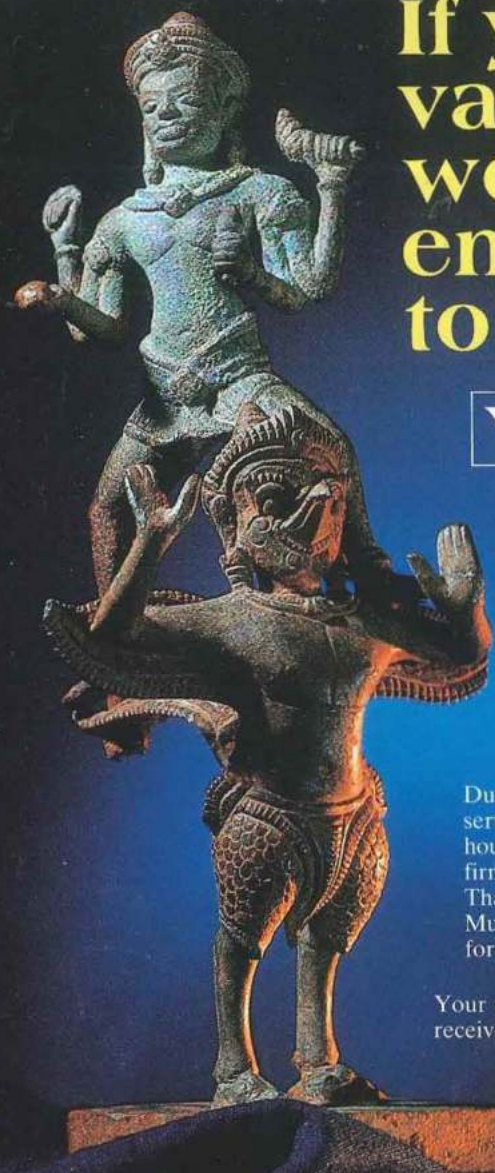


OUTPOST

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH CLUB

MARCH 1988





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DIARY

MARCH

Tues 1	Ladies' Golf Bridge <i>BCT presents "Knights and Dragons" at the Bhirasri</i>	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m. 7.00 p.m.
Wed 2	<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 3	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BCT Club Night : Community Services, Soi 33</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 7.30 p.m.
Fri 4	<i>St. David's Day Ball : Hilton Hotel</i>	7.00 p.m.
Sat 5	Cricket : Thailand Nations' 6's Trophy : Polo Club/RBSC Dinner Video	6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 6	Cricket : Thailand Nations' 6's Trophy: Polo Club/RBSC Buffet Supper	From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 7	<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 8	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 9	<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 10	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.
Sat 12	Cricket : BC vs Colts : RBSC Dinner Video	6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 13	Cricket : BC vs. Chidralada (50 Overs) : RBSC Buffet Supper	From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 14	<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 15	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 16	<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 17	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BWG Lunch at the Royal Orchid Sheraton</i> <i>Contact Marianne Johns Tel. 392-8019</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 11.00 a.m.

Sat 19	Cricket : BC vs Chiang Mai (30 Overs) : Chiang Mai Gymkhana Club Dinner Video BC Outing to the Ballet : Sadler's Wells Ballet Company performing "La Fille Mal Gardee" <i>St. Patrick's Ball : Oriental Hotel</i>	6.00 & 8.00 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 7.00 p.m.
Sun 20	Cricket : Friendly vs Chiang Mai : Chiang Mai Gymkhana Club Buffet Supper	From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 21	<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 22	Ladies' Golf Bridge Annual General Meeting	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 23	<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 24	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BCT Presents "Cabaret" at AUA</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon 8.00 p.m.
Fri 25	<i>BCT Presents "Cabaret" at AUA</i>	
Sat 26	Cricket Nets Dinner Video <i>BCT Presents "Cabaret" at AUA</i>	2.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m. 8.00 p.m.
Sun 27	Cricket : Double Wicket : RBSC/Polo Club Buffet Supper	From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 28	<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 29	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.00 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 30	<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 31	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00-12 noon

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

PLEASE NOTE!

There is a rule which states that
SHOES MUST NOT BE WORN AROUND THE POOLSIDE.
Please adhere to it!

From the Chairman

THE Annual General Meeting of the Club this year will be held on Tuesday 22nd March at 7.00p.m. You will be receiving your copy of the Annual Report for 1987 and Directory of Members for 1988 about two weeks before that. I would like to encourage you to read the Report and to make every attempt to attend the Meeting.

The Annual Report tells the story of what was a happy year for the Club. Financially we generated a surplus for the first time since 1983 and significantly reduced Club borrowings and, in spite of an unusually high turnover, Membership held up well with the end of year total of 562 at an all-time high. Further substantial improvements were made to the Club property and, with a new Assistant Manager, a start was made on improving Club services with special attention being given to the club house kitchen and restaurant.

There is still much to be done to secure this position. The operating margins are still tight and very vulnerable to fluctuations in membership. There are likely to be pressing expenditures required following a comprehensive survey of the Club House, and the Committee is keen to further extend facilities to Members in order to stay ahead of the game in an ever-increasingly competitive leisure/club market. There will be two motions presented to the meeting towards this aim, one for a further increase in Associate Membership, the other for an increase in entrance fees (not subscriptions!). Details will be sent out shortly.

The AGM will, of course, also elect a General Committee for 1988/89. With the majority of the present Committee apparently willing to stand (yet) again, this is the Membership's opportunity to either turn up and show them your support, or to elect some new (or old) blood. The Club is yours. See you on the 22nd.

Jack Dunford



The St. George's Ball

April 23rd is St. George's Day when the Bangkok St. George's Society will be organising a Ball for you at the Royal Orchid Sheraton Hotel.

Please reserve the date in your diary now and start making up your guest list. The best of English food will be followed by some homespun English entertainment and then dancing to the fabulous Chula Band.

British Airways will be offering free tickets as a doorprize and will be flying in Lymeswold and Stilton cheeses as usual, and a supplementary doorprize in the form of tickets to Singapore is being donated by TNT Skypak.

Tickets will be on sale shortly at £750 including pre-dinner drinks and corkage.

THE ONLY WAY TO ARRIVE IN 1988.

British Airways new Business Class is designed to help you arrive ready to do business.

On Club World, we're fighting long haul fatigue with a battery of new products and services designed to help you arrive refreshed.

We've introduced 'Slumber Seats', ergonomically designed to relax and support your entire body so you can stretch out over the long stretches.

You will be soothed by steaming hot towels, relaxed by fine wines, delighted by dinner served regally on Royal Doulton bone china and indulged by our award-winning staff.

As your destination nears, you'll be ready with our refresher kit. Inside you'll find everything to help you arrive looking your best.

You'll feel on top of the world, even if you've just flown across most of it.

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Meet the New Members



Sue and Chris Green (left) sorting out the finer points of squash with David Jezeph. Chris is a hydrologist; here to sort out the Mekong River and play "hopeless squash". Sue is a graphic artist, swimmer and budding thespian.



Jill and Bruce Crampton from Melbourne, Australia. They have been here for seven months and run the International Business Centre.



Donald Ratcliffe (right) with Brian Heath. Donald is originally from Montreal, Canada but was a long time U.S. Marine Corps officer. As Director of Asia Far East Programmes for Litton Industries he has been in and out of Thailand for 5 years and has now decided to make Bangkok his base.



Martin and Wally Thomas, recent arrivals. Martin is Patana School's new head master. Being a true Welshman he is a keen singer; Wally admits to out of tune screeching. Martin is an enthusiastic supporter of all sports but especially those he once played, football, cricket and rugby. Wally, also a teacher, likes reading, sewing, the theatre and talking to people (sorry Martin, not a beautiful picture).



Richard Coats (left) with Jeff Osmond. Richard is from Sydney and is here with the Commonwealth Development Corporation. Richard is single and sporty. He's a ping pong fan (or was it Pat Pong?).



Wally Thomas (left) with Pam Rennie.



Marilyn and Nathan Bienstock New Yorkers, who have been here for a year. They are in the jewellery business.



Chantal and Christian Boutertle (left) with Frank Hough — originally from Paris, they have been here for 5 years teaching French. Christian is also a deep sea diver and instructor.



Alan and Maelynn Ellard — Alan is a Londoner and Maelynn hails from near Dundee, though she was born in China. They are independent missionaries and have been in Thailand for 20 years; 10 of those in Bangkok and 10 in Patani near Songkla. They have 4 teenage children all in the U.K.

Jeff and Robyn Sharp from Sydney, Australia, have been here for three months with their four children. Jeff works for Ciba-Geigy and is a squash and golf man. Robyn is on the Australian Women's Group Committee (already) organising Activities. Two of their sons are potential cricketers (hear that Frank?).



Mark Pease and Khun Surasak — in the middle of the usual New Members bedlam, they managed to concentrate on what looked like a very serious game of chess.



Raj Marwah (left) with Patrick Wilkerson, Lindsay Dodds and Mike Ryan — Raj is currently a single Australian, originally from north-west India. He has done a lot of work in Sydney on T.V. and radio, particularly for children. Here he writes songs and a Bangkok Post column on Saturdays. Work? Well, he said he was in advertising!



Philip Jackson (right) with Richard Hopkins — Phil's sartorial elegance that night drew such comment that we had to record it for posterity!



Issardas "Mike" Sachdev (right) chatting to Martin Thomas. Mike has a tailoring business. He came here 23 years ago from Bombay originally to join his brother's business. He has two children, one at I.S.B. and he likes swimming and tennis.



Judi and Mel Leddy had been here for three days (is this a record?). They've come from 2 years in Seoul, prior to that it was Istanbul. Mel works for Ciba-Geigy, he has taken over from Les Currie. They have two teenage children at I.S.B. Mel plays squash and Judi bridge and tennis; she is considering taking up deep sea diving!

K NOW YOUR COMMITTEE

Richard Hopkins (Entertainment)



ON the 27th October 1950, in St. David's Hospital, Canton, Cardiff, was born the first of the three sons of Margaret Hopkins nee Evans and Rev. Graham Hopkins, curate of St. John's Canton, where the Archbishop of Wales baptised the young lad Richard Andrew Beynon.

When Richard was two, they moved to Dowlais, slag-heaped 1820's Welsh

Silicon Valley, ghosted by old ironmasters and boxing champs and fly-halves and high tenors, where he learnt "The Lord is my Shepherd" on the piano-forte, spent the penny the barber gave him on 1950's soccer cards, got a Matchbox car reward for going to the dentist and ate his prunes, dried peas and cod-liver oil capsules dutifully. Summers they rode the second-hand Ford Po-

pular to Dadcu's railway carriage bungalow in Aberporth or the steam-train to his rectory in Duror in the Scottish Highlands, where Mamgu fed the deer, and the kilted Laird remembered Handel's playing of the organ.

In 1959 they moved from head to mouth of valley, to the mile-of-golden-sanded-steelwork town of Port Talbot, where the first year at

"The Mountain School" was spent unsuccessfully trying to get promotion from Miss Rees's "D" column of desks to her "A" column, enjoying the story and singing "Now the Day is Over". The Head never let a boy play the school glockenspiel, but young Richard got his musical chances in the church choir and on St. David's leek-lapelled eisteddfodd days. Eleven-plus year was the class of lovely Mr. Evans who had broadcast with Dylan Thomas on the BBC.

After 11-plus it was Duffryn Grammar school, famous for supplying Bangkok Patana School with 2 teachers and Elizabeth Taylor with 1 husband. Begowned Harry Hydrogen's algebra concentrated on little frogs jumping between negative and positive regions of their x-y inhabited universe (maybe he's now a computer millionaire!); pretty Miss Brown taught us parsing while perching on her desk corner. The major occurrence of these years was the release of "She Loves You" by the Beatles. On his morning paper round young "Hoppy" would avidly read the "New Musical Express", and tune in to Radio Luxembourg for the Top

Twenty on Saturday night. Sunday meant morning and evening church, as head choirboy or organist or bell-ringer. Happy memories of last years of school include watching Glamorgan clinching the Championship by beating Essex on the last ball, Saturday nights at the Top Rank Swansea, and holiday steelworking in those pre-service industry days.

With his Double Maths & Physics and a place at Bristol Uni., young Richard in 1969 went to Rolls-Royce in Derby on a bursary as an undergraduate apprentice. Here he learnt all about how to blow up a RB211 jet-engine on a test-bed and lots of other more useful things, saw his first computer, the Nice, Rest of the World v. England at Trent Bridge after a pint at the "Trip to Jerusalem", and bought an old Morris Minor convertible for £40 to travel the beautiful Derbyshire countryside. He met his first public-school friends who taught him how to eat cold baked beans from a tin and how to play mediaeval wind instruments (unrelated). He also started pub piano-playing at a local British Legion.

In 1970 he went to

Bristol where he read Maths and Philosophy, and formed a rock band. Either the philosophy or the rock band led him in his second year to drop out and head for Australia. This was in February 1972 and by December, having spent his savings of £250, he arrived in Freemantle with £5 left. The previous 10 months had been spent getting there through the countries of the East, via the Orient Express and Venice, real Turkish baths, Indian Ashrams and hill-stations, Nepalese trekking, Ceylonese tea plantations, Afghani bushgazi, and one money-short night in Bangkok waiting for the Singapore train.

After a brief flirtation with the job of car-park attendant at the Perth Racecourse, he made a fair bit of money having a lot of fun as a freelance musician in Perth and Darwin. He returned to the U.K. via Portuguese Timor and a cattle ship to Hong Kong, of which his only memories are the lions outside the bank, the Star ferry and Chinese beer.

Back in Wales, he worked as a coke oven operator until the big steel strike of '74, when he reentered higher education

at the Welsh College of Music & Drama, where his best friend was an excellent Thai violinist. By '79 with diplomas from this college, Newton Park, Bath, and The Royal College of Music, being a reasonable performer and qualified teacher, he left for a job as lecturer in music at Payap University, Chiang Mai, with additional teaching at the CCC expatriate school.

Chiang Mai was great, working hard with his Thai students, choirs, and orchestras, and cycling down to the "Karen Hut" on a Saturday night to play darts. He never met that great Chiang Mai triumvirate of Wood-Hudson-Gibson but has fond memories of the MacPhies and Rev Bill Yoder of Prince Royal College and Thai colleagues and students.

At the end of '80 he moved down to Bangkok to Ruam Rudee International School, where he taught mostly Maths (Calculus, Geometry, Algebra I and II, Business Maths) but also the Music programme from 7th to 12th grade, and was 11th grade Homeroom teacher and 7.30a.m. Thai National Anthem choir-leader-guitar-player. During this period he became choir-

master, PCC member and later organist at Christ Church, and began his long association with the St. David's and St. George's societies, BMS, BCT and BCC as player, director or conductor of a wide variety of music.

By 1983 he was married to Khun Nitta of the British Council, and was a teacher at Bangkok Patana School, bemusedly noting that the younger the students and the shorter the apparent working hours, the higher the salary! Later he started the computer programme at the school, from narrow beginnings to the stage where they are now trying to help every age and subject, contributing to making this school the best in the region.

At about this time still-quite-young Richard joined the British Club, shortly after the birth of his first daughter, Cathryn Sian. Visions of being a purely poolside or squash member were soon vapourised on being welcomed to the Churchill Bar by Mr L. Vize, Mr. R. Coombes and other friendly Salt-of-the-Club members. Somehow or other he never attended one of those old and formal membership nights where one had to be very polite.

Quite soon he was brought on to the British Club committee with the Entertainment portfolio and introduced many new events. He enjoys the B.C. and being on the Committee, and while having to ration his time since the birth of Sarah Winne and increased professional commitments, hopes to continue on the Committee if re-elected.

His professional ambition is to be a Headmaster, being interested in curriculum development and organisation, and he loves teaching. As for the British Club development, he feels we should concentrate on on-site development such as lawn bowls (maybe on the front lawn), and a multipurpose sports centre for indoor badminton, tennis, football, volleyball, fitness, and large functions which we cannot at present hold indoors. He believes this will be more cost effective and of service to more members than a large green field development in the suburbs.

He has no immediate plans to return to the U.K. and is one of the many Committee "New Guard" who are starting to turn grey and go bald on their way to "Old Guard" status!

Terry Adams (Sports)

BORN and bred in Leamington Spa, this post-war "baby boomer" had a fairly conventional childhood. First memories are of being taken as a 2 year old to the Recreation Ground opposite the old GWR railway sheds by his Grandfather to watch the trains and play football. This was only to be expected as Grandad was by then a retired GWR Stationmaster from Banbury and as a lad an excellent athlete and soccer player from St. Phillip's Grammar School in Birmingham. Each of these trips always concluded with a visit to Leonard's confectionery shop nearby where the most delicious of home made icecream was sold - herein lies an explanation of certain current gastronomic tendencies readily apparent to all who know our subject.

Always ready to join anything, Terry became an altar-boy at St. Peter's R.C. Church in Leamington when aged 10 years. Home to church was four or five miles so a bike was



needed. Terry took on a morning paper round to pay for one, but this led to further problems. He always seemed to draw the 7.00a.m. Mass on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and when the papers arrived late he was late for Mass. Thus, at the age of 11 years he suffered the ignominy of being sacked for the first (and hopefully only) time.

This enabled him to pursue his second love (after sports) and become a cycling train spotter, with regular sorties to all parts of the Midlands and

even camping expeditions to Swindon where he, with a few companions, was able to sneak round the Railway Workshops during their annual shutdown and gorge himself on the morsels inside. His interest in this pastime diminished with the advent of diesel and electric locomotives and a growing recognition that 'Girls' could eventually become a bit of a distraction rather than the previous hindrance to all things that 'Boys' wanted to do.

Terry managed to talk his way through the 11+

and was educated at Kenilworth Grammar School. A singularly undistinguished scholastic career was brightened by his being awarded a record number of 14 school colours for sporting achievements.

The first of these was, when aged 11 and running for Mid Warwickshire Schools in the under 13's county cross country championships he came home in 8th place; this was mainly due to the fact that the first 50'odd runners managed to go the wrong way and he had wisely followed two local lads from King Edward's School in Nuneaton who did know the way. He subsequently ran for Warwickshire Schools in the All England Schools cross country championships and was mile champion for Mid Warwickshire Schools at Junior, Intermediate and Senior levels. Oh yes, he also won an O'level prize and was appointed Deputy Head Boy.

Terry claims to have failed only one exam in his life, and he failed it again and again and It was of course O'level French, mandatory for University entrance in those days. Despite reasonable to poor passes at A'level Pure and Applied Mathematics and Physics, the lack of O'le-



vel French meant no University.

He accepted an offer from Westinghouse to become Student Administrative Apprentice, which entailed working six months in various factory departments and six months at The Polytechnic, Regent St., London, over a four year period to be eventually awarded a Diploma in Technology.

Wishing to start his career as a Computer Systems Analyst, he joined the graduate intake of Rolls-Royce Ltd at their Aero Engines Division in Bristol where he received intensive training and a post in their large Systems Office. Total mismanagement lead to the resignation of ten out of forty Systems Analysts in a five month period, and

Terry was the tenth, suffering from acute boredom and massive frustration.

He then joined Harveys of Bristol Ltd as a Systems Analyst and enjoyed six years of happy employment with a wonderful Company and group of people, during which time he became Assistant to the Chief Accountant (a post created for him) and, for the final 2½ years, Transport and Sites Manager. He also started to become the shape he is today; dining in the Company's Management Dining Room with wines and sherries to be consumed daily along with sumptuous fare took it's inevitable toll.

Terry got married to Thalia during this time and subsequently became the proud father of twin daughters Kirsty and Julie, now aged 14 years. Like many, the marriage didn't survive the fullness of time and the twins live with Terry's ex-wife in Chippenham, Wiltshire.

Despite being part of the largest drinks group in Europe, no one wanted to leave Harveys — further promotion would have been a case of "dead man's shoes" and the impatient Terry wasn't prepared to wait.

Having got well and truly into 'logistics and distribution' he spent the next 3½ years in Management Consulting, specialising in those areas of activity. Whilst his assignments were mainly in the UK — from "tramping round Europe's biggest cold store at midnight dressed up like the original India Rubber Man" to "theoretical research for the Chemicals Division of a major UK/Dutch Oil Company", he also had assignments in Dublin (where they have the longest TV aerials in the world, all pointed towards the UK) and in Tegucigalpa, the capital city of the Republic of Honduras.

His final assignment for the London office of A.T. Kearney Inc, the Chicago based specialist consultancy company, was for Chloride Shires Ltd in Guiseley, north of Leeds. He was offered the job of Distribution Director to actually implement his consultancy proposals, and having become thoroughly fed-up with living out of a suitcase, he accepted and enjoyed 2½ years of hard work which he says were the most stimulating of his career.

This lead to his posting to Thailand in July 1983 as MD of the then Chloride subsidiary companies.

Posted to Chloride South Africa in July 1985, after three months he elected not to stay and was offered a position with Chloride based in Dagenham. Suffice it to say this was not what was wanted, and the tragic death of Harold Mercer in Phuket in September 1985 gave Terry the opportunity to return to Thailand in October 1985 as MD of Dale Electric's subsidiary in Bangkok.

Still an avid sportsman, Terry plays cricket, golf and darts for the BC, and is the only 'farang' Thai Rugby Union Referee. With his girlfriend, Wan, he can be seen running round Lumpini Park before dawn on most weekdays, but a liking for food and drink of all sorts ensures that his shape remains almost unchanged from year to year.

He is still very much a "do-er" and as well as undertaking his busy "proper job" he is of course on the Committee of the British Club, is Vice President and Treasurer of the Bangkok St. George's Society, and is on the Board of Directors of the Rotary Club of Bangkok South.

BEHIND THE SCENES



Khun Amporn Pumsri
Poolside Supervisor,
employed since 1971



Khun Sirichit Tanathit
Admin & Accts Supervisor,
employed since 1979



Khun Sarakit Pongpaiboon
House Supervisor,
employed since 1966.
"I wonder how long it has been?"



Khun Narong Yodkam
Catering Function
Supervisor,
employed since 1976



Khun Pismai Keoraksa
Restaurant Supervisor,
employed since 1976



Khun Paisarn Suwandecho
Churchill Bar Supervisor,
employed since 1976



Khun Yoryos Yuadyong
Ground Supervisor,
employed since 1983

CLUB ROUNDUP

The Maoris



The Thai Night



St. Andrew's Society

"Fair fa yer honest sonsie face
grent Chieftain o'the Pueldin' Race"

So starts the great poem dedicated to the Haggis. There was no haggis (and a few of us feeling like puddin's because of it) at the Bangkok St Andrew's Society Burns Nicht Ceilidh. The absence was due to the remarkably mild winter in Scotland so far which is not conducive to the beastie's breeding habits. They huddle together for warmth you see, and one thing leads inevitably to the other. This and the combined efforts of Green Peace and the Invercannie-shove-ye-grannie-aff-a-tuktuk "Tattie Boggle" Preservation Society in stopping the annual Auchtertilly Cull has lead to a desperate shortage and the rescinding of all export permits for 2 months. We hope to secure valuable supplies of the delicacy for some of our later functions which may cause anxiety to those of you with more delicate constitutions.

Anyway, to the aforementioned ceilidh which was held in the Siam Inter-Continental who appear to be doing exceptionally well from Farang Functions these days. One hundred and sixty five souls attended and whilst there was no haggis there was plenty of fun, food and fabulous entertainment. After a good buffet the crowd settled in with a few reels and were then to enjoy an excellent series of songs and skits, interspersed with more dancing and a toast to the Immortal Memory of the Bard himself. The toast was proposed by that doyen of the British Club, Dugal Forrest, who had researched his subject well and showed supreme dedication by limiting his imbibation (drinking to you lot) in the preceeding two hours. The Society's own three folk singers, Kristeen Chappel, Beryl Masson and Mark (MC) Reid, did two very entertaining spots. The first comprised some of Burns'

more famous songs whilst the second act proved the highlight of the evening with some good old sing-a-long numbers, particularly their rendition of "Ye cannie-come-in-the-noo-the-noo" specially parodied for the Krung Thep cognoscenti. Top honours, however, must be awarded to their song about the old man marrying the sweet young maiden and falling asleep on his wedding night. The old man was ably played by Bob McEwan, who reportedly bribed the Casting Director a bottle of Chivas Regal, whilst the little lassie was portrayed by the voluptuous Jane Rogers in a natty line of "Baby Dolls". She was eventually whisked away by Bill Burr.

Yes, another 'rare nicht' and thanks should go to Duncan Niven, rapidly becoming known as Bangkok's answer to Lou Grade for putting together the evening's action, and more especially to the above mentioned entertainers.

The Ceilidh was preceded by the St Andrew's Society Invitational Golf Classic where around 30 golfers vied for the coveted trophies. Winning man for the second year running was Norman McDonald whilst Kristeen Chappel (proving she can make music with the golf clubs as well) and Margaret McEwan took the honours for the ladies.

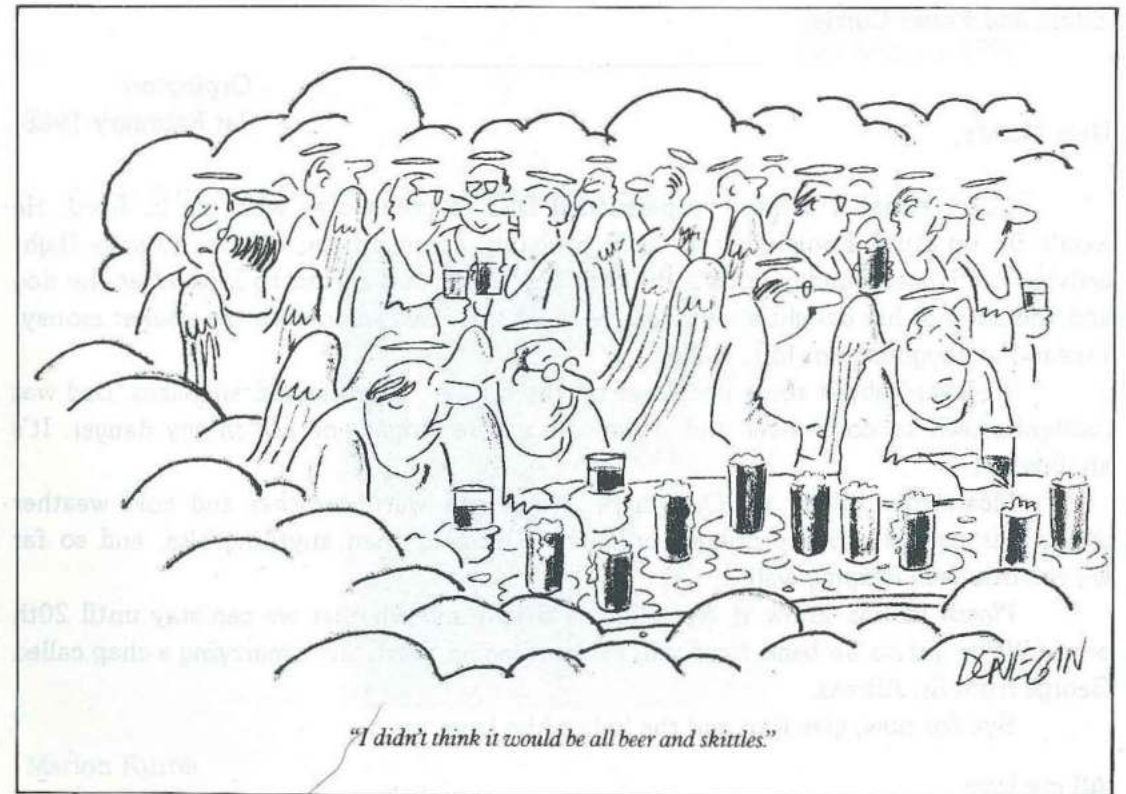
After such a 'brill' day one wonders what the Society can come up with next. Yet still, your ever diligent committee (cough!) have been beaver away in the promotion of Scottish culture and have come up for the first time in living memory (well since I've been here) with a 'live' Scottish Country Dance Band. Yes, Lads and Lasses mark 7.30 p.m. April 1st at the Narai Hotel in your diary when the Society will proudly present at enormous expense the Ben Sanders

Scottish Country Dance Band in the Bangkok Bothy Reel Night. Dance your cares away to reel music; gorge yourself on a sumptuous buffet; bring your own beer and booze; listen to the accordion if you're tired, and last but not least, listen in eager anticipation as we pull the Lucky Draw numbers for fabulous door prizes, including a trip to Hong Kong donated by Cathay Pacific. I'm so excited I could buy a round. Seriously, the Band has been performing in Hong Kong at the Muckle Chanters' Ball for years and this is an opportunity you should not miss. Thanks to generous sponsorship from Cathay Pacific, one of my favourite airlines, the ticket price has been kept at a very reasonable Baht 450 per head. As the event is almost unique, tickets are available to non-members through our Treasurer, Mike Masson (Tel: (O) 249-0483, (H) 252-6639. Numbers are limited so we advise you to book early to avoid the disappointment of missing this exclusive performance.

Well that about wraps up the society news, except to tell you about the especially merry executive dinner I attended the other week. As the port was being passed round some confusion arose as to who was to pay the anticipated high tab. The waiters were exchanging nervous glances as a Scotsman rose unsteadily to his feet and cried "Och pass me the bill, Jimmy, I'll pay," before staggering off to the little boys' room. The bill was paid and the evening voted a great success. The next day the front page of the local paper carried the headline "Scot shoots Jewish ventriloquist."

Finally, they say the Scots are mean, but what about the Irishman who bought a black and white dog as he thought the license would be cheaper. How do you know when a plane has English in it? When the engines stop it carries on whining! Ouch!

Tarra the noo. Wee Eck.



LETTERS

31 Lane 172, Chuang Ting Road
Pine Village, Yangmingshan
TAIPEI, Taiwan

1st February 1988

Dear David,

We are writing this letter to say farewell to everyone and a thank you to all members and staff of the British Club for helping to make our stay of 4½ years in Thailand so enjoyable.

Suffice to say that the Currie family leave Bangkok with regret, in particular we will miss the friendly atmosphere of the British Club. (Not to mention sorrow that Leslie will be unable to pick up his regular snooker pocket money on Thursday evenings!!) However, in totally 'a-typical' Scottish behaviour, we have left our deposit so be warned, we will return!

Through OUTPOST we would like to send warm regards to everyone and should anyone wish to visit Taiwan our home address is as above.

All the best,
Leslie, Margaret,
Eilidh and Fraser Currie.

Orpington
1st February 1988

Dear Mandy,

Good news! I think I've persuaded Dad to come over with me in April. He won't fly on April Fools' Day so we'll probably come on the British Airways flight arriving on Easter Sunday, that's the 3rd. Mrs Waller has agreed to look after the dog and the cat and her daughter will feed the chickens. She can do with the pocket money. I mean the daughter, not Mrs. Waller.

We heard about some problems on the border. Fighting and airstrikes. Dad was suddenly keen to come over and make sure you're alright and not in any danger. It's an ill wind.

Meanwhile things are O.K. here. We've had warm weather and cold weather which has caused more problems with the allotment than anything else, and so far we've both been keeping well.

Please let me know if April 3rd is alright and whether we can stay until 20th or so. We've got to be back for Sandra's wedding on 23rd. She's marrying a chap called George from St. Albans.

Bye for now, give Ken and the kids a kiss from me.

All my love,
Mum.

Bangkok
16th February 1988

Dear Mum,

Just to confirm what I told you on the phone the other night. Ken has arranged your tickets from this end and you should receive them soon. We're all looking forward to seeing you both again.

You probably saw on the TV that Prince Charles and Di were here recently. They had a reception for the Brits at the Oriental and we stood in line to shake hands with them. After that they wandered round chatting to people. They didn't come over and speak to us, but I did manage to overhear Princess Di talking to a group near me.

They seemed very nice and natural, but it was hot in there. After all, we're used to it but what about them? I think they went well together. Ken got a bit steamed up about all that rubbish in the British Press. He says he heard that Fergie, when she went for a skiing holiday in Switzerland was called up by a reporter in the middle of the night who asked how long she had been pregnant! Bloody cheek, Ken says. He says she should have answered "about 10 minutes!"

Anyway I must dash to pick the kids up. See you soon.

Love from us all,
Mandy

31st January 1988

Dear Maren,

Is this the only person to be correctly attired on the tennis courts?



Marion Rutter

Maren,

I thought this might be of interest for OUTPOST?

MILKY PUDDING	RED WINE
ROLL MOPS	PICKLED ONIONS
NUTS	MILK
BEANS	CURRY
SPROUTS	CUCUMBER
SALAMI	APPLES
RAISINS	SPICE
PASTRY	RADISHES

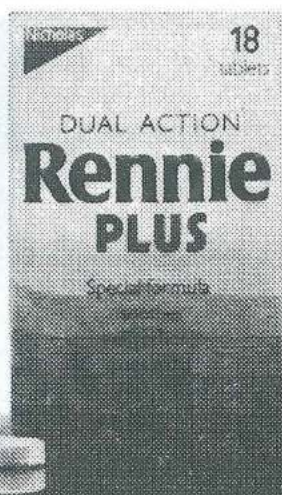
The things that give you wind and indigestion can now go back on the menu.

Rennie has built its reputation on giving fast acting and effective relief from indigestion. Now new Rennie Plus offers you equally quick and effective relief from both indigestion and wind.

Its dual action formulation has been prescribed by doctors for the last 15 years.

It contains acid neutralisers and de-flatulent ingredients which provide fast relief from acid indigestion, nervous indigestion, wind, heartburn, acidity and dyspepsia.

You'll find these pleasant minty flavoured tablets are now widely available. So don't wait until you need them to buy them.



YOUR KEY TO FAST TWO WAY RELIEF.



Best Regards,
Alan Barlow

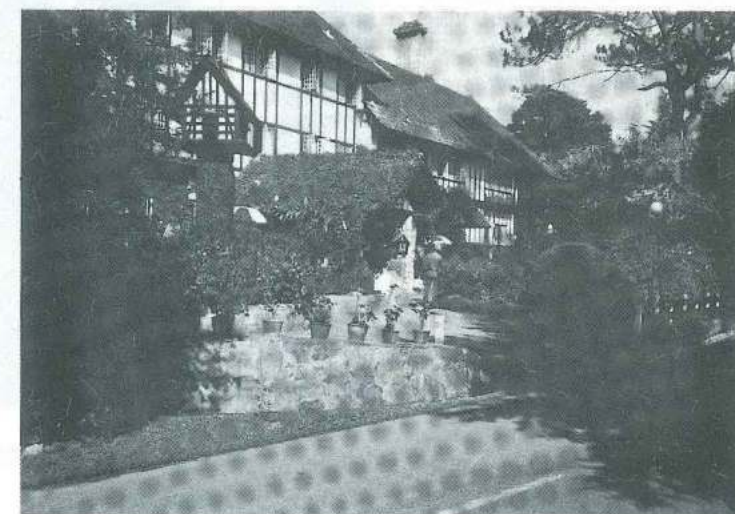
TRAVEL LOG

Christmas in the Cameron Highlands

WE decided a long time ago that we wanted to do something different for Christmas this year and, after some consideration chose to go to the Cameron Highlands. We had never been there before and, at the time we were deliberating, knew of no-one who had. Therefore we had to chose a hotel to stay in 'blind', a situation I never like being in, but after due consideration of what information we could obtain (and it has to be said that very little information was forthcoming from any direction - travel agent or Malaysian Tourist Board) we settled on a place with the titillating name of "Ye Olde Smokehouse Hotel".

There was to be a party of five of us altogether, Sriwan and me, Andy Hawkins (in search of some R & R from his teeming life in BKK) and two friends of ours from Enland. Travel arrangements were left to me and with true Scottish bent I found the prospect of a long relaxing train journey particularly attractive, especially when the fare was about half that of flying and exit tax was not payable into the bargain!

Thus, 3.00 p.m. on Wednesday 23rd December found us



Ye Olde Smokehouse Hotel "... fashioned to the style of a typical Devonshire Country House Hotel ..."

all gathered at Hua Lampong station geared for the journey and well armed with cold beer, champagne and snacks enough to last the entire weekend! Departure was at 3.15 p.m. At least that was SRT's plan until some idiot derailed a coach at the points just outside our platform. Five hours and most of our stocks of booze later, we finally pulled out of the station at the beginning of what was to prove one of the most harrowing journeys any one of us had ever undertaken. The train should have arrived at Butterworth at noon the next day after which a five hour taxi journey would have got us to the hotel in ample

time for the special Christmas dinner that was scheduled for that evening. What happened in fact was that SRT decided, when we reached the Malaysian border, that we were so late that the train would venture no further but would await the homeward bound connection from Butterworth so as not to be late on the return journey as well!! As a consolation they told us that the same connection would return to Butterworth and we could, provided we were prepared to wait some three and a half hours, continue our journey in it! Thus, we had little alternative but to arrange taxis to take us the remainder of the way.

This we did and soon were off on a journey which took nine hours to complete during which fate appeared to throw everything it could find at us — traffic jams, accidents, torrential rain, you name it we had it! It was five very tired, frustrated and depressed people who arrived at Ye Olde Smokehouse that night just after 11.00 p.m. each one of us convinced we should have stayed at home.

Upon arrival we were met by the Assistant Manager, Daniel Sebastian and several of his staff, the warmth of whose welcome was surpassed only by the delight we all felt upon finding they had kept our Christmas dinner for us and insisted that we sit ourselves down and commence our vacation in the way it had been planned. Nothing was too much trouble and, although travel weary and looking forward to our beds, we managed to do justice to a very fine meal and not an inconsiderable quantity of good house wine.

Ye Olde Smokehouse is fashioned to the style of a typical Devonshire country house hotel and its surroundings, with the exception of one or two palm trees, also lend to that illusion. The bedrooms, of which there are 20, each with their own bathroom, are comfortably furnished in old style furniture (ours even boasted an old four-poster!) and the public rooms are similarly attired. The atmosphere was one of old fashioned peace and quiet broken occasionally by the crack of a log burning in the large open fire place or the rattle of a tea-



*Warming up before dinner
(And who's ever seen Andy in a suit before!?)*

spoon against bone china. The food was good and plentiful with a wide enough variety offered for each meal and for those with robust enough appetites there was even Devonshire cream tea served in the afternoons. The service was excellent and friendly even though a trifle overstretched at peak times and nothing appeared to be too much trouble. If a criticism is to be found at all it would be that, considering the room prices charged, the quality of the bathrooms and their fittings needed improvement. I am assured, however, that this aspect is one about to receive attention.

Ye Olde Smokehouse is not a hotel designed for children, however. In fact it is a rule of the house that children should be neither seen nor

heard after 6.30 p.m. in the dining room and their presence in the public rooms after that time is also not encouraged. A splendid rule for those of us without, but obviously a drawback for those with! Even older children may find the atmosphere and the lack of amusements not to their liking. Ye Olde Smokehouse is designed to offer a relaxing break in peaceful, comfortable and friendly surroundings and those seeking more than this should look elsewhere.

There are one or two other places in the Highlands which offer more in the way of a family holiday. The most notable is the Merlin Inn Resort. This is a larger holiday type hotel with 65 bedrooms situated very close to the golf

club house. It boasts such diversions as badminton, tennis and table tennis, snooker, TV and video films. The Strawberry Park complex, situated some distance away, offers 168 rooms of "appartotel" type accommodation of varying sizes with similar facilities to the Merlin, but with the added delight of a disco!

The Cameron Highlands themselves form the northernmost hill station of the Malaysian peninsula. They stand around 4,500ft above sea level and boast a climate that offers, throughout most of the year, a considerable relief from the humid heat of the lower regions. In the winter season it becomes positively cold at night and even during the day something more than light tropical gear is usually required. Winter is also the rainy period and showers, some quite heavy, should be expected each day usually in the afternoons. The area offers a wide variety of healthy pursuits from rural and jungle walks to tea estate visits, from trips around colourful flower nurseries to a butterfly farm and from lake fishing to golf.

Four of us spent much of our time on the golf course although we did find time to visit a tea estate and a nursery. Andy, being a non-golfer, spent much of his time wandering the jungle trails or reading a book by the fire side.

The golf course is a full 18 hole course with real rough and is consequently quite a ball eater. This is made worse during the winter season by the ground being very soft with the consequence that many a ball

disappears below ground level never to be seen again and this happens even in the middle of the fairways! One word of warning, it seems to be a rule of the course that non-players are not allowed to accompany players. Andy was told he would have to pay the full green fee if he wanted to walk round with us! Strange indeed, its not as if it is a championship course or even a crowded one, but there it is.

All too soon our holiday was over and our return journey loomed. Chris, our friend from England, in a moment of sanity had declared a return journey by rail a "No-No" and, ably assisted by Daniel Sebastian, had managed at extremely short notice to procure five seats on a plane from Penang. At 6.30 a.m. on Tuesday 29th, therefore, we bid a sad and fond farewell to the Smokehouse and set off on the five and a half hour taxi ride to Penang airport. Two hours later we were the first cars to be stopped by a road block erected to facilitate the clearing of a rock fall and were sent on a one and a half hour detour! After the rigours of our journey down, it should have been no surprise to any of us that we missed our plane, but 1.30 that afternoon found five hot, frustrated and totally dismayed people boarding the express at Butterworth bound for Bangkok!

Apart from the travelling, which if all had gone according to plan would not have been a problem, the holiday turned out to be what we were looking for; a quiet time in a cool and different environment with the chance to enjoy a little

golf and to relax in a small and comfortable hotel. It came as an added premium that the hotel we chose should match our objectives so well and prove to be so friendly and welcoming into the bargain.

Prices:

A room at the Smokehouse, service and tax included, costs around Bt980-2,420 for a single and Bt1,100-3,450 for a double, according to season. Obviously living costs will vary, but we lived handsomely there at a cost of around Bt1,200 per head per day.

A room at the Merlin is advertised at around Bt920-1,450 for a single and Bt1,040-1,550 for a double, according to quality. Similarly, prices at the Strawberry Park are shown as varying between Bt1,600 for a twin room, Bt1,960-Bt3,100 for 1-3 bedroomed flats and Bt3,570 for the penthouse. Living costs I am not able to report on.

How to get there:

By Rail: (for the brave!!) Trains run daily between Hua Lampong and Butterworth. Journey time is scheduled at approx 20 hours. From Butterworth the taxi ride will take a further five hours.

By air: You can fly to Penang or Kula Lumpur and can then either fly on to Ipoh followed by a two and a half hour taxi ride or take a taxi direct which should take just over five hours.

Dugal Forrest

"How can I possibly get to the U.K. and stop over in Amsterdam with my budget?"

"Simple; fly KLM and Stay-on-the-Way free!"



If you're flying KLM's Royal or Business Class on an intercontinental trip via Amsterdam then discover something new — Stay-on-the-Way.

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post the coupon or contact KLM at 2 Patpong Road, telephone 235-5155.

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The Reliable Airline



NEW HORIZONS

The Orphanage Volunteer Group

IRIS retired to Thailand from the USA five years ago because she liked the place and its people. She had been warned that she ought to find some regular activity once she gave up work, or she would find that the sudden lack of routine after 35 years would come as a great shock to her system. So, she started to visit Pakkred Babies' Home.

One day she came across a baby, Somsak, who was obviously very sick. An American doctor who was visiting the Orphanage told her that Somsak had a brain tumour and had only a few months to live. Iris decided that Somsak deserved as much devotion as she could lavish upon him. Somsak is now 4 and Iris reckons that his was the only tumour ever to have been cured by love and a diet of yoghurt!

Twice a week, a multinational minibuss-load of volunteers visits Pakkred. They give desperately needed attention and stimulation to as many infants as they can handle. But this barely scratches the surface.

There are an estimated 10,000 orphaned and abandoned children in Thailand.



Rachel with Suda.

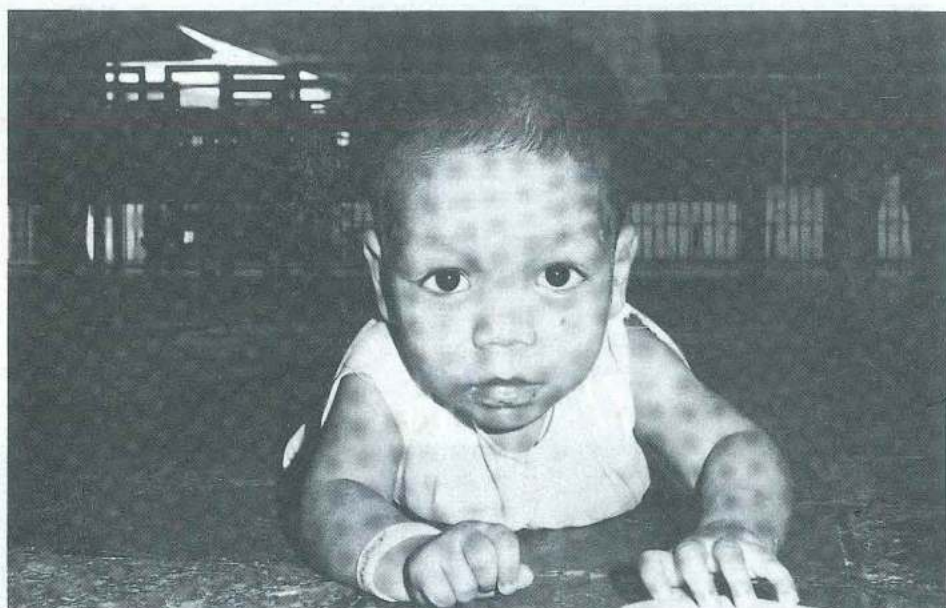
Many of them are housed in 24 government and 4 private orphanages.

At Pakkred, the government funding allowance is approximately 12 Baht per infant, per day to run the home, based on a total number of 200 children. If there are more than 200 at any one time, funding does not increase proportionally. Currently there are 260 "well" (not classified as handicapped) children at the home.

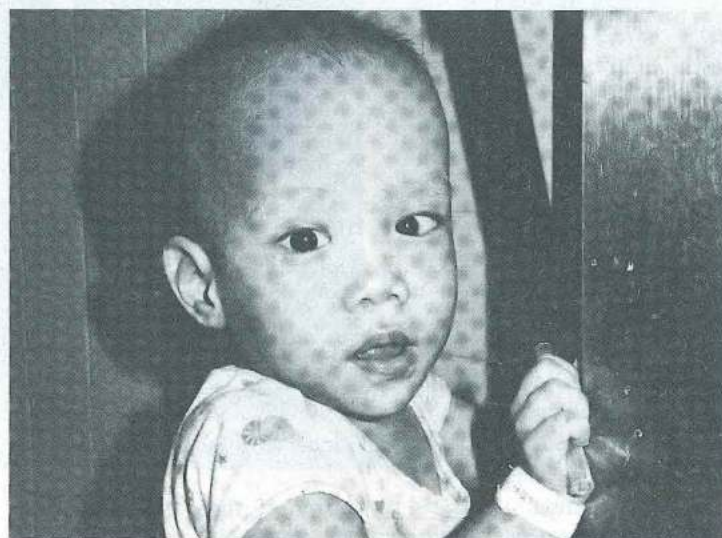
Underfunding means chronic understaffing — there is one

overworked staff member to every 27 children at Pakkred. Imagine the daunting task of feeding and bathing twenty seven six-month old babies! So, it is easy to see that the children receive no individual attention whatsoever.

The children, who are aged between 0-5, spend much of their day in their cots or are left to play in a bare room. They display many symptoms of neglect: head banging, listless staring and often their physical, emotional and intel-



Somsak.



Chen

lectual development is severely stunted.

On the positive side, children who can spend some time with a volunteer respond astoundingly rapidly to "tender loving care". They greet the volunteer with great delight and quickly pick up all the skills that they lack (eg. sitting, walking) when encouraged. Visiting the children regularly is very rewarding.

Some children are adopted or at least go to foster homes and this is obviously their best chance in life. The main aim of the Project LIFE Foundation is adoption of the orphans, but in addition the Foundation provides money for additional staff and for sponsoring the Minibus that transports the volunteers from the centre of Bangkok out to Pakkred twice a week.

There are two immediate problems facing the Orphanage Volunteer Group. The first is that funds for the regular minibus service have dried up. So they are looking

for donations. It costs 4,000 Baht to run the service for a month.

Secondly more volunteers are desperately needed. If you have a couple of hours to spare on a Tuesday or Thursday morning and would like to help, come along to the bird cage area at the Ambassador Hotel (Sukhumvit, close to Soi 11) at 8.30 a.m. to join the bus. The bus is back at

the Ambassador by 11.30. Previous experience with children is not necessary.

If you would like to give a donation to help keep the minibus service going, please contact Kate Herbert (286-9945) or Rachel Dance (258-1516). They would also be pleased to help if you have any queries about visiting the Orphanage.

The Main Thing is.... DON'T PANIC!

"There are no premature babies, only delayed weddings."
(American Proverb).

WHETHER dreamt up the above proverb obviously had never been through a Saturday like the one my wife and I had immediately before last Christmas. Considering we have been married since 1981, it is difficult to see how it applied to us.

It started as a perfectly normal Saturday. Fumiyo was expecting our son (something we knew already from the ultrasound) on 19 January and was at that stage of pregnancy where you get bored with it all — being tired, large, and slow. With an inquisitive and active eighteen month old daughter already, she was finding the whole process a bit tedious. In addition, the ultrasound indicated that the boy was following in his father's family's footsteps by being big.

We had finished lunch and I had retired to watch a video and enjoy a quiet post-lunch coffee. Emi, our daughter, was having her midday nap, so all was quiet. Fumiyo came in complaining of abdominal pains. However, these did not resemble those you get at the first stage of labour, and she ought to know about these things as she had been through all this once before. I suggested she lay down for a while as it



was probably that common complaint amongst pregnant women — wind. 15 minutes later I returned to see how things were, and it was obvious that something was afoot. Whatever was going on, Fumiyo was in no mood to discuss the possibilities at this stage:

we had better get a move on and head for Samitivej. As we were later to realise, she was now having a contraction a minute and pillow-chewing was the order of the day.

Pausing only to collect the necessities to get checked into Samitivej — American

Express card, passport, etc — I summoned the maid and we managed, with some difficulty, to get Fumiyo down to the car and laid her on the back seat. About thirty minutes had now passed since the first sign of trouble.

Off we set. To get to Samitivej from our flat is best via the "green route", but we have to go down Asoke and along Sukhumvit to Soi 33 to get back on to it. It was, fortunately, a Saturday so the traffic was not too bad, but I must say I did not drive with my usual care. Headlights and hazard warning lights, plus constant use of the horn were utilised. The running commentary from the backseat was by now indicating that we were going to have to move pretty fast to get there in time and so Soi 33 was negotiated at speed.

If this had been London, the usually recommended course of action at this stage would be to find a passing "Bobby" who, I believe, are trained to handle this type of emergency. A brief consideration of following a similar course of action was rejected as I had no idea if the same applied in Bangkok and I did not propose to use this occasion to find out. We entered the "green route" once more.

Things were obviously hotting up in the back seat, and the road was clear. At this stage I was not inclined to watch too closely as driving at speed in Bangkok while looking 180° in the opposite direction is not recommended practice. There then followed a fascinating series of sound-effects from the back seat

(which I will not describe to preserve my wife's modesty) and there were obviously two occupants of the back-seat. What to do now?

It is at times of crisis that the human brain operates with surprising clarity and also dredges up apparently useless bits of information that are actually of use. The options were obviously three:

1. Panic — not a viable alternative;

2. Stop and try to do something. This was rejected because we do not carry obstetrics equipment in the car. In fact, all we had that was remotely useful now were two jumpleads and a towing cable. Option 2 was rejected;

3. Plough on to the hospital as fast as possible. I still remember at this point recalling with amazing clarity, seeing a BBC documentary about the bushmen of the Kalahari, in which one learnt that the bushwomen give birth, lay the baby on the warm sand and then deliver the afterbirth before cutting the cord. This was being considered by a London teaching hospital as a method to use as they felt it would make delivering the afterbirth easier. Later reflection showed that this programme must have been 15 years ago. Conclusion — if the baby was breathing, no problems with the cord round the neck, best to soldier on as fast as possible.

By now we were passing L'Opera, and negotiating the chicane that leads in the cross soi leading to Soi 49. Here we hit our first problem. A white BMW was proceeding slowly along (about 30 kmph)

obviously looking for an address along there. If the driver is reading this article, I hope he will accept my apologies for the various rude gestures and abuse he received from the apparently demented 'farang' driving the blue Peugeot with all its lights on. There being no possibility of overtaking safely, we could only encourage him to speed up as he showed no sign of pulling over.

At last the home straight. Calm words of encouragement to the couple in the back seat. Baby was looking OK if rather messy. Fast turn into the forecourt. I decided against taking the proffered car park ticket and I think the guard ran a risk of losing an arm with his enthusiastic method of offering it. Stop outside Out-patients, further words of encouragement to the back seat passengers, a quick sprint up the ramp, and it was all over for me. Nurses and doctors appeared to perform mopping-up operations. Baby was whisked away to the nursery to be checked out, and then, behind a wall of sheets to preserve her modesty from the 150 Out-patients and their families who had come out to watch, my wife was extracted from the car and taken in for repairs. I was left to sort out the bureaucracy and then wait. At times like this I wish I was a smoker.

Fumiyo was eventually taken up to the 3rd floor and settled into her room. The time from start to birth had about 45 minutes, and it was by now only 2 p.m. Nobody seemed to be suffering any after-effects with the baby

looking well and crying healthily. The doctors were apparently more concerned with trying to prescribe Valium for me, saying that if I had been Thai I would be having a nervous breakdown by now. Fumiyo would be up and walking about within 2 hours and everyone would be back home on the following Wednesday.

But there was still one necessary task for me — do what we were going to do that afternoon anyway. So, at 3 p.m. you may have seen me wandering around Villa doing the weekend shopping. A somewhat unreal end to an exciting day.

Raymond was 2.8Kg at birth. It remains to be seen if he suffers from an irrational

fear of cars in later life. For those of you who like a bet, my staff tell me that lottery tickets with 6137 (the car's registration number) are a good buy.

6 weeks after all this we have now got back to normality and as you can see from the photo, everyone is doing well. Emi thinks the baby is another toy, like the cats!

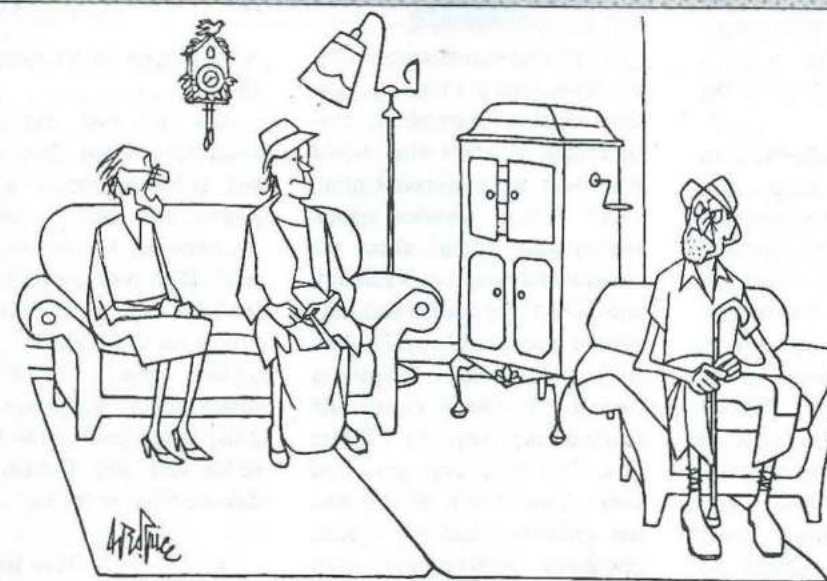
Ian Boulton.

From the rumour mill, we have the following item of news.

In the later and more mellow hours of the Burns' Night celebrations, the St. Andrew's Society made a welcome decision to sponsor its own version of the British Club's Happy Hour. It was proposed that the Society would provide a free drink for all members of the British Club who are present in the bar between 03.59 and 04.00 every February 29th. However, in face of a threatened resignation from B*b Mc*w*n over this unprecedented generosity, a compromise had to be found. It is understood that all sides declared themselves satisfied with the final agreement, which was to adhere to the original proposal, but to defer any announcement of it until 1st March.

Also from the rumour mill, the following was overheard around the poolside one afternoon,

"Is Mike Ryan looking for a job?"



"He doesn't say much, but he bristles a lot."

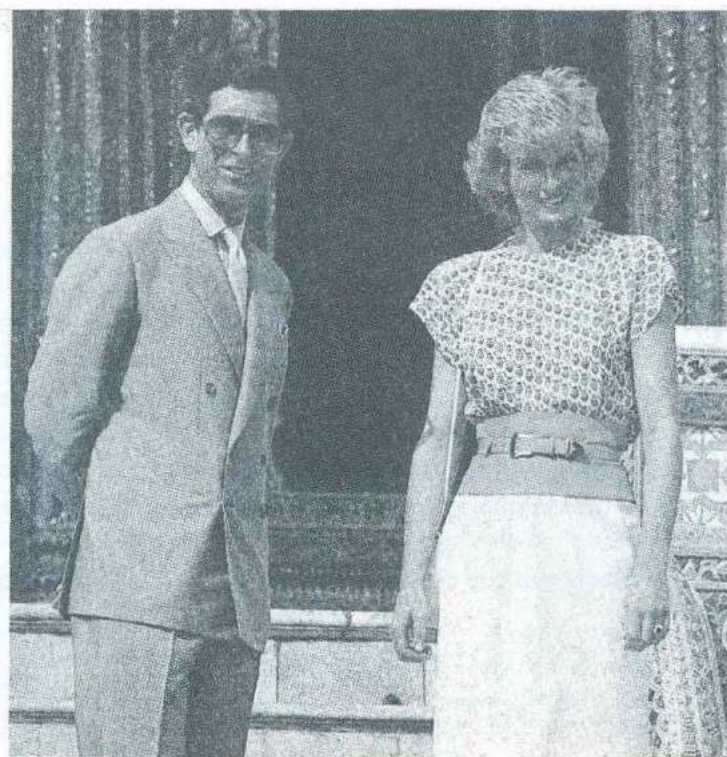
An Hour in the Life of TRHs

FEBRUARY 4th 1988 was a very special day for many British people living in Bangkok. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Charles and Princess Diana "came to see us" — or rather, we went to see them.

His Excellency the British Ambassador and Mrs Tonkin hosted a reception at the Oriental Hotel. The surroundings lavish, expectations soaring, but the format simple.

The hotel lobby was crowded and the atmosphere electric; everyone full of nervous excitement at meeting the heir to the British throne and his beautiful wife. The array of Thai silk and Jim Thompson ties was amazing — the colours superb. The hubbub of the press and general public (mostly American) trying to get a glimpse of TRHs added to the scene.

Everyone was ushered into the Authors' Lounge and reception rooms for cocktails where they eagerly awaited instructions. They were to form a line, shake hands with the royal couple and return to the reception rooms where Prince Charles and Princess Diana would "mingle". This is exactly what happened without a hitch and soon the royal couple were chatting quite easily with the "Brits of Bangkok."



Topics of conversation ranged from group to group, but the weather seemed to predominate — what else would true Brits open a conversation with? Prince Charles spoke, among other things, about the commercial world in Thailand, and about the traffic and how people coped with it. Princess Diana about her wonderful visit to the Grand Palace and forthcoming trip to Chiang Mai. She told one group of ladies how much she missed her children, and of a long telephone conversation from Australia — "three weeks was

long enough to be away from them."

On his way out of the reception Prince Charles spotted either a face or a tie he knew, and said it belonged to someone he was at school with. Who was the lucky chap, perhaps he could write an article for OUTPOST?!

On behalf of all those lucky folks who were there, a big thank you to the Ambassador and Mrs Tonkin for a day we'll never forget.

A True Royalist.

New Head at Bangkok Patana

An interview by John Hoskin

MR Martin Thomas, recently appointed principal of The Bangkok Patana School, has views on education that many children would doubtless like to echo.

"Schools should be knocked down every 20 years," he says. "Educational needs change and schools should be rebuilt periodically to meet current requirements."

In this respect he is the right man in the right place at the right time. Patana is in the throes of preparing to move from its present cramped eight-rai site on Chuaploeng Road to new premises scheduled for 1990 on 25 rai of land in the Phatthanakan area.

Mr Thomas, 44, is no stranger to the enormous task of establishing a new school. "I've done it once before in England and found it a very exciting experience. To have a second opportunity in one career is almost unbelievable. I'm thrilled at having the chance," he said.

Without a head teacher since the departure of Duncan Lawson in early 1987, the 500-pupil Patana School is now looking at a bright future as Mr Thomas injects fresh experience at a crucial time.

A teacher for the past 23 years and with professional qualifications from the universities of London and Newcastle, Mr Thomas is well versed in both the academic and administrative spheres of education. Prior to moving to Bangkok he worked at the Pendower Teachers' Centre and served as an inspector and advisor to 24 schools in the Newcastle area of northern England.

With three grown up children, he and his wife, Wally, also a teacher, were looking for fresh challenges when they saw the Patana job advertised in the British educational press. "It was perfect," he said. "It offers the exciting opportunity of working in a multi-national school with the age group I've specialised in (Patana takes pupils up to 13 years), plus the incredible chance of setting up a new school."

Only in the job three weeks, Mr Thomas is already hard at work planning and preparing for Patana's move. His first priority in the school's new design is a central resource building "where children will have access to all sorts of information — written, film, video, microfiche and sound, as well as the traditional

lending library."

Around the central resource unit, Mr Thomas plans special learning areas for, among others, science, craft design and technology and art. Since Patana has pupils representing more than 30 nationalities, special emphasis will also be given to teaching English as a second, third, even fourth language. There will also be vastly expanded sports facilities.

Mr Thomas is further committed to having a purpose-built kindergarten. "You've got to catch them young, and this is a rich seam to tap. Studies show that good nursery education improves learning abilities and attitudes later on," he said.

Although he has got his sights set clearly on how he would like to see Patana develop in its new premises, Mr Thomas has already been impressed by what he has seen at the school. "I've noticed much less aggressive competition here than you would see in an English playground. Older children seem to look after the younger ones and this I'll continue to encourage. The main thrust should be for youngsters to learn together, internationally. It's a superb

opportunity as it creates confidence and lessens macho nationalism or parochialism," he said.

Asked what he considered was the main role of a school principal, Mr Thomas replied, "To provide leadership and direction. But I also feel it's very important to give the staff

professional freedom. Their contribution to the school is vital."

Talking of their welcome in Bangkok — their first time in Asia — Mr and Mrs Thomas said they have been "overwhelmed by the friendliness of everyone and feel immediately comfortable. It's as if we've

been here 10 years instead of just 10 days."

If the enthusiasm and confidence in the development of the school as expressed by Mr Thomas is any indication, youngsters at Bangkok Patana are heading for a bright start in life.



It's rather late in the day for New Year's Eve pictures but Ethel and Bert Hobson don't make it to the Club very often so — here they are.

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SCOFFERIES



DURING the last few years there has been a phenomenal growth in places of entertainment. All over Bangkok restaurants and bars have blossomed. One such area in the past two years has been Soi 33 Sukhumvit. Among its dozen or so establishments are membership clubs, an all-night disco, a speak-easy and the subject of this month's restaurant revue, Don Pepe.

Opened at the end of January by the energetic owner of L'Opera on Soi 39, Don Pepe is the nearest yet to a real Spanish restaurant. If some of the food is not what one would find in Spain then the music certainly is. On two levels the ground floor has a stage, lounge and bar area with dining area on the mezzanine. The Flamenco brother and sister team are very good complete with heel stamping, clapping, and that inimitable combination of Spanish gypsy guitar and voice. For this alone I recommend a visit.

The food is not exactly cheap, but neither is it expensive. 250-300 baht per head will provide a good meal. Of four dishes chosen 3 were excellent, the fourth a disappointment. We are fortunate in Thailand to have abundant and inexpensive squid. How the cook made such a tasteless mess is a mystery. Perhaps he used all

his skill in the gambas al ajilo (shrimps fried with garlic) because they were indeed superb. We then had escalopinas a las ovas, and Pollo a la chilli. Veal and chicken, to those french speaking readers. Unusual and very pleasant taste. Upon reflection I notice that none of the dishes come with any accompaniment whatsoever. Perhaps they were available, but required ordering.

We enjoyed our meal with a couple of tequilas as a starter, to enter the mood of the place, and then a good bottle of dry white. For the life of me I can never understand the ridiculous wine pricing policy of many hotels and restaurants in Bangkok. Everyone knows the taxes and excise are exorbitant, but to add insult to injury by marking up wines by up to 300 percent is crazy. Don Pepe is not so bad, but could easily lower its wine prices a little. Service is friendly if not too educated. Give it time and improvement will come.

So have a good night out on Soi 33 and drop in to Don Pepe's and enjoy some Spanish atmosphere.

Bob Coombes

AIIM MEMBERS STICK TO HIGH STANDARDS SET IN 1975

THE Association of Independent Investment Managers (AIIM), (see ad) who were the first pioneers of self-regulation outside the Stock Exchange in 1974/1975, anticipating British Government regulation and the Review of Investor Protection which followed five years later, set very high standards. Their rules were copied by the Department of Trade, producing new rules for Licenced Dealers in Securities, and have become a framework for other regulatory organisations in the field of investment management. However, some of the other investment managers have not felt able to embrace AIIM rule 3.5, which insists that investment managers do not hold the stock and cash of their clients and do not have a signatory on their clients' accounts.

AIIM members all use a custodian bank, or trust company, where their clients' stock and cash is held in their clients' accounts, in their own name and held to the clients' order. The investment manager merely has a mandate to vary the investments. Payments to brokers and other agents are made against delivery and securities are not delivered until payment has been received so that the client always has either stock or cash in their account and should not worry about the investment manager going out of

business and taking their clients' funds with them to South America.

AIIM's founding members include successful names like Perpetual; John Carrington & Co.; Anthony Wieler & Co.; West Avon; Wright, Seligman & Co.; and Portfolio Advisers. Together, these companies manage a substantial ten figure sum. However, there are less than a dozen corporate members of AIIM and they will not become one of the regulatory organisations in the new City shake-up under SIB (the Securities & Investment Board).

AIIM have strongly recommended IMRO to accept the AIIM rule 3.5 referred to above. This would avoid the other IMRO members becoming embarrassed by a scandal like Norton Warburg or, more recently, McDonald Wheeler, whose clients lost most of their money.

AIIM argue that if the Government sets a minimum requirement of £1 million paid-up capital for Licenced Deposit Takers (LDT's), the same rule should apply for anyone asking to take clients' money for investment management. If LDT's are required to have £5 million paid-up capital, then this should be the minimum requirement for investment managers wishing to hold their clients' stock and cash.

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WELL WORTH READING

The Life and Loves of a She Devil

by
Fay Weldon

WICKED ... witty ... stylish ... bizarre ... these are the adjectives that spring to mind in describing this marvellous book by Fay Weldon. She is a supremely inventive author who, in this novel, combines macabre comedy, biting satire and a militantly feminist line with brilliant story telling and a powerful literary style.

The book was recommended to me in a list of 'fantasy' books issued in a British Council publication and I suppose that it is in this category it is best placed... but only because I cannot imagine it fits in anywhere else. The BBC recently serialised it and made an exceptionally good attempt at what cannot have been an easy task.

It is, as always, difficult to precis the plot without revealing more than, as a review, I would wish. It would seem at the beginning to be a very ordinary story. Bobbo, played in the video by Dennis Waterman, is the antithesis of his best known characterisation - Terry in the Thames TV series *Minder*. In this he is a middle class, approaching middle aged accountant, married to Ruth with two normal, approaching on the appalling, children. He is a shallow and selfish man.

"A man without wisdom" is one quote that comes to mind. He falls in love with one of his clients, Mary Fisher, played by Patricia Hodge. She is a romantic novelist who has created for herself the kind of world only found in her novels and lives a life totally isolated from reality. The casting of Waterman and Hodge seems strange at first - Waterman as a wimp and Hodge as a hussy! I have to say that, on screen, I initially was uncomfortable with it. Quickly however their past performances were overshadowed by Bobbo and Mary.

The story really begins when Bobbo leaves Ruth for Mary. Ruth, played wonderfully by an actress previously unknown to me, Julie T. Wallace, is a huge, lumpish woman, moustachioed and very ugly. The contrasts between Mary and Ruth (the biblical significances of the names cannot be ignored - Mary, who sits and lets her sister do all the work, and Ruth, the faithful daughter) are too obvious to need pointing out. The camera work on the video, however, labours this point exquisitely. Mary sips champagne and nibbles at smoked salmon, Ruth eats rice pudding out of the tin; Mary sits prettily by the beach, Ruth chops up a tree with a chain saw.

As the marriage breaks down Ruth changes from victim to aggressor and vows to take revenge. "The good and virtuous get dumped," she fumes. She embarks on an outrageous sequence of exploits the purposes of which become horribly clearer and clearer. She wishes to be revenged on Mary Fisher. The first act of the new Ruth is to systematically and cleverly destroy the marital home. The obnoxious children and even worse animals are then left with the lovers and Ruth sets off to find a new life ... as a she devil. Her motto is that all things are possible if one is a woman and one is determined enough to use and abuse men in the way she has been used and abused. We then follow Ruth as she acts out her malevolence on a scale beyond our wildest imaginings. The lovers' relationship disintegrates under the strain and I even started to feel sorry for the hapless Mary Fisher whose ultimate punishment did not seem to fit the crime.

The question as to why anyone would actually want a rat like Bobbo remains an unanswered puzzle and it isn't till the final chapter that the full scale of the she devil's evil ingenuity is apparent.

Fay Weldon uses the stereotypes of her trade well - there is sex and masochism, love and hate, life and death. This is a delicious book and a marvellous video. I hope my emphasis of the feminist issue does not deter any prospective male readers or viewers. As Ruth says "it is not a matter of male and female ... merely of power". And indeed her battle is waged, not against a man, but against what she perceives as man's ideal image of woman - the feminist woman's real enemy.

I got my copy of the book, published by Coronet, from Asia Books, price £148 and the video from Max Video (two tapes).

Nan Kennedy

COMPETITION RESULTS

Congratulations to Michele Laven our winner of the "Around the British Club" January competition.

The objects were:

1. Foot of "Club Event" notice board.
2. Pulley for Union Jack on Club House.
3. Club House ventilation brick.
4. Club House wall (vegetation since disappeared!)
5. Cricket net and support post.

6. Klong at back of Club House
7. Poolside - pool light inspection cover.
8. Tennis score numbers box.
9. Tennis court floodlights.
10. Tennis court umpire's chair.

Michele please pick your champagne up from Khun Surapol at the Club House.

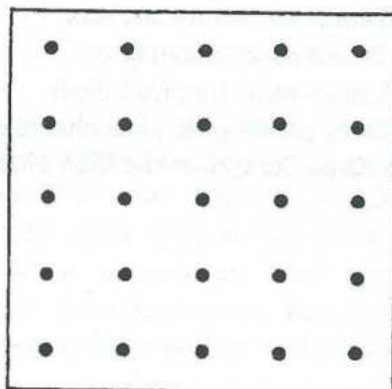
ANAGRAMS***

- 1 W H O N K W O
- 2 U P S U S L R
- 3 O R Y L E L T
- 4 T E X U M R I
- 5 E L M H I F S
- 6 L I S T N O R
- 7 E E G R S U T

Scoring Guidelines:

A, E, I, O, U, L, N, R, S, T—2 points
 D, G—4 points
 B, C, M, P—6 points
 F, H, V, W, Y—8 points
 K—10 points
 J, X—16 points
 Q, Z—20 points

Connect the Dots**



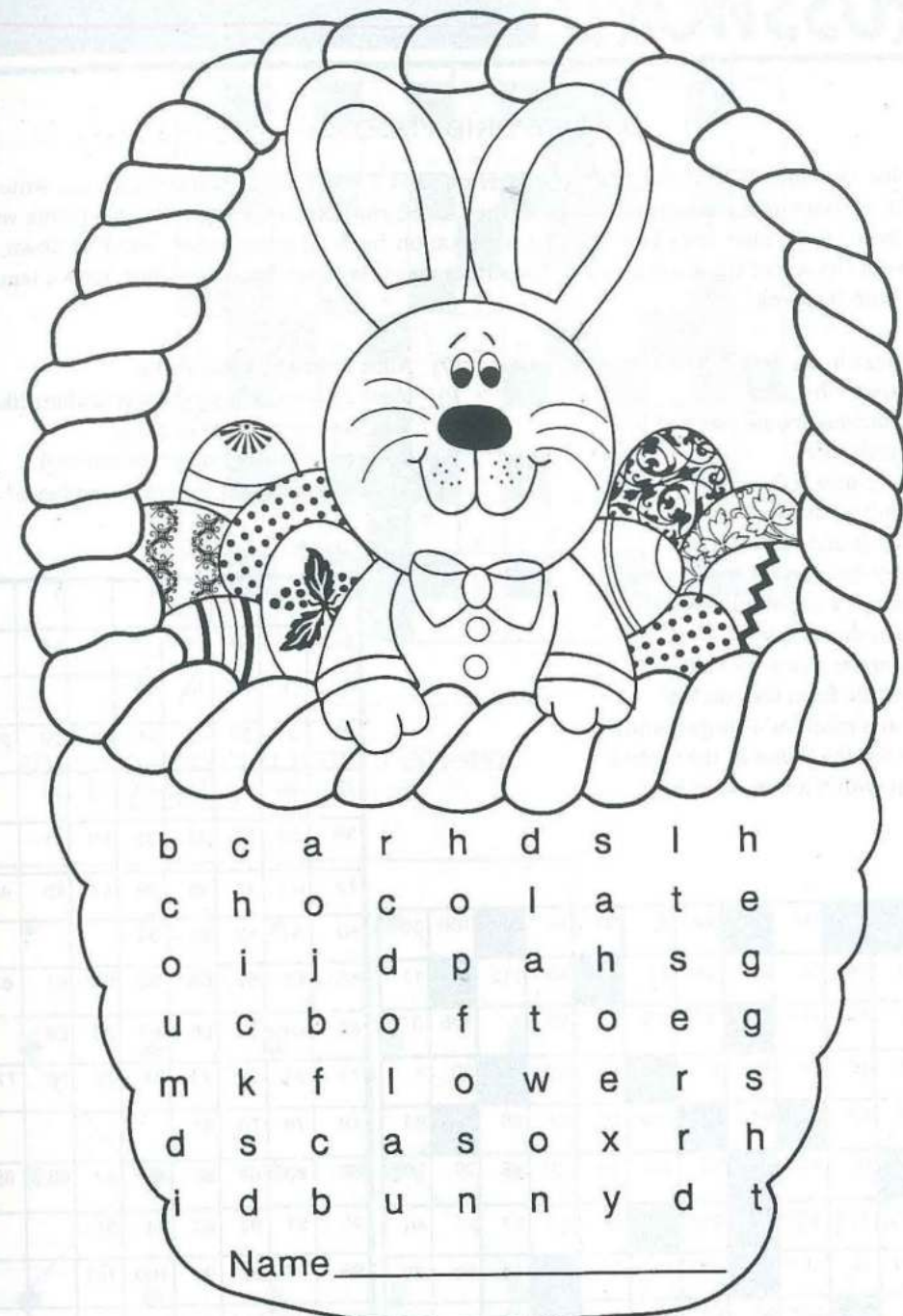
Anagrams is a game where words are formed by rearranging blocks of letters. A seven-letter word can be created out of each set of letters. If you can't figure out the seven-letter word, look for a shorter one. For example, in the first set of letters, you can easily see the word *honk*. If you want, you can stop there; tally the points for *honk* using the guidelines, then write down that number. When you figure out a seven-letter word, give yourself an extra 100 points for your hard work! When you've tried all seven anagrams, total the points to get your score for the game. If you get stuck, look at the clues for the seven-letter words.

Clues:

1. Knowing how to do something
2. Extra, left over
3. San Francisco streetcar
4. A combination of several ingredients
5. Masculine pronoun
6. Part of the nose
7. To move your hands as you talk

There's a way to connect these dots in the form of a cross—the kind the Red Cross uses as a symbol—so that eight dots are completely outside the cross, and five dots are completely inside it. Do you know how?

Answers on page 47.



Put a circle around: chocolate, chicks, hop, eggs, flowers, bunny

More Easter Puzzles next month

CRICKET



CRICKET

**31st January, 30 over Friendly vs AIT
Won by 58 runs.**

BC 156 For 6 (Craig Price 52)
AIT 98 all out

One of the pleasant aspects of returning to British Club Cricket after a prolonged UK leave is discovering those things that have changed in your absence and those which, reassuringly, haven't.

At AIT that Saturday, my sense of the timeless and unchanging was well indulged: Alastair Rider scored runs on the leg-side from balls pitching well outside off; Terry Adams got off to a good start, and was then out sixth ball; Jack Glattbach (recipient of "Father of the Year Award" in 1987) was surrounded by family chaos and, thankfully, Craig Price demonstrated that he could still play a match-winning innings.

One of the more startling changes was that for the first time in two seasons, BC were able to win at AIT. Fielding a side based on experience (rather than cricketing ability – that had been tried the week before and proved totally unsuccessful) Alastair Rider tactically lost the toss and BC were put in the bat.

Things started off in familiar AIT fashion. Terry Adams hit a four in the first over, then he and Dunne, both of them too keen to get on with umpiring the match, were out by the time the score had reached ten.

Geoff Thompson came in to join Craig Price, and a memorable stand was underway. Now Geoff, as he himself will admit, is not in the first flush of youth. You can tell that most clearly by examining his legs. Gnarled and bruised, they have "LIFE" written all over them. Those experienced legs qualified him for the day's team, and they did him proud. For nearly an hour in the blazing heat they carried him up and down the wicket as the score steadily mounted. At the other end, Craig Price, operating on much younger, though shorter, legs, drove, cut and hooked the AIT bowling with ever increasing confidence. The fifty partnership

came and went, and there was talk of the ton being reached. I, for one, am sure that Geoff's legs would've taken him there, but it was the rest of him that gave out. He was finally stumped, on 31, after racing down the wicket to beg the bowler for a five-minute rest. The partnership had achieved 76, with Craig going on to a well judged 52 off 68 balls.

The innings now had a platform upon which Rider (18) and Glattbach (21 not out), in particular, were able to build. In their sixth wicket partnership of 37 they demonstrated their fitness and experience, by scoring mostly in ones and twos.

156 for six off thirty overs looked a healthy score, but previous experience of AIT's powerful batting urged caution.

Lyndsey Semple bowled a good, tight six over spell conceding just twelve runs and achieving the only two maiden overs in the innings. He was rewarded, in his last over, with a fine edge to wicket keeper (yes, wicket keeper!) Adams to dismiss Ramesh. Meantime, at the other end, Nicky James demonstrated just how much you can get away with as a bowler and pick up wickets with his spell of three overs two for sixteen.

The AIT innings progressed steadily, but their earlier batsmen struggled to keep up with the clock. BC's bowlers were economical and the wicket-keeping duo of Terry Adams and David Sinclair-Jones kept the number of extras to a minimum. An excellent catch by Rider – leaping and twisting dolphin-like to snatch a lofted top-edge from over his head at slip – brought in the AIT captain, Jaggi, and heralded the crucial phase of the innings.

Everyone knew this man could turn the game. He was their best batsman, the sort who showered fielders with cricket balls dropping from great heights like mortar shells. BC had to get him out early to win the game. We all donned tin-helmets and retreated to the farthest reaches of the outfield.

Mark Twemlow had been bowling well. His first three overs lost only eleven runs. His

first ball to Jaggi was a full toss....

It's swung hard and high to backward square leg. Who's there? Jack Glattbach! Jack'll catch it, it's his day, batting well, bowling well, he must catch it, it's right down his throat....

Well, Jack, unfortunately, kept his mouth closed. The ball bounced off him and plopped, mockingly, at his feet. Oh, the shame!

Sure enough, an over or so later, Jaggi began to take his toll. Mark watched two mighty sixes disappear over long-off and mid-wicket. Fielders began to take up positions in the car park. Jack mentally composed his letter of resignation from the Club.

Alastair, a compassionate man, decided to bowl Jack for one more over. What a master-stroke of tactical judgement! Fourth ball, Jaggi shapes to swing it high into the stratosphere. The ball stays low, comes into him, and his stumps are a mess!

The rest, as they say, is history. Craig Price finished off the tail-enders with two for six off two overs, and Mark Twemlow ended with a highly creditable two for twenty eight off five overs.

Jack Glattbach was able to sleep soundly that night, dreaming of his two for fifteen off five overs, and of how the powers-that-be had intervened to make that fourth delivery stay low.

Nicky Dunne

**17th January. 50-over league vs Indian CC.
Won by 6 wickets.**

ICC 208 (White 9.1-3-27-3; Hough 5-0-18-2; Dance 10-2-30-2; Price 10-1-34-2; Dunford 10-0-59-1)

BC 209-4 (Hough 48*, Grocock 47, Dance 39, Price 28, Semple 20*, White 10)

There is a condition not unakin to the golfing "putter's twitch" which periodically attacks British Club bowlers; the run-up and delivery, followed closely by length and line, go wildly out of control, while fielders mutter comforting lines such as "Don't worry; just relax" (so guaranteeing even more tension) and try to find small nuggets of mitigation to encourage the unhappy bowler (eg. "That one wasn't quite so near the square-leg umpire" or "Your last ball only bounced four times before

it passed the batsman"). As the over gets ever longer and the bowling action ever more miss-happen, the only thought on everybody's minds is the hope that somehow the over can be got through and the bowler retired to a distant corner of the field. In the British Club, bowling such an over is known as "doing a Dave Smith" after the player who originated it, although Frank Hough, in an effort to have the phenomenon renamed in his honour, has since done it twice. This week, the unfortunate bowler was Lindsey Semple, opening the bowling with Nick White and on his BC debut. His first over contained five wides and a no-ball, and equalled the BC record for longest over set up only the previous week by Frank. He was, though, very unlucky not to have an appeal for LBW upheld for one of the balls that did go straight.

Frank had won the toss, and, following the previous week's debacle against the Sports Club, wisely decided that we would (a) have a peptalk, and (b) put the Indians in to bat. Neither seemed to have any immediately obvious effect, and although Nick got two early wickets, the Indians were having no difficulty in scoring at well over 4 runs per over. The surviving opener and the number 4 batsman defied all BC efforts to dislodge them until a rather unusual, nay, freak, dismissal. Alistair Rider, who had already done his best to emulate last season's missed catch of the season by rushing in the general direction of square leg shouting "mine", diving full length, and missing the skied ball by some ten yards, was again the star. The opening batsman, on 48, edged a straightforward catch to Alistair off David Dance's bowling; as Alistair dropped forward to his knees, he fumbled the ball, which fell through his thighs (something of a feat in itself) and lodged between his ankles. The batsman was less amused than the rest of us. 59 runs later, Alistair took a more legitimate catch. Later still, he had to yield the stumping slot to Steve Castledine and retire to the outfield with an injured finger. By the second drinks break, only four wickets had fallen and the Indians had scored 161 off 34 overs. The fielding, however, despite one or two lapses, had been encouragingly keen, and in the last sixteen overs this began to show dividends as ICC collapsed to 208 all out. Seven catches were held all together in the Indian innings, and there were welcome returns to bowling form by both Craig

Price and Frank Hough. 208 looked a reasonable target.

The BC innings started well, with both openers looking in form, but then Nick White became the first of the 17 year old wicket-keeper's victims when he was caught behind for 10. Craig Price joined Nigel Grocock and these two put on 54 (their third consecutive half-century stand) for the second wicket. Nigel Grocock was compiling runs steadily and was unlucky to be out three runs short both of his own 50 and of the 50 partnership with David Dance. Frank and David took the score past 150 before David was caught behind just before the second drinks break. Frank, who was dropped before he had scored, was looking good and he and Lindsey Semple added the last 58 runs needed after the break in only 8 overs. Frank was unlucky to finish unbeaten on 48.

This was an excellent win, and something of a tonic after that match.

24th January. 30 over-league vs AIT. Lost by 6 wickets.

BC 107 (Dance 50, White 22, Semple 12)
AIT 108-4 (Semple 6-0-36-2; Dance 6-0-20-1;
Letchfield 3.1-0-21-1)

The advice from those in the know about AIT was simple: "Don't prod about; go for your shots." The bounce at AIT both on the pitch and in the field being entirely unpredictable makes life just as hard for the fielding side as for the batsman. BC were put in first, and openers White and Semple started well, with 25 off the first four overs. Then Lindsey was bowled, and Frank Hough followed, caught and bowled, three runs later. David Dance joined Nick, and these two began to restore a little respectability to the score, at the expense of a slowing-down of the striking rate. Both had a few chances, and Nick was bowled just before the 15-over drinks break. Steve Castledine seemed determined to stay with David Dance, but only 13 runs were added in the next 7 overs as the bowlers began to get on top. A burst of scoring from David Dance around the 21st over (two fours and three twos off consecutive balls) boosted the score to 81 and inspired Steve to aspirations of emulation. These remained mere aspirations, as he was promptly bowled. The

rest of the story is familiar, as the remaining batsmen faced a "hit-out-or-get-out" option in the dying overs of the innings; inevitably, all chose the latter alternative, and none of the last six batsmen scored more than four. David Dance was eighth out, having stayed just long enough for his fifty; he had always looked uncomfortable at the crease, and yet his fifty was still scored remarkably quickly, off just 63 balls. I should look so uncomfortable. 107 did not look enough, especially as David Dance was looking very pasty-faced and wobbly. With three medics on the team, diagnosis was highly-diversified, or perhaps there was a debate on whether accompanying him to the cafeteria constituted a home visit for fee purposes; whatever, we took the field without the three of them, and Lindsey Semple bowled the first over. With only six fielders apart from himself and the wicket-keeper, he did well to keep the score down to 5. When the medical profession returned, David and Nick bowled superbly but without taking any wickets. It was left to Lindsey to take the first wicket when he was recalled, but by then AIT were a third of the way to their target. There was a brief flurry of hope when further wickets fell at 49, 51 and 66 (including Jonathan Letchfield's first wicket for the club), but the AIT skipper was batting well, and the fifth wicket partnership needed just seven overs to score the 42 runs needed for victory. In comparison, the senior Hall and the Hough and Glattbach spouses had had a wonderful afternoon on the AIT golf course, losing only fifteen balls...

25th January. 50-over league vs AIT. Won by 20 runs.

BC 244 (Dance 53, White 48, Hough 42, Extras 33, Semple 28, Adams 16, Davis 13*)
AIT 224 (Dunford 10-0-36-3; White 8.5-0-28-2;
Dance 10-0-48-2; Semple 9-0-62-2)

It seemed cruel to face the same team again only 16 hours and 14 Klostors later, but Frank was out on the pitch losing the toss bright and early, and Nick White and Lindsey Semple were sent out to open the batting. Nick began with a four off the first ball, and scored two more fours in the second over; it all seemed too good to be true, but this time, on the Polo Club's perfect batting surface, it continued, and the

openers had no difficulty keeping the scoreboard ticking over at five an over. Then in the 14th over, with the score on 73, Nick was bowled going for a shot which would have brought up his fifty. He and extras had dominated the partnership to such an extent that Lindsey had only scored 14 of the 73, but then, joined by an in-form Terry Adams, Lindsey began to cut loose and by the 17-over drinks break the score had reached a very healthy 101 for one. Unfortunately, Lindsey was bowled right after the interval, and Terry followed 24 runs later. This brought David Dance and Frank Hough together and they put on a magnificent batting show, taking the score to 215 in a 79-run partnership before Frank was caught eight runs short of his fifty. With the following ball, David brought up his third fifty of the weekend (having played a game with another team on Friday afternoon). Jack Dunford was out cheaply, and was followed soon after by David Dance, so the big-hitting finish did not materialise and we ended on a very respectable, but in the circumstances slightly disappointing, 244 for 6.

Now, the AIT lads once beat us on this pitch after we'd scored 270, so nobody was going to take the result for granted. Nick bowled one of the openers in the sixth over, but at the first drinks break, AIT were 71 for 1 and going well. Then we had a lucky break when the number three batsman skied a catch to David Dance at deep mid-off, was dropped, and in the resulting confusion, the opening batsman, who had just passed the fifty mark, was run out. The number three was bowled by Jack Dunford next ball, and then two more wickets fell quickly to bring AIT to 115 for 5. AIT, however, were not going to give up, and with ten overs to go, they were only 45 runs short; although he was beginning to run out of partners, the AIT skipper was the main danger, and it was only when he was well caught, for 74, by Frank Hough in the deep that BC were finally safe, and AIT's innings ended in the 45th over, still 20 runs short.

Maximum points for BC was a very good result, and the 50-over league is wide open, with everyone having lost at least one match.

6th February. 30-over league vs Scribblers. Won by 7 wickets.

Scb 188-4 (Dance 6-1-17-2; Thompson 3-0-26-1;
Dunford 6-0-38-1)

BC 189-3 (White 96, Dance 34*, Grocock 33)

It seems that Nicky Dunne, overcome by the excitement of writing the report on the AIT friendly, has filled reams of paper, so I have been instructed by the heavies on the OUTPOST editorial team to keep it short. Pity, though, as this was one of the best games of the year. On second thoughts, perhaps it's just as well; I could never match the purple prose of the Post on the Sunday morning. The strong Scribblers side, with some impressive victories behind them this season, were sent in to bat and were soon hammering the BC bowlers to all parts of the ground. Only David Dance bowled with any economy, and even his figures were spoiled somewhat when his last over was hit for ten runs. Nick White suffered the rare indignity of being hit for fourteen off an over, including a six, a fate he shared with Frank Hough (for whom the indignity is perhaps less rare?), as the number four batsman topped an already high Scribblers score by hammering 43 not out off twenty balls. 188 for four off the thirty overs reflected the quality of the batting surface and, perhaps, the heaviness of the day, but was helped along by a poor BC fielding display, typified by the first ball of the innings, when three runs were scored off a ball prodded out to the covers. Nick White return to the pavilion lamenting (an unfairly mild word) the fielding performance and suggesting that he was in no mood to go out and open the innings. He did, though, and he and Nigel Grocock proceeded to put on 85 in ten overs for the first wicket. There was, in particular, some very good running between the wickets, which made it all the more surprising when a mix-up left both batsmen at the same end and Nigel was the unlucky one to get run out, incidentally run out at the end both batsmen were at. Nick was in commanding form, although he was lucky to survive a few dropped catches. He seems to get suicidal as he approaches major targets, and, on 48, he skied a catch to long on where two fielders would each have taken the catch separately, but in the event ran flat-out into each other, both being injured and allowing Nick to complete the two runs needed for his

fifty. Inevitably, he was out (bowled) within sight of his next target, four runs short of a century. His 96 came off only 77 balls, and included six sixes, a BC record in a single innings. David Dance then played out a maiden, and Frank Hough tried to get some tension back into the game by facing ten balls before scoring, but the total was finally passed in the 28th over.

Leading averages after this game:

Batting: Dance 345 runs @ 57.50; Grocock 214 @ 35.67; Price 135 @ 33.75; White 246 @ 30.75; Hough 144 @ 24.00.

Bowling: White 13 wickets @ 14.07; Price 5 @ 16.20; Dunford 12 @ 21.42; Dance 10 @ 22.30; Hough 7 @ 27.57.

David Hall

DARTS DARTS

At a meeting of the Bangkok Darts League on 6th February, Kenneth Ywin was voted President and it was agreed that the new Johnnie Walker Darts League would start in March.

Now is the time to register with the team Captains (Peter Downs and Bryan Baldwin) and cough up your £150 registration fee. Practicing will now begin in earnest in the bar every Thursday.

The Club Championship knock-out events will be played for in April or May so start practicing for these trophies too. Mike Majer holds the Castrol Cup for Men and Carol Anwar the Ladies' Challenge trophy.

Don't delay, it will take you at least 2 weeks to get the "optimum Kloster level" right!

GOLF GOLF

THE BANGKOK ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY GOLF DAY

On Saturday 23rd January the St. Andrew's Society held its annual golf day at the Railway Course. Some 30 members and guests took part in the day's events which involved both stroke play and stableford competitions.

Winners of the major prizes were as follows:

Members:

The Leonowens Trophy (Lowest gross)	: Norman Macdonald	(88)
The Gerson Table (Lowest net)	: Kristeen Chappell	(70)

Lady Members and Members' Wives:

The Ladies' Trophy (Lowest net)	: Margaret McEwan	(68)
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All Players:

The Nestle Basket (Highest stableford)	: Mike Pomfret	(38)
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The major trophies were presented to the winners by the Chieftain during the Burn's Night Ceilidh held at the Siam Intercontinental Hotel that same evening.

LADIES' GOLF LADIES' GOLF

Our new format of playing the first two Tuesdays in the month at the Railway has proved a great success and we shall continue with this arrangement throughout the year – weather permitting!

COMPETITION RESULTS

			COURSE	
5th January – T's and F's			Railway	H/cap
Winner:	Gai Pitre	38 a/b		22
R/Up:	Mal Chessman	38		32
12th January – 3 Throw outs			Railway	
Flight A	Winner:	Margaret McEwan	50	22
	R/up:	Joan Guthrie	54	18
Flight B	Winner:	Mal Chessman	43	31
	R/Up:	Kristeen Chappell	49	27
Great under par round by Mal – nett 64!				
19th January – Better Nines			Army	
Flight A	Winner:	Margaret McEwan	34	22
	R/Up:	Joan Guthrie	36	18
Flight B	Winner:	Kristeen Chappell	35½	25
	R/Up:	Anne Hendrie	37½	23
Flight C	Winner:	Helen Benham	32½	31
	R/Up:	Mal Chessman	33½	29
Very crowded on this our first game at the Army. We had to tee-off on the 10th.				
26th January – L.G.U. Medal			Army	
Silver Division	Winner:	Pat Dodsworth (16)	nett 76	
	R/Up:	Joan Guthrie (19)	nett 78	
Bronze Division	Winner:	Marianne Oshunde (28)	nett 78	
	R/Up:	Penny Whalley (20)	nett 79	
2nd February – Stableford			Railway	
Flight A	Winner:	Pat Dodsworth		
	R/Up:	Kerstin Persson		
Flight B	Winner:	Mal Chessman		
	R/Up:	Kristeen Chappell		
9th February – Bisque Bogey			Railway	
Flight A	Winner:	Margaret McEwan		
	R/Up:	Kerstin Persson		
Flight B	Winner:	Belinda Prince		
	R/Up:	Kanda Phillips		

Forthcoming Competitions

Starter : Penny (258-9415)

1st March	Stableford	Railway
8th March	Astral Cup	Navatanee
15th March		
22nd March	Par Bisque	Army
29th March	Medal	Army

SOCCER



SOCCER

Sawasdee Krap Footballphiles,

Wee Eck back after the mid season shut down, 3 kilos heavier, one year older but not any wiser. Managed one game in the UK during the shut down where clad in four shirts, tracksuit top and thermal bottoms I helped Hermes Old Crocks hold the current youths in a 6 goal thriller. The British Club had two friendlies over the shut down against our old rivals RBSC with one win apiece. No reports are available due to the very social nature of the apres match soirees (swallowed a French dictionary this month).

Match Report

The League resumed in mid January with the Club sitting one point ahead of the pack. This was to prove short-lived. Our opening game was against the Scandinavians who we beat 7-0 in the first half of the programme. It was not to be on this occasion, however. The club malaise, ie. the slow start, struck again and we were 1-0 down at half time. An even more disastrous start to the second period saw us 3-0 down with 20 minutes to go. The defence was doing a passable impersonation of a sieve whilst the forwards lacked that little bit of sharpness as a result of the lay-off, when a tactical substitution and outstanding goal changed the course of the match.

A brilliant overhead kick by Mike Pomfret found the net as an astonished Scans defence looked amazed whilst the BC forward line looked incredulous. Yes, truly one to savour. The next goal also had class written all over it. A

Morton foray down the wing and a cross to the far post, where Hough headed back for Pomfret to score number 2. Here we go! Here we go! A frantic finish and an opportunist goal from "Razor" Maynard two minutes from the end saw us share the points. Despite the epic fight-back we have to look on this as a point lost. Man of a very entertaining match award went to Steve Casteldine. We must also pay tribute to the Scans for making a real game of it.

Two weeks and three training sessions later we took the field against the Swiss with trimmer waist lines and still bubbling confidence. Again we were facing a team we had put seven past earlier in the year. Again we failed to get going until well into the second half and again we scored in the dying minutes. This time it came from a Frank Hough penalty after Andy Massey had been floored in the box. Again, all credit to our opposition who raised their play from their form slump earlier in the season. Man of the Match by a close majority was Vince Swift.

Our final league game at time of going to press was against the German All Stars. They, along with Benz, were tied with us at the top as a result of our dropped point against the Scans and it was, therefore, the proverbial 4 pointer. In what was a great game of football, the play was end to end and the Germans went one up at half time as a result of a defensive error which was severely punished. The team, however, stuck admirably to the task at hand and had one goal chopped off for offside before with the last touch of the game recent recruit John

Cockcroft headed the equaliser to the utter dismay of the Germans. On balance a draw was a fair result, although neither side can be entirely happy with it as it leaves Benz one point clear. It was a good game, however, although sometimes spoiled by unnecessary delays through the Germans not retiring 10 yards at free kicks. Man of the Match was Captain Fantastic (of the Cricket Team) Frank Hough.

Our next matches were at the RBSC Annual 7-A-Side Tournament. We put two teams into the competition involving 18 players. Unfortunately the Maoris have a lot to answer for. The tournament was after the New Zealand Night at the Inter-Con and there were a few excuses for athletes who took the field for the first games. Stien Lager and NZ wine is not what they train on at Old Trafford and both sides lost their opening matches against fit and young (very unfair that) local teams. We had to content ourselves with places in the plate competition.

The Casuals or B team met RBSC Youth here and went out 4-1. Grant Upton scored the goal, but our hosts were just too strong for the old timers. The British Club A Team, despite being depleted by injuries to Bennington and Casteldine, played some good football in Drawing 0-0 with the Thai Sihks. Onto penalties and then sudden death penalties where our nerve held and we went through 7-6 to the Semi-Final. We met here the A team of the Bangkok Post and unfortunately went out 2-0. Turning point of the game was a bad offside decision which let the Post in for goal 1. The pressmen eventually went on to win the Plate.

POST-SCRIPT:

It's good to be back in action and we are looking forward to the games ahead. We are out

to defend the Inter-Section Sports Day Trophy we won last year and hope to have an unchanged team. We are also delighted to have been invited to participate in the Windmill Cup, a prestigious 11-A-Side tournament held in Singapore each year in May. It is arranged by the Singapore Dutch Club and sponsored by Phillips and provides the platform for a short Singapore tour starting on 13th May through the 15th. If anyone is interested in accompanying the team let me know. The added attractions of shopping and seeing the FA Cup Final live and uninterrupted by adverts plus English sound-track may draw some tourists.

Since our last article we welcome Finley McPherson to the Section and anticipate the return of dashing winger Lindsay Childs who was so famous in English Lower League football. Scunthorpe fans wrote the song "Nobody's Childs" about him. In conclusion, there was a man with an incurable illness who had been told he only had 6 months to live. As a last resort he spent £3,000 for a consultation with the world's foremost doctor. The doctor said "Give up drinking, cigarettes, sex don't visit anymore plush restaurants or night-clubs and definitely do not play football, squash or tennis at the BC". "Will it make me live longer?" asks the man. Doctor: "No, but it will feel like it."

Jim Howard: "I have to drink my beer quickly because I once had an accident." Andy Maynard: "You've never had an accident in your life." Jim: "I have, I once had a pint knocked over."

What swishes along making hardly a sound but leaving holes in your lawn?

A Moles Royce!

Cheers!

Alex "Scoop" Forbes.

ARE YOU A BRIDGE PLAYER?

If so, come and join the British Club Duplicate Bridge every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. If you need a partner please ring Barbara Overington on 260-1965. NB: these are fun evenings not to be taken too seriously!

TENNIS TENNIS

On January 23rd we held a Round Robin which was very kindly sponsored by the Otis Elevator Company. A few small prizes were presented by Peter Noon and this was very much appreciated.

The Men's Winner was Dave Benham, Runner-Up Gordon Martin.

The Ladies' Winner was Helen Benham (a very successful family affair) and the Runner-Up was Barbara Noon. Well done to everyone, it was very well supported.

The Finals of the Club Championships will be held on Saturday the 20th and Sunday 21st March. There will be prize giving and a supper to follow in the Sala on the 21st. Will all competitors please be sure to see a copy of the Tourna-

ment Rules before commencing play and to watch the Draw to see who to play in the next round. Everyone is responsible for arranging their own matches if unable to play on the day and time specified, but please advise the organiser - Gordon Martin Tel: 286-8797.

Any new members to the section will be very welcome. See the notice board by the courts for Tennis for "Beginners" and "Juniors". Please sign up if you are interested in joining these sessions.

There is coaching for adults and juniors, the booking sheet is on the bar by the courts.

The next Round Robin will be held at the end of March. Watch Reception for sign-up sheet.



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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	— BARBARA OVERINGTON	260-1965
CHESS	— JAMES NICHOLS	236-8834
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	— BARBARA OVERINGTON	260-1965
SWIMMING	— ERIKA MAJER	252-7492
TENNIS	— DAVE BENHAM	253-7310



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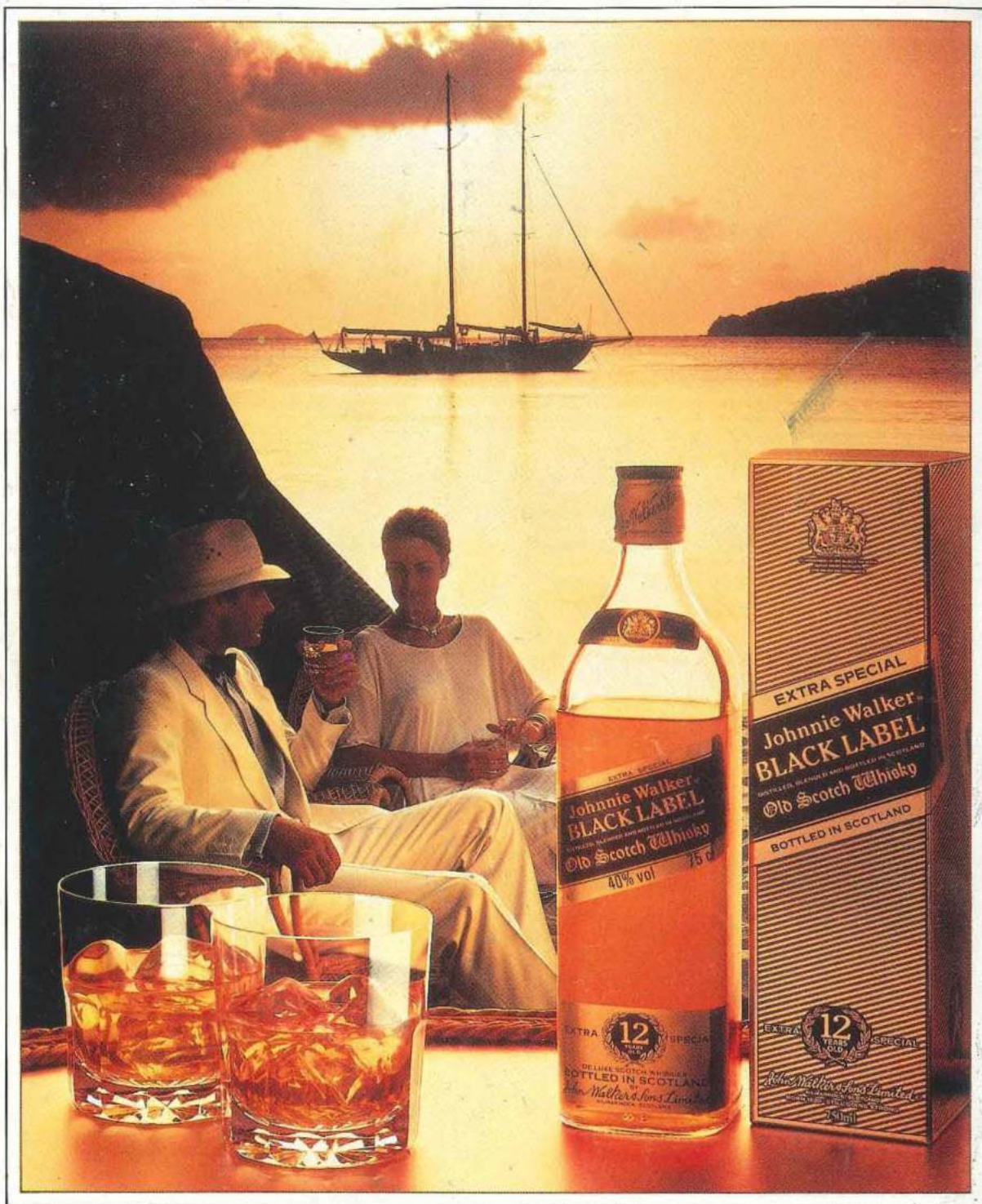


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