

OUTPOST

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH CLUB

NOVEMBER 1987



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Travel Log: "Down Under".



New Horizons: The Neilson Hays Library.



Specials: H.E. Mr. Derek Tonkin on a visit to Shell's Sirikit Oil Field.

DIARY

NOVEMBER

Sun	1	Buffet Supper	From 5.00 p.m.
Mon	2	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis New Members' Night/Happy Hour St. Andrew's Ball Dancing Practice	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. From 6.30 p.m.
Tues	3	Ladies' Golf Football: BC vs. Indians Bridge	7.00 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed	4	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Tennis and Squash Club Night <i>RVYC/AGM at the BC</i> <i>BCT Club Night : Community Services, Soi 33</i>	9.30 a.m. From 6.00 p.m. 6.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Thu	5	(Loi Krathong) Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon
Sat	7	Cricket Nets Guy Fawkes Children's Day Guy Fawkes Night – Fireworks (Note: restaurant closed)	10.00 a.m. 3.00 p.m. 6.45 p.m.
Sun	8	Cricket Nets Tennis Round Robin Buffet Supper	2.00 p.m. 3.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.
Mon	9	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour Chess Club: Churchill Bar St. Andrew's Ball Dancing Practice	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. 6.00 p.m. From 6.30 p.m.
Tues	10	Ladies' Golf Football: BC vs. Daimler Benz Bridge	7.00 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed	11	<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.
Thu	12	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BAMBI Meeting at the BC</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon 9.00 a.m.
Sat	14	<i>Hilltribe Sale at ISB</i> Cricket Nets Dinner Video	9.30 a.m. 2.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun	15	Cricket Nets Buffet Supper	2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.

Mon	16	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour St. Andrew's Ball Dancing Practice	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. From 6.30 p.m.
Tues	17	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.30 p.m.
Wed	18	<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.
Thu	19	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BWG Lunch: Le Meridien President. Contact Jean Parrott</i> <i>Tel: 391-5335</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon 11.00 a.m.
Fri	20	Jim Davidson at the BC	7.30 p.m.
Sat	21	<i>UKCTC Ploenchit Fair : British Embassy</i> Cricket Nets Dinner Video	10.00 a.m.-5.00 p.m. 2.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun	22	Cricket Nets Buffet Supper	2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.
Mon	23	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour St. Andrew's Ball Dancing Practice	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m. From 6.30 p.m.
Tues	24	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.30 p.m.
Wed	25	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Beating the Retreat by the 1st Battalion of the Royal Scots Guards followed by St. Andrew's Ball Dancing Practice Tennis and Squash Club Night	9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. 5.00 p.m. From 6.00 p.m.
Thu	26	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash Handicap Tournament <i>Christ Church Fine Arts Sale</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon 6.00-9.00 p.m.
Fri	27	<i>Chirst Church Fine Arts Sale</i> <i>St. Andrew's Ball: Dusit Thani Hotel</i>	9.00 a.m.-6.00 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Sat	28	<i>Chirst Church Fine Arts Sale</i> Cricket Nets Dinner Video	9.00 a.m.-6.00 p.m. 2.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun	29	Cricket Nets Buffet supper	2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.
Mon	30	<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.

Note: Non Club events in italics

For further information: Ladies' Golf (Tuesdays) contact Penny Whalley. Tel: 258-9415
Ladies' Squash (Thursdays) contact Barbara Overington. Tel: 260-1965

Meet the New Members



Dr. Pichit Lerttamrab: graduated as a Doctor of Economics at the University of Stanford, California. He has a wife and three sons and according to Terry Adams (left), Dr. Pichit is a keen swimmer and tennis player.



Elsie and Fred Evans: Fred's a retired diver (licence revoked for an undisclosed reason!) and an active motorbike rider. They came from Holland and have two well planned children of 18 and 3 months. Elsie's looking forward to joining in sporting activities "soon".



John and Pam Cockcroft: John's here with Balfour Beatty 'construction'. Digs holes in the ground and then fills them up again! Seriously, John is here working on a big hole in Chinatown which is going to be Bangkok's first ever underground car park! 6 stories deep (the mind boggles)! Pam is an ex-P.E. teacher, a keen swimmer and tennis player and a potential golfer. They have three sprogs.



Liz and Jim Bell: Jim hails from Glasgow, Liz could be from almost anywhere, as her accent depends on who she's talking to (most confusing). They've come from a 10 year stint in Hong Kong. Jim's in advertising, Liz is studying Thai and is also a bridge player. They have two children at I.S.B.



Ian Mitchell: (with Bill Bruce) has been here for 2 weeks with the Standard Chartered. Also from Hong Kong. Likes windsurfing and squash, certainly doesn't like having his photograph taken. He is hoping to take up golf.



Bob Wallace: Manager of Hong Kong Shanghai (he and Ian should get on well!). Came here from Kuching, Sarawak (this is where I took time out to have a quick geography lesson). Has lived and worked in Hong Kong, Brunei, Vietnam ('73-'75), Bombay & Abu Dhabi (I knew I shouldn't have asked!). Plays golf.



Ann & David (Monty) Montgomery: Poor Monty was accosted by the police within 24 hours of arriving (he didn't say what for!). They've come from The Hague and are with Unocal. Ann was a psychiatric nurse, married Monty so as not to have withdrawal symptoms. They have two children, David & Lisa, and two Labradors, Roy & Kes. The kids are great swimmers, Ann's a great hockey player and Monty a soccer coach (forgot to ask about the dogs). Ann's just become interested in theatre because she joined the B.C.T.



Andrew Patrick Smith: a B.P. 'ite, wife Sally not in evidence. He doesn't do much, but what he does, he does well (like propping up the bar!). Plays squash, tennis and cricket.

Congratulations to Jo and Peter Snell (new members in September) on the birth of twin daughters!

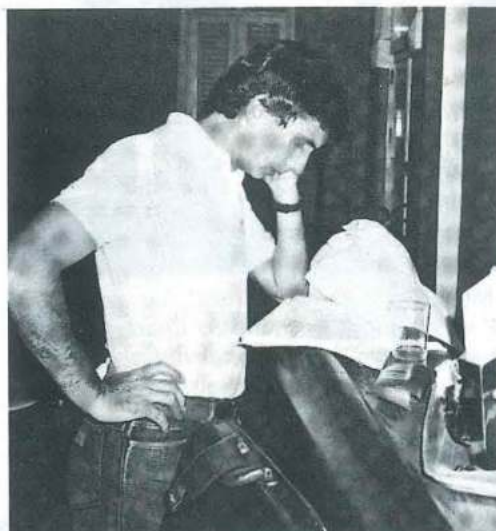
KNOW YOUR COMMITTEE

Jack Dunford : Chairman

FORMATIVE YEARS: Born in 1946 in the beautiful Cathedral City of Wells; brought up in a sleepy village in the Mendip Hills; life to the age of 18 belonged to a peaceful, bygone era. The big life for a thoroughly bored teenager, however, started in the mega city of Exeter, reading Physics for no better reason than not being good enough to read Maths. Enjoyed being outnumbered by female students, but was untouched by the wonders of nuclear physics. Decided to extend student days at Birmingham doing a Masters in Traffic and Transportation Planning for no other reason than this was the easiest course to get an SRC grant for. In 1968, Jack Dunford BSc (Hons) II 2, MSc and Varsity 3rd XI cricket player sets forth into the world taking first job with a high-flying Canadian consultancy firm. First assignment – to plan for the growth of Beatle-mania Liverpool in blatant disregard for the obvious fact that it was embarking on a precipitous decline.

MIDDLE YEARS: 1969 love at first sight with meter-maid Rita and off to the Metropolis and 13 years of hectic consultancy contracts in London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Bristol. 1977, first overseas appointment. Off to Sao Paulo, Brazil with young George at 3 and baby, Sally. First memory of expatriate Club life – gravy on the salad! Sporting highlight: scoring 50 in first cricket match. Sporting lowlight: breaking shoulder in third match. Beginning to have doubts about spending life generating profits mostly for someone else's pocket and producing plans no-one wanted in a world surrounded by poverty.

BANGKOK YEARS: 1978, assigned to Thailand, to solve Bangkok's traffic problems! Two years of trying to get the likely lads in brown to lay off the traffic light buttons finally precipitates change of career. 1981, a job with the Church. Refugees, rural poverty, the slums. It is possible to enjoy work and do something useful at the same time after all! Lots of Church



Sergeant Ping (or was it Constable Pong?) trying to learn his lines for Aladdin.

activities and lots of secular fun too. The British Club always an oasis for R and R. Two happy years being moaned at for wrong league placings as Squash Chairman; six blissful seasons being moaned at for bad field placings as Cricket Captain; four wonderful terms on General Committee being moaned at for anything and everything; including two stimulating terms as Chairman trying to be responsible for a marriageable Manager. And, yes, successfully auditioned for the part of the fool in two pantomimes.

THE CLUB: Pleased to have been associated with the Club's progress over the past few years. Optimistic about the future. Would like to see additional facilities and activities at Suriwongse Road. Believe Membership can be expanded and sustained. Need to find playing fields for field sports. Now in new job with Regional responsibilities for National Council of Churches USA, but with main commitment in Thailand. Look forward to being around and enjoying the Club with family for another five years. Amen!

Brian Heath : Vice Chairman

Born 1.10.42 in Borrowash near Derby, gateway to the Peak District and Mecca of the Midlands. On being taken to primary school at tender age of 5 years ran away at playtime and has not stopped running since.

Invited by employer, Rolls-Royce Ltd., to participate for one year as VSO in Tanganika in 1964. Attended 5 day course at Farnham Castle to learn all about Africa and found himself in Bangkok 3 weeks later on secondment to U.K. team assisting in starting up post graduate courses in Mechanical/Electrical Engineering at Chulalongkorn University. At this time was young, bachelor, impressionable and 6'5" tall. Is now, according to his wife, old, married, impossible and 5'6" tall. After one year of sanuk on 1,200 Baht a month, arrived back in U.K. mid-November 1965 after being informed by RR that "chaps with your qualifications are urgently required." Result – no job for 3 weeks, but instructed to join union (cheap carpets offered from warehouse in Leeds). Back in Thailand in August 1966 as member of ODM team at Seato Graduate School of Engineering which evolved into the Asian Institute of Technology (AIT). Plant Manager at the Rangsit campus until 1975 when joined UN ESCAP where currently employed as Chief of Buildings Management Unit.

Joined British Club in 1966 and bachelor life ended in February 1969 when married 3 times (in 2 days) to Aemon (Oy) who works for Scandia Ltd. on Soi 1. First ceremony was at British Embassy where in-laws filmed the happy occasion and then took daughter home. Spent wedding night drinking cold Amaretto with friends and by noon next day knew was well and truly married and in-laws looked reasonably pleased.

Has one daughter, Jiraporn (Ann), and lives in own house out in the eastern suburbs near the Hua Mark golf course. Avid Saturday Hash House Harrier (Brain Health) and running nut and used to play a reasonable game of squash (Div.2) and darts. Completed 8 marathons since 40th birthday including London, Munich, Zurich and Hong Kong and will be running in the Royal Bangkok Marathon on 22 November, hoping for a coolish morning.



200 yards to go....

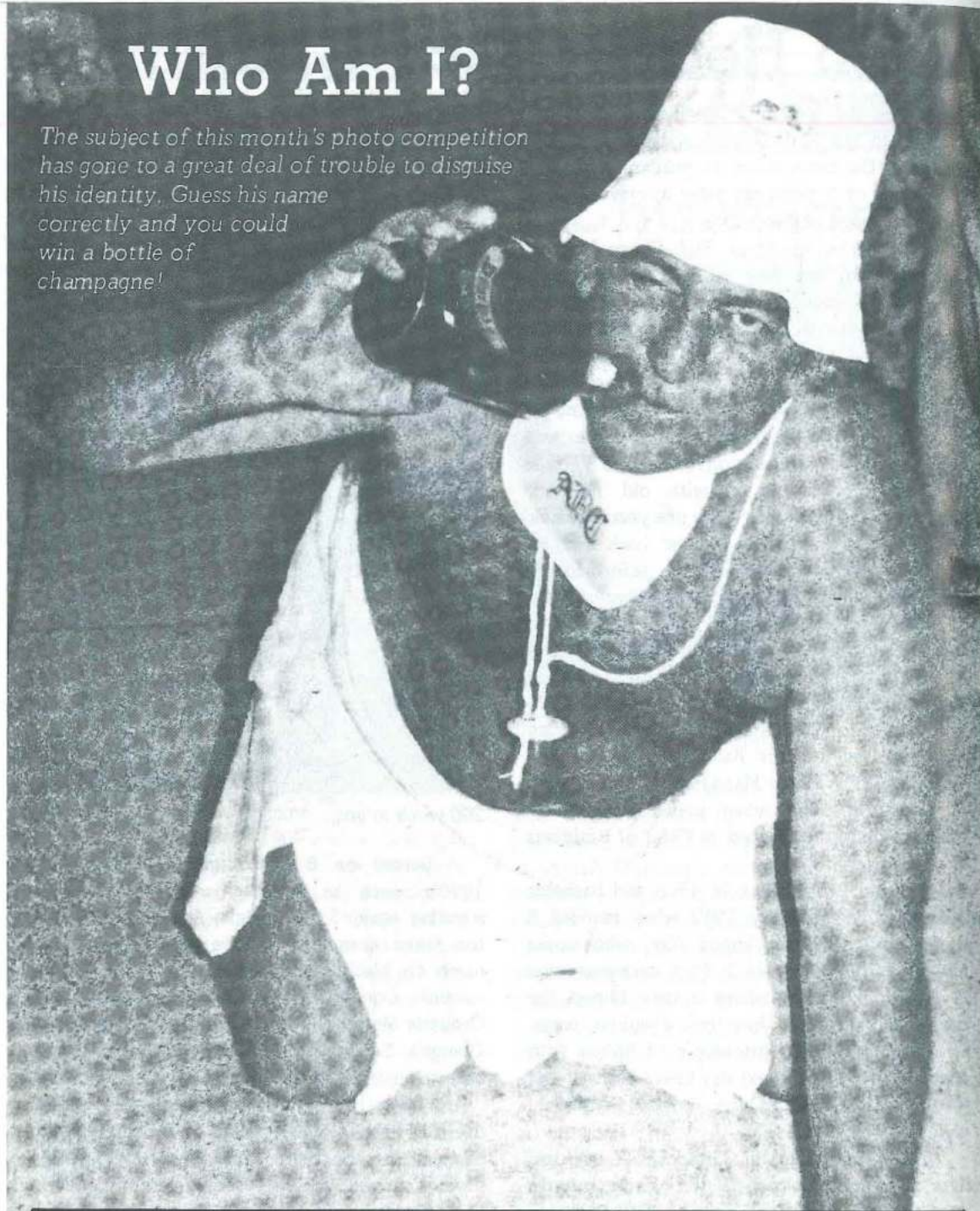
Served on B.C. Committee 3 times in 1970's, once as Secretary and coerced into standing again 3 years ago. (Actually went to loo when nominations were called and found name on blackboard on returning to seat). On current Committee, serving as House and Grounds Member. Was President of Bangkok St. George's Society in 1980-81 and member of entertainment team for 4 years.

Views the Club as an integral part of his life in Bangkok and feels it has definitely changed for the better during the last 3 years having opened up and become more friendly. For the future, is of the opinion that the Club should invest and continue to develop the present location whilst acquiring, on a long term lease basis, sports fields on the fringes of the city.

Apart from running, hobbies include gardening, pottering about and enjoying life to the full.

Who Am I?

The subject of this month's photo competition has gone to a great deal of trouble to disguise his identity. Guess his name correctly and you could win a bottle of champagne!



To: **OUTPOST**

The name of the mystery person is:

Entries should be handed into Reception by 30th November.

Name :

Club No. :

Ploenchit Fair

Saturday 21st November 1987

FOR those of you who are newcomers to Bangkok and to the few old-hands who have been remiss, a few words on the forthcoming event.

Ploenchit Fair has been running over the last forty or so years under the guidance of the United Kingdom Committee for Thai Charities. It is an annual event, a family Fair Day, based on the old traditions of an English fairground and, in more recent years, added to where appropriate. The aim is to raise money on a once-a-year basis for distribution to various Thai charities. Most British firms join together to support the Fair and many run and organise some of the 62 stalls on Fair Day. All monies raised are organised and administered by a British Committee that meets once a month, under the Honorary President, H.E. The British Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Doreen Tonkin.

The Fair Day is a family occasion with a variety of side shows and attractions for all ages. There are sections for both young and older children, a British bar with Jazz Band afternoon entertainment for the Dads, Bingo and afternoon tea for the mums (those not busily trodden underfoot running a stall). This

year the Fair will see the first visit of a Finnair Father Christmas, who, together with the raffles, games of chance, Petticoat Lane, Castle Bakery, Grannies' Attic, Bottle Stall, and Treasure Island (to name just a few), will be joined by Sorophon and Jarunee from the Samphran Elephant Ground, who will be under the care and protection of that well-known ladies' man "Buster" Williamson.

Full catering facilities are available for all tastes – the venue is the British Embassy gardens and the time 21st November from 10.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. Entrance is £30 for adults and £10 for children – so please do come along and join the British Community and friends who will be hot and harrassed, but full of bonhommie in the true spirit of the day.

Last year, we had over ten thousand through the gardens during the day. The Fair takes extensive organisation and many volunteers are needed. If you can find some time to help during the day, many stalls are still very short-handed and would appreciate assistance. If you can help, please contact Mrs. Carolyn Tarrant on 258-8833 who will be delighted to hear from you.

TRAVEL LOG

The Halls "Down Under"

(Part I)

EVERY Australian you get to know, of whatever age, class or social status, sooner or later ends up sending you a "Beautiful Australia" calendar. This strange phenomenon was finally elucidated for me when I took my first trip there during the Summer/Winter/Rainy Season in July. Unlike so many places where the reality is a big let-down after years of seeing spectacular photographs, Australia lived up to and beyond its pictorial self.

Not that it started well. Townsville customs and immigration, despite, or because of, our efforts to look as if we'd just arrived from Chipping Sodbury, soon twigged that we were, in fact, residents of Bangkok, and proceeded to open every one of our twenty-seven pieces of baggage (it seemed like 27). As this contained my wife's insulin and enough hypodermic needles to last



Exotic wildlife is a striking feature of Australia.

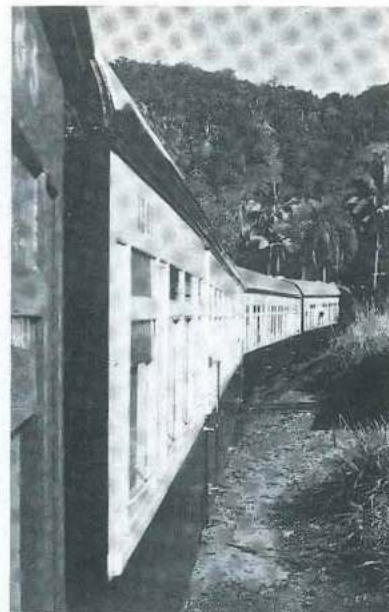
the month, I was fully expecting the search to move on to orifices, but disappointingly the insides of my daughter's doll were the closest we got to that and we were finally judged clean and allowed into Queensland.

Our hotel seemed to be the only tall building in

Townsville, but it had dazzling views out over the Pacific; the wide bay with its almost empty beach (it was of course mid-winter when we were there) was spoiled only by the knowledge that in most seasons of the year, stingers are waiting to kill or at least paralyze you

if you step into the water. This wasn't stinger season, but the skull-and-cross-bone signs along the beach made you think twice before you rolled your trouser-legs up and took the plunge.

The weather pleasantly warm, humidity and traffic noise both low, the occasional siren signalling a genuine medical or pyrotechnical emergency rather than a VIP — it was all a great change from Bangkok. We walked over the hill from the hotel and into the town centre. Like Cairns, where we went next, the town centre was difficult to take seriously. Everything was single-storey, and seemed built to look like the set from a Hollywood western; you half-expected to walk through shop-doors to find scaffolding holding the whole thing up behind. The "hotels" in the city centre (though the only word to really describe them is "saloons") were the only two-storey buildings, made of wood, with a balcony running around the outside of the first floor and swing doors leading to the sawdust-style bars; little wonder that "Crocodile Dundee" scored such instant recognition in the States.



The Cairns-Kuranda Railway.

From Cairns, an hour's plane-journey further north, you can go in three directions for visual gratification — along the coast, where you can swim against the presence of estuarine crocodiles; 20 miles out to sea, where you can park on bits of the Great Barrier Reef where the water is only two feet deep and scare yourself silly by floating over the edge of the reef and peering down into the great chasm below for all the world as if you were hang-gliding; and up onto the Atherton Tablelands, preferably on the Kuranda railway, a great little train-ride up the mountain-side through sugar-cane and

rain-forest and past waterfalls to the picturesque little township of Kuranda, where, if you're like me, you feel you have finally got away from it all and found eternal peace just at the very moment when someone taps you on the shoulder and says "I never expected to see someone from the British Club here."

We spent nearly two weeks in North Queensland, and would quite happily have settled down there for ever; like everywhere else we went in Australia, including the big cities of Adelaide and Sydney, there was a great sense of wide, open spaces. Perhaps it was just the clarity in the air that made the horizon seem that much farther away.

In the evenings, probably like many others on leave from Bangkok, we often got stuck into watching TV. North Queensland has two choices: ABC, which seems to out-Aunty the BBC, and some commercial station which has more adverts than programmes, where the ads are not even separated from the programme by an "End of Part One"-style caption, so that it's often difficult to disting-

uish the exact moment when the programme stops and the ad begins, except that the ad is normally rather more tasteful. The highlight of the week's programming on this station, just to give you some idea, is "Sale of the Century". As our trip continued around Australia, we found that North Queensland was not atypical, but we were pleasantly surprised in Sydney to find something called Special Broadcasting Service, with excellent programmes in many different languages. Later on, as a delegate to an Applied Linguistics conference at Sydney University, I got a chance to visit the subtitling unit of SBS, and was impressed by the idealism and dedication of everybody who worked there.

Our next stop was Alice Springs, the "Red Centre" (or "Dead Center") of the country. There was hardly a road or a house in sight for most of the 2½-hour plane flight from the Queensland coast, just a succession of great river-scars, only a few with visible water in them, running northward to the Gulf of Carpentaria, which we could just make out on the far horizon. Landing



"the rocks were quite nice..."

in "The Alice", as the plane came down past the McDonnell Ranges, was spectacular, but stepping out, we had our first unpleasant surprise: it was cold. Our hotel, booked in advance, was our second unpleasant surprise: it was built on the American-prison model, with a metal walkway running down between two rows of doors, and metal fire-escapes the only connection between ground and first floors. Worse, it was built on a piece of waste land outside town and there was no bus-service. Worse still, it had a heating system which was so noisy that you only really wanted it on when you were out, but the electricity was so designed that everything was turned off as

soon as you left the room. Yet worse, car-hire, and everything else in Alice Springs, was extremely expensive. To cap it all, we were four hundred miles from the place that anyone who goes to Alice Springs actually wants to see, Ayers Rock. Despite the fact that the hotel at Ayers Rock and the hotel we were staying in belonged to the same chain, no, very sorry, it would not be possible to transfer the bookings. Buses to the Rock were so expensive that we looked for alternative transportation for a day, and then when we decided that the bus was after all the cheapest option, we found that all the buses were full. Then when we went to hire a car at the only

company which allowed you more than 100 km a day without zapping you for even more, we found that it had closed for the weekend minutes earlier. Finally, we hired a car and only then found out there was no accommodation left at the Rock.

We did not have a good time in Alice Springs. The rocks in the immediate vicinity (i.e. only 80 km away) are quite nice, but to be honest the only

interesting thing about Alice is that it is there at all. When you go out on the road north, the first sign you come to says "Darwin 1400 km", and when you go out on the only other road, the sign says "Adelaide 1500 km". The river which flows through the middle of the town has water in it only every three years or so, and the annual boat race features boats with no bottoms being held up by

people running along the sandy river-bed. Those guys who established the telegraph station there less than a hundred years ago must have had real determination.

We didn't, and soon found ourselves on the 24-hour train journey to Adelaide.

Ed's note: Watch this space for Part II of The Halls "Down Under" next month.



"We're just like one big happy family here."

NEW HORIZONS



I have been trying to do the biennial Fastnet Race for the last 10 years. The closest I came was 2 years ago when a particularly nasty gale in the Channel forced our retirement less than 24 hours into the race. My move to Bangkok last year appeared to scupper any short-term ambitions for completing the race, but time off from showing a new baby to the relatives during home leave providently saw me sitting off the Isle of Wight on the start line on Saturday 8th August.

The Fastnet is a yacht race of slightly more than

600 miles along the south coast of England, followed by a long haul across to the Fastnet Rock on the southwest corner of Ireland and back to the finish at Plymouth. It is one of the classic ocean races in the world and marks the final race in the Admiral's Cup, yachting's world championship. Alongside the "professional's" race a multitude of boats ranging in size from the 80 foot maxi-raters to boats like ours, slightly more than 30 feet in length. The big boats would get round in 3 days while we were hoping to finish in 5.

Our crew of seven assembled in Cowes on the eve of the race. It was carnival time as the small town bulged with people who had come to witness the fireworks which traditionally mark the end of the Cowes Week regatta. We sat on the quayside, savouring a last pint of beer and pondering on the race to come. Our foredeck hand sat and pondered so long that he forgot where the boat was moored and spent an uncomfortable night in the corner of the beer tent. I slept on deck to avoid the skipper's snoring. A good start!

The Saturday morning was cloudy with a moderate breeze as the fleet of 212 boats assembled on the start line. As is customary in offshore races, a large ship chose to arrive in the Solent right on the gun. We all milled around for an extra 20 minutes while an enormous container ship slipped through the crowded seas on its way into Southampton. Finally we were off with a good start, beating westwards down the Solent. A fair tide soon saw us clear of the Needles on the western tip of the Isle of Wight and as the skies cleared, we settled down for a long beat down the coast.

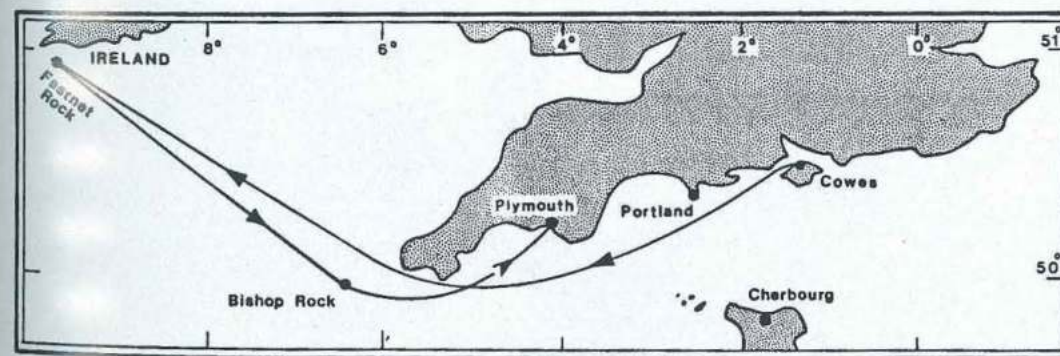
For the first part of the race to Land's End we were to hop from one prominent headland on the south coast to the next. Since it is axiomatic in sailing that the wind usually blows from the direction you are trying to

go in, tactics become very important. Which tack will take us towards our destination? Should we tack into the next bay to escape the tide? Is there going to be a wind shift? Should we just follow those boats because they seem to know where they are going?

On board we settled into a routine which was to last us for the next five days. Three on each watch with the skipper 'floating' to lend a hand where needed. Privately the crew suspected that this was to allow him more sleep than everybody else. During the 4 hour night watches and 6 hour day watches our aim was to drive the boat as fast as possible for the finish line. Some watches are intensely pleasurable — a clear starry sky above, foaming wake behind and a cup of cocoa handed up by a kind soul on the other watch. At the other

end of the scale comes a rough night with 4 sail changes in an hour, a sleepless watch beforehand and the sensation of feeling wet and queasy all at once. Going below to pack a large wet sail on the pitching cabin sole is very depressing. If only the sailmakers would construct a sailbag which gave you the remotest chance of squeezing the sail in.

Luckily we had a very smooth passage along the south coast, albeit tilted over at a 20 degree angle all the way. In the early hours of Monday morning, after passing the Wolf Rock we tacked northwards to pass between Land's End and the Scilly Isles. The main challenge now lay ahead: 150 miles of open, frequently inhospitable water to the Fastnet Rock. No matter how bad things are in the English Channel, there is always a port to run for



in a storm. Now we were heading into the Western Approaches, open to the full force of the Atlantic. It was between the Scilly Isles and the Fastnet Rock that the Fastnet fleet of 1979 was overwhelmed by a storm of exceptional severity which resulted in 15 lives lost and 5 yachts sunk. We monitored the weather forecasts carefully – fortunately the weather system over North West Europe was settled, although the wind was expected to build to Force 6 as we neared the Irish coast.

With the new north-westerly course for the

Rock, the wind was freed and the boat carried less heel. We celebrated with a big fry-up for breakfast and then hoisted a spinnaker which soon had us surging down the waves at up to 10 knots. Around us we could see the sails of some of our competitors popping into view on the Atlantic swell. We were in for a fast passage to the Rock. As night fell, we were some 40 miles short of the mark as the larger Admiral's Cup boats started to appear around us on their return leg. Each boat was distinguished by a long line of crew members sitting along the weather deck

with legs over the side. In pursuit of greater speed, modern racing yachts are designed to sail efficiently only with the crews' weight out on the rail. In between tuning the boat or changing sails, these Grand Prix crews would eat and sleep on their wet and windy perches. Being creatures of comfort, we at least had the reward after a hard watch of crawling into a wet sleeping bag in a coffin-like berth.

At 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning all crew were on deck in preparation for rounding the Rock. The wind was now blow-



ing a steady Force 6 and we sailed rapidly towards the blinking light which appeared out of the gloom. The Fastnet Rock was an awe-inspiring sight, rising vertically from the pounding seas, illuminated by the revolving light of its famous lighthouse. Somewhere to starboard, lost in the mist and spray lay the coast of Ireland. How strange it felt to come so close, only to sail all the way back again. The return course would be harder, for we would now be beating again. A small headsail was raised and we took two reefs (folded up two large slabs of sail) in the mainsail to make the boat more manageable.

We were in for 12 hours of boistrous and uncomfortable sailing. I staggered off watch as day broke and spread-eagled myself in a bunk in a futile attempt to counteract the pitching and rolling. Wet clothes were strewn all over the cabin, the galley was a shambles and a visit to heads involved sustaining numerous injuries on the way. On deck occasional waves were breaking over the boat, deluging the cockpit and its inhabitants who could be heard grumbling

loudly. I lay in the bunk and thought of all the places I'd rather be.

One of the curious things about sailing is how quickly the mood changes. In the afternoon the wind dropped and veered, the sky cleared and we soon had the spinnaker set and we sped along to the strains of Wagner on the boat's stereo. Selected highlights only since the playing of the whole Ring Cycle whilst becalmed on a race several years ago had resulted in a near-mutiny. Everyone cheered up and we attacked the ship's provisions to make up for lost time. At sea it is a case of eating when and whatever is convenient. Except for Philip that is, who survived for 5 days on a large nosebag of nuts and raisins and Jean, our French foredeck man, who would only drink Perrier and eat Weetabix and bananas. We suspected they had been secretly drinking sea water.

So back to the race. A windless, foggy night off the Scilly Isles was followed by a comfortable sail along the Cornish coast. Our last night at sea was to be spent in pouring rain with just enough wind to push us along. As we

neared Plymouth, the lights of other racing boats appeared all around. We were to find out later that we had caught up the larger boats who had spent much of the day becalmed. Visibility was poor and the lights around us flickered in the gloom. Luckily our trusty box of tricks, the Decca Navigator, told us we were at the entrance to Plymouth Sound and we gybed for the finish line. On the radio a chatter of voices announced the arrival of other boats to Race Control. Soon the harb'our breakwater loomed out of the fog and as we crossed the finish line a siren announced our arrival. After 112 hours at sea, our race was over.

And where did we come? I need a longer article than this to make all the excuses. Although we crossed the line second in class, a number of the smaller boats behind were carried in by a fairer wind and beat us on handicap. Nevertheless, winning isn't everything. We had sailed hard, enjoyed ourselves and completing the course gave a great sense of achievement. Besides, there is always next time.

Richard Herbert

The Neilson Hays Library

IN 1869 the Bangkok Ladies' Library was formed by a group of British and American women. The original collection of books grew and after being housed in private homes for many years it moved to temporary buildings on the current site. In 1922, fifty years after its inception, the Neilson Hays Library as we know it today, was constructed.

It was built in memory of Jennie Neilson Hays, a long time president of the library's governing body, by her husband Dr. T. Heyward Hays. The library now boasts over 20,000 volumes and has the most extensive collection of modern and classical English language literature to be found in Thailand.

The building itself, architecturally unique in

Bangkok, has been recognised by the Association of Siamese Architects as one worthy of preservation. It consists of three half columned and vault-ceilinged reading rooms and a tiny rotunda. There is a wealth of stone carving both outside and in, much of it in need of restoration. The original entrance was from Suriwongse Road through the rotunda, but with the advent of the 'bus' the rotunda became a 'bus shelter' during the wet season and so was closed off and the entrance re-sited at the back.

The library essentially contains hard backed volumes, fiction and non-fiction for adults and children. There are many magazines such as the National Geographic and also

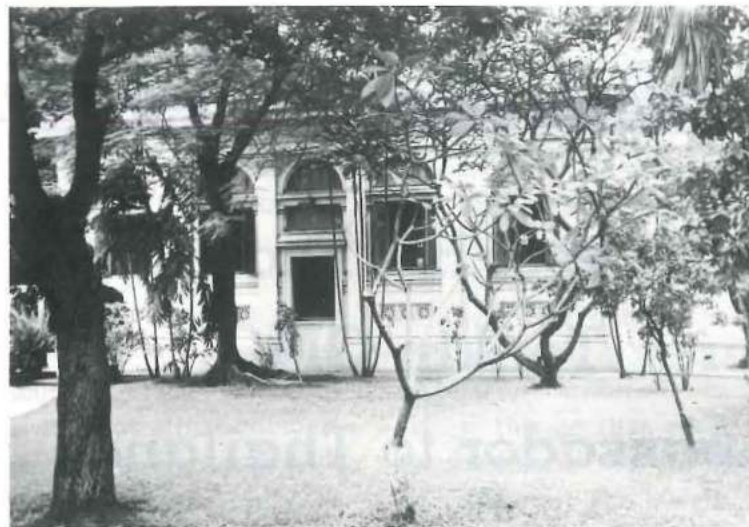
jig-saw puzzles. The staff, under the expert guidance of Khunying Napachari, carry out the day to day running of the library. All other aspects of its existence are administered by a multinational committee as specified in Dr. Hays' will. They look after the paper back section (all donated books), the finances, the upkeep of the building and its furnishings, the gardens, the wellbeing and employment of staff, publicity and the running of the other activities centered at the library.



The impressive interior.



The original entrance through the Rotunda.



The gardens - reminiscent of a bygone era.

The committee also orders books from the U.K. and the U.S.A. each month.

Extra activities consist of frequent exhibitions and sales of paintings, drawings, antiques, and later this year, of jewellery. Each month on a Saturday morning there is a Children's Hour with chil-

dren's theatre, magicians, story telling and at Christmas, Santa Claus, of course. On these mornings there are also sales of discarded books.

Visiting authors are often invited to the library and in past years Paul Theroux, Morris West and recently, Peter Ustinov,

have graced the Neilson Hays with their presence.

The library is financed mainly from membership subscriptions and for as little as B450 per annum, you can take out a child's membership.

If you haven't paid this unique institution a visit yet, then it's time that you ventured out and did so. It is literally a few minutes walk from the British Club; turn left out of the B.C. Suriwongse Road entrance and you're almost there. **LIBRARY HOURS:** Monday-Saturday: 9.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Sunday: 9.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m.

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"A Day in the Life of His Excellency Mr. Derek Tonkin CMG, British Ambassador to Thailand"

I think I wake up naturally about 6 o'clock, or it may simply be that the birds are bickering so furiously in the eaves of the Residence that I call it a night and head off to the shower. I then settle down to about an hour's miscellaneous work before breakfast, and this can mean anything from working through paragraphs of Thai, preparing some notes for an after-dinner speech that evening, or typing out the odd memo. I have my own IBM PC and a very versatile thermotronic printer/typewriter, which, I admit, is a bit unfair because it means that someone in the Embassy may find a print quality memo on his desk from me almost as soon as he gets to the office.

While this pre-prandial mental activity is in train,



Formal Introductory call on Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanonda Thursday 10 April 1986.

I switch on the BBC News at 7 a.m. and listen to it with at least half an ear until 7.30. The BBC is still the best news service in world, but I am not a fan of their "appetiser" headlines which oblige me to listen to the main part of the news to get the details. I know this is what the BBC intends because they have told me so, but I still find it a bit

irritating all the same. The main benefit of the BBC, however, is that it quite frequently gives me a steer about what is really important in the world that day, and this has, on occasions, shaded my approach to discussions or interventions with the Thai authorities, or with my diplomatic colleagues, even before guidance has come by telegram from

the Foreign Office.

At 7.30 I take a lightish breakfast with my wife Doreen. We talk about the programme for the day, what she is up to and where I am going. Now that we are well into our tour in Bangkok, we rarely find that we have lunch together, and there is always something going on in the evening. Breakfast is no more than fruit, fruit juice, toast and coffee. I try to get through the "Bangkok Post" and "Nation", marking up items of particular interest. I also have a go at the Thai language "Siam Rath" which is, I suppose, the closest to an establishment type newspaper in Thailand, though its most sparkling contributor, Kukrit Pramoj, is not a supporter of the present Thai coalition.

If the BBC News has been particularly interesting, I might listen again to the headlines at 8 a.m., though by then you are on the all-day frequency of 11955 khz. Round about this time as well, our very good friends and neighbours, Khunying Lursakdi and Binich Sampatsiri, come to greet their menagerie of pooches, whose yelps of delight and anticipation provide a cacophony of mixed Alsatian

bass, Spaniel tenor and Poodle falsetto.

Now it is time to wander off to the office, which is fortunately only two minutes away; how lucky we are to live on the job. I may pause to look in at my Social Secretary, Suwathee, to discuss this or that guest list for this or that lunch or dinner. The walk through the Residence garden is not without adventure. There are often strange rustlings in the undergrowth as the odd snake slithers towards the klong, which used to be a boating and bathing lake when Nai Lert, the original owner of the Embassy grounds, built his park. The Residence gardeners also play a game with me each day, making me run the gauntlet of water sprinklers spewing out malodorous klong water and sometimes covering me from head to toe, particularly if I am too wrapped in my own thoughts.

I normally make the office about 8.15. By then the telegrams from London are beginning to come in, mostly reflecting the endeavours of my colleagues in the Foreign Office from the previous afternoon. Anything ur-

gent is brought through straight away. On a typical day there are likely to be two or three specific instructions to lobby the Thais on this or that issue, which may be anything from an election to an international body, to putting across British policy on some burning international issue. Thailand plays a role and enjoys an influence in international politics considerably in advance of her industrial and economic ranking; there has not been any problem of post-colonial prejudices because Thailand has been free since time immemorial and this is reflected in her refreshing independence of thought and policy, which is highly valued in our over-committed world. Thailand is currently Chairman of the Group of 77 Third World countries; in 1985 and 1986 Thailand twice held the Presidency of the UN Security Council and was also a Member of the UN Security Council, in her own right, throughout 1985 and 1986.

I have a regular meeting first thing on Monday mornings to discuss the work programme for the week, and on Wednesday mornings as well to run



*British Chamber of Commerce "Glee Club"
Thursday 22 January 1987.*

over with Heads of Section in the Embassy current events and future expectations. On the other days David Wyatt, my Head of Chancery, will come in to run over the latest telegrams with me so that we can decide what needs to be done. As often as not, I need to fix up one or two ad hoc meetings. But I am not a great liker of committees and try to keep meetings short and to take up the time of as few people as possible.

During a typical day, I expect to receive two or three business visitors, mostly from Britain, but also from the local business community. These meetings as well, I try to keep short, no more than 30 minutes. The fact is, that I would much prefer

to see four visitors in 60 minutes than only one. Most visitors from London, fortunately, realise that my time is short and we can exchange thoughts in less than 15 minutes. If at all possible, I like to get out of the office at least once during the day, though a call at the Foreign Ministry can take up the best part of two hours, mostly spent in the car. After some arm-twisting I persuaded London to let me have a car telephone. I have also had the UK fitted air-conditioner boosted to local standards.

Two or three times a week there will be a working lunch, normally up to a maximum of six, with jackets off. As we are all busy people, the lunches are light and are usually over in 90 minutes. The

heavy business lunch is now largely a thing of the past, both in London and in Bangkok, but there is still a need for quick efficient service at lunch-time, which Bangkok restaurants and hotels can provide exquisitely.

I am generally back in the office by 2 p.m. and begin to work through some of the outgoing telegrams which we aim to get to London by 10 a.m. London time, or 4 or 5 p.m. Bangkok time, depending on the time of the year. Each day there are likely to be one or two telegrams to which I need to give a personal touch. By tradition all telegrams sent from an overseas post are sent in the name of the Ambassador. Another tradition is that all telegrams going to London are assumed to be for the attention of the Secretary of State, so that "you" in a telegram means only Sir Geoffrey Howe. Of course, telegrams can be sent personally from a member of my staff to someone in London, but the Foreign Office do not much like such personal telegrams because the recipient might be on leave, or ill, or out of London for the day and if the message is urgent, no action

might be taken before it is too late. The best telegrams are short, drafted with a light touch and crystal clear in their conclusion or recommendation. There is then a much better chance that they will be read by the Foreign Office hierarchy and marked to Sir Geoffrey Howe himself for his personal attention. The telegram is my hot-line to the Secretary of State. A reputation for verbosity and excessive telegraphing is a way neither to enhance your reputation nor to ensure that anyone of consequence in London actually reads what you send.

The office day normally finishes at around 4.30 and by 4.45 when the air conditioning is switched off automatically, most of us are on our way home. I can think of only one occasion in the last 18 months where I have actually worked beyond 5 p.m. in the office, quite simply because the atmosphere is too stifling. I hope to have tea about 5 p.m. at the Residence, though this is a good time for a telephone call to London if there is anything I particularly want to say. Then the evening programme starts. There

is likely to be a reception or two most days, with a dinner party later in the evening. Like most expatriates in Bangkok, I could work myself to a frazzle by devotion to the evening round. So I am as selective as I dare, do my best not to cause offence if I can only drift in and out of a cocktail party. But I find most hosts are very understanding and are glad at least that I find it possible to look in, if only for five minutes. We have virtually no time to ourselves during the working week, though I do try to carve out an evening's tennis at the British Club; I am also thinking of taking up squash again. This may sometimes even mean declining invitations. I take the view that I am likely to be much more use to London, as well as to the British community in Bangkok, if I keep myself as fit as possible rather than working myself up to a dyspeptic ulcer and flatulent obesity. We get home to a darkened Residence at about 11 p.m. If I am in time I listen to the BBC News, but if it is too late I let it go and do not bother with the midnight bulletin.

Of course no day is typical. Some days can be

very exciting, or very exhausting, or very unusual. Some of my problems — Cambodia, for example — are, for the present, insoluble and it is largely a question of managing conflicting interests. Indeed, it is at times even difficult to say where the best British interest lies, since the short sometimes conflicts with the long term, and the narrow with the broad. A sense of humour helps, as well as a willingness to meet people, if necessary, at very short notice. Quite frequently, I have to drop my daily programme and concentrate unexpectedly on some urgent issue which has unexpectedly arisen. But once or twice a year I do manage to escape from it all, which is why I have been able to prepare this little contribution from,

Your obedient Servant,
on Ko Samui
25 September 1987

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"Remember, Remember the 5th of November, Gunpowder, Treason and Plot"

NO British child (whether four or forty) needs reminding that November 5th is Bonfire Night. This year, in Thailand, November 5th is also Loi Krathong. Are we to see a "Mighty Rocket" or "Golden Rain" replacing the traditional candle which is an essential component of the small, simple, lotus shaped banana leaf krathong? Will the former blast last year's sins into oblivion instead of washing them gently away down the moonlit klong? And will the acrid smell of saltpetre obliterate the subtle fragrance of incense usually associated with this solemn, but beautiful festival? I think not, unless some enterprising BC'er would care to have a go on the three feet square puddle (ex-klong me thinks) at the rear of the Club.

Whilst I am sure we all appreciate the spectacle and sentiments of Loi Krathong, I cannot help feeling that the British tradition of Guy Fawkes will prevail on the night. In 1605, for reasons most of us were taught in school, but have now long since forgotten, a group of Roman Catholic nobles decided to assassinate the Protestant King along with a large part of his government, by blowing up the Palace of Westminster. They enlisted the services of a military man from Yorkshire (must have been a good bloke) – one "Guido Fawkes" to his Spanish army friends with whom he was currently involved in the Netherlands – who travelled to London, planted a number of barrels of gunpowder in the cellars of Westminster, and retired to a suitably protected spot to light the fuses before disappearing into the night. The plot, however, was discovered. Guy Fawkes

was incarcerated in the Tower, and subsequently executed in front of the building he had planned to destroy.

Since then, Guy Fawkes' memory has been celebrated with bonfires and fireworks, and stuffed effigies of the hapless fellow which are hawked around by enterprising children with cries of "Penny for the Guy". These days, like Bob-A-Jobbers, one is expected to give at least 50p or a pound instead of the penny (£0.175) or shilling (£2.1) once considered adequate, which goes straight into little Johnnie's "I'm going to buy as many BP shares as I can" fund. No doubt, one will be expected to give at least £50 here! I wish I had been as smart as little Johnnie.

As with most jolly good British traditions, we might be expected to believe that along with its origins, the trappings of Bonfire Night were also a British invention. Not so. Fireworks were invented in China sometime between the ninth and eleventh centuries and have been used ever since to celebrate births and marriages, the New Year, and virtually any other occasion where little excuse is needed to let off a few bangers and terrify every old lady in the neighbourhood.

As we all know, fireworks can be extremely dangerous in the wrong hands or when used in the wrong circumstances (I was only joking about the combination of rockets and krathongs). Every year hundreds of people are killed and thousands injured by fireworks. In China the majority of fatalities and injuries actually occur in the factories. Manufacturing standards have risen over the years, but

we must still exercise extreme caution when handling fireworks. Whilst their manufacture may now appear to be reliable, a recent Chinese export to Britain, a "Red Tail Mini Rocket" proved to be a rather sinister device, being totally unpredictable in the direction it took or the stage at which it exploded. An Essex man ended up in hospital with serious eye injuries and another in Cheshire was almost blinded before an official warning was issued.

There have been a number of official efforts made to control the use of fireworks, the first coming 80 years after the Plot in 1685 when on November 5th it was decreed that "no Person or Persons whatever do presume to make or encourage the making of any Bonfire or other Publick Fireworks, at or upon any Festival Day, or at any other time or times whatsoever, without particular Permission, Leave or Order ... upon Pain of His Majesty's Displeasure and being Prosecuted with the utmost Severity of the Law". But, despite these dire warnings the use of fireworks and the celebration of Bonfire Night persisted and eventually European scientists began to embellish upon the basic bangs and sparkles of the Chinese by adding various salts to produce different colours – strontium produces red, barium green, sodium yellow, copper and mercury blue, and later, aluminium and magnesium were combined to produce even more brilliant displays. But, as these became more elaborate, so the hazards increased. In 1770, 800 people were killed at the celebration of the Dauphine's wedding in Paris – the biggest firework disaster in history. After numerous other accidents involving not only fireworks, but other explosives as well, the Gunpowder Act was introduced by Parliament in 1860. This resulted in little improvement, and in 1875 the Explosives Act was passed, which largely

stands today.

One of the technical advisors to the Act was a man called Charles Brock, who's ancestor, John, had inadvertently become part of the spectacle of a firework display organised for Guy Fawkes Night in 1720. He did not survive the experience, but the Brock family firm did, providing fireworks for many a great British celebration in the years to come – Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, the 150th Anniversary of British Rule in the Falklands in 1983 (the propriety of celebrating this will have been more keenly felt by some than others), the display in Hyde Park on the eve of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales – an evening which I must admit to having played a part in. I lost my shoes in the throng, found someone else's sweatshirt (which is today one of my favourites), was rescued by an extremely handsome Knight in Shining Armour from who's shoulders I viewed the spectacle whilst gulping champagne from a bottle of Moet, and having lost my shoes, walked home down Sloane Street barefooted whilst an extremely scatty friend of mine climbed up and offered her can of Carlsberg Special Brew to all the drivers of stationary buses who were caught in the massive Bangkok style traffic jam which paralysed London that night – the fireworks weren't bad either.

The most spectacular firework display I ever saw was on the beach in Le Harve on Bastille Day in about 1984. We had just got off the ferry, and I don't know whether liberal quantities of wine, combined with the wonderful realisation of having got out of London for two weeks travelling around France with a group of good friends had anything to do with it, but we joined the French in laudatory "Ooh-oo-oo-oo's" and marvelling "Aah-aa-aa-ah's" whilst the

display lit up the sky with millions of transitory stars of every colour and shape imaginable, accompanied by an amazing cacophony of amplified music and exploding fireworks.

Even the old BC Bangkok doesn't do too badly. We arrived in Thailand on Saturday 8th November last year to find the whole club mobilised into action – an afternoon of fantastically fun looking kid's games (joined in by quite a number of none too young kids) followed by an extremely well organised and spectacular

firework display on the front lawn. My first impression of Bangkok was one of a great Club (I mistakenly believed that every Saturday afternoon at the BC was like that day!) who's members made us feel incredibly welcome. This year's celebrations, to be held on Saturday 7th November, will mark our first anniversary in Thailand – no doubt the firework display will be no less spectacular or the kid's games no less fun. The more who come and enjoy, the better!

● Rachel Dance



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With Seattle firmly established as Thai International's gateway to the USA, the Washington Athletic Club will be a 'must' for our members visiting the Pacific North-Northwest of the USA.

Please obtain a letter of introduction from the Manager before departure.

The Suggestion Book

Some gems from the past:

1962 S: "I suggest that instructions for heating the shower water be placed in the room, so that we may have hot water without calling the butler."

1968 S: "Everything is BROWN here. The whole club is brown inside, especially the bar. Next time it is decorated could there be some other colours."

1969 S: "Could not the beer glasses also be refrigerated as the beer is always warm."

A: "We regret that we have no facilities."

S: "Cannot the Committee give consideration to re-introducing the facilities in the men's changing rooms for shaving and freshening-up. There have been no razor blades for some time, no shampoo and no tonic."

S: "Several years since I wrote a suggestion. I see that 20 years growth of trees has been cut down to provide 2 parking slots."

A: "Rigor mortis had already set in prior to reading this. Sorry."

S: "Sirs, would it be adequate and maybe possible to have a dart board either in the bar or the billiard room?"

A: "We regret that at present darts may only be played on the balcony."

S: "I would like to suggest that the "overtime" chits are sequenced so that the office can ensure that the boys and the coolies get their due."

A: "This is not the concern of individual members."

1970 S: "How about a lonely hearts club for neglected wives?"

A: "Hardly a function of the British Club."

Absence of answers above denotes "noted" by the Committee.

The current suggestion book is kept at the reception desk. Members' suggestions are answered by the Committee each month.



JIM DAVIDSON

JIM DAVIDSON SHOW at the BRITISH CLUB BANGKOK Friday November 20th, 1987.

As an experiment and at great expense the British Club, in collaboration with Cathay Pacific, is flying in Jim Davidson, one of the U.K.'s top comedians, together with his cabaret partner Terry Seabrooke for one show only on the back lawn of the British Club. The programme for the evening's entertainment will be approximately as follows:-

- 7.15-8.30 p.m. : Have a relaxing drink with your friends and eat as much as you want from a delicious Thai Buffet.
- 8.30-9.30 p.m. : Sit back and wonder at the magic of Terry Seabrooke.
- 9.30-10.00 p.m. : Gorge yourself at the dessert buffet, and get your drinks topped up.
- 10.00-11.15 p.m. : Let Jim Davidson help you forget all your troubles with his side-splitting routine.
- 11.15 p.m.-? : Relax at your table or retire to the bar and reflect on what a great value for money and entertaining evening you have just had the privilege of enjoying!

Get your tickets from reception **NOW** at the ridiculously cheap price of B499 which includes admission, Thai buffet and coffee. All drinks will be served at normal club prices. Champagne and a selection of wines will be available.

If this event is a success we will be able to import top U.K. entertainers on a regular basis. If it's a flop we will have to go back into the cultural desert, so come on, get a group of friends and enjoy an evening to remember.

JIM DAVIDSON

Jim Davidson is today firmly established as one of the most popular entertainers in British showbusiness and one of the country's funniest comedians.

In the years since emerging from television's 'New Faces' he has gone on to top concert and theatre bills at major venues all over the country, including headlining seasons at the London Palladium, where in 1980 he played the title role in the pantomime, 'Dick Whittington'.

In cabaret and clubland, Jim Davidson has no peer. He reigns supreme, regularly playing to capacity audiences wherever he appears. Suffice to say, he is one of the biggest box office attractions in British entertainment.

However, it is on television that Jim Davidson has consolidated his success, starring in several series of his own hilarious, 'Jim Davidson Show', and the high-rating situation comedy show, 'Up The Elephant And Round The Castle', besides headlining a number of his own TV specials. In June 1984, his aptly titled 'Jim Davidson Special' for Thames TV, topped the television ratings chart, beating 'Coronation Street' into second place, while the following December, 'Jim Davidson's Falklands Special' - filmed entirely on location in the South Atlantic - became one of the highlights of Christmas viewing schedules and received outstanding acclaim.

TERRY SEABROOKE

Terry Seabrooke has taken his magic and comedy act to the very highspots of the entertainment world. He has appeared at all the major theatres in the U.K., including the London Palladium and abroad has worked in over a dozen different countries in Europe, Asia and America. He has made twenty trips to the U.S.A., where in 1981 he received the "Visiting Magician of the Year" award at the world famous Magic Castle in Hollywood.

Porterhouse Blue

TOM Sharpe is, I suspect, the type of author people either love or hate. His books are extremely funny, but are also very crude with some black humour that could cause offence. However, I think *Porterhouse Blue* is one of his best and funniest books, although I cannot elaborate on what I consider to be one of the most amusing scenes — this being a family magazine!

Tom Sharpe takes a long hard look at one of England's greatest institutions, Cambridge University, and with biting satire attacks it quite harshly. He was educated there himself and so possibly speaks from some experience. The story is about a college called Porterhouse run by a porter called Skullion and a team of Fellows who are more interested in college traditions of gourmet feasting and sporting achievement than real scholarship. Students gain entrance

through financial contributions to the college endowment fund (which in turn funds the extravagances of the kitchens) or through rowing abilities. The only true scholar is working on a thesis on "The Influence of Pumpernickel on the Politics of 16th Century Westphalia" — that gives some idea of how ridiculous the book is.

A new Master arrives at the college determined to rid it of all the excesses, and to encourage true scholarship. The efforts made by the porter and Fellows to thwart the new Master are hilarious. The book is a very easy read and definitely well worth reading!

Channel 4 screened a television adaptation of the book this Summer, starring the very talented David Jason as the porter, and Ian Richardson as the Master. The series of four programmes was excellent, it captured the atmosphere

of the book extremely well. One Sunday newspaper commented in a review of the series, that the "powers that be" at Cambridge were quite peeved about the bad impression the book and television series had given of the university. This, of course, must be in contrast to the more attractive image the television production of "Brideshead Revisited" gave Oxford.

Melanie Pomfret

THERE are a broad range of projects, whether currently underway, still in the planning stages, or simply awaiting funding, which are aimed at tackling the conservation crises in Thailand, and hence, for the rest of the world.

Some of them may capture the imagination, like the 2 year wild cat study in the western forests. Some are academic, such as the investigation of a sub-species of bee found in only one place in the world, Khao Yai. Some are desperate fights against time, such as the saving of the kouprey, W.F.T.'s logo. Some are independent, led by concerned individuals who happen to become motivated and committed upon learning of a man-made tragedy in nature. Belinda Cox is one such person who last year set in motion an urgent study of the green pea fowl, with some support from Incheape, after realising that the bird was rapidly becoming endangered in S.E. Asia.

The best and most effective way to reach the hearts of people of all ages and levels for wildlife conservation is to dramatically show them how important the wild and its inhabitants are to our present and future well-being. Wildlife films from abroad have been enormously welcomed and appreciated by Thai audiences in the past and WFT plans to use the same medium by producing, when required funding has been located, an inspiring and effective film about Thai wildlife.

The film will be televised nationally and circulated as widely as possible amongst educational institutions of all levels, at social gatherings in Bangkok, and at community gatherings around the country. This film will aim to instill a feeling of pride in the rich and diverse species of plants and animals evident in Thailand among the Thai people, leading to a stronger desire to protect their heritage from further destruction.

If the recent talks with the National Geographic Society bear fruit, this project may get underway in early 1988. Thai zoologists, biologists and other experts have already been spending some of their time over the last two years, scouting locations and appraising the best time of year for 'shooting'. If and when launched, the Thais will have to find \$ 10,000 as their contribution towards the completion of the project.

By courtesy of the W.F.T.
Next month: *Bangsai Bird Park and the Eastern Sarus Crane.*

Rod Carter

How to Make Things Bigger

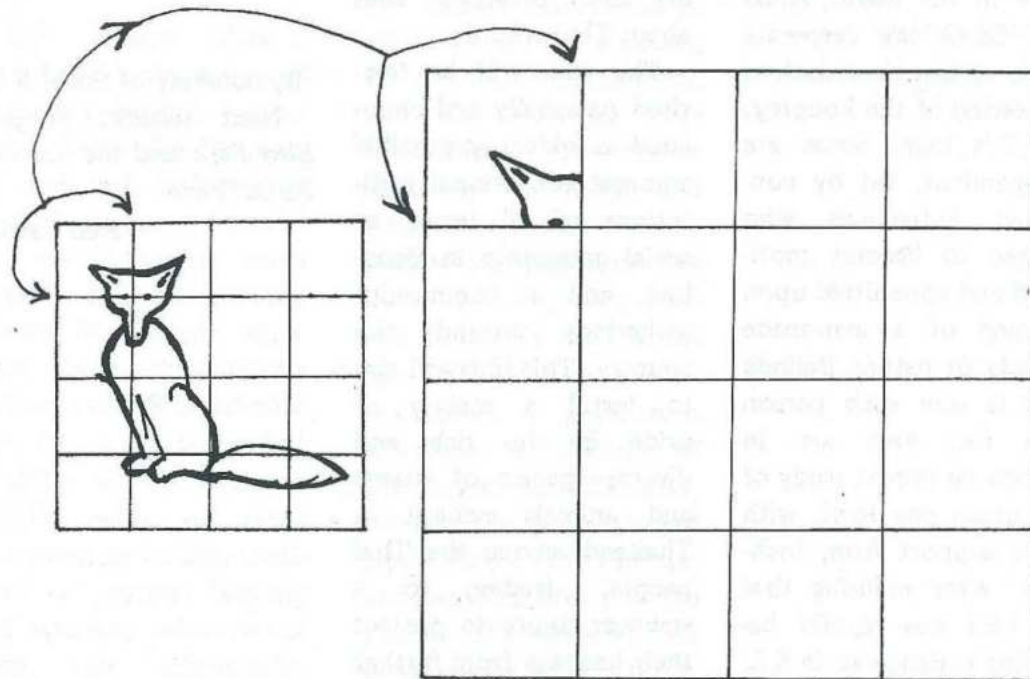
PHOTOCOPYING machines can make things bigger. You can also make pictures that you like bigger too.

All you need to do is divide up the picture you wish to copy into little boxes. Below is a picture of a fox. (Yes it is!) Measure the squares drawn over it and you will find that they are 1cm. The bigger box next to it is divided up into the same number of squares 2cm by 2cm. It is therefore exactly twice the size.

Now, start copying the contents of each of the little boxes into the equivalent bigger box. I have done one. Practise with a pencil first so that you can rub out any mistakes. Look carefully at where the picture crosses the lines of the little boxes. Does the picture cross the line in the middle or near to a corner?

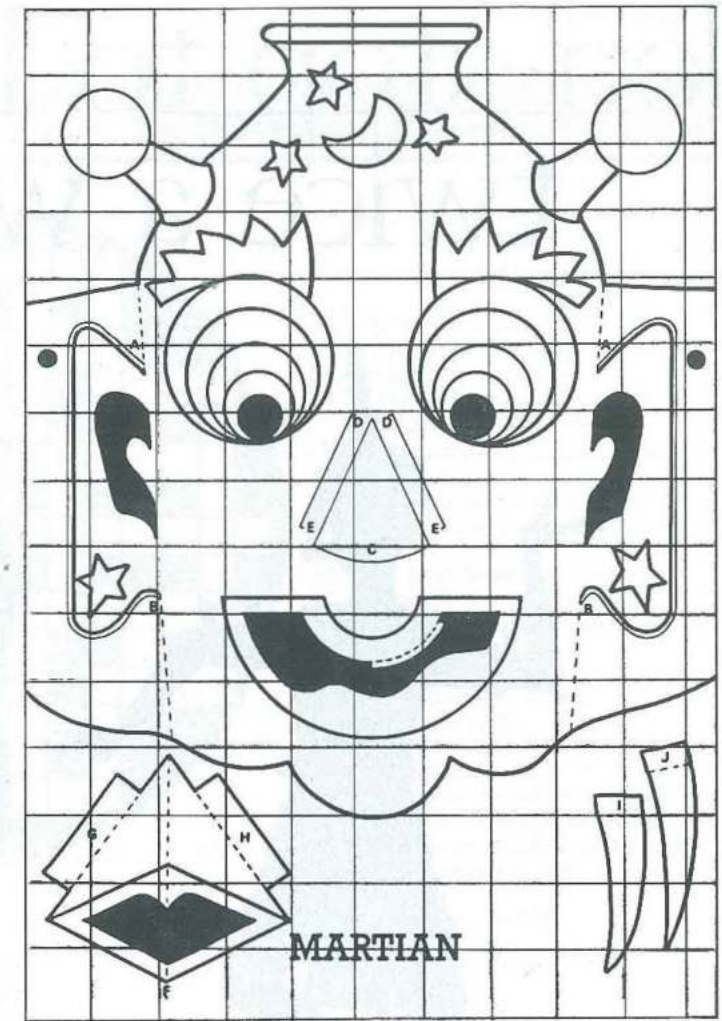
All it takes is practise. When you are happy with your final picture you can go over your pencil drawing with felt pen.

Now you have got the idea try making the mask that is on the next page.



The lines for the small boxes have already been drawn. To make this mask so that it will fit your face firstly you have to get a piece of card that measures 21cm by 29cm.

On this new piece of card draw thin pencil lines every 2cm starting from the top, and every 2 cm starting from the left hand side. Don't worry if you have little bits left at the bottom or the right hand side. You now have all the big boxes ready. Copy all the pieces of the drawing from the small boxes to the big boxes. Once you are happy with the overall picture go over it with felt pen.



Your mask is now ready to make. Cut out around the outside of all the pieces and paint it. Take the face bit. Cut around the thin lines around the ears from A to B. Fold the sides of the face backwards along the dotted lines. Cut slits from lines D to E for the nose, and cut out the triangle C. Cut a slit along the dotted line on the mouth.

Take the nose piece and fold it along the dotted line F and push the sections G and H through the nose slits in the face. Fold them back and stick to the back of the mask. Push the two teeth through and stick them to the back as well.

All you need now is some elastic to tie the mask around your face and, if you want to see where you are going, cut out the solid black eye holes.

Auntie Anon.

Non-stop to London twice a week.

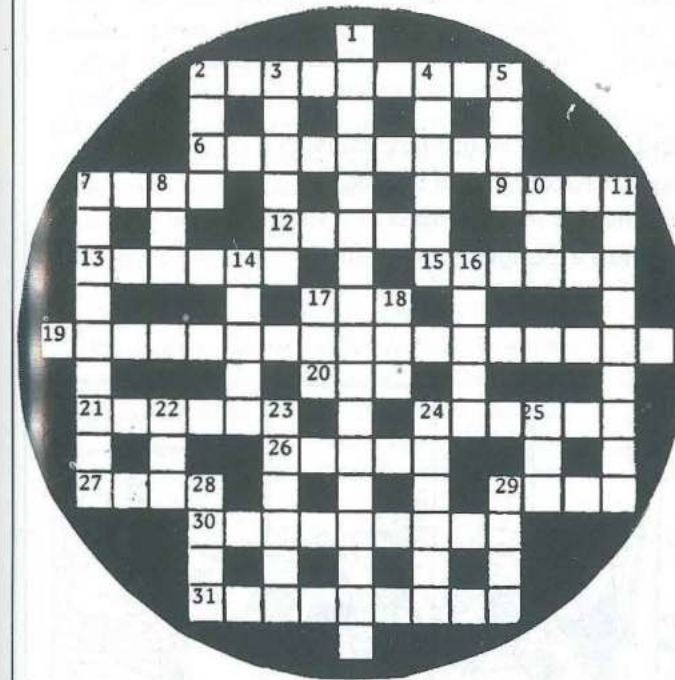


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CROSSWORD



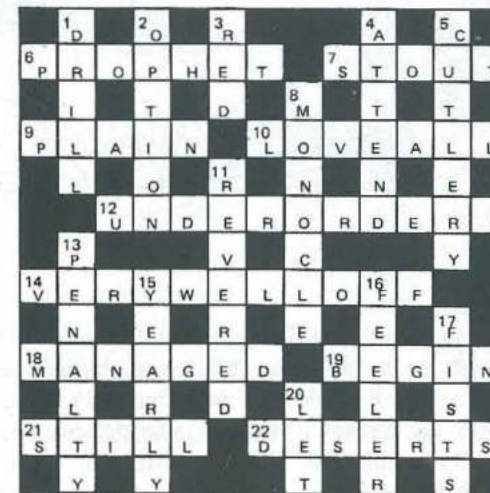
CLUES ACROSS

2. "Go up, thou _____"
... both of you! (Kings, II) (2 words)
6. Tea lady? She'll do for you!
7. "At one stride comes the _____"
(Coleridge - The Ancient Mariner)
9. "He maketh the _____ to boil like a
pot." (Book of Job.)
12. Seven might make this kind of bet.
13. The Cockney's sensations make the trim-
mings!
15. Home for all in the deluge. (2 words)
17. Acronym for a band of fighters.
19. What the true gambler does at the races.
(3 words)
20. Back of the boat.
21. Meaning the camper is there?
24. Holy city for some.
26. "Clap an extinguisher on your _____"
(Charles Lamb)
27. Number with no hesitation has no feeling.
29. Sounds like a quick look for the dog.
30. Eg - to me his confusion results in a reel.
31. Pay them before you drive. (2 words)

DOWN

1. Turn it for the future (4 words)
2. 20 across is.
3. Goes on vacations.
4. Little mother lost in confusion-nearly.
5. Dispatch.
7. Government aim for the economy.
8. French king.
10. Are up for a period in history.
11. You might strip for this: (2 words)
14. Nero's tongue.
16. They say that more of it makes you slower.
17. One in the shooter?
18. Not at home.
22. Kitty's mate.
23. Simply a sensation!
24. The pain is mine for an Indian city.
- 25 & 28 Responsible for a titanic disaster.
29. Step back for your favourites.

LAST MONTH'S SOLUTION



CRICKET  CRICKET

*My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of Kloster I had drunk,
Or emptied some gin- tonic to the drains
One minutes past, and Patpongwards had sunk.*



Cruel world, where the OUTPOST deadline falls on the morning following the cricket AGM. Not, of course, that it wasn't a sober and upright affair conducted with the utmost decorum. Some decisions, admittedly, like the one to design a technicolor team blazer complete with medals and parrot, do seem a little bizarre in the warm, wet grey of morning. But despite impassioned debate over bowling machines

which would give Terry Adams the practice he needs with leg-stump full-tosses, batting machines which would treat Jack Dunford's bowling with the respect it deserves, and devices which would cause Nick White to disappear down a deep pit every time he bowled a back-foot wide in the nets, a few serious decisions were taken. Most momentous of these was the decision to order more peanuts from the bar. Other decisions

follow.

After six years' captaincy of the British Club, Jack Dunford's perennial plea to be allowed to step down from the captaincy was finally taken up, and Frank Hough was appointed Captain for the season. (Later, Frank played a stunning game of snooker which completely justified the meeting's confidence in him as a leader). Jack will still be vice-captain and TCL representative, so this is not quite the end of an era; all but one of the eight people who turned up for the meeting have played at least three seasons for BC. In these days of rapid turnover of expatriates, this qualifies them as "old lags" who can safely talk about the "traditions" of the club, and Frank has promised to maintain the BC team in the spirit to which it is accustomed. Nick White was elected Chairman and Fines Adjudicator, Geoff Thompson Sponsor and Blazer Designer, David Hall OUTPOST scribe and Keeper of the Statistics, Terry Adams

Social Functions Secretary, and Nicky Dunne (in absentia, so he doesn't know this yet) Treasurer. (Ed's Note: He's a Dad too! Many congratulations to Fiona and Nicky on the birth of a son).

Nets will begin on Saturday morning, November 7th, and will then be every Saturday and Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. and Wednesday evenings at 4.45.

Plans for the coming season include social "Colts" and "Veterans" sides with nets for youngsters on Saturday mornings; anyone interested in participating in this should contact organiser, Steve Castledine. BC hopes to send a touring side to Manila late in the season. The Chieng Mai trip will be 5th-7th December. The Nations Trophy is scheduled for March 12th and 13th, and the International Sixes for the first weekend in April.

Congratulations were offered to David Dance, who has been elected Thailand Cricketer of the Year for 1986/87.

David Hall

GOLF  GOLF

As there is a very busy and interesting year-end schedule planned for British Club golfers, we are printing the balance in this issue.

November 1st	Unico G.C.	8.30 a.m.
8th	Rose Garden (v.s. Japanese Association maximum 30 golfers)	11.00 a.m.
(Sat) 14th	Siam C.C. (Can-Am Tourney)	9.00 a.m.
(Sun) 15th	Sattaheep (Phutaluang)	T.B.A.
29th	Rose Garden	10.30 a.m.
December 5th, 6th, 7th	Rose Garden Annual round up - this will be a great fun-weekend. NB: Please advise your committee at once if you plan to play, as there is limited accommodation at the Rose Garden Hotel (30 rooms) and maximum starting times for 12 groups (48 golfers).	
20th	Unico G.C.	8.15 a.m.

CAN-AM TOURNAMENT : SATURDAY 14TH NOVEMBER

This popular outing is being organised this year by Bobby de Cozier. Entry Fee : B 800 which includes green fee, caddy fee food, drink, prizes and lottery - a real bargain.

The maximum number of golfers allowed will be 180, which will eliminate any seven hour round of golf.

EKACHAI GOLF - 20TH SEPTEMBER

Coca-Cola sponsored this outing and Len Harvey of "Coke" played with the Club as well as presenting a great array of prizes.

The results were:

			Points
"A" Group	1st	: J. Leicester	42
	2nd	: W. Watters	39
	1st Nine	: J. Miller-Stirling	19
	2nd Nine	: Decho	20
"B" Group	1st	: B. Quigley	36
	2nd	: A. Rider	35
	1st Nine	: B. Mancell	17
	2nd Nine	: A. Pickup	18
Closest the Pin	: L. Harvey, W. Watters, J. Letchfield, A. Pickup		
Long Drives	Men	: J. Leicester	
	Ladies	: M. Ross	

THAI COUNTRY CLUB - 4TH OCTOBER

The new Manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, Bob Wallace, joined our outing and gave some beautiful prizes to the winners. The course was in good "nick" as the points indicate.

The results were:

			Points
"A" Group	1st	: Bobby de Cozier	42
	2nd	: D. Benham	39
	1st Nine	: P. Gethin-Jones	23
	2nd Nine	: D. Frost	17
"B" Group	1st	: J. Cockroft	40
	2nd	: B. Mancell	37
	1st Nine	: R. Barrett	23
	2nd Nine	: K. Ross	19
Closest the Pin	: N. Austin, K. Chappell, B. McEwan, B. de Cozier		
Long Drives	Men	: D. Benham	
	Ladies	: S. Forrest	

LADIES' GOLF LADIES' GOLF

The dreaded rains have arrived - those of us who greeted our new low handicaps with delight are now awaiting the end of the month with trepidation! Fortunately, I won't be around to see the inevitable as I shall be in England for a month. Anne Hendrie has kindly agreed to do the starting for me, so remember to call her on 287-0211 if you want to play - or to cancel.

COMPETITION RESULTS

8th September - Par Bisque

				H/C
Flight A	Winner	Pat Dodsworth	- 1	16
	R/up	Nena Reid	- 6	17
Flight B	Winner	Wendy Binns	- 1	21
	R/up	Kanda Phillips	- 8	24
		c/b from Merle		
Flight C	Winner	Helen Benham	+ 8	34
	R/up	Florene Studebaker	+ 4	27T
Under Par	Helen Benham (71)			

This was Terry Merry's farewell game. Terry, in fact, was the runner-up in Flight B but declared herself ineligible as she donated the prizes!

15th September - Stroke Play (Hidden Holes)

				H/C
Flight A	Winner	Kanda Phillips	32½	23
	R/up	Gai Pitre	34	22
Flight B	Winner	Penny Whalley	35½	25
	R/up	Anne Hendrie	36	24
Flight C	Winner	Sriwan Forrest	33	28
	R/up	Marianne Ostlunde	38	28
Under Par	Kanda Phillips (71)			

22nd September - 3 Throw-Outs

Flight A	Winner	Dolores Aaron	55
	R/up	Pat Dodsworth	58
Flight B	Winner	Florene Studebaker	51
	R/up	Helen Benham	56

Some terrible scores under terrible conditions. The course was water-logged and muddy after torrential rains.

29th September — LGU MEDAL			Nett	H/C
Silver Division	Winner	Kerstin Persson	73	15
	R/up	Margaret Ross	79	7
Bronze I Division	Winner	Wendy Binns	78	20
	R/up	Kanda Phillips	81	20
Bronze II Division	Winner	Lotta McDonald	80	30
	R/up	Helen Benham	86	32

This was Wendy Binns' farewell day. We had an excellent turn-out and a few brave husbands also joined us. Wendy held a non T's & F's Competition in conjunction with the MEDAL (see details below). We had a super lunch at the Army afterwards and presented Wendy with a farewell present from BCLG and a 19th HOLE MUG from FLOGG. Kristeen Chappell made a superb cake in the shape of a "W" and decorated it as a mini-golf course, complete with tee boxes, bunkers, lakes and greens. It tasted delicious too!

29th September NON T's & F's			H/C	
Flight A	Winner	Kerstin Persson	36½	17
	R/up	David Benham	37½	13
Flight B	Winner	Kanda Phillips	41	24
	R/up	Lotta McDonald	41½	27T
Flight C	Winner	Sriwan Forrest	44	28
	R/up	Trish Blackburn	45	28

6th October — STABLEFORD			H/C	
Flight A	Winner	Margaret McEwan	30 pts	23
	R/up	Margaret Ross	29 pts	9
Flight B	Winner	Merle Decot	36 pts	27
	R/up	Helen Benham	34 pts	34

Another very wet and soggy day and the scores reflected the adverse conditions. It was also the first day of the Eclectic which ran through October.

FORTHCOMING COMPETITIONS

3rd November	Stableford
10th November	Starter's choice
17th November	Medal
24th November	**Captain's Day, followed by lunch at Penny's house.
****1st & 2nd December	****Club Championships****, followed by lunch and prize giving at the Army.
8th December	Starter's choice
15th December	Annual round-up and last competition of the year.

RUGBY RUGBY

The Hat Yai 3's (or rather 7's)

It all started with three lads playing football and one of them picked up the ball and ran with it. His mate dived on him and they all played in the mud. It was great fun!!

There aren't many games to play with three people — not that Matthew Arnold would tolerate anyway, but this was it — "rugby threes". It's played on a full size pitch with one forward, a scrum half and a back. The Thai Rugby Union being an imaginative group decided to hold the first rugby threes tournament in Hat Yai, or so we thought!

You can imagine how excited the British Club were at being invited, but of course, there were the usual inherent problems — who was going to represent the BC in this inaugural competition? Selection is always a problem, with players queuing up at the RBSC to proudly don the BC colours and perform acts of bravery in front of appreciative crowds. Not an enviable task, but who better to take the helm than "Captain Jim"? After hours of deliberation the magnificent three were selected, "Pioneer Hawkins," "Cushie", and "Captain Jim", ably assisted by that D'Artagnan of characters, Terry Adams — commiserations to those unlucky ones left behind.

Appreciative of the absolute privilege of representing the BC, tactics had to be discussed. It did not go unnoticed at Don Muang that the travelling RBSC team appeared to have considerably more than a party of 3. "They must have two teams" was the rather jealous response. Anyway, after "Captain Jim" had astonished the crew by eating three dinners and asking for more, the intrepid quartet landed safely at Hat Yai.

After the traditional haggling over the hotel room price, amid scenes of discrete nods, winks and subtle movements of stiff little fingers, the negotiations were finally concluded with a 40 Baht per night reduction, which the hotel recovered upon the immediate celebration of 4 Klosters at 80 Baht a bottle — shrewd business hey!

The usual pre-game preparations left the intrepid quartet, now reduced to a trio, as D'Artagnan wisely plumped for his official role as referee, appropriately unprepared. The tournament preliminaries were magnificent in their absurdity: 24 marching teams parading in the mid-day sun to the backing of a very musical brass band, but the BC trio held their flag high.

"This one is for the boys back home".

A book was opened as to the length of the opening speech with no one taking bets at less than 15 minutes. It ran, true to form, with the Mayor of Hat Yai, his wife, their kids and a couple of janitors all having their moment on the microphone. It was all comfortingly familiar. What was strange, however, was that all the other teams had more than three players. The suspicions grew after consistently hearing that "rugby sevens" whirling over the microphone.

The first game compounded our suspicions, each team had seven players.

"Bloody hell, Captain Jim," squeaked young Hawkins, his voice drowned by the clatter of teeth, "we are outnumbered!" with a mixture of fear and sadness for those hearty chaps back home who could have come and played after all. We tackled, or rather didn't tackle the first game, with the aid of some itinerant Malaysians who had also erred, they had arrived to play rugby 15's at the wrong tournament.

The first game against a team who's name I can't remember, was a practice session, after all. We had discussed late into the night the subtle tactics of rugby threes, and there we were in a rugby sevens game. After losing graciously we were preparing for our second game with renewed confidence, until a low dull shadow, pervaded by a sickly silence drifted across the arena. Our opposition had entered. The combined New Zealand Armed Forces rugby sevens team. Human beings of such size have never been seen before. All perfect clones with necks the size of Captain Jim's stomach, and shorts that fitted like nylons around the shank of a bull.

All the planes out of Hat Yai were full – we had no choice. Lord Byron's ghost was eagerly awaiting another Crimean massacre. Just think of those unlucky ones back home who could have been here with this renewed spirit we decided to go through the game with one intention – don't get injured. The following fourteen minutes were recorded for a future Hitchcock release, but we survived and meekly shared a few beers with the victors. The spirit of our absent skipper kept us going into the following day. After a night in Hat Yai that made Bangkok at its most bizarre appear tame, we nervously lost to Ramkamhaeng, who even-

tually won the plate.

It was a rare privilege to be one of the three selected to represent the BC at such an auspicious occasion. We all knew that this may not be repeated, because all those disappointed players who were overlooked will surely want to grab their chance next year.

Thanks "Captain Jim" for a memorable weekend of great friendship, despite all you had to contend with. By the way, the Royal Thai Navy won.

Steve Castledine

SOCCKER SOCCER

Hello again. Wee Eck here with more news and views about how the Football Section is faring.

First of all Ed, let's get some things straightened out. We play football or, as Dave Wallace knows it, Fitba, not soccer, right? Soccer is the yuppies' and colonial's name for the game. Real men like Pele, Denis Law, Stanley Mathews, Mike Pomfret and Jim Howard play football. We also wear kits not uniforms, have forwards not offence and on our feet sport boots, or in Scotland, beets (spelt boots), and not shoes. Furthermore, the participants on the field are known as players and most definitely not soccerites. Finally, supporters are expected to say things like, "OK chaps let's get stuck in," or further north, "Get in take them," and not "Ali right way to go," accompanied by whoops!

Most of the above incorrect expressions reveal the growing strength of the game in the colonies, but let's not forget who invented it. Goodness, next thing, we'll have lady referees or (worse still) umpires. OK, grouse over, say no more. (Ed's note: hadn't thought of it before, but think lady refs and umpires are a jolly good idea. Am investigating the possibility).

The squad is looking quite healthy, metaphorically speaking, since there is no way you could actually describe some notable members

as Billy Duncan and Mark Twemlow as physically looking that way. Around 30 players have participated in our games to date, with both serious and social participants being welcome. We do need more games for the Casuals side, so if anyone knows of teams looking for fixtures or possible contacts, let me know.

By the time this publication reaches you, our Chiang Mai tour will have come and gone, but the memories will be lingering, no doubt. A party of around 20 is expected to travel, but more of the gory details in next month's issue. Watch this space for sensationalism and scandal.

MATCH REPORT

The traditional pipe-opener to the Farang League season, the ISB 4-A-Side Tournament, was held throughout September. The Club had two teams entered, but neither reached the semi-final stage. Team A, comprising Castledine, Twemlow, Martin, Duncan and Howard, plus the occasional guest, came closest by finishing third in their section, with 3 wins and 2 defeats. Team B, comprising Hough, Connel, Massie, Downs, Rogers, Rennie and yours truly, finished fourth in their group, with 2 wins and 3 defeats. Unfortunately, business commitments and injuries left the above squads diminish-

ed at times, and further additions were ruled out for similar reasons. The tournament was eventually won by Mercedes Benz with the Indians being runners-up. Both sides were in Team B's group, and whilst not endearing themselves to fans of Corinthian values, it has to be conceded that they did adapt to the indoor game very well and showed some good skills.

Next, came the big one i.e. the first League game which was against the Scandinavians.

It was a balmy October night as I fumed in a Sukhumvit traffic jam, wondering if I would ever make the kick-off. "Was it the fans heading for Soi 15?" I thought, cursing under my breath. If this was the UK I would have had a police escort to the game with banner headlines the following day – "British Club in high speed dash to make big match kick-off". Then I woke-up, millimetres from rear-ending a Bangkok bus. Is it compulsory that they bellow black smoke in clouds sufficient to earn them a gold medal at the bi-annual sitting bull (white man speak with forked tongue) smoke signal tournament? Turns out the crowd were destined for "the sales" at Robinson and Central and again, the metropolis had ground to a halt. Making the ground with minutes to spare I discovered that I was not alone in my despair. Only 3 of our team had made it, whilst the opposition, who presumably had more motor cyclists than us, had 5. The kick-off was delayed for half an hour when both sides had sufficient to start. To say we had the ideal result for the start of our League campaign would be an understatement. Seven, nil. Yes, a big seven/nil victory came our way and despite the fact we had one man extra until well into the second half, this should not detract from an excellent performance. This was the type of situation we lost out on last year by failing to take advantage of weaker opposition, but right from the time Frank Hough slotted home the first goal after about ten minutes, there was only one winner. The other goals came from Massie (2), Pomfret (2), Castledine (1) and myself. I enjoyed Andy Massie's second, which was conjured out of nothing since he had two defenders tight on him around 14 yards out at the time. Since I score about as regularly as a total eclipse of the moon, my effort was something of note also. All the goals were well created and executed, however, and there

could have been more but for some fine goal-keeping.

At the post-match celebration, Frank Hough was voted Man of the Match by a large majority. Whilst all the team played well, Frank was a stand-out in the second half when he was switched to midfield.

Unfortunately, the euphoria meant a late night and some sore heads the morning after which was not met too sympathetically on the domestic front.

Four nights later we were in action again and this time the opposition was ISB, who always give us a very tough game (probably because their accumulative age is 200 years younger than ours). Our team talk revolved round them having youth, skill, speed, stamina, athleticism, ability and support, but this being no problem since we had experience. Well, believe it or not, experience will out and we won 2-1. It was a close run thing, however, with us scoring first when Simond Edmonds brilliantly sent Steve Castledine away on the break and Steve calmly picking his spot. This was early in the second half and a real ding-dong tussle was emerging. Just when it appeared that we had their match, a piece of slack defending (for which I must shoulder the blame) sent their inside forward (now there's an indication of my age) away and he slotted past the advancing Craig Rennie and ahead of the pursuing defence with a coolness that belied his tender years and acned face. 1-1 with twelve minutes to go and the school, by virtue of having a squad of 18 or so (there is no substitution limit) looking as if they could finish strongly. Experience we thought and experience we got, whilst the school, I feel at that stage, should have pressed us, the impression was they would have settled for a draw. We, instead, pressed for a win and the goal came in the dying minute. A throw-in from Rogers back-headed by Massie and bang, up popped Frank Hough (and there ain't much more experienced than him) to slip it past his son who keeps goal for ISB. I do not know who's side Mum was supporting, but I can imagine the banter at breakfast the following day. To be fair, young Simon had an excellent allround game. There was only time to recentre the ball when, finito. Man of the Match was a closer vote, but after coming close on several occasions, Steve Castledine finally, and deservedly, got the

honour. We should congratulate the school on a good and sporting performance and they will do well this year.

There it is then. The League two games old and the British Club setting the early pace. The conditions, at present, seem to suit us with the ISB pitch having lots of 'give' in it after all the rain and lending itself well, both to ball control, and sliding tackles.

The successful start and the rain, however, does have its problems. Notably, the cancellation of the Casuals fixture versus Unocal, and joint beer match with the RBSC against Calcutta. With the league side doing well, there have been minimal changes and this has meant limited opportunities for fringe players at the time of writing. We are hopeful that this will improve as the season progresses (and captain, Mark Twemlow, returns from Hong Kong).

POST SCRIPTS

Many Football Section members have not been limiting themselves to action on behalf of the club. Steve Castledine has been coaching the ISB team and they are off next month to Jakarta to take part in a prestigious tournament. We wish them well.

Several other team members are helping out with coaching and refereeing in the newly formed Bangkok Soccer League of the ISB Elementary School (I know, that word again but it is the colonial influence and besides, it's their pitch and goal posts). Among these members are Andy Massie, Frank Hough and Steve Martin. More help is required here coaching

youngsters of between 5 and 11 years (and their parents). It really is very rewarding, so if you can spare a couple of hours a week, let me know. Steve Martin also plans to have the Pattana School team whipped into shape in the near future.

Outside the field of football (no pun intended) congratulations must go to Mike and Melanie Pomfret. Mike scored 10 months back and the result was a baby girl, Lucida, born in September.

Congratulations also, to Frank Hough who, now he has proved total devotion to the club by signing for the football team, has recently been elected Captain of the Cricket Section.

Finally, some asides. One for Billy Duncan. What's the funniest place in Scotland? Glasgow, 'cos most people come back in stitches. What's the difference between a barrow-boy and a daschund? One bawls out his wares and the other has difficulty walking.

Absolutely finally, a bit of culture. A poem to show that we in the section are not all philistines:

The boy stood on the railway line,
The engine gave a squeal,
The driver took an oily rag,
And scraped him off the wheel!

Don't forget, when you're down and at a low ebb and feel, well, life's just not worth living and you wish you were home; there's always one thing you can count on - your fingers (ouch! - courtesy of son, Stephen).

Bye for now.
"Scoop" Forbes

SQUASH SQUASH

Speculators may be thronging to invest their money in the "SET" just at the moment, but judging by the response to this year's British Club Open, interest in the "GAME" must have reached it's all-time nadir, with spectators being almost non-existent.

With only a few days to go before the closing date of this year's Open there was just one solitary entry, and it looked as if Peerapol

would have an even easier victory than ever before.

After fervent cajoling of a few of the more receptive players in the Club to act as cannon fodder, it was eventually decided not to cancel the event altogether, and preliminary matches began early in October. Plaintive wimpering noises were heard from those who said they hadn't been informed about the competition:



British Club Open Squash Championship Winner: Peerapol Poonsiri (left) Runner-Up: Todd Wirshing (right).

these people should look in the last two issues of OUTPOST, any Squash Club Noticeboard in Bangkok, or at the enormous great banner which the Manager hung over the Club swimming pool all month to advertise the event. Thanks Barb - we tried!

Exciting 1st round matches included Ivor Scott's epic struggle against Wee Soo Cheang, a win which threw him into the cauldron to play Peerapol in the semis, from whom he took 10 well-earned points; and John Cockcroft's win over Mike Kelly - a Division 8 player trouncing someone masquerading in Division 2. Sorry John, you're in Division 2 next month!

In the other semi, Mervyn Rattray ran his heart out against the rising young star, Todd Wirshing, but despite some encouragement from his club colleagues in the packed gallery of two, our champion went down 3-0 to the more skillful player.

Fortunately, Finals Day on Sunday was another story. The aura created by an expectant

audience of 40-50 spectators proved to be just too much for Todd, a 16 year old competing in his first major squash final. "I couldn't get my legs moving at all" said Todd after the match, "These courts are really tiring" - a feeling we all suffer from after playing at a fraction of the pace. The match itself was a little bit disappointing, with Peerapol winning fairly easily in straight games 9-4, 9-1, 9-2, but I'm sure we'll see a lot more of Todd over the next few years.

On the domestic front, we are now finalising the list of people who wish to go to Singapore over the long weekend of 5 December, so even if you don't want to play squash, come along and get your Christmas shopping finished early. Names to Sue Kunzmann or Margaret Currie as soon as possible, please.

Ladies' Squash is now becoming very popular, but we are still keen to encourage more of you to join in and improve your game. To stimulate a little competitive spirit, Barbara has arranged a Ladies' Handicap Tournament on Thursday 26 November between 9.00 and 11.00 a.m., so girls, mark it in your diaries NOW!

Trophies for the winners of the 66th League are available at Reception and they really are there!

For historians and egocentrics alike, the results of the last League were:

Division	Winner
1	Mervyn Rattray
2	Mike Poustie
3	Chris Taggart
4	Andy Hawkins
5	Gavin Berry
6	Richard Wareham
7	Yves Poher
8	John Cockcroft
9	Ian Aldridge
10	Anne Kelly
11	Rachel Dance

Congratulations to all winners, particularly Mervyn, who says he intends to start a scrap metal business with his trophies; Ian, now available for private coaching; and the lovely Anne and Rachel - who are adorable!*

Many thanks also to Shammy Mathews, Sports Editor at the Bangkok Post, who has given us such good coverage of the Open Championship, and promises to cover all our future events.

However, depending on the outcome of the committee vote next month, regarding the proposal to covert the squash courts to "chess rooms" to propitiate the increasing pressure from a zealous breed of new players demanding more space and better audiences, there may not be any!

Disillusioned - but not beaten.

*Ed's note: Dear Disillusioned, suggest you see a counsellor.

P.S. Found your first para highly amusing, but sorry, not printable. Didn't relish the thought of a lynching!

TENNIS TENNIS

LADIES' TENNIS

MEN'S TENNIS

CLUB NIGHTS

ROUND ROBINS

TENNIS COACHING

Recent tennis highlights have been thin on the ground, but regular tennis players of the Club and all newcomers, do not despair, the lull is over.

The tennis section has suffered a mass exodus of key personalities since the Annual General Meeting in April, but a new Committee has now been formed, comprising:

Dick Chessman - Chairman

David Benham
Helen Benham

Kristeen Chappel
Mal Chessman

John Cockcroft
Julia Freeman

Gordon Martin

Please support as many of the weekly tennis events as possible and especially the next ROUND ROBIN on SUNDAY, 8TH NOVEMBER, 3.00 O'CLOCK. This relaxed afternoon of mixed doubles is fun for everyone and a great way for newcomers to get acquainted. Sign-up sheet at the Reception Desk. In case of last minute cancellation, please contact Julia Freeman (287-1268) co-ordinator for this activity.

SEE YOU ON THE COURTS!

STOP PRESS

CHESS CLUB RESURRECTED

Would you like to fianchetto your queen's bishop?

Do you know the difference between a prawn and a pawn?

Did you know that the Sicilian Defence is not a new novel by Mario Puzzo?

If you answered yes/no to some/all of the above you need to join the newly reformed CHESS CLUB, next informal meeting:

CHURCHILL BAR 6.00 p.m. 9th November 1987

For further details phone James Nichols or Tony Brazenell
236-8834 233-1123

Come join the intelektuwal elite !

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ACTIVITIES

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

BILLIARDS/SNOOKER	- RON ARMSTRONG	390-2445
BRIDGE	- MIKE EVANS	236-8655-8
CRICKET	- JACK DUNFORD	236-0211
DARTS	- MIKE MAJER	513-1970
GOLF	- RON ARMSTRONG	390-2445
LADIES' GOLF	- PENNY WHALLEY	258-9415
OUTPOST	- MAREN WHITE	258-1481
RUGBY	- FIACRE HENSEY	234-3031
SOCCER	- ALEX FORBES	260-1950
SQUASH	- MIKE KELLY	253-0191 x 220
SWIMMING	- ERIKA MAJER	252-7492
TENNIS	- BRUCE POINTER	286-0500



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