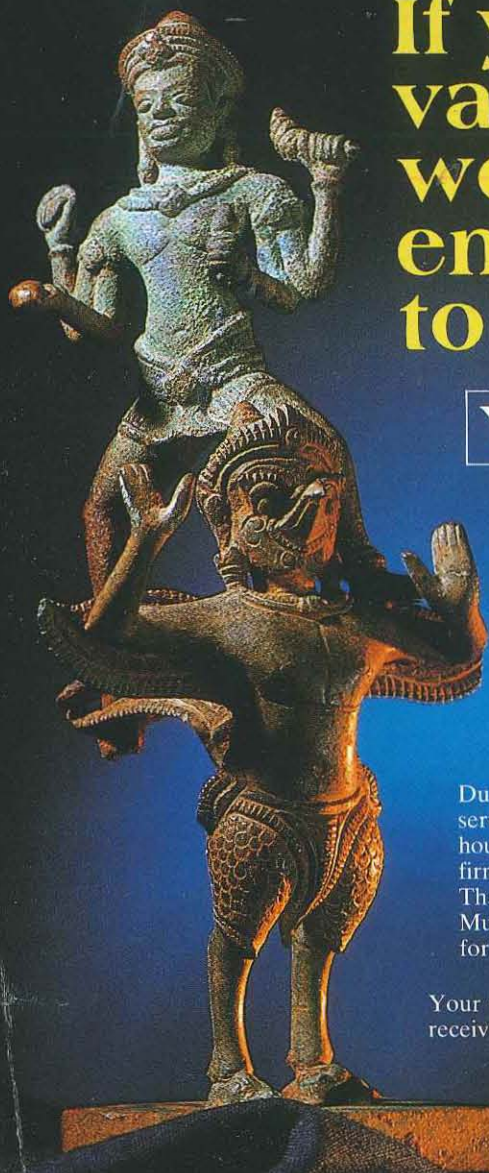


# OUTPOST

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH CLUB

FEBRUARY 1988





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# DIARY

## FEBRUARY

Mon 1	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis New Members' Night/Happy Hour	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m.
Tues 2	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 3	<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 4	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BCT Club Night and A.G.M. : Community Services, Soi 33</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 7.30 p.m.
Sat 6	Cricket : BC vs. SCB (30 Overs), Polo Club Dinner Video	1 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 7	Cricket Nets Buffet Supper	2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 8	<i>MWG 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 9	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 10	<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 11	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BAMBI Meeting at the BC</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 9.00 a.m.
Fri 12	Thai Night	From 7.00 p.m.
Sat 13	Cricket Nets Dinner Video	2 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 14	Cricket : Marshall Trophy BC vs. RBSC, Polo Club Buffet Supper	  From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 15	<i>MWG 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 16	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 17	Chinese New Year <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 18	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BWG AGM &amp; Lunch at the Oriental</i> <i>Contact Marianne Johns Tel. 392-8019</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon  11.00 a.m.
Sat 20	Golf : Inter Societies' Meeting in Hua Hin Cricket : British Ambassador vs. Australian Ambassador, RBSC Dinner Video	  6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 21	Golf : Inter Societies' Meeting in Hua Hin Cricket Nets Buffet Supper	2.00 p.m.  From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 22	<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 23	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 24	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night <i>BCT Presents The Pantomime at the Bhirasri Institute</i>	9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m. 7.00 p.m.
Thur 25	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BCT's Pantomime at the Bhirasri</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 7.00 p.m.
Fri 26	<i>BCT's Pantomime at the Bhirasri</i>	7.00 p.m.
Sat 27	Golf : Kitchen Sink Tournament Cricket : BV vs. Hopeful Art 'ry, RBSC Dinner Video <i>BCT's Pantomime at the Bhirasri</i>	tee off 7 a.m.  6.00 & 8.00 p.m. 2.00 p.m. + 7.00 p.m.
Sun 28	Cricket Nets Buffet Supper <i>BCT's Pantomime at the Bhirasri</i>	2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m. 2.00 p.m.
Mon 29	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour and Leap Year Sing-a-Long <i>BCT's Pantomime at the Bhirasri</i>	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-10.00 p.m. 7.00 p.m.

Note : Non Club events in italics

For further information, see Activities Page for contact names and telephone numbers.  
Inter Societies Golf Meeting : details from your Society.

It is with regret and sadness that we report the sudden death of ROD CARTER a long time member of the British Club. Rod was well known for his success on the squash court and as a keen member of the World Wildlife Fund had been contributing the conservation articles to OUTPOST.

# FROM THE EDITOR

**A** belated Happy New Year to you all. I must admit that while at the sea-side over the New Year, I had a wild desire to abandon everything and become a beach bum. The children were not impressed and sense prevailed (sob!).

I hear that a good time was had by those who were at the Club to bring in 1988. There seems to have been much jollity for all, with the Sala Disco at the poolside and 'Hot Fingers' Hopkins in the bar. Not many people seem to have taken any photos though, at least not that they are admitting to. There was a momentary glimmer of hope when one person, who shall remain anonymous, offered her pictures but that was before she had seen the developed film! The mind boggles ..... well alright, mine boggled. Enough said.

The 'Meet the New Members' has suffered over the last couple of months what with non-functioning cameras and this time non-functioning OUTPOST Members (for a very good reason I hasten to add). My apologies. If anyone is feeling neglected, come along to the next New Members' Night on February 1st. I'm the one with the Guardian under my arm and the rose between my teeth; there will be a bumper crop next time. 'onest!

Jack Glattbach, UNICEF regional information officer, author, journalist extraordinaire, world traveller, player of Bothamesque cricket and drinker of Klosteresque beer, provides this month's 'A Day in the Life ...' A good read.

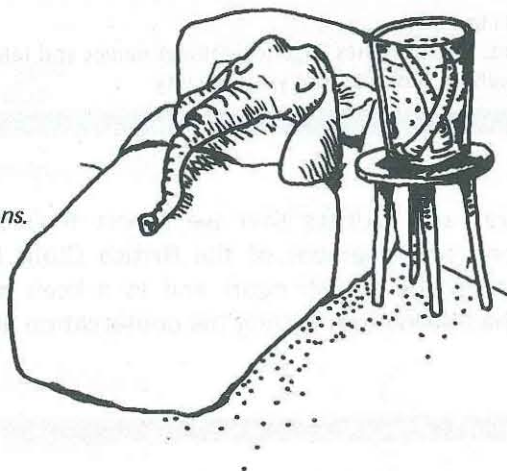
I see that the BCT has at last decided to put this year's pantomime on at the end of February. Hurrah! 'Knights and Dragons' ('The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew' by Robert Bolt) has all the usual well loved panto ingredients; good guys, bad guys, magic, a dragon, two birds, knights in shining armour and, of course, the peasantry. So watch out for further publicity.

Last, but certainly not least, a word on advertising. The cost of producing OUTPOST (a not inconsiderable sum each month) could easily be covered by the sale of advertising space. Three or four pages a month would cover our production costs. Maybe you know someone who would like to advertise in OUTPOST; it only takes a few words from you. Details are available at the Club; the rates are very favourable.

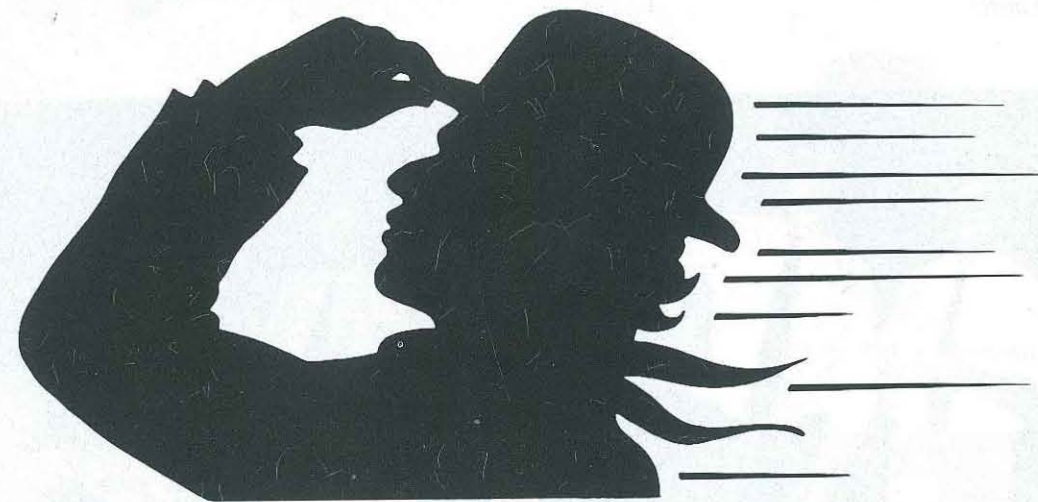
The Club will pay a commission on all space sold to anyone who would like to sell advertising space for the magazine on a regular basis. Training support could be given if required. Contact Dugal Forrest or myself through the Club.

Happy February  
Maren.

Ed: One of my favourite cartoons.



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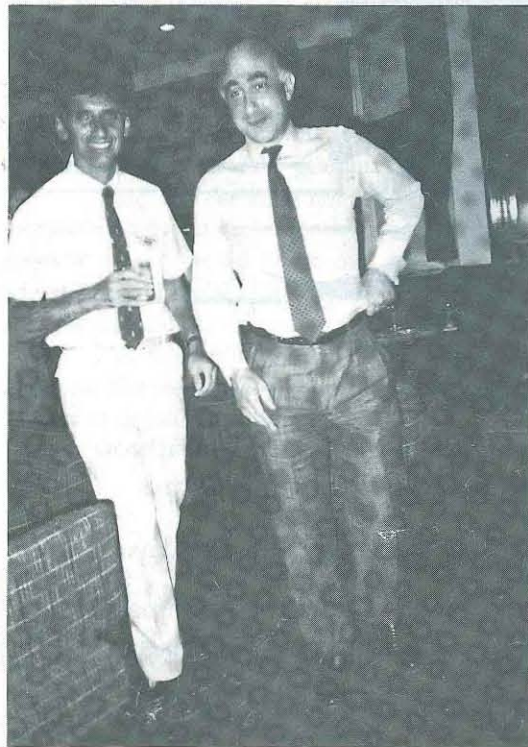
# Meet the New Members



Garry Wainscott, marketing vice-president Bristol Myers (Thailand), A New Zealander by birth.



Susan Denovan and Jane Luckhurst, both working in the Australian Embassy.



Jack chatting to David Bensley Bromilow here with IMS Asia as publisher.



Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, here with Glaxo.



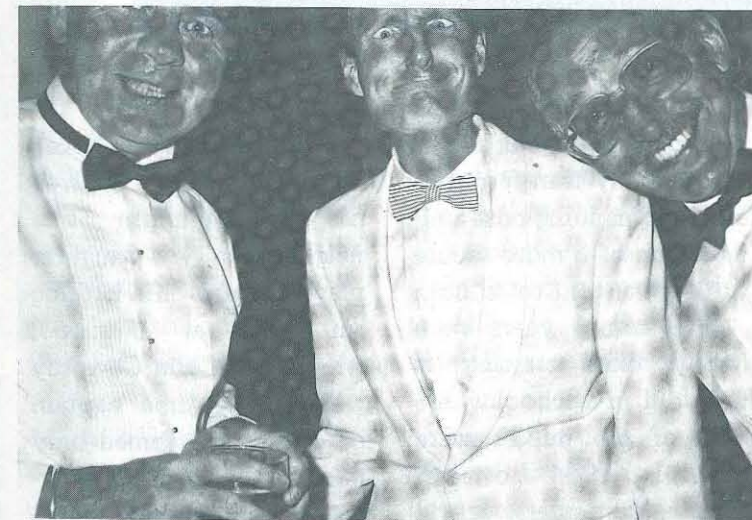
Mr. & Mrs. Macpherson — He is the new Corporate Banking Manager for Standard Chartered Bank.



Mr. and Mrs. Cameron — "Avon" calling in Thailand.



Vince Swift demonstrating the art of pouring a large Kloster to new member Mr. Chawke.



'Old Hands'. This is what happens to you after years in Thailand! Left to right: Jack Glattbach, Nick White and Frank Hough.



Winlock Hsu — Company Director for Sing Enterprise.



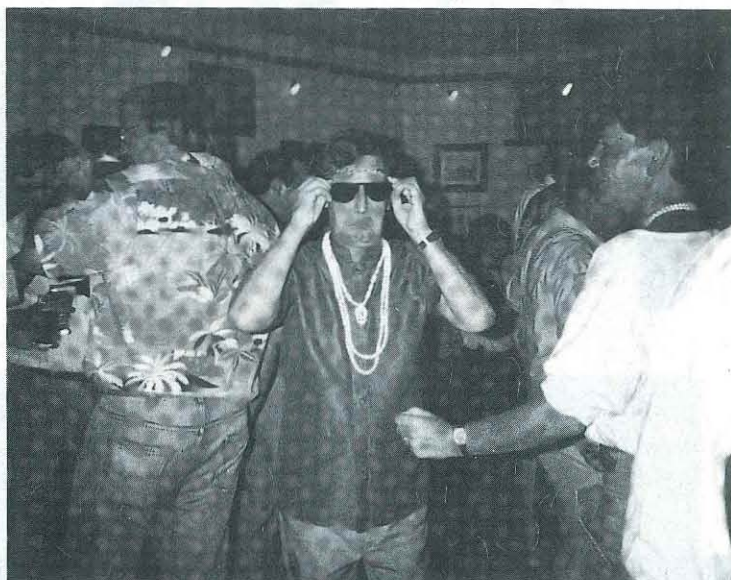
Mr. B.J. Vyvyan a civil engineer with Peter Fraenkel.

Ed's note: Many thanks to Khun Daeng who actually took some pictures for us on the night.

# K NOW YOUR COMMITTEE

## Dugal Forrest – His Life and Times

DUGAL was born at an early age in Purley, Surrey one crisp October's morning in 1938. However, with the outbreak of war barely a year later, the family moved closer to London "in order not to miss the show" and Dugal immediately volunteered for the covert British Undercover Regiment of Prams (BURPS). In this guise, he spent the early years of the war throwing his rattle at low flying enemy aircraft and his nanny at passing GI's. However in 1943, with the demise of 2 nannies already behind him and a distinguished record within sight, fate took a cruel turn. A well thrown bottle of Glaxo Baby Formula (cold), upon failing to reach target, found the rear of a somnolent baker's horse resulting in the destruction of almost the entire length of a neighbour's fence and not inconsiderable damage to the baker and his van.



*Dugal at a '60's night' in the Churchill Bar.*

In answer to ensuing public clamour, Dugal was immediately transferred to a less demanding post and, in search of a more secure future, was sent to school.

His school years were happy ones starting as they did in a school where 98% of the pupil's were girls. In 1944 however, after a particularly torrid game of Mothers and Fathers during a morning milk break, he was moved to a local prep school for boys and his education

started in earnest.

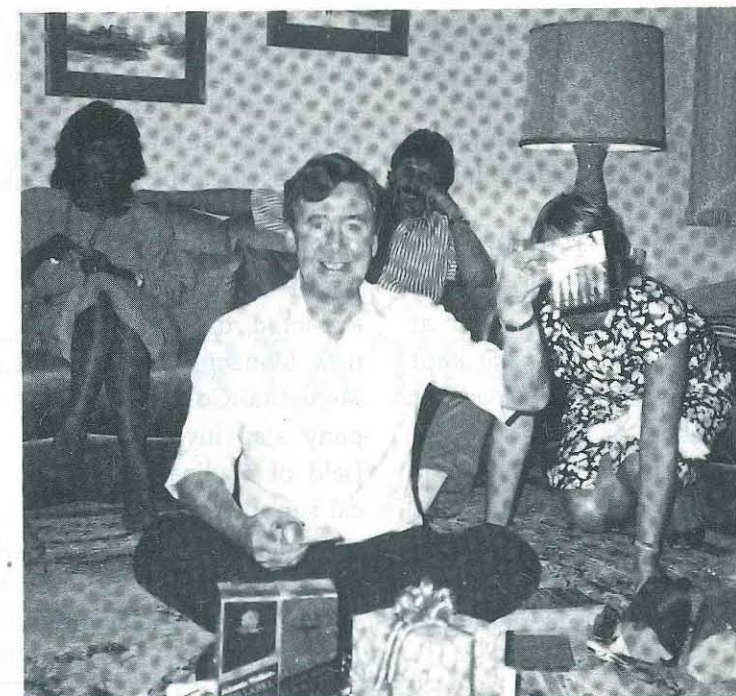
His love of sport developed at this time spurred on by a glimpse of a neighbour's daughter playing tennis in a bathing suit and, at a school where one Colin Cowdray was at the time captain of cricket, it seemed only natural that Dugal's energies should be turned towards football.

In 1952, at the tender age of 13, he moved to Epsom College where his future was finally mapped

out. His interest in animals, which was to fashion so much of his later life, was awakened during the summer vacation of 1954. However, her parents sent her away to boarding school that autumn and Dugal's attentions were once again restored to more academic pursuits.

1957 saw him on his way to Edinburgh University. There he enrolled at the Royal (Dick) School of Veterinary Studies where, after five undistinguished years as an undergraduate, he was pronounced the "Prize Dick of the Year" and qualified as a Veterinary Surgeon.

Let loose on the pre-James Heriott world, he had little idea of what to expect from the life of a Vet and, after five eye-opening weeks as a single handed locum in North Wales, he returned exhausted to his Alma Mater to take up a position in teaching and research. A year followed, remarkable only by the regularity with which he fell asleep over his tomes and a single occasion when, absorbed in a lengthy discourse with a student in the histology lab, he set himself alight by leaning backwards onto a bunsen burner.



*'Just what I've always wanted'.*

In search of greener pastures, he entered general practice for the second time. All bright eyed and bushy tailed he launched himself into the farming community of west Yorkshire. Five weeks of "Pig shit and cow dung" proved enough and, looking to a life more in keeping with his aspirations, he took up an assistantship in a companion animal and racehorse practice in Epsom. In 1966 he was recruited by the Medical Research Council but, after some 15 months there and having just got married, he fell out with the Director and was easily lured into the wicked and more lucrative world of

commerce.

Seven years with Glaxo followed where his experiences took him from being a Veterinary Adviser in England to a Marketing Manager in Thailand, and paved the way for the third and most serious entry into his profession. This he achieved in mid 1973 upon his return to the UK from Thailand when he rejoined and finally bought the practice in Epsom in which he had spent his formative years in the early sixties.

After eight years in a practice which his partner described as "Almost 90% ear'oles and arse'oles" and which had taken it's toll upon both their marriages,

he once again turned his sights upon Thailand and, in early 1981 returned to Bangkok and took a job in the medical supply industry.

By mid 1982 he had met and married Sriwan whose early attempts at the English language kept many a BC member either shocked or amused! Late 1984 saw a return to the UK after which followed some 18 months of soul searching and fruitless job hunting. However, during

a vacation in Bangkok in early 1986, the job which he currently holds was advertised in the Bangkok Post bearing out what many an acquaintance had told him that his next job would come from the least expected direction. He is now Managing Director of Medichai Co. Ltd. a company also involved in the field of medical and surgical supplies and which is a subsidiary of the ItalThai Group.

Both his and Sriwan's

main interests centre around sport, with both of them attempting to play squash and golf. Dugal, however, is beginning to find that the squash court is getting bigger and the ball ever faster and the golf course longer and the ball more and more interested in being an aquatic plant. They are both also interested in travelling and socialising and are now accepting bookings for 1988!!



*"I could be wrong, but you look like a man trapped in low-yielding financial instruments."*

# FINANCIAL ADVICE FOR EXPATRIATES.

Mr Michael Lamb of Barclays Financial Services will be in Bangkok from 17th to 20th February 1988 and will be available to give confidential advice on all personal financial matters.

He can advise you on the full range of Barclays Offshore investment products which will give the expatriate a choice of high tax-free income or capital growth potential.

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He can also tell you about other services available from the Barclays Group.

If you would like an appointment then telephone:-

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## Michael Ryan (Honorary Treasurer)



**NAME** : RYAN, MICHAEL DONOVAN  
**NATIONALITY** : Australian  
**DATE OF BIRTH** : January 9, 1942  
**HOME ADDRESS** : 134/2 Phayathai Road, Bangkok  
**MARRIED** : CECILIA AGUILAR RYAN  
**CHILDREN** : Rebecca Ryan 10 years  
                   Veronica Ryan 6 years  
                   Kelvyn Ryan 6 months  
**OCCUPATIONS** : Managing Director of AM&R Co. Ltd.  
                       Managing Director of DMB&B Ltd.  
                       (D'Arcy Masius Benton & Bowles)  
                       Managing Director of Voracom Co. Ltd.  
                       Director of Intermanrt Travel Service Co. Ltd.  
                       Director of Trilateral Cooperation Co. Ltd.  
                       Director of Womersly Trust  
                       Director of Foundation for the Blind in Thailand  
                       Committee of Australian Chamber of Commerce  
                       Honorary Treasurer of The British Club  
**CLUBS IN THAILAND** : The British Club  
                               Royal Bangkok Sports Club  
                               Heritage Club  
                               Skal Club

## Specials this Month

### THAI NIGHT

**VENUE** : BC FRONT LAWN  
**DATE** : FRIDAY 12th FEBRUARY  
**TIME** : 7.00 p.m. FOR DINNER AT 7.30 p.m.  
**DRESS** : THAI COSTUME OPTIONAL

Celebrate St. Valentines weekend by attending this first ever Thai Night at the Club. After a traditional Thai welcome there will be a superlative Thai barbeque. This will be followed by a show which will include sword fighting, Thai classical dancing, folk dancing and Thai boxing. The performers have taken this show all over Europe and the USA and it is of a quality that you do not normally see here in Thailand.

Don't miss this event. It will be great fun at a traditional British Club knock-down price.  
 Why not bring some of your Thai friends along too: they'll also love it.  
 Sign up now in reception.

### LEAP YEAR IN THE CHURCHILL BAR

February 29th is coming round once again and is on a Monday this time. In honour of this auspicious occasion the normal Monday happy hour is extended and you can drink from 5.30 until 10.00 at throw-away prices (e.g. 35p for a large Kloster).

Richard Hopkins will be dusting off his song sheets and oiling his fingers in expectation of a Leap Year singalong.

Come and join us!

## Coming Soon

### ANNUAL QUIZ TOURNAMENT IN MARCH

This will be on Wednesdays the 9th, 16th, 23rd and the grand semi-finals and finals on the 30th. This is a team event; 8 teams from various club sections compete through the month on a league basis.

So get organised and give your team details to Steve Castledine or David Williamson.

### APRIL 1st — REEL NIGHT

The St. Andrew's Society presents a Reel Night on Friday April 1st featuring the Sanders 'Muckle Shanter' Country Dance Band.

Further details to be announced.

# A Night at the Ballet

THE British Club is running an outing to see Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet Company performing 'La Fille Mal Gardee' on Saturday 19th March for the evening performance, at the Thai Cultural Centre.

You will be taken by air-conditioned bus from the British Club at approximately 5.30 p.m. for the

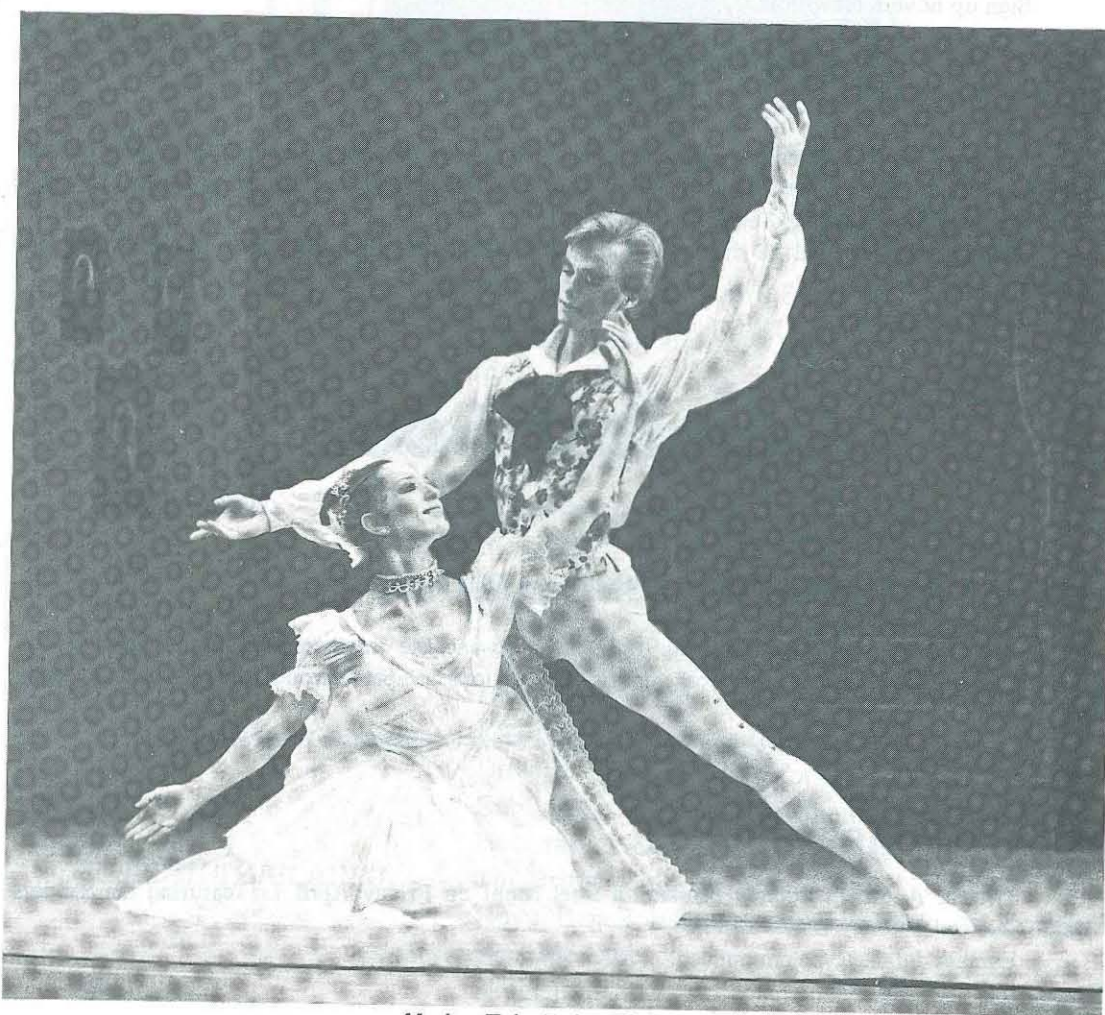
7 p.m. performance. You will watch the ballet in the company of your friends, in the good seats of the BC block booking and be returned to the BC. Here you may partake in an optional champagne supper and, in the Churchill Bar, try out some of the steps you have learned!

The price for excellent seats (normally 400£) and

the bus will be 360 £, a bargain. Watch out for further fliers, and sign up early at reception to avoid disappointment; we have a block booking for only 101 seats.

The champagne supper will be bookable separately.

Richard Hopkins.



Marion Tait, Roland Price.

# La Fille Mal Gardee

FREDERICK Ashton's "La Fille Mal Gardee", created in 1960, is an entertaining and entirely new version of one of the most significant ballets of the eighteenth century. This enchanting, romantic ballet tells the story of Lise and Colas whose love for each other triumphs over the plans of Lise's mother – the redoubtable Widow Simone – for Lise to marry Alain, the simple son of a wealthy vineyard owner.

The original production, by Jean Dauberval, was staged in Bordeaux in July 1789, the eve of the

French Revolution. It made a complete break with the formal tradition of the time: here for the first time a story about real people is told naturally, and plot and dance are united in this everyday story of country folk.

The music by Ferdinand Herold, used for the 1828 Paris production, has been orchestrated with new country dance tunes by John Lanchery. Osbert Lancaster's designs for the set place the action in France, but La Fille manages to remain the most English of ballets. Serious moments contrast with the

outrageously funny slapstick scenes led by the pantomime dame figure of Widow Simone and the simpleton Alain with the umbrella.

The whole ballet conveys happiness in the sunny English countryside, with something for all the family. The dances are delightful, from the eccentric antics of a cockerel and hens, to country clog-dancing, maypole dancing, a beautiful pas de deux for the two lovers and a dance of general rejoicing at the finale.



David Morse, Desmond Kelly and Graham Lustig.

# CLUB ROUNDUP

## Children's Christmas Parties

### UNDER 5'S

THE Under Fives Christmas Party got off to a good start with the children collecting coloured paper that had been artfully hidden around the back lawn by an extremely able band of beauties, i.e. the helpers!

Once everyone had arrived the littlies were herded to the front lawn where pinatas were bashed by not only toddlers but also by their mamas (a great way to rid oneself of parental frustrations!). Once broken the goodies fell to the ground, were duly distributed and consumed. Action songs were then sung – unfortunately the author and her helper had not conferred over the tunes of said songs and some slight confusion occurred.

Meanwhile the back lawn was alive with dashing bodies going forwards, backwards and even hopping in various exciting

races.

The entire party regrouped for pass the parcel (not in one large circle I hasten to add!) A fairly fraught time was then had by the organisers who tried to ensure that all participants received at least one Chinatown goody.

Afternoon tea was then served – popcorn, sausages, cake and (no not ale) icecream were devoured with gusto whilst the mothers ate theirs with slightly more decorum.

All then trooped upstairs to be entertained by an amusing mime performed by Luke, who kept the children laughing as well as in some semblance of order. A difficult task to achieve with 69 small bodies.

Father Christmas then honoured us with his presence and delighted all and sundry with his gifts and ho, ho, ho!

The party was a great success and my sincere

thanks go to Alison Savage, Helen Hill and Sue Walters for their help in preparing for the party, and also to Susan Wareham, Sandra Mingay, Jenny Human and Deidre Johnstone for their added assistance on 'the day'. Thanks also to the BC for their impressive spread and willingness to help with all aspects of the party!

Apple Gidley.

### 6 TO 9'S

The 6 to 9's Christmas Party was great. There were about 80 children and they were divided into 8 teams and each team was called after a cereal such as Coco Pops and Cornflakes.

First of all we had the team races which consisted of the "dressing-up-with-the-suitcase" which was won by the "Shreddies" and "drawing-the-face-race" which was won by "Coco Pops". In the dress-



ing up game you had to carry a suitcase to the end of the field, get dressed in a shirt, hat and gloves, bow to the rest of your team, get unchanged, put the clothes back in the case, run with the suitcase back to the start and give it to the next person. The next event was "drawing-the-face", in which you had to run to the end of the field, draw a face of yourself, sign your name underneath and run back to the start.

Next was the "lime and spoon" race. There were so many kids the race had to be run twice – the under 7's in one race and the over 7's in the next race. Then came the "balloon" race and again it had to be run twice. All the winners were given prizes.

The food was served after the races and consisted of little sausages,

cakes, candy floss, popcorn, biscuits and ice cream. After the food everyone went upstairs to see a mime show, which was a great success. The mimmer took people up on the stage to help him perform his tricks.

Soon the show was over and everyone went downstairs to see Santa. He arrived in a swan sleigh and gave everyone presents.

Thank you Mrs Shreddies (Mrs Harris) for organising the party and the Mums who helped and the British Club for the food. It was a great party.

by Matthew Overington.

You may remember reading about my stegosaurus in an earlier OUT-POST. Well, it came with me to the Christmas party. Transport was not diffi-

cult. It ran along behind the car. We were both in the Shreddies (all the children and dinosaurs were put in teams). Stego thought going in the Shreddies team meant having some to eat and he took a bit of calming down. The other children in my team thought he was marvellous. We won all the races except two. We lost the suitcase race for two reasons: 1st Stego could not get the clothes on! 2nd he refused to take off the cowboy hat! In the draw a face race Stego ate and squashed the felt pens. When we went up to see Luke the mime artist Stego was scared of the bang the burst balloon made and leaped athletically out of the window. The rest was cancelled. Father Christmas gave him a little plastic plant which when you pressed a button swayed as if in the wind. Stego ate it. Next year I will not be allowed to bring Stego. I'll bring Spider. Me and Stego really enjoyed it.

Joe Harris  
Age 8

For Mrs White  
Next time holidays or ice skating please. (Sic! Ed.)



#### 10-14'S

On December the 18th the 10-14 year old Christmas party was held at the British Club. Starting at 5 and finishing at 8 the party was what I thought a great success. On the front lawn at five o'clock we all met for games and fun. Charging up and down the lawn with hockey-sticks, boxes and umbrellas was pretty tiring and we were all glad when it was time for the barbeque. Everyone stuffed themselves with hamburgers, chips, sausages and trifle, there was even a food fight (whoops what have I said!). After gorging ourselves we all went on a really pleasant treasure hunt collecting wet socks, men's shoes and the



like (pong!). After tearing around the Club collecting items for the treasure hunt we all felt a little tired so we had a short dance with spot prizes. After the disco part of the party was over we watched a really fun man do miming and silly tricks (the same man as the adults saw at the Christmas Ball). Having all

enjoyed ourselves we all went home to mess around with the prizes we had won. The 10-14 year party was a great success and everyone enjoyed themselves. Special thanks to Mrs Dunford, Mrs Bruce and Mr Williamson for organising the party.

George Dunford.



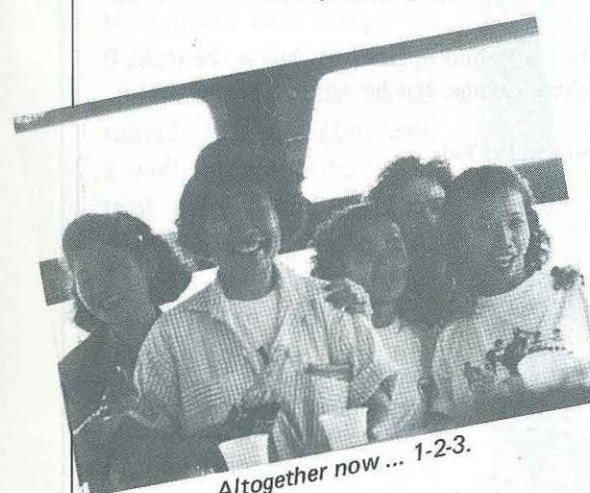
## The Staff Outing to Bang-Pa Inn



"Jolly boating weather".



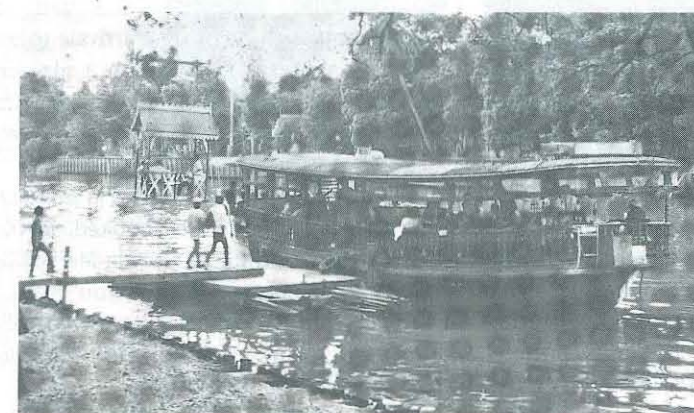
Khun Pismai — enjoying the scenery?



Altogether now ... 1-2-3.



"Cheese".



"All aboard".

Ed: Sorry that I couldn't get photos of everyone in.

# LETTERS

Orpington  
5th January 1988

Dear Mandy,

Thanks for your letter. It was nice to talk to you on Christmas Day. We had the 25th to ourselves (well, the TV was there of course) and Dad even gave the allotment a miss.

Boxing Day more than made up for it; David and Keith came round with their lot making 12 altogether plus the dog and the cat. Even the TV got drowned out. Auntie Ethel came round too. It worries me the way she still drives that Fiat at her age. I mean she must be a bit of a danger at the age of 86. It takes her longer to climb in the blessed thing than it takes to drive the 5 miles over here. Talk about stubborn. I thought she'd give it up when she had her kneecaps removed but no, she lifts her left leg on and off the clutch to change gear.

Your father's getting more like her every day. Still, he enjoyed Christmas — even had a glass of sherry from that bottle you bought before you went to Bangkok. I wish he spent as little on Woodbines as he does on booze.

Well, I'd better close now. I've got to go down to Marks and Spencer to change the socks I bought him for Christmas. I thought blue ones would make a change, but he wants grey ones again. Why should he change after 77 years, he says.

Cheerio then, look after yourselves and love to Ken and the kids,

All my love,  
Mum

Bangkok  
16th January 1988

Dear Mum,

I've joined the British Women's Group which helps new arrivals to settle in, organises Bridge Mornings and fashion shows, plus the occasional visits. They seem a nice crowd on the whole and it's nice to listen to people who have the same problems with maids, drivers, schooling, traffic, husbands coming home late etc. I was beginning to think it was just me. Whether I'll have time to attend all the monthly lunches, I don't know.

Have you had another go at Dad yet about coming out for a holiday this year? Ken says his diary is getting pretty full and of course airlines are fairly well booked. April would be a good time. Although it's a bit hot we thought we might take you up to Chiang Mai for Songkran (The Thai New Year) when everyone chucks water over everyone else — and then you could have a couple of weeks in Bangkok and spend some time on the beach in Pattaya. Ken says Dad will definitely enjoy it. He says he'll even take him to the Grand Prix which is not a motor sport meeting but an old English pub where they engage in quite different kinds of sport.

Well, do your best Mum!

Meanwhile, love from us all,  
Mandy

# SPECIALS

## British Women's Group Special Lunch at the BC

AS the BC is not a usual venue for a BWG Lunch, we thought we would explain why the Restaurant was closed on 5 January at lunchtime.

The Group was 'entertained' by June Mendoza, a well known British portrait painter and member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. Our speaker had led a most interesting life painting many musicians, actors and members of the Royal Family including HRH The Queen. One of her special portraits was painted from a photograph of Lord Mountbatten. The portrait was commissioned by Prince Charles as a special favour, knowing that June does not usually paint from photographs. Prince Charles was delighted with the result.

Ms Mendoza's latest task has been to paint all the members of the



House of Commons, which took 15 months to complete.

On her way to Manila to paint Cory Aquino, June has been staying with friends in Bangkok and

kindly offered to talk to the BWG. This proved most successful and a real treat for those who attended.

Gill Hough.

# A Day in the Life of Jack Glattbach

**A**FTER two-and-a-half years I still can't believe that my life starts so early every day in Bangkok. The first sight of day, just before 6.00 a.m., is usually Hild — but quite often it's Dominic or Petra who have snuck into the air-con during the night, their own way of enforcing the Rights of the Child.

The first sounds of the day are less cosy. It takes at least two alarm clocks and the timer on the short-wave radio to get me going. (I'm also developing a jealousy of those people who can get the full BBC news programmes at 7.00 a.m.) And at least one workday a week there's a shout of "Dammit, it's 25 past. Let's go!"

Breakfast — OJ, one slice toast and *nam char* — is taken on the hoof, with or without shaving foam, weekly with Alistair Cooke. An early pleasure is standing in the shower looking through the Visine drops (great for red eyes and Bangkok pollution) and an east-facing, head-high, louvered window to see where the sun will rise.

The reverie is usually broken by some production chore of the daily Keystone Kops movie as five Glattbachs all try to get out of the flat by 6.45: the four WeeGees to the ISB bus, Big Gee to the taxi he hopes is waiting downstairs.

Hild ("BossGee") doesn't



start work until 8.30 and has what is known as a "coordinating role" in this stage of the daily production, i.e. she reads *The Nation* in her nightie until 6.40 then hollers at Dominic for not being ready. (Why do little boys always lose their shoes? Nicky's feet are costing us a flip-flop fortune.) At 6.44 she asks me what we should eat tonight (I never know) and at 6.45 she kisses the menage goodbye as it piles, a la St. Trinians, into the elevator, occasionally watched by our Oriental neighbours, impassively bewildered by our Occidental confusion.

Hild, I remain convinced, goes back to bed for half an hour. (Editor: please exercise discretion on litigious implications of this sentence.)

On good days, Khun Jain is waiting with his taxi for the cross-town stampede from Sukhumvit to Banglampu. The trick is to get past the level crossing near Soi 1 before

7.00. Failure to do so can cost up to 40 minutes on the journey.

After eight years of commuting in New York before we came here I thought driving to work would be a pleasure. One week of clutch-foot cramps in the Bangkok traffic was enough of that. Khun Jain quickly sussed out my morning ritual and for over two years has met me with unfailing regularity in the apartment block compound. For 70 baht I get taken to the office, a daily Thai lesson (heavily focussed on Thailand's world boxing champions and the difficulties of a Burma-based mother-in-law) and some idea of what life is like in Bangkok when you earn 200 baht a day.

And so to the office by about 7.15. Plug in the kettle and enjoy our great view of the Chao Phrya and the Phra Pinklao Bridge and the rice barges gliding past.

Most of the UNICEF staff are in a five-storey, modernish hulk but, by virtue of being in "external relations" or lucky or simply peripheral, our information section is in an old house nearby. It used to be the home of a Prime Minister in the 1950s, Mr. Priddhi I think. It was from this house that he fled into exile: through a trapdoor in our library, down into an old tunnel heading to the Grand Palace and onto a Royal Navy boat which got him to Singapore. The trapdoor and tunnel have gone, unfortunately. But we keep looking.

Most work days rarely conform to what you see in the diary under the first cup of coffee. Obviously UNICEF is a public-sector bureaucracy (which I always think is a neutral term: there's good 'uns and bad 'uns, it really depends on the people) but we seem to be thought of as one of the best bits of the UN system, maybe deservedly. We are blessed with a great mandate, to help children, and most of the world still finds it difficult to be against children.

It's also a very real practical and political advantage: people who otherwise are quite cynical about development efforts will often support activities for kids and no politician or bureaucrat can afford to be seen as "anti-child". We also reckon UNICEF is the only part of the UN system which deals with "whole human beings" rather than particular aspects of life (health, education, labour, etc.) — which means we can often work with several ministries at the same



*With Peter Ustinov in Mahasarakham province.*

time, unlike most other agencies.

My job is to help get UNICEF's messages across to our various audiences: parents of kids in the areas where we assist programmes, the mass media, governments, our three dozen National Committees for UNICEF in industrialised countries who also do a lot of fund-raising, voluntary organisations and the general public.

Our office in Bangkok is also our regional headquarters

covering about 20 countries from Pakistan to the Pacific. So we're expected to be on the road quite a bit helping out our country offices. I was out of Thailand for about three months last year on 12 separate trips.

When the kids ask what I do it's easiest to say that I go to meetings in different countries to help kids. It sounds good, bashing round all these great destinations, but there's a heckuva lot of time spent in meeting rooms. The

classic was five whole days in a Kathmandu hotel last year — in a windowless room without even a view of the Himalayas. A close runner-up was five days in a Jakarta hotel at a meeting of ASEAN MPs we'd organised: I only left the hotel twice, had a streaming cold all week and got off the plane in Bangkok stone deaf.

Sometimes the UN is a bit like "Yes, Minister", with a more exotic cast but with a lot more time in distinctly non-exotic airports.

But the last few months of 1987 were terrific. We had Peter Ustinov, UNICEF's Goodwill Ambassador, on a week's visit to Thailand and he was fabulous. A great talker, very well thought out on every subject under the sun and just a marvellous human being. We took him up to Mahasarakham and Khon Kaen for a couple of days to see what we're doing up there. He was very tired before we started but he never moaned or lost his cool or his good manners once. It's a privilege to work with people like that. I'm hoping he'll be back later this year, maybe to make a film for us.

And then in November — all the good stuff happens at once — I suddenly got sent to Macau to brief Audrey Hepburn who was introducing a big internationally televised concert for UNICEF's benefit. She was also very pleasant to work with: very gracious with a jaw-line that is still incredibly photogenic. I never realised someone like her would be so nervous about appearing in public but she was. Not

tantrum-nervous, just keyed up. But she said the few lines I'd written for her absolutely beautifully so we had a good celebration. And she has already done another big TV fund-raiser for us in Japan. That's satisfying — to have helped bring her into the UNICEF family.

Meanwhile back at the office ... we have our quota of meetings and report writing like most people, but by now it's lunchtime. When I'm in Bangkok this usually finds me wandering around Banglampu with Khun Supachai, my information officer colleague, who's a great Thai epicure and fund of Thai lore. "Life goes on" is his great motto. And so it does. I usually walk back from lunch feeling quite lucky to have such a good guru for understanding Thai ways.

Most of the time we can't really complain about the variety of the work. TV teams and journalists to be briefed (although there are weeks when I think I'm a travel agent, trying to sort out itineraries for places with only a couple of planes a week), events like Sportaid to organise, headquarters wanting something or other, even visits by people who buy our greeting cards in Europe or America or Australia and "just popped in".

And so the work day gets done. And I start looking for a taxi home just as they change shift at 4 o'clock. This is when three cabs out of four say *mai pai, krap* and the *rotit* puts 10 to 20 baht on the price — but when we get going we never get lost: they all

know the Honey Hotel.

It's at about this stage I bemoan our office's location. What I'd really like to do is to belt around a squash or tennis court. But if you get through the traffic to the BC by 4.30 there's nobody there. And if you try at 6.00 I never get home till past my bedtime, which on weekdays is most safely calculated as 9.00. (Well, this is a family magazine.)

Thus I usually get home and see the kids for an hour or so before Hild gets back from work — unless there's a visitor to look after or it's one of those incredibly rare occasions when you just happen to bump into A Rider or some other survivor of *klosterophobia*. In which case you might as well go to cricket nets, see Frank Hough and the boys and try to get home before midnight.

But we're not wildly social in the evenings. Three nights out a week is a big deal. The kids need time and by 8.00 we're either turning to video, floating the idea of "an early night" or fighting each other to get on the computer. (By exhaustion, tonight's winner is tomorrow's early night.)

In the last few months this has become the family passion ("Lord help 'em," do I hear?) and it's getting worse as Lucy and Jackie now demand equal time.

Hild really started it about a year ago. We'd just got the damned machine (basically to fuel my dreams of a best-seller penned (sic) from a keyboard on the Northumberland coast). In a fit of liberated compassion I gave an egotistical demo to Hild just before leaving on a

month-long field trip. When I returned to Don Muang I was met with the chilling line that "I've fallen in love," (said She Who Must Be Obeyed) "with the computer". We've been green-eyed ever since.

And so to bed, tripping over the specs we've both just found we need. "We don't need the aircon tonight, do we?" "Not sure. It doesn't feel too hot, but the traffic noise seems worse than usual, dontcha think?"

Click. "That's better."

Clunk. (Specs against alarm clock.)

Second click. (Specs breaking on novices' heads as books bounce on bedside tables.)

"Damn, it's 11.30 already. Must say my prayers."

"Dear Frank, please let me bowl one more over for the BC. I promise to go straight."

Jack is senior regional information officer for UNICEF, the UN Children's Fund which takes him around Asia from

Peshawar to Pyongyang and the Pacific. he was a journalist (Evening Gazette, Middlesbrough, The Northern Echo, Daily Mail, The Sunday Times) and came to Asia to train journalists in 1970. He joined the UN in 1977 and has written one book, *Call Me Matron*, a nursing biography. With wife Hild, daughters Lucy, Jackie, Petra and son Dominic, he came to Bangkok after eight years in New York.



"Every time he's right, he does that."

# SCOFFERIES



## Chalieng Pochana, Suan Mali

FOR those to whom an adventure to Patpong is a cinch, a visit into the mysterious fringes of Chinatown could be most rewarding.

In what used to be a quiet market in a sleepy street there is to be found some excellent food. Market by day and tables by night belonging to various stalls has given way to just one restaurant, CHALIENG POCHANA, both open-air and air-conditioned, open 6 p.m. to midnight. The cooking is Taechew.

As in any genuine Thai restaurant there no menu so one orders one's favourite dishes. Should they not be available or language limitations have the diner go hungry, one can resort to the age-old custom of pointing at the main ingredients. These are displayed, if not all too hygienically on public view. If again, like myself, some of the intricacies of the technical side of Thai food and Thai language escape you, be brave, just try it!

Recently three of us had quite the

most interesting meal; chopped shrimp and minced pork in a sort of batter, a gooey but very tasty oyster dish and a most unusual plate of fried chestnuts, prunes, cashews and a dried green vegetable. These dishes were followed by prawns and bamboo hearts and cracked crab in curry sauce. There was no room or need for rice but the accompaniment of two of Crutchely's favourites rounded off a perfect meal. Prices were reasonable and would have been much less had we not had imported heart of bamboo or leg of crab. Budget for 100 baht per head upwards without alcohol.

To get there is a little tricky. Go past the National Stadium over Klong Padung Krung Kasem, turn left and then right into Larn Luang Road. Over the first crossroads and take Soi Yukol 2 until you hit Bamrung Muang Road with a white box on the left hand corner. The restaurant entrance is ahead of you. Tel: 223-9042.

Bob Coombes.

# WELL WORTH READING

## "The Penguin Complete Sherlock Holmes"

(all nine of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's books about fictions' most famous Detective, in one volume, 1,122 pages, republished 1981, reprinted 1987)

ON an aircraft on my last visit to London recently I saw a fairly amusing film which was a spoof on Sherlock Holmes.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle born 1858 died 1930, might well have been horrified to see how his creation has been made so much fun of, in several recent films. So a few days later in U.K. I bought the aforementioned volume.

I thoroughly enjoyed it, and have joined the five or six generations of Sherlock Holmes enthusiasts who just could not believe that the great man did not really exist, and have fretted about all the other adventures hinted at but never written, and the dozens of other characters, appearing and sometimes reappearing, about whom we want to know more details.

It is assumed that Conan Doyle being a not particularly successful Doctor, created Dr. Watson as the imaginary narrator, to resemble himself. Just as A.C.D. had little time to practice medicine once he became a well known writer, Dr. Watson had little time for his surgery, once he has become Holmes faithful companion, recorder of his adventures and also foil for his friends' brilliant mind.

"A Study in Scarlet" was published in 1887, followed by "The Sign of Four" in 1889, but it was the first 12 short stories appearing in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes", which caught the popular imagination. This was to be followed by 11 more short stories in a fourth book "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" and there was a public out-cry when his creator killed him off by making him disappear over the Reichenbach falls, locked in mortal combat with that "Napoleon of Crime", Professor Moriarty.

Why should A.C.D. have done such an outrageous thing? It is not so well known to readers today that Sir Arthur fancied himself as a writer of historical sagas, and was irritated that whilst Sherlock Holmes, written as a hobby, had become famous, his more serious works were of little interest to his readers. By popular demand the great detective was brought back to life, his three years absence explained by Moriarty's confederates waiting for revenge, but in "The Adventure of the Empty House" the first of thirteen stories in the fifth book "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" Colonel Sebastian Moran, the most senior and dangerous of Moriarty's men is caught. The sixth book "The Hound of the Baskervilles" may now be the best known, and was the subject of an excellent Hammer film, starring Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, about 25 years ago. This was followed by the seventh book "The Valley of Fear" (An American secret society background like "A Study in Scarlet"). The eighth book, eight short stories, "His Last Bow" was obviously again meant to be the last. An elderly Holmes and Watson come out of retirement to catch a German spy as the 1914 war breaks out.

Presumably due to public pressure, a ninth and really final book came out, with 12 more short stories, called "The Casebook of Sherlock Holmes". No date is given, but a short preface from A.C.D. implies that this might be the 1920s, although the stories are mainly post Boer War, the latest being set in 1907 a year after Holmes' retirement to keep bees in Sussex.

I used to laugh at Holmes enthusiasts who argued about his eccentric habits, his brilliance, relationships with others and unexplained

allusions, and yet I now find myself in a similar situation. What were the dates of birth of Holmes and Watson? They must have been approximately the same age, born no earlier than 1850, no later than 1852? Dr. Watson qualified in medicine in 1878. He was invalided out of the army after the second Afghan War, but was that "Jezail" bullet in the shoulder or leg? Dr. Watson met his wife in "The Sign of Four" but presumably he became a widower later, when he moved back to Baker Street with Holmes? Holmes himself shows almost no interest in women, because he says "My brain has always governed my heart", but Holmes cultists suspect a hidden romantic interest in "A Scandal in Bohemia". Watson is relieved that Holmes' cocaine addiction gradually seems to diminish. Although we would not expect to meet anyone exactly like him in real life, at least a few of his characteristics are not uncommon. He was an early example of what we now call a "Workoholic". Under-employed he was languid, irritable, or in danger of going back to drugs. Feverishly busy and he came alive again.

Every short story gives examples of incredible deductive powers. He recognises which regiment a man has served in, either in India or South Africa, by his complexion or his walk, even which post office his colleague has visited by the colour of the mud on his boots. Even if the deductions are impossible, the very imagination of them is remarkable.

One slip up I have noticed is that although Holmes is missing presumed dead between 1891 and 1894, "The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge" occurred according to Dr. Watson's notebook in 1892. "Elementary Sir Arthur"!

In the last decade or two the seamier side of London Victorian/Edwardian life has drawn a number of investigators and writers. 1988 will be the centennial of the East End "Ripper" murders which have fascinated readers of true crime more than almost any others, partly because of their extreme gruesomeness and partly because the murderer was never found. Although Holmes might have been able to solve them (he had almost no failures) A.C.D. could hardly have featured crimes of that nature, or his books would no longer have been fit for school boys to read.

Although of course this is all relatively light and very entertaining reading, even these nine books throw some light on social conditions in a period roughly between 1883 and 1906. Why were Holmes and Watson always rushing by hansom cab to Charing Cross, Waterloo occasionally Paddington, never to Euston or Kings' Cross and St. Pancras? Because most of their cases, if not in London, were in Southern England, usually Surrey and Sussex, never in the Midlands or the North.

The railways were at their peak of efficiency at that time, and travel by horse drawn cab in London and by rail was said to be more reliable and faster, at least to some provincial stations, than today. Watson was told "to bring your service revolver and those excellent pair of field glasses with you" on several occasions.

After 23 years of close association, Holmes and Watson still address one another by their surnames. Only on three occasions are we even told that Watson's first name is John. Whilst that may have been an extreme case, some elderly men, still had the habit up to the 1960s, going back to pre 1914 boyhoods.

We learn that in the 1800s, a suite of rooms in central London could be hired for fifty shillings a week, breakfast at a first class hotel was only a shilling. Holmes' suspicions are aroused by a governess for a family being hired at £100 p.a., when the going rate is only £40. Sherlocks' elder brother Mycroft, a government adviser, lives quite comfortably on £450 p.a. The stately homes of England are in their heyday and England's new emerging middle classes have at least one maid per family (the one and only similarity with present day Bangkok).

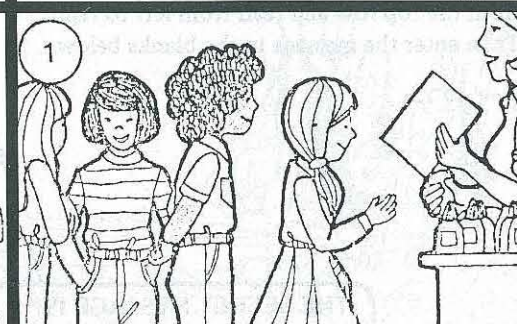
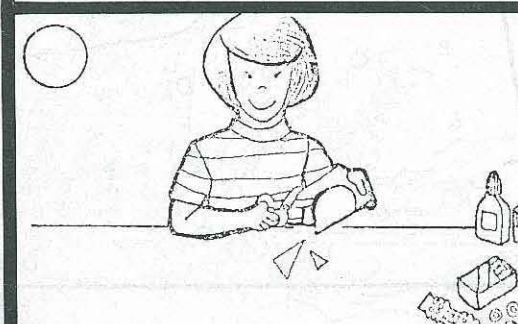
In the inflation ridden England of 1987, £6.95 is a real bargain for these nine books in one, the equivalent of the price for an indifferent lunch in London today.

J.M. Ball  
24th November 1987

(Ed: I have not as yet tracked down a Bangkok supplier; I'll let you know when I do)

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

### FEBRUARY- Making a Valentine



# MINDWINDERS

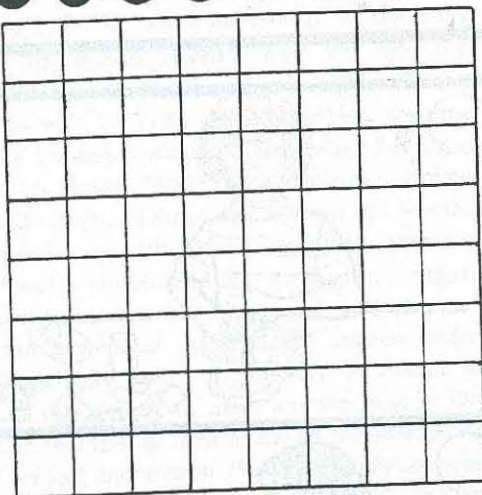


## Check It Out! \*\*\*

Okay, checkers champions, here's the challenge. Can you put these eight checkers on this board, each in a different square, so that:

- no two checkers are in the same horizontal row;
- no two checkers are in the same vertical row;
- no two checkers are on the same diagonal line?

Good luck!

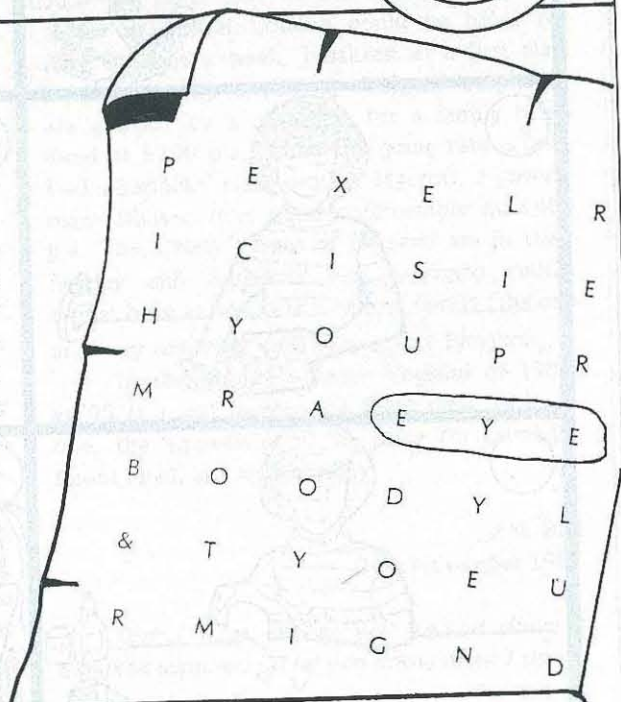


## Secret Message\*

### HOW TO PLAY

To discover the secret message hidden in the grid: Find and circle six parts of the body. Note that words may read forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. They may intersect or interlock, but they must read in a straight line without skipping any letters. Hint: Look for three-letter words.

After finding and circling all seven words, read the remaining letters. Start from the top row and read from left to right. Then enter the message in the blanks below.



THE SECRET MESSAGE IS:

(Solutions on page 36)

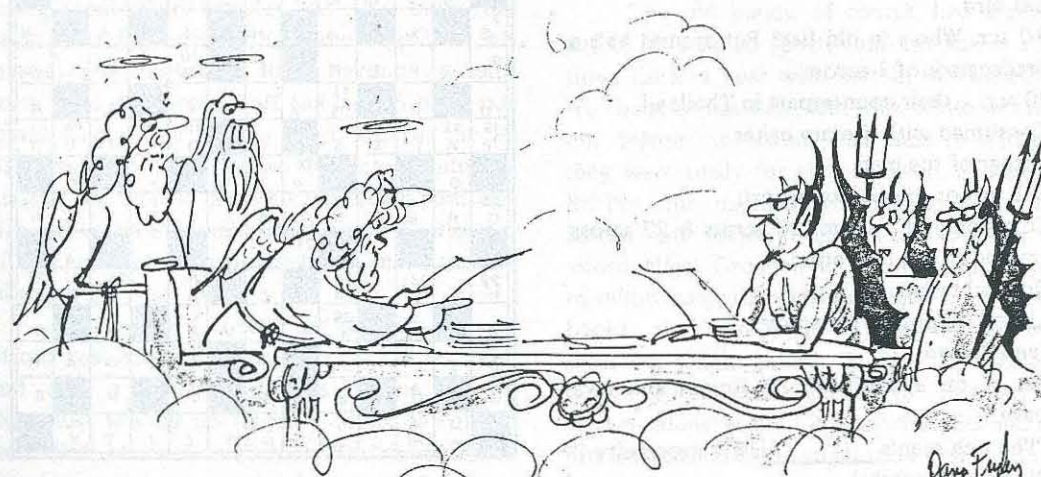
# The English have the Best Balls

Old hands already know, and new members will quickly learn that the Bangkok Social scene would not be the same without the Balls organised by the Four Loyal Societies.

For the newer arrivals let me explain how they differ:

- St. Andrew's** A whole night of drunken tribal dancing which is only saved by the pipes and drums imported from Aldershot (England) and breakfast on the lawn of the British Club.
- St. David's** Apart from regular leaks and some unintelligible Welsh mutterings, the redeeming feature of this event is the importing of the Hongkong Welsh Male Voice Choir. They're very good, but their current leader is an Englishman.
- St. Patrick's** Another good evening, the highlight of which is again imported entertainment. Either a band of Paddy Folk Singers or sometimes an English comedian.
- St. George's** Now this is special, so put the date of 23rd April in your diary now. It will be at the Royal Orchid Sheraton. The reason why the English have the best Balls is because we don't import our entertainment. We do it ourselves. Music, comedy and the traditional finale:

"The English are Best"  
23RD APRIL 1988 IS ST. GEORGE'S DAY!



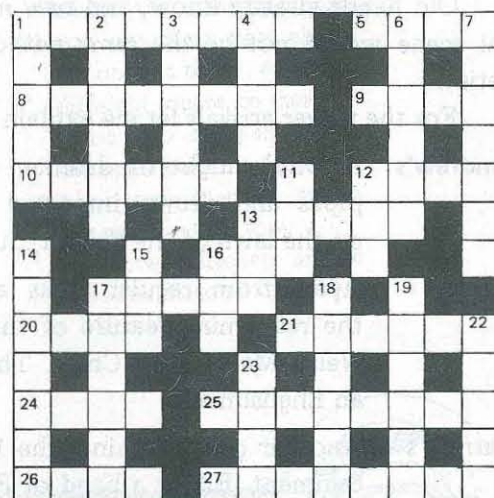
"Then it's agreed. Watson, Smith, Teller, and Wilson go to Heaven; Jones, Paducci, and Horner go to Hell; and Fenton and Miller go to arbitration."

# CROSSWORD

## CLUES

### ACROSS

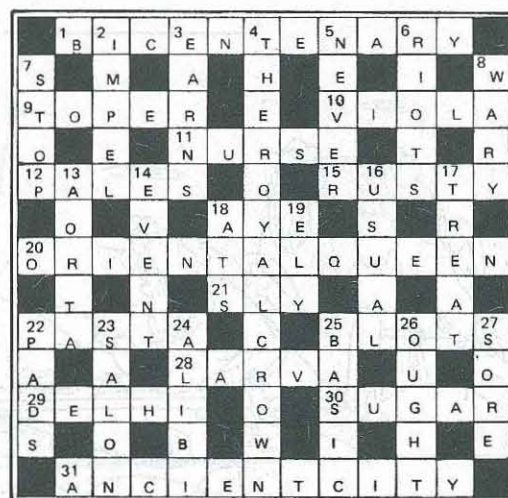
- 1 & 27. Somehow that great charmer is a leading lady.
5. The stuff for a coarse smoke.
8. "Oh heaven! Were man but \_\_\_\_\_ he would be perfect!"  
(Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona.)
9. Show one's teeth.
10. See 6 down.
12. Make indistinct.
13. Is it blue in the best people?
16. Should be paid now.
17. Gets weary about the ceremonies.
20. See 7 Down.
21. A merry-making around to show all.
24. Could be a goal for the Russian girl.
25. A Minister does this, it is said, if he's on 1 Across' mat!
26. At the bottom.
27. See 1 Across.



### DOWN

1. Polly's cousin
- 2 & 17. Real grand on a roundabout for a leading man.
3. No cat I put out, so take it!
4. Sea bird.
- 6 & 10 acr. Who's 'n old liar? Put around he's a predecessor of 1 across....
- 7 & 20 acr. ...their counterpart in Thailand.
11. Consumed with literary cakes.
12. Father of the man.
13. Sub up for the city transport.
14. Commonly, 17 down, 20 across & 27 across are said to be! (2 words)
15. Not too bright.
16. Little boy put up for study.
17. See 2 Down.
18. Put it on a confused 20 Across and give leave.
19. "The rich man's \_\_\_\_\_ is his strong city."  
(Book of Proverbs)
22. He's born every day in the Bangkok Post.
23. A saucy support?

## LAST MONTH'S SOLUTION



## SPORTS ROUNDUP

# CRICKET



### 20th December. 30-over league vs Wanderers. Won by 48 runs.

BC 177.2 (White 56, Grocock 52, Dance 44\*, Castledine 12\*)

Wanderers 129 (White 5.1-0-17-4, Dunford 6-0-20-4, Hall 2-0-17-1, Hough 5-1-20-1)

Frank lost the toss for the third time in four matches and after some deliberation, Wanderers decided to put us in. For the first over at least, it looked like a good decision, as their new 16-year-old, six-foot-eight opening bowler sent ball after ball skidding just wide of Nick White's bat and slightly less wide of his off stump. However, Nick survived, and soon he and Nigel Grocock began to score more freely. The Wanderers skipper took himself off after his second over cost 7 runs and his third 14, but his replacements did little better. The opener bowled out his spell of six overs for only 15 runs, but by the 15-over water break, Nick and Nigel were scoring at over five an over and looking pretty secure. This continued until Nick was out to a fine running catch at deep extra cover; the opening stand of 110 was just three short of the BC record made by Terry Adams and Craig Price against the Post nearly three years ago. Nick's score of 56 came off 69 balls and included six fours. Nigel Grocock fell less than five overs before the end, having also scored a fifty in his usual immaculate fashion. At this point the target of full batting bonus points (175 in this league) still looked a little beyond us, with forty runs still needed off the last 26 balls, but David Dance was in fine form, and, in the 28 balls he faced he rattled up 44 runs, including a massive six almost into the swimming-pool and five other boundaries, while Steve Castledine, after a tentative start at the other end, hammered a useful 12 not out.

The total of 177 for 2 off 30 overs was one of our best 30-over scores, but on a fast outfield, and with a strong Wanderers batting line-up, the result was by no means a foregone conclusion. Not, at least, until Nick White's aggressive opening spell had seen the departure of the top three batsmen (one off the first ball of the

innings). At 13 for 3 the match was as good as over, but BC made its usual hard work of dismissing the rest of the batsmen, with a dropped catch or two not helping matters. The introduction of Jack Dunford into the attack, however, changed all this as he demolished the Wanderers middle order with a devastating mixture of good, bad and very bad deliveries. He bowled his six overs straight through for only 20 runs, taking four wickets in the process. The final total of 129 flattered Wanderers a little; to be honest, they had never really looked like reaching even 100 after Nick's opening spell. Against another team, and in different circumstances, BC's failure to press home this early advantage might have had more serious consequences; 19 of the 129 were extras. But this was an excellent beginning to the 30-over league. By the time you read this, we will have played a lot more cricket and the league position will be clearer, but everyone was extremely satisfied at this win and its augurs for the rest of the season.

### 10th January. 50-over league vs RBSC. Lost by 10 wickets.

BC 142-9 (Hough 33, Price 31, Grocock 23, Adams 17\*, Thompson 11\*) RBSC 143-0

The old hands, of course, had seen it all before. It's called sportsclubform and it attacks three times a year with certain rare exceptions. We chose to bat first, and Nick White was in and out before the scorers had time to signal that they were ready for play to begin. Bowled by a British Club member who had sworn to retire before this season began. And so Craig Price joined Nigel Grocock in a painstaking attempt to climb back to respectability. For the record-books, they did well, putting on 53 before Craig was caught behind. But for the spectators, it was a long haul. Half of the first ten overs were maidens; at the 17-over break, BC had made just 36 runs; and the stand took nearly 22 overs. The ball was reported to be moving in the air and off the seam in an unprecedented manner...

The batsmen's tales were illustrated with hands stretched in increasingly fisherman-like poses. Nigel followed Craig into the pavilion five runs later, then David Dance was well caught in the covers, and at 71 for 4 off 28 overs we were looking less than ideally placed. Frank Hough went in determined to step up the strike rate, but had a far from easy time of it at first, while Steve Castledine at the other end found runs no easier to come by than the other batsmen and took twelve balls to get off the mark. When he was caught behind for 3, Alistair Rider came in and repeated the performance, taking one more ball to get off the mark and being caught for one run fewer. Frank was bowled by the very next ball, having made the eventual top score of 33. Terry Adams saved the hat-trick and then, following the departures of Jack Dunford and Jonathan Letchfield, he and Geoff Thompson put together a fine unbeaten stand of 20 for the last wicket, entertaining the crowd with some good hitting and lively (sic) running, and denying the Sports Club their final bowling bonus point. 142 for 9 in a fifty-over game is not a huge score, and RBSC are a good batting side, but still, with so much swing in the air...

The short story is: the RBSC openers knocked off all the runs in 26 overs.

The slightly longer agony goes: Nick White and David Dance bowled the first twelve overs beautifully, conceding only 26 runs, 12 of which could be put down to mistakes in the field. The No. 1 batsman was dropped, twice. Then the bowling was changed. It would be cruel to go into too many details; suffice to say that the next 14 overs cost 116 runs, and to single out two overs for special mention. (The

fact that the two overs in question were bowled respectively by the captain and the vice-captain has nothing to do with this correspondent's position on the substitute's bench.) The twentieth over saw Frank bowl a club record twelve-ball over, including six wides in the first eight balls, as Frank disintegrated in true Dave Smith style (but it will be all the better by the time you read this) Then the twenty-third over Jack Dunford's fifth of the innings (having bowled a respectable 0 for 17 in 4 overs up to then) saw the score increase from 101 to 129, courtesy of a series of powerful hits by the No. 1 for 4, 6, 6, 4, and 6, with two byes off the last ball. BC's total was passed at 3.30 in the 26th over, with the openers on 73 not out and 54 not out; with another 16 extras given away, this was a record being what they are, however, no doubt we shall remember it for years. This is only the second time BC have been beaten by 10 wickets. The last time was against the Sports Club...

Leading batting averages after this match:

Dance 169 runs @ 56.33; Grocock 134 runs @ 33.50; Price 55 runs @ 27.50; White 70 runs @ 17.50.

Leading bowling averages:

White 8 wickets @ 9.50; Dunford 7 wickets @ 17.71; Hough 5 wickets @ 25.00.

Fixtures for February:

Saturday 6th vs Scribblers 30-over league (at Polo Club)

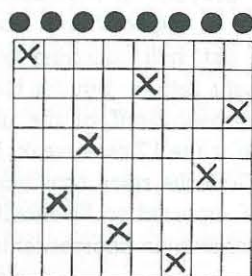
Sunday 14th vs RBSC Marshall Trophy (at Polo Club)

Saturday 20th Ambassadors Game, Friendly (at RBSC)

Saturday 27th vs Hopeful Artillery, Friendly (at RBSC)

#### Answers to puzzles in Children's Corner

#### MINDWINDERS



#### Secret Message\*

Words are hip, lip, arm, eye, toe, leg.

Secret message is:— Exercise your body and your mind.

## DARTS DARTS

It's touch and go whether the 1988 Darts season will start before the Patpong Mardi-Gras to be held on 13th February. Meanwhile B.C. dartists can be seen practising a bit of elbow bending in the bar, or trying to learn a few tips from darts specialists at the Firecat.

New league details will be announced soon, so if you fancy playing and can turn out most Thursday evenings call

Lions' Captain	Peter Downs	Office	234-0746-7
		Home	212-3008

or			
Unicorns' Captain	Bryan Baldwin	Office	221-1895-8
		Home	235-2022

The difference between the teams is marginal. In the Lions team the ratio of skill to fun is 51/49 and in the Unicorns its 45/55. This means the Lions win more and the Unicorns drink more.

## LADIES' GOLF LADIES' GOLF

We have had a very active season which has seen three different Captains during the year. On Captain's Day on the 24th November, the existing Committee was re-elected as follows:

Captain	— Penny Whalley
H'cap Sec.	— Merle Decot
Secretary	— Kristeen Chappell
Treasurer	— Margaret McEwan
Comm. Member	— Dolores Aaron



Penny Whalley and Kristeen Chappell.

Our annual Club Championships were held on the 1st and 2nd of December at the Army Golf Course. Although we had booked tee times, things did not go exactly as planned, and we ended up teeing off on the 7th hole! However, some very good golf was played over the two days and the results were as follows:

### "Le Petit" Trophy

### Stroke Play

#### Silver Div. (0-23)

Winner	- Penny Whalley	(23)	146 nett
R/Up	- Dolores Aaron	(19)	154 nett
	*Ginger Lash	(14)	154 nett

#### Bronze Div. (24-40)

Winner	- Kristeen Chappell	(28)	140 nett
R/Up	- Anne Hendrie	(24)	142 nett
1st Day Winner	- Silver - Ginger Lash	(14)	73 nett
1st Day Winner	- Bronze - Pam Hardy	(24)	73 nett
2nd Day Winner	- Silver - Joan Guthrie	(19)	71 nett
2nd Day Winner	- Bronze - Helen Benham	(31)	75 nett

\*Ginger was unable to stay on to play a sudden death and conceded her place. Special thanks go to Ian Hendrie and the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank for kindly donating golf balls as prizes.

Please make note of the forthcoming highlight of the British Club Golfer's calendar - THE KITCHEN SINK - the annual challenge of ladies versus men. This will be held on Saturday 27th of February at the Rose Garden. Tee-off time is 7 a.m. We have places for 70 people and hope to organise grouping and tee times when we have the completed list of players. The sign-up sheet will be on the notice board at the British Club. Play will be followed by lunch and prize-giving at the Rose Garden. Sign up NOW!

Our weekly Tuesday games have re-commenced at the Railway and Army courses. Anyone interested in playing please contact Penny Whalley on 258-9415 for more information.

## SQUASH SQUASH

This is it, the article you have all been waiting for - the first squash section write up since October, 1987! Apologies for the extended absence which has arisen from pressure of work, forgetfulness and, on more than one occasion, plain idleness. (Ed: hear hear!)

The 67th League results contained a refreshingly large number of new names amongst the old faithfuls. Particularly worthy of note are George Dunford in Division 11, James Nichols (Division 5), Tony Brazenell (Division 4) and Chamnarn Viravan (Division 2). Results in full are:-

Division	1	Mervyn Rattray
	2	Chamnarn Viravan
	3	Mike Kelly
	4	Tony Brazenell
	5	James Nichols
	6	Yves Poher
	7	Tim Davis
	8	Ian Aldridge
	9	David Overington
	10	Id Hastings
	11	George Dunford

Mike Kelly, in a noteworthy demonstration of the powers of determination over the constraints of old age, managed to sneak in as Division 3 winner after drawing the points score with Andy Hawkins, and then promptly left the country to return to England.

The last few weeks have seen the departure of a number of section stalwarts, including Les and Margaret Currie, who have moved to Taiwan, Mike and Anne Kelly, as mentioned earlier, have returned to U.K. and Mervyn Rattray who, after years of promising to do so, has finally gone home to "Oz". It is rumoured that freight charges for Mervyn's competition prizes ran into four figures.

More recently, the Handicap Cup and Handicap Shield competitions produced some very close games. Steve Castledine managed to pip Tony Brazenell (15-0, 13-15, 15-3, 10-15, 15-7) for a 3-2 win in the Cup, while Bryan Baldwin squeezed past Sue Kunzmann (an unfortunate term of phrase) beating her 3-2 (13-15, 11-15, 15-11, 15-7, 15-8) in the Shield. Congratulations to winners and runners up.

Also during November the B.C.B. Squash Section managed a surprise win over visitors from the Hong Kong Jockey Club, turning in a games score of 5-2 in our favour. A barbeque and exchange of club shields followed the mor-

ning's matches.

February sees the start of the Harold Mercer Trophy team competition with the finals of both the Trophy and Plate being held on 27th February. A Squash Section party and barbeque will follow the finals at 7.30 p.m. Entrance and food is free to participants in the competition and £75 for anyone else who would care to come.

On a more serious note there have been 3 eye injuries recently caused by players inadvertently walking into racquets. MEMBERS ARE URGED TO CALL FOR "LETS" wherever there is the possibility of striking your opponent. All injuries in these cases were minor with no more serious after effects than a black eye, but permanent injury could easily have resulted. SQUASH IS PLAYED SOCIALLY; LOSING A POINT IS NOT AS SERIOUS AS LOSING AN EYE.

Finally, on a sad note, Rod Carter, a long time squash player, great supporter of the section and section committee member for many years died on 27th December. His pleasant, caring personality and manner and his distinctively graceful squash style will be sorely missed. He was a gentleman in every sense of the phrase and his passing is to be regretted.

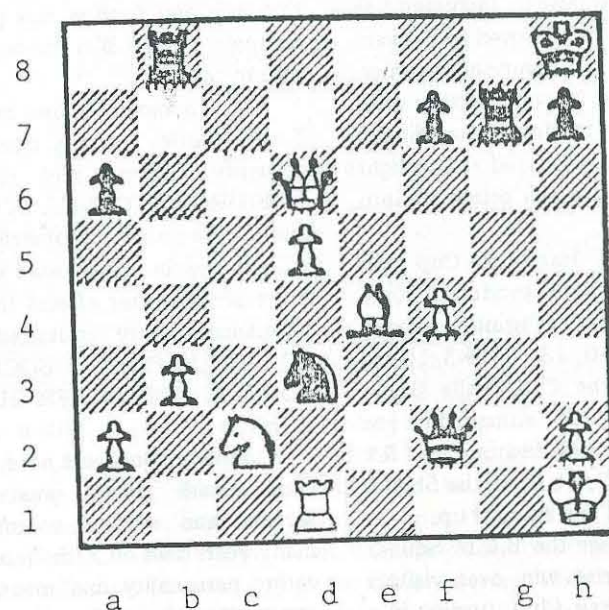


"Over the years together, we've worked out who we are. She's wonderful, and I'm difficult."

# Chess Quiz

Black to move and checkmate in two.

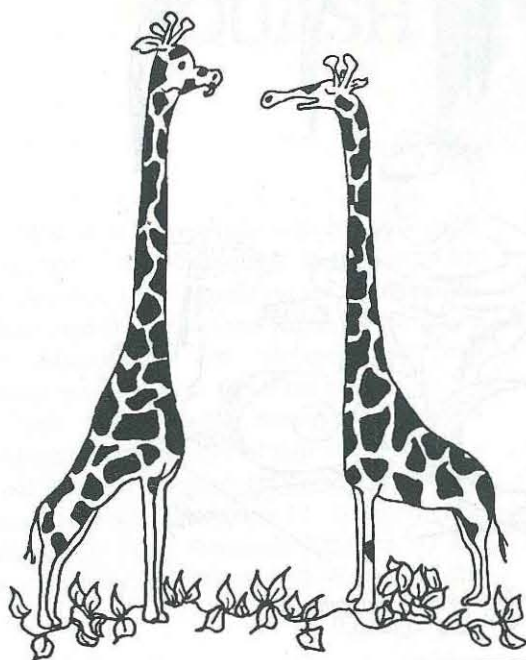
BLACK - 8 pcs.



WHITE - 10 pcs.

Solution - see the last page.

## COMPETITION



Funniest caption wins a bottle of wine - closing date 29th February. Hand in at reception.

## COMMITTEE



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# ACTIVITIES

ANYONE WHO IS INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING IN ANY ASPECT OF THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES SHOULD CONTACT:

BILLARDS/SNOOKER	— RON ARMSTRONG	390-2445
BRIDGE	— MIKE EVANS	236-8655-8
CRICKET	— FRANK HOUGH	391-7192
DARTS	— MIKE MAJER	513-1970
GOLF	— RON ARMSTRONG	390-2445
LADIES' GOLF	— PENNY WHALLEY	258-9415
OUTPOST	— MAREN WHITE	258-1481
RUGBY	— FIACRE HENSEY	234-3031
SOCCER	— ALEX FORBES	260-1950
SQUASH	— MIKE KELLY	253-0191 x 220
LADIES' SQUASH	— BARBARA OVERINGTON	260-1965
SWIMMING	— ERIKA MAJER	252-7492
TENNIS	— DAVE BENHAM	253-7310
CHESS	— JAMES NICHOLS	236-8834

## Solution to Chess Quiz:

1... Q-g1 check (2... N-f2 mate)  
Also good is 1... Q-f3



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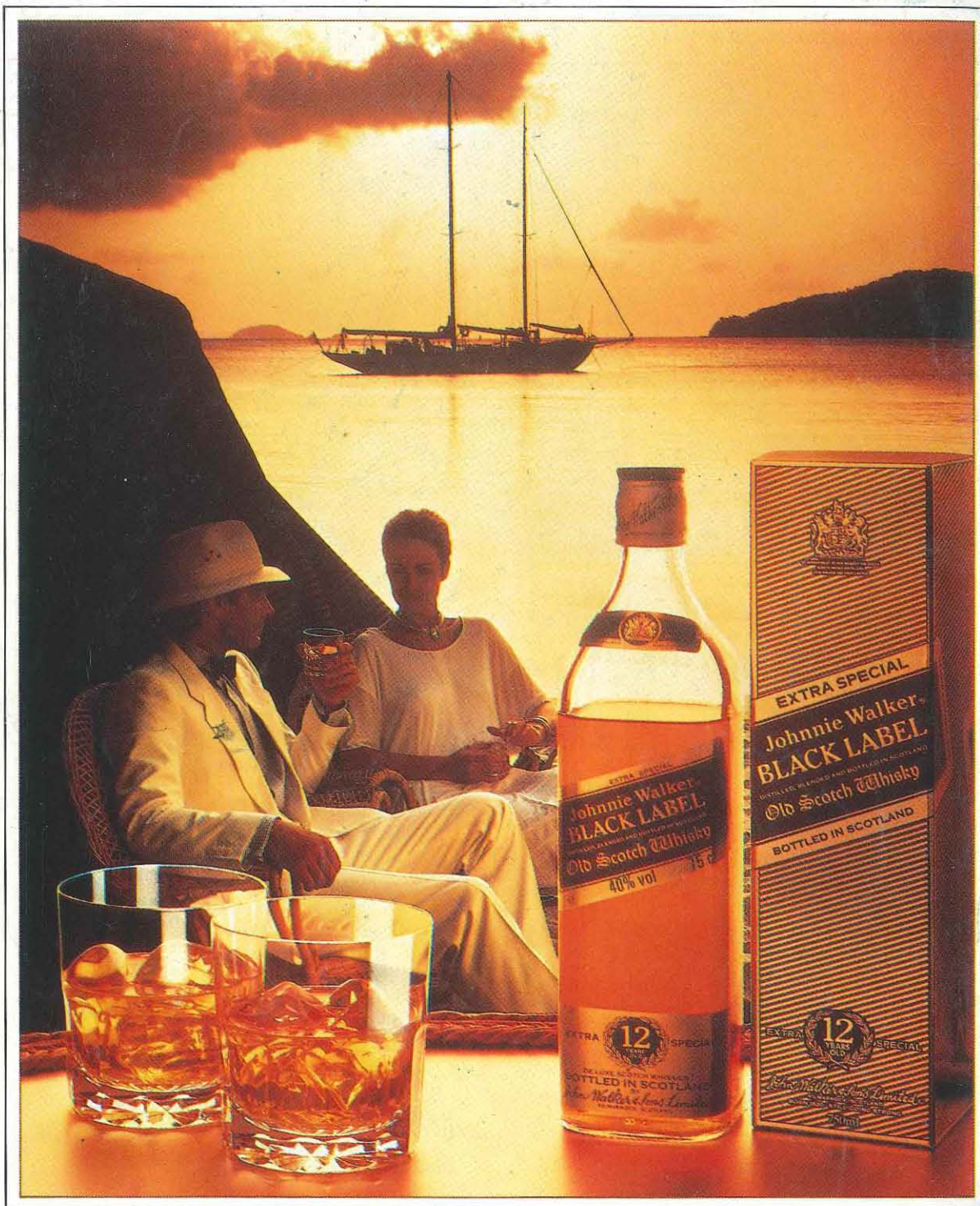
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