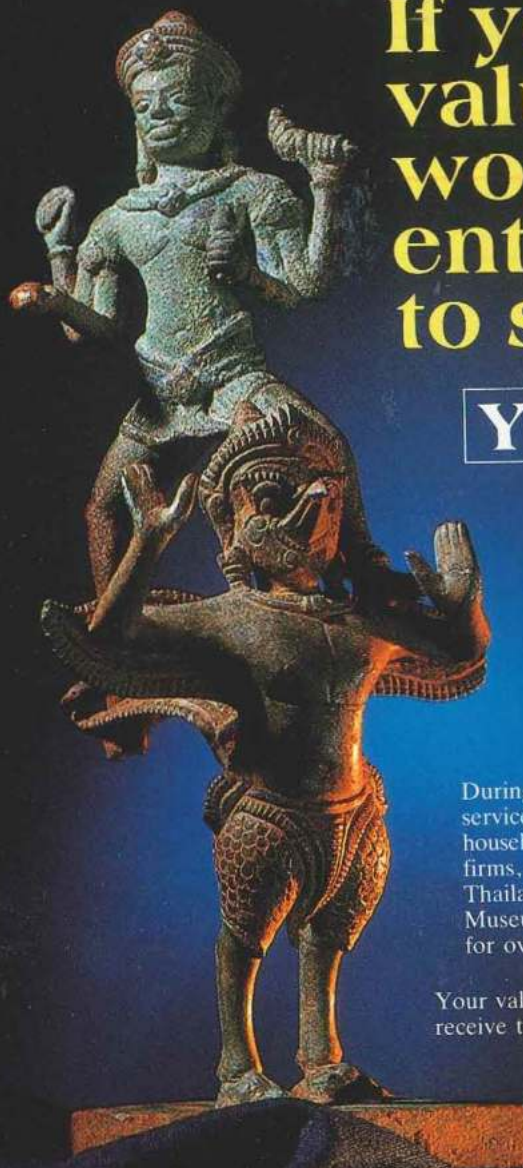


OUTPOST

MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH CLUB

JUNE 1989





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Meet the New Members



Bill Vincent and Phillipa Scot-Young: Phillipa is from Australia, plays piano and tennis, used to be in ladies fashion, a great shopper, likes animals (in two weeks here has already acquired a dog, a rabbit and a goldfish) wants to learn to cook "ordinary food" (any offers?) Bill is the manager of the Tower Inn, which after having vast amounts of money spent on it will be renamed the Silom Travelodge. He likes rugby (though old age has forced him into spectating only), swimming, looking in the mirror and jogging.



Jacqui and David Leamon: are here helping the shoe trade along; they've done it in Portugal too. David likes wine, women and song plus the odd bit of squash when he's feeling especially young. Wine, men and song are not Jacqui's hobbies; she is exploring Bangkok and trying to find her feet having only been here four weeks.



Richard Delgado: and friend brightening up the blackboard. Richard is a commercial director with Ansel, manufacturers of rubber bits and pieces. He has come from California but was originally a fugitive revolutionary (revolutionary fugitive?) from Peru. Rosalinda, his wife is from Puerto Rico and they have two children. His spare time is spent with tennis and golf balls, computers and fellow hashers; hers on the tennis court, with the AWC, Bambi and the Hispano-Thai Cultural Association - she used to be an accountant.



Bill Morton: has travelled for many years, especially in India and South America. He would like someone to teach him to play golf, already plays a little tennis, likes the odd beer, model railways and back stage theatre work. The next line of legible writing said "state railways-signalling!" Sorry Bill, I couldn't remember whether that was apropos work or play but thought it should be mentioned!



◀ **Kevin and Judy Martin:** from New Zealand would like to see a croquet section in the Club (any interested folks please ring them on 279-4423) (ed. croquet used to be played here I believe, and a revival has been talked about for many years but with no result, maybe now is the time to turn talk to action) Anyway, Mike works for DMB&B as financial director. They admit to being hedonists, like wine, wine tasting though nothing too serious, travel and food.

Chris and Norma Burr: with Liz and Jim Bell minus labels. The five Burrs have spent the last two years in the US where Chris was working for Johnson and Johnson and still does. He used to play indoor raquet sports but thinks it will be too hot here so is moving outside; bridge is now his major indoor activity. Norma likes taking the dog for a walk, but finds it a little difficult in Bangkok; she denies Chris's comment that she is interested in him, her hobby is painting ceramics.



◀ **Michael Claringbould and Eric Eaton:** Michael is the 2nd secretary, political section at the Australian Embassy. He was born in Nigeria and his wife Sian comes from Rhodesia (ex). His saxophone playing is magic, haven't heard the piano playing yet; his other interests include WW2 aviation history and tennis. Sian plays bridge, golf and squash.

Eric and Joan Eaton: from the UK have been here for just four weeks and are enjoying it. Eric is in the consultancy business on the chemicals side and has previously worked in the US, Europe and South Africa. He runs half marathons and Joan likes tennis and bridge.



Beatrix Latham, the Blackburns, the Eatons and Marc Latham: the Lathams are French, Beatrix from Provence, and have lived and worked all over the world; Marc is with the International Board for Soil Research and Management and Beatrix used to work as a translator on the Concorde Project when they lived in Paris. He likes tennis and she swimming and leading the hospitality section of the Museum Volunteers; they also collect ceramics.



Susan and (a missing Satoru) Tabusa: seen here with Christine McDonald. The Tabusa's have lived in Tokyo, France and Singapore, Satoru works for the International Labour Office which is part of the UN. The good things in life include tennis, swimming and listening to music.

Bruno Lapillome: and Barbara Adams. He is here with his wife Dominique and Adhemar, who's seven; Bruno works at AIT, teaching energy economics; he is from Grenoble. Swimming, wind surfing, tennis and bridge are his favourite pastimes as well as snow skiing (boo!hoo!). Dominique sings opera and plays the piano.



Angela and Barry Daniel: want to see as much of Thailand as possible. They're both working for advertising companies; Angela for Satchi and Satchi and Barry for MNCH. Outside of work he plays squash, runs, scuba dives and talks; Angela is also a squashie and swims.



Not quite new members but their potential should be realized, Master Mark Jonathan Earl Davis (left) at five days (it's hard to believe that his Dad once looked like that) and **Master William Grammond**, who wants to play tennis and rugby like Mum and Dad when he grows up and avoid journeys in taxis. Congratulations Wendy, Tim, Jackie and Jean-Jacque, and also to Brian and Jenni Human on the birth of Nicholas.



Last but not least our man in Portugal (can you believe that he once used to complain that his picture was never in OUTPOST), **Craig "natty shorts" Rennie** and **Tony "feeling mellow" Austin**.

CLUB ROUNDUP

The Grand National Day



Phew! That's Beechers over and done with.



Wonder what the attraction is.



OK. I'm coming.

Sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.



Me and my teddy-bear.



Looking who's behind us 'duckie'.



It's down there somewhere Linda.



Well, does anyone know what to do?

Fri/Sun | RUNNING ORDER 2nd/4th

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Gorbachev in London: Newsnight sums up the Soviet President's visit and looks at the trade implications. **12 MINS**

Harrods battle: Two reports: the struggle between Lorrho and the Al-Fayeds, and Harrods' place in British myth. **9 MINS**

Art of gold: A 15-year investment in Impressionist paintings raises £35 million for British Rail's pension fund. **10 MINS**

SPORT

The Seagram Grand National: The world's greatest steeplechase lives up to its billing with full measures of drama and emotion. **20 MINS**

SCIENCE

QED - The Write Stuff: Can handwriting reveal an individual's true character? QED examines the increasingly common use made of graphology to assess job applicants. **29 MINS**

DRAMA

Talking Heads - Her Big Chance: Julie Walters is stunning as an under-employed actress drawn into a shady film production, in this gem from Alan Bennett's award-winning series of monologues. **34 MINS**

NATURAL HISTORY

Supersense - Sixth Sense: Animals have senses beyond the five familiar to humans - they regularly use their sensitivity to electro-magnetic fields, infra-red radiation, and air pressure, as Supersense vividly illustrates. This is the first in a series of programmes that breaks spectacular new ground in the filming of animals. **30 MINS**

COMEDY

A Touch of Spice: This new comedy has all the right ingredients, with two budding cordon bleu cooks setting up their own catering business. **28 MINS**

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BBC VIDEO WORLD
VOLUME 1
ISSUE 2



BBC VIDEO WORLD

NATURE
SUPERSENSE
SPORT
THE GRAND NATIONAL

SCIENCE
THE WRITE STUFF

DRAMA
TALKING HEADS

COMEDY
A TOUCH OF SPICE

NATURE
SUPERSENSE

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BBC VIDEO WORLD
VOLUME 1
ISSUE 3
MAY 1989



BBC VIDEO WORLD

DRAMA
SHADOW OF THE NOOSE

SPORT
LONDON MARATHON

WORLD CUP: ENGLAND v. ALBANIA

DOCUMENTARY
HERE TO STAY

COMEDY
JOINT ACCOUNT

DRAMA
SHADOW OF THE NOOSE

SPORT
LONDON MARATHON

WORLD CUP: ENGLAND v. ALBANIA

DOCUMENTARY
HERE TO STAY

COMEDY
JOINT ACCOUNT

Fri/Sun | RUNNING ORDER 9th/11th

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Hillsborough: In the aftermath of the tragedy at the FA Cup semi-final, Peter Snow reports from Wembley on the problems facing the game and Bill Hamilton records the moving tribute of football crowds around the country. **17 MINS**

Coast guard: Nature examines two threats to Britain's defences: from rabies, when the Channel Tunnel opens, and from a rise in sea level through the greenhouse effect. **13 MINS**

Wacky races: Top Gear joins the Vintage Sports Car Club for its annual spring meeting at Silverstone. **30 MINS**

SPORT

The ADT London Marathon: The streets of London resound again to the pounding of thousands of feet, and the men's race gives the London Marathon one of its best finishes in nine years of competition. **17 MINS**

World Cup Qualifier - England v Albania: Highlights of a game England must win to put pressure on the more dangerous members of their group, Sweden and Poland. **13 MINS**

DOCUMENTARY

Here to Stay - British through and through: Why do foreign nationals choose to settle in Britain? Presenter Robert Kilroy-Silk meets seven individuals who are gradually becoming more British than the British. **30 MINS**

DRAMA

Shadow of the Noose: Jonathan Hyde excels as Edward Marshall Hall, one of the most flamboyant characters in British legal history. In this episode Marshall Hall risks his career to defend a prostitute accused of murder. **58 MINS**

COMEDY

Joint Account: Hannah Gordon might be anyone else's idea of a perfectly agreeable and sympathetic bank manager - but not for Peter Egan, her husband. **29 MINS**

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Quiz Finals



ST. DAVIDS - there will always be a welcome even though they didn't win.



SPOOFS - it was all just a guess.



RUGBY - one man and his team.



CRICKET - the most intelligent team in the club - with question master David Hall and buzzer queen Kenda Harris.

St. George's Ball



"Whose silly idea was this anyway?" Terry Adams.



"Call this a piano?" Richard Hopkins.



"Yes, you'll need a month off work. Oh; our air balloons aren't that fast I'm afraid." Stuart Richardson.



"A very nice speech Mr. Adams" Jenifer Lamb.



"Sorry lads, Buster's orange juice again!" David Frost.



"And now for my Donald Pleasance look." Rodney Bain.



"Wait 'til we get our hands on Kenda." David, Mike, Findlay, Vince and Phil.



"Richard my finger's stuck" Ian Durant.



"Good grief, whatever will they do next?" Carolyn Young.



"Can someone explain the joke to Nick please." Grainne James.



"Keep smiling Clare, I've just sat on my pudding" Bob Marchant.

K NOW YOUR COMMITTEE

Nigel Oakins -- Club Development



Oakins in his role as adviser to beauty queens.

WHAT a dreadful thing to have to do. Provide around 1,000 words and a few pictures of myself so that club members can get to know the new committee better. Should I present this as I see myself or would it be better to do it in a way that might reflect the views of others? Since I am unable to decide which is better, I present both versions of the real Nigel Oakins:

Born 35 years ago, the son of a working class family in the East end of London, schooling came easy to Nigel as he worked his way through a string of scholarships. No one was surprised when Harvard offered him an MBA course since, on his graduation from Cambridge the dean had said

"He, without doubt, is the finest student this College has ever seen."

But, big business would have to wait. The Montreal Olympics beckoned, and not knowing which of the many disciplines he excelled in to choose from, he was selected as Britain's entry for the Decathlon. Although a tragic pulled-hamstring in the 1,500 metres, the final event, robbed him of a certain gold medal, he won many fans the world over for his sporting gesture on the rostrum.

Offers flooded in from various organisations when the young Oakins announced it was time to earn a living. He chose publishing because he believed he could help change the world. His friends in the

movie industry were disappointed, but believed his selfless efforts to champion the cause of the underprivileged, would be better suited by the printed word, and reluctantly accepted his decision.

Although it was unusual for someone so young, and let's be honest, with so little experience, to be offered a seat on the board of the Times of London, Nigel shocked the newspaper industry when he insisted on starting at the bottom. It wasn't long, however, before a combination of natural talent, drive and determination together with a certain degree of "Old World" charm and enthusiasm led him to the top.

In 1982, when Margaret Thatcher was having trouble with the Chinese over Hong Kong, Oakins felt that he should lend a hand in Asia. Six years in Hong Kong was long enough to sort out the problems and in August 1988 the *Bangkok Post* called for his services in Thailand. By his own admission, it's still too early to really say to what extent the publishing industry in Thailand will benefit, but share prices at both Post Publishing Co. and Nation Publishing Co. have rocketed

since his arrival. Those of us that know him do not believe this is a coincidence.

Not much is known of his personal life except that he is a deeply committed family man with a true conviction for helping to organise the cultural and spiritual well being of his closest friends and colleagues. Stars of the film world, and beauty queens, still keep in touch and look to him for advice. Many a career has been enhanced by his kindly words of encouragement.

It was perhaps no surprise that this extraordinary young man was voted onto the committee after just six months of membership at the British Club. The only surprise is that he was not made Chairman.

There are others who see it differently:

No one liked the young Nigel during his school days, least of all the headmaster. It was his uncanny ability to avoid all forms of academic and sporting achievement, and his diffident way of ignoring all those that met him, that led to his expulsion shortly after completing his "A" levels. To some extent it was a meaningless gesture on the part of his school as, no doubt, he would fail these exams as he had failed all others, but it did have an impact on the thinking of the boy. He vowed never to do a good deed ever again for anyone.

At the age of eighteen, and with very few friends in his home town London, he set off to travel the globe. For three years, he worked in the



Oakins giving advice to one of the many movie stars who look to him for help.

kitchens of the worst guest-houses and the seediest bordellos around the world in an endeavour to broaden his education. He befriended low-lives, often taking them for everything they had, before moving onto the next town. With no natural talent, it was his ability to survive on the endeavours of others, that led him to believe a career in publishing might best suit him.

And suit him it did. Through a succession of backstabbing manoeuvres and board room intrigues Oakins snaked his way to the top of a subsidiary of the giant Singapore Press holdings company of Singapore.

It was said that he was trusted by neither his colleagues nor his competitors, and this suited him fine as he didn't trust them either.

In an attempt to boost his flagging career with this Singaporean multi-national corporation, he married a Singaporean girl and they had a child who too, became Singaporean. This might have worked but in middle of 1987, inexplicably he was approached to join the *Bangkok Post*.

Originally he was to have

filled the vacant position of assistant public relations manager, but somehow during the long round of visa and permit applications, someone mistakenly assumed he would be the new Managing Director. and no way could be found out of it, and so in August 1988 he assumed the role of Chief Executive, Post Publishing Co., Ltd.

Quite what he will bring to the British Club Committee and quite how he got there in the first place, are still both mysteries. And numerous rumours, allegations of vote-rigging are as yet unfounded. So we will have to wait and see. Perhaps we should finish with a quote from his sister, who he has not seen for 17 years, "If only he had stuck to modelling".



Oakins taking his sister's advice, albeit far too late.

From the Club Manager

LOST PROPERTY

May I remind members to take all their belongings with them when they leave the premises. Staff make every effort to collect soiled clothing etc and deposit these at reception. Remember the Club cannot be held responsible for items lost by the membership.

GUESTS AND VISITORS

I know it's a pain in the rear but guests must be signed in on arrival. It's just a few strides from your car to reception. This applies to visiting teams also.

Due to the recent visit by the Revenue Department the security guards will ensure only valid members and their guests have access to the property. So please don't have a go at the guards, they are protecting your club and its members.

VIDEO LIBRARY

The Club video library is sadly depleted and needs an injection of new programmes. I appeal to those members who have many cassettes to allow the Club to buy, copy or hire them. Please contact the office for more details.

STAFF INCENTIVE COMPETITION

April's Inter-Department Competition winners with 81 points out of 100, the Silom & Suriwongse Sala staff closely followed by the Churchill Bar with 79 points.



GETTING FIT THE HARD WAY??

WONDERED why the bulge around your middle never seems to go away or why you're out of breath after a minor hike up a few stairs.

Thought of getting fit? Why bother it's too much like hard work.

A few of us have started to get fit and enjoying it at 7 p.m. on Tuesday & Thursday evenings on the back lawn.

Only 45 mins. work-out designed to stretch, tone, and trim plus giving you stamina to last a game of squash, tennis, football or rugby.

Make the effort now and join me.

MEMBERS ACCOUNTS

MEMBERS please note that the Club receives no credit extension facilities from its suppliers or local authorities who provide the Club with services etc.

To keep the happy balance, members in turn will receive credit facilities providing their account is paid in full as per the agreement between members and the Club.

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GLEANINGS

I am typing this with my left hand, having broken my right. It is surprising what you can do with one hand if you are forced to. I have managed to play bridge, mahjong, put in earrings, put on nail varnish and makeup, the important things in life, but other people have different priorities it seems. One young man stood looking at me for several minutes with a worried look on his face. "Mrs Rennie" he said. "How do you manage to pick your nose?"

Much excitement was going on at the church on May Day. Children were scrubbed and groomed and uniformed (cubs and bluebirds etc) in preparation to meet 'a Royal visitor'. The Anthem was practised in Thai, Convent Road was closed, a Naval band was installed under the trees, and tights came out of the mothballs. "It must be him" was whispered by the excited crowd. But him did not come. The Privy Counsellor was sent instead. Disappointment was evident amongst the children until their favourite VIP arrived. How could the PC appreciate that the ruffle of excitement was caused not by him but by Mr Thomas, the Headmaster of Patana School!!

Word has it that an all-male bar is wanted and the venue will be off the snooker room in the clubhouse. What a good idea! The men can congregate there and discuss all sorts of things they couldn't do in the Churchill Bar and they can play their manly games like SpooF, Buzz Fuzz and bare their bottoms to their heart's content without the need to chat

to the women about current affairs, social affairs and any other mundane business. Having lived in Saudi Arabia for five years I saw the segregation of women carried out every day. Not in bars, of course, but in hamburger joints, hotels, parties and squash courts. The women used the squash courts on certain days, they had screens in hotels and restaurants to put the women behind and for weddings the men and women, including the bride and groom, were in different parts of the town. I think that it is such a good idea for the men to be able to relax at the end of the day that it should also extend to Patpong. Men only bars there would mean that the men were not distracted from their drinking and games by women playing ping pong and darts. You certainly have my support boys!!

Pamela Rennie



"I may be a little late, dear. I'm in group therapy!"



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TRAVEL LOG

Hanoi

AS the plane came in to land at Hanoi, I wondered what awaited us in this stronghold of Vietnamese communism as I scanned the customs form. It was headed: 'Independence, Freedom, Happiness'. Fair enough, sounded good to me. However, it went on to give a rather enigmatic warning to travellers: 'Persons giving fake declarations or having action of tricking [sic] will be dealt with according to the customs laws of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam'. Since one of the items on the list of items to declare was motorbikes and we all checked our pockets to make sure we didn't have one, we reckoned we would be fairly safe and not be done for any actions of tricking.

The airport, as it turned out, was a fair way from the city itself with the journey taking about an hour. True Vietnamese-style driving – careering along the middle of the road to avoid hundreds of bicycles and then dare-devil swerving at the last possible second to avoid oncoming traffic similarly placed in the road – took us past intensely cultivated land. Every square foot was taken up by a paddy field, a plot of neatly planted vegetables or a small grove of trees.



Ho Chi Minh's mausoleum.

People were everywhere: working on the land, driving bullock carts, riding bicycles, selling produce by the side of the road or working on one of many small and fairly primitively built houses being constructed all along the route.

Our eventual destination was a Government Guest House which turned out to be about 15km outside the city itself. This guest house was actually several large, European-style houses one could only assume were left from the French days. They were spaced out around a central building and set in beautiful gardens and off sweeping driveways. All rather elegant considering the horror stories I had heard of such guest houses in Hanoi.

But then this was clearly not your average capitalist

visitors' accommodation: each bedroom was adorned with vividly coloured floor rugs, silk covers on the beds, not forgetting the bottles of beer and soda and the baskets of fruit on the coffee table. Over the next couple of days, we were served meals in our own private dining room, and could swig some pretty villainous vodka with the food. Later, talking to one of the Western diplomats in Hanoi, we learned that it was in all probability the guest house used by visiting members of the Politburo. It explained a lot and flattered us immensely.

Egos suitably boosted, we were collected the following day to be taken into Hanoi: my colleagues to business meetings and myself to be shown around the city. To be

fair to Hanoi, it only seems exactly the sort of bleak and drab place you read about on the basis of the weather if you happen to go there during the winter. Most places in the world do not exactly resemble paradise when it is an unwelcoming ten degrees C, most of the population are swathed in dull-coloured green jackets, the skies are grey, the rain is monotonous and none of the flowers are out in the parks.

The general feeling one gets is also not helped by the fact that few buildings – apart from the Politburo's pad of course – have heating and I was unbelievably badly equipped with a bagful of what just about amounted to beachwear having followed the instructions of someone who advised me it would be at least 20 degrees C. It wasn't. It wasn't even anything like it. It was, in fact, a bit of a cold snap we were genially informed by the Vietnamese who greeted us wearing at least three jackets each.

My state of impending pneumonia clearly had to be dealt with before other more cultural considerations were pondered upon. An elderly chap sporting beret, plastic raincoat and an irrepressible smile turned up – he was to be my guide. And guide me he did to the nearest coat shop, beaming with pleasure once I had found one of the universal green jackets to fit me. Chic I wasn't, but warmer I was. In my mind I had called my guide Frenchie. This was on the basis that his Vietnamese name was almost unpronounceable and, since his

English was limited and my Vietnamese was restricted to 'thank you', we got by remarkably well in our one common language – French. His was a hazy recollection from his younger days and was spoken with a bizarre accent, mine was equally foggy in my memory from English grammar schools and was spoken in my best school-girl tones. Linguists would have cringed to hear us but we managed superbly.

I set off almost jogging to keep up with his pace around the streets. We went round a market with vegetables, fruit and flowers beautifully set out on one side while another row of stalls sold great slabs of meat which were displayed on large blocks of wood. I got a quick rundown on the prices from Frenchie: a kilo of beef for 3,000 dong [less than 1US\$] and two dong for an egg [just about nothing in US dollars]. He told me his monthly salary was 40,000 dong [just over 10US\$] and pointed out one item in a shop he could never afford – a Czechoslovakian television for 250,000 dong [about 70US\$].

We dashed around the tourist shops selling lacquerware and paintings on silk, visited the Government Inter-shop where I noted one of the items on sale was 'Combat Bubble Gum' and we paused in one of the small, grimy cafes to drink tiny cups of coffee, so strong one could almost believe it could have an alternative use for greasing axles. I didn't reflect on this theory at any length. Once, we paused to wander around an art gallery where a young lady



Muffled against the cold in Hanoi.

with impeccable English told me she listened to the BBC World Service every night and I really didn't have to actually buy anything as long as I stayed a little while and talked to her. "Everyone in Hanoi wants to go to Ho Chi Minh and everyone in Ho Chi Minh wants to go abroad," she observed helpfully. I was impressed by her frankness as well as her English.

But I could pause no longer as Frenchie was already sweeping on towards Lenin Park, full of beautifully kept flower beds tended by dozens of gardeners. It ran down to a large lake and a small bridge took us to a peaceful little cafe. I closed my eyes – to imagine the French mingling by the lakeside when Vietnam was still one of their colonies and also because it made it easier to down yet more of that coffee.

Apart from axle grease au lait, the French clearly left a lasting impression in Vietnam after nearly a century of colonial rule. Hanoi is an austere yet strangely attractive city with old French

palaces and mansions with sweeping driveways and louvered shutters. Many of these now house Government offices and embassies – the British Embassy is rumoured to have once been a French brothel.

The French – and presumably their brothels – actually pulled out of Vietnam in 1954 after the battle of Dien Bien Phu where they were defeated by nationalist forces led by Ho Chi Minh, the national hero whose name was eventually given to re-name Saigon in 1975. The only white faces to be seen around Hanoi these days tend to be people from Russia or Eastern Bloc countries. An interesting point was raised from this when I asked an official how the people of Hanoi viewed the Americans. "We tend to see them as just another lot of foreigners – in fact we find them more open than the Russians," he said.

I wondered what Ho Chi Minh himself – or Uncle Ho as he is affectionately called by the Vietnamese – would have made of such comments. This revered national leader died in 1969 but his body is embalmed in a massive mausoleum which is visited by millions of people every year.

We all visited Uncle Ho's house and the mausoleum on the last morning of our stay. Apart from anything else, it's a statutory part of any trip to Hanoi whether you go as a tourist or for business. All bags and cameras are taken off visitors and you have to march in pairs along what appears to be some sort of parade ground in front of the mausoleum. As you turn left up



Combat jackets for everyone.



The Government Guest House.

the steps, it's into single file and a brief stop for the guards on the door to check what you have in your pockets. I assume that grotty hankies, chewed-up dollar notes and squashed packets of cigarettes were not deemed offensive to the State as we were allowed through.

We trooped along a red-carpeted maze of corridors lined with yet more guards.

A sudden turn of the corner revealed Uncle Ho himself lying in a glass-encased four poster bed with guards at each corner plus a further four guards at each corner of the room. To be honest he did look exactly as if he were just asleep, largely due to a rather clever use of lighting.

We left the mausoleum for a tour of Ho Chi Minh's house, a simple wooden structure. Our guide proudly pointed out how austere his lifestyle had

been and how you could see his table, his chaise-longue for afternoon naps, his bed and even his alarm clock – still working and telling the right time. One had a curious impression of the force of this man's personality and the respect he had once commanded.

Across the gardens is Parliament House, a stunning French chateau-style building with sweeping stone staircases, elegant balustrades and tall windows. This remnant of imperialist, capitalist apparatus is, incidentally, beautifully maintained by the present-day Communists.

The last impressions in my mind from Vietnam are ones which sum up the dire economic straits of the country. At the airport, we watched an Air Vietnam Tupolev plane being towed across the runway by a farm tractor. Everyone sniggered. Then we watched a fuel tanker pull alongside the Thai International flight which had just landed from Bangkok.

"I thought there was a fuel shortage in Vietnam and refuelling was done in Bangkok", commented someone. Another swiftly answered: "Ah, but how do you know they're putting the fuel in."

Everyone sniggered even more at this one. In our Western eyes this theory was certainly a good giggle. For the Vietnamese it's the sad reality of the beautiful but near bankrupt land in which they live. I didn't feel like laughing any more.

Rebecca Maer

The Bangkok Community Theatre

THE most common question I have been asked since arriving in Bangkok is:

— Where are you from, by the way?

— I am British, of course! I answer in my perfect Franco-Azerbaijani accent.

The next one is:

— What do you do in Bangkok?

— I play, when there is a part for me!

— YOU WHAT? is usually the third question, accompanied by various expressions!

— Yes, with the B.C.T.

— THE WHAT?

— The Bangkok Community Theatre! It's an international theatre group. Would you like to join?

The reaction is always the same:

— Oh! I'm not much of an actor.

— Let me tell you the thousand and one other things that can be done in a production.

And then they all wish they hadn't asked.

Being involved in a play is like expecting a child.

The decision is taken so we are going to produce.

We not only want actors, we need:

A Director: Has to understand how the printed



Bob Radford as the Duchess in Alladin.

words in the script are going to sound and look on stage with voice, sound, mimic, gesture, make up, costume, light etc...

A Producer: Looks

around to find a good nest for it to hatch and a lot of people to help before and during the production.

Props: find objects

which are going to be used, a wooden leg, a trolley, a guillotine, or an umbrella!...

Costumes: Cutting, sewing, fixing strange garments with material, paper, cardboard, plastic or anything else.

Make up: Changing Bob Radford into Cleopatra, Nick White to a Chinese constable, David Hall to a 22 year old maniac, a white American into an African sorcerer, a 40 year old black American to a 75 year old Rabbi.

Stage lighting: To create the right atmosphere needs a good lighting crew.

When we did Fiddler on the Roof during a big storm the power at A.U.A. went out for about 25 minutes. Cynthia Cahill the director sat on the bench in the corridor and was very upset:

— We should stop the show and refund the spectators, she said.

— Don't worry love! Shakespeare and Moliere didn't have electricity they managed. I tried to comfort her.

And so did we.

Fortunately the musical director Richard Hopkins, who was playing on an electronic organ jumped in the middle of a tune to the piano which was

still in the pit. And we carried on with candles and torches.

At the end of that play the entire cast and backstage applauded the audience. Nobody had left.

Choreographer: Teaching people who have never danced how to do it gracefully on stage.

Set designer: That's a tricky one. Making the plan and having people working on the set with wood, hammers, screws, paints and tons of other knick-knacks. But it is great fun specially when you stop to have a drink in the Churchill Bar.

Stage manager, stage crew, publicity, tickets, programmes, posters, cultural advisor, prompt, continuity, rehearsal accompanist, photographer, article writer for the newspaper, barmaid and barman for the intervals. I may have missed a few.

— Don't tell me you have no acting ability!

Now the production is up to the dress rehearsal where everything goes wrong. But it's better that way.

Opening night: everybody is nervous. Backstage is like a bee hive. We can just about hear the last note of the national anthem. At this time, the stage manager always asks me to shut up. The last thing the director says:

— Break a leg!

As a tradition this means (Good Luck) which is bad luck to mention.

Butterflies in the tummy, knees shaking, everybody with stage-fright.

— Oh! it will never work!..

Deep breath. Black out. Magic, we all give birth to THE PLAY.






Telly Nakhdjavani (A.K.A.) Telly Hall



"We're not going to get anywhere with this guy until sunrise."

JUNE CALENDAR

For further information see Activities Page for contact names and telephone numbers. If you would like to announce any B.C. related events in the *OUTPOST* Calendar, please contact Judi Leddy on 258-5110. The deadline is the 10th of the preceding month.
 *Indicates "to be held in the Wordsworth Room."

	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI
						1 Ladies' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. Ladies' Squash - 9-12 noon Bambi Meeting at B.C. Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 p.m. Darts' Tournament in Churchill Bar - 8.00 pm.	2 Aerobics Classes - 9.00 am. B.B.C. World Video (check programme at Reception) - 7.00 pm. Harry's Piano Night and Accumulator - 8.00 pm. Tennis v Chiang Mai at Chiang Mai
	3 Tennis v Chiang Mai Gymkhana Club at Chiang Mai Flicks for Kids - 6.00 pm.	4 Golf v Japanese Flicks for Kids - 11.00 am. B.B.C. World Video (repeat of Friday) - 4.00 pm.	5 Beginners' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. B.W.G. Mahjong* Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. Ladies' Tennis - 4-6.00 pm. New Members Night/ Happy Hour - 5.30-9.00 pm. Chess Club* - 7.00 pm.	6 Ladies' Golf - 7.00 am. Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 pm. Bridge - 7.30 pm.	7 Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. B.W.G. Bridge* - 9.00 am. Tennis and Squash Club Night from - 6.00 pm.	8 Ladies' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. Ladies' Squash - 9-12 noon Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 p.m. Darts' Tournament in Churchill Bar - 8.00 pm.	9 Aerobics Classes - 9.00 am. B.B.C. World Video (check programme at Reception) - 7.00 pm. Harry's Piano Night and Accumulator - 8.00 pm.
	10 Flicks for Kids - 6.00 pm.	11 Flicks for Kids - 11.00 am. B.B.C. World Video (repeat of Friday) - 4.00 pm.	12 Beginners' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. B.W.G. Mahjong* Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. Ladies' Tennis - 4-6.00 pm. Happy Hour - 5.30-9.00 pm. Scottish Dancing - 7.30 pm. Chess Club* - 7.00 pm.	13 Ladies' Golf - 7.00 am. Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 pm. Bridge - 7.30 pm.	14 Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. B.W.G. Bridge* - 9.00 am. Tennis and Squash Club Night from - 6.00 pm.	15 Ladies' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. Ladies' Squash - 9-12 noon Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 p.m. Darts' Tournament in Churchill Bar - 8.00 pm.	16 Aerobics Classes - 9.00 am. B.B.C. World Video (check programme at Reception) - 7.00 pm. Harry's Piano Night and Accumulator - 8.00 pm.
	17 Flicks for Kids - 6.00 pm.	18 Golf Rd. 3 Eclectic Flicks for Kids - 11.00 am. Father's Day Swimming Gala - 1.00 pm. B.B.C. World Video (repeat of Friday) - 4.00 pm.	19 Beginners' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. B.W.G. Mahjong* Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. Ladies' Tennis - 4-6.00 pm. Happy Hour - 5.30-9.00 pm. Chess Club* - 7.00 pm.	20 Ladies' Golf - 7.00 am. Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 pm. Bridge - 7.30 pm.	21 Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. B.W.G. Bridge* - 9.00 am. Tennis and Squash Club Night from - 6.00 pm.	22 Ladies' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. Ladies' Squash - 9-12 noon Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 p.m. Darts' Tournament in Churchill Bar - 8.00 pm.	23 Aerobics Classes - 9.00 am. B.B.C. World Video (check programme at Reception) - 7.00 pm. Harry's Piano Night and Accumulator - 8.00 pm.
	24 Squash Finals B.C. Closed Tournament Flicks for Kids - 6.00 pm. Bangkok St. Andrews Society Mid Year Gathering on Oriental Queen. Depart - 7.00 prompt.	25 Flicks for Kids - 11.00 am. Squash Finals B.C. Closed Tournament B.B.C. World Video (repeat of Friday) - 4.00 pm.	26 Beginners' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. B.W.G. Mahjong* Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. Ladies' Tennis - 4-6.00 pm. Happy Hour - 5.30-9.00 pm. Chess Club* - 7.00 pm.	27 Ladies' Golf - 7.00 am. Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 pm. Bridge - 7.30 pm.	28 Aerobic Classes - 9.00 am. B.W.G. Bridge* - 9.00 am. Tennis and Squash Club Night from - 6.00 pm. Midsummer Night	29 Ladies' Tennis - 8-10.00 am. Ladies' Squash - 9-12 noon Keep Fit on Back Lawn - 7.00 p.m. Darts' Tournament in Churchill Bar - 8.00 pm.	30 Aerobics Classes - 9.00 am. B.B.C. World Video - 7.00 pm. Harry's Farewell Party Night - 8.00 pm.

SCOFFERIES



SEAFOOD FROM NORWAY

IN the first 'Scofferies' printed in January 1988, I stated I would not write about hotels, but feel the event which a very lucky two hundred attended at a named hotel deserves space.

Norway with a population of 4 million enjoys one of the world's highest standards of living (and taxes too!). Much of this is due to oil, but certainly the industry of Norwegian people is very much a contributing factor. In the rich clear seas off the coast of Norway, fed by the Gulf Stream are to be found huge quantities of herring, mackerel, cod, capelin, lumpfish, halibut, prawns and salmon.

Hitherto the Norwegians caught fish and sent their catch to other countries for further processing and marketing. As witnessed recently, they are sending missions around the world to taste some of the finest fish in the world. It is my strong belief that good tasty fish comes from cold not warm water. If my theory required proof it was there at the Royal Orchid in abundance.*

Superbly displayed on very long tables were in order salmon roe slightly salted, lumpfish roe both red and black, a huge improvement on the 'caviar substitute' that usually comes in small glass jars. These were followed by soused (pickled in vinegar and spices) herring fillets with tomato or onion.

Anyone who has tasted these fish in Norway should by now be salivating and looking for a cold beer and a frozen glass of Linea akquavit.

Next along the table were smoked salmon, gravadlax with dill mustard sauce, smoked mackerel, smoked cod, and halibut. These were followed with salmon and salmon trout served in a pastry (rather like beef Wellington) and in a variety of other ways.

One should also make mention of the absolutely incomparable taste of those tiny prawns from the Barents Sea, tangy and sweet and also the delicate flavour of the light smoked salmon and salmon mousses.

As one guest remarked 'an opportunity to sample superb seafood such as this offers itself rarely, I am very pleased I came! As some of you know the writer's interests, watch in the better shops and as many of these products for which there is a demand, will be shortly available.

Bon Appetit

Bob Coombes

** They started salmon farming only comparatively recently, producing 44,000 tonnes in 1987 with 1989 expected to reach 120,000 tonnes. If that doesn't sound much it's about 40 million fish of a size any angling member would be proud, or put another way is roughly 25 per cent of total Pacific Salmon catch! They need the sales!*

P.S. I was rebuked by not writing enough last time hence the extra.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

GUIDING LIGHT

There are ten differences between these two pictures of lighthouses.
Can you spot them all?





DO YOU REMEMBER EVENSONG ?

We are making a few changes to arrangements for Services at Christ Church - so would you please note that memories like Evensong are IN again ?

REGULAR SUNDAY SCHEDULE

0730	:	Holy Communion (<u>Note time change</u>)
0815	:	Parish Breakfast
0830	:	Choir Practice
1000	:	Sung Eucharist, with Creche, Sunday School
1115	:	Morning Tea and Youth Group
1800	:	EVENSONG (in Chapel)

- There will be a short Holy Communion extension to the last Evensong of each Month.
- There will also be a short Holy Communion Service in the Chapel EVERY Friday morning at 0730.
- FROM - the first Sunday in June.

CRICKET CRICKET

THE FINAL STAND (viewed from the east side)

Pavilionaires 160-8 (Porky Rider 32, Hammy Hamilton 26, Capt Bingo Lamb 25, Huge Salmon 22, Ginger Hastings 20 N.O.)

BC 164-8 (Chips Parry 5-0-18-3, Jumbo Howard 6-0-33-2, Chalky Glattbach 5-0-25-1, Huge Salmon 6-1-36-1)

In what will surely go down in the cricketing annals of the Empire, the brave Pavilionaires finally succumbed to the pagan hordes o' the blood-crazed BC. Not for the Pavs a meek surrender. Though barely able to stand, scarcely able to see, an entire team on the brink of life itself, they fought as Englishmen have fought so often in the past, outnumbered, outgunned, but never willing to say die. If VCs could be awarded for cricket (as they probably should) each Pavilionaire would be wearing one. Never in the history of cricketing endeavour was so much owed by so many to so few. But we offer no excuses, for none are needed.

In the torrid heat of a Bangkok May Day, Bingo Lamb lost the toss to Capt Frank, thus keeping his record intact. This meant that Huge Salmon (who had been transported to the ground in an ambulance) had to be disconnected from his drip and face the wrath of Persil White. Helping him to the crease was our ablest veteran, Chalky Glattbach, the only Pavilionaire to face up to every battle this year. Chalky took strike and defied the speed and venom of Persil's thunderbolts. Huge, using his bat more as a crutch than the familiar flashing willow we know, took six off Cut Price's first over. 'Age shall not weary them,' was never more true than when Chalky swatted young Persil to the boundary. Grit and determination showed through the pain as Huge dispatched Cut for two more fours. Though blood flowed, they smiled in the knowledge they had weathered the first assault. Batty Lewis was brought on for young Pers, and had poor Chalky unluckily caught in

the gully by Ratty Dunford. Bully-boy Whittaker did his best, but was quickly mesmerised and lured down the wicket by the stealth and guile of a Ratty floater, staring in horror as Capt Frank whipped off his bails. Painful that. Hammy Hamilton faced up bravely despite the recent shrapnel removal from both hamstrings and whipped an encouraging four off his legs before Ratty claimed Huge as his second wicket, caught by Moley Adams.

An interesting phenomenon was taking place behind the lines, where all the little children, irrespective of race, creed, religion, or what team their father was in, joined in an inspiring display of unity and harmony, cheering for the Pavilionaires.

Back to the action with Bingo doing his captain's best. Bingo and Hammy were running themselves into the ground, but the scoreboard kept ticking. When Hammy was finally out (as Ratty's third victim) the score was 77 off 17 overs. It was time to bring up the heavy artillery in the shape of our beloved Porky Rider. But how cruel the smile of fate. Two overs on, he was enticed to pull muscles and ligaments in his shapely right leg. Mere mortals would have retired, but not Porky. On through the valley of death. But fate was not yet finished. The only available Pavilionaire was none other than Bully, known for his strength, his courage, his loyalty ... but never his speed. 'I'll go Bingo,' he said, 'Never mind my sunstroke, malaria and my wooden leg. The team needs me.' To add insult to injury, they introduced Goliath Hall into the attack. Porky's eyes narrowed in silent fury and his full red lips pouted sardonically. Staggering down the wicket he slammed the ball back over Goliath's head (admittedly not a great feat) for successive sixes, and eighteen in all off the over. Porky was ever mindful that Bully was his runner, and confined himself to fours and sixes. But finally the fateful call was made, and Bully failed by inches to make his ground. Bingo had

fallen to a catch behind from that arch-fiend of flight, the skillful schemer Ratty, and now it was Porky and Bully who limped sadly back, consoling each other in a touching display of camaraderie. Chips Parry, blazing with Anzac bravado, thumbed his nose at the pain of a broken arm, dislocated shoulder, and sprained ankle, and pounded the attack to every corner of the crease, amassing fifteen valuable runs, before Cut Price claimed his scalp. Ginger Hastings, short on talent but long on perseverance fought a valiant 44 ball rearguard action, first with Tiny Tim Edmonds, (leg, knee and brain injuries) and then Mister G. Heynes (an American gentleman) to remain 20 not out at the close of the innings. Eight brave wickets had fallen, but at the cost of 160 blood-soaked runs.

A short truce was called as medics laboured in a futile effort to save the dead and dying. But nary a whimper was heard. Meanwhile in the other camp, women and children were charged with collaboration and summarily dismissed. "Come on lads," cried Bingo "We're not done with yet!" And so it was with hope in their hearts and a prayer on their lips, the valiant few went into the breach once more, dear friends. Except for poor Porky, whose shattered fetlock left no option but to put him down. Persil was in a fine rage, for despite his speed and fire, he was victimless, and so he proceeded to flay Huge and Chalky for an effortless 30, before Chalky sneaked one through his defences and clean bowled him. Cut Price, the Aussie ringer at the other end, kept the Pavs at bay and the runs coming. Dim Tavis, the BC keeper, followed Persil to the crease, but merely poked and prodded before Jumbo caught him off Huge's

bowling for a lonely single. Tiny Tim was brought on and despite his injuries bowled three quick overs for a miserly ten. Capt Frank was furious that wickets had actually fallen and cruelly carved the bowling for a vicious 26, finally holing out to a brilliant catch by Huge. Jumbo had struck. Cut Price was run out by a brilliant piece of teamwork, aided by his own deathwish. Seven runs later, Jumbo claimed his second victim when Banger Bulte was adjudged plumb in front. Panic gripped the BC. They had never counted on the fighting spirit of the Pavs. Pied Piper strolled in from lunch but was quickly back, bowled by Chips for 3. Six heads had rolled and the doubtful BC tail was beginning to shake rather than wag. But then Batty Lewis hobbled to the crease and with true grit (reminiscent of a Pav) saved the BC with a chanceless 31, although he almost ran out of partners. Moley Adams waved his bat for 22 balls managing to hit four before Chips removed him. One can hardly say Goliath strode to the wicket, but he nevertheless followed Moley to the crease. Persil was umpiring. Two runs were needed, 8 balls remained, and Persil called a wide. Chips was stunned. Goliath's wing span had added an extra run. The next ball Chips had his revenge and Goliath had his duck. Beaky Jones trembled to the non strikers end for the final over. Could they hang on for six more balls. But it was not to be, and Batty Lewis flicked Tiny Tim's first delivery for a winning boundary. Down but not out. Vanquished, but still proud in the knowledge they had given their all, the deeds of the Pavilionaires will live on in our hearts and memories. We shall return.

Rolly Bain



22 April. RBSC. 35 overs vs RBSC. Won by 4 wickets.

RBSC 118. (Dunford 6-1-43-4; Andrews 1-0-1-2; Hall 2-2-0-9-1; White 7-1-13-1; Garden 7-1-24-1) BC 121-6. (White 50, T. Davis 17, Piper 14*, M. Davis 11, Garden 10.)

An unfamiliar-looking BC side took the field for our last Sports Club match of the season, with perennial returnee Ben Piper being joined by three newcomers - Morris-dancing Welshman Roger Daniel and two young volunteer-members from upcountry, Martin Davis and Peter Andrews. The latter was soon in action as

a superb throw from cover-point in the second over ran out the opposition opening batsman. The other opener followed in the next over, caught by Craig Price off the bowling of Nick White, the first of eight BC catches to be held in the innings. The third wicket pair frustrated BC for a while as they played and missed repeatedly, but in the fourteenth over, Ben Piper caught the number three to help keep John Garden at the top of the bowling averages. Jack Dunford then took two wickets in one over, including the RBSC skipper caught behind and the first of two BC honorary members turning out for the RBSC side. This brought the score to 39 for 5 and it was beginning to look like a non-match. But the veteran number seven, who has often frustrated BC bowlers, had his eye in and scored quickly - 43 out of a partnership of 54 - before holing out to Nick White at long on. This was the start of another collapse, as four wickets fell for one run, Andrews taking two wickets for one run (a wide) in his one over, and Dunford taking his match haul to four. The last pair then staged a revival, adding 24 runs before Roger Daniel took his maiden catch off David Hall's bowling to end the innings on 118.

The BC innings began badly, with Craig Price caught behind down the leg side for a duck. John Garden hit two fours before also being caught behind, but then Martin Davis joined Nick White and together they put on 32 for the third wicket. The fifty came up in the tenth over after both batsmen had hit a six, but then Martin was caught. Tim Davis joined Nick, who was now scoring freely, hitting another six to add to his five fours as he reached his fifty in 53 balls. Unfortunately this was the end of his scoring, as he was caught in the deep two balls and no runs later, when the stand was worth 49 and the score was 90. Two more wickets followed in quick succession, as Tim Davis was adjudged LBW and Frank Hough was stumped. With 19 runs still needed and a rather fragile batting line-up, things could have gone badly wrong at this stage, in time-honoured BC fashion, but Ben Piper and Peter Andrews stayed together to see BC safely home for a clean sweep in the three meetings with RBSC this season.

30 April. Polo. Australian Ambassador's XI beat British Ambassador's XI by 4 wickets.

Brit XI 187-8. (P. Davies 102, Walwyn 56*; Price 8-1-41-1) Aust XI 189-6. (Price 92, Fraser 31, T. Davis 27; White 8-0-23-3; Walwyn 8-0-32-2; Garden 8-0-33-8-0-33-1)

Nick White, skipper of the British Ambassador's XI, made a poor start by losing the toss, being put in to bat, and being out first ball. Maybe "dismal" would be a more apt choice than "poor". Two balls later, John Garden was caught in the covers by Craig Price and the Brits were 0 for two off three balls. Things could only get better, but for a while the improvement was only marginal, as Ben Piper went for 9, Alistair Rider for a duck, and Frank Hough for 5, to bring the score to 42 for 5. However, Peter Davies and David Walwyn had different ideas, and soon began putting together a substantial stand. As the stand progressed, runs began to come fast, with one seven-over spell yielding 66 runs. When the partnership was worth 110, and Davies had brought up his own century, off 95 balls, it was Jeff Parry who made the breakthrough Adams 0 and Hall 5 soon followed, but David Walwyn stayed to the end of the 40 overs, taking his own score past 50 and the overall score to 187.

After three British overs, the Aussies had 20 runs on the board, but then Nick went some way towards atoning for his batting failure by having both openers caught. This was the last bowling success for some time, however, as Craig Price was in fine form with the bat. When Nick White finally trapped him LBW, he had scored 92, and the match was just about won for the Aussies. Jeff Parry scored the winning run.

Drinks at the Australian Ambassador's residence after the match were the prelude to an evening of concentrated planning for the next day's match of the season. Many thanks to both Embassies for the hospitality and the very enjoyable game.

1 May. Polo. 35 overs vs Pavilionaires. Won by 2 wickets. (Viewed from the West side.)

Pav 160-8 (Dunford 7-0-30-4; Hough 3-0-7-1; Price 7-1-28-1; Lewis 7-0-31-1) BC 164-8. (Price 50, Lewis 31*, White 30, Hough 26)

The most eagerly-awaited game of their season finally got under way on one of the hottest days of the year, with Frank Hough winning the toss and putting the Pavilionaires in to bat. The first wicket put on 31 runs at five an over before a bowling change saw Brian Lewis dismiss the number one, with Jack Dunford taking a sharp chance in the gully. Two more wickets followed in quick succession as Jack had the number three stumped first ball and the buckskin-padded opener caught by Terry Adams. The Pavilionaires' African pair then put together a fragile-looking stand which was eventually worth 38 before Dunford struck again, bowling one and having the other caught behind. This took the score to 86 for 5 and brought together two left-handers of very similar style, the portlier one of whom was soon swatting the ball in familiar fashion, two successive sixes going just over Craig Price's head at long on. The other batsman was bowled by fellow-Aussie Craig Price, bringing yet another left-hander to the wicket in the shape of a well-known rain-tree-defending letter-writer. This was the signal for what may or may not have been the turning-point of the match, but was certainly a moment to savour in the cold winters of retirement. The top-scoring Michelin Man look-alike was batting with a runner, somewhat incredibly a fellow-Pavilionaire with a similar build. This runner was a little slower off the mark for what was in any case a very optimistic call for a quick single, and as an incredulous and in-form batsman looked on helplessly from square-leg, he was run out by half a pitch. He left the field making what appeared to be

remarks about the phallic shape of the guilty runners' heads. Only 7 runs came from the remaining four overs, which also saw Frank Hough capture the eighth wicket.

The British Club reply started well, with Nick White and Craig Price putting on 43 for the first wicket in just seven overs. Then Nick was bowled and Tim Davis stretched forward once too often and was caught and BC were 52 for 2. Frank Hough joined Craig and soon found the sort of batting form which has eluded him all this season. By the 18-over break these two had taken the score to 91 and BC were well on course for victory. After the break the score reached 100 and then Frank was caught for 26. 18 runs later, Craig was run out after a mix-up with Geoff Bulte going for a second run, the first of which had just brought up Craig's fifty. Bulte and Piper lost their wickets in rapid succession and suddenly, at 127 for 6, with only seven overs left, BC were looking very vulnerable indeed, with all the remaining batsmen having single-figure averages. In his only other innings this season, Brian Lewis had been out first ball while rushing down the wicket before the bowler had turned to start his run-up; luckily he was in a more restrained mood this time (though not much). Some good-looking strokes saw the score move up to within one run of the Pavilionaires' total, but then, in the 34th over, Terry Adams was out, a wide was bowled and David Hall was out. The last over started with the scores level, but Brian was equal to the occasion, and struck the first ball to the boundary to finish the match and secure a BC victory in this first-ever BC-Pavs game.

David Hall

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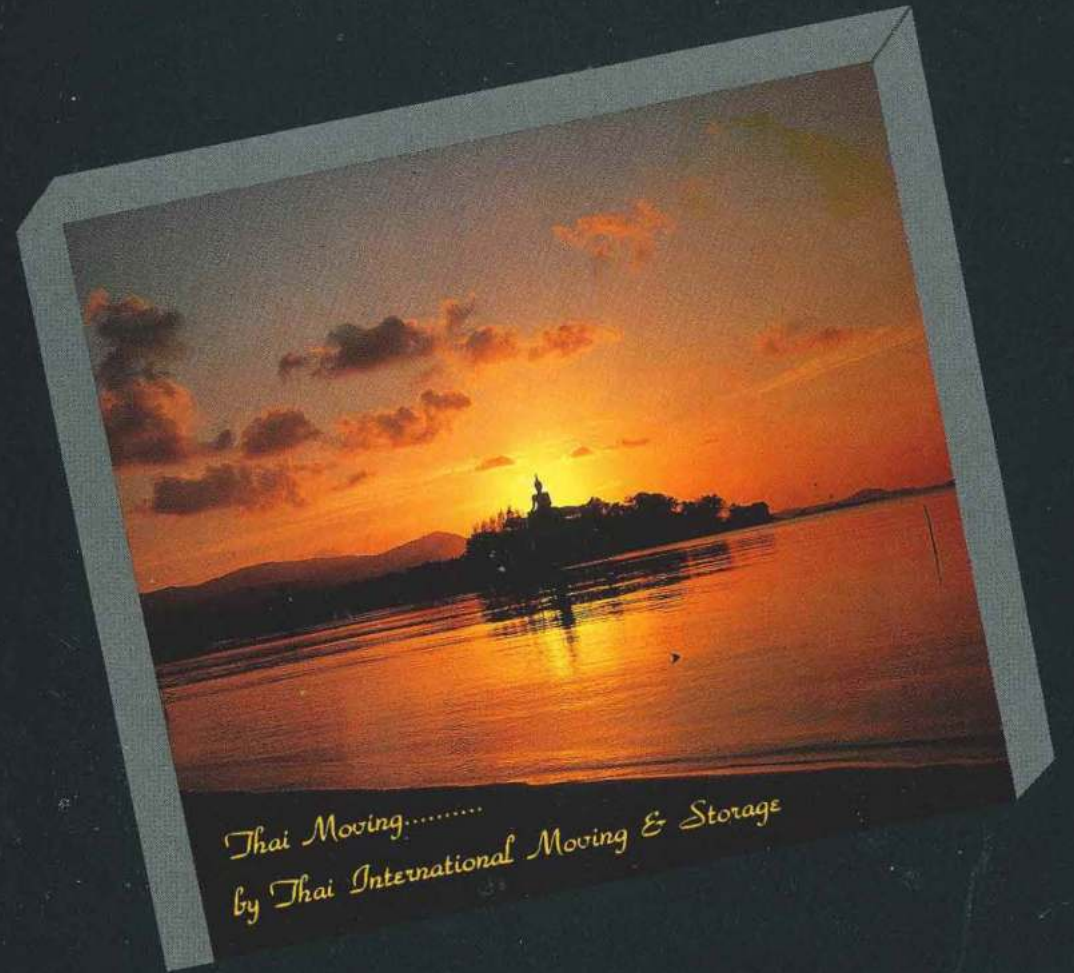
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LADIES' GOLF



LADIES' GOLF

UNFORTUNATELY, I have not been able to be with you on the past few Tuesdays, however, everything has been ticking over smoothly with really encouraging numbers. Penny, very kindly took over the starting, which was a great help and relief to me. Thank you very much Penny.

Welcome back – Really delighted to have Kerstin Persson, Lotta McDonald, & Veronique Parke back with us. Also nice to have Mal, Jane, Lavita and Benjamine back from holidays, and Nena from her break-away language course.

Starter for June – Margaret McEwan – 286 1463

Gentle Reminder – Please girls, try your best to let the starter know if you cannot turn up. Not always easy, but do try.

Eclectic: our new yearly event started with great gusto in January-February and finished 25th April. Using Medal 3/4 handicaps, Anne Kwong romped home with a tremendous score and won the first BCLG XL Eclectic trophy.

Really heartening to see the numbers rise again in our group and new members are always welcome. Army golf course every Tuesday 7 a.m.

COMPETITION RESULTS

4th April	L.G.U. Medal (3)	Army
Winner :	Silver Division	Nena Reid (69)
	R/up	Margaret McEwan (79)
Winner :	Bronze Division	Sriwan Forrest (73)
	R/up	Mal Chessman (75)
Long Drive Silver		Nena
Long Drive Bronze		Mal
Under Par :		Nea
N/Pin No. 8 :		Judy
N/Pin No. 13 :		Nena

11th April	Blind Partners – Stableford	Railway
Winners :	Florene Studebaker	71 points
	Sriwan Forrest	
R/Ups :	Margaret McEwan	69 points
	Judy Farmer	
N/Pin No. 8 :	Margaret	
N/Pin No. 14 :	Genevieve	
Low Putts :	Anne Kwong	
Under Par :	Anne (69), Judy (69), Sriwan (70)	

18th April

		Bisque Boogey	Muang Ake
Winner :	'A' Flight	Florene Studebaker	(+ 6)
	R/up	Margaret McEwan	(+ 3)
Winner :	'B' flight	Judy Farmer	(+ 5)
	R/up	Sriwan Forrest	(+ 4)
Near pin No. 8		Florene	
Near pin No. 17		Sriwan	
Under Par		Florene (68 net)	

25th April

		L.G.U. Medal (4)	Army
Winner :	Silver Division	Anne Kwong	73 net
	R/up	Florene Studebaker	74 net
Winner :	Bronze I Division	Sriwan Forrest	75 net
	R/up	Mal Chessman	78 net
Winner :	Bronze II Division	Genevieve Verrier	79 net
	R/up	Lavita Hughes	80 net
Long Drive Silver		Anne Kwong	
Long Drive Bronze		Judy Farmer	
Near Pin No. 4		Lotta McDonald	
Near Pin No. 13		Judy Farmer	

DARTS**DARTS**

THURSDAY 11th May heralded the start of the 26th Johnnie Walker Darts League. Finally after all our practice, the big night came, alas neither team won though both came second!

The Lions ventured off to a distant pub called "Truck", rather large place, lots of video and TV units and a live band. The noise really was too much for those of us who prefer the tranquility of the Churchill Bar. The real disappointment was due to the selection of beer-Singha, Singha or Singha! Our Frank somehow managed to persuade them to go out for some Kloster (well done Frank). Despite the hospitality of our opponents "Truck B" (sandwichs and fried chicken) and Peter Downs brilliant ton with the first three darts of the match, we lost. Truck B scored 13 tons and had a lot of finishes, Lions scored 14 tons, Paul Choong clocking up eight of those and a magnificent finish on 117, Andy Pickup scored three tons and finished a game.

The Unicorns, without their new captain, Patrick Windeler, entertained Domino Stone at the Club, they too lost. Good fun was had by all and there's always next week!

Anybody interested in joining, please come along on Monday or Thursday evening to the Churchill Bar; new talent always welcome.

Team fines are now payable, amounts yet to be agreed by both teams. Scoring 10 or less with 3 darts is fineable. Our new Club manager Keith Bell has the honour of two such scores, (start saving Keith). Though the Lions new captain Peter Downs only scored one five he scored NO tons, NO finishes nor anything else worth mentioning; get practising Peter.

Anne Douglas

SOCCER**SOCCER**

HI! there, back again with the epistle according to the Football Section. A rather flat month with a dearth of fixtures but by the time you read this we will back from our annual pilgrimage to Singapore to compete in the Windmill Cup which I will report on next month. The summer hols are creeping up fast and this is the danger time for the over 30's footballer - and there's a lot of them about - as at this age fitness is fast to go and hard to regain. Football wives are therefore asked to keep a canny eye on their spouse's dietary habits.

MATCH REPORT

All the action for the big team was confined to one hectic week-end when we took part in the RBSC Annual 7-a-side Tournament. This year its popularity was such that it was expanded to include 12 teams, all from Thailand, and could therefore be considered as the National Amateur Championship. Regular readers will know that 7-a-side is not really our game and despite a strong squad this was to prove the case in our opening game when we went down 3-1 to unknown Thai team, Rour Kon. It was a result we were to regret as they were to prove the weakest team in our section and had we played them later on when we were more accustomed to the special demands of the 7-man game I believe we would have won. Our goal was a beauty however scored when skipper Mike Pomfret finished a powerful run with a rasping shot. The next game in our 4 team round robin section was against Farang League rivals the Scandinavian Vikings who had won the last two 4- and 5-a side Farang League Competitions with some devastating one-two football and were therefore a tough hurdle. When the going gets tough however the tough get on with the job. In a gritty performance we took the game to the Scans and in a fast flowing move down the right wing Dave Bennington finished off a Mike Pomfret cross with a header (yes he actually headed the ball and it went in the direction it was supposed to). We were one up

and we were not going to relinquish the lead. In the second half the back combination of Blunden and modesty forbids me telling who plus goalkeeper Craig Rennie were commanding and our midfield of Swift, Pomfret and Wallace covered back well whilst Dave Bennington ploughed a lone furrow up front (and the Polo Club groundsman was not amused).

On then to our final section game against Loog Nang Doam who happened to be none other than Thammasat University Alumni, one of the more fancied teams. For 'Old Boys' there was not one of them looked over 23 and they ran about like 18 years olds. We played very well and were unfortunate to go down 1-0 as they scored a well-worked goal whilst we had two or three chances that just didn't go in. This left three teams tied for second place one win apiece but unfortunately our 3-1 defeat against the weak team left us with a poorer goal difference and we entered the Plate Competition the following day. Our squad was strengthened then by the inclusion of Frank and Simon Hough plus Mike Worrow for the sudden death Plate Competition and again Lady Luck failed to smile as we drew the strongest non-qualifier, the *Bangkok Post*. Truly we played some great football and struck the woodwork three times but we couldn't get the vital goal and the game finished 0-0. In the penalty shoot-out we unfortunately lost by one goal. Beaten but not disgraced, as indeed the *Post* side went all the way to the Final.

One point to remember is that this 7-a-side tournament is played on a full sized pitch and is a test of stamina as well as skill and for once I believe we passed both. Well done guys - with a rub of the green it could have been a different story.

CASUALS CORNER

The new strips have arrived and they look great. A big thank you to Casuals sponsor Gordon Bell and Thai International Moving & Storage Co. who generously donated the strip of red and royal blue jersey, red shorts and blue

socks. The distinctive Thai International Moving advertising logo of a man in a reclining seat is an apt jersey emblem for the team.

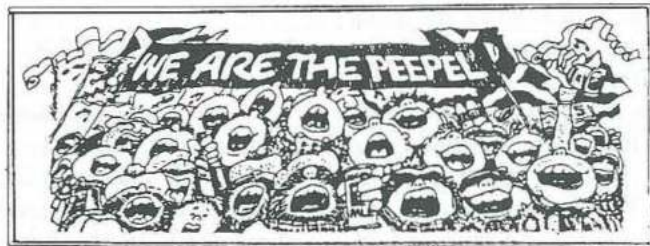
Two games were played, the first against ISB's Junior Varsity Team ending in a creditable 2-0 victory. The second game was supposed to be against an RBSC social team but due to a miscommunication our Casuals turned out to be faced by the full RBSC team. Your roving reporter was in attendance and I was impressed. Like the big team, the attitude was there. The lads were unfortunate to go down 3-1 especially as RBSC scored their final goal in the last minute. Considering the standard of the opposition this was great result. Stalwarts for the Casuals were Alan Morton and Vic Lane.

POST-SCRIPTS

Congratulations to Jean-Jacques and Jackie Gramond on the birth of their latest child, a bouncing boy. Happy Birthday also to Dave Wallace who celebrated the big – no Dave I won't tell. Congrats also to Simon Hough for being selected by the RBSC to tour Hong Kong with them and last but not least – tat-tara-tarara – The winner of my poser on the number of people at a dance – April issue – that rancentreuse, lady abot town – Kenda Harris. Well done Kenda – rah rah!

Finally for a change – a delve into history with a dissertation about how Worcestershire Sauce got its name.

Worcestershire Sauce, so the story goes, was not originally made in Worcestershire at all, but in Hornsey. When it was sold to the public, it was therefore called Hornsey Sauce. As soon as it was put on the market, it began to sell like hot cakes, but after the public found that it didn't have any, shall we say, medicinal properties, and was merely a sauce, business dropped off considerably.



The inventor, Mr. Joseph Harris, sat in his empty restaurant in Hornsey. He was desperately trying to conjure up a change of name for his product – one that would suggest the spicy, countryside, fresh air taste of the stuff, when in walked a young Negro, fresh from the docks at the Port of London, and ordered one of the tenpenny hot dinners that were advertised in the restaurant window.



Joseph Harris owes his vast wealth to that moment in time. For the Negro docker, his tenpenny meal steaming in front of him, picked up the bottle of sauce from the table, stared at it and said "Wha's dis here sauce?" – and that is what it has been called ever since.

What did Ben Johnson say after winning the 100 metres at the Olympics?

Is that my gold medal or are you taking the P-SS?

First Cannibal – That's no way to bring up your children.

Second Cannibal – I can't help it. I'm always like this after eight pints.

What's the difference between a taxi and West Ham?

A taxi only lets four in (Sorry Craig).

What about the Scotman who lived in a tenement and woke up to find his front room full of aeroplanes. He'd left his landing light on.

Well that's it for another month. Farewell football-philes and remember – one good turn gets the blanket.

SQUASH SQUASH

WHAT a lot has been going on in the squash section, eh!? First the March league winners, from the left:



All the winners flying the Canadian Airlines flag with David Soloway.

- Division 4. ... Mike "that'll teach 'em" Geary
 - 5. ... Tim "big daddy" Davis
 - 8. ... George "owzat Dad" Dunford
 - Representative of the sponsors Canadian Airways
 - 2. ... Tony "superstar" Brazenell
 - 3. ... Jim "brain damaged" Howard
 - 1. ... Rod "thank god Pieter Fangman wasn't playing" Dominy
- Missing were Jack "gerry-' at-trick" Glattbach and Bill "brisk" Barr.

Then there was the highly successful long weekend tour in SINGAPORE from April 13-16. It was successful in the sense that a good time was had by all, see the selection of printable photos shown here.

The selection of unprintable photos are an even better testimony to what went on – prints and negatives are available to those involved, in return for the usual "brown envelope" with suitable consultancy fees.



Tony Brazenell successfully getting it up.



James Nichols a little worse for wear.

Tony Brazenell went ahead of the group to act as a scout (Ed. I've heard that one before) and make sure that the natives were friendly (see what I mean), or was it that he didn't want to be seen with the rest of us? Everyone arrived safely on their CX flight to be met by Tony who ensured executive check-in at Furama Hotel. Nightly training sessions were held at Brannigans Bar, which is why defeat in the "boat race" (beer drinking contest for the uninformed) came as a bit of a surprise. Honour was restored by victory in the "coin crapping" contest which with this bunch of bull shooters came as no surprise to anyone!

The hospitality of the host clubs was overwhelming, especially at THE CHINESE SWIMMING CLUB where the nosh was particularly good. "What about the squash?" I hear you ask, "after all that is why you went, or was it?" Yes, well the squash of the host clubs was also overwhelming. However for the statistically minded, not to mention sadistic, here are the results: -

V's the Chinese Swimming Club we lost 13-1 (unlucky! 13 that is) Lone hero Mike Rickard who won 3-1; nearly hero's Dave Bennington, Richard Green and Jim Howard who all lost 3-2.

V's British Club Singapore WE WON 10-3. Too many heros and not fair to mention the villains.

V's Singapore Cricket Club we lost 12-2. Heros David Jezeph, Jim Howard both won 3-1; nearly hero Brian Roche lost 3-2.

V's Singapore Airlines we lost 8-4. Heros Dick Chessman, Tony Brazenell, David Jezeph, James Nichols; nearly heros Tony Austin and Mike Poustie.



SINGAPORE VISIT

David Jezeph being awarded his prize (free Canadian Airlines T-shirt) for man of the tour.



Rod Dominy being awarded his wooden spoon for wally of the tour.



BCB v Hong Kong Cricket Club.

Man of the Tour was David Jezeph, or did he just get the prize for his rendition of an "old Rugby Song" in falsetto, it's the tight shorts that do it you know! In second place was James Nichols and Dick Chessman was third. The booby spoon went to Rod Dominy, who was unlucky enough to be playing as our number one against such tough opposition. Rod was awarded his spoon on the same evening as he was awarded his tankard as the division one winner in the last league. It was the fastest rise and fall in history but he kept smiling throughout, well done Rod.

Final word on the Singapore tour, is a word of thanks, from all those involved to Tony Brazenell who did a great job of organising it all. Thanks Tony, it was a cracker.

Maintaining our international theme we switch to the visit of the HONG KONG CRICKET CLUB on April 22. We won 5-3; we won't name all the heros and villains, have a look at the photo and see if you can guess who they were. A great time was had by all and there were some really good games to be seen. That same night it was the St. Georges B, followed (for some people literally) by the INTERSOCIETIES CUP sponsored by dunlop.

Six teams turned out for the tribal warfare.

The St. Georges team had the best excuse for coming last and they took full advantage of it. The only "dragon" on view was their tongues draggin' on the floor - dehydration from the previous night's Ball. Only Maureen Denner came out with any decent results, winning three matches and losing two 15-14 and 15-13.

In 5th place were St. Oz, presumably they were hampered by wearing those funny hats with corks round the edge; they must affect your eyesight musn't they? Their star was also a lady, Fiona Munro who also won three matches and lost two narrowly.

St. Patricks were fourth. They almost wore green but settled for advertising a British Pub in Patpong where they had presumably spent quite a lot of time in pre-match preparation. Their lady was Carolyn Tarrant and although she claimed to be seeing three balls with every shot, seemed to chose the wrong one to hit most of the time. Their hero was Ed Batchelor who won all of his five matches.

The Scots crept in third and not a kilt in sight (its amazing how many there are of them in Bangkok - Scots that is not kilts). Star performer was Craig Rennie who won four and narrowly (12-15) lost his fifth match.

The real tussle however was for the top slot and St. Davids lost out in the deciding match after playing well all day. The Dunford family were much in evidence in this team (somehow connected

to St Davids via the Severn Bridge apparently) with George recording maximum points from his games, and Jack winning four out of five.



St. Elsewhere (missing Dick Anwar), 'Great Dane' Jorgen Toft, 'Double Dutch' Pieter Fangmann and Art de Boer, 'Septic Tank' GI Tom Annas, 'Paddy Extract' Maren White.

A bunch of itinerants with the dubious name of St. Elsewhere, somehow managed to win the competition. As they were the champs we should mention the whole team. There were two flying Dutchmen, Pieter Fangman (quite a promising player) and Art de Boer; Tom Annas wearing so many bandages that he looked like a mummy; Dick Anwar who missed a maximum by losing 14-15 to yours truly (sorry Dick, Tom inspires me); Jorgen Toft who did a maximum and looked very comfortable in doing so and last but not least Maren White who was obviously wondering what she was doing playing with this crazy gang. However they did win so congratulations to them and all who took part; it was a fun day of squash.

A FEW QUICKIES TO FINISH.

..... massive entry of 70 players in the May league

..... new floor laid on court 2, by the end of August we hope all courts will be redecorated and in great shape

..... birth of a new squashie – congratulations to Tim and Wendy Davis, all seem to be doing well although we understand that the youngster has a weak backhand but who amongst us doesn't?

See you in court.

Mel Leddy

Ed: it was not possible to publish all 27 photos submitted with this article: leaving out yet another picture (or four) of Tony Austin was a simple matter; the graphic details of "coin crapping" I decided to leave to your imaginations; the most difficult to exclude was Tony Brazenell ensuring the friendliness of the natives – but this IS a family magazine. So squashies if you want further details, get to work on your "brown envelopes".

SWIMMING



SWIMMING

A record 46 children took part in the Gala held on 23 April. A late decision to include under 5's and over 13's meant that there were not enough medals, but the babies proved to be quite capable of being in the under 7's race, especially as at the next children's gala the gold medallists of the boys and girls section will be in the under 9's. We had many requests to change the races but feel that we have to keep to the standards in each section so that children can qualify for the best improver awards that we are now presenting. Magnificent trophies were awarded to the best boy and girl improvers from the last two galas. They were Adrian Harris and Aurelie Deladrier for the November Gala and Candice Driver and Jonathan Coutts for the March Gala. Well done those four.

We also found some badges that should have been awarded in May last year and these were presented to the children at the Gala. Level 2 went to Adrian Harris, Level 3 went to Robert Rennie and Level 5 was awarded to Candice Driver, Sally Dunford, Gary Wyder, Rebecca White and James Rennie. A new Swimming Committee has been formed and so it is hoped that there will be more opportunity for the children to take badges and improve their swimming.

Our thanks go to Mark Reid who manned the Mike at the Gala, Simon Hough on the whistle, Keith Bell for presenting the awards and all the parents who acted as timekeepers.

IMPROVERS OF THE MONTH

Once again there were many improvers and the best were Andrew Scott, Michael Coutts, Jonathan Coutts, Alexander Ramaciotti and James Rennie for the boys and Rebecca White, Claire Stewart and Nadia Hall for the girls. The overall best winners were Rebecca White for the girls and Andrew Scott for the boys. Well done you two. There have also been two other consistent improvers. For the girls it is Claire Stewart and for the boys it is James Rennie. James has been attending swimming lessons and Galas regularly for the past 4½ years and so we feel that he should be awarded an improvers award in recognition of this. Well done Claire and James.

RESULTS OF THE SWIMMING GALA

held on Sunday, 23 April 1989

		Free	Breast	IM
- 5 Girls	Kate Harris		42.31	
	Alison Briggs		42.74	
	Louise Coutts		47.05	
	Athena Church		53.56	
- 5 Boys	Splinter Fangman		38.10	
	Stewart Daniels		44.50	
	Christof Ramaciotti		46.10	
- 7 Girls	Harriet White	26.28	29.67	1.09.59
	Teuila Reid	31.00	37.37	1.26.00

		Free	Breast	IM
- 7 Boys	Robert Rennie	27.00	31.55	1.08.31
	James Savage	28.94	34.27	1.15.00
	Michael Coutts	39.99	49.88	1.46.35
- 9 Girls	Candice Driver	46.04	59.51	1.56.81
	Sarah Myers	49.02	54.97	1.56.84
	Lindsey Dougherty	49.86	1.02.03	2.07.44
	Delphine Dor	53.06	1.23.20	2.27.73
	Cushla Reid	59.09	1.09.37	2.50.25
	Anna Freeman	1.02.24	1.18.25	
	Cecilia Dawson	1.08.15	1.03.59	2.38.85
	Ayesha Loveridge	1.14.02	1.17.30	
- 9 Boys	Frederick Deladrier	51.52	55.05	2.01.01
	Andrew Scott	1.03.29	1.20.98	2.48.00
	Jonathan Coutts	1.07.66	1.12.23	
	Adrian Harris	1.11.23	1.08.45	3.03.63
- 11 Girls	Rebecca White	45.13	56.02	2.01.10
	Claire Stewart	46.72	57.92	2.08.91
	Sarah-Jane Townend	49.91	55.09	2.15.75
	Aoife Casey	50.63	58.20	
	Rebecca Briggs	52.74	1.19.21	
	Angie Hastings	53.28	1.04.52	2.18.98
	Lisa Dumont	56.49	1.11.63	2.30.95
- 11 Boys	Etienne Dor	40.63	1.06.31	1.53.24
	James Rennie	41.62	51.03	1.47.97
	Alexander Ramaciotti	44.09	57.99	1.55.06
	Matthew Townend	53.00	1.07.00	2.23.00
	Joe Harris	55.80	1.14.22	
	Richard Dawson	58.35	1.02.02	2.36.45
- 13 Girls	Joanna Dougherty	1.36.47	1.46.92	
	Sally Dunford	1.40.28	1.58.00	1.48.95
	Penny Reid	1.43.97	2.07.49	1.51.68
	Andrea Sill	1.59.18	2.07.09	2.07.27
	Nadia Hall	2.04.38	2.26.00	2.31.00
- 13 Boys	Nicholas Dor	1.28.53	2.03.62	1.42.10
	Mark Freeman	1.56.00	2.25.24	2.07.00
	Rory Neighbour		3.21.00	
- 15 Girls	Tosha Sander	1.53.68	2.11.54	2.13.13

Pamela Rennie

TENNIS TENNIS

ON the 24th April the Tennis Section held their Annual General Meeting. It was an enthusiastic meeting, well attended, with an excellent response for volunteers to form the new committee. The new committee is as follows:

Chairman	Mike Poustie
Vice Chairman	Jim Musin
Secretary	Jane Winderler
Treasurer	Julia Freeman

General Committee:	
Martin Dawson	Orapin Dawson
Jack Dunford	Jackie Gramond
Sarah Henwood	Gordon Martin
Fiona Munro	Isabelle Nothomb
Frank Wilson	Marina Wilson



1989 Tennis Committee

A delicious barbacue followed proceedings. A big thank you to all those who attended. The tennis section would like to say a special thank you to Mal and Dick Chessman who have been great assets to the committee over the past few years. They have chosen to stand down this year because of Dick's work schedule.

Another very successful and enjoyable Round Robin tournament was held on the 30th April. Twenty four participants turned out and play commenced at 3 p.m. It again took the form of a team event with 4 teams of 6 duelling for the honours. The team led by Frank Wilson eventually won. The prize for the Man winning the most games went to Alf Cooksley with partner Dave Ingham winning the ladies prize. Runners up were the pair comprising of Gordon Martin and Joan Seldon.



Dave Ingham receives his prize for "most successful lady" from Mike Poustie. Partner Alf Cooksley looks on.



Mike Poustie presents Gordon Martin with his prize for runner-up.

On the 6th May the International Sports Club of Indonesia visited the British Club for an interport fixture. The British Club was represented by the following:

Frank Wilson	Jim Musin
Jorgen Schmidt	Bua Wyder
Marina Wilson	Orapin Dawson
George Dunford	James Rennie

Play started at 4 p.m. Some extremely hard fought tennis took place, the highlight of which was the men's doubles match between two men from ISCI playing Frank Wilson and Bua Wyder who had to play in the slot of 4th man. Frank and Bua eventually won the match 9-7 having trailed the whole way through. The British Club won the fixture 5 sets to 3. A big thank you to all those who participated and to Gordon Martin who once again did a magnificent job in organizing the event.

The new committee is revitalising Club afternoons and evenings. From now on there will be two committee members on duty at all club events to help supervise proceedings so come along and join the fun. Remember - Club afternoons/evenings are as follows:

Monday	4 p.m.-6 p.m. 6 p.m. onwards	Ladies Men
Wednesday	6 p.m. onwards	Mixed
Thursday	8 a.m.-10 a.m.	Ladies

Round Robin at the end of the month. Watch the notice board for details.

Marina Wilson

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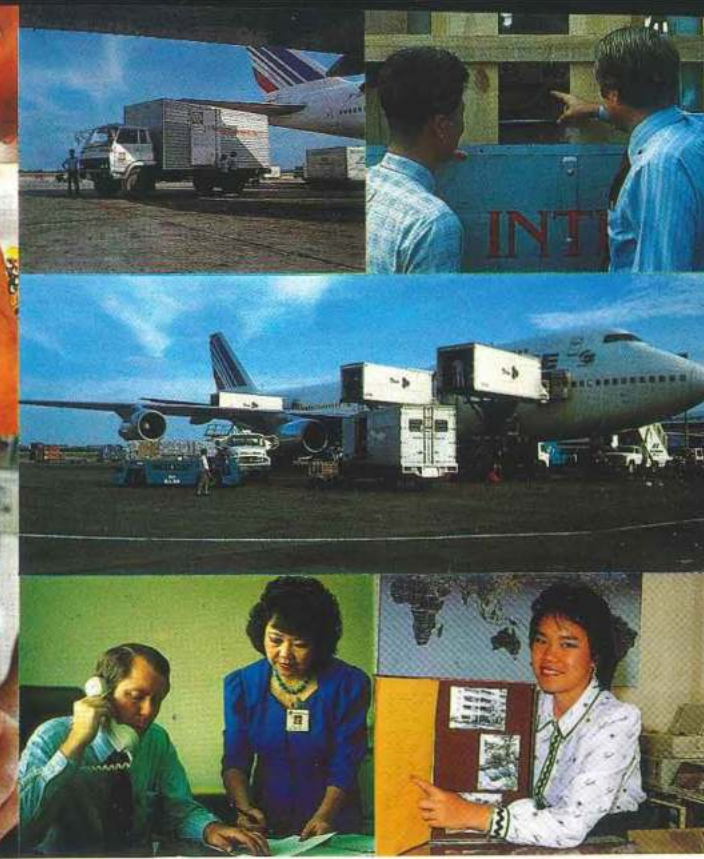


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ACTIVITIES

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

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CRICKET	- FRANK HOUGH	391-8693
DARTS	- ANNE DOUGLAS	311-1324
GOLF	- LLOYD HOUGHTON	252-0435
LADIES' GOLF	- MARGARET McEWAN	286-1463
OUTPOST	- MAREN WHITE	258-1481
RUGBY	- PETER SNELL	236-7879
SCUBA DIVING	- CHRISTIAN BOUTEILLIER (see notice board)	
SOCCER	- ALEX FORBES	260-1950
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