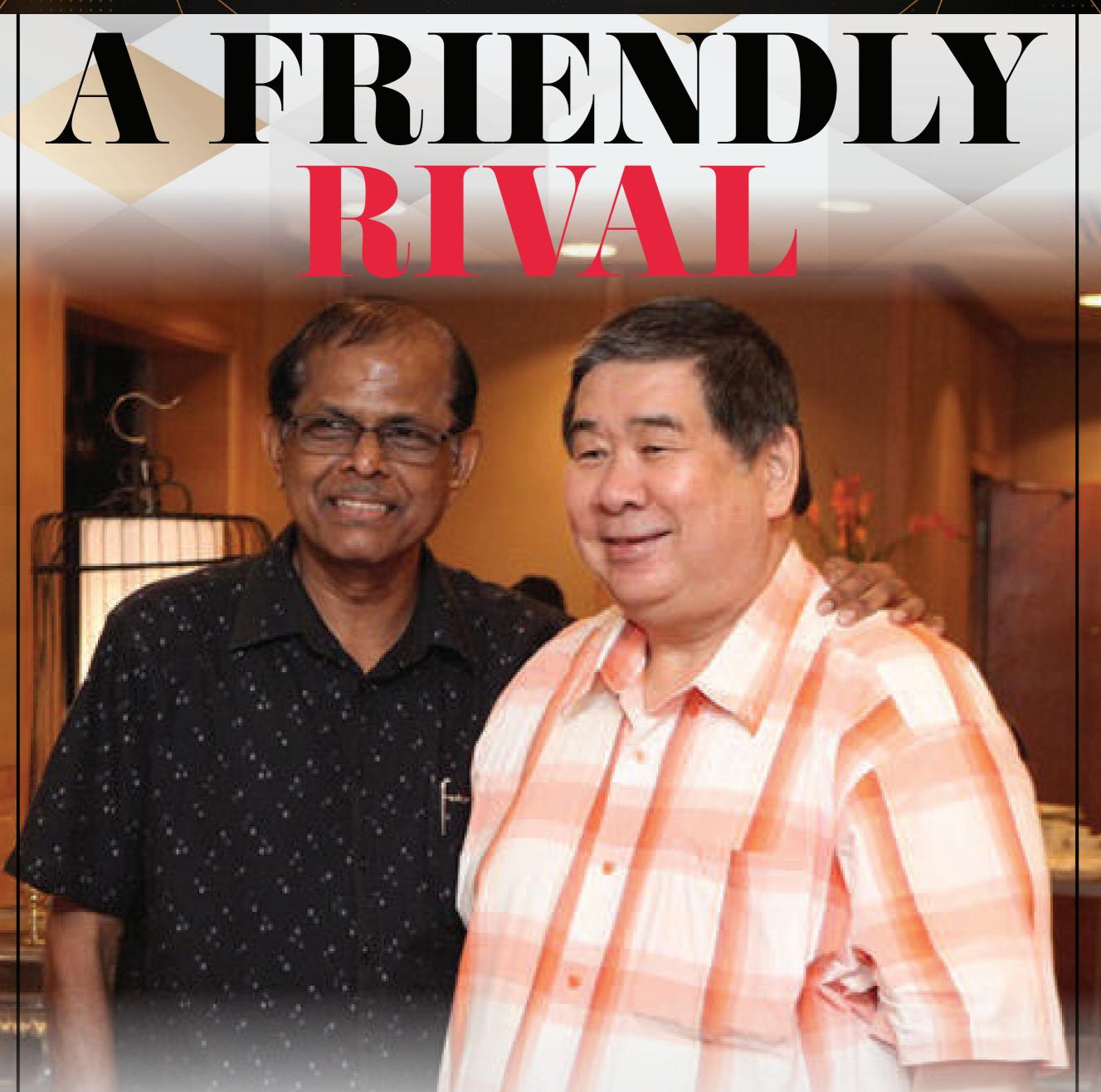
REMEMBERING RICHARD VELU



first knew Velu in the mid-1970s when he was writing for The Star.

He was a man with a quiet disposition despite hailing from Penang, like me, where Penangites are usually rather loquacious in whatever languages or dialects!

Velu knew his stuff well and was, therefore, a formidable competitor.

We got on well, for he was

gentle and respectful in his ways and didn't go out of his way to scuttle you to get a big scoop and a byline for himself. It meant a lot to some sportswriters to see their bylines emblazoned day in and day out.

As for me, being in a wire agency (BERNAMA), getting a byline published was a rarity. I would be over the moon if it happened!

His articles were always

a joy to read. He was always factually correct and had little room for mistakes. Our friendly rivalry ceased towards the end of the 1970s when I moved on to scribble on other things happening in the country.

I shall miss Velu, mainly because he reminded me of the days when I was trying to make my mark in Kuala Lumpur.

BY YONG SOO HEONG