

Our New Web Site

Please note that our domain name lscoba-edm.ab.ca has come to the end of its service and will retire soon. A new domain name has been set up for the Edmonton Chapter. To accompany the launch of the new domain name, we have a new web site for the Edmonton Chapter – <http://www.lscobaedm.org>.

The site has been launched when this newsletter is first published and delivered to your mail box. Please take your time to visit our new site and give us feedback so that we can improve the site to serve you better.

Please note that the various slideshows and movie clips will be constantly updated. This is especially true for the “memories” slideshow. For the first month, the theme of the slideshow is “The Dome”. It will be replaced by another theme next month. Please keep visit our site for the latest insertion.

To avoid spam, we have provided a contact page for you to contact us. Just click the name of the party and a form will show up for you to write the mail.

Last but not the least, the newsletter archive and the gateway bulletin backup is all available from our new site under the menu item newsletter.

Reminders

Dim Sum Gathering

- Date** first Friday of every month
- Time** starting at noon
- Venue** Century Palace Restaurant
金漢龍廷大酒樓

The next two gatherings will be on

- December 5, 2008
- January 2, 2009

The editor of this newsletter can be contacted through email at [editor at lscobaedm.org](mailto:editor@lscobaedm.org)

Christmas Party 2008



The Christmas party will be held on Friday December 12, 2008. at [Finnagan's Bistro, Bar and Billiard](#) located at 13560 Fort Road. Pool tables and games are there for us and the kids as well. We may also set up karaoke depending on how many of you show up.

Please mark your calendar and email billshwong@shaw.ca how many seats should be reserved for you and your family. If we have more than 30 people attending, then we shall have buffet dinner. Otherwise, we have to fall back to plate services. Please check out the menu at our new site

http://www.lscobaedm.org/index.php?view=details&id=1%3Achristmas-party&option=com_eventlist&Itemid=2

Please reserve your seats now!

If we can gather sufficient number of participants, we may be able to add more surprise items to the buffet menu. Please join us with your family in this annual function of our own chapter. Looking forward to your reservation soon!

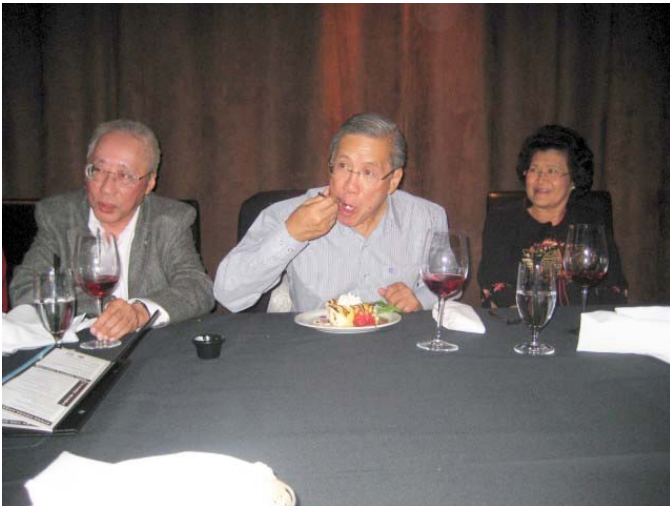


Grey Cup Party



Visitors

Despite his busy schedule, Ronnie Poon (潘敬達) of class 1961 paid a visit to the Edmonton Chapter September 16, 2008. Ronnie represented Hong Kong in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics as a sprinter. He is also a good friend of William Lai (1961) and Ralph Yip (1962), our Honorary President. Ralph drove 12 hours straight from Vancouver to Edmonton just in time to meet with Ronnie. .



There are more pictures in our photo gallery
http://www.lscobaedm.org/index.php?option=com_wrapper&view=wrapper&Itemid=16

Michael Choy of class 1975 came to town September 21, 2008 from Vancouver for business. Davis Leung of class 1979 is his buddy and thus held a reception at home. Calvin Chan, Louis Chan and Bill Wong were also there to show hospitality. It is too bad that the wine bottles were found only moments before everybody headed home for rest. As a result, Bill was still able to walk a straight line on his way out to his vehicle.

Is Michael's face familiar to you? Yes, he is the younger brother of the very active Peter Choy.



30 Years!

The Vancouver Chapter celebrated its 30th Anniversary with a dinner party on Sat. Nov.8, 2008 at the Westin Bayshore Hotel & Resort, 1601 Bayshore Drive, Vancouver.
 Congratulations! Vancouver.

Editor

José Cardoso (1968)



The most memorable moment in the whole evening was what Walden Chan, our oldest member by far having graduated in 1934, said when he was presented with a certificate honouring his long association with the club. He simply said: "Remember me." This uncomplicated phrase nevertheless encompasses the entirety of one's life, for a human being is merely the sum total of all that one has experienced, learnt, and remembered. By saying "Remember me", Walden was, on the one hand, trying to make certain that he would live on in this world, as do every one of us who have contemplated our very brief interlude of being. On the other hand, reminding us that an old boys' association exists ONLY to ensure that all will be able to meet with others who have shared the same unique experience of having attended La Salle College. He is reminding us that La Salle College symbolizes the values and ideals of each individual who had attended it be they from 1934 or 2008; and that all old boys should 'remember' and carry these same values and ideals into their life after school and into friendship with other members of our fraternity.

As for the rest of the event, this anniversary reunion began the day before, on Friday the 7th of November. Some of us hosted a dinner for the guests from Edmonton and Toronto who came specifically to attend this 30th Anniversary of

Vancouver Chapter; for which we extend our heartfelt thanks to Danny Au Yeung, Jimmy Chang, Peter Chiong, Felix Leung, and Victor Leung. During the dinner the 'Spirit' of La Salle College was very much in evidence, both of the liquid kind and the more soulful; however, it was the camaraderie that was the most touching for it transcended age and time as everyone was from a different graduating year, some even with a gap of one or two decades. The one thing that bound us together was La Salle College and from that ensued all the 'bonding', to use a rather saccharine modern term, that carried on into the next day.



On the festivities of the 8th of November, the main event was the show of appreciation for all past presidents of Vancouver chapter for which they were presented with an acknowledgement certificate; further, there are three members who had actively participated in all the functions and activities throughout the 30 year period, for which they were presented with a special Plaque of Honour, they are Frank Chow, Dominic Lau, and Paul Ng.

More pictures are available for viewing at

<http://picasaweb.google.ca/danielkschung/LSCOBA08Nov2008Party?authkey=eL58A59R8YQ#5266690458015096818>
<http://picasaweb.google.ca/LS66jcchang/200811VancouverChapter30thAnniversaryCelebration?authkey=WN5-V-YUzu4#>

A Tribute to the Past Presidents

Benedict Lam (1960)	Inaugural, 1978 – 79	Alex Watt (1954)	1979
David Cheung (1970)	1979 – 81	Mathews Ma (1966)	1981 – 82
Dominic Lau (1961)	1982 – 83	Anthony Wong (1970)	1983 – 84
Peter Choy (1973)	1984 – 85	Frank Chow (1966)	1985 – 90
Anthony Wong (1969)	1990 – 91	Alfred Lau (1972)	1991 – 92
Richard Cheung (1969)	1992 – 93	Raymond Tong (1969)	1993 – 94
Jeffrey Chen (1975)	1994 – 96	Paul Ng (1970)	1996 – 97
Vincent Pang (1986)	1997 – 98	Daniel Chung (1970)	1998 – 99
David Poon (1978)	1999 – 2000	Vitus Lau (1963)	2000 – 02
Henry So (1978)	2002 – 03	Adrian Fung (1985)	2003 – 05
Albert Manson (1967)	2005 – 07	Raymond Wong (1991)	2007 –

Young Talent

hi daddy. here's my Remembrance Day poem, call 'To Die For Peace'.
i hope you like it, it took my 20 whole minutes!
and it's in green! hehe

love you lots,

© b e c k s ©

To Die For Peace

Those brave, strong soldiers fought with all their might,
During the day, and even through the night.
Scared and tired, but did not surrender,
They still battled against the offender.

Families and friends worried back at home,
Frightened for the soldiers, down to the bone.
People couldn't sleep, too anxious, like death,
Wondering if there will be some peace left.

The death toll was high, when the war ended,
How much they fought, attacked and defended.
But finally peace and freedom arrived,
No one would forget how those soldiers died.

By: Rebecca Alano

Date: November 5, 2008

Mission Possible

Peter Choy (1973)

After 47 years of lost contact, where/how do you begin to find your Primary One teacher?

Well, it all began in January 3rd this year at Wing Fat Tea Restaurant in Wanchai, see picture. I sat down with two of my classmates, Stephen Wong Siu Hung and Benjamin Chang Pin. We talked about our good old primary days, Stephen suddenly brought up the question "Where is Miss Man, our P1 teacher?" I said, "no idea but I shall find out."

With that promise, I took the task back to Vancouver and started my search. I was very lucky, managed to locate Miss Man's phone number in early February !!! Then I contacted Stephen and advised him the good news, he was so delighted and started planning the big reunion party!

With all the great preparation work done by Stephen, the reunion finally took place on November 1st in Hong Kong, please see the invitation E-mail inserted here.



Sent: Wednesday, September 24, 2008 6:52AM
Subject: P1E Reunion Dinner with Ms Man as our VIP Guest

Dear Brothers of P1E,

I am extremely excited to have confirmed Ms Man for our once-in-a-lifetime-difficult-to-be-repeated dinner with the following details:

Date: Saturday 01 November 2008

Venue: The Canton Room
1/F., Luk Kwok Hotel
72 Gloucester Road
Wanchai, HK

Tel: 2866 2166

Time : 7 pm – circa 10:30 pm

Gift from Miss Man

The highlight was of course when Ms Man produced the photo of us taken in her home before she left for the US, on 22 July, 1962

Thank you Miss Man!
Thank you Brother Stephen!



"WHEN THE OLD BOYS GET TOGETHER,
THEY WILL ALWAYS SING THIS SONG."



一九六二年七月廿六日
暑假已放
文秀喜赴美國
N.P. 大學深造
臨行在即一班
同學均
送禮物一色
向文先生作
之舉：依
溢于言表
此照以留永誌

Memory Lane

Francis has shown his great support to this newsletter by sending us a series of 12 articles for the memory lane. The editorial board greatly appreciates the support from Francis. Francis, Thanks for sharing with us.

When reading a story, it would be nice to visualize how the author actually looks like. We finally persuade Francis, the author of this series, to show us his face when the stories unfolded.

Editor



5. Happy Together

簡文輝 Francis Kan (1966)

Growing Up is Hard to Do

Going “yum cha” for the whole family on Sunday was a necessary evil in those days, even for our family. As you remember, there was no such thing as getting a number for tables. You had to stand behind people of the occupied tables and wait. When they were done, you sat down to claim the succession right to the table. So you had to be observant: you first circled the crowded restaurant, sizing up movements at each table. When you zeroed in on the table most likely to be the next to finish, you went and stood behind them, hoping to hurry them up. You had to sort of stare at them to shame them into paying and leaving in order to claim the table.

In Form 1, I was considered old enough to go to the restaurant early to grab a table for the family, which would arrive shortly. I hated doing this. It was a lonely job. After I successfully claim a table for 12, I would sit there, a helpless and scared 12 year old, trying to resist the unfriendly stares of the table-search crowd, all the time worrying that I might be abandoned by the family. The nightmare was that I would be stuck with a table for 12, and I had no money.

Towards Form 2, I started to make up excuses not to join this family outing. I preferred to be with my own buddies. The lesson to be learned for those who still have young children or grandchildren is to enjoy them while you can. Before you know it, they don't want your company anymore. Your only reward for having offspring is to enjoy watching them grow, and please don't take it for granted; it is a privilege, not a right.

Going Out With the Boys

Throughout the period 1961 to 1966, I enjoyed going out with the boys. Compare to dating girls, it was a lot more economical, if not more pleasurable. One of the most frequent activities was going to a movie. And the movie was often a matinee (12:30 PM or 5:30 PM). They were cheap, 40¢ for the front stall. We were not choosy; we didn't mind watching



the show from the front row; we probably had seen the movie many times already anyway. The movies circulating were King Solomon's Mine, Monte Cristo, An Affair to Remember, etc. I think I must have seen Scaramouche 25 times this way.

You remember Scaramouche (Chinese name was Beauty Like Jade, Sword Like Rainbow 美人如玉劍如虹), of course. When Stewart Granger, after a lot of hard work and tutoring, beat but spared the life of Mel Farar, and after a lot of the confused relations being revealed (the would-be lover was a sister, the person to be killed was a father, etc.), we had spent exactly 80¢. If we were hungry, we could have a bowl of wonton noodles (50¢).

Then we would either lie on the grass in the park or sit on the waterfront in the waterfront in the afternoon sun. In those days, there were a lot of waterfronts, and the summer heat was bearable, especially when there was any kind of a breeze. I don't remember much of what we talked about but all I can remember was simple pleasure. We must have talked about our boyhood dreams, our ambitions, truth, and beauty. Very Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

The Perfect Date

Oh no, I am not gay, even though sometimes I wish I were. There were times I felt like wrestling my good buddies in the nude on the sand, a la D. H. Lawrence. But I liked girls.

Ever since I discovered that girls were more than boys standing backwards, I have been fascinated by them. I was mesmerized by the thin black lines around their eyes, their pink cheeks, and their bright red lips. I can still remember my disappointment when I found out these features did not occur naturally.

In the secondary school days, money was the main reason that I did not examine these creatures more closely. All the time, I explored the possibility of having an affordable but memorable date. There was one such date.

Around the time of the 25¢ Star Ferry Riot, a new service was introduced between Hung Ham and Central. It was expensive, 50¢ each way. But it took a long time, 20 to 25 minutes each way. Once I convinced a girl that instead of going to a movie, we would do something innovative like taking ferry rides, back and forth, back and forth.

We started out in mid afternoon. Let's face it, the Hong Kong harbour is beautiful at times. In the gentle sea breeze, you could fall in love easily. I don't know if we did that afternoon. But we talked, and enjoyed each other's company. When the ferry docked, we either tried to escape the sailor's check and stayed on the boat, saving paying the return fare, or walked slowly to the exit, coming back more slowly to miss taking the same boat on the return, killing more time, to be together that much longer. (You will remember the ridiculous design of the Star Ferry Pier: you had to walk all the way to the farthest end of the pier to come back to get on the boat.)

Anyway, we watched the sunset from the boat, and we talked and talked. I don't remember if we held hands or not. But if we did, it would have seemed a natural thing. "Love means not having to say you are hungry." We were not hungry, so we stayed on until we absolutely had to go home. I don't remember how much I spent. But it was one of my most memorable dates. I am sure it was hers too.



6. Happy and Simple Days

簡文輝 Francis Kan (1966)

We lived in a time before the cross-harbour tunnel, the MTR, and the mini bus. It was a long, long time ago. And it was interesting times indeed.

The Public Bus

When we were in secondary school, the only mode of public transportation (okay, I am leaving out the trams and the trains) was the bus. And I remember the bus company always made money. I don't know if it was by design or because of the lack of resources, every bus was packed. Remember when we used to describe it as packing sardine? Maybe that was why all the buses in other countries had to be subsidized by the government, but in Hong Kong it made money.

It was labour intensive too. Remember each bus required three to four employees: a driver, a conductor to sell tickets (another one on the second floor for double-deckers), and a gate-keeper to make sure the bus was reasonably empty and to ring the bell to tell the driver to stop or go. One ring to tell the driver to stop at the next bus-stop, two ring-e-dingee to start the bus moving. Life was orderly and simple.

You of course remember the triumphant look on the gate-keeper's eyes when he successfully stopped the next passenger trying to get on by using the strength of his full body. Sometimes he needed the assistance of the conductor to man the gate at the front. You could get on both at the front and at the rear of the bus. I guess such devotion was a natural "respect thy job" attitude ingrained in the culture. "I will die stopping the next person from getting on."

The conductor, on the other hand, had a much friendlier job. He could allow the person who said he was "relative" to go without a ticket. Oh, tickets. You paid him and you actually got a ticket. His job was to punch a hole on it. I think that was to make sure that it was not to be re-sold, or just something for him to do. And there was a four digit number on the ticket. We used to collect the ones with lucky numbers like 4 zeros, or play "bus ticket fortune." You added up the digits and kept repeating until you got a single digit. Then you determined your fortune thusly: One for letter, two for boy, three for something, four for joy. Damn, I don't remember what three was for. Nevertheless, what simple pleasure.

The conductors' other responsibility was to punch our student monthly tickets. (Did adults have monthly tickets? I don't know because I was not an adult then.) As I reminded you before, Kowloon Motor Bus (1933) was rather generous and gave us four holes per weekday. Sorry no holes on Sundays; at least they were smart that way. We were assigned a number for the monthly ticket, and unless you applied for a new ticket, you kept the same number year after year. On the ticket, there were two extra holes with no date so you could take the bus after the end of the month to somewhere near Prince Edward Road to buy the following month's ticket. It was before the days of the computer so after you paid \$6.00, the person behind the window wrote your name on the ticket. I remember watching the person do that and wonder what qualification I needed to get a job like that.

Some time when we were in Form 1 or 2, there was a rumor that KMB might start a route which would terminate next to the tennis courts in our school. Imagine that. We would not have to trek up the long stairs from Boundary Street. The bus would take us up the hill. That, however, never came to fruition.



By the way, walking up the stairs from Boundary Street was my favorite way of going to class. I could look at the greenery on our hill and it calmed my excitement of going to class a bit. Oh, why is it that I don't have that warm feeling any more when I go to work these days?

What was your favorite route to class? Yeah, you had fewer steps if you went up from La Salle Road by the servants quarters. But I just did not like it as much. By the way, talking about La Salle Road, how many schools in Hong Kong had their own street named after them? Yes, there is King's Road, but it is closer to Queens College. And Queen's Road, besides being cut up into East, Central, and West, is nowhere near Queen's College.

The Girl On the Bus

I was asked why I never mentioned the incidence of the girl on the bus before. I will tell you, I was not proud of it. It has taken me thirty odd years to come out and admit it. Some of you console me that even if I had started a conversation with her, nothing much would have come of it, anyway. I sort of agree. Like many things in life, it is sometimes best not to know what might happen. We would never know anyway. This way, we are left with some hope, perhaps more faith. Life may be worth living after all. Next time, maybe we will give it a better try. It is okay to leave with that uncertainty, and sweet sorrow. Do you agree?

Fish Balls

I read that the Hong Kong School Board recently banned the sale of fish balls in school concessions for health reasons. There are thousands of urgent issues to deal with, mother tongue instruction, teacher standards, etc., and the Board takes on consumer/health police types of responsibilities. Yes, we still live in a bullshit world.

Talking about fish balls, do you know that in our days we did not have fish balls on a skewer? These perfectly spherical fish balls mixed with flour were a new invention after our time. During our time, we only had the Chiu Chow hand-made fish balls that were flat, served in soup with ho fan or noodles. So were the beef balls, also hand-made, but rounder than fish balls.

The Tuck Shop

That is why I don't remember us buying fish balls at the Tuck Shop. I can remember buying hot Vitasoy when I had the money, or a sweet bun in the morning. But the most memorable thing was in Form 1, we had a full-day school as opposed to the primary's half-day. Lunch became an issue and I bugged mother into giving me lunch money. Every morning I would go to the Tuck Shop and buy a token for lunch, usually beef on rice. You had to buy it first thing in the morning because the Tuck Shop needed to know how many plates were required. They sometimes allowed you to buy it at recess too. Very little guess work or forecasting running the Tuck Shop. I think it was \$1.50 a plate of rice. You could eat it right there, or, I discovered I could take it to the library and eat it there. Not very hygienic, I must admit. But it was done. There I met some seniors who were in Form 6, learned a lot from them; and I spent some time with out past issues of Lasallite.

If you could eat fast, you could go to the assembly hall and wait your turn at the ping pong tables. I never did that. I was not good enough to play there. But I watched. Come to think of it, I was not even good enough to join the marbles team if there was one. I was not good enough to do "grab the marbles when the bell rings." (Yes, remember there was this

ridiculous tradition of grabbing all the marbles you can when the bell rings; the game is off at the bell.) I did not have a watch until about Form 3.

When I did not buy lunch from the Tuck Shop, we walked to Kowloon City where we could have a rice plate plus soup for about the same money. Or, to save money, we could have a bowl of beef ball noodles (half tendons, please) for half a dollar, at the Dai Pie Dong's. Life was very simple.

The Ice Cream Man

The only snacks that I remember we loved were from the Ice Cream Man. No, he was not on a truck, he came on a bicycle. He would appear at recess at the gate of La Salle Primary. We very seldom bought ice cream from him. Our favorites were iced olives, iced kumquats, and iced papaya. I can still remember the ice cream man's face. I was comfortable with him, except I suspected he was a professional killer at night. His day time job was only a cover.

Brother Henry looked on. Somehow he had nothing against the Ice Cream Man. He finally drove all the hawkers away when one came to sell beef tripe.

Recently I had a chance to buy some fresh green olives and they did not taste like those from the Ice Cream Man. Will somebody please tell me what the secret is? The bicycles must have added flavour.



Merry Christmas