

OUTPOST

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH CLUB

JANUARY 1988



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DIARY

JANUARY

| | | | |
|------|----|--|---|
| Sat | 2 | Dinner Video | 6.00 & 8.00 p.m. |
| Sun | 3 | Buffet Supper | From 5.00 p.m. |
| Mon | 4 | Club Closed : Staff Outing | |
| Tues | 5 | Ladies' Golf <i>BWG Lunch at the BC : Guest Mrs. Mackrell</i> New Member's Night/Happy Hour Bridge | 11.30 a.m. 11.30 a.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. 7.30 p.m. |
| Wed | 6 | <i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night | 9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m. |
| Thur | 7 | Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash | 8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon |
| Sat | 9 | Cricket : BC vs. RBSC (50 Overs), RBSC Dinner Video | 10.00 a.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m. |
| Sun | 10 | Cricket Nets Buffet Supper | 2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m. |
| Mon | 11 | <i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour | 9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. |
| Tues | 12 | Ladies' Golf Bridge | 7.30 p.m. |
| Wed | 13 | <i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night | 9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m. |
| Thur | 14 | Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BAMBI Meeting at the BC</i> <i>BCT Club Night : Community Services, Soi 33</i> | 8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 9.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m. |
| Sat | 16 | Cricket Nets Dinner Video | 2.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m. |

| | | | |
|------|----|--|---|
| Sun | 17 | Cricket : BC vs. Indians (50 Overs), Polo Club Buffet Supper | 10.00 a.m. From 5.00 p.m. |
| Mon | 18 | <i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour | 9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. |
| Tues | 19 | Ladies' Golf Bridge | 7.30 p.m. |
| Wed | 20 | <i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night | 9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m. |
| Thur | 21 | Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BWG Lunch : Hilton Hotel. Contact Marianne Johns Tel: 392-8019</i> | 8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 11.00 a.m. |
| Fri | 22 | <i>BWG New Year Get Together, British Embassy</i> | 7.00-9.00 p.m. |
| Sat | 23 | <i>St. Andrew's Society Golf Classic, State Railway Course</i> Cricket : BC vs. AIT (30 Overs), AIT Dinner Video Burn's Night Ceilidh : Siam Intercontinental | 1.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m. |
| Sun | 24 | Cricket : BC vs. AIT (50 Overs), Polo Club Buffet Supper | 10.00 a.m. From 5.00 p.m. |
| Mon | 25 | <i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour | 9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. |
| Tues | 26 | Ladies' Golf Bridge | 7.30 p.m. |
| Wed | 27 | <i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night | 9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m. |
| Thur | 28 | Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash | 8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon |
| Sat | 30 | Cricket : BC vs. TCC (30 Overs), RBSC Dinner Video | 1.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m. |
| Sun | 31 | Cricket Nets Buffet Supper | 2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m. |

For further information, see Activities Page for contact names and telephone numbers.
Note: Non Club events in italics

Meet the New Members



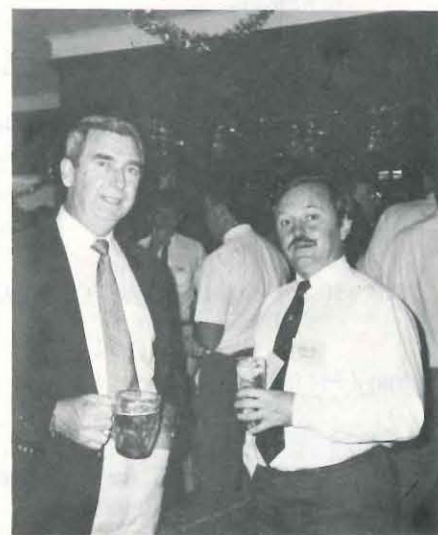
Betty & David Sutton: have been here for one year; came from Kuwait. David used to be in the RAF; now works for Airbus Industrie at Don Muang. He says he's too old for sport, it requires co-ordination between hand and foot, a feat no longer possible (sorry!). He writes long letters to local newspapers instead. Betty, originally from Singapore, is a whist fanatic and would like to know if there are any like-minded souls around.



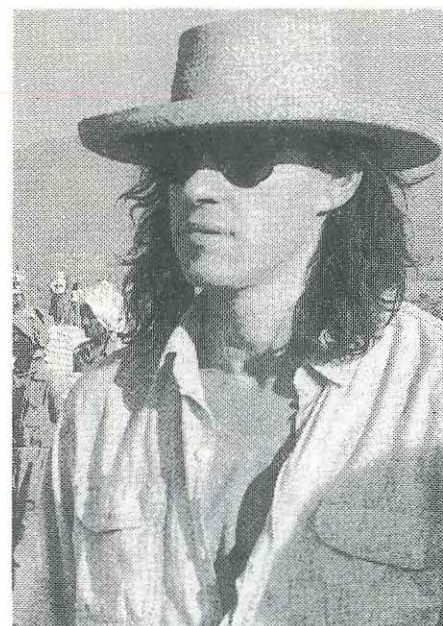
David & Jo Hind: have been here for six weeks; came from Sidney. They lived here in 1970/71 when Jo taught English and French at Patana School. They have three children at ISB and are a tennis crazy family.



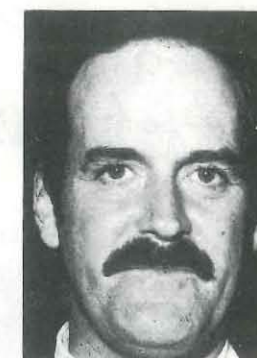
Russell Angus Winyard: works for Dodwell, a force in world trading! This is his second time in Bangkok (he managed to avoid us the last time). He's single, a quarter Scots, a brilliant snow skier and a lousy golfer.



Gerry Carpenter: originally from London, but has spent the last 25 years in and out of the States. He's single at the moment and is a golf and snooker man.



Rory McAlpine: Canadian from Toronto. He is the 2nd Secretary in the Embassy's Commercial Section. Rory has been here for a year and enjoys it. He has a wife and six month old child, presently on home leave in Canada. He plays squash and tennis, and swims.



Robert Brand: has come from Vancouver BUT was born in Bangkok and lived here for 17 years (his Dutch Dad was with Diethelm). Robert is in advertising, plays tennis and squash and has a secret passion for acting!

Jim Gilsenan: a broad Glaswegian; finance manager, working here with Britoil. This is the family's first overseas posting. Mrs G and the two children were at home unpacking the newly arrived freight. Jim plays squash badly.



George & Karen Pettigrew: from Edinburgh; have been here for 3½ months; their first time overseas. George is also with Britoil; he plays squash, football and golf. Karen is a Chartered Surveyor who enjoys squash and jogging.

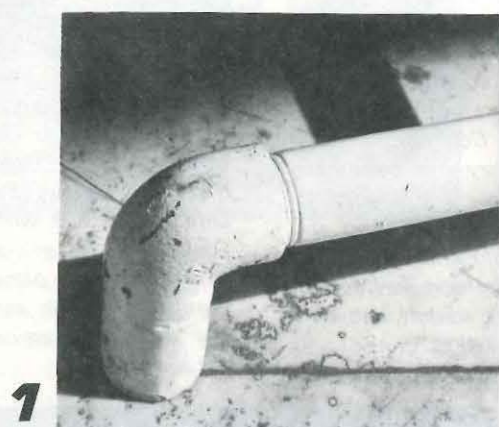


Ian Kane: my shock of the evening — I hardly recognised Ian who has lost 45kg since I knew him in the early 80's (and he's still losing weight). He has been living in Phitsnulok for the last 4 years, but is now Bangkok based; is married and has a seven week old son. Ian is originally from Inverness and in the last year has become a complete golf fanatic. Great to see you again, Ian!

(Ed: you may have noticed that some of the above bear a remarkable resemblance to a number of other well known faces — the film in my camera snapped after photo no. 3 on this particular New Members' Night — typical! Pictures/names have been matched totally impartially, and no offence is meant by any of the pairings!).

"Around the British Club"

But, what and where? Identify these ten objects, to be found within the confines of the British Club grounds, correctly and win a bottle of champagne.



1



2



3

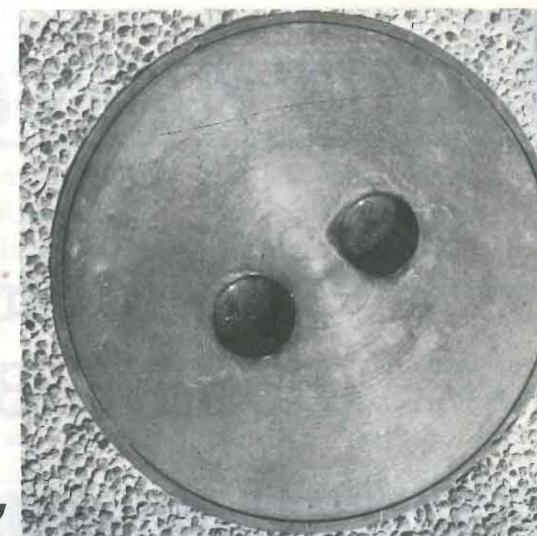


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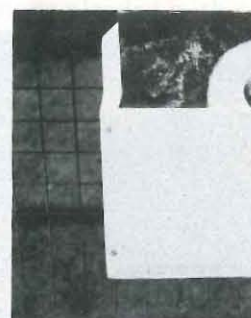
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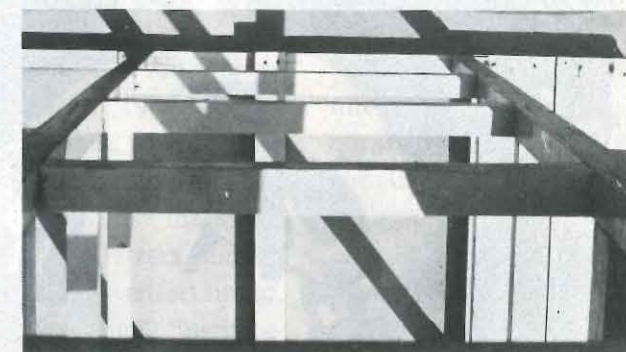
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9



10



RESULTS

Believe it or not, the first correct entry (one of seven, you're getting better) to be pulled out of the hat, identifying BOB COOMBES as November's beautiful baby, was that submitted by SALLY VOROVAN (V18)! It wasn't a fix – honest, guv!

Turn to the Committee page to see who all those pretty babies were in December's OUTPOST. Carol Anwar won two bottles of Champagne for ten out of twelve correct answers. Very well done!

To: OUTPOST

The objects are:

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. | 2. |
| 3. | 4. |
| 5. | 6. |
| 7. | 8. |
| 9. | 10. |

Name :

Club No:

Entries to Reception by 31st December, latest please.

K NOW YOUR COMMITTEE

Michael Ball (Food & Beverage)



BORN 1935. He first came out East to Hong Kong at the age of 19 in 1954 on a troopship with an infantry regiment, and has only spent four years in the U.K. since then. On leaving the Army in 1957 he joined the

Anglo-Thai Corporation in London, and a few months later arrived in Bangkok. January 1988 is, therefore, the 30th anniversary of his first stay in Thailand. He joined the British Club within days of arrival, which was then automati-

cally expected of the new young British "Mercantile Assistants". He spent the next three and a half years partly with Anglo-Thai and partly seconded to Ben Line Steamers.

He returned to the U.K. in 1961 and joined the

Weddel Group of Companies mainly concerned with food and animal by-products, worked with them for 26 years and, since his semi-retirement a few months ago, continues to represent them as a "Consultant" to a friend's local company who have become their agents.

After two dreary years in London he pleaded with his employers to be sent East again, but was instead sent South to Nigeria for three years 1963/1966. However, in 1966 he was posted to Hong Kong for a second time, management of that branch including frequent trips to Taiwan.

In 1975 he achieved another objective by returning to Thailand for the second time, at least using Bangkok as a base for a regional liaison office. Thailand had been his favourite country ever since 1958, and even before 1975, he used to come back here on leave fairly frequently. On one visit in 1972 he became engaged and on another in 1973 he married. His wife's name is Sunanta and she used to be a teacher of Thai Classical Dancing at the Fine Arts Department. They have no children of their own, but one of his wife's nieces has lived with them since their

return to Thailand in 1975.

During the next 12 years, he spent about a third of his time travelling elsewhere in Asia, including two stand-in jobs at an associated company in Singapore, and another in Kuala Lumpur. He visited places as far apart from one another as Karachi, Mauritius, Guangzhou and Jakarta. He depended on Indonesia for at least a third of his commercial activities and it was the economic decline of Indonesia, and to a lesser extent of the Philippines from about 1983, which hastened his early retirement. His principals told him that whilst his many voluminous letters and reports were entertaining, his commercial justification was gradually diminishing, so early semi-retirement, with only the tiny remnant of his employer's business in Thailand to look after, came as no surprise. His wife, for one, is relieved that his overseas travelling seems to have ended.

He has to confess that unlike most of the other members of this Club and of nearly every other Club, he is not interested in any sports. His exercise is limited to one or two short swims a week, and a

daily walk of about 30 or 45 minutes with his dogs. Violent exercise, such as Rugby playing, horrifies him and what some establishments advertise as "Fitness Centres" he would describe as "Torture Chambers".

He does not care for technical things. He is glad to have reached semi-retirement without having to learn anything about computers and other such gadgets. If television had never been invented, it would not have worried him. He hates so called "discotheques" and juvenile delinquent music. He considers persons who actually pay to "enjoy" such noise pollution as lunatics. They already have the roar of Bangkok's traffic and all those fumes free of charge.

What he enjoys mostly these days is reading and more reading, particularly news magazines, history, politics and Far Eastern affairs. His home is overflowing with nearly a thousand books, including dozens of volumes of press cuttings. He would greet news of a revolution or coup d'état in even the most remote of countries, with the same interest some of his colleagues would greet a cricket or football result. Less than a

quarter of his reading is fiction, and if so, he prefers detective stories, thrillers and historical novels.

He has put considerable mental effort into the study of four different languages. Whilst he is now able to read newspapers in two of them, he has not yet attained real fluency in any.

Living in one of Bangkok's suburban "Moo Bahns" 20 km from the city centre, he likes the greenery of even a fairly small tropical garden and would never like to live in an apartment building again.

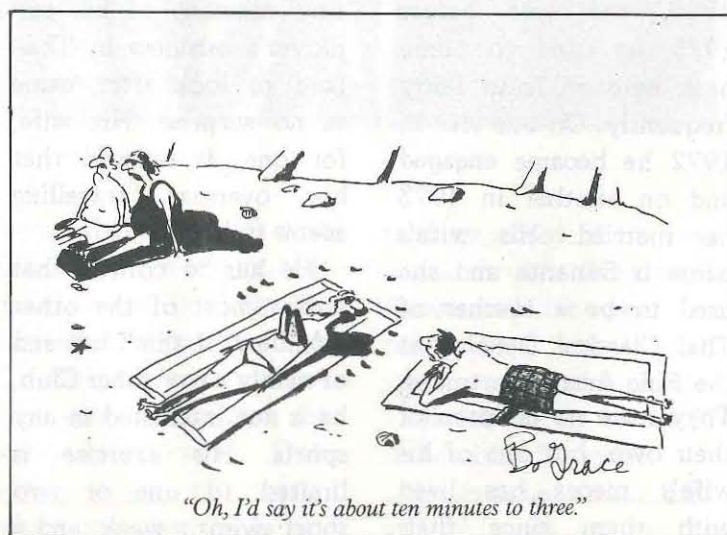
Only recently, someone taunted him yet again with "You have lived most of your adult life in this part of the world - you are supposed to be the F&B Member, but you cannot even eat Oriental Food". But that is only half true. In fact, he enjoys a lavish Chinese dinner washed down with plenty of booze and does not even mind Japanese food, but has to admit that it is a different story with Thai, Indonesian or Indian food. Even a spoonful of curry, chilli, lemon grass or assorted peculiar spices would send him hiccupping away in search of "Actal" or "Ultra Carbon". Basically, he is a

food conservative and believes that such typically English dishes as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and well done leg of lamb with mint sauce are the finest in the world. For the latter, the emphasis is "well done". None of that semi-raw French style lamb and "Nouvelle Cuisine" nonsense!

On beverages he prefers beer, but never before sundown. Otherwise, soft drinks during daylight hours. He may have offended self-styled wine connoisseurs by remarking that most red wines taste like red ink. He realises that Thai friends are aghast at some of his eating habits. For instance, Thais think only children should eat sweets, but he drinks milk, eats chocolates and ice cream, and is amused to watch their faces as he shovels down a

banana split, and then perhaps, drinks another beer.

He is keen on punctuality and routine. For instance, he likes to eat lunch no later than twenty minutes past twelve. He is usually in bed and fast asleep well before 11 p.m. Perhaps, for New Year and other special occasions, he might just be able to stay awake until fifteen minutes past midnight. However, he is not entirely unsociable and if any Member of the Club thinks he is ignoring them, this is simply due to short sightedness and even wearing spectacles; he may not have seen them waving at him. He is surprised to realise at the age of not quite 53, that he is the oldest amongst the Committee Members, although he only joined the Committee a year ago.



Vincent Swift (Membership/Publicity)

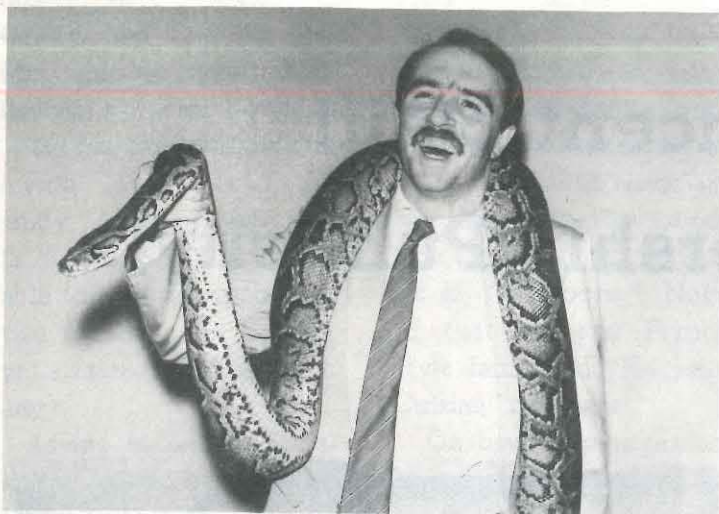
BORN and raised in Huyton on the outskirts of Liverpool, there was little indication that eventually the fledgling Swift would fly East. Descended directly from the Kings of Ireland, my grandparents rejoiced in the aristocratic surnames of McDermott, Hegarty, O'Sullivan and, of course, that noble Lancashire lineage, Swift. The normal tendency for the Liverpool-Irish has always been Westwards to the New World, a path taken not too successfully by one of my McDermott forebears. He left his wife and children (of which one was my grandmother) to seek his fortune as a steeplejack on the first skyscrapers in Chicago. Unfortunately, according to his one and only letter home, he fell to his death shortly after arrival, and was never heard from again. But this was not the only force that eventually compelled this young man to go East, in opposition to the normal flow of traffic. Within the immediate ancestors there were some alarming contradictions. My Hegarty grandfather, a Trinity College scholar, was a fierce Republican, who so deeply resented being called up into the British Army of 1914



Vince, a hundred and fifty per cent employed at Leo Burnett/Diethelm Advertising.

that he broke his leg with a hammer as the hated Black and Tans raced up the stairs to conscript him. My Swift grandfather, temporarily abandoning his mining interests (Crompton Colliery, B Shaft, Southern Workings), spent the early part of the Great War as one of the distinguished Black and Tans persuading able-bodied Dubliners to serve in HM Forces. So, the cross-cultural frustrations I later encountered in Asia were not entirely without family precedent.

With this unlikely genetic pool as the foundation, the Swift persona gradually evolved under the influence of two overriding factors. First, the noble, crusading spirit was forged by seven years at the tender mercy of the Jesuits of St Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool. At the age of 11, I reached the zenith of my Christianity by scooping the school Religious Prize. Thereafter, I followed a broader, more pleasant and ever-downward path. At the age of 17, the Reverend Father Doyle



Swift, with one of his "fast women".

branded me a Communist for sneaking out to the pub at lunchtime and claiming I had been making private devotions at a little chapel down the road.

The second factor was, of course, the serene and gentle culture that pervades the Scouse heartland. The cutting edge of the Swift tongue, as later deployed in many General Committee sessions, was honed on the playing fields of Roughwood, Kirby, in Bowyer's sausage factory, Aintree, and in the tap room of the Eagle and Child, Page Moss.

My school days thus complete, armed with all the social skills of Huyton's elite, I set forth, Southwards, to complete my education at a seat of higher learning.

In fact, to the City of Dreaming Spires, where I passed a pleasant few years aspiring to play a good level of football and rugby, and dreaming of winning a Nobel prize in Chemistry. The former did become in part reality — I played football or rugby virtually every day — and once or

twice even at a good level. The latter remained a dream, but I finally emerged with what is known as a "good" Second Class Honours degree (my tutor called it "miraculous"), and an interesting specialisation. I spent a year as a postgraduate research chemist seconded to the Oxford Management Centre writing a thesis on Marketing Single-Cell Protein Food Substitutes which obviously required that I conduct fieldwork in Thailand. This also explains why it is that I am just out of camera in that scene in the Deer Hunter when Christopher Walkden goes into the Saigon bar and gets recruited for the Russian Roulette game. It was, of course, shot in the Mississippi Queen in Patpong 1977 where I was completing the fieldwork for my Master's.

With academic qualifications combining the disciplines of pure chemistry and marketing, I was a fruit too juicy to remain unplucked for long, and was promptly hired as the Physics Master, Somerset Comprehensive, White Hart Lane,

Tottenham. Although enjoying my sojourn as a teacher, and despite a commendation from the Borough of Haringey ("Bravery beyond the call of duty in the face of an armed student from Class 5T"), I had earlier decided that commerce, and more specifically advertising, was the way to fame, fortune and fast women.

I spent several rather racy and enjoyable years as an advertising executive in London (and, intermittently, Denmark, France, Switzerland and Sweden) pursuing all three, but could not erase the memories of two extended stays in Thailand. Eventually, in 1983, I succumbed to an approach by Leo Burnett/Diethelm Advertising, one of Bangkok's leading agencies, where I remain 150% employed to this day.

It was indeed a good move. Fame at last: as "Razor" Swift, own-goal hero of the Soccer Section, and Torpid Terror of the Rugby back-row; as "Rambo" Swift, Club Champion Athlete (32nd out of 32) in the 1986 Sports Day, and as Denis Thatcher that sober, upright chief executive of the BC's "Dreadful Dinner Theatre Inc."

Fortune, which is what I need one of every month to pay my ridiculously excessive Club bill (well you need something to anaesthetise yourself when you are in a General Committee meeting).

And fast women, which is what the Outpost Ladies will have to be if they expect to get this printed in time because it leaves me with the nib glowing red hot and the ink still wet.

CLUB ROUNDUP

The Bangkok St. Andrew's Society



FIT like? (English translation — How are you?) — Wee Eck here again. Hello, you're thinking! What's he doing on this page? He's supposed to be a sports correspondent. Well, I'll let you into a secret. Not a lot of people may have guessed, but I'm Scottish Honest! Anyway, the Chieftain asked me to pen a few words about the forthcoming attractions. First of all, though, what about "The" Ball? It's one of the few times we Scots get one over on the English. Have you ever noticed how it's "The" FA Cup and not the English Cup, or "The" Rugby Union, and so on? Well, we (Scots, that is) have "The" Ball.

By any standards, this year's Ball was pretty good, as witness the high number who stayed to the end and went on to breakfast at the British Club. The evening got off to a slowish start and although the Chieftain's speech was, perhaps, just a wee bit longer than expected, I heard at least one joke that wasn't more than a decade old. Seriously, John made a good job of thanking all the various guests and lead us nicely into the Pipes and Drums of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards who were, as



"I made friends with a Guardsman!"

usual, superb. They broke several records this year: played longer, officer did something other than speak (and an excellent job he made of his pipe solo); longest air journey by a pipe band to Bangkok (arrived 29 hours late), and stayed sober longer (this last one they are not too



The Pipes & Drums of the 1st Battalion Royal Scots Guards: Beating the Retreat.

proud of!). The drinks were positively flowing, as were the various dances and wasn't the MC'ing brilliant (cough)? The salmon and haggis were "aroy", as usual, but the vol-au-vent — say no more! Ah well, that's it for another year.

Yet still, January is upon us and we can dust off the 'pumps' and Skean Dhus again (Ed: what?) in preparation for the Burn's Nicht Ceilidh which, this year, will be held on Saturday 23rd January in the Siam Intercontinental Hotel. Please keep the date free, and Society Members should be receiving application forms any day now. There will be the usual mix of ballad, buffet, Burns, and booze with

quite a few dances thrown in for good measure, and judging by the success of our last function at this venue, a good night is on the cards.

In addition to the Ceilidh, the 23rd January is also the date for the Society Invitation Golf Classic, which will be played in the morning at the State Railway Course, opposite the Central Plaza. This is another 'hardy annual' that attracts a regular following and the competition promises to be keen, despite the fact the standard rarely rises above mediocre until the lads and lasses retire to the 19th hole. Again, invitations will be out soon. Go for it!

One final word on Society golf. A circular was issued

advising the date of the Inter-Societies' Golf meet which, this year, is the responsibility of St Andrew's to organise. Unfortunately, no one told the organisers, the 27th/28th February date clashed with another auspicious event organised by the British Club that has something to do with the Kitchen Sink (strange people golfers), so the likelihood is that the Inter-Societies' match will be re-arranged and everyone will be advised in due course. Keep your eyes on your mail box and hold back on the hotel reservation until then.

Talking on golf, what about the guy who came home at 4.00 a.m. to be met by a wife in rollers and brandishing a



"What a noise!"

rolling pin? "I was jesh playing golf, dear." Wife: "Are you nuts? How can you play golf in the dark?" Husband: "Easy, we use night clubs."

Finally, since this is the Society Page, a Scotsman, an Englishman, and a Welshman were walking along the road when they found a sheep trapped in a fence. The Englishman said, "I say chaps, if I had one wish I'd wish that was Samantha Fox trapped there." Said the Scot, "Man, if ah had a wish ah'd wish that wis Isla St Clair." (Who?) Taffy said, "Ah, if I had a wish, I'd wish it was dark."

Take care, and a "Guid New Year tae one and a'!"

Alex "Scoop" Forbes.



"It's hot in this lot!"

Jim Davidson at the British Club

At about the time we were expecting some action, a clean-cut character with large spectacles, a cigarette and a glass of wine took the stage. Was this Terry Seabrook, or even Jim himself? Was it the world's first living brain transplant donor looking for his dog 'Nigger' among the two hundred and eighty mad-dog expatriates present? Or was it Peter the Scandanavian plumber trying to get maximum exposure?

No, it was the Club Manager fresh from his non-speaking part in 'God Save the British Club', appearing courtesy of Patpong Entertainments. His message was to forget the fact that the noodle stall had closed, to enjoy the buffet (a much better-than-average Sunday night spread complete with Thai khanom), and to have a drink or three. Terry Seabrook would be on soon.

A moustachioed American working for an investment company stood behind me in the drinks queue. He was very impressed by it all. "I think I'll join this club" he said, puffing on a big Havana and looking a bit like Groucho Marx. A month or so back he probably could have bought the place and paid his subscription out of the change. Not any more, I thought. Still, true to his caricature, he probably wouldn't want to join a club which would have him as a member.



It's difficult to tell a joke if your eyes keep falling out because you're sweating too much!

Then Terry Seabrook came on. Those closest to the stage knew they were in for a rough night within about thirty seconds. "What's your name then?" he asked Mrs Forrest. "Sriwan" came the typically confident reply. "See one? I don't know about anyone else, but I can see two from where I am." Even the Swiss with the fake Rolex and the Cathay Pacific table had to agree that Terry was sharp.

The magic was slick too. Bobby's coat survived attempted cremation, as did a 500-baht note. The guillotine came

down on two hand-cuffed hands but they were still attached to their owners courtesy of a second, shorter blade concealed in the assembly (damn, there goes my membership of the Magic Circle). But the burning wallet trick could never be done on mine as there's never anything flammable in it.

The males then went to chase matchsticks down the urinal and the women went for a one or a two, or both (a three?). Meanwhile a jet-lagged Jim Davidson tuned the PA system to his liking and

changed into a lounge suit. Some of us had already had a little too much of the green medicine. Others preferred to dose up on Beaujoleau Nouveau (hic) aged to perfection in a sweaty Bangkok customs warehouse.

Jim started off by doing The Right Things. He thanked the sponsors, his agent, and the British Club. He said how nice it was to be in Bangkok and called for a round of applause for his supporting act. The jokes were restrained. His comments about members of the audience were measured. Although his biological clock was still operating on GMT, a Bangkok expatriate audience was probably an unknown quantity to him. He looked subdued.

Fortunately, this state of affairs only lasted about ten minutes. Jim then realised that his audience were not all upper class twits displaced in time and place from Victorian England to the tropics. He discovered Americans, Canadians, Australians and Irishmen, local entrepreneurs and giant locusts with five-man crews. He got into his stride and into his not-so-clean routine.

The result was an entertaining evening. His accents ranged from Hooray Henry to Caribbean, the situations from breaking wind at parties to video nasties. His 'technical difficulties' had Khun Saipin from the bar staff hiding behind the plants near the PA system at the end of the sala. He played the piano, came back for an encore, and even came to the bar afterwards for a drink.



Patricia & Rolf in danger of losing their hands.



Bobby's wife stole the show!

I've seen Jim Davidson on TV and video before. Like all comedians, he reuses old material, throws in bad-taste gags (like his 'Reach for the Sky' parody), and a lot of his humour is lavatorial. But he does it with a confidence and

style which make him the success he is. And where else in the world could you enjoy good food and live entertainment in a pleasant setting for ten quid?

A Jolson (Straightman).

•

British Club Christmas Ball



Ruam Rudee School Choir.



"La Bamba!"



"I did it my way".



Helmut & Elizabeth Schreyer.



"Come to the Cabaret".



Bernard Grogan with (left to right) overland travellers James & Greg, Nok Boulter and Bernard's wife, Vanarat.



Come Dancing with Helen Benham & Dick Chessman.



"Where did you get that hat?"

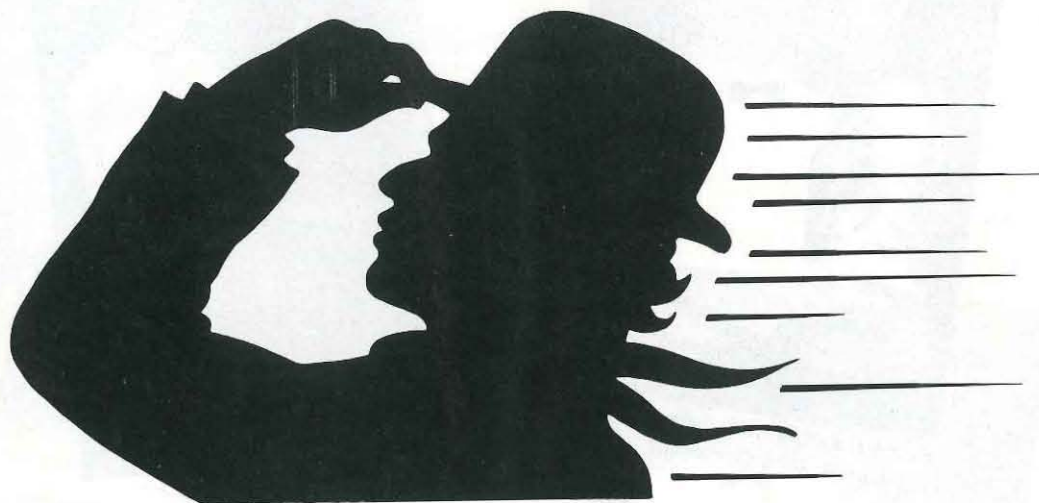


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LETTERS

Orpington
10th December 1987

Dear Mandy,

Thanks for your latest letter. Dad couldn't understand why you've started going to St. Andrew's things, and doing Scottish dancing – after all no one in the family comes from North of the Border – in fact, no one in the family comes from North of St. Albans – though your 2nd cousin, Arnold, did go up and move in with that floosie from Bromsgrove.

Dad's gone to an allotment meeting tonight. I don't know why they chose him as secretary because they all have to shout to make him understand anything. No wonder the minutes are always wrong! He says they chose him because he knows his onions, which I suppose must be true as all he grows over there is onions and those rotten cabbages.

Well, lots of things have been happening here. Mrs. Waller's cat got run over, the milkman's horse has retired at last and he's now got one of those electric carts. Last week he took the bend at the bottom of the road too fast and a crate of gold-top shot into the side of Mrs. Blackmore's new third-hand Viva.

Well, he's just come in soaking wet – forgot to take his umbrella. I suppose he'll want to sit in front of the telly with his feet stuck in a bowl of hot water and bath salts. If he falls asleep I'll take a picture and sent it to you.

Don't forget to call at Christmas and New Year.

Love to all of you,
Your loving Mum

Express from Bangkok
21st December 1987

Dear Mum,

Thanks for your news. It's been very busy here. We had Jim Davidson doing a show at the British Club – everyone seemed to think he was very funny, but I couldn't really see what they were laughing at – and a Christmas Ball on the backlawn. (The back lawn of the British Club – not our house).

The weather's been nice and cool (around 20-22°C) and we slept without the airconditioning for a few nights. However, Ken couldn't get to sleep because of dogs barking all night, so we've put it back on again.

The traffic is as bad as ever, partly I guess because of the large number of tourists here. Airlines and hotels are booked up a long time ahead, so try to persuade Dad to come out next year so we can book the flight in time. I know he doesn't want to leave the blessed dog behind, but I'm sure Mrs. Waller would look after it for a few weeks. He'd enjoy himself. Ken says there are one or two places he knows which Dad would certainly appreciate. By the way, how is his health standing up?

Must go now, I have to get ready for another cocktail reception at the Oriental, then we have dinner with a visiting fireman from London.

Hope you received the parcel; I will call on the 25th.

Love from us all,
Mandy

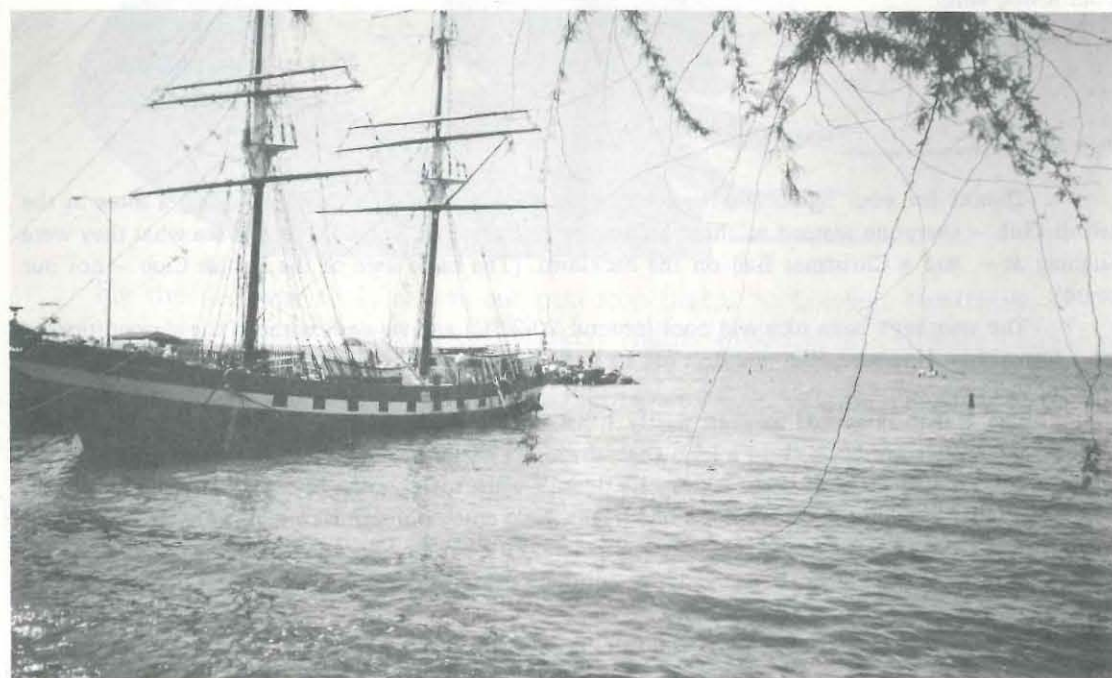
Hawaii, or Rather, Maui

HAWAII, the land of "Magnum" and "Hawaii Five O'", grass skirts, and Hula girls. A land of blue lagoons and romance — a place I thought I would never go to, but When we started to investigate taking a world trip, suddenly the idea of visiting Hawaii became a real

possibility. How else does one get from the mainland USA to Australia, but via Hawaii on a round the world ticket at no extra cost?

We had been advised in the UK not to stay on the island of Oahu where the famous Waikiki beach, the Benidorm of the Pacific,

dominates all, so we booked two nights on the island of Maui. Flights into Honolulu didn't quite work out with flights out to Maui, so we had seven hours to kill in Honolulu. We are young world travelers, we can cope with that or so we thought! After crossing America by



Old whaling ship in Lahaina.



View of Lahaina with hills in the background.

Greyhound in five days, where both your bed and the toilets are constantly on the move, where one's diet consists of hamburgers, french fries, and Budwiesers, leading to chronic constipation, I needed Hawaii.

We arrived at midnight at Honolulu International Airport, but as my husband is constantly reminding me, we are on a budget holiday, so we spent a night in the airport lounge. Unfortunately, prior to our departure from San Francisco, I had eaten half a bar of Ex-Lax, and as we snuggled down to a night on chairs in the departure lounge it

started to work! At 3.00 in the morning I lay awake on the specially bottom-moulded chairs wondering if they were designed as tools of torture or whether the pain was just a by-product.

We were up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed at 5.15 a.m. with the cleaners and a lady who, we found out on our return, is obviously a resident "sleeper" at the airport, to catch our 6.30 flight on Aloha Airlines to Maui — the island known for sugar cane and hump-backed whales.

Once again, on our arrival, we suffered the disappointment of no leis (flower garlands), but this

was soon displaced by my husband, commonly known as "McSlinger", "Scrooge Slinger" or "No Hands Nicholas", actually hiring a little jeep for the duration of our stay. Whoopee! Off came the roof, and whoosh, away we went. We finally discovered that our hotel was on the other side of the island down Highway 62, which was easily negotiated through miles and miles of sugar cane plantations. We noticed a huge black cloud in the distance, slowly getting nearer and nearer. Suddenly, it was upon us and we found ourselves driving right through an area where the

cane was being burnt. We went in pasty white in a bright red jeep and came out looking like a pair of Gollies on the back of a Robertson's Jam jar — my white singlet hasn't been the same since.

Maui is the home of an extraordinary mixture of vegetation. We stayed on the South-Eastern end of the island, which was very dry, and except on the shore's edge, quite barren, yet the extreme western edge of the island boasted the second wettest place on earth during 1986 and sports thick, lush rain-forest. Our hotel was a beautiful, traditional Hawaiian building situated right on the water's edge. What more could a soul want? Swaying palm trees, the Pacific lapping against white sand, and the use of a bright red jeep for a whole two and a half days.

Our first port of call was the town of Lahaina, the whaling centre of the Hawaiian group. Whaling is no longer practiced, but a number of old whaling boats are still moored in front of a wonderful, old, wooden, Somerset Maugham-type hotel which remains virtually unchanged.

Many other old wooden buildings remain intact, but now house myriad

racks of luminous, brightly coloured surfing shorts, singlets, and Aloha shirts, each vying with the other for garishness. It was here that Nick was first approached by rather bandit-like Hawaiians brandishing marijuana — it all comes from having a beard!

Unfortunately, we were about three weeks too early to see the schools of hump-backed whales which pass the island every November/December, but we could not help but be amazed and thrilled by the photographs of the whales which adorn nearly all the shops and bars in the town. The whales might have been missing, but the smell of pineapples (the other main reason for Lahaina's existence) was all pervading. I feel it my duty to report an absolute pearler at this point. We had driven through a number of pineapple plantations on the way to Lahaina, when Nick said, "What are they?" "Pineapples" was my reply. "Don't be silly" came his quick repost, "pineapples grow on trees".....

During our wanderings around the island we had noticed a flag flying from all the government buildings which was striped red, white, and blue, rather like the American

flag, but where the Stars would normally appear on the Stars & Stripes, a Union Jack was there in its place. We endeavoured to find out why. We asked the shop girl, the postman, the banker, the candlestick maker, all to no avail — some hadn't even noticed or could recall the flags which fly like bunting everywhere. Finally, the intrepid Nick ran it to ground — an old sea-dog explained that since the days of Captain Cook, Hawaii and England had enjoyed such a close accord that almost as a courtesy our Union Jack had been incorporated into the flag of Hawaii. The fact that Captain Cook was killed over a "misunderstanding" in Hawaii, seemed neither here nor there!

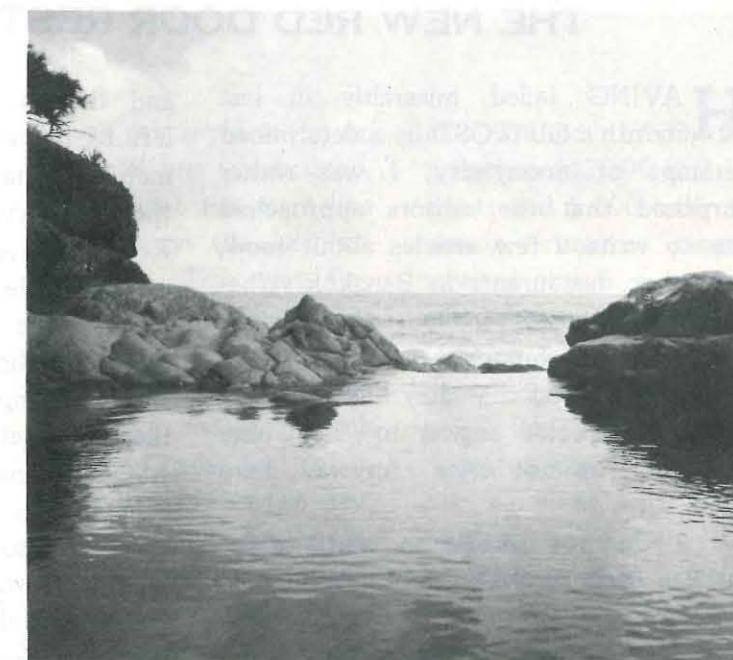
The following day we set off for Hana on the tropical eastern side of the island. We could not understand why by all accounts, the fifty mile journey would take us three hours, until, that is, we saw the road, which, not to put too fine a point on it, was appalling. This was not a trip for the faint-hearted, the sick or frail, or anyone who wears a neck brace. The scenery, however, was breathtaking. The road wound its

way up and down the side of hills thickly carpeted by wonderful tropical vegetation — Flame of the Forest, strange and exotic fruit trees, and waterfalls. Again, there was an all pervading fragrance, which we finally tracked down to coming from small, pink Guavas which fall from the trees and then rot, or are squashed. At one juncture, when the bouncing and joggling became too much, we stopped at the foot of a waterfall surrounded by a neatly 'manicured' garden right in the middle of the jungle. A strange find, but the colour of the water was like pure jade, and cool, which Nick found out as he plunged in, much to the amusement of our fellow joggers. Throughout the whole journey, although we could not see it, we were aware of a huge, menacing, possibly violent creature lurking in the distance — Haleakala — the volcano. Although it still simmers away, NASA see it as just the place to simulate the moon when training their astronauts — what an island!

Finally, Hana loomed under a large rain cloud. We had a very soggy lunch — it's not meant to rain in Hawaii! The Seven

Sacred Pools was our final destination. On we squelshed.

The pools are not, and never have been, sacred, nor are there seven of them. In fact there are many more pools than that, connected by a series of waterfalls leading down to the sea and grey sharks. Again, Nick discarded his clothes and, on this occasion, I joined him — wonderful, but it was then



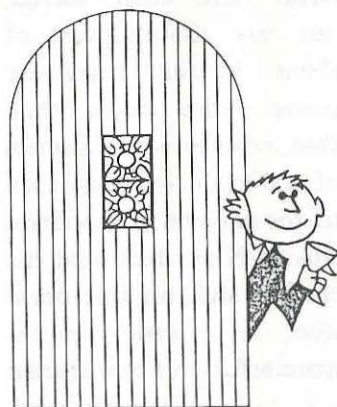
The seven sacred pools.

about turn, and back down the awful 'bum-numbing' road.

Hawaii, or rather Maui, is beautiful and is exactly how you would imagine — white beaches, surf, swaying palm trees, but it also has aspects you would not

expect to find — the contrast of barren, sun-burnt land in close juxtaposition to lush forest, pineapple canneries, dope pushers, and McDonalds. But, where oh where was Magnum?

Lizzie Slinger



THE NEW RED DOOR RESTAURANT

HAVING failed miserably in last month's OUTPOST in a determined attempt of anonymity, I was rather surprised that the editors approached me to write a few articles about food, or rather, restaurants in Bangkok. Whether it's my waist measurement or the fact that I'm supposed to know something about food that they have commissioned Bangkok's answer to "Le Guide Michelin", is not clear. Anyway, here goes.

I do not intend to write about hotels, because everyone knows where they are, and before the critics are crying foul I shall not be writing about the Angus Steak House as everyone knows they have the best steak in town.

The first restaurant to be featured is the New Red Door in Patpong Road: New, because a few years ago some structural alterations were made, but the food remains as good as ever. The Red Door was opened 26 years ago by long-time resident, John Weller. Patpong in those days boasted the head offices of Shell, Gestetner, and many advertising

and trading companies. They have all left to make way for the bars as some members may know. To cater for all these hungry expats John opened the Red Door to become only the fourth watering hole in Patpong. Imagine!

All the food is good. Of particular merit are the crispy fried noodles with either shrimp, pork or beef. Definitely the best between here and the black stump. Shanghai fried noodles, chopped beef potato cake, spare ribs and beef soup are also very good. Prices are most reasonable with an average bill for two, without alcohol, of under B200. Decor, ambience, and service are good, and if you can get them to give Benny Hill a break on the video you will enjoy your visit to the New Red Door. Parking is easy, either in the Christian Hospital Public Carpark or Patpong Carpark. It is certainly a place you may take children without any embarrassment. Now owned and operated by Khun Malina. Bon Appetit.

Bob Coombes

The Royal Bangkok Marathon – A Once in a Lifetime Experience

I believe it was Emil Zatopek, the legendary Czech Olympic hero, who summed up marathon running when he said "If you want to run, then run a mile. If you want to experience another life, run a marathon." To run a marathon in Bangkok on November 22nd meant climbing into running gear at 4 a.m. and heading off with thousands of others towards the much talked about cable stay bridge across the Chao Phraya river. Having been involved in the arrangements for the elite invited foreign runners to the Royal Bangkok Marathon, held to celebrate H.M. The King's 60th birthday plus the opening of the new bridge,

I was privileged to be on a special bus which deposited us at the start line high up on the new expressway. This was fine apart from the fact that all facilities, registration, toilets etc. were down below at ground level which appeared one hell of a jump so early in the day. The warm up on an incredibly hot and humid morning consisted of a jog back up the expressway in search of the nearest down ramp followed by a 10 minute search for an unoccupied pile of gravel as the official loos appeared to be miles away in the opposite direction.

With all preparations completed and all moving parts liberally greased, I

and around 1,500 full marathon (42.195 km) entrants and 5,000 half marathon runners eagerly awaited the 6 a.m. start gun knowing that 2 hours later an estimated 75,000 pairs of feet would set off on the 10km Fun Run.

Just a slight delay and off we went with dawn breaking somewhere east of Pattaya. For a marathon this was an eerily quiet start with not an "Oggy oggy" to be heard, just the patter of countless feet on asphalt. It was definitely going to be very hot and humid so decision No. 1 was taken – stop at each and every water station along the way otherwise there would be the risk of heat exhaus-



Around the 40 km. point surrounded by 10 km. Fun Runners, just before the approach to the bridge.

tion later on. As the lead cars, timing vehicles and elite runners disappear into the distance, the first few kilometres are always easily recalled as this is the time you decide how you feel; does that left knee really hurt, who shall I tag onto, what time to aim for etc etc. Later on, recall can prove somewhat difficult dependent on the race, but I have a vivid memory of all 42.195 km a few Sunday's ago.

Off the expressway, along Rama IV and left up Sathorn feeling fine, running well and enjoying myself. Spectators start to

appear and there is lots of encouragement and thankfully, lots of water and unbelievably it is ice cold. Grab two paper cups, drink one and pour the other over the head trying not to wet the shoes. 10km in 47 minutes which is a bit too fast so consciously slow down as we turn into Suksawat Road. Course still totally traffic free with aid stations, water and sponges, expertly handled by hordes of young ladies in white and green sporting Gatorade caps. Gatorade? Never seen it in Bangkok (it's a go faster electrolyte drink

from the US of A). Half marathon runners split off around 18km as our small groups head down towards Prapadaeng and the traffic and pollution and even flooded roads, but lots and lots of absolutely wonderful spectators. Wet through by now and halfway in 1hr 37 minutes – can this last? Turn around at 24km and head back towards Bangkok with the big hot sun beating down on our backs.

When things fall apart in a marathon they fall apart pretty quickly. First, with wet feet, it was the knowledge that blisters were

appearing around the big toe area left foot, then a definite slowing down, feeling incredibly hot, and surrounded by fume-belching vehicles. By 27km I was walking and thinking "Why am I here?" A polite wai at a roadside fruit vendor resulted in a goodly sized piece of pineapple being offered to this, by now totally dilapidated looking farang, much to the amusement of the locals. It tasted pretty good and I immediately felt that surge of energy reaching down into my legs. This new-found power lasted for around 300 metres before I adopted the "run 3 light-pole walk 2" strategy, well known to our fraternity. About here I was joined by fellow Lumpini runner, Kristian Bo, of the super-vet category and we

agreed this was the right approach until we advanced "to run 5 walk 2" for the next 5 km, or so. Hotter and hotter, with the dousing in water really being appreciated as we trundled up the Hua Hin road and on back to the new expressway. Only 5 km to go and I had to make it as my UN colleagues had pledged nearly 60,000 Baht to H.M. The King's Rural Development Projects if I completed the course (I raised 22,359 Baht by running around the UN Buildings on Friday 20th and the rest was there at the Finish Line). All thoughts of 3hr 40 mins had long gone, and the sight of literally thousands of Fun Runners up-front, spanning both sides of the highway and bridge, was a sight to behold. At this point I appreciated

the fact that running was impossible and melted into the crowd seeing Kristian disappear in a sea of heads. The bridge seemed incredibly steep until at the top the Finish was in view and I broke into a fair trot crossing the line in 4:03:07, gratefully receiving my Finisher's Medal in the process, plus a packet of shampoo which was immediately put to use in the roadside showers – what a lovely feeling. Zatopek was right and the logo on my newly acquired Nike T-shirt said it all – "The Royal Bangkok Marathon – A once in a lifetime experience." It most certainly was and now I can't wait for the Hong Kong on January 24th. Care to join me?

Brian Heath



"Don't be so awkward – ask them about their new sailing boat!"

A Day in the Life of a Retired "Gentleman"?

RETIREMENT comes to most of us at some time or other, so let's take a look at what it means to different people. To some, it may mean the end of drudgery, of hypertension, of trying to cope with ever increasing problems. To others it

could mean the end of leaping happily out of bed with a glad cry, full of enthusiasm, and ready to meet all the new crises, and the end of that feeling of elation and self-satisfaction at the close of a hard, but invigorating day of beating the competition.

But, to most, it means the opportunity to do all the things one never had time for; to read the books one always wanted to read; to spend more time with family, perhaps; to pursue one's hobbies more enthusiastically. To me it was probably a combination of



Bob, on the left in Pantomime rehearsal.

all these. Sometimes I miss the hustle and bustle, and at other times I'm glad it's over.

So, how does it affect me? Well, after meeting one retired gentleman in London several years ago, who must have had a master's degree in complaining, and at least a PhD in misery, I swore I would never fall into those, or similar, abysmal depths. People say, "What on earth do you do all day?" A fair question, and surely the crucial point of retirement. To sit idly all day reminiscing on the old days and complaining about the present is the surest way to senility.

I still get up at around 6.30 a.m. — not always with a glad cry, I must admit, depending on the escapades of the previous night. Then a leisurely shower, shave and a cup of tea on the balcony, with the daily rag to peruse avidly, scarcely able to contain my excitement and anticipation of the scintillating details of which police major has been promoted, or which major general has been transferred to inactive duty! Fortunately, there's always Garfield and The Born Loser!

After a frugal breakfast of fruit and a few lightly



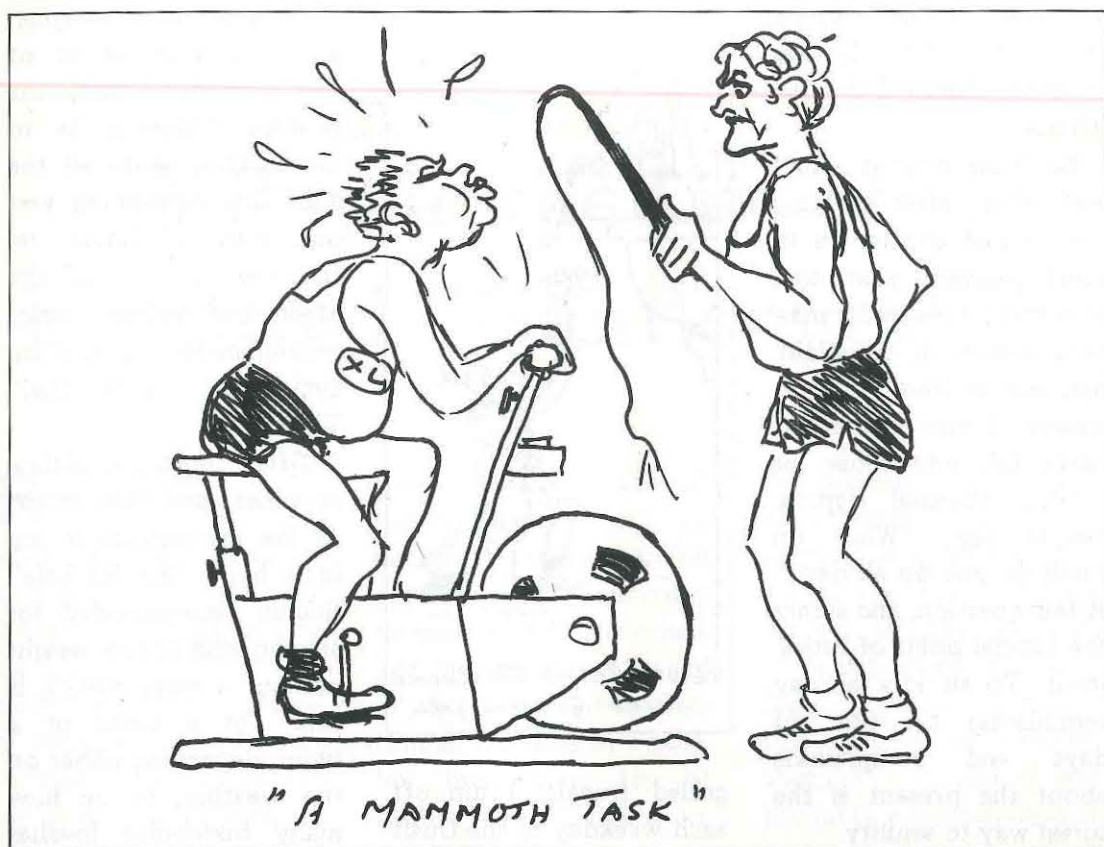
grilled frugals, I nip off each weekday to the Dusit Thani Health Club, where those courageous instructors have taken on the job of restoring my body to some semblance of physical fitness — a mammoth task, if not an impossible one, after years of over-eating and under-exercising. After the first few days I just wanted to die quietly, but soon things got better, and all my old aches and pains disappeared, to be replaced by new ones. Now I am happy to say, things are much improved and I even have the will to watch the ladies doing their aerobics — and very good they are too!

As you might imagine, after an hour or so of that strenuous activity, the obvious follow-up is to immediately undo all the good by consuming vast quantities of liquid refreshment at one of the lunch-time watering holes recommended by the encyclopedic "Night Owl" Trink!

After lunch, sometime or other, and conforming to the instructions in my little book "Fit for Life" (highly recommended for all who wish to lose weight without a nasty diet) it is time for a siesta or a swim, depending either on the weather, or on how many bikini-clad lovelies are brightening up the roof-top pool. Well, you're never too old to look are you?

Now, since this is a family magazine, I prefer to gloss over the evening activities as I should hate to be the cause of irate telephone calls to our Chairman or our over-worked Editor. Just let me say to those who may have seen me in one of the less salubrious establishments, don't get the wrong impression — and what the hell were you doing there anyway?!

Yes, in Thailand things are not always what they seem. Take the Bangkok



zebra crossings, for example, which appear to be safe crossing areas for pedestrians, but which are actually suicide points. Dare to put one foot on, and all the traffic increases speed!

One of my main hobbies has always been the amateur theatre, or as one of my friends put it, "prancing about on the boards like a fairy"! Naturally, the BCT offers a wide scope and takes up considerable time, especially during a production. I've never portrayed the bloke who gets the girl — and never will, of course

— but I've had some fun, especially during pantomime season, where laughs combine with cuts, bruises and physiotherapy bills. Ask David Hall, our "Superdame", he knows!

As for sporting activities, my days of cricket and squash are receding rapidly, along with the necessary reactions for these sports, which are, in fact, extinct like the Dodo bird. Never mind, I can still watch the Club team willowing and leathering their formidable way to the top of the League — where they belong.

What would a retired chap do without the good old British Club with its good facilities and culinary delights, to say nothing of the re-ceilinged Churchill Bar — and all this within a stone's throw of my apartment.

So, with all these pastimes, recreations or whatever you wish to call them, added to a little work — unpaid, I might add — for my previous partner, there is little time for reminiscing, thank heaven! To all of you, I say, "When it comes — Happy Retirement!"

Bob Radford

WELL WORTH READING

"Call Me Matron"

by Cassy Harker
with Jack Glattbach

"CALL ME MATRON" is a frank and absorbing account of the author's career in nursing over a period of forty years. Her career started with her training at Leeds General Infirmary, where she became a probationary nurse. In 1932 nursing was still very much under the influence of Florence Nightingale; a vocation for single women willing to be virtual servants to the doctors. They were paid allowances rather than salaries, living in the hospital was compulsory, as was attendance at Chapel, and marriage was out of the question. Patients too, had to endure fairly draconian conditions. If they were unfortunate enough to require surgery barbarous methods in theatre and post-operation care took some endurance.

Training and working in the north of England, Miss Harker had first-hand

experience of the deprivations of the pre-war depression, tensions leading up to the war and then the frantic pace of working in a large hospital dealing with the casualties of war torn Britain. She describes the introduction of the National Health Service and her involvement in the implementation of it in different types of hospitals.

It is chilling to read of how dreadful hospital conditions were only forty years ago and how fortunate for us that so much has improved. The author's career was extremely successful, culminating in her being matron of a large expanding hospital. Her enlightened attitude, almost revolutionary at times, did much to help nurses and patients alike. She worked tirelessly to improve the hospitals she was matron of, but not without personal sacrifice.

She had to endure va-

rious personal tragedies and crises which she relates with tremendous honesty, and courage.

This book will obviously appeal greatly to nurses, but is of considerable interest to all as it is a pleasant, easy read. I am sure, too, that anyone who knows Jack Glattbach, who currently lives in Bangkok with his wife, Hild, and their four children, working for UNICEF, will be eager to read the book. Jack is a member of the British Club; he was born in Bishop Auckland, spend his childhood in County Durham, graduated from Manchester University, and became a journalist in six years on The Northern Echo. He has since worked as an editor and writer in Asia and America, and plans to retire in Northumberland. "Call Me Matron" is available from Asia Books in paperback form.

Melanie Pomfret

WELL WORTH WATCHING

New Video Library Titles

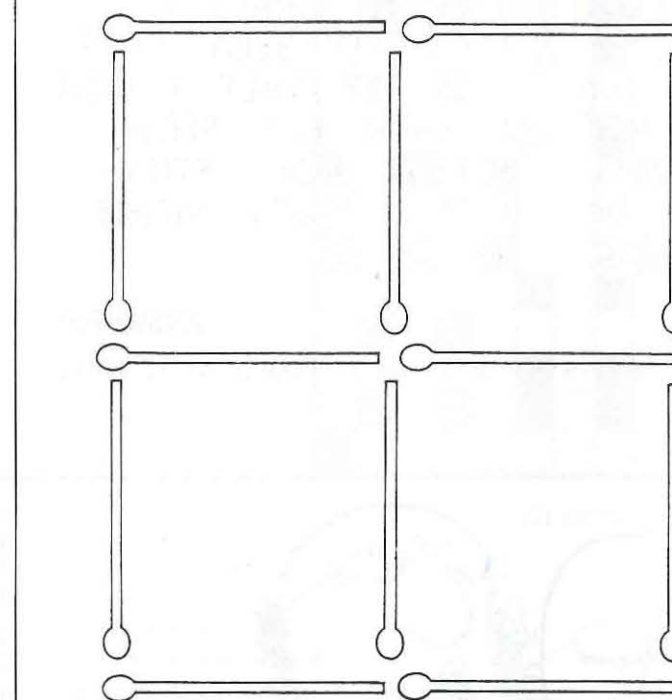
The Club are pleased to announce the addition of the following titles to the Video Library:

- TAPE 76** : Golf – 1987 Ryder Cup – Part 1
TAPE 77 : Golf – 1987 Ryder Cup – Part 2
TAPE 78 : Fawlty Towers – 3 Episodes
TAPE 79 : Fawlty Towers – 3 Episodes
TAPE 80 : Fawlty Towers – 3 Episodes
TAPE 81 : 1) Wayne Sleep's "Dash" Dance Spectacular
 2) Jasper Carrott Comedy Show
 3) Dave Allen Comedy Show
 4) Cartoon – Tales From Hoffnug
TAPE 82 : 1) Woman Of Substance – Part 1
 2) The Duchy Of Cornwall
TAPE 83 : 1) Woman Of Substance – Part 2
 2) Murder By The Book
TAPE 84 : 1) Woman Of Substance – Part 3
 2) Tin Snail – Citroen 2 CV
TAPE 85 : The Price – Episodes 1-3
TAPE 86 : The Price – Episodes 4-6
TAPE 87 : 1) 1987 FA Cup Final
 2) Monty Python's Flying Circus
TAPE 88 : 1) 1987 French Formula 1 Grand Prix
 2) 1987 British Formula 1 Grand Prix
 3) 1987 Wimbledon Men's Tennis Final
 4) Aled Jones Sings
TAPE 89 : 1) 5 Editions Of Spitting Image
 2) Documentary On The Lake District
TAPE 90 : 1) Japan – Behind The Mask
 2) Blunt – A Play

If you borrow a video from the Library, please make sure you return it. A number of titles are missing say no more.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

MINDWINDERS



Match Stickler

Okay, Mindwinders, here's one time that it's okay for you to play with matches! How can you move just two of these 12 matchsticks and wind up with seven squares? Better think hard, or you could still get "burned!"

'Ayings

There's something missing from these sentences below. Figured it out? Right, some of the letters that make the words make sense! If you can figure what letter is missing from each word, you'll be able to figure out each one of these six popular 'ayings, oops, I mean, sayings.

1. On't ount our hickens efore thy hath.

2. On ood urn eserves anther.

3. Oo any coos spoi he both.

4. Tim heas al ounds.

5. He earl ird atches he orm.

6. O nto othes s ou wold hae thers o uno ou.

ANSWERS:

1. Don't count your chickens before they hatch.
2. One good turn deserves another.
3. Too many cooks spoil the broth.
4. Time heals all wounds.
5. The early bird catches the worm.
6. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

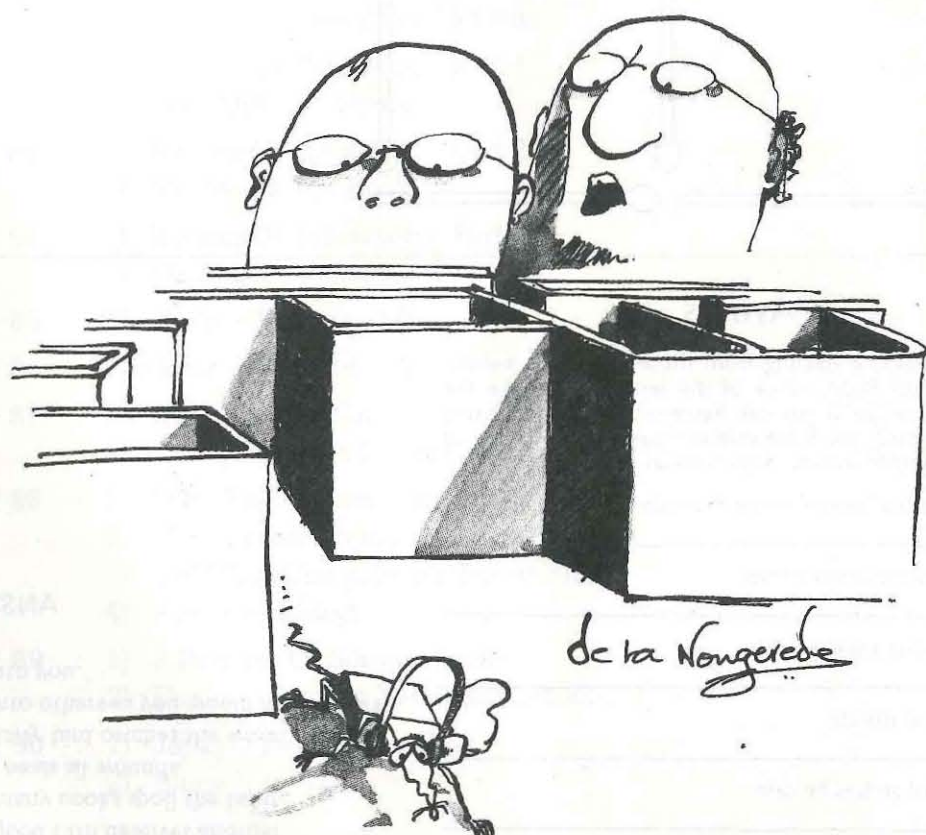
Two-Way Words

Calling all wordmongers, word-smiths, and overall wordy kids! This game gives you a chance to show off your vocabulary—or to expand it. The three words in each set can be combined with another word to form a compound word or a two-word phrase. For example, if you were given LINE, STRONG, BLOCK, the answer would be HEAD (headline, headstrong, blockhead).

1. LUNCH MUSIC SEAT
2. LINE BOOK BOARD
3. LIGHT SHORT WATCH
4. GRAVY HOUSE YARD
5. PRINT GRASS CHEESE
6. GUARD BUSY SURF
7. UNDER SALT PROOF
8. MARK FILL SLIDE
9. BEAT ROLL STICK
10. SHIP YARD NIGHT

ANSWERS:

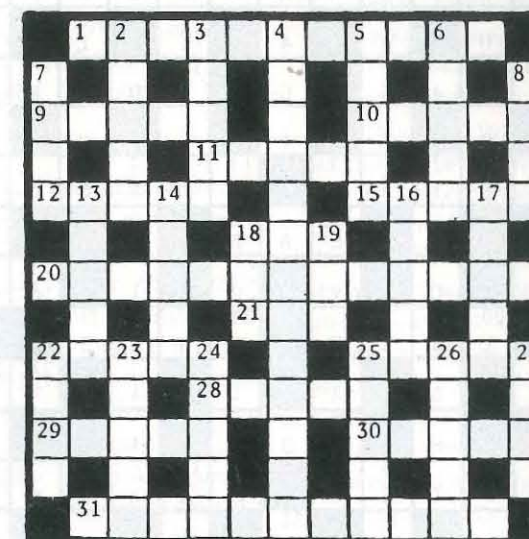
1) Box 2) Life 3) Weight 4) Boat 5) Blue 6) Body 7) Water 8) Colour 9) Drum 10) Light



"Notice how its performance deteriorates with the Walkman on..."

CROSSWORD

CROSSWORD



CLUES

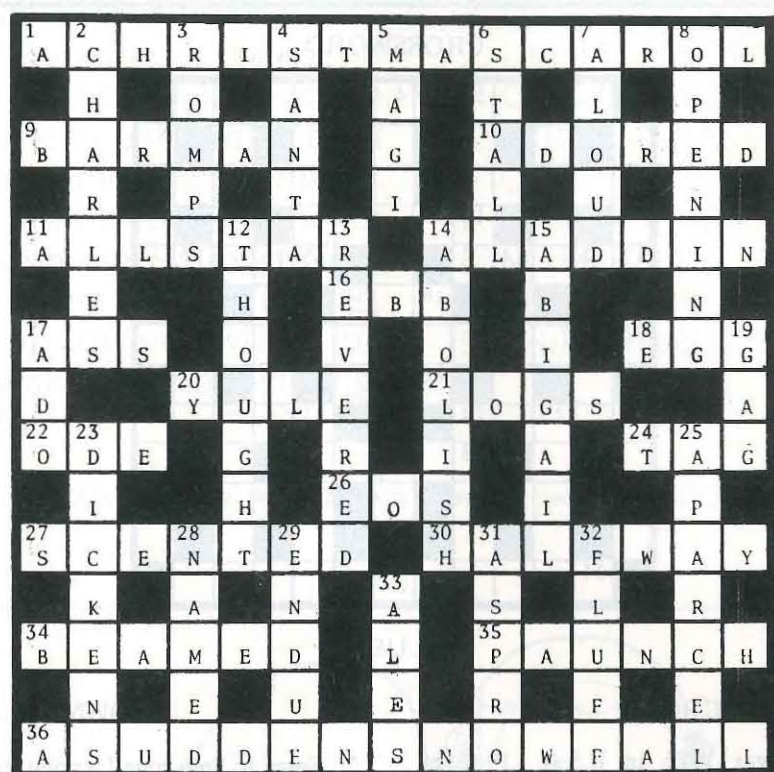
ACROSS

1. This year was 1976 in U.S.A., 1982 in Krungthep, and 1988 will be in Australia.
9. Is it one regularly loaded?
10. Instrument featured by a Shakespearean heroine.
11. Care for a tender?
12. Leaps, somehow, and fades.
15. Maybe needs practice if it's a bit red.
18. Twice on board? Yes!
20. Eastern Ruler who makes pleasure trips along the Chao Phrya. (2 words)
21. Brer Fox was.
22. Father's "Thank You" at the Italian Restaurant.
25. Second class sale items – maybe the Ink-spots!
28. Bit of life for a butterfly.
29. Held one confused it's capital!
30. A plum one was a fairy.
31. Rome or Babylon or a site not far from Bangkok. (2 words)

DOWN

2. Force to limp round a point, perhaps.
3. Comes close around – and deserves it.
4. Topmost sign of rank. (3 words)
5. The Navy back with a girl inside? Not at all!
6. Threesomes in confusion might cause these.
7. Do it when you see red.
8. Path round the right – being careful.
13. Main channel for the red stuff.
14. Happening which is uniform to a T.
16. The regular call to the bar?....
17. and what he might be standing!
18. Sat around? These girls didn't during the war!
19. Fishy sounding cathedral city.
22. Homes for cricketers?
23. Might be one for Beauty.
24. If you were somewhere else, you've got it.
25. If it's this – it's the bottom!
26. Should be – nothing.
27. Mineral deposit under England's old Bob – but it's painful.

SOLUTION TO "A CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD"



"I don't know anything about women, but I know what I like."

CRICKET



CRICKET

22nd November : Friendly vs RBSC (45 overs) : BC won by 5 wickets

RBSC 194-6 (Dance 9-1-34-2, Castledine 4-0-12-1, Price 6-0-24-1, Hough 9-0-32-1)

BC 195-5 (Dance 62*, Grocock 58, Price 24, Dunford 16, Castledine 14)

After much rain in November and one cancellation, the cricket season and Frank's captaincy finally got under way with this low-key but convincing victory over the Sports Club. Frank kept up with the old traditions and lost the toss. Our early bowlers found it difficult to make much impact, and the opening batsmen had taken the total well past fifty before a well-flighted full-toss in Steve Castledine's first over saw the more aggressive of the two openers hole out at mid-on, where, appropriately enough, it was Frank Hough who took the first catch of the new season. The second wicket took the score into three figures at a very leisurely pace, then Craig Price bowled the other opener. Ten bowlers were used as the innings progressed, and there were a couple of noteworthy fielding feats, one a good stop by Nigel Grocock in the slips, the other a good catch by newcomer, Nick James. The final total of 194 for 6 was fairly modest as a 45-over score, and the RBSC bowlers, while sticking reasonably well to line-and-length, did not pose much of a threat. Nigel Grocock took up where he had left off last season with an impressive 58, his fifty coming off 54 balls, and David Dance, not to be outdone, reached his fifty in 48 balls and went on to make an undefeated 62. Along the way, Steve Castledine, back in the side after a lengthy exile in football, scored 14 as opening batsman, Craig Price made a welcome return to the side with a painstaking 24, Jack Dunford celebrated the end of his captaincy with an aggressive 16 which included two fours, and Tim Davis hit the winning run and was not out for seven at the end. There were partnerships of 56 between Price and Grocock, and of 38 between Dunford and Dance. All in all, this was a good team performance, which represented our eighth victory in a row, three more than the previous club record set in 1981.

The Trip to Chiangmai

With more relatives, families and friends than ever before, and many more clamouring to get a place on the train, the Frank Hough Special chugged out of Hua Lampong on Friday 4th December for the holiday weekend in the far north. Newcomers were, as usual, astounded by the slow progress to Don Muang, the cold of the early morning, the warmth of the welcome, the breadth of the Gymkhana club-house tree, the singing in the baht-buses, and the fact that no-one got lost or left behind. Gill and Frank Hough marshalled the complicated logistics of getting different groups of people to and from different places; Tony Buckley and his wife, Maureen, were said properly goodbye to; there were no less than eight of the White tribe on the tour; despite the presence of three doctors in the side, half the party succumbed to a lurgi-style mystery bug; oh, and, er, we lost both matches.

5th December : BC vs Hong Kong Centaurs. BC lost by 7 wickets.

BC 45 (Hall 22)

Centaurs 48-3 (White 7-1-23-3)

Well, it was like this ... We lost the toss ... The wicket was wet, slow, unpredictable, and, in a word, sticky. Nick White was caught third ball; Frank Hough was bowled by his third ball; Steve Castledine ran himself out. And we were none for three. David Hall (sic) scored the first runs of the innings, batting at number five, then David Dance was out LBW and we were 9 for four. David Sinclair-Jones joined David Hall and these two, by skilfully Chinese-cutting and placing catches just short of or just beyond the reach of fielders, put on the only double-figure stand (27) of the innings, before Hall was bowled for 22. David S-J stuck doggedly to the crease and was ninth out, having scored 9 runs. Meanwhile, six BC batsmen scored ducks, and Nick James celebrated his first BC innings by being not out on the fourth highest score of 4 at the end. Jonathan Letchfield made his first appearance on a Thai cricket pitch (as a fielding substitute for the opposition) and earned himself a

hefty fine by taking a very good catch to dismiss Alistair Rider. On a drier pitch, the Centaurs took just thirteen overs to knock off the runs. Tim Davis and David Sinclair-Jones took excellent catches and Nick White took the only three wickets to fall.

As always in Chiangmai, the after-match festivities made the result unimportant, and the sight of Chiangmai high society miming to Madonna records put us all back into good spirits again for the following day's match for the annual Dick Woods Trophy.

6th December : CGC vs BC (Woods, 40 overs) BC lost by 74 runs.

CGC 184 (Dunford 4-0-30-3, Hough 8-0-50-3, Dance 6-1-19-1, White 6.3-1-21-1)
BC 110 (Dance 52, White 14, Extras 12)

Frank broke his duck and won the toss! But we didn't get any wickets for ages. The tone was set as we took our customary nine slip positions for the first ball of the innings, only to have the opening batsman snick the ball through the slips for two runs. We were unlucky not to take wickets early on, but the first three batsmen put on 140 in the first two hours and Chiangmai looked as if they were headed for an all-too-familiar big score. Then suddenly things started going right. Grocock and Dance both took good boundary catches and Dunford and Hough took three wickets apiece as Chiangmai collapsed to 184 all out, a target which, on a pitch which was much drier than the previous day, looked well within our reach. However, it was not to be. Both openers, White and Grocock, fell before the score was 20, then Hall and Dance put on 21 for the third wicket, and Hough and Dance 23 for

the fourth wicket, but these were the last stands of any note, and nine BC batsmen were out for single figures. Only David Dance could take any encouragement from the batting performance, as he made his second half-century of the season before holing out for 52. Three batsmen were out stumped against the slow bowlers, and this was a measure of the intemperance (a word that comes fairly easily to all but Nigel Grocock in the BC side) of the weekend's batting. Intemperance in other domains continued far into the night with the traditional CGC hospitality, the traditional barbecue, the traditional BC choir, and exchanges of trophies and awards and speeches. Tony Buckley was presented with his Batsman of the Year Award by TCL Chairman, Jack Dunford, and with a signed miniature bat by Frank Hough. Over the years, Buckley has scored 560 runs at an average of 46.67 against BC, and has bowled 67 overs at under 2.5 runs per over, taking 14 wickets at an average of 11.4. We all wish the Buckleys well on their return to Zimbabwe.

Monday morning saw most of the party singing their way to the top of Doi Suthep (how many verses do you know to "The wheels on the bus go round and round"? Jack knows more verses than BC scored runs all weekend) or spending the last of their money on Christmas shopping, before rounding off the afternoon with a return to the Gymkhana Club to see Chiangmai defeat the Centaurs by 7 wickets. The train back to Bangkok was brand new, and a great time was had by all those who had not yet caught the two-ended lurgi. Despite the setbacks on the field and in the toilets, it had been another memorable Chiangmai weekend. Book now for next year.

David Hall

DARTS DARTS

Lions 2 Unicorns 5

As the Johnnie Walker Bangkok Darts League will not start again until the new year, the teams decided to practise some elbow-bending and right arm strengthening at the Star Bowl on Petchburi Road on 18th November.

Only two members from the Lions team turned out with organiser, Frank Hough, taking the top slot with a 4 series 551 and Captain, Peter Downs, turning up late for a score which was too embarrassing to mention.

Bryan and Terry each scored 157 as the best game of the evening, Wan made a creditable

452 series with her blue ball, and Orin a 388 with her pink one. Pat Daniel is obviously a better bowler than she is a darts player (I suppose you could say that about all of us!), scoring the best of the ladies with a 457. The overall winner of the evening was Rob, a guest player as you would expect.

All this tells us that the 'B' team, or Unicorns, have a lot of fun but are equally bad

at a whole range of sporting events. The Lions on the other hand, don't really need to practise at anything! We'll see, we'll see.

The Darts section wishes all readers a Happy New Year, and asks prospective new darters to call Lions Captain, Peter Downs, if you're half keen on darts and Unicorns Captain, Bryan Baldwin, if you're half keen on anything else.

SOCCER SOCCER

Hi there and a Happy New Year! What on earth is he doing writing this, you're saying with a groan under your breath. He promised us he'd take a holiday and give us a break. Well, as it happens, when you read this I'll be shivering in God's own country, suffering from the after effects of over indulgence at Hogmanay and, hopefully, elated at the result of the local Aberdeen/Dundee United derby game. I'll be enjoying every minute of it, rest assured.

I am writing this in the last few hours I have before leaving, having forgotten to firm up on a substitute, or in journalistic terms, a ghost writer – and they don't come more ghostly than Massey, man of many goals who, in his day, has written a Queen's Speech or two – honest! If there are a few misprints, do not blame the typist. I am doing this long hand and my writing is on a par with a doctor with a hangover after a 2 hour surgery in hurry to attend a Wellcome 'freebie' cocktail party (how's that for a contrived plug for our goalie's Company?).

Hasn't it been cold this December? Reminds me of mid-summer in the UK on a good day. It does, however, vindicate the Farang League decision to experiment with a mid-winter shut down between early December and mid-January. Aye, the nights are drawin' in and the frost it cometh soon. I swear I saw some condensation on my breath – mind you, the

freezer door was open at the time. But now, without further adieu, as they say on the radio, to the action.

MATCH REPORT

We have only had two Farang League games and a Casuals match since the last issue, but they were of momentous importance. The first one was the proverbial four pointer if ever there was one against the League winners of the past two years, Mercedes Benz. Indeed, this was a four and a half pointer as far as we were concerned, since Benz, with games in hand, were potentially three points clear. A spirited pre-match team talk that the 'Doc' would have been proud of left the lads taking the field with fire in their bellies (several had eaten Tom Yum) and the words "we'd better win this or it'll be tatties o'er the side for us" ringing in their ears. They did not fail to respond, and what possibly is our strongest squad ran off 2-0 winners thanks to a goal in each half from Andy "he's done it again" Massey. The second was a real solo effort from the halfway line that was superbly executed. Man of the Match, however, for a great goal keeping display, was Craig "Father" Rennie, which shows it was real end to end stuff. We certainly 'dented' the Benz confidence that night and it was a real team performance.

Our next game was two weeks later against the Young Thai Sikh Association and we were forced to make two changes with Mark Twemloe coming into the side in goal for his first Farang League game of the season, and the experienced head and body of Allan Morton reclaiming his mid-field place. Judging by his excellent performance, Allan intends to hold onto it, and this highlights a pre-requisite of all successful teams – competition for places. Instead of our usual form-slump after an important win, the team turned in another fine performance to emerge 4-0 winners. The goals came from Castledine (2), Morton and Massey, but again, teamwork was the key with some slick passing and us using the pace of Pomfret and Bennington on either flank to wing our way to victory. It has to be said that the YTSA played their part in one of the most enjoyable matches to date, because of the sporting manner in which they competed. Praise must also go to the Thai referee's handling of the game. As one would expect from a strong team performance, choosing the Man of the Match was difficult and there was a tie between Vince Swift and, for the first time, Simon Edmonds. To make Treasurer Morton's day, not only did he come back into the side, play well, and score, but all three subs were used which was a welcome boost to club funds.

Meanwhile, after "The" Ball was over some silly fool had organised a Casual's game against an obscure Thai bank side. Yes, on the afternoon following the St Andrew's Celebration eleven hungover and barely sober football fanatics lined up against the finest of the Bangkok & Billericay Boiler-makers' & Bellringers' Bank (Part) Ltd (or something like that). Our bold heroes, realising they may not last the pace, streaked to a 4-0 lead at half time, with goals from Louis, whose last name I have given up trying to spell, Frank Hough, who had just turned down a touring opportunity with The White Heather Club Dancers, Steve Castledine, and A N Other (sorry Mr Other, my roving correspondent couldn't remember the fourth scorer – alcohol has that effect on some). The second half was a bit disappointing, with our lads slowing down and the Bankers not able to raise their game. Man of the Match went to Steve Martin leading the side for the first time, and he managed not to lose the kit (in joke).

POST SCRIPTS

Well, the half way stage of the season and the British Club are top of the League. The records are as follows:

| | P | W | L | D | Points |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|--------|
| British Club | 8 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 12 |
| Mercedes Benz | 8 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 11 |
| German All Stars | 8 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 11 |
| Indians | 8 | 5 | 3 | 0 | 10 |

At the end of the day our 24-6 goal difference which, at present, is the best in the League, could also be crucial. Leader board for the Player of the Year is as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Rennie The Cat | 23 points |
| Castledine The Chimp-lover | 18 points |
| Swift The Sure | 18 points |

Watch this space for further developments.

Off the field, Jim Howard has been doing a great job assisting Fiacre with the Rugby lads. Alan Barlow paid a welcome return visit to support the lads, and half the team headed for home, or elsewhere, for the Christmas hols.

Meanwhile.....

Mummy Bear and Daddy Bear had a little Baby Bear – aaaaah – it had no fur on it – aaaaaaaah – so they called it Fred Bear – (Ed: for goodness sake!).

Dave W : "I'm wondering."

Dave B : "About what?"

Dave W : "About a bloke I know. He was in an accident and lost both hands."

Dave B : "Well, what are you wondering about?"

Dave W : "I wonder how he feels."

Thank you, Dave

AND, FINALLY,

What do you call 200 Irishmen falling down a cliff?

A navvylanche!

Bye for now, I may look for better material at home, (Ed: I hope so). Since no games till the end of January, I'll miss the next edition. See you, Jimmy!

Alex "Scoop" Forbes

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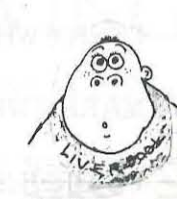
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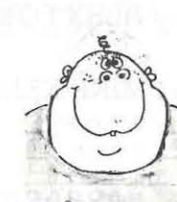
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