Malaysia and his family and many more. We've given a roof over the heads for Sri Lankan and Malaysian students. When Eliza Abdul Hamid was staying with us she asked whether we could invite a couple of friends on Hari Raya day and of course we said "yes". As the puasa progressed the number of friends kept on increasing. Finally when the day arrived our home turned out to be an open house like in Malaysia. Thirty eight students at the final count all dressed up in their baju Melayu and kurung kebaya walking in, giving salams and sitting down to eat. Later they all sat down for a sing along. All in all I think they enjoyed themselves thoroughly and this being the first time of entertaining Malaysians on a Raya day, it was an experience to be remembered by us hosts for a very long time. Like 'Astana-Nur, 'Plevna Villa' too has its doors open at all times. We've had people phoning at midnight saying they are at the airport and asking whether they could come over for a

few days. There were times before I could strip the beds another group of people would walk in. My colleagues at work had named this home of ours Heathrow Airport!

BIRTHS OF AZLAN & IMRAN

On 24th October 1977 I had Jainudeen Azlan. Usoof wanted the first born to have the paternal grandfather's initials. So the name Jainudeen was chosen after the grandfather and Azlan after Sultan Azlan Shah of Perak, Malaysia that was on the list of names. Dada and Indan came over from Sri Lanka in August and were with us at the time I gave birth to Azlan. It was nice having them around. When I returned home with the new born baby dada had held frankincense in the house and had everything ready for the first grandchild. He said to me he would like to call him "Ajie boy", his pet name for his grandson. Now began the next stage of my life, the role of a mother. With no mother to hold my hands and guide me I had to learn the hard way. About a week after I returned home with the baby, Azlan kept on crying. Usoof and I thought that the baby must be having colic pain so we decided to give him gripe water. Dada held the baby and I got the bottle of gripe water from the box and poured into a mustard spoon and handed to Usoof to put into the baby's mouth. When I tried to put the bottle back into the box I found that it was not empty. I then realised that in the excitement I had taken the surgical spirit bottle instead of the gripe water! Well,

we had to call for an ambulance and rush the two week old baby to the hospital.

Azlan was a 'chubby' baby and a colleague at my place of work saw his photograph and said that he was like the 'Emperor of China'.

Dada and Indan left after one year and I was left to handle bringing up this first child of mine. I did not like sending him to a child minder but I had no choice. We needed the money. There were no boys in our family, only my sister and I, so I had no clue with bringing up a son. I remember spending a lot of time reading books, singing nursery rhymes and lullabies and teaching simple mathematics and the alphabet. When he was 2 years old we admitted him to 'Happy Days Nursery' in Tolworth. I had been talking about him going to school and he was prepared for this new step. Also when we went to see the place we took him as well and so he knew what it was like. On the first day I held his hand and walked in anxiously not knowing what his reaction would be. He straight away rushed to a desk and did not turn back to say good bye to me. He loved it there. It was far better than the first child minder who punished him for wetting his pants and as a result we sent him to an Indian lady who gave him what he called only vegetables! At the age of three and a half years he became an avid reader. I bought him the complete set of 'Story Teller' with the cassettes. At the age of 5

years we admitted him to Maple Infant's School. He did quite well there. When I was to attend the first parents evening Azlan said to me "Put on your best dress when you go to the school mummy" I think that this is what made me start buying good, smart clothes to work. He has been very proud of his orang Melayu heritage and since the Raden2 are from the Bugis Clan, he had done a lot of research into this. I think he knows more about the Bugis Kris than his father! When it was time for him to get married he wanted a Malay Bersanding and chose a right Royal location for the ceremony. The Malay Bersanding depicted a Johorian style wedding blessing ceremony and I think that this was appropriate because of our connection to the State of Johor. Online viewing of events away from the location was in the fledgling stage and as far as I know Azlan's wedding was the very first amongst the Malays all over the world to be seen by everyone who were interested and known to us. We felt honoured to have a whole issue of the Federation of the Malay Writer's Association's journal "GAPENA" giving full coverage to Azlan's wedding and I think that this was the very first on a wedding outside Malaysia. In 2008 a family tree for the 'Cuttilans' and those connected to us was created using the website 'Geni' and now this has spread to many Sri Lankan Malays families and to those connected far and wide around the world. It has come

to a point that those whose name appear on the tree think that the people who added their names and invited them created the tree. I wonder how many are aware that the initiator was this Jainudeen Azlan Cuttilan. The rest of his life I leave for him to add to his autobiography.



'The Emperor of China'



Alas, although he played cricket Azlan did not turn out to be a professional cricketer but a Lotus Sports Car fanatic!



Photograph taken before the registration



Azlan and Delwynne



The Perantin walking to the Pelamin



Perantin Lelaki and Perantin Perempuan in their baju Melayu and Kurung



Perantin Lelaki and Perantin Perempuan with their parents



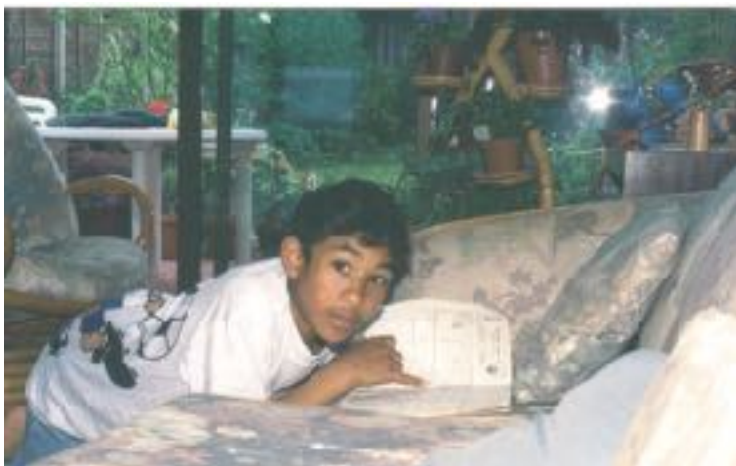
Tengku Marizan (left) and Halimah Gaffar (right) who helped us with the Malay Bersanding ceremony.

On 31st July 1981 I had Imran Johore (Imran after the Surah in the Quran and Johore after dada) who was a much easier child to bring up. Perhaps it is because he has dada's qualities and temperament. However, I had complication before and after giving birth to the extent of thinking I was going to die. The baby was in a transverse line position so I was admitted to hospital three weeks before and due to complications which I do not know to this day, had to stay in hospital for three weeks after the birth. I had to have an emergency caesarean operation, not with epidural as planned for 10th August. Dada and Indan did not come over for his birth. I was at home for seven months and then a cousin of Usoof came for a year. 'Imijo' as I call him even now, too went to 'Happy Days Nursery' like his 'kakak' older brother and we had no problems with him either at the nursery school. I remember singing nursery rhymes when he was tiny and he would stare hard at me as if he wanted to say something or was it to join me with the songs I do not know. Later on when I used to take him out in the buggy he would sing out loud 'What shall we do with the drunken sailor' and all the passers-by would turn their heads and look at him. It was not a song I would have dreamt of teaching my child! He too became an avid reader and the story teller books and cassettes bought for Azlan became

very helpful. I think that it was he, when asked to write about mummies for one mother's day celebration at Maple Infant's School wrote "All mummies are buried in Egypt"! One day I was summoned to the head mistress's office and was told that one of the boys had challenged Imran by saying "I dare you will not cut your trousers" and he had immediately taken a pair of scissors and done just that! I remember in his final year while revising for the science test he found it difficult to remember a chemical process and said to me "Mummy I find this difficult". So I sat with him and went through with him several times and when the report came he had done extremely well. I think he got the position of first in Science. He later ended up doing Chemistry with Analytical Chemistry degree at King's College, University of London! He followed this with a PGCE at the University of Bristol. Like his brother, he too went to St. Andrew's and St. Marks Junior School and after the eleven plus examination attended Tiffin's Boys.



My 'Tupai' Squirrel



Still a 'Tupai'



The little Raden²



All set for the first day at
Tiffin School and St.
Andrew's & St. Marks C.E
Junior School.



Proud to be 'Orang
Melayu'

When I was young dada wrote in my book of autographs the following and I hope that my children will pass this on to their children and grandchildren.

Good better best

Never let it rest

Till your good is better

And the better is best.

Recently in a gardening book I came across the following. 'The term beds and borders covers so many variables of shapes, size and plant life, that it is easy to lose sight of the main denominator.' My sons do not forget that we are orang Melayu Islam and you are both Raden², royal princes of Indonesian decent and also Tunku blood from your maternal side. Be proud of these connections and carry yourselves accordingly.

CAMPING HOLIDAY IN EUROPE

It was the summer of 1983. I will always remember this holiday because this was the only holiday in Europe we did with dada, Indan, Saam (my brother in law) and little Ermiza. Azlan was 5 years old at that time and Imran's 2nd birthday we celebrated in Italy. We went to Paris and our friends Don and Mallika Gamage and their children Anoma and Arjuna joined us. We drove to Switzerland and camped at a beautiful site in a town called Poi. From there we drove along the Austrian Alps. Here, one night we stopped at a campsite and we found that there were no separate toilets and shower units for male and female. Poor dada what a shock! The winding roads did not help Imran who was a poor traveller. I ended up having showers of his vomit. From Austria we came down to Italy and then to St. Tropez in the south of France passing Monte Carlo where we camped on the beach for one week before returning to London. Although the whole trip was very tiring we saw many places and really enjoyed this family holiday together.

A HOLIDAY OF A LIFE TIME IN THE FAR EAST

In 1993 Usoof decided to make a trip to Malaysia and Indonesia and called it a 'holiday of a life time' little realising that in a few years hence we would own a condominium in Malaysia! At Heathrow Airport Usoof said to me and the boys "we are going to enjoy this holiday and let us not think of the cost." Our first stop was in Sri Lanka where we celebrated Imran's 12th birthday. After the party we took the flight to Singapore where we spent one night. Here we tasted kangkung belacan and chillie padi in soya sauce for the first time. The following morning we took a bus to Johor Baru, Malaysia. Having visited the places of interest here we then flew to Kuala Lumpur and booked into the super executive suite at the Concorde Hotel for 10 days. Orchids on the bed and fruit baskets....Oh, what a treat! Usoof met Tan Sri Professor Emeritus Datuk Ismail Hussein and Puan Sri Rugayah for the first time and built a friendship which has lasted until today. Usoof now calls bapak Tan Sri his mentor. We went to Ipoh and stayed with the Abdul Rahmans who took us to Lumut and Pulau Pangkor. We met Datuk

Sarit who entertained us at Sri Melayu Restaurant. We met Mansoor Rahman after many years, and the head of the Forestry Department and many others. From Malaysia we flew to Indonesia where we met Uncle Munawir Sjadzali who was an 'Angotta' advisor to President Suharto. Aunty Murni gave me my very first 'telukung' the outfit ladies wear to pray. Their daughters Tati and Wati took us to Taman Mini to see model houses, the IMAX theatre since we could not cover the whole of Indonesia in such a short time, a 'Taman Tema' theme park for the boys to enjoy and shopping. Usoof bought a hand printed silk shirt which he found out later when he got the visa statement that it had cost him 100 UK pounds! From here we went back to Malaysia for a few days and then to Dubai where we spent some time with Thajone Savangan and his wife Noorani before flying back home. Amboi, what a holiday!



We visited the Sidek's in Singapore



With the Abdul Rahmans at Pulau Pangkor



At the Selangor Pewter Factory

CONFERENCES

In April 1996 The Secretariat Melayu Antarabangsa was inaugurated in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia with the deputy Prime Minister attending and Usoof was invited as a delegate from London. This was an exciting experience for him and he prepared a very good paper to present at the conference. He was interviewed by TV3 and the articles about him and his paper he presented appeared in the newspapers in Malaysia. He was presented with copies of the whole proceedings by the media which recently with other materials he held were handed over to the State of Kedah Museum in Malaysia. Professor Emeritus Tan Sri Ismail Hussein made him do an impromptu vote of thanks at the closing ceremony banquet where there was a very large gathering. At that time he thought that there were about a thousand present. He had to think fast and after thanking the organisers commented that he was a Malay Indonesian descendant of Raden Kirti from Central Jawa, and that although born in Sri Lanka and now a British subject he felt very much an Orang Melayu and at home in Malaysia to which the audience that included the deputy Prime Minister Datuk Seri Anwar Ibrahim and Tan Sri Dato' Hj. Muhamed bin Hj.

Muhammed Taib the 'Menteri Besar', Chief Minister for Selangor acknowledge by applauding and saying out loud "You Are Now at Home". On his return to London he told me he felt very emotional when he continued with the rest of his speech.

He was the first delegate from the UK at the Dunia Melayu Dunia Islam inaugural conference in Melaka and has also presented several papers at various times, places and countries for SMA and DMDI. Riau, Batam, Medan, Jakarta, Negeri Sembilan, Pattani, Yala to name a few. Incidentally, when we were in Pattani we were entertained by the Governor at his official residence and I happened to be the only lady present. Next to me was the Chief of Police who told me that the doughnut was a speciality there! After the Tsunami, Usoof and I joined the Gapena members on a visit to Bandar Aceh, Indonesia. From Medan to Bandar Aceh there were six bus loads of people and we had police escort all the way!



Invitation to the launching of the Secretariat Melayu Antarabangsa (International Malay Secretariat)



Usoof giving the Vote of Thanks at the closing ceremony banquet 20th April 1996.



Invitation to the Malay World Trade and Industry launch



Usaf being interviewed by KELAB UMNO London



I meet HRH Tuanku Syed Sirajuddin ibn Almahrum Tuanku Syed Putra Jamalullail and HRH Tengku Fauziah Binti Almahrum Tengku Abdul Rashid, the King and Queen at that time. Now they are addressed as HRH Raja of Perlis and HRH Raja Perempuan of Perlis



Talking to HRH Tuanku Syed Sirajuddin



Usoof meets the 5th Prime Minister of Malaysia Y.A.B. Dato' Seri Abdullah Bin Hj. Ahmad Badawi



Y.A.B Tan Sri Dato Hj. Muhamed bin Hj. Moh'd Taib, Menteri Besar Selangor centre with Usoof and Tan Sri Ismail Hussein.



Datuk Seri Yusoff Latiff, President Penang Malay Association 'PEMENANG' introducing Usoof as an 'Ambassador of Goodwill'



Y.A.B Datuk Seri Hj. Moh'd Ali bin Moh'd Rustam, Menteri Besar Melaka



Usoof met many Parliamentary Ministers and this is Datuk Sheikh Fadzil.



Datin Saroja Basri, wife of Datuk Abdulla Hussein and me at the Sept.1996 SMA Conference held at Holiday Inn Shah Alam.



Prof. Baharudin Salleh (former VC University of Malaysia Penang) and wife Siti



Prof. Datuk Zainal Kling and Datin Sitinah on our return from Aceh



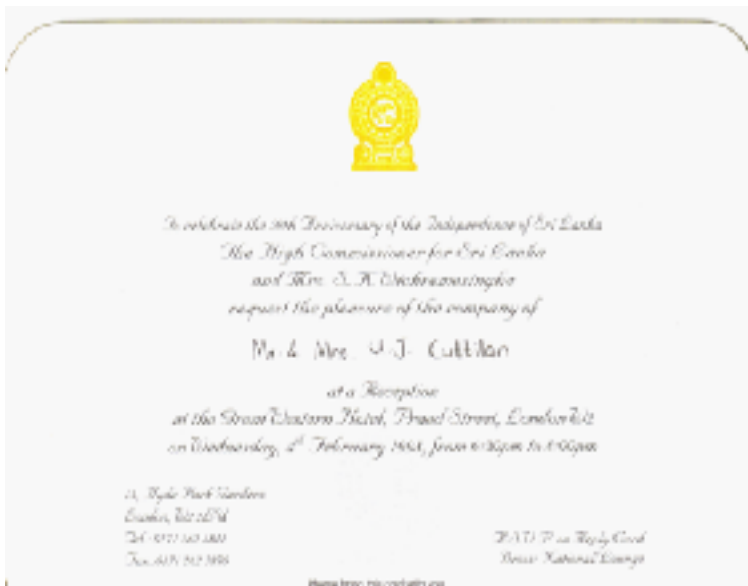
Me far right at the 17 Ogos Independence Day Celebration at the Indonesian Ambassador's Residence in London



The Governor, H. Azwar Abu Bakar of Aceh and the Walikota of Lhokseumawe, Indonesia



Friends from the State of Jambi, Indonesia



We did not ignore the Sri Lankan High Commission!

Riana Green Condominium

After our first visit to Malaysia in 1993, our visits became more frequent due to invitations Usoof received to attend conferences. We were visiting Malaysia at least two to three times per year. We were also interested in researching into our past history. So we decided to buy a Condominium. The third phase of Riana Green Condo which came under the Tropicana Golf and Country Resort seemed the ideal place for us and we bought it without any hesitation in 1999. It had all the facilities for example two tennis courts, a gym, a sauna and four swimming pools. Our balcony which overlooked the largest pool was one level higher than the pool, although we were on the ground floor. When we first moved into Riana Green I would watch the swimmers and repeat to myself “if only I could overcome my fear”. I should have learnt to swim when I was a girl guide. Dada even bought Indan and I swim suites but unfortunately one dear old lady visited us the week before we were to have started lessons and told mummy that a relative’s son had drowned not so long ago and that was enough for mummy to put a stop to us attending! During the day, whenever there was no

one, which was very often, we were able to have the entire pool to ourselves. It was like having a swimming pool in our rear garden! And, gradually one day I found myself floating. From then on there was no stopping. I cannot swim well even now but at least I was able to do a length non- stop! The perimeter around the four blocks was one kilometre and was suitable for walks. Each morning after the Subuh prayer I would do six rounds and it took me one hour. The shopping mall 'One Utama' was only 10 minutes away by car. There were many restaurants at the mall. Food from the various states in Malaysia as well as Indonesian, Chinese, Japanese, Italian, Indian, Vietnamese, French, you name it was available throughout the day. I believe the 'Yee Sang' Chinese dish which is served during the Chinese New Year for good luck originated in Malaysia, not in China! So we ate out most days. Entertaining friends and relatives were done in restaurants. The entertaining we did at Riana Green could be counted with the fingers on my hands! If we wanted to eat the real authentic Malaysian home cooked food then there were our friends. Halimah Aziz had trained her maid so well; we miss Erna's dishes when we are in London! Datin Rahimah Pilus would take us to listen and dance to the music and songs of Nassier Wahab at the Lake Club and to eat lamb shanks. Nassier new that Aunty Nora liked the dance

‘Pucu²’ so would sing the song for this whenever we were present. He sang only on some nights but if Usoof or I phoned to say that we were going he would make a special appearance if he was not performing elsewhere.

We first met Nassier at the Palace of the Golden Horses on 23rd October 2002 on the invitation of Tan Sri Ismail Hussein who was receiving an award at the ‘Anugerah Seni Negara’ a ceremony for Arts and Laureates of the country with the Chief Guest being the ‘Agung’ King. What a function and what a venue it turned out to be! A few days before this, 17th - 21st to be precise we were in Kedah to celebrate bapak Tan Sri being made a Mahawamsa. Only two other people had received this honour, namely Malaysia’s first Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman and the fourth Prime Minister Tun Mahathir, and all three from the State of Kedah! Bapak Tan Sri was taken on an elephant with full regalia. We were able to see the old school and other places of interests of these three gentlemen.

Halimah too would take us to the Lake Club and to other clubs for meals. Tan Sri Ismail Hussein and Puan Sri Rugayah were also good hosts. We were taken out to many restaurants by them but their favourite eating place was Rebun. Now and then on a Sunday their daughter Ria would take me to bukit Kiara for a four and half kilometre walk and then to a kedai to have

‘sarapan pagi’ breakfast. The very fashionable Datin Saroja Basri, wife of Datuk Abdullah Hussein a contemporary of the icon the late actor/ film producer Tan Sri P. Ramli, is another lady I will never forget. Like Halimah Gaffar who introduced me to her family ‘The Tun Hussein Onn clan’, Datin Saroja too introduced me to her good friends. I am grateful to Rohayah Pilus, wife of Marhum Mansoor Rahman, the Sri Lankan who went to work for the New Strait Times as the sports editor in the 1960’ for putting me in touch with her friends and also showing me the Kampong lifestyle. Mansoor knew dada from the Ceylon Malay Youth League days. Then there was Captain Omar and his wife Noraisha Kadir whose house was always open to us and included us in all their family gatherings. I must not forget to mention Nik Huzaimah who was a very helpful friend at a time in need. Unlike in London we became theatre /cinema goers. Friends would frequently invite us to go away for a few days so we had a bag packed all the time. As for ‘mengidamkan’ craving for Sri Lankan food, well there was no need because there were kakak Neloufer Laxana and kakak Dilani Jainudeen. The quality of life style we enjoyed in Malaysia was far above in London. It was nothing but a bed of roses.







It is now 2011. We had covered Malaysia extensively and although not in full, many parts of Indonesia and Brunei Darussalam. This included Aceh where Tunku Miskin Ruboo was born. Java Tengah (Central Java) the homeland of Raden Kirti and Raden Purnama who came to Ceylon and started the Cuttilan dynasty, Palembang where the Malays originated from and Johore in Malaysia which I think the A.I Jainu-Deen family tree is linked to. There is one other place I would like to visit and that is Gowa in Indonesia. The place the then Viceroy Mr Cushman, father in law of Raden Kirti who helped the two brothers Raden Kirti and Raden Purnama to escape the clutches of the Dutch was stationed. By visiting this place I might be able to get information on this viceroy who helped the two Royal Princes to escape.

We had mingled with the locals in Malaysia and lived in their kampong houses; we had also been house guests of Royals and experienced their warm hospitality. We had met Prime Ministers, government Ministers Tan Sri², Datuk², icon artists in the movie and music industries and their families. We had seen new babies, children growing up, witnessed ‘bertunang²’ engagements, ‘akad nikah²’ marriage registrations and ‘bersanding²’ marriage blessing ceremonies of royals, the rich and the poor. We had seen marriages breaking up, attended funerals and had undergone happiness

and heartaches together with these lovely friends and relatives.

However, having this beautiful apartment was making us go to Malaysia every year. This was restricting us visiting places in other parts of the world. So we had been contemplating for some-time about selling it. Then one day in early 2011 we took the plunge and handed over the sale of the property with all the fitted furniture to an estate agent. We found it unbelievable that even before the paper works were completed for advertising we had a buyer with no questions asked. I am not surprised because most of the furniture was custom made and well maintained. Since we were there only for about four to five months of the year everything was as good as new. I would even polish the kettle and the rice cooker! So like all good things must come to an end, in September we said good bye to this lovely holiday home of ours.

Yes, Sri Lanka was the place where our grandparents, parents and we were born. But, we are descendants of orang Melayu of Malaya! Malaysia and Indonesia are our ancestral homes so Usoof and I will not forget this nor will we cut ourselves completely. Insha Allah, we hope to keep on going back as long as we are able to travel, but not for long periods of stay.



We Meet Siti Nurhaliza at her musical performance at the Istana Budaya



We introduced our friends to Rosyam Noor Samsudin, Actor/Film Producer



Singer Nassier Wahab and family



Invitation to the award ceremony for Laureates at the Palace of the Golden Horses



An invitation from the 5th Prime Minister of Malaysia

Holidays with Malaysians

One year on our return to Medan after visiting the Tsunami affected Bandar Aceh, a trip organised by GAPENA, we together with Professor Datuk Zainal Kling and Datin Sitinah drove to Lake Toba, Parapat, the holiday home of President Soekarno and various other places of interest. It was an educational trip and I learnt so much from Professor Zainal. How Minangkabau got its name, the story of Putri Gunung Gundaling, nursery rhymes such as cicak² di dinding, kring² ada sepeda will be remembered by me until my dying day. A few years later they honoured us by making us sit next to their son, the groom at the main table to have the wedding meal.



Me blessing the happy couple, the son and daughter in law of Prof. Datuk Zainal Kling at their merinjis ceremony

A few years ago along with bapak Tan Sri Ismail Hussein, Puan Sri Rugayah and their son Irman we went to India to do the golden triangle. We started our holiday in Delhi and we drove to Agra, Jaipur and back to Delhi where we parted to go to Kolkata and they to Hyderabad. Then in 2011, since I was interested in visiting the place where I was told that orang Melayu originated, bapak Tan Sri invited us to go to Palembang. I remember the relatives saying that the songket Badulla kakek wore like a sarong for his Golden wedding celebration was 'kain' material from Palembang. Here we attended an opening ceremony of a conference for Laureates, tasted food from this part of Indonesia and bought hand woven silk songket. Thanks to bapak Tan Sri we have made trips to Bandung, the self-sufficient Al Zaiton University and various other places of interest.



With Tan Sri Ismail Hussein and Puan Sri Rugayah in India.
Standing: Ismail Cuttilan and Irman Hussein



Tengku Marizan, Datuk Dr. Zakriya Mahamooth and Tan Sri Dr. Rithauddeen (see footnote) at Kota Baru⁸

⁸ Yang Mulia Tengku Sri Maharaja Tan Sri Dato (Dr.) Tengku Ahmad Rithauddeen Alhaj bin Tengku Ismail is Chairman of UMNO Board Discipline. He was a former Minister of Defense and a former Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Other Holidays in the Neighbouring Countries of Malaysia

On the invitation of Dr Husseinmiya, a Sri Lankan residing in Brunei, to visit him, we decided to make a trip there a few years ago. It was the month of the Prophet Mohamed SAW's birthday. Whilst having dinner in a hotel which happened to be Maghrib (sunset) time, we heard the whole town vibrate with the echo of the Rasool Mowlood which was being recited in the beautiful main Masjid. As for the Masjid, I have no words to describe. Even after counting the number of doors from the prayer room to the huge area to take 'wadhu' ablution, I still got lost on returning to the prayer room. The water from the huge fountain at the centre of the room with taps around it for taking ablution was so soothing to the ears.

The stay at the Empire Hotel in Brunei is an experience never to be missed. We were told that from tiny items such as hooks on doors and the escalator were all painted with liquid gold! The rest I leave to the reader's imagination.

In 2010 December, a major burst pipe leak at Plevna Villa made us extend our stay in Malaysia. This enabled us to join Felix Stephen and his family to go to HCMC,

Vietnam and it turned out to be a fantastic trip. The boat ride on the Mekong Delta, a visit to the Cowdai temple and the water puppet show are memories to hold on to.

One of the places that were on the list to visit when we bought Riana Green was Australia. So we used this opportunity to visit Usoof's nephew Imran and his wife Chandini in Sydney and Tuna and Shanti Saldin in Melbourne. We took a tour of the Melbourne Cricket Stadium but the highlight of this trip for Usoof was Sir Donald Bradman Museum in Bowral, NSW. News went round that Usoof had been a keen cricket player coached by the great Sir Learie Constantine and had also watched Sir Donald Bradman play his last match so at the exit he was presented with a gift! Incidentally when we were at the Holiday Inn Hotel at Kingston South, London in September 2011 because Plevna Villa was not ready for occupation after the flooding we had the honour of meeting another great cricketer, Sir Vivian Richards. So in all it was a memorable year for Usoof. The trip to Canberra, the Blow Hole, the dolphin watch are memories never to be forgotten.



In Sydney, Australia with Imran ‘Robin’ Cuttilan and his wife Chandini



Vietnam. With Chandini Cuttilan and Yasmin Stephen

Some Terms Used by the Sri Lankan Malays Compared With Bahasa Malaysia & Indonesia

Usoof was told by some university professors of Indonesia that the 'Radens' belonged to the 'Bugis' clan from central Jawa. We already knew that The Cuttulan's were Royals. Since Azlan is interested in his ancestry we made a visit to Central Jawa, in August 2011. Here we found out that the word 'Uwa' for older brother or sister and the spouse of someone's parent come from this part of the world. Our Sri Lankan Malay vocabulary being limited we also use 'Uwa' to address any distant relative older than our parents as a form of respect instead of 'Pacik' 'Macik' 'Paman' which are unheard of in SL. We use 'Caci' for mother's younger sister which we found out is a shortened form for 'macik'. The word 'Bibik' pronounced as 'Bibi' we Sri Lankan Malays use for one's mother's younger sister is an Indonesian term. The word 'Kakak' is used for both male and female older siblings and cousins. In Sri Lanka we use 'kakak' for brother and 'datha' for sister. Datha I believe is a moor term for sister. In Malaysia 'Kakak' is for sister and 'Abang' for brother. Mummy used to address her brother-in-laws as 'Abang'. Adik is used for the younger siblings and younger cousins in Indonesia as well as in Malaysia. The word 'Kakek' is Indonesian.

However, 'Nenek' is used both in Indonesia and Malaysia. Older sister-in-laws in Jawa are called 'umbo' as in Sri Lanka. In Malaysia it is kakak ipar.

I think the word 'muda' comes from Johor in Malaysia. If there are several younger siblings the children address the younger brothers and sisters of their parents as 'muda', 'uda', 'tengah', 'ngah', 'cu' and so on. But we Sri Lankan Malays have only the word 'Muda' and we follow it up with the name of the person. 'Pacik' and 'Macik' are used in Malaysia as well.

Note the letter 'C' is pronounced as 'Ch' in Bahasa Indonesia and Bahasa Malaysia.

Sri Lanka Malay (UK) Association

I remember one spring day in the 1980's, at a barbeque held at Plevna Ville, Marhum N.J Rahim sowing the seeds and picking the brains of those present about forming a Sri Lanka Malay Association. Later that year the Association was formed and before the AGM Usoof was asked whether he would be the Hon. Auditor. A few years later he was elected into the committee and also acted as the Hon. Editor of the newsletter that was sent out periodically to the general membership. Then the position of the Hon. Secretary became vacant and he was elected for two years and followed it up as the fifth President and the first to hold the post for three consecutive years. Later on he also acted as the Vice-President and Social Chairperson whilst being in the committee. I too was in the committee and held the position of the Cultural Chairperson for several years. During Usoof's Presidency we organised a three day caravan holiday break in Wales and the following year a three day week-end break at Centre Park, Sherwood Forest. In other years before and after his Presidency there had been only day trips. For the first Annual Social and Dinner when Usoof was the President we invited the High Commissioner for Brunei which was

and still is different because it is the Sri Lankan High Commissioner that is invited as the Chief Guest. On this occasion we held the very first fashion show as a highlight for the cultural show. My wardrobe was emptied, clothes from the Indonesian Embassy and the Malaysian High Commission were borrowed and a Malaysian lady helped us by sewing clothes for some of the models. Plevna Villa became the centre of activity for clothes fit-on, song rehearsals etc. Cirami Drahaman accompanied by a cousin of mine Patimura Saldin sang 'Nina Bobo'. The following year we invited the Malaysian High Commissioner Datuk Kamarudin and Datin Jamiah but unfortunately at the very last minute they sent their regrets and it was too late for someone else to deputise His Excellency. Needless to say once we got fully involved with the association activities, even before and after Usoof's Presidency all cultural activities such as dances and songs by our members for the Annual Social and Dinner were rehearsed at our humble home. I remember one year when we had about forty to forty five people in our back garden practising the Angklung! Marhum Patimura Saldin was a great help to us. I choreographed a dance for some children and another year Usoof's niece Melaiqua choreographed the 'Tari Lilin'.

One year, during the month of 'Ramazan' a group of Malaysians from Melaka including Datuk Sirat Abu who

were visiting London were entertained at our home to buka 'Puasa' break-fast. We had attended the 'Merdeka Day' Malaysian Independence Day and 'Tujuhbelas Ogos' Indonesian Independence Day celebrations held for Diplomats and other delegates in hotels in central London and on the invitation of the Brunei Defence Attaché we attended a function at the London Dorchester Hotel. We too in return invited these diplomats to our humble home 'Plevna Villa'. By attending these functions held by the above mentioned Embassy and High Commissions we gave the Sri Lanka Malay (UK) Association recognition and we hoped that the future Presidents too would keep up the link that had been created. However this was not to be so. As far as I know they only kept in touch with the High Commission for the Republic of Sri Lanka. Usoof also organised for the first time in the association two scholarships. Both were Dr. T.B Jayah Memorial Scholarships, one through the Ceylon Malay Rupee Fund and the other through the Sri Lanka Muslim Scholarship Fund. He had invited and encouraged other members to attend conferences in Malaysia. He championed the cause of gender equality and the election of the first lady honorary secretary and the first lady President of the Sri Lanka Malay (UK) Association.

The Association has entered the 26th year since it was formed and to date Usoof has been the only member to

hold all the main posts of President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Social Chairperson, Hon. Editor, and Hon. Auditor. What other position can he hold I ask myself?



Me with Marhum Patimura Saldin singing at a SLM (UK)A cultural show



Photograph taken by the SLM (UK) A in the 1990's

Some Malay Pantun² of Sri Lanka

Satu Dua Tiga Empat

Anak Cina Sudah Lompat

Lima Enam Tujuh Delapan

Jatuh Balek Atas Papan.

Ack. Tuan Moh'd Johore Miskin.

Seppe Kitchil Anak

Chorus

Seppe Kitchil Anak, Seppe Sayang Kichil Anak

Tangang Pegang Mari Tandak Dari Di Malam

1. Dari Mana Datang Amoi Dari Kampong China
Apa Sudah Bawa Amoi Dua Kipas China

Chorus

2. Sumur Punuh Ayer Amoi Takar Dari Gayong
Chachi Pakai Kalong Amoi Chacha Pegang Payong
3. Dari Mana Datang Amoi Dari Kampong Galli
Apa Sudah Bawa Amoi Pisau Dan Tali

Damsi Kutangnya

Damsi Kutang Nya Anak Raja Di Dalam Nya
Besar Konde Nya Chemara Di Dalam Nya
Besar Konde Nya Chemara Di Dalam Nya
Damsi Kutang Nya Anak Raja Di Dalam Nya
Ikan Kichil² Amoi Goreng Garing²
Nona Musim Kichil Amoi Tidur Baring²

Ack. Mrs R Azoor and Usoof Cuttilan

Sebam Pakai

Sebam Pakai Baju Batik Di Simpang Tiga
Mata Yang Ah! Sher Ma Lele
Tunjuk Siapa
Gadis Lalu Perlahang Balek Banyak Yang Cantik
Wanita Hey Melaram Molek
Tidak Menarik

Ibu Chari Pasangan Yang Putih Kuning
Ibu Tungguh Punya an Pinggang Yang Ramping
Ah! Bunga Rampai Leher Yang Cantik Pililah Sayang
Badang Yang Kichil Dan Molek Pandai Bergaya

The Indonesian song 'Rang Talu' sung by Elly Kasim, and the two Malaysian songs 'Ji Kalau Abang Merindu' sung by Saloma and 'Memikat Hati' sung by R.Azmi and also by Nassier Wahab are three of my favourite song. Unfortunately I cannot include the lyrics in this 'Memoir' of mine due to copyright issues.

APPENDIX

Marhum Mudaliyar AI Jainu-Deen.

“The following written in his own hand writing by the late Mudaliyar Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen, J.P & Unofficial Police Magistrate, Landed Proprietor. The original is now in possession of his son, Mohamed Thajudeen Jainu-Deen, Proctor S. C and Notary Public. President, Rural Courts, Retired on Government Pension.”

King's men

“My ancestors served under the Cingalese Kings, relation of the Ja Muhandiram and they were independent after the British conquered some of their ancestor's properties and lands being declared Crown having failed to produce summonses nor any title deed and they did not join the Malay Regiment C.R.R not join the police. They were Kandyans who lived in Katukele called ‘Katukele Javoo.’ My father's brother named Noordeen being employed in British Government as Vidane of Katukele, Kandy served for a

long period. My grandfather's name is Ahamath and my father's name is Ibrahim. My mother's name is Sithi Athija and her grandfather's name is Singathuruna. My name is Jainu-Deen born in 1864 August 14. Self- made man I began my life with the little education given to me by my parents. Learned up to 3rd reader and began 4th reader and about the age of 18 years entered the planting line on a pay of fifty cents per day which increased to Rupees twenty per month. Within a year's time learned the estate work and in eighteen months had full charge of the estate St. Margaret's at Udupussellawa. Planted tea in 1885 and in 1887 came to Badulla on a higher salary and opened tea land. I have planted over 2000 acres up to 1921 which included several new estates in Badulla Districts namely Craigmore, Deensland, Uva Highland, Netherville, and Uva....Entirely new tea estates to replace old coffee and cinchona.

I have my own estates Craigmore and Deensland over 700 acres partly planted tea etc. and have several buildings and paddy fields in Badulla town.

For my philanthropic and other public affairs the government conferred on me with the rank of Mudaliyar presenting me with a sword and gold belt, by H.E the Governor Sir H Macalum on the Coronation Day of H.M the King Emperor in 1911., a great celebration day in the whole Empire.

The same year at the annual general meeting of the Planter's Association, recommended me for the judicial appointment of Justice of Peace & Unofficial Police Badulla-Haldumulla. The government appointed the office beyond the jurisdiction including Hatton, Nuwara-Eliya. I have also been appointed to serve the Excise Board, Agricultural Board, Committee member of the Friend in Need Society and the public of Badulla town elected as member of the Local Board. The Ceylon Mohamedan forwarded me to H.E the Governor Sir John Anderson for the Mohamedan seat in the Legislative Council in 1915.

Married in 1887 to Miss Nona Noorani daughter of Mr Samsudeen Bappoo of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment and have issues and settled down in the Province of Uva.”

The above was written sometime in or about the years 1922-1924 before the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Article under the heading ‘Ceylon’s dead’

“The Late MUDALIYAR A.I JAINU-DEEN, J.P, UPM.

Died at Mecca, at 3.pm on 14th July 1924 in his 60th year.

Industry, integrity and rigid application to duty, made Mudaliyar Jainu-Deen a foremost member of the Mohamedan Community. Like many successful men he took to business at an early age when he was only sixteen years. By his merit and hard work he became Superintendent of St. James’ Estate, Badulla, in 1904, and later he was appointed manager of this estate when it was taken over by a limited liability Company. He was a Visiting Agent as well. He opened up several estates including two of his own. As a Committee Member of the Uva Planter’s Association, his ripe experience and sound common sense won him the respect and admiration of all planters. He was a prominent figure in the life of Badulla. For services rendered to the Government and the public he was created a Mudaliyar, Justice of Peace and an Unofficial Police Magistrate. The honour conferred on him was very popular and all classes of people rejoiced that a worthy son of the soil was honoured for his own merit.

He had the great honour of being presented to the King when he visited England. He travelled extensively, wherever he went he received recognition his character deserved. He died at Mecca among surroundings holy and dear to all followers of the Prophet. His remains lie in a sacred spot. He lived honoured, he died honoured and his remains lie in an honoured place. His soul is at peace”.

THE TIMES OF CEYLON SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED. June 29th 1924

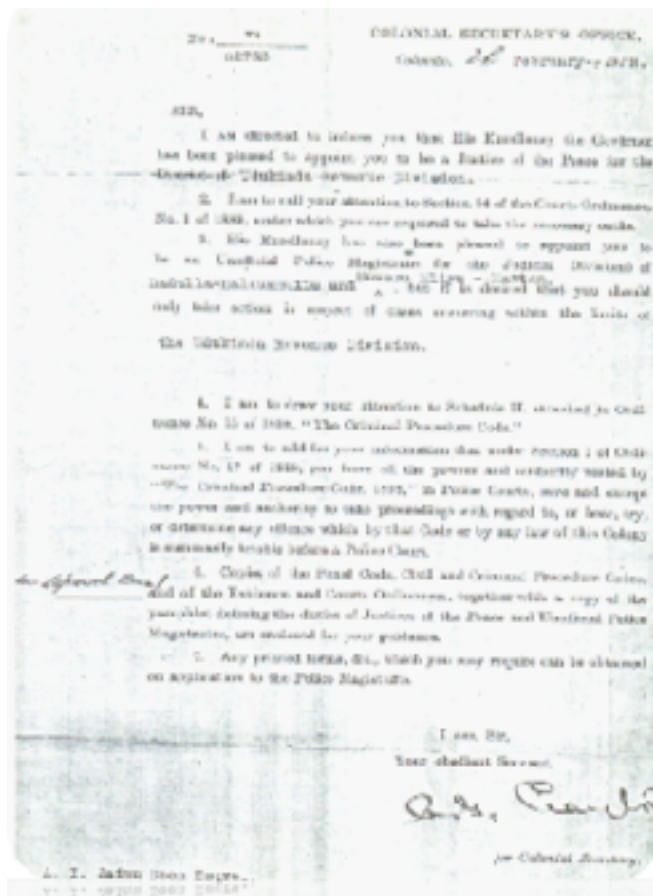
The Caption below a full portrait photograph of Mudaliyar Jainu-Deen by Aitken Ltd; “IN THE LONDON PRESS MUDALIYAR A I JAINU-DEEN, J.P.U.P.M; OF BADULLA, WHO ATTENDED H.M THE KING’S LEVEE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN THE MAIL WEEK, IS DESCRIBED AS “ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EAST PRESENT”.

The baju Melayu as seen on page 12 is similar to the Johorian style, the baju worn over the sampang. Also a lecturer on 'adat' from the University of Malaysia

confirmed this so further tightens my belief that A.I
Jainu-Deen had connections with Malaysia.



Invitation to the levee



Letter from the Colonial Secretary's office for the appointment as a Justice of Peace

Confidential.

N^o 4457

Madras
Dated 11a 1911 June 1911.

Sir,

I have much pleasure in informing you that His Excellency the Governor proposes to confer upon you the Rank of Mudaliyar upon the occasion of the coronation of His Majesty the King.

1. Please be prepared to attend the investiture at Queen's House Colombo at 12 noon on June 22nd.

2. It will be necessary that you should hand in your own sword with your name on a card attached to the Masha Mudaliyar at Queen's House at 10 A.M. on June 22nd. The Government sword will be sent to you later.

I am, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant

Genl. Agent. Dns.

A.I. Jaiya Isha Nair

Madras.

Letter informing of the investiture as Mudaliyar

Marhum Abdul Hamid Miskin

Mr A.H Miskin was the principal Agent for the Province of Uva Delmege Forsyth & Co. Ltd; Colombo, who were the Sole Agents in Ceylon for distribution of Rice, Sugar, Salt, Kerosene & Petroleum products. He also started a transport business by bullock cart for transport of goods from Bandarewela Railway Station to the surrounding Estates, gradually plying this system to even Batticaloa through jungle roads. By the time the railways were extended to Badulla he had about 30 double and 16 single bullock carts. He carried on business under the name styled 'A.H Miskin & Co.' Forwarding agents, Contractors and Commission Agents - Badulla/Colombo and Batticaloa areas (stockist of Coral, Lime and Timber etc.)

When his father in law the late Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen J.P U.P.M went to London, Mr Miskin who was his constant advisor was entrusted with supervising and the management of his liquid assets and was also appointed as the Trustee of the Badulla Jumma

Mosque. He was also appointed as the only nominated member of the Badulla Urban Council, the Chairman

being the G.A., Mr R.A.G Festing. He was also appointed as the Agent for M/s Walker and Greig.

Date of Birth - Not known - Died on 11.12.1965

Golden wedding 22.10.1960

40th day Ratheeb 19.01.1966

The above was a typed on a letterhead that appeared as:

Estd.1900

A.H Miskin & Co.

Forwarding Agents, Contractors

and

Commission Agents

Badulla, Colombo, Batticaloa

Tele: grams: Miskin

Phone; 340

This note was passed on to me by Lani Dain living at Lani Villa, Badulla.



A table ornament given to A.H Miskin and Nghai Jubeida as a wedding present by a European gentleman.

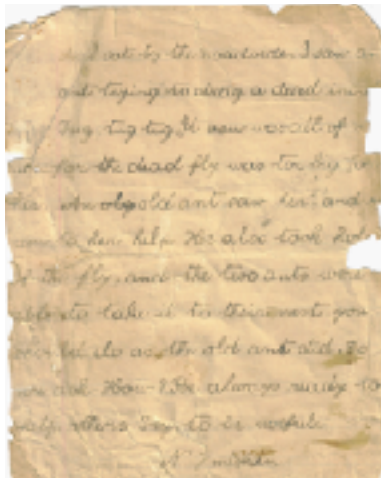


The 'songket' from Palembang Indonesia that belonged to and worn by A.H Miskin at his golden wedding anniversary⁹

⁹ A songket is a sarong woven with gold or silver thread. Unlike now a few generations ago it used to be the real gold/silver thread. This is worn by ladies as a full sarong or folded into two and worn by men over the 'seluar' trousers. Trousers are known as seluar in Malaysia and Celana in Indonesia.



Tunku Miskin Ruboo and sons



Nenek Jubeida's handwriting

An Anthology I gave to Gapena for the July 2007 publication and was published in Bahasa Malaysia under the heading ‘Tokoh Melayu Sri Lanka’.

The Daily Graphic, Tuesday June 3 1924

Picturesque representatives of the East and West at the King's Levee Yesterday.



Caption under Mudaliyar Jainu-Deen, 3rd frame from top left, “A Ceylon notable who was one of the picturesque representatives of the East present”.

Mudaliyar Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen J.P.U.P.M
(for the districts of Badulla, Haldumulla, Hatton
and Nuwara Eliya) 14th August 1864 -14th July
1924.

“For my philanthropic and other public affairs the government conferred on me with the rank of Mudaliyar presenting me with a sword and gold belt by H.E the Governor Sir H. Macalum on the Coronation Day 22nd June 1912, of his Majesty the King Emperor George V. A great celebration day in the whole Empire” Extracts from the autobiography by Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen.

Born on 14th August 1864, a descendant of Singathuruna and the Ja Muhandiram, living in Kandy and known as the Katukele Javo, (Sri Lankan Malays are known as Ja Minissu meaning people of Java, by the Sinhalese) Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen was prominent figure in the Uva district of Ceylon now Sri Lanka. He served on various committees and societies (see below*) after he moved to Badulla in the hill country where he learnt the tea

trade, opened up tea plantations, managed tea estates and finally owned two of his own; Craigmore and Deensland in addition to paddy plantations and other properties.

The All Ceylon Malay Association was formed in 1922. His Highness Sultan Ibrahim, DK; SPMJ: GCMG; KBE; the Sultan of Johore, Malaysia, as Patron. Mudaliyar Jainu-Deen was the Vice patrons. A generous man, a loving man and a giving man was this gentleman Mudaliyar Jainu-Deen. It was mostly funds donated by him that helped in the construction of the Ceylon Malay Cricket Club Pavilion and the Jainu-Deen Memorial Hall at Rifle Green Ground, Colombo 2 (*). Owing to his great influence he had in the Uva district he was able to prevent the Province from being affected in the 1914/15 riot between the Sinhalese and the Muslims. He was invited to attend a Levee in London on 2nd June 1924 and was also presented to His Majesty King George V and Queen Mary at the inauguration of the Wembley Exhibition held in London. During the duration of his stay in London he resided at No.8

Kensington Palace Mansions, London W8. He was accompanied by his wife Noorani (the daughter of Samsudeen Bappoo of the Ceylon Rifle regiment and whose ancestors were Zackeriya and Rasip) and his sons Mohd. Thajudeen, Nasoor and Tuan Noor.

The next stage of his journey with his family was Europe and Egypt. In Switzerland he was the guest of King Abdul Majid Khan ex-King of Turkey. Here he bought a car, a Crossley and exported to Ceylon. In Saudi Arabia he was the guest of King Abdul Aziz Al Saud founder of the modern Kingdom. What an honour to enter the Qaabah with the King. Another historic day for this great man! According to my grandmother Nghai Jubeida Miskin the second eldest daughter, when her mother had enquired as to what he had seen he replied “don’t ask”. The following day he sent a message to the King that he was not feeling well and was unable to visit him. The King’s physician advised the wife to only sponge him because he was suffering from a heat stroke. Again according to my grandmother the dear old wife

misunderstood the doctor and gave him a bath which did not help in curing him. This ended the life of Mudaliyar Ahamath Ibrahim Jainu-Deen.

“The same evening we visited the burial ground called Jannathul Mala which adjoins Almaw Gaffar. The area is enclosed with a low wall and there are no monuments of any description. Two plain marble slabs with Arabic inscriptions denoted the last resting place of my father-in-law the late Mudaliyar A.I. Jainu-Deen” Extracts from Pilgrimage to Mecca by Sianka Chunchie, 24th July 1934.

The information about the travels was given to me by Rumi Jainu-Deen, son of Mohd. Thajudeen Jainu-Deen. This and other information left by my father and grandmother enabled me to submit this account about my Moyang (my father’s mother’s father) the one and only Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen. The Malays in Sri Lanka like to keep some connection with the country /town their ancestors came from and give their children that name. My father, the eldest grandson was named Tuan Mohamed Johore Miskin therefore; I think the

Jainu-Deens may have some ties with the State of Johore in Malaysia.

*

- Rank of Mudaliyar 22nd June 1911, Advisor to the Governor.
- Justice of Peace and Official Police Magistrate 26th June 1912
- Committee member of Excise Board Agricultural Board.
- Member of the Friend in Need Society
- President of Chieftain Association
- Member of the Local Board
- Vice Patron All Ceylon Malay Association in 1922 and 1923.

(*a) CMCC- The Beginning of the Malay Cricket Club by Royston Lye.

The Singathuruna mentioned in paragraph 2 may be one of the three sons of Mass Depathuruna by the second bed. The Sri Lankan Archives, Husseinmiya Collection 25.50 Weerabangsa Scroll. The other two were Jayah and Gunavijaya.

The Saints Sisters

At the entrance of Edinburgh Estate and by the side of Summerhill Estate, in the hills of Sri Lanka there are two graves. One being the grave of Putrie Noorani, wife of Captain Tunku Miskin Ruboo of Aceh in Indonesia who was exiled to Penang, later joined the Ceylon Rifle Regiment in 1873 under the British Command and was appointed as the Peace Officer for the entire hill country districts when the Regiment was disbanded. The other is of Putrie Noorathi, wife of Dain Dawood. The ladies were daughters of Tunku Raden Ousmand (*). The two saints were and are still highly revered by the public of Nuwara Eliya and the workers in the surrounding estates. Whenever my family passed these two graves we would stop and recite a 'Yasin'. My parents took dates dipped in sugar to distribute to the children who would gather around us.

My Kakek Abdul Hamid Miskin son of Putrie Noorani was a great story teller and two of the stories were about miracles performed by these two good ladies, his mother and aunt. I do not remember who performed which miracle however, here it goes.....

1. A tea leaves picker who was in her last stage of pregnancy was walking slowly after a hard day's work. All the others had gone ahead and she was all alone. Suddenly she went into labour and collapsed on the ground. An old lady dressed in white had approached her and helped her to give birth. Next, she had torn a piece from the white cloth she was wearing, wrapped the baby and asked the mother to go home. She had refused the request of walking along with the mother and baby. Each time the mother turned round she saw the old lady watching but when she reached home and turned round to have a final look she found the lady gone! It is believed that the old lady was one of the saints.
2. The superintendent had decided to construct a road leading to the estate from the main road. The estate workers were not happy because the road would be going across the grave. All protests were ignored and instructions were given for work to be carried out. The night before the work was to have commenced the superintendent started to vomit blood and no cure could be found. When the labourers heard the news they had gathered together and sent

word saying that he would be cured if the road was constructed away from the grave. The superintendent finally agreed and he was cured! Having visited the two graves recently and seen the positions of the graves I think that the first miracle must have been performed by Putri Noorani and the second by Putri Noorathi.

(*) From the written notes given to me by Al Haj Tuan Arif Miskin, son of Abdul Hamid Miskin and Hajah Nghai Jubeida Miskin.



Putri Noorathi's kubur at Summerhill Estate at Borolanda, Kandapola Road, Nuwara Eliya



Putri Noorani's kubur at Edinburgh Estate, Nanu Oya

Tuan Mohamed Johore Miskin

(18th July 1911-21st May 1988)



The Shell Co; Journal issue no. 1 June 1958

‘(Joe Miskin received his primary education at Uva College, Badulla. He joined Wesley College, Colombo in 1919 and left 11 years later from the London matriculation form. He was awarded the ‘A.H de Silva’ mathematics prize and was appointed Senior Prefect in 1930. While in college he took an active part in all sports, captaining the college soccer team 1927-1930 and boxing team 1927-1930. He was captain of the Wesley College cadet battalion.

Joe joined Shell Company in February 1931 and had worked throughout in the Finance Dept. On 1st May 1958 he was appointed Accountant in Charge, Treasury and Credit Control and Trust Funds, Finance Dept. He took every opportunity of representing his Firm at

sports. He played Soccer and Hockey for Shell 'A' teams and Cricket for the 'C' team. He was President of the Shell Sports Club 1961-1962, Hon. Recorder of the Ceylon Amateur Athletic Association for 13 years and was awarded colours)' Article: Know Your Colleague (1) from the Shell Magazine June 1958.

He took early retirement and in September 1963 joined the Ceylon Turf Club as the Accountant and left in 1965 to become the Assistant Manager/Director of Deensland Uva Tea Company, his grandfather's tea estate. He was the secretary to Deensland Uva Tea Company 1942-1965. Later on while operating from Colombo, he also worked as an Accountant for SIGMA Eng. And Manufactures and at L'Arc Colombo 1982-.1983 and L'Arc Colombo (Pvt) Ltd; 1983-

He held positions as:

Vice Patron- Ceylon Malay Youth League.

President- Malay Progressive Union

President- Kotte Muslim Welfare Association

President- Masjidul Jamiah Java Lane 1972 -1974

Vice President- Persetuan Melayu Lankapuri

Mercantile Amateur Athletic Association Hon. Recorder for 13 years and was awarded colours.

He played soccer and hockey for the Malay Cricket Club.

In 1924 he was the Pin Weight medal holder of the United Services Boxing Association of Ceylon. From pre

1950 until the mid-1970's he was an attendee at most functions held by the Malaysian High Commission and the Indonesian Embassy and in return had entertained these diplomats.

A quiet man, a humble man and a pious man was my father Joe Miskin, eldest son of Abdul Hamid Miskin and Hajah Jubeida Miskin. No one had a word against him. There were tears in the eyes of those who attended the party given in his honour at his retirement from Shell Company, Ceylon. His home was always opened to all be it day or night. He was always willing to help others. Many a times there had been words such as 'Uncle Joe I need your help/advice" No one knew of his charity work until after his death. Orphans from the orphanage nearby scrambled to carry his body to the grave at Makola. To date we do not know who helped Hj. Saam Tegal his second son-in-law to lower the body into the grave. Fair stranger we still await to thank you. A man loved by all was Tuan Mohamed Johore Miskin the eldest grandson of Mudaliyar A.I Jainu-Deen.

WESLEY COLLEGE
OLD BOYS' DINNER

Human Rights and Democracy
 2000-2001
 2002-2003
 2004-2005
 2006-2007
 2008-2009
 2010-2011
 2012-2013
 2014-2015
 2016-2017
 2018-2019
 2020-2021
 2022-2023
 2024-2025
 2026-2027
 2028-2029
 2030-2031
 2032-2033
 2034-2035
 2036-2037
 2038-2039
 2040-2041
 2042-2043
 2044-2045
 2046-2047
 2048-2049
 2050-2051
 2052-2053
 2054-2055
 2056-2057
 2058-2059
 2060-2061
 2062-2063
 2064-2065
 2066-2067
 2068-2069
 2070-2071
 2072-2073
 2074-2075
 2076-2077
 2078-2079
 2080-2081
 2082-2083
 2084-2085
 2086-2087
 2088-2089
 2090-2091
 2092-2093
 2094-2095
 2096-2097
 2098-2099
 2100-2101
 2102-2103
 2104-2105
 2106-2107
 2108-2109
 2110-2111
 2112-2113
 2114-2115
 2116-2117
 2118-2119
 2120-2121
 2122-2123
 2124-2125
 2126-2127
 2128-2129
 2130-2131
 2132-2133
 2134-2135
 2136-2137
 2138-2139
 2140-2141
 2142-2143
 2144-2145
 2146-2147
 2148-2149
 2150-2151
 2152-2153
 2154-2155
 2156-2157
 2158-2159
 2160-2161
 2162-2163
 2164-2165
 2166-2167
 2168-2169
 2170-2171
 2172-2173
 2174-2175
 2176-2177
 2178-2179
 2180-2181
 2182-2183
 2184-2185
 2186-2187
 2188-2189
 2190-2191
 2192-2193
 2194-2195
 2196-2197
 2198-2199
 2200-2201
 2202-2203
 2204-2205
 2206-2207
 2208-2209
 2210-2211
 2212-2213
 2214-2215
 2216-2217
 2218-2219
 2220-2221
 2222-2223
 2224-2225
 2226-2227
 2228-2229
 2230-2231
 2232-2233
 2234-2235
 2236-2237
 2238-2239
 2240-2241
 2242-2243
 2244-2245
 2246-2247
 2248-2249
 2250-2251
 2252-2253
 2254-2255
 2256-2257
 2258-2259
 2260-2261
 2262-2263
 2264-2265
 2266-2267
 2268-2269
 2270-2271
 2272-2273
 2274-2275
 2276-2277
 2278-2279
 2280-2281
 2282-2283
 2284-2285
 2286-2287
 2288-2289
 2290-2291
 2292-2293
 2294-2295
 2296-2297
 2298-2299
 2300-2301
 2302-2303
 2304-2305
 2306-2307
 2308-2309
 2310-2311
 2312-2313
 2314-2315
 2316-2317
 2318-2319
 2320-2321
 2322-2323
 2324-2325
 2326-2327
 2328-2329
 2330-2331
 2332-2333
 2334-2335
 2336-2337
 2338-2339
 2340-2341
 2342-2343
 2344-2345
 2346-2347
 2348-2349
 2350-2351
 2352-2353
 2354-2355
 2356-2357
 2358-2359
 2360-2361
 2362-2363
 2364-2365
 2366-2367
 2368-2369
 2370-2371
 2372-2373
 2374-2375
 2376-2377
 2378-2379
 2380-2381
 2382-2383
 2384-2385
 2386-2387
 2388-2389
 2390-2391
 2392-2393
 2394-2395
 2396-2397
 2398-2399
 2400-2401
 2402-2403
 2404-2405
 2406-2407
 2408-2409
 2410-2411
 2412-2413
 2414-2415
 2416-2417
 2418-2419
 2420-2421
 2422-2423
 2424-2425
 2426-2427
 2428-2429
 2430-2431
 2432-2433
 2434-2435
 2436-2437
 2438-2439
 2440-2441
 2442-2443
 2444-2445
 2446-2447
 2448-2449
 2450-2451
 2452-2453
 2454-2455
 2456-2457
 2458-2459
 2460-2461
 2462-2463
 2464-2465
 2466-2467
 2468-2469
 2470-2471
 2472-2473
 2474-2475
 2476-2477
 2478-2479
 2480-2481
 2482-2483
 2484-2485
 2486-2487
 2488-2489
 2490-2491
 2492-2493
 2494-2495
 2496-2497
 2498-2499
 2500-2501
 2502-2503
 2504-2505
 2506-2507
 2508-2509
 2510-2511
 2512-2513
 2514-2515
 2516-2517
 2518-2519
 2520-2521
 2522-2523
 2524-2525
 2526-2527
 2528-2529
 2530-2531
 2532-2533
 2534-2535
 2536-2537
 2538-2539
 2540-2541
 2542-2543
 2544-2545
 2546-2547
 2548-2549
 2550-2551
 2552-2553
 2554-2555
 2556-2557
 2558-2559
 2560-2561
 2562-2563
 2564-2565
 2566-2567
 2568-2569
 2570-2571
 2572-2573
 2574-2575
 2576-2577
 2578-2579
 2580-2581
 2582-2583


Friday, 11th June, 1960

Chairman,
 Mr. J. H. H. H. H.
 Boston, C. H. H.

[illegible]

21. 100. 100. 100.

204-2440-4

Wang et al. • *CaMKII α Controls the Activity of the NMDA Receptor*

1999-2000

SUBJECTS	Latin Metric			Epic Metric			HYPERMETRIC		
	Lines	Clms	Lines	Lines	Clms	Lines	Lines	Clms	Lines
Secretary	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Latin Entry	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Wine	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Landscape	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Flora	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Architecture	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Geometry	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
History	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Law	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0
Verbal Studies	12.0	2.0	3	2.0	2.0	7.0	Epitaph	12.0	12.0

New: lower frequency

本館代印

Page 10

Assalamualaikum
hari ini kita akan mempelajari
saja dan di mana pun kita berada
maka kita akan merasa bahwa kita
adalah orang yang sedang berada
samping dengan kami dan merasakan
kemudahan kita dan kenyamanan
yang harus kita beri tahu.
Maka kita mendengar juga
supaya kita akan akan menjadi
di hadapan dan beruntung
untuk menjadi Penguasa
dan bangsa.

Learning Bahasa Melayu

The Powers of Babanoor Abbas Bangsajayah

Babanoor Abbas managed the Wariapola Cocoa Estate in Matale, Sri Lanka. He was married to Nona Dewan and had four children, two daughters and two sons. Seventeen years later they had four daughters, the youngest being my mother. My mother, Nghai Rathna known to many as 'Rathon' only remembered him as an old distinguished looking man with a beard and smartly dressed. After his retirement he moved to Colombo with his two unmarried daughters 'Sujon' and 'Rathon' to live with his daughter 'Mudon' and son in law B.C.D Suhood. He enjoyed walking and would go for walks every day. The occupants of a house living down the road found teasing this old man in a suit and a tongkat an enjoyable past time. My grandfather being a patient man put up with this teasing for a long period but then came a time when he felt enough was enough. So one day while passing he took a handful of sand from the front of this house and recited a 'Doa' and blew the sand towards the house. Later on that day the house caught fire which taught these people a lesson and from then on the teasing stopped.

On his final day in this world, he had asked the two daughters to boil water for his bath and change the

bed linen. After smartening up by trimming his beard and wearing clean white clothes etc. he had got into bed. He had then requested the girls to play the Surah 'Fatihah' and the three 'Quls' record on the good old days gramophone over and over until he let go of his final breath.

Compiled By:-

Nooranie Cuttilan,

'Plevna Villa'

London

The Raden Kirti (Cuttilan) Family Tree

Raden Purnama

Raden Kirti —————→ Miss Cushman



Raden Kirthilan



Awaal Cuttilan —————→ Nehay Rameena Hassan

15.11.1824-8.06.1884



A Kabir A Cuttilan

? - 27.06.1922

Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan 1910 Nehay Kitchil Amath

1869-16.05.1948

1892-14.09.1974

Davy m Mass Chinda Amoo

Rihan m Mr Hashim



The headstone of Awaal Cuttilan found at Jawatte Burial Grounds. Sri Lanka

The Chappon Amath Family Tree

Chappon Amath —→ Noraishi



Moh'd Chappon Amath m alias Madini

Hassan Chappon Amath m Mass Jaya

Anwar Chappon Amath m not known

Ossen Chappon Amath m Nei Kitchil Saldin

Nehay Kitchil Amath m Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan see
pg. 233

? Amath m Mr Jaldin

Jainudeen Awaal Cuttilan Family Tree

Jainudeen Awaal Cuttilan 20.07.1910 Nehay Kitchil Amath

16.12.1869 - 16.05.1948

1892 - 14.09.1974



Ratu Javie 8.07.1944 Tuan Endra Sookoor

19.11.1915 - 2006

Not known

Moh'd Salimdin 27.05.1917 - 24.10.1919

Ratu Ine Marliya 19.03.1942 Leila Banara Soujah

25.07.1918 - 16.03.2008

14.03.1916 - not known

Sithy Dayne Kirthi 29.03.1942 Maas Soonan Majid

3.10.1919 - 1.06.2008

23.02.1913 - 06.06.1997

Moh'd Ibrahim Jainudeen 17.01.1953 1st Feroza Sookoor

22.06.1925 13.11.1988

29.09.1929 - 05.07.1964

? .08.1965 2nd TitaPreena

23.12.1934 - 12.07.2009

Tuan Esmail Jainudeen 02.02.1957 Nina Saldin

25.01.1928 -

07.12.1929 - 13.10.1971

Tuan Sankylan (Moh'd Ishak) 28.03.1964 Fazeela Assen

11.05.1930 - 6.10.1981

09.02.1944 -

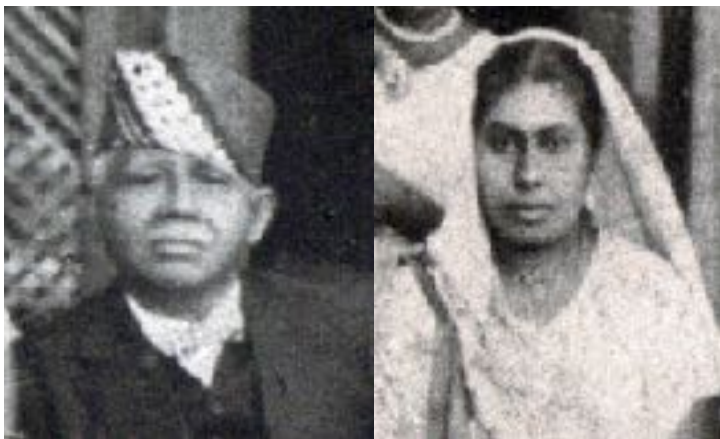
Tuan Yacoob Jainudeen 10.03.1933 - ? . 02.1993

Moh'd Usoof Jainudeen 11.06.1973 N. Nooranie J Miskin

8.09.1934 -

27.06.1948 -

Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan & Nehay Kitchil Amath



Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan was the great grandson of Raden Kirti from Central Java. He was a landed proprietor and held joint ownership of King's Hotel, Kandy and Lord Nelson Hotel Chatham Street Fort, Colombo with A.C Amoo.



J.A Cuttilan with his wife Nehay Kitchil Amath, daughters Ratu Javie (far right) Sithy Dayne Kirthi (second from right) Ratu Ine Marliya far left and sons Ibrahim (centre) and Ismail (the baby). Sons Sankylan, Yacoob and Usoof were not born at the time this picture was taken.

Some extracts from an article given to GAPENA for publication by M. Usoof J Cuttilan.

“Raden Kirti and his brother Raden Purnama from Central Java were rescued from the Dutch by the Portuguese Viceroy of Gowa and taken to Ceylon. Raden Kirti married Miss Cushman daughter of the Viceroy. They had one son called Raden Kirtilan who I understand had a son called Awwal Cuttilan who was born in 1824 and died in 1884. Awwal Cuttilan was buried at the Jawatte Malay Burial grounds, Colombo, Sri Lanka.

Awwal Cuttilan was the first of ‘the Cuttilan clan’ to have Cuttilan as a surname. He had two sons and three daughters. My father, Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan was the second son. The family name ‘Cuttilan’ should be Kirtilan and not ‘Cuttilan’ if not for the mistake made by the birth recording officer.

My father would rarely speak of the past. However, I do know that he played a leading role in the Ceylon Malay community in keeping the local Malays together. He was the President of the All Ceylon Malay Association for several years and also organised two cricket tours to India and accompanied the All Ceylon Malay Cricket team as the Manager. He was also a Vice Patron of this Association.

Three generations of the Cuttilans have served the Sri Lankan Malay community as President of the Sri Lanka Malay Association, my father Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan, my brother Moh'd Ibrahim Jainudeen Cuttilan and my nephew Iqram Cuttilan.....

As I write this I have one surviving elder brother Tuan Esmail Jainudeen Cuttilan who is 84 years old. He is a Vice President of the Sri Lanka Malay Association and a very active member of the Sri Lankan Malay community. My brother has been of invaluable help to me in authenticating and recording our past history”
.....

Extracts and notes taken from The Jubilee Book of the Colombo Malay Cricket Club

“J.A Cuttilan was from 1880 - 1900 one of the prominent Malay cricketers He was the President from 1907-1917, Hon. Secretary in 1891 and Cricket Captain in 1894.

One of the greatest achievements of the club of which it is justly proud was sending of a cricket team ‘BUDAK NAKAL’ to Bombay in 1907. The tour was a veritable triumph to the organising capabilities of J.A Cuttilan the then President of the club who accompanied the team as its Manager.”

He was married to ‘Nghai Hajimah’ Nehay Kitchil the sister of the Amath brothers MC, HC, AC and OC. One

of the houses he lived with his family was ‘Saidah Villa’ Cotta Road, Borella which was next door to the former Prime Minister Dudley Senanayake. The other neighbour was Dr Rastamjee who said that Jainudeen Awwal Cuttilan was the only person down the road who owned a horse drawn carriage with a coachman! He also had a valet named Jamis who later became the mayor of ‘Kotte’. Other houses he lived in were ‘Asthana Singha’ Union Place, Slave Island and ‘Ottaman Villa’ at Colpetty. He is seen in the photograph seated next to the Sultan of Johore when His Highness visited Ceylon in 1922. When he passed away on 11.05.1948 his body was taken to rest at the Jawatte Malay Burial grounds, Colombo. “Al Fatihah”.

I leave this autobiography to give an insight into my life and heritage and hope that the ‘warisan’ inheritance will be passed down by my sons to the future generations to come. I also hope that whoever holds a copy of this publication will enjoy reading the ‘Memoirs of a Hidden Princess.’

“Remember me when this you see
And think me not unkind
Though many miles the distance be
Still bear me in your mind”

Extract from Marhum T. Mohamed Johore Miskin’s diary.

BACK COVER

Tunku N. Nooranie Juwitha Cuttilan was born in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. She writes about her 'tightly knit' nurtured days with her parents which she calls the 'cotton wool wrapped days' and later the exposure to the West when she married Raden M. Usoof J. Cuttilan, adapting and enveloping the new environment within the Malay lifestyle and practice of her upbringing. Proud of being a Malay and the rich heritage of hers she has included in this 'Memoirs' some photographs, notes of letters etc. of heirloom which all those connected to her family can share and be proud of.

