

# OUTPOST

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH CLUB

DECEMBER 1987





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Travel Log: Sydney Harbour Bridge.



Sports Roundup: The two darts teams at an elbow-bending session.

Cover : Rebecca and Harriet White .



# DIARY

## DECEMBER

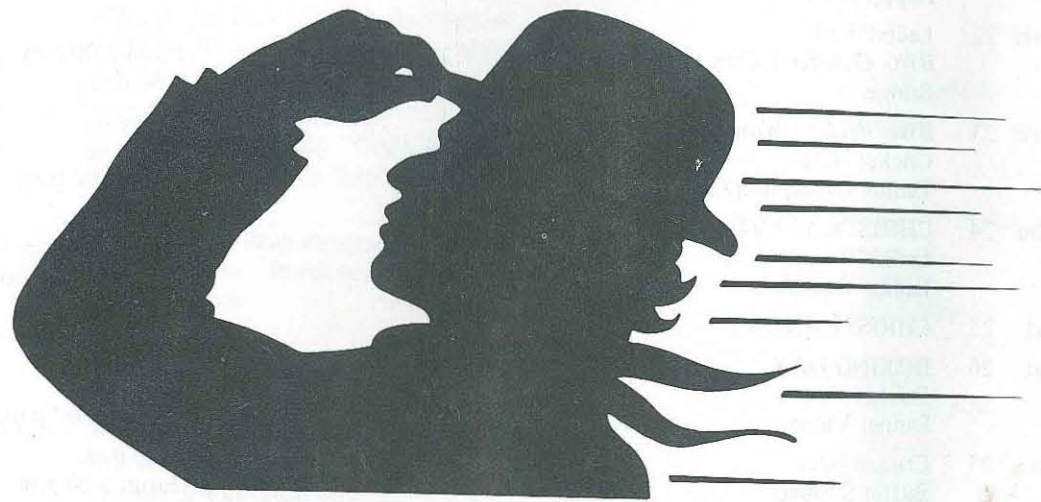
Tues 1	Ladies' Golf Bridge <i>Jewellery Exhibition &amp; Sale : Neilson Hays Library (until 10th December)</i>	7.30 p.m. 5.30 p.m.
Wed 2	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night <i>The Messiah : Wattana Church</i>	9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m. 8.00 p.m.
Thu 3	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BWG Sherry Morning</i> <i>BCT Christmas Party : USIS</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon 11.30 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Sat 5	Golf Outing : Rose Garden Rugby : 3rd Milk Cup : Chula Stadium Cricket : BC vs Centaurs : Chiang Mai Dinner Video	12 noon   6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 6	Golf Outing : Rose Garden Rugby : 3rd Milk Cup : Chula Stadium Cricket : Dick Woods Trophy : Chiang Mai Buffet Supper	12 noon   From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 7	Golf Outing : Rose Garden <i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis	9.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m.
Tues 8	Ladies' Golf Bridge New Member's Night/Happy Hour	7.30 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m.
Wed 9	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets <i>Pattana School AGM</i> Tennis and Squash Club Night	9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. 5.30 p.m. From 6.00 p.m.
Thu 10	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 12	<i>Hilltribe Sale : ISB</i> <i>Neilson Hays Children's Morning</i> Cricket Nets Dinner Video	9.30 a.m. 10.00-11.00 a.m. 2.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 13	Rugby : BC vs Kowloon RFC (Hong Kong) Cricket Nets Buffet Supper	2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 14	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Under 5's Christmas Party Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour	9.00 a.m. 3.00 p.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m.

Tues 15	Ladies' Golf 6-9 Year Olds' Christmas Party <i>Neilson Hays Library Exhibition Opening : "Inky Fingers" (until 30th December)</i> Bridge	3.00 p.m. 5.30 p.m.  7.30 p.m.
Wed 16	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night	9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m.
Thu 17	Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash <i>BWG Lunch : Regent Hotel. Contact Marianne Johns Tel: 392-8019</i>	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon 11.30 a.m.
Fri 18	10-14 Year Olds' Christmas Party	5.00 p.m.
Sat 19	Cricket Nets Christmas Ball	2.00 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Sun 20	Golf Outing : Unico Cricket Nets Buffet Supper	8.15 a.m. 2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 21	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m.
Tues 22	Ladies' Golf <i>BWG Children's Christmas Party</i> Bridge	From 2.00 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Wed 23	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night	9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m.
Thu 24	CHRISTMAS EVE Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon
Fri 25	CHRISTMAS DAY	
Sat 26	BOXING DAY Cricket Nets Dinner Video	2.00 p.m. 6.00 & 8.00 p.m.
Sun 27	Cricket Nets Buffet Supper	2.00 p.m. From 5.00 p.m.
Mon 28	<i>BWG Mahjong : Wordsworth Room</i> Ladies' Tennis Happy Hour	9.00 a.m. 3.00-5.00 p.m. 5.30-9.00 p.m.
Tues 29	Ladies' Golf Bridge	7.30 p.m.
Wed 30	<i>BWG Bridge : Wordsworth Room</i> Cricket Nets Tennis and Squash Club Night	9.30 a.m. 4.45 p.m. From 6.00 p.m.
Thu 31	NEW YEAR'S EVE Ladies' Tennis Ladies' Squash New Year's Eve Bash?	8.30-10.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.-12 noon

Note: Non Club events in italics  
For further information, see Activities page for contact names and telephone numbers. It would be advisable to check weekly activities over the holiday period.



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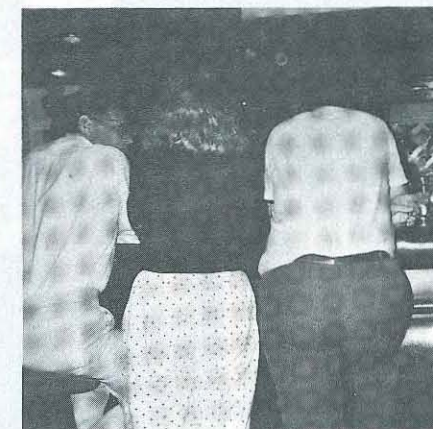
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## The Bums at the Bar !



The first of our OUTPOST photo competitions obviously created a great stir amongst the Membership – we had one entry! Regretfully, this was two thirds incorrect, with the only derriere to be positively identified being that of Rachel Dance, in the centre – I wonder why? Answers on a postcard, but please don't state the obvious – we don't want her to resign.

Her companions were, on the left, Brian Heath, and on the right, Richard Hopkins. Commiserations to James Nichols (that intrepid member who submitted the sole entry) – sorry, one out of three wasn't good enough to win the bottle of champagne, and no, you can't have a third of a bottle!



## Meet the New Members



Khun Triphong is with the New Hampshire Insurance Company. In his spare time he runs six of Thailand's top restaurants! Pictured here with Buster — you never know what might be on the menu next month.



Andrew and Wendy Meate with Molly and Derek von Bethmann-Hollweg. Andrew is with Shell and is a keen photographer (perhaps he'd like my job?) Wendy is on sabbatical from Haselmere Hospital where she is a radiographer.



Patrick Windeler (with 'Captain Jim') and wife, Jane (inset) have been in Korea for 6 years and will stay here "as long as they'll keep him". Jane is a keen tennis player, although Patrick's interest in the game is purely social.



Pictured with three well known faces is Ari Ramacotti (with the rather splendid moustache). He is from Nimes and is here with the French Embassy. Ari was a member of the French soccer team who won their match against the BC last month — perhaps we should arrange a transfer Alex!



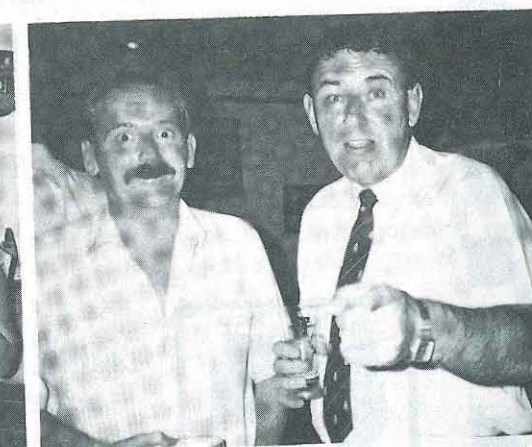
Nick James (with Jonathan Lichfield). Nick is from St. Albans with his wife, Grainne (not pictured — sorry). He is here working for Borneo Insurance Brokers and says he would be quite a sportsman if he didn't smoke!



Tim and Kim Mazzarol. He is Second Secretary at the Australian Embassy. He enjoys rifle shooting and "dabbling" in golf. Kim is a teacher, but at the moment looks after their 10 month old son, Ben.



Kim Mazzarol, David Hall (a thorn between two roses?) and Linda Mellor who's husband, Bill, is pictured with Terry Adams (we've done it again Terry — sorry about the pic!). Bill is from Northwich, Cheshire, but has lived in Australia for several years, working for Sun Herald Newspapers.



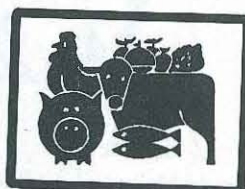
Congratulations to Jackie and Jean Jacques Gramond on the birth of Fiona in September, and to Jane and John Verhalst on the birth of Nicholas.



## Happy Festive Season

- 12 Pies~a~Piping
- 11 Breads~a~Baking
- 10 Quiche~a~Quiching
- 9 Rolls~a~Rolling
- 8 Sausages~a~Stuffing
- 7 Fruits~a~Fruiting
- 6 Hams~a~Hamming
- 5 Trout~a~Swimming
- 4 Cakes~a~Mixing
- 3 Salmon~Smoking
- 2 Puddings Steaming and  
A Turkey Stuffed and Cooking

: ALL THIS AND MORE AT :



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## The British Club 1987 Christmas Ball

### WHEN?

It's on Saturday 19th December

### WHERE?

We'll start the fun on the front lawn of the Club with free cocktails from 7.00-8.00 p.m. Traditional Christmas entertainment will welcome you to your table on the back lawn between 8.15-8.45 p.m., followed by dinner at 9.00 p.m. approx. After dinner you can dance the night away till 2.00 p.m. when soup, sandwiches and maybe some impromptu Christmas Carols will be served in the Churchill Bar.

### HOW MUCH?

Price of tickets is £650 per head. There will be no corkage charge and special wines will be on sale at supermarket prices.

### MUSIC?

This will be provided by the superb Chulalongkorn University Band. This is the real big band sound with 30 musicians and 8 vocalists. Traditional or disco, the C.U. Band plays it all.

### MENU

This is a blue chip Christmas Dinner right down to the last morsel of Christmas Pudding. A word of thanks is due here to the efforts of British Airways in obtaining some of these festive goodies.

### PLUS

Fabulous door prizes including 2 return tickets to the U.K. courtesy of British Airways, as well as some special spot prizes.

### BOOKING

The booking sheets are available now in reception, together with a table plan. Numbers are restricted to 350, so make your reservations now to avoid disappointment.

### DRESS

Red Sea Rig.

For those of you who have not spent time at sea, that means dinner suit minus the jacket.

### PARKING

Free parking will be available at the Narai Hotel Car Park. If you really want to enjoy yourself however, why not come in a taxi?

It's the best Christmas Ball in town so be sure you don't miss it!

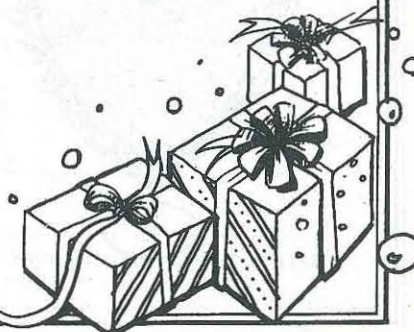




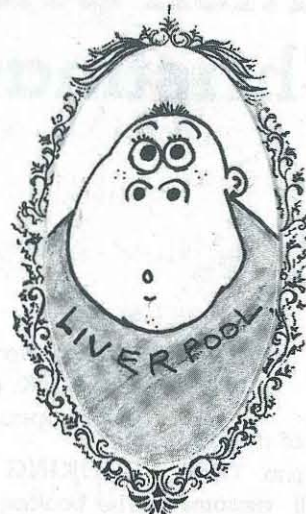
PHOTO COMPETITION :

# Your Committee

But which one is which?  
Win two FREE tickets to the Christmas Ball, December 19th.



1



2



3



4



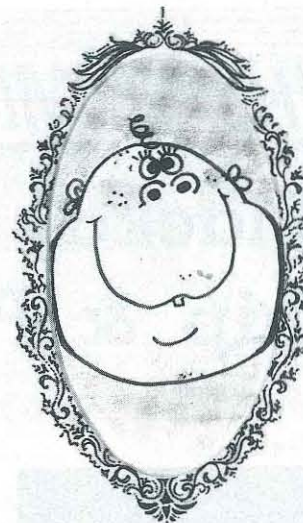
5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12

To : OUTPOST

The Committee are :

Name : .....

Telephone : (H) ..... (W) .....

- |          |          |          |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. ....  | 2. ....  | 3. ....  |
| 4. ....  | 5. ....  | 6. ....  |
| 7. ....  | 8. ....  | 9. ....  |
| 10. .... | 11. .... | 12. .... |

"I think the Committee are wonderful because ....."

The winner will be announced on December 17th. Entries to Reception by December 16th latest, please.



## K NOW YOUR COMMITTEE

### Alistair Mackay Rider : Membership & Publicity

Age 31, Single, British.

Hobbies: creating hangovers, golf, cricket, snooker, winning money from the B.C. Manager, collecting old cars, dents and scratches.



*Late for work again!*

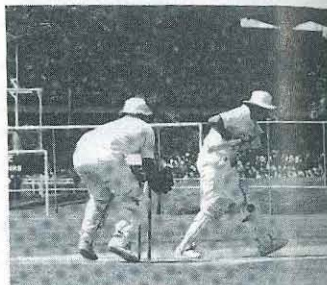
Alistair is Yorkshire born and bred, but occasionally claims to be Scottish depending on whom he is talking to. He has never been to the St. Andrew's Ball. Was partially educated at Loretto School near Edinburgh, but spent most of the time playing games with the other boys. As he wasn't clever enough to get into university to do medicine, he entered the world of commerce at an early age by setting up his own company, 'Slosh Enterprises'. It's main function was painting and decorating pubs with most of the profits being drunk before going into the books. This ultimately led to problems of liquidity and the Inland Revenue, so he went out and got a real job.

A career in publishing started in the advertising department of the Evening Gazette in Middlesbrough. A move to

a free distribution paper in Durham as Advertisement Manager was followed by promotion to General Manager two years later. The company was taken over which led to rapid expansion and a further promotion to Executive Director controlling four papers – and the lad was still only 25 years old! A final take-over by United Newspapers Plc led to the subsequent offer to be Managing Director of their newspaper division in Lancashire. This position was never taken up due to a late night telephone call offering a job in Bangkok. With the premise that "opportunities should be snapped up otherwise you will eternally speculate on what might have been," young Alistair winged off to the East with his entire possessions crammed into two suitcases. That was in January 1984 and we have

been stuck with him ever since.

On the social side he claims to have been a good rugby player, but an old knee injury conveniently prevents him from demonstrating his doubtful prowess. As a keen golfer

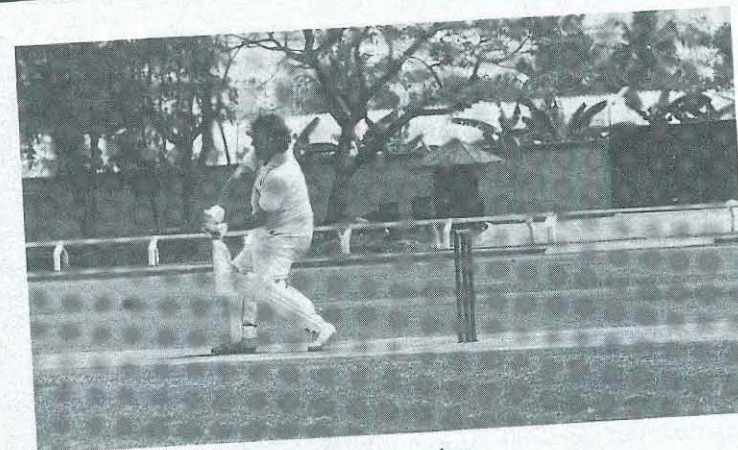


*18 stones of athletic prowess about to pounce!*

and cricketer he is frequently confused. His golf swing is more like his batting and his batting more like his golf swing. Needless to say he plays a lot of air shots in both sports. Having been rejected as a bowler because he couldn't get his balls to bounce in the nets, he now jealously guards his position as wicket-keeper by hiding the gloves. Reputed to be the finest keeper of his size in the country, few can argue as there are no other 18 stone wicket-keepers around at the moment. Other interests include old cars and motor

sport. He still has a 1934 Lagonda M45 Rapide and a 1972 V12 Etype Jaguar sitting in the UK, as well as a self prepared Talbot Samba rally car in which he competed with some success in National rallies before coming to Bangkok. You can usually tell which is his car in the car park as it invariably looks as though it has just completed the Paris-Dakar endurance rally!

As a member of the Rotary Club of Bangkok South he rotates on Fridays and can often be found in the bars of Patpong performing acts of charity by donating money to needy members of the opposite



*The classic golf swing.*

sex. When asked if he enjoys living and working in Thailand his casual smile of contentment is enough to reveal the answer. As for the future,

"When I can speak Thai as fluently as David Williamson then a whole new world of exciting opportunities will be there to be taken!"

### David Hall : Personnel

I was intending to tell a heroic story of t'working-class lad brought up wi' bare feet (aye, an' t'luxury if it were nobbut t'feet) in t'midst of t'heavy woollen district, selling t'matches by t'Bradford Exchange station to pay for t'fare to go to t'university; then I remembered that my parents would be here by the time this is printed and that they might dispute some of the minor details. At the age of four, my first sexual experience (Ed: No, no, remember your parents are coming; five lines are censored here) job to get the coal-dust out. I was a fast developer, and soon shot up to just over six foot before deciding to



*"... his brilliant performance as both Hamlet and Ophelia at the RSC ..."*

settle down to a more modest height at which skill would have to be developed in preference to my more natural brute force.

I remember the coronation; my first year at school seemed to consist entirely of spilling milk and making cardboard cut-out models of the coronation procession. I thought the Queen lived on the local council estate (the Canterbury Avenue estate) along with the Archbishop of Canterbury Avenue, and that Mount Everest was somewhere in a local park, surrounded by iron railings. The County Cricket Ground was just down the bottom of Canterbury Avenue, as was the Bradford Park Avenue ground;



I spent many happy days as a child playing bottle-cricket on the boundary-edge while the likes of Johnnie Wardle, Fred Trueman, Bob Appleyard and Len Hutton were winning the County Championship yet again out in the middle. Third Division (North) football, however, never held the same sway (I once came home from watching the local derby game against Bradford City and reported not just the score, but the result, wrong) and I used to spend my winter Saturday afternoons watching Bradford Northern play Rugby League, blissfully unaware that this enthusiasm would doom me to social leprosy once I left the north.

Leaving the north to go off to the hostile south (i.e. Birmingham University) was in fact quite traumatic and the difficulties of communication reminded me of the time when, as a child, I had gone with my parents to visit their old war-mates in Glasgow, and had spent three hours trying to understand the question "Do you want to play hide-and-seek?" (or "Winplieejimmy?", as they say up there). Quite how I ever got used to the idea of living any further afield than Huddersfield I'll never know, but since leaving home in 1965, nine months in Leeds is the nearest I've been to living in Bradford; the rest of the time has been spent in studying in Birmingham, Essex, and Paris, and teaching in Paris, Birmingham, Rwanda, Iran, Newcastle, Kuala Lumpur and Bangkok. The year at the Sorbonne, 1967-68, was undoubtedly the high-spot of my education; we were



*Exhibitionist, June 1987.*

going to change the world as we built barricades on the Left Bank (though my ideological integrity was called into question when barricade-building meant that I missed the cricket score-board on the Light Programme).

Seven years ago, Malaysia saw me coerced into the very strong local amateur theatre scene, and dragooned into playing cricket for the first time since primary school (I did cross-country running at grammar school to get out of the dreaded rugby union). Since then, these two activities have consumed most of my waking moments and a large percentage of my Walter Mitty-like dreams (Hall was carried shoulder-high from the lecture-theatre by the entire MIT linguistics faculty and hurried to the cricket-pitch, where he was due to open the batting at both ends for Yorkshire. Fans, no doubt remembering his brilliant performance as



*Lecturer at the University of Newcastle 1976.*

both Hamlet and Ophelia at the RSC the previous evening, ...).

The future of the British Club? Well, standing back and being entirely objective for a moment, it is very clear that we need our own sports ground, our own theatre, and very possibly our own lecture-hall...

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# CLUB ROUNDUP

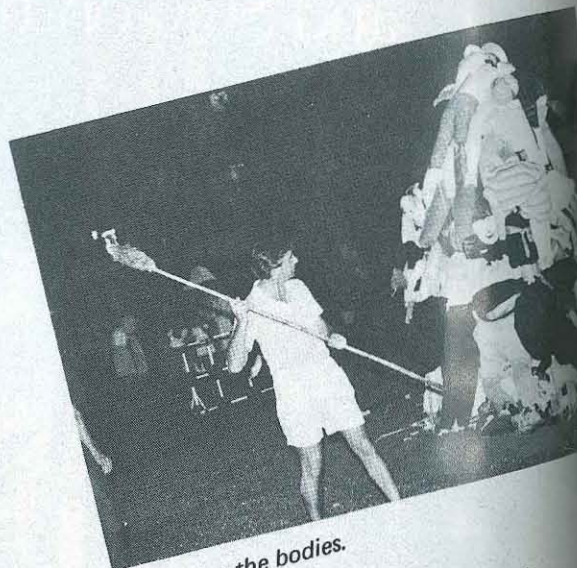
## Guy Fawkes Celebration



"On your marks ...."



Apprehension.



Torching the bodies.

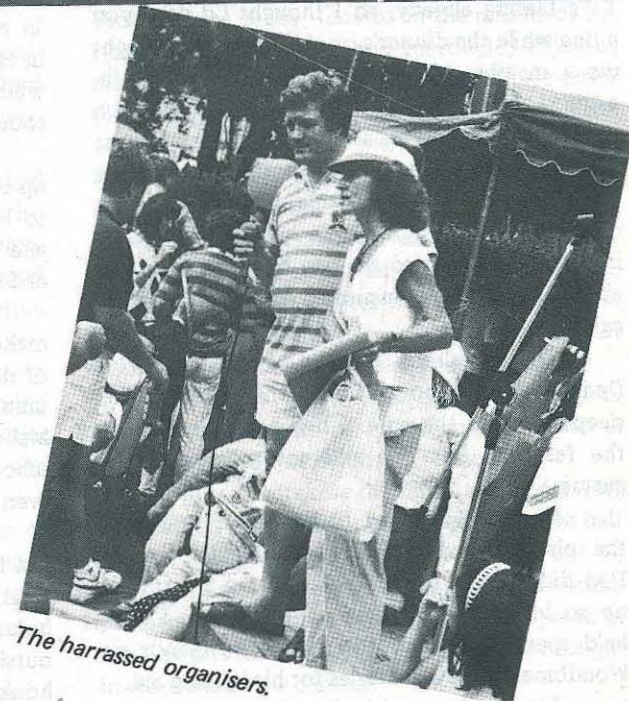
There goes  
my Sunday hat.



Golden Rain.



Here we stand and here we'll stay.



The harrassed organisers.



Fed up of waiting.



# LETTERS

Orpington  
20th October, 1987

Dear Mandy,

Well, Dad is in from the allotment and the TV's blaring already, so I thought I'd drop you a line while the dinner's on the stove. He brought me a measly cabbage which looks a bit moth-eaten - I don't know why he spends so much time over there. Probably gives all the decent stuff away. Luckily I went to the greengrocers this morning and bought one, so I've buried his cabbage in the compost. I've invited Mrs. Waller in from next door so she can be complimentary about his efforts, assuming she's still eating cabbage.

The cat almost got the canary last night. Dad let it out, not realising that the cat was sleeping under the sofa. I had a job clearing up the feathers, but I've still got to sew up the curtain.

Back again! I had to break off to answer the phone! David called from Maidstone and Dad didn't hear it, as usual. Got the TV turned up so loud he can't hear anything else. I wish he'd spend a little of the money he spends on Woodbines on new batteries for his hearing aid.

As you can see, it's all go here. Please write soon. Dad still can't understand why you went to live in a funny place so far away. Have they finished that building next to your house yet? Can't you complain about them working at nights and weekends?

Give our love to Ken and the kids.

All my love,  
Mum

Bangkok  
25th November, 1987

Dear Mum,

Thanks for your letter. Sorry for the delay in replying, but it's a bit hectic with Ken down in Hat Yai this week (that's a town down South which is full of smuggled goods and Malaysian tourists).

Our number one maid, Noi, has also gone up-country to attend her grandmother's funeral, so I'm left with Pen, who's good with the kids and the laundry, but can't cook anything but rice and noodles.

The children are back at school which makes things worse because Melissa had a couple of days off with a fever, and Ken's driver had to take the car in for a service, so I had to leave Melissa at home with Pen to take Johnny to school. It took me 1½ hours in the morning and even longer in the afternoon.

They've finished the building next door, but have started digging up the road just outside. That's not the only problem - because of the holes in the road there's a continual traffic jam outside, so this week it's not hammering, but honking!

Otherwise everything is fine! We're practising Scottish dancing every week in readiness for St. Andrew's night. The only problem is that after a quiet day at home "Hamilton House" gives me a nervous breakdown!

Anyway, must go. Pen just washed my new red T shirt with some of Ken's shirts. I hope he likes pink.

love from us all,  
Mandy

Nakorn Nit Noi  
30th October, 1987

Dr. Siripong Practice  
Plastic Surgeon  
189 Ploenchit Road  
Bangkok

November 5, 1987

Dear Mr. Williamson,

I refer to your recent mailing, which, if it has slipped your mind, was squashed in at the bottom of your Special Menu Offerings for October and November 1987, no doubt as a laudable cost saving effort.

You extol us to ensure that the forthcoming attraction of Jim Davidson is well supported so that in future we can afford "top UK entertainers" and avoid the cultural desert.

Well! By the time this letter gets published we will all know exactly how cultural Mr. Davidson is. I'm relieved to note you put this addendum in italic script so that we can understand the difference between him and Chopped Sirloin Steak.

Now that you have your membership brimming over, perhaps you are becoming over confident and feel that you can cast to the wind all those stupendous efforts put in by the cultural sect, FREE of charge?

I hope that the Entertainments division of the committee, helmed ably by Mr. Hopkins whilst bending an elbow, will kindly put you right as to the definition of cultural desert.

Yours (with two and a half stars)  
Brenda Twinkle

Dear Editor,

I have just seen your November edition of 'OUTPOST' and for once you have left me speechless - with embarrassment.

Yes, I concede I have spent the last 30 years playing rugby, located in the middle of the front row of the scrum and thoroughly enjoying most of the action. (For those who have never played in the front row it would take a small novel to explain the real game in there as opposed to the official laws of the Game of Rugby Union Football!).

Yes, I have suffered numerous facial cuts, bruises, lumps, a minor case of cauliflower ear, a scar from having my ear bitten; yes, playing in the front row does develop a large neck together with large shoulder, chest and back muscles.

But do I really look like the person in that photo allegedly of myself and Dr Pichit in the "Meet the New Members" section?

Whilst I recognise the importance of having Dr. Pichit's photo included as you have, the half of the photo alleged to be me is (count to 9,999) hardly flattering. If you have a similar problem in the future can I suggest you patch in another photo of the unfortunate person caught in the flash of the camera?

I would have enclosed a recent photo of myself for you to use, but that's got my tongue in my cheek too!!

Regards  
Terry Adams





ROYAL NEW ZEALAND NAVY.

Royal New Zealand Navy  
HMNZS Canterbury  
C/- Overseas Branch  
CPO  
Auckland

20th August, 1987

Dear Sir,

1. On behalf of the officers and various sports teams that visited your facilities I would like to express my appreciation for the manner in which you welcomed us to your club.

2. Those of us who were fortunate enough to attend the Rugby function enjoyed and appreciated the friendly atmosphere and facilities of your club.

3. We most certainly look forward to renewing acquaintances on our next visit to Bangkok which hopefully will not be too far in the future.

Yours faithfully,  
J.E.R. Granville  
Commander RNZN  
Commanding Officer

November 9th, 1987

Dear Editor,

May I say that I think the latest edition of "OUTPOST" is the most varied and interesting edition I have ever read. Is it coincidence that the article I wrote appeared in the previous four issues!!?

Seriously though, you presented in a very professional way an interesting series of articles and news items for everyone - a truly family magazine.

Congratulations!

Let's hope it continues!

Ray Butler  
B98

Ed's Note: many congratulations to Angie, Ray, Rebecca, Gemma, and Anna on the latest addition to their family, Katie.

c/o The British Club,  
189 Suriwongse Road,  
Bangkok 10500, Thailand



CYMDEITHAS DEWI SANT  
THE ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY

October 28, 1987

The Editor,  
OUTPOST.

Dear Maren,

At the Annual General Meeting of the St. David's Society held on October 27, 1987, the following Committee was elected to serve in 1987/88:

Bard	: Roger Daniel
Vice Bard/Honourary Secretary	: Leighton Fowles
Honourary Secretary	: Bobby de Cozier
General Committee	: Mai Butterworth
	: Norma Darkin
	: Ann Wood
	: Joan Clarke
	: Richard Hopkins
	: David Williams

Yours sincerely,  
Bard.



"Don we now our gay apparel. . ."

## IN YOUR 40s OR 50s?

Perhaps you could benefit from some pre-retirement counselling now, before you retire in 5, 10, 15 years' time?

Peter Norman, who was bridge and tennis convenor for many years and later retired from Shell after 20 years of pension consultancy, is on one of his regular visits to the area and will be in Bangkok between 4th and 16th December.

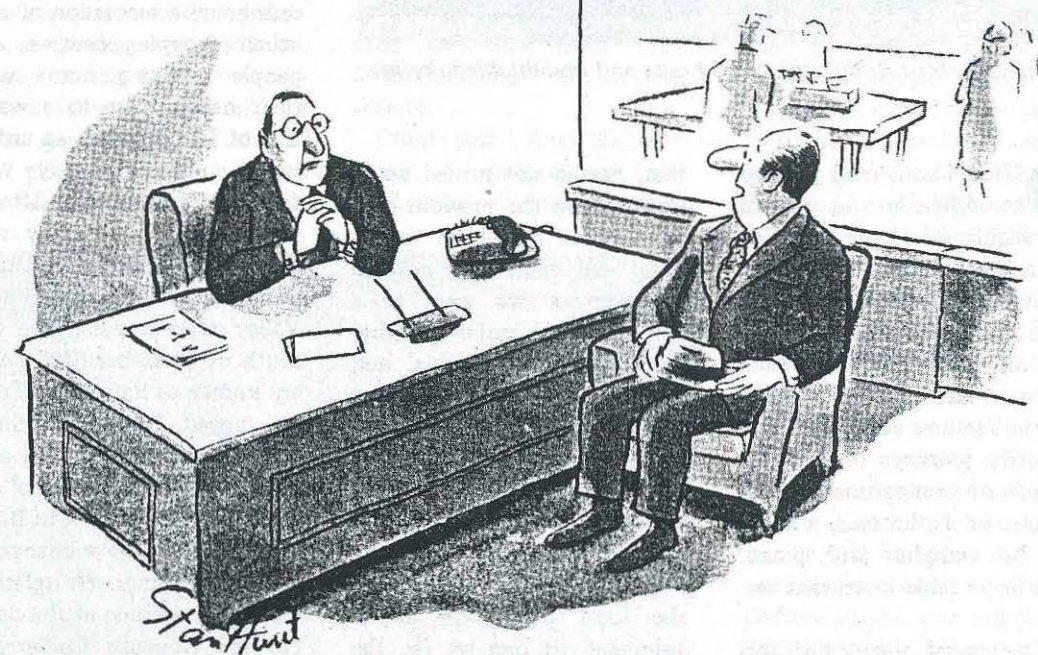
He is attached to the Centre for International Briefing, Farnham, as a pre-retirement consultant and has run several courses there, as well as advising groups and individuals during his Far East visits.

He will be glad to pass on the benefits of his experience to any who are interested, quite informally, either at the Club or elsewhere as wives are concerned as much as husbands.

There is no charge (much hospitality has been received), but Peter does stress that he is a personnel consultant and not a financial consultant.

If interested, please leave a note for him at Reception.

## LOANS



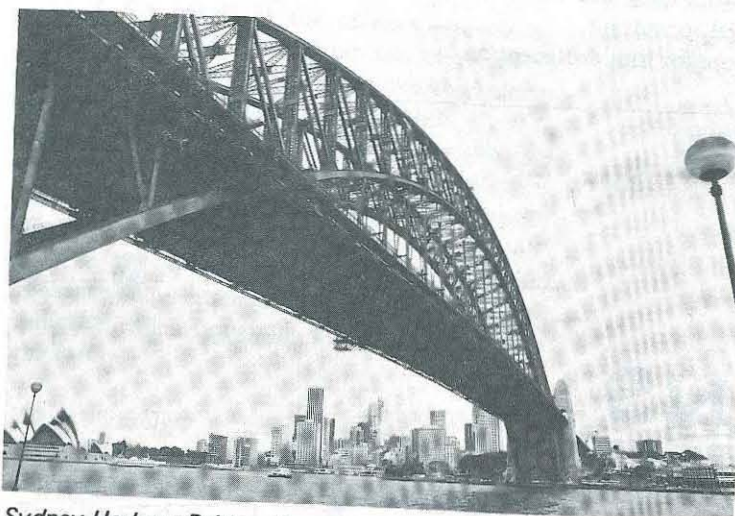
"I suppose mere promises would not suffice."



# TRAVEL LOG

## The Halls "Down Under"

(Part II)



Sydney Harbour Bridge, the opera house and breathtaking skyline.

OUR 24-hour train journey to Adelaide was one of the highlights of the trip. The train is still called the "Ghan", after the Afghani camel-drivers who were imported to make the old overland journey from Alice, and still has many of the features associated with leisurely journeys of the past — private compartments with their own bathrooms, a cocktail bar complete with piano, and impeccable restaurant service.

Our travel agents had forgotten to take into account the fact that the train journey took 24 hours, so on arrival at our hotel we were told

that, having not turned up as expected on the previous day, our rooms had been reallocated and there was nothing left for us. We went to a cold, damp motel nearby, grumbling. Despite this, and the drizzle which persisted throughout our 48 hours in Adelaide, it seemed a very pleasant city, full of open spaces and parks.

When you first arrive in a new country, you tend to see the local population as all belonging to one set (so the Queenslanders, the aborigines and the holidaying South Australians we'd seen in Cairns had all just seemed like "Aus-

tralians" to us). My pleasant recollection of Adelaide was to lead directly to my first realisation that this was not the case; when I mentioned how nice Adelaide was at a party in New South Wales, there was a shocked silence, and then everyone talked to someone else.

Sydney on a damp and dark Friday evening seemed just like London in the winter rush-hour, a succession of suburban shopping centres, and people hurrying home with their heads down to a weekend of TV. This was an unfortunate and ultimately very false first impression. After a very restful and friendly stay with old friends now living near Newcastle, in the Hunter Valley wine-growing area and south of some beautiful country known as Barrington Tops, we moved down to Sydney, where I was attending a conference. Before the rest of the family departed back to Bangkok, we did have a chance to see a few things. We splashed out on an evening at the opera (to see Rossini's *Cinderella*), travelling there and back from Manly across the harbour by ferry; the arrival at the ferry terminal, past the Opera

House, all ready for the evening performance, the floodlit Harbour Bridge, and with both sides of the harbour bristling with high-rise office-blocks to rival Hong Kong or New York, is breathtaking; no photograph could do it justice.

You may find it strange that I have never actually seen an opera before; in fact, the only musical comedy I've ever seen on stage is one I was in myself. Before the conference week was out, I had been twice more, to see Puccini's *Il Trittico* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The Opera House system of "supertitles" means that everyone can understand what the characters are saying as well as simply listen to the music, and this helps turn the evening into a truly theatrical experience. I was totally won over, although I can see that it is very tempting indeed to laugh in the wrong places. The orchestra and the conductor are hidden away under the stage, so that when the conductor takes his bow, only his nose appears over the edge of the pit, like something from the old "Wot! No.." cartoons.



And again, one of the three one-act plays which make up "Il Trittico" is set on a barge in Paris, and the heroine goes into raptures about her childhood in Belleville, not unakin, in London terms, to rhapsodising about Herne Hill. One of the other pieces "Suor Angelica" is set in a convent, and I'm afraid I rather disgraced myself by inadvertently whistling selections from "The Sound of Music" as I left the theatre.

Next year, Australia celebrates its bicentenary, and celebrations include a World

Fair in Brisbane. Aborigines, who have been in the country for at least 35,000 years, are understandably not too thrilled about the upcoming celebration of whitey's invasion of their land, and they were already beginning to make their concern heard while we were there. In the last year, a number of aborigines have died in police custody, and the death of one aborigine in a northern New South Wales jail while we were in Australia provoked fairly serious rioting and nationwide concern. Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen, in whose state of Queensland many of these deaths appear to have occurred, was however, far more outraged that the Students Union at the University of Brisbane had installed a condom machine on university property. A TV interviewer I saw accused him to his face of being senile, but he said he didn't think he was. A bar near my hotel in Oxford Street was called the Tool Shed. It's a funny place, Australia. We loved it.

David Hall





## How to be a Cautious Gem Buyer

In the October issue of OUTPOST we discussed which stones are available cheaply in Bangkok. This month I will try to bring to light some of the problems frequently encountered when buying gems.

Most of us should use a certain amount of caution when purchasing jewellery. The fact that we live here does not necessarily make us immune to 'rip-offs'.

Here are a few tips:

1. Know your jeweller, or use one who has been recommended by friends.
2. Do not buy anything without making comparisons in other shops first.
3. Check the honesty of the store by asking if they offer a money back guarantee, but be aware that even if this is offered, getting your money back is usually quite a chore.
4. Be aware that stones may have flaws and fractures – examine all stones carefully.
5. Many shops use special lighting to make stones appear more attractive, for example, rubies have a better appearance under tungsten lighting. Sapphires look best in natural light or under a special light source called Daylight 99, especially designed to simulate daylight. To be certain of the colour and quality of a stone ask to see it in natural light. Use a window or walk outside the shop (with the assistant). This is not an

unusual request. No professional buyer would consider buying a stone unless he had assessed it in daylight first.

6. Yellow and green sapphires are common stones and should be flawless to have any value.
7. Look closely at the brilliance of a stone, especially diamonds, rubies, and sapphires (see October's issue of OUTPOST for colour descriptions).
8. Comparison: Our colour memory is extremely short, so often we cannot distinguish why two rings, for example, look quite similar, but have completely different price tags. Most jewellers will show you one item at a time, but if viewed side by side the difference may be more obvious. If purchasing a ruby ring put four or five items on the counter at the same time to compare the qualities of each. Quite often a jeweller will set a cheap stone in a ring and then charge a good price. If you want to ascertain whether you have a good clean stone with no hidden flaws, buy the stone separately. Most jewellers will be happy to mount the stone of your choice in the setting of your choice.
9. If buying a star sapphire look for a good clean star with no broken rays. The more translucent the stone, the higher the value.

10. Black star rubies have a tendency to break at the base. These stones are often resined at the break, so check the base near the setting for signs of parallel breakage or resin as both are undesirable.

11. If an emerald has flaws which reach the surface of the stone it is likely to have been oiled. To ask your jeweller if a stone has been oiled is a good way of checking whether he is honest. If his answer is "yes" or "probably", he is almost certainly honest. If he says "no", unfortunately, you are none the wiser.

12. Nomenclature in jewellery shops can often be misleading. For example, I have seen Linde star sapphires being offered for sale as "genuine Linde star sapphires". Linde is a trade name for a synthetic sapphire. A genuine Linde is still a genuine synthetic. The sales assistant in this particular shop refused to admit that the stone was synthetic until I told him that I was a gemmologist. "Quartz-topaz" is also misleading. Either the stone is quartz or it is topaz, but because of the similarity in appearance the former is often sold as the latter. Unfortunately, without carrying out some simple gemmological tests you cannot tell which is which, but do not be fooled into believing that such a stone as quartz-topaz exists. Quartz sells wholesale for only a few dollars per carat and is extremely cheap. Topaz is considerably more expensive.

13. Opals are often sold as doublets or triplets which is done to protect the fragility of the stone rather than to deceive. A natural opal of good size which is not a doublet or triplet is expensive. Many treatments can be performed on opals, eg. dying, oiling, or putting a dark coloured back onto a white opal, so ask your jeweller to explain any treatments which may have been performed.

14. The best buy for pearls is usually in Hong Kong. The teeth test is the most effective way to ascertain whether they are genuine – cultured pearls feel gritty against the teeth, imitations will be smooth. Similarly, cultured pearls are uneven in appearance where the nacre has grown, imitations are smooth. Look closely at the drill hole where the pearls have been strung – the paint on imitation pearls may well chip here. The hue of a pearl is also important. The yellowish hue suits a dark complexion, while pearls with a pinkish hue suit a fairer skin better. Pearls are a soft gem and are easily damaged. Always make sure that you put on your pearls after putting on your make-up as perfume and hair spray can cause considerable damage.

15. Be careful where you shop. Many people are misled because a shop displays a government authority sign. This, unfortunately, is no guarantee that it is a reputable establishment.

16. Certificates of orientation can also be misleading. It is not unusual for a certificate to be issued which states that the stones purchased are natural and which shows the price paid for them. However, I have seen a number of certificates where the price paid for stones was considerably more than they were worth, eg. \$1,000 paid for stones worth \$60. It is unwise to trust any store offering such certificates.

17. Buying stones from a tout on the beach speaks for itself. I have yet to see anyone bring back a genuine stone!

This article is intended to make you aware of the pitfalls involved in buying gems rather than to frighten you. Armed with the above you should be able to take advantage of the many good deals to be had in Thailand. Happy shopping.!

Fiona Wilkinson



## "A Night in the Life of Santa Claus"

WOKE up to the melodious screech of "klooy haa baat" and two tuk-tuks doing a Brands Hatch in opposite directions round a very sharp corner. Still light, so rolled over and tried to get back to sleep, but became aware of the whine of a mosquito in the vicinity and then spent twenty vain minutes in hot pursuit. Busy previous evening on a practice run had left its toll; two of the reindeers refusing to work because of hangovers, another one last seen in Soi Cowboy at 2.00 a.m., and Rudolph sporting a redder than ever hooter after being caught interfering with a noodle stand. Momentarily terrified on looking in the shaving mirror, but then realised this was unnecessary as customarily I do not shave. Downed two bottles of Red Bull, half a papaya, and a piece of toast and felt like new. Checked there was nothing sensible in the Nation or the Bangkok Post and then reviewed the evening's route map with Rudolph, who was wearing ice wrapped up in a handkerchief on his head and a 1985 Ploenchit Fair raffle ticket impaled on one of his antlers. "It is the complete absence of chimneys that mitigates against the success of this venture," he droned superiorly. "Well, I may be 18 stone, but I can still shimmy through a mosquito net at a push," I countered. He was unimpressed and returned to manicuring his hooves. Managed to pile all the presents on the sleigh without knocking too many of those brightly coloured baubles off. I don't know why they bother with me – all the presents are bought and gift wrapped at Central – why don't they all roll up there on Christmas morning and swap purchases, good cheer, and all moan, "it doesn't really feel like Christmas, does it?"

Anyway, got the team off at a reasonable lick. Became very confused in TODAY'S one-

way system. Was nearly mown down by a truck backing down the bus lane in full retreat from an angry No. 13 bus. Did Sathorn in quick time – all those Embassy types exchanging glassware and silk pillowcases. Actually, it's quite an imaginative year this year – no more "Dear Auntie Mabel, thank you for the nice socks" – now it's "Dear Ms Anastasia, the digitalised head propeller was a *simply* marvellous idea..." I think some of the pieces fell out of the LEGO set I was delivering to the Managing Director of our leading insurance company, and the fully inflatable Margaret Thatcher bound for another of our pillars may have been punctured on attempted entry (to the abode). This led to a lot of very poor jokes amongst the team on the subject of "inflation" and other less savoury topics.

Order was restored as we attempted a few tricky manoeuvres in Chinatown; had a quick go on the giant swing, and the reindeer left their calling cards in the Oriental car park. We stopped for noodles at the end of Silom, exciting little comment, despite the ridiculous outfit I have to wear and the rather unusual headgear of the team. I was sweating profusely and the team and I were not amused to overhear murmurs of "look at those haircuts," and "typical farangs." I don't know if you have ever seen reindeer eating noodles, but they have great difficulty with the chopsticks and tend to end up looking like Michael Jackson or an albino Bob Marley with all the strands hanging down from their antlers. Rudolph polished off three bottles of Kloster before I could stop him and was a complete waste of space thereafter; nose very red, no sense of direction and rugby songs during the Christmas carols. Absolutely hopeless!

As might be expected, the main action took place in the early hours over Sukhumvit.

I won't go into too many details over some of the presents, such as the dishcloth (slightly used) from the President of the St. Andrew's Society to the President of the St. George's, or the large bottle of Mekhong going in the opposite direction to which was attached a note reading, "These chaps really know how to brew a good tot, what? So, stuff that up yer ... etc etc, Jimmy!" The Welsh chap had sent his fellow Celt a jock-strap and an exceedingly limp spring onion was sent in return. The accompanying messages are unprintable, but I should add a small note in press that the President of the St. Patrick's Society had really gone to town in the spirit of good cheer with marvellous gift wrapped contraptions and devices for his fellow men but, unfortunately, sent everything on November 25th, but we didn't let on.

I was spotted several times during deliveries, usually by the younger members of the household. "You don't exist," "Aren't you a bit hot in there?" and "It's only Mr. Rennie dressed up", were the usual greetings. "Ho, ho,

ho" I replied with startling originality and made a quick exit. In general, dogs do not enter into the spirit of Christmas cheer, and I had a few nasty experiences, one of which will necessitate the purchase of a new pair of trousers next year.

Well, we eventually finished everywhere just as dawn was breaking and collapsed for a quick bite before trudging off to Don Muang (we usually hop on the wing of one of those nice over-the-pole flights and drop off at home – it saves a lot of bother). We caused a bit of a stir at that nice new airport building and there were a few problems to do with tax clearance, visas, and not having tickets, but in the end we got off OK.

So, here we are again, back to thermal vests and hot chocolate, dreaming of what might have been if only we'd had time. Mai pen rai. See you next year after our well earned 364 day break.

S Claus  
S2001



"How old is this little girl you want to surprise?"



## The Suggestion Book

**1971** S : "I find the new colour scheme of the dining alcove off the main bar particularly hideous to say the least. Presumably this red colour has been chosen to match the proposed new decor for the main bar. Does this mean that in order to satisfy the 'get with it kids' we are going to be compelled to imbibe wholly in BLACK and RED surroundings? I can only say, thank goodness I am TT as I would hate to think of the effects of this colour scheme on those with that morning after feeling!"

A : "Thank you."

Independent

Comment : "Tough luck, alcoholically yours..."

S : "The Club building used to have a certain faded beauty. Now, after the external re-decoration it closely resembles a Wimpy Bar on the Great North Road. For a start, the choice of such a prosaic shade of green is reminiscent of a dreary institution. For goodness sake, paint white those ridiculous technicolour bricks. To any aesthetically minded member it is an embarrassment to take one's friends into the compound."

Independent

Comments : "We vote against 'faded beauty' and for necessary re-decoration. Somerset Maugham is dead you know."

: "Is good taste dead too?"

S : "Why don't we have a Bachelor Night once a month? NO BIRDS (I meant wives) IN THE BAR (Friday nights)."

Independent

Comment : "re the above - ALAS, there are never any Birds in the Bar Friday nights."

**1972** S : "The last marathon is this book was on the subject of rats. May I suggest that the local CAT situation has suppressed the rat situation so effectively that the rats no longer threaten the continued social activities of this Club."

This writer's neck was nearly broken by a cluster of eager cats outside the GENTS who had nothing better to do than MEOW for the lack of RATS. Having bought 10 whiskies at the bar, the member requests that adequate protection be provided by suitable uniformed guards between the bar and the toilet to prevent the undersigned member from being tripped up. Suggest all BC cats be emasculated."

A : "Cats will wear uniform in future. Have you the facilities for this operation?"

**1973** S : "To whom it may concern (the Manager) - seeing as the Children's Suggestion Book has been confiscated we are forced to write our suggestions/requests in this book: (Ed: "this book" being the Members' Suggestion Book.) Adults and children alike are wondering what has become of the kittens we are feeding, caring for, and trying to find homes for. If homes cannot be found the children and a fair few of the adults will have them spayed and given rabies shots. We will also feed and take care of them. Hoping you will agree. Signed by 15 people (adults and children)."

A : Suggestions can only be made in this book by members of the Club.

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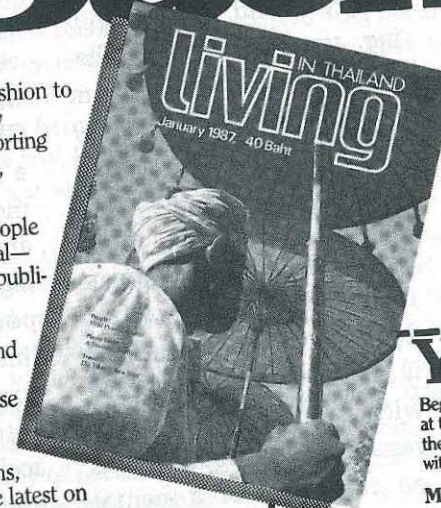
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living IN THAILAND



## WELL WORTH READING

### Hawksmoor

by Peter Ackroyd

**T**HE book reviewed this month is hardly a Christmas book, but it will certainly unnerve the unsuspecting at any time of year. "Hawksmoor" is an extremely weird book, perhaps not the best reading matter last thing at night. It is original, very clever and will surely leave the reader with plenty to think about.

This intellectual mystery tale has two main characters and their stories mirror each other. The first character is an eighteenth century architect, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, who has the task of building churches in London. He has survived the horrors and devastation of the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London with terrible consequences. He is

working in the Age of Enlightenment, the time of Sir Isaac Newton and the newly formed Royal Society whose members are committed to scientific progress and understanding, yet his past evil allegiances prevent him from being totally convinced by their work. The second character is a twentieth century detective from Scotland Yard investigating murders in certain 18th century churches. He is a peculiar man, uneasy with ordinary people and fascinated by death. He is on the verge of a mental breakdown. The book moves from the 18th century to the 20th century with considerable ease suggesting something disturbing about the nature of time and causality.

The descriptions of 18th century London are wonderful, illustrated with dialogue typical of the time. There are images of the horrible depravations, violence and cruelty, a visit to Bedlam and a post mortem performed by Sir Christopher Wren. It is not a pleasant read but it is most certainly interesting and well worth considering. It is such an original, powerful book it is hard to imagine how the author conceived such an idea. Peter Ackroyd is being acclaimed as one of Britain's best young authors and has won several literary awards.

Melanie Pomfret

## WELL WORTH WATCHING



### The Snowman



**I** have just experienced an adventure of a rare innocence which will return every time that feeling of losing touch with importance creeps over me.

"The Snowman" takes you on a journey with no allegorical pretence or moral overtone and simply emphasises the range of emotions involved in pure friendship.

A bright-eyed youth exudes the wild feeling of being in the snow, running uncontrollably with only enthusiasm to keep him warm. Every new impression in the freshly fallen snow opens his eyes wider. Can you imagine this excitement, coupled with the disbelief of building a snowman and him coming alive? It is more than a dream come true. They both share moments that only inexperience can give you as the young boy takes the snowman (attired in his Rupert Bear scarf and hat that every father has been waiting to donate) on a journey through his home. Everyday moments, so familiar to the boy, become unforgettable experiences for the snowman. Following a range of cameo moments and almost waking up the parents, they both leave the house amid a feeling of warm tension.

The haunting music takes you into expectancy, and after a motorcycle drive through the moonlit forest, their confidence in each other is truly cemented.

The snowman leads the boy into one of those journeys that only very gifted writers and illustrators can create. This is the essence of the film and needs to be seen and not described.

Raymond Briggs is one of those writers/illustrators who has the ability to concentrate all of the feelings that we so rarely experience to any degree. Daily lives seem to be impregnated with mild emotional moments hardly worthy of remembrance, but here is a writer who can chillingly revue the absurdity of nuclear war in "When the Wind Blows" and take you on a journey of pure beauty in "The Snowman", which encompasses a range of emotions which we can distantly remember and are, unfortunately, as ephemeral as experience.

A copy of "The Snowman" will be available from the British Club Video Library. It is not an escape, but is beyond a dream. A film, 25 minutes long, of rare brilliance.



Steve Castledine



# CONSERVATION MATTERS

## Bangsai Bird Park

**B**Y Her Majesty the Royal Patron's command and funding, WFT completed the creation of a small bird park, covering one rai (0.16ha), circular, and set within the compound of the Foundation for the Promotion of Supplementary Occupations and Related Techniques (SUPPORT), at Bangsai, south of Ayutthaya. The aviary has been open to the public since April 1985 and houses more than 300 birds of over 80 indigenous species. Rare and exotic birds are added from time to time as they are donated or found, and a bird 'hospital' stands nearby.

It is an absolute delight to get SO close to SO many colourful and fascinating birds under the lush and cool foliage, that one could spend the whole day there just soaking up the

tranquility and harmony it provides.

Unfortunately, a few unscrupulous people get too close, and rare birds have been known to disappear, ending up in private menageries.

The Bangsai aviary welcomes visitors every day except Wednesdays, but the proceeds from entrance fees (no double standards here by the way, everyone pays B15) are quite inadequate to develop or even maintain it, so that extra donations are continuously being sought to support the park in its role as a breeding and research station, and as a recreational cum educational centre for the public.

By kind courtesy of WFT  
Rod Carter

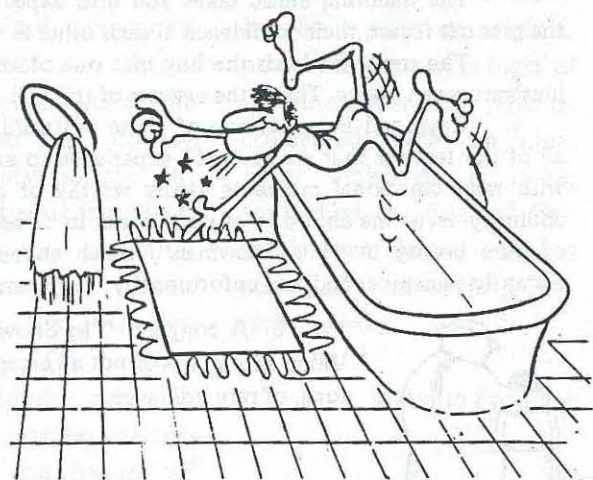
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# CHILDREN'S CORNER

## MINDWINDERS

### SEASONAL GREETING \* \* \*

To play this game, first fill in the answers to as many definitions as you can. For example, the answer to the first one is MNO. Note that each letter goes into a space with a number beneath it. Next, place each letter in the corresponding numbered box in the grid. For example, M goes into box 25. N goes into box 78, and O goes into box 73. When all of the letters are in the grid, try to figure out the message.

- Follows JKL
- Part of a window
- Small, pesky insects
- Chuckle
- Mistake
- Loud cry
- Not smooth
- Joint between hand and arm
- Not stale
- Color of milk or new snow
- Prohibits
- Lightning and
- Its capital is Montgomery
- Not quite 20
- Game played with X's and O's

a.  $\frac{M}{25} \frac{N}{78} \frac{O}{73}$

b.  $\frac{63}{71} \frac{79}{49} \frac{27}{62} \frac{44}{74}$

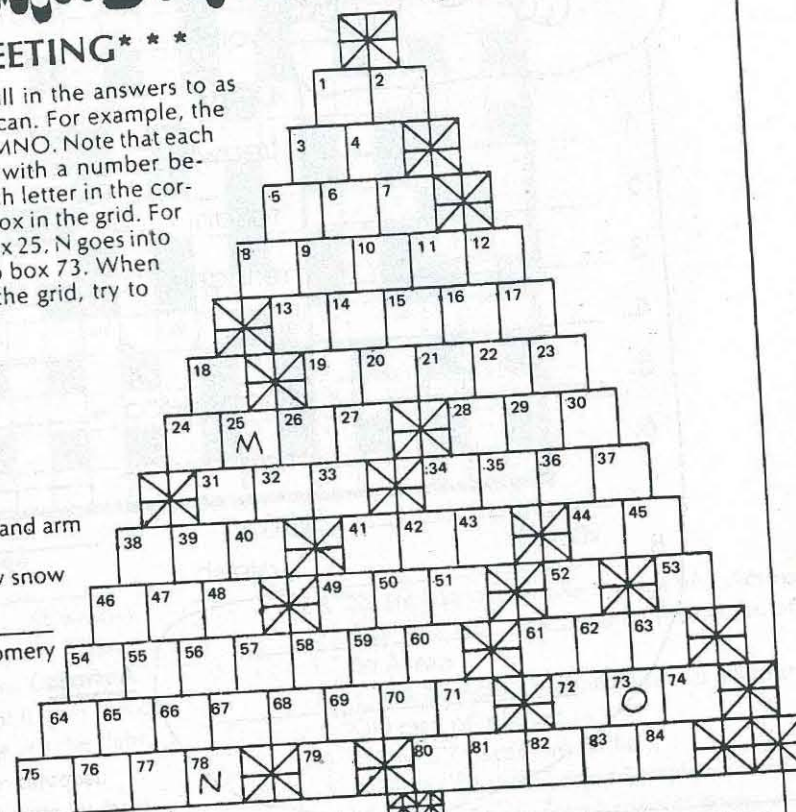
c.  $\frac{71}{32} \frac{49}{52} \frac{62}{38} \frac{74}{10} \frac{47}{6}$

d.  $\frac{77}{64} \frac{67}{35} \frac{17}{50} \frac{45}{46} \frac{36}{65}$

e.  $\frac{64}{54} \frac{35}{16} \frac{50}{58} \frac{46}{39} \frac{65}{40}$

f.  $\frac{64}{54} \frac{35}{16} \frac{50}{58} \frac{46}{39} \frac{65}{40}$

g.  $\frac{64}{54} \frac{35}{16} \frac{50}{58} \frac{46}{39} \frac{65}{40}$



b.  $\frac{63}{71} \frac{79}{49} \frac{27}{62} \frac{44}{74}$

c.  $\frac{71}{32} \frac{49}{52} \frac{62}{38} \frac{74}{10} \frac{47}{6}$

d.  $\frac{77}{64} \frac{67}{35} \frac{17}{50} \frac{45}{46} \frac{36}{65}$

e.  $\frac{64}{54} \frac{35}{16} \frac{50}{58} \frac{46}{39} \frac{65}{40}$

f.  $\frac{64}{54} \frac{35}{16} \frac{50}{58} \frac{46}{39} \frac{65}{40}$

g.  $\frac{64}{54} \frac{35}{16} \frac{50}{58} \frac{46}{39} \frac{65}{40}$

h.  $\frac{61}{15} \frac{21}{59} \frac{69}{55} \frac{23}{4} \frac{51}{42}$

i.  $\frac{15}{2} \frac{59}{11} \frac{55}{9} \frac{4}{41} \frac{42}{14}$

j.  $\frac{2}{76} \frac{11}{18} \frac{9}{24} \frac{41}{37} \frac{14}{43}$

k.  $\frac{76}{57} \frac{18}{20} \frac{24}{82} \frac{37}{72} \frac{43}{30} \frac{83}{48} \frac{83}{68}$

l.  $\frac{57}{61} \frac{20}{21} \frac{82}{69} \frac{72}{55} \frac{30}{4} \frac{48}{42} \frac{68}{42}$

### Answers

A: mno; B: pane; C: fleas; D: laugh; E: error  
F: shout; G: rough; H: elbow; I: fresh; J: white;  
K: forbid; L: thunder; M: Alabama; N: nineteen; O: twenty one.





## Scrambled Stocking

Unscramble the December words below. Then write them on the stocking in ABC order.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_
8. \_\_\_\_\_
9. \_\_\_\_\_
10. \_\_\_\_\_
- yolhl = \_\_\_\_\_
- ganel = \_\_\_\_\_
- treawh = \_\_\_\_\_
- taSan = \_\_\_\_\_
- rerindee = \_\_\_\_\_
- sleve = \_\_\_\_\_
- dancy neca = \_\_\_\_\_
- tigfs = \_\_\_\_\_
- tsra = \_\_\_\_\_
- gleish = \_\_\_\_\_

### Answers

1. angel 2. candy cane 3. elves  
4. figs 5. holly 6. reindeer  
7. Santa 8. sleigh  
9. star 10. wreath

## "HUGH PINE AND THE GOOD PLACE"

Written by Jan Willem van de Wetering

Illustrated by Lynn Munsinger

This is a beautifully written story about Hugh Pine, a sage porcupine who lives in Sorry Bay. Hugh is almost human-like, he walks like one and wears a hat and coat. Life in Sorry Bay is beginning to get to him; what with the squirrels always quarreling, a rabbit losing his home and all the porcupines with their problems always bothering him.

More and more Hugh Pine dreams of the Good Place where he could be left alone. There is that island not so very far away with a lone pine ..... if only he could retire there forever.

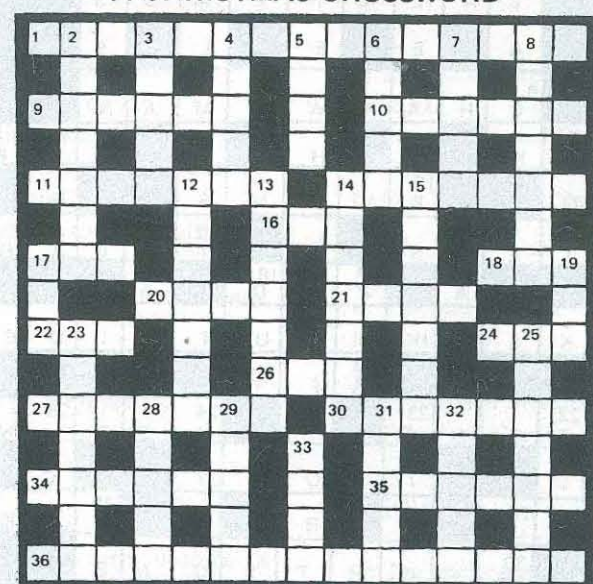
Hugh does get there eventually with the help of his "human" friend, Mr. McTosh, but soon boredom and loneliness begin to set in and Hugh is glad to be back again with all his "bothersome" friends in Sorry Bay.

The moral behind it all: The Good Place is where you happen to be. An excellent book for readers between 7-8 years of age. It is available from the Neilson Hays Library, Junior Section.

Hannah de Boer

# CROSSWORD

## A CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

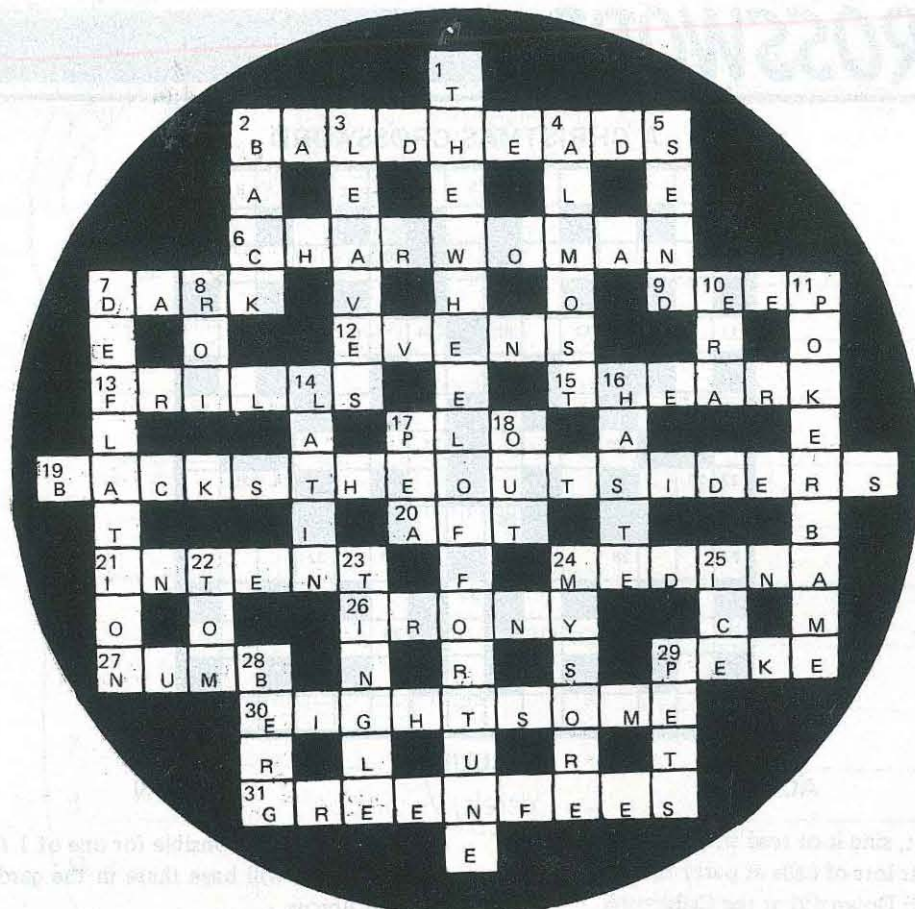
### CLUES

### DOWN

1. Hear it, sing it or read it. (3 words)
9. He gets lots of calls at party time.
10. What 5 Down did at the Crib.
11. The best pantomime will have this cast .....
14. ... and he might be the leading light.
16. Reflux.
17. One was in the Stable.
18. Urge on your breakfast?
- 20 & 21. Fuel for the Festivities.
22. Literary effort that sounds as if it is in debt.
24. Usually attached to the present.
26. Aurora.
27. Nice soap for Milady!
30. Point of no return. (2 words)
34. Be made somehow - looked happy.
35. Might be the legacy of too much Christmas cheer?
36. Might be a Christmas surprise in some countries. (3 words)
- 2 & 23. He was responsible for one of 1 Across.
3. The kids will have these in the garden after 36 Across ...
4. ... and 36 Across will help him on his rounds.
5. Old men of wisdom.
6. Where 17 Across would be.
7. How the Cherubims and Seraphims cried.
- 8 & 25. We hope everybody is doing it on Christmas Day.
12. It's what counts in a Christmas gift, so they say!
13. When 5 Down did 10 Across, they did this too.
14. Has boil ... move around and get rid of it!
15. She once was a maid!
17. Much was made about nothing.
19. Muzzle for a joke.
23. See 2 Down.
25. See 8 Down.
28. Called.
29. Put on.
31. Well-known name you might call for the morning after!
32. A pretty girl might be a bit of this!
33. 9 Across will dispense these.



# LAST MONTH'S SOLUTION



"Well, gee, fella, I usually stop at Cuba anyway!"

# Holiday Season Quiz

## 1) QUOTES FROM THE PAST. Who said:

- "Impropriety is the soul of wit."
- "What an artist dies in me!"
- "There are a lot of lies going around and some of them are true."
- "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step."
- "I am dying with the help of too many physicians"
- "In two words ..... im-possible!"

## 2. QUOTES FROM 1987. Who said:

- "I'd rather die than be photographed without a good layer or two of war-paint."
- "Who could guarantee that an elected Prime Minister would not become a bandit?"
- "I was authorised to do everything I did."
- "Whoever said 'It's not whether you win or lose that counts' probably lost."
- "I gave my youth and beauty to men and now I'm giving my wisdom and experience to animals."
- "I feel like I am reborn!"

## 3. QUOTES ABOUT CHRISTMAS. Who said:

- "A Christmas gambol oft could cheer a poor man's heart through half a year."
- "I am a poor man but I would willingly give ten shillings to find out who sent me the insulting Christmas card I received this morning."
- "At Christmas I no more desire a rose than I wish snow in May's new-fangled mirth."
- "What's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money?"
- "I have often thought that it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter."
- "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents!"

## 4. WHO WROTE:

- What Every Woman Knows.

- Life on the Mississippi.

- XPD.

- Eggs, Beans and Crumpets.

- The Real War.

- The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.

## 5. WHO LIVED AT THESE FICTIONAL ADDRESSES:

- The Mill on the Floss.
- Manderley.
- The Rovers Return.
- 221b Baker Street.
- Blandings Castle.
- Camp Swampy.

## 6. WHO ATE:

- Butter spread too thick.
- Apricocks and dewberries.
- Pickled salmon and cucumber.
- The cheeses out of the vats.
- Bellamy's meat pies.
- Chips with everything.

## 7. WHAT IS / WAS THE MIDDLE NAME OF:

- |             |       |           |
|-------------|-------|-----------|
| a) Julius   | _____ | Caesar.   |
| b) Margaret | _____ | Thatcher. |
| c) William  | _____ | Gilbert.  |
| d) Jimmy    | _____ | Connors.  |
| e) Walter   | _____ | Disney.   |
| f) Nancy    | _____ | Reagan.   |

## 8. WHO IS / WAS THE MOTHER OF:

- Lisa Minelli
- Cupid
- Queen Victoria
- Isaac
- Hamlet
- H.R.H. Princess Kittyhab.

## 9. THE MONTH OF AUGUST. What were the following events?

- |               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 27th Aug 1883 | A disaster.     |
| 4th Aug 1914  | A beginning.    |
| 14th Aug 1945 | An end.         |
| 12th Aug 1961 | A construction. |
| 15th Aug 1987 | A birth.        |
| 29th Aug 1987 | A death.        |



## 10. 1987 SPORT. Who won:

- a) The Ashes
- b) Men's Wimbledon Championship
- c) World Flyweight Boxing Championship
- d) The British Open Golf
- e) U.S. Women's Open Tennis Championship
- f) Rugby Union World Cup.

FINALLY — HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW  
YOUR BANGKOK? What would you find at:

- a) 306 Silom Road.
- b) 29 Sathorn Tai.
- c) 946 Rama IV Road.
- d) 58/4 Soi Ruam Rudi
- e) 179 Soi Asoke
- f) 41/3 Soi Nai Lert.

Answers on Page 48.



The General Committee, the Staff, and all Members of the British Club and their families wish H.M. King Bhumibol Adulyadej a very Happy 60th Birthday.

# CRICKET



# CRICKET



It hasn't rained on opening nets day since records began in 1624; it's true, I've been going through the back-numbers of OUTPOST. This year it did, and, one week later, it is still raining and despite the laying of a new concrete base at the bowler's end, the net area still looks more suitable for ladies' mud-wrestling (now there's an idea to get us out of the cultural desert) than for cricket. Some twenty players old and new turned out for the first weekend's nets, and proceeded to sprain ankles, slip haemorrhoids and decapitate bystanders as they struggled vainly to keep their feet and grip their balls at the same time, no mean feat, as anyone who has tried the Position of the Herd of Elephants at the Watering-Hole on page 185 of the Authorised Version of the Kama Sutra will know. All this under the watchful eye of new captain, Frank Hough, whose face has already taken on that tight-lipped, ashen-faced, early-season Jack Dunford expression of "Woke-up-this-morning-Got-those-Oh-no-we've-got-too-many-players-who-are-we-going-to-leave-out-blues" (©White & Hall 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987). The way the weather is going, and unless a quick dose of British Club amateur managerials can get the nets together, there will be no form to go on, and selection will just have to revert to proven ability to drink the opposition under the table.

The draft fixture-list is out; the British Club appear to be playing all their matches at the end of April; if the rainy season goes on till March, this will give us an advantage. If not, one suspects the advantage lies with Other Teams.

Congratulations to Jack Dunford, who is the new Chairman of the Thailand Cricket League, the first time this position has been occupied by a non-member of the Sports Club.

By the time these ravings are printed, no doubt much will already be out of date and forgotten: the wickets hard and true, the fixture-list logical, Frank phoning round for players at the last minute, and the team on its way to Chiangmai for the traditional opening to the season, all of us thinking "This season we're going to do it; this season I'm going to break all records."

Talking of records, I've just bought a wonderful book with 690 pages of cricket records, including some very esoteric ones (most runs in a second innings by a left-handed number 11 batsman partnering an opening batsman less than 5'6" on a Tuesday morning). The cultural oasis of next year's statistics may be somewhat longer than usual; make a note in your diary now.

David Hall



# DARTS



# DARTS

Roger Daniel, the amiable aimless Craptain of the 'B' team and Terry Adams, treasurer and dartful member of the BC General Committee, organised a fun filled AGM and dinner for all those people who spend Thursday evenings either at the bar or visiting the gin-mills of Krungthep to throw up.

Khun Suraphol, the Club's new Assistant Manager (F&B), put on a tasty menu of a much higher standard than our playing ability, and after getting the Darts Section business out of the way, which took less time than Mike Majer takes to get a double-one, Roger and Terry presented prizes to everyone.

Sherie Fletcher won the trophy for the most closes, and, Frank Hough for the most tons in the 'A' team. Mike Majer also received a genuine trophy for his 180. Chief 'A' team Stars were:

	Tons	Closes
Sherie Fletcher	30	25
Frank Hough	34	15
George O'Brien	27	24
Jim Fletcher	17	18
Mike Majer	15	17



Erika Majer and Roger Daniel. We've got a right one here!



Both teams got in some elbow-bending in preparation for next season.

John Morgan, Mike 'O, Andy and Bob didn't play many games but achieved good averages when they did play, and Mike Evans despite flying around and listening to cricket, scored a creditable 10/16. The fact that Peter Downs, the 'A' team Captain, managed only a 12/11 score was put down to the concentration he put into the job of leading the Lillywhites to their best league position (5th out of 8 in Division 3) since records began in 1919!

By contrast the 'B' team, in typical laid back style, managed only 7th out of 8 in Division 4. Main scorers were:

	Tons	Closes
Andy Pickup	13	21
Terry Adams	12	16
Wan Chaichanla	10	11
Roger Daniel	12	6
Bryan Baldwin	10	10

Jon Semmence with only a handful of appearances at the end of the session achieved a 4/4, Orin scored 4/3, Mike Miles scored 3/1 before leaving for Canada and Jackie Gramond a 5/6 before going to Europe to have a baby.

Pat Daniel, won a prize for a 135 close-out in a 'friendly' against the 'A' team and Jim Fletcher and Bryan Baldwin won prizes for contributing most in fines for getting low scores.

Anyway, for the next season the teams are going to improve their images. The first team will be renamed the 'B.C. Lions' and the serious drinkers, the 'BC Unicorns'. Over the years we've tried almost everything else! What we really need is new players, so if you can face the right



How Frank Hough scored 34 tons standing like that we'll never know.



Orin, Pat Daniel and Terry Adams.

way, and get your darts somewhere on the board most of the time, contact any of the following to sign up for next season.

BC Lions Captain	: Peter Downs
BC Unicorns Captain	: Bryan Baldwin
Treasurer	: Terry Adams

or anyone else you recognise in the photographs.



Sherie Fletcher gets a bottle of bubbly for most closes (25!).



# SOCCER



# SOCCER

Hi there, sports fans!

Wee Eck here with another dispatch from the Football Section. Now let me see where did we leave off? An yes, the story so far. Farang League season started and a played two, won two record. Excitement mounting as the anticipation of our Chiangmai Safari nears reality. Everything looks rosy. Then along came the Germans and French – World War II revisited and times are not so good. And I thought 'Les Frogs' were on our side. But more of that later. First to the happy times.

## CHIANG MAI CHAMPIONSHIP

A travelling party of 14 players, 4 wives and 7 offspring left Bangkok by train and plane on 22nd October.

The bulk were on the overnight train where we sampled the culinary delights of SRT and liberally imbibed in a brew prepared by a certain J Walker Esquire. This nectar appeared to have differing effects on the travellers, with some being reduced to giggles whilst on others it had a more soporific effect. By 2 a.m. however, almost all appeared to be auditioning for the lead role in "Sleeping Beauty" and a

wonderful tranquility descended. Not before Andy Maynard had done a great impression of a card shark and cleared out the matches of at least 6 of us in a friendly game of 'Find the Lady'.

As dawn broke among the hills of Northern Thailand we awoke to brilliant sunshine and thick heads. Who is this J Walker anyway? A baht-bus ride to the Sri Tokyo Hotel, which was to be our base of operations, and a hearty breakfast set us up for the day to come.

We were to complete in a Triangular Tournament with the Chiang Mai Gymkana Club and the Chiang Mai University Staff with two trophies at stake. One was for the outright winner of the tournament, the Chiangmai Challenge, and the second was for the winner of our match against our sister club, who were to prove superb hosts.

The first match was that afternoon against the University staff. An early goal from Frank Hough settled us and we went 2-0 up before half time with a cut back from Casteldine being notched by Massey the Mouth. A good second half display saw further goals by Louis Chantana-komes and a brilliant solo effort by Billy Duncan showing he's not just a master of wit and repar-



*The troops in Chiang Mai.*



*Steve Castledine washing away the evidence of his trip to the zoo.*

tee. The University notched a late consolation.

A few jars at the Gymkana Club then on to a team dinner at 'The Pub' when the ladies and children left the party and the players went for an extra training session. Unfortunately, B Duncan Esquire, who was left to lead the session, did not know as much about the sundry Gymnasiums of Chiang Mai as we were lead to believe (most of them were closed) and we returned to base in a rather sober state (well some of us were).

The Saturday proved to be the highlight of the tour. Our resident 'David Bellamy cum David Attenborough' i.e. Steve Casteldine volunteered to lead an expedition to the local zoo. This was eagerly accepted by all the kids and a few adults and so off we trooped on what was now the adopted team baht-bus. After examining several mammals we came to the Chimpanzee compound to be met by a huge Daddy Chimp who looked as if he had had a heavier night on the town than most of us could imagine.

For some reason he took a dislike to Frank Hough and throwing a banana skin managed to dislodge his spectacles (Frank's that is). Casteldine stupidly threw the skin back. Well Big Daddy got upset and started throwing anything he could lay his hands on at the same Mr. C. Wherever he went he was singled out and a large crowd had gathered to see the fun. Then, disaster for Steve. The cheeky little monkey picked up some excrement and kerpow, hit Mr. C. square in the chest. Euech! Great squeals of delight from the kids and a group of Thai nuns who had gathered. Steve decided it was time to beat a hasty retreat and our biology lesson was over.



*Dad of the Month, Craig Rennie, with young Robert in Chiang Mai.*

In the afternoon we played the Gymkana Club and as the previous game had taken its toll injury-wise, it was a much changed team that started. They had talked us into believing they were weakened by absences and all we had to do was show up to win. They lied! A great game ensued with us scoring first through Andy Massey and the Gymkana Club equalised before half-time. Massey's goal was fit to win a Cup Final with a long cross from Duncan being brilliantly headed in.

An even tighter second half saw Casteldine, recovered from his morning ordeal, squeeze one in at the corner before our host's Captain, Bob Malloy, missed a penalty. Our two nights on the tour were telling, but we held out for a 2-1 win and a brace of Trophies. What was encouraging was the performance of some of our social side, most notably, Mark Twemloe, Peter Downs, Louis Chantanakomes and Grant Upton. They came into the side for an extremely competitive game and did themselves, and the Club, proud.

It was then into the post match celebrations at a soiree laid on by the Gymkana Club and to the biggest surprise of all. The Chiang Mai Challenge Trophy was presented – a 20kg lacquered elephant. A splendid award for a splendid event. A series of fines then ensued for such things as poor tour guide (BD), whisky for breakfast (LF) and so on, but the piece de resistance was the brilliant embezzling of a Bht 500 note from Billy Duncan by Vince Swift which was promptly deposited in the drinks kitty; Cheers Billy! Who says the Scots are mean?



## "BRITISH CLUB GO ON RAMPAGE"

On Sunday we woke up to the above headline in the Bangkok Post. What had we been up to? Surely I wasn't that inebriated? All was revealed when we read on to find it was about a previous match. I knew Duncan and Downs weren't that wild.

Sunday was a free day and most of us did the tourist things. We did put in an appearance at the University/Gymkana game which the latter lost 5-0. Unfortunately, our time was all too short and we bade farewell to our trusty baht-bus driver and headed for home. To Bob Malloy and the membership of the Gymkana Club a warm vote of thanks for unrivalled hospitality. We look forward to returning the compliment. Oh!, Almost forgot, the player of the Tour by popular vote was Steve Casteldine (for on or off the field antics I'm not sure).

### MATCH REPORT

We have managed four league games since I last wrote, with a fifth being postponed. The Germans came first and our usual line up (except for Jim Howard - Mr. Utility - in goal for the absent Craig Rennie) took the field with confidence. Trouble was, there was too much of it. We went 1-0 down after twenty minutes and never really got back in the game. The Germans played a lousy game with much time wasting, but their tactics certainly had us rattled and produced the result they wanted. To tell the truth, we never looked like scoring. Our Man of the Match was Vince Swift, but all in all, a disappointing show.

The next game, against the Swiss, saw a dramatic transformation. A stern team talk and a desire to atone saw us score in the first minute through Andy Massey and never look back. Three further goals from Andy, two from Casteldine and one from Maynard resulted in a 7-2 victory for the Club and we were back on the rails. Man of the Match was, naturally, Andy "I don't just take them, I make them as well" Massey.

Our euphoria was short-lived as we became derailed in the next game against the French. If the Germans upset us, the French did doubly as well. Again, the early sucker punch and we were left chasing the game. We do have a habit of not waking up until half way through the first half. We are also a soft touch for a bad refereeing decision, taking it as a personal insult. The French played quite well, despite a few off-the-ball incidents, and came away with a 2-0 win. Man of the Match for us was "Old Father Time" himself, Jim Howard. The match also saw the introduction of new member, John Cockcroft, to the squad.

The French were followed by the Indians who traditionally give us a hard game. To cut it short, we turned in an extremely disciplined performance, despite attempts at provocation, and registered a 2-0 victory thanks to goals from, yes you've guessed, Massey and Casteldine. It was one of our more satisfying displays and Man of the Match went to Vince Swift. It also set us up well for our next match which is to be a top of the table clash against Mercedes Benz.

The final game was (at last!) one for the Casuals against the combined might of Her Majesty's Australian Ships, Swan and Geraldton. A great time was had by all and a 2-2 result about fair. The Casuals' goals were scored by Duncan Niven and Rory Thompson, the first a brilliant (cough) diving header, whilst Jim Howard also got one for the Aussies, purely unintentional I'm told. The merry matelots were fortunate to equalise in the last minute.

### POST SCRIPTS

A good month all round, despite two set backs. Our first two trophies, some good football, and a great tour. Activities off the field include Frank Hough and Wee Eck coaching Bangkok Soccer League teams (which are both top of their respective age groups), Steve Casteldine's ISB team finishing second in the prestigious International Schools Tournament in Jakarta, and the Bennington family's invasion of China.

And now - an Irish joke:

Paddy goes for a job and the foreman says:

How many O'Levels do you have?

Paddy : 275

Foreman : Are you trying to be funny?

Paddy : Well, you started it....

FINALLY (honest):

A platoon of Infantrymen were struggling through the jungle, closely pursued by a strong enemy detachment. They were short of virtually every supply, and forced marches (along with the ravages of malaria and dysentery) had made them weak and vulnerable.

Suddenly, they came to wide river, in which could be seen many crocodiles. There was no way out; safety lay on the other bank, certain death awaited them if they stayed where they were. But the men could not be expected to swim, weakened as they were and laden with equipment; no one could be expected to survive a 50 yard swim in a river infested with savage beasts. Yet, a rope had to be secured to the other side.

The Captain addressed his men, explaining the position to them. There was no other solution; it was a rope bridge or nothing. A brave man was needed; his chances of survival were low.

Up piped the cook, a meek little man from the Gorbals: "I'll take the rope across, sur," he said. "I'll make it, all right." "You're a stout soul, McGilligan," said the Captain, "this feat of bravery will be a shining example to future soldiers, and will always be remembered as an unparalleled feat of courage in the annals of the Regiment. Laddie, you can still withdraw your offer; I'd hate to see anyone going deliberately to almost certain death."

"Dinna you fash yersel, sur, I'll be a'richt," replied McGilligan, and off he set, the precious rope around his waist.

His comrades watched anxiously as the crocodiles swam up to him and turned away. McGilligan trudged steadily on and suddenly, there he was, waving cheerily from the far bank.

The bridge was soon ready, and within the hour, the platoon was safe on the other side.

The Captain called McGilligan up in front of the assembled platoon, and, after praising his bravery, asked how it was that he wasn't eaten alive by the crocodiles.

"Well, sur, there's a simple explanation. On ma chest ah've got tattooed "Rangers for the European Cup" and no' even a crocodile will swallow that." (Ed: Groan.....)

Well, I'm off to the UK on Christmas hols. From all in the Football Section "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Alex Forbes

## TENNIS TENNIS

In lieu of a tax rebate, Mrs. Thatcher has given the Tennis Section its choice of Embassy personnel in Thailand as its next Chairperson. After about thirty seconds of spirited debate in the bar one Monday evening, the Ambassador, Derek Tonkin, was unanimously elected. Dick Chessman, having recently become a tax exile and absentee slum landlord, decided he could no longer risk a job with so much publicity and potential press exposure; he continues, however, to graft on the committee.

The recent Round Robin was attended by a very hard core of six. The gods were on our side and all the games were played before the

rains came down. The men's winner was John Sill and Phyl Xumsai carried off the ladies' prize. We are hoping to run a similar tournament in January and guarantee to give you more than two days notice this time! For details, see the tennis noticeboard.

There has been a recent influx of new members into the ranks of the Tennis Section and club social times are well supported with a good standard of friendly tennis being played - long may this continue!

Please note that, from now on the official rate of payment for the ballboys is £20 per hour.



# Holiday Season Quiz

## Answers

1. a) W. Somerset Maugham  
b) Emperor Nero  
c) Winston Churchill  
d) Napoleon Bonaparte  
e) Alexander the Great  
f) Samuel Goldwyn
2. a) Joan Collins  
b) M.R. Kukrit Pramoj  
c) Col. Oliver North  
d) Martina Navratilova  
e) Bridget Bardot  
f) Kavit Boonrungrana - (after his organ transplant)
3. a) Sir Walter Scott (Marmion)  
b) George Grossmith (Diary of a Nobody)  
c) William Shakespeare (Love's Labour's Lost)  
d) Scrooge (Charles Dickens - A Christmas Carol)  
e) Sir Roger de Coverley (Addison - The Spectator)  
f) Jo March (L.M. Alcott - Little Women)
4. a) J.M. Barrie  
b) Mark Twain  
c) Len Deighton  
d) P.G. Wodehouse  
e) Richard Nixon  
f) Hillaire Belloc
5. a) Magpie Tulliver (George Eliot)  
b) Rebecca (Daphne du Maurier)  
c) Annie Walker (Coronation Street)  
d) Sherlock Holmes (A. Conan Doyle)  
e) The Earl of Emsworth and his Pig  
f) P.G. Wodehouse  
g) Beetle Bailey (Comic Strip)
6. a) The Carpenter (Alice Through the Looking Glass - Carroll)  
b) Bottom (A Midsummer Night's Dream - Shakespeare)  
c) Sarah Gamp (Martin Chuzzlewit - Dickens)
7. a) Gaius  
b) Hilda  
c) Schwenk  
d) Scott  
e) Elias  
f) Frances
8. a) Judy Garland  
b) Venus  
c) The Duchess of Kent  
d) Sarah  
e) Gertrude  
f) H.R.H. Princess Somsawali, Royal Consort.
9. a) Krakatoa erupted - world's greatest volcanic explosion.  
b) 1st. World War began.  
c) Surrender of Japan ended World War II.  
d) The Berlin Wall was erected overnight by the Communists.  
e) Thailand's first Test Tube baby.  
f) The Bangkok World.
10. a) England  
b) Pat Cash  
c) Sot Chitlada  
d) Nick Faldo  
e) Martina Navratilova  
f) New Zealand.
11. a) Central Department Store  
b) Alliance Francaise  
c) Dusit Thani Hotel  
d) Neil's Tavern  
e) Singh Beer House  
f) Cleopatra!

## COMMITTEE



**JACK DUNFORD**  
(Chairman)  
Office: 236-0211  
Home: 286-1356



**RICHARD HOPKINS**  
(Entertainment)  
Office: 286-2642  
Home: 211-9620



**BRIAN HEATH**  
(Vice-Chairman)  
Office: 282-9161 x 191  
Home: 321-1723



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Home: 381-1329



**MICHAEL D. RYAN**  
(Treasurer)  
Office: 235-1940-9  
Home: 251-6106



**VINCE SWIFT**  
(Membership/ Publicity)  
Office: 252-4294  
Home: 258-8522



**MICHAEL BALL**  
(Food & Beverage)  
Office: 236-7348  
Home: 579-1419



**ALISTAIR RIDER**  
(Membership/ Publicity)  
Office: 251-9905  
Home: 251-8369



**DAVID HALL**  
(Personnel)  
Office: 529-0100 x 2867  
Home: 392-2410



**DAVID WILLIAMSON**  
(Manager)  
Office: 234-0247, 234-2592  
Home: 258-8522



**TERRY ADAMS**  
(Sports)  
Office: 381-2022  
381-2227/9  
Home: 253-9653 x 51A



**SURAPOL EKWANAPOL**  
(Asst. Manager: Food & Beverage)  
Office: 234-0247, 234-2592



# ACTIVITIES

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

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BRIDGE	- MIKE EVANS	236-8655-8
CRICKET	- FRANK HOUGH	391-7192
DARTS	- MIKE MAJER	513-1970
GOLF	- RON ARMSTRONG	390-2445
LADIES' GOLF	- PENNY WHALLEY	258-9415
OUTPOST	- MAREN WHITE	258-1481
RUGBY	- FIACRE HENSEY	234-3031
SOCCER	- ALEX FORBES	260-1950
SQUASH	- MIKE KELLY	253-0191 x 220
LADIES' SQUASH	- BARBARA OVERINGTON	260-1965
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