

## THE MALAYSIA SINGAPORE & BRUNEI CULTURAL ASSOCIATION

Unit 238-2680 Shell Road, Richmond, British Columbia, V6X 4G9, CANADA

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*Flashback to 2016.....*



L-R: Consul General of Malaysia Mohd. Adli bin Abdullah, Brunei High Commissioner His Excellency Colonel (Retired) Pg Kamal Bashah Pg Ahmad, Hon. Advisor Yeo Sing Lim, OBC,



Front L-R: Past Director Clement Yapp, Delia Yapp, Amy Loo, Doris Chung. Back Row: Past President/Hon. Advisor Polly Voon, Past President Christopher Chung, Past Director Sunny Loo



Above Photo: L-R: Director Wen Wong, Director Stanley Low, Director Julie Chaki, Puan Intan, Director Miew Leng Teo, President Margaret Chee, Consul General of Malaysia Modh. Adli, Director Anita Foo, Director Richard Liew.

### Message from the President....



Dear Members and Friends,  
This summer maybe different as the lock down is slowly easing off so we can enjoy like before but in smaller groups. At least families are able to gather for a backyard barbeque.

Our Membership-In-Charge Mrs. Sophia Chiam, again brought up about lost contact with many members. Some inquired about our annual picnic, sorry it is not going to happen this year. Also, the AGM is not happening. All directors will go on serving the Association till next year.

We still hold monthly 'zoom meetings' on the first Thursday of the month. Although the Agenda of Meeting is short, the Directors received financial briefing from Hon. Treasurer Rosemary Lai. The property tax of \$5,505.00 has been paid to the City. Also, the strata fee has been paid. No doubt, the general fund is slowly getting less and less as we collect no income for the whole two years.

For now, the Board and Honorary Advisors wish you all the very best and enjoy the summer season. Stay Safe.  
Sincerely, President Stanley Low



Snapshots from the MSB Gala Night—May 7th, 2016

By: SK Chin

**From Richard's desk...**

Hello Members and Friends,  
We are seeing the light at the end of the tunnel. It is no illusion or a mirage. The pandemic is closer to the end, but not the final end. I am sure all of us and the members have had the first shot of the vaccine. Do not kid yourself, I have friends



and on the wait and see mode. We still need the mask on different occasions. And we are glad that nobody that we know contracted the virus. Before long, maybe in September, we could gather in larger groups at the clubhouse. At least that is what the directors are hoping. Meanwhile, stay safe and enjoy the summer with more ease after your second shot of the vaccine and the lifting of the many restrictions, etc. as of July 1st.

Till then and all the best!

**Richard Liew, Newsletter-in-Charge**



**Board of Directors (2020-2021)**

**President:** Mr. Stanley Low, (604.889.9288)

**VP Malaysia:** Mr. George Yee, (604.790.2468)

**VP Singapore:** Mrs. Fanny Chua (604.222.2323)

**VP Brunei:** Mr. Danny Thong, (604.649.2931)

**Hon. Treasurer:** Ms. Rosemary Lai, (604.649.2006)

**Hon. Secretary:** Mr. S.K. Chin (604.862.1887)

**Director:** Mr. Michael Mok, (604.323.0178)

**Director:** Mr. Henry Mo, (604.307.2326)

**Director/Newsletter:** Mr. Richard Liew, (604.377.1201)

**Honorary Advisors:** Mr. Yeo Sing Lim, OBC  
Ms. Polly Voon

**Membership-in-charge:** Mrs. Sophia Chiam, (778.840.9479)



Five years have gone by, as the photos showed all the happy faces enjoying the MSBCA Annual Picnic in 2016. We remember and in loving memories of Mr. Marc Lim, Past President and Past Director Mr. Shieh Wen Ching.

**Annual Family Picnic-July 09, 2016** Photos by S.K.Chin

## Food For Thoughts.....

Where was the first pair of chopsticks invented?

Chopsticks are kitchen / eating utensils that are shaped pairs of equal-length sticks that have been used in East Asia for over two millennia. First invented and used in China, chopsticks later spread to countries that were tributary states of the Empire of China.

From: en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chopstick

While some items people throw away are recycled, most end up in landfills, where they decompose and release greenhouse gases that contribute to climate change. Most chopsticks, made from wood or bamboo, would decompose relatively quickly — plywood decomposes in **about one to three years**. Jun. 6, 2017

**Chopsticks** will decompose, and **can** be composted. **They** will take longer to compost than typical leaves or kitchen scraps, but **they** will decay into a workable compost. During their production, **chopsticks are** only steamed and not treated with harmful chemicals.

About **24 billion** pairs of disposable chopsticks are used in Japan each year. This is equivalent to nearly 200 pairs per person per year. Globally, about **1.4 billion** people throw away **80 billion** pairs of disposable chopsticks each year. Apr. 1, 2013

Did you know that Father's Day last month coincided with the summer solstice, first day of summer and the longest day when the sun reaches its maximum declination?

### Articles, Stories, etc.

If you have interesting things to write and share with us, why not submit them for publishing? We love to hear from you any time.



### Zoom Meeting

Screen shot of MSBCA Board of Directors' meeting on June 03, 2021, hosted by Dir. George Yee, pictured, chaired by President Stanley Low. Membership-in-charge Sophia Chiam also attended the meeting.



### Web Advertising Rate



Business Card Size: \$25 per month or \$250 per year with link to your webpage included.

Our Webmaster is Director Mr. George Yee



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Please inform us by email at [msbcahq@gmail.com](mailto:msbcahq@gmail.com) if you are moving or have moved or have changed your email address. Also, inform us if you like your email address removed from our list.

**IMPORTANT: There are members not receiving notices about events, etc. Either their email addresses are out of date or they do not have a computer altogether. Therefore it would be the member's responsibility to notify us as to how we can best communicate with them. Take a minute to send us a note or call any of the directors. Thank you.**

### Clubhouse Rental Rates (Effective Jan. 01, 2020)

Members —\$20 per hour

Definition: Private use by members for family parties and gatherings; not to be rented for second party use. Renter must be present for that period of time.

Community —\$25 per hour, min.4hrs; \$180.00/day.

Definition: Non-business type Social Group Meetings, Church Groups, Community Groups. *Members and non-members.*

Business/Corporate—\$30.00 per hour, min. 2hrs;

Definition: Business being conducted such as for dancing lessons, seminars, marketing and sales. *Members and non-members.*

Exception for Regular Renters (*min. three times/week*): \$25.00 per hour.

Rates are subject to change without notice.

Audio/Visual Equipment not included.

Capacity: 50 people seating, 90 standing.

**Please contact any of the directors for rental.**

### MEMBERSHIP

Please make your cheque payable to:

**MSBCA**  
**Unit 238-2680 Shell Road,**  
**Richmond, B.C.**  
**V6X 4C9.**

Please call Membership Director  
for

Membership Form or visit our website to print the form.

Annual Membership Fee (effective from date of application for 12 months):

	General	Life
Single/Seniors (60 & over) -	\$25.00	\$250.00
Family (excluding children over 18 years) -	\$30.00	\$300.00

Corporate Rate: \$200.00 Annually

## “Going to America” by Richard Liew

### Part 1

After I graduated in 1966 from All Saints’ School in Kota Kinabalu, Sabah, I went to work with the Public Works Department. After a short stint there, I joined Radio Malaysia Sabah, as a Studio Control Technician, earning a salary of RM\$190.00 per month. The job was kind of boring sitting in the Control Room performing the task of starting and stopping pre-recorded tapes at the cue of a buzzer from the Announcer. Each piece of news on tapes were all cued up on the Ampex machines in the Control Room. The future looked bleak at that time. Caught dozing off and feet on the table while working, I was reprimanded by the Supervisor a few times. I was asked to take courses to get an increase in wages and also to study the ‘Jawi’ language writing which I did not have the slightest clue about it.



Before then, we frequented cinemas to watch Western made movies and having seen the hype and life in America, I started to wonder what my life could be living there. In June of 1968, I read a magazine while at work and saw the advertisement about studying in California, USA. So I sent in an application to Heald Engineering College in San Francisco and within a few weeks my application got accepted. When all got sorted out with the financing, I quit my job.

Applying for a Student Visa from the US Consulate took me to Kuala Lumpur via Singapore. I set sailed to Singapore by Kunak, a cargo ship from Kota Kinabalu. Those days, you only buy a ticket to get on-board with no cabin to sleep in. For three nights, I slept on the open deck packed with hogs in cages. The smell was intolerable but the open sea breeze helped a lot depending on which way it was blowing. For food, I would go below deck to buy from the ship’s kitchen.



On the ship’s deck, I met a 75 year old man who was returning home to Singapore after visiting Kota Kinabalu. He talked about his trip. He then asked where I was going. I told him that “I was going to Kuala Lumpur to collect my visa to America”. I stayed with my Aunt in Singapore for a few days. After a day, with a big surprise, he came to look me up in Upper

Thompson Estate where I was staying. He shouted my name from the outside gate. I looked out and there he stood, waving at me with a big smile. His silvery hair stood out on a hot sunny morning with a blue sky. I was so happy to see him. We chatted briefly as his intention was to give me a book. The book he gave me was about China. “Never forget your roots when you are in America”, he said to me. We shook hands to bid farewell. He then walked away and turned around to give me a big smile. Being 21 then, I

did not have a great sense of gratitude but to this day, the brief encounter with him still lives in me.

From Singapore, I travelled by train to Kuala Lumpur to complete my interview and pick up my Student Visa. Having done that, I made my way home to prepare myself for the trip of a lifetime, the journey to America.

Prior to that, I had to obtain an Exit Permit with a promise to return to Malaysia after my studies. Life was too good elsewhere, I did not return to Sabah. In April of 1969, I left for San Francisco, California, USA.

The first leg of my journey took me to Hong Kong, all dressed up in tie and suit. My parents were worried that I could starve to death in America. Look after yourself, ok? All parents worry about their children going overseas. While in Hong Kong, I had my cousins looking after me. Sending post cards home and writing letters were the normal in the sixties.



The flight from Hong Kong to San Francisco was 14 hours. Lugging my hand luggage of all things was a ‘big black steel wok’. Passengers were amused and laughing when they saw my big wok going up into the overhead cabin. They must have been wondering what in the hell was this young man doing, bringing a wok to a big country, never mind, a country with the largest Chinatown in America. I found that out later.

So, I finally arrived in San Francisco and was met by Rev. James Pun formerly from All Saints’ Cathedral in Kota Kinabalu. He was waving a name card in the crowd and calling out my name a few times. This welcoming moment was pre- arranged before I left Kota Kinabalu. He then drove me across the Bay Bridge to meet Rev. Yeh and his family who welcomed me into their home. I stayed for a week before college started. Being in a new country, I was home sick and was not happy. The family treated me very good and wanted me to feel at home.

The children in their university years, took me out to a playground to show me how to play North American football. I remember it was a cool and nice sunny day. From a hot country, the cool air was like winter to me. Little did I know what the game was all about. Firstly, the ball was an odd shape and not round. Their American accent was too thick for me to catch what they were saying. Then they would make plays. The quarterback told me to run straight for 10 yards then turn around to catch the ball when thrown in my direction. I was running left right and centre over the field, could not catch the ball never mind about tackling the runner. Frustrations soon set in among themselves and we all went home. Father Yeh said “Tough game Richard? You will learn the game fast”.

I could not wait to check out the City of San Francisco after the few days in the Bay area. Wondering what the city was like and the Golden Gate Bridge that I read so much about. When time came to start college, Rev. Pun came to fetch me and drove me to the college.

(Next issue: Life In America—Part 2)