

FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENTS
SUB
T CLUB OF
HAILAND

DATELINE BANGKOK

Volume 3, July-August 1984

How we fare — P. 7

Unfortunate soldier — P. 14



Why wait for Christmas?

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Message from the President

1984 FCCT Executive Committee

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Far Eastern Economic Review	252-2271
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Geoffrey Goddard, Bangkok Post/Allied Newspapers	233-8030
Associate Director (Social Programs)	
Donald H. McAllister, Jr., Manufacturers Hanover Trust	235-0796-99
Professional Committee Chairman	
Rodney Tasker	251-1139
Far Eastern Economic Review	

Dear Members :

The past few months have been rather hectic for the Executive Board as we shifted home from the Oriental Plaza to the new Clubhouse on top of the Dusit Thani Hotel.

But despite a last-minute rush, the relocation proceeded pretty much on schedule. I am pleased to inform you that we have now firmly settled down at one of the best locations in Bangkok ; and various aspects of Club activities appear highly promising.

In spite of some minor hitches, the official opening on July 2nd, presided over by senior statesman M.R. Kukrit Pramoj, turned out to be an overwhelming success. In sum, we can look forward to the start of an exciting new era for the FCCT.

Under the able direction of 2nd Vice President and Programme Director Norman Bottorff (American Broadcasting Company), the regular Wednesday-night programmes continued to draw big crowds. There was a temporary but minor setback as Norman was taken down by hepatitis; but thanks to Corresponding Secretary Yuli Shubert (TEMPO) who filled in the slot, programmes went uninterrupted. Norman has since been back in action, although he is due to go off on home leave in September when Yuli once again will be acting captain. Organising programmes, as I once did in 1982, is a difficult task. Therefore, we always welcome ideas, suggestions and more importantly, volunteers to help do the job. In this connection, a quick note of thanks to Denis Gray (AP) and Jim Wolf (AFP) for giving a helping hand.

The recently introduced daily buffet lunch has proven more successful than we expected. During the initial four-week period, daily attendance averaged 25-30 people. This is unprecedented in FCCT history, particularly in light of the fact that the luncheon crowd at the old Clubhouse was virtually non-existent. For those of you who have not tried the buffet, now is the time to do it. Bring along friends and spread the word around. For the price of Baht 110, the



● Foreign Minister Air Chief Marshal Siddhi Savetsila (centre) enjoys a cocktail and a friendly chat before addressing the Club at a function held at the Dusit Thani's Napalai ballroom on Wednesday, June 27. Pictured with ACM Siddhi are, from left : Club Professional Committee chairman Rodney Tasker, Club Correspondent Director-Membership Jose Katigbak, Club President Paisal Sricharatchanya and Under-Secretary of State, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Arsa Sarasin.

The sun-downer session at 5-7 p.m. (when drinks are served at reduced prices) is becoming equally popular. Make the Club your rendezvous for after-work relaxation and enjoy the fabulous ambience as the sun sinks over Bangkok's horizon. In addition to an hour-long screening of musical tapes on Friday night, we are trying to obtain news tapes from American as well as other international television networks for screening on other nights. More details on this in upcoming Club bulletins.

Since we moved into the new Clubhouse, there has been a distinct upturn in overall membership. At press time, total membership stands at 522. It is no secret that assorted facilities

at the new Clubhouse combine to produce an extra attraction. Equally important, the energetic recruitment drive by Membership Director Maxine North (North Star Co.) must be commended. Given the current trend and future membership growth potential, the Club may eventually have to consider restricting overall membership. As the first step towards that direction, the Executive Board has decided to revamp the membership structure by creating in essence two new membership categories : namely Journalist and Corporate. The former is designed to accord the professional status to journalists working for the local news media who in the past have been lumped into the Associate Membership category. Meanwhile, the



● Elder statesman and renaissance figure M.R. Kukrit Pramoj poses with Executive Committee members after officially opening our new Clubhouse atop the Dusit Thani Hotel on Monday, July 2. From left : First Vice-President Koji Ezawa, Associate Director-Membership Mrs. Maxine North, Corresponding Secretary Yuli Ismartono Shubert, President Paisal Sricharatchanya, Recording Secretary Mrs. Annabel Anderson, M.R. Kukrit, Second Vice-President Norman Bottorff, Correspondent Director-Social Programs Geoffrey Leach (party obscured), Professional Committee chairman Rodney Tasker, and Associate Director-Social Programs Donald McAllister. The event drew a crowd of 190.

latter is extended to banks, airlines, multinational and local corporations. Once approved and ratified, the changes will not alter the traditionally dominant voting rights of Correspondent Members.

An Extraordinary General Meeting called on July 7th to consider and approve changes relating to the membership structure failed to materialise owing to the lack of a quorum. The Executive Board has decided to effect the proposed changes through a referendum by mail. By the time you receive this magazine, the referendum might have already been set into motion. If not, you will soon receive circular

letters outlining details of the proposed changes to which your response is requested.

As a closing remark, I would like to thank those of you who have been supporting the Club all along and urge new members to participate in various aspects of Club activities. Together, we will make the new Clubhouse a success and the FCCT an even more solid institution.

With best personal regards,

Paisal Sricharatchanya

Their favourite food spots

For lovers of fine food of all kinds, Thailand is paradise. But where do members of the executive committee like eating most. Here's a sample selection:

For Recording Secretary **Annable Anderson** "...definitely" the Little Home Bakery near the President Hotel, where every Saturday or Sunday morning I indulge in a breakfast of french pancakes decorated with real strawberries. Only after I have indulged in such a breakfast and have read the morning newspapers do I really feel that the stage has been set for the coming weekend. But I'm not saying who I have that weekend breakfast with..." For Associate Director-Publicity **Geoffrey Goddard**... "It's at the end of a narrow road which climbs up and around through the jungle to a peak which affords sweeping views over Phuket Muang District to the sluggish waters of the Bay of Phuket beyond. It's that splendid view from the top of Khao Rang which helps to make the Tunkka Cafe my favourite eating place in Thailand. I like to walk up to the restaurant from the town, timing myself so that I arrive sweaty and fatigued at about 5.30 p.m. As an evening hush descends over the surrounding jungle (the restaurant is in the Khao Rang Public Park), I like to savour a quiet beer on the terrace and revel in the gentle arrival of dusk and the sight of lights coming

on in the town, and later, far out at sea the last wisps of daylight melting gradually into darkness. Then, as the night sounds from the jungle begin to well into a crescendo, comes the second great joy of the Tunkka Cafe. It's menu. 'Cafe' is being modest, because this restaurant offers some of the best fare in Phuket, with a heavy accent, naturally, on seafood. The restaurant is on several levels and while the terrace is my choice, you can also eat "inside"—in an open-walled sala with a palm thatch roof. The menu is extensive, prices are reasonable, service is courteous and quick. The view may tempt you to linger, but don't stay too late—that is unless, you want to walk back to town."

President **Paisal Sricharatchanya** says "the decor at My Choice (Sukhumvit Soi 33, Tel. 391-1304) is certainly no match to some of the plusher (and more expensive) Thai-food restaurants in Bangkok. But when it comes to the quality of food and pricing, My Choice is second to none. Converted from a cocktails bar some times ago, the restaurant has built up a solid reputation in recent years for preparing simple Thai ingredients in a uniquely different style.

Some of the house's favourites include fried prawn in lemon gravy, steamed duck with Bai Tam Lueng (green vegetable) Mala Pad Pet (bitter gourd fried with chilli sauce), Tom Kar Pla

Chon (fish in coconut milk and ginger soup). Even the good old Tod Man (fish cake) is worth a try. In fact, most items on the menu are appealing. Small servings make it possible to order a wide variety. The tap on a hearty meal for four should fall in the range of Baht 500—that is, of course, if you don't drink too many beers. The restaurant is normally crowded at dinner time; reservation is thus recommended."

"If I were asked to name my favourite eating place in the whole wide world, I would say 'Cafe d' Amigo in Hong Kong!! without a moment's hesitation, confesses Associate Director-Membership, **Mrs. Maxine North**.

But to name my favorite eating place in Thailand is something else. My own home comes first because I am addicted to yoghurt and fresh fruit and freshly squeezed fruit juices and fresh crisp salads and raw vegetable juice, and I can only get all of those things at home. I used to have several favorite "eating out" places, but these have now all given way to the new FCCT Clubhouse in the Dusit Thani Hotel, where the daily lunchtime buffet is DELICIOUS! The excellent buffet combined with the intimate, convivial atmosphere of a members only club topped off with the best view in town, now puts the FCCT Clubhouse at the top of my list of favorite eating places in Thailand."



ABOVE: UPI correspondent John Hall chats with Vietnamese Foreign Ministry official at Hanoi's Noi Bai Airport in July. About a dozen correspondents, including Voice of America's new Bangkok bureau chief David Dyer, right, witnessed the handover of eight boxes of remains to a delegation of American MIA experts. Photo by Peter Eng, AP.



BELOW: Two dashing Englishmen, club general manager Eric Brighten and former treasurer Julian Spindler share a light-hearted moment at a recent function. Gesticulating in the background is club stalwart Norman Bottorff.

Correspondents' who's who

Club President Paisal Sricharatchanya

(Far Eastern Economic Review)

Far Eastern Economic Review correspondent and FFCT President Paisal Sricharatchanya, who has spent most of his career in daily journalism, thrives on the challenge offered by his position with his weekly magazine. "It's more difficult to do a good job for a weekly than for a daily," he said. "On a daily, the day is finished when the paper goes to bed (goes to print). "On a weekly there isn't any one day you can go home and say "That's finished." According to Paisal, writing for a daily "is more straightforward. Writing for a weekly needs to be more analytical, it needs more background."

It is a challenge that Paisal has ably met and he draws great pride from the fact that he is one of the few Thais who is a "full-time, fully-fledged foreign correspondent."

He wishes he wasn't one of the few. "It is a pity that there are not more Thais in a similar position; quite a few are capable but opportunities do not arise (for them).

And he complains that the attitude of many foreign news media organisations has prevented these opportunities from arising. "They argue that a local person may not be able to write objectively on certain issues," he said. "I think that argument is wrong," he said and cited wider perspective and greater understanding as being among the obvious advantages of hiring locals as foreign correspondents.

Paisal, 32, grew up in Talad Noi, in the heart of Bangkok's bustling, crowded and colourful Chinatown district. His parents,



who had emigrated to Thailand from Swatow in southern China, were of modest means. "My parents could not afford to send me to university," he said, and he attended the prestigious Assumption Commercial College. For a youth who was later to embark on a career in English language journalism it was to prove a propitious choice. Most of the classes at Assumption are conducted in English. A highlight of his education was being awarded an American Field Service scholarship, which enabled him to study in the US in 1969-70.

Paisal joined the Bangkok Post as a reporter in mid-1971. His first promotion came only two years later when he was appointed Assistant News Editor, a position in which he alternated between the Post and the Bangkok World. Two years later he was appointed the Post's City Editor, in charge of the reporting staff. It was during this period that his job nearly cost him his life.

In early July 1974 the arrest of a taxi-driver in Bangkok's Plabplachai area triggered a riot which left about 40 people dead. Paisal had gone to the scene to coordinate news teams coverage when he found himself caught between the police and the rioters. "I had a cocked pistol pointed at me from less than two metres away; he said. One wrong move

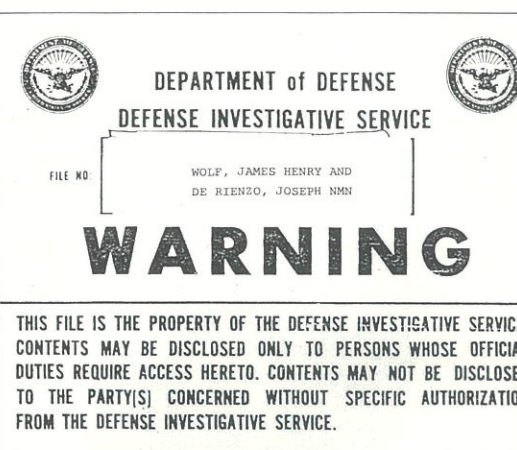
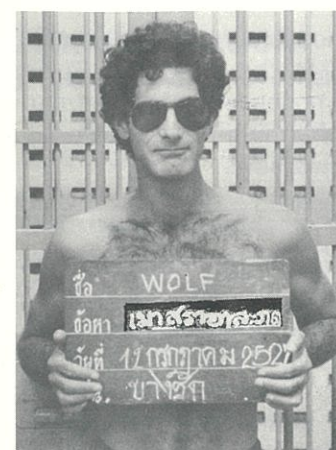
and he would have been dead. He was also beaten and one wound in his head needed several stitches. "They didn't believe I was from the press," he said. A senior police officer visited Paisal in hospital to apologise for the incident.

Ironically, Paisal's quick rise up the hierarchy at the Post came about partly because of its opposition newspaper, The Nation. "A lot of good journalists had left the Post to join the Nation, it had left quite a vacuum" he said.

In late 1977 Paisal left the Post to begin what he described as one of his "most interesting periods" in journalism. He was one of a three-man core team which set up the editorial department for Business Times. "We had to set up the editorial department from scratch," he said. It was one of the brightest and most comprehensive English-language newspapers to roll off a press in Bangkok. It was also probably the most short-lived, a fact lamented by many in Bangkok. The paper began publishing in the second quarter of 1978. Financial problems resulted in it folding in mid-1979.

In the period before he joined the Far Eastern Economic Review in 1981, Paisal worked at a variety of jobs, including a valuable period with UPI-TN. He also wrote for local and overseas publications and worked on television documentaries produced by European and Japanese networks.

Paisal, his lovely wife Valaiporn (Nid) and their daughters Hemakarn (nicknamed "Cherry")s and "Look Pear" ("No chue ching yet), live in Phra Khanong.



Director Central Intelligence Agency Langley, VR

Dear Bill,

We're stumped too. Our files show they're yanks alright, though working for Agence France-Presse. Apparently this has something to do with those long French-style vacations, a weakness for camembert and chateau margaux, and fond memories of le pont des arts.

Wolf comes from Mamaroneck, New York; De Rienzo is from Shingle Springs, California (for real).

The French connection dates from 1973 for Wolf, who moved to Paris on a whim after dropping out of college. Began his professional life as a Dolphin keeper at the Moulin Rouge, where (with some help from the Sorbonne) he picked up the language from stage hands and, sources say, the can-can from the showgirls.

He freelanced his way from a perch at La Coupole, close to the late Jean-Paul Sartre's, to the Paris office of AP-Dow Jones, where he monitored the dollar's nosedive against most major currencies (Ou Sont Les Neiges D'Antan, Huh Bill?)

Next he went stateside with Dow Jones-Bunker Ramo

News Retrieval service, a computerised data bank, before being transferred to the AP-Dj News desk in New York. Joined AFP in 1976, working on the English desk and flogging stories on the side to the International Herald Tribune and the Paris Metro. AFP shipped him to Bangkok in December 1979, a few days before Afghanistan blew. He was on the first flight into Kabul when the airport reopened and spent the next three months covering Afghanistan from India.

Since then occasional trips in the region as "Fireman," including the student-led uprising in Kwangju, South Korea, the OPEC conference in Bali and Asean meetings in Jakarta. Due to begin a sabbatical year here by November 1, reportedly to learn Thai properly, knock some shape into an aging carcass and write a book.

De Rienzo's an interesting one too. Worked at Bangkok Post immediately after arrival in Thailand in 1971, played guitar and banjo with the Bangkok Jazz club Sunday's at the Napoleon. Quit the paper to enter Thammasat University (Thai/Southeast Asian History), his study coinciding with the period 14 October 1973 to 6 October 1976 when the school

was the focus of political turmoil in the capital.

Ties with the French apparently date from 1976, when he joined AFP Bangkok while still a student. Worked as local reporter, monitoring Thai and Indochinese radios and making frequent trips to the Cambodian Border to try to piece together life in Cambodia under the Khmer Rouge.

Subsequently enlisted in the U.S. Navy "To do my part to protect the American tight jeans industry." After intensive Chinese studies, became an officer (if not a gentleman) and was posted where the Navy could best make use of his linguistic training-boring holes in the middle of the Indian Ocean on a 450-foot submarine chaser.

He then resigned and went back to the Bangkok office of the world's finest news agency. Defense Dept. records show Thai, Lao, French, Chinese and some English. Takes advantage of Thai education to concentrate on Thai Political/Military scene. Is also local correspondent for Jane's Defence Weekly.

Still plays music, other recreational pastime appears

to be terrorising pedestrians with one of Bangkok's biggest, ugliest motorcycles. Pretends to be committed, career journalist, but once revealed under

sodium pentathol that his life's ambition was to "Eat Macaroni and get a suntan."

Their greatest redeeming characteristic is that both are

married to outstanding women, Wolf to the delightful Suzie Creamcheese and De Rienzo to the charming Tuyet, mother of his two sons.

Richard Borsuk

The Asian Wall Street Journal

ASIA Wall Street Journal Thailand correspondent Richard Borsuk, 32, has spent 10 of his 14 years in journalism in Southeast Asia. He began his career with the Wisconsin State Journal in Madison. The State capital, Madison, is home town for both Richard and his parents. His father, a professional jazz pianist, lectures in music at the university Richard was later to attend. His older brother Alan is a journalist with the Milwaukee Journal. Richard had a humble beginning in journalism, but one which many journalists will attest provides a valuable grounding in the profession. He was 16 and still at high school when he joined the Wisconsin State Journal as a part-time copy boy. At 18 he began writing for the newspaper but didn't begin a full-time career with it until after completing his studies at the University of Wisconsin. He worked 30 hours a week at the newspaper while studying full-time and looking back, wonders how he managed. Richard graduated with a Bachelor of Arts, majoring in Asian Studies, which explains his interest in the region. His studies included three years of Mandarin, which left him quite proficient in the language.

He came to Hong Kong in 1974 and a short time later landed a job as a sub-editor with the China Mail. "It was a good rag which folded about



six months after I joined; I hope there was no connection." One of his colleagues at the China Mail was Rodney Tasker, now the Bangkok-based chief correspondent for the Far Eastern Economic Review. In September 1974 Richard joined AFP as a copy editor, handling copy sent in by its bureaux throughout the region. After two valuable years with AFP, he "inverted the acronym" and joined the PFA, the Press Foundation of Asia. The foundation is Manila-based, but he worked out of Hong Kong writing general feature stories for the PFA's Depthnews agency, a position which enabled him to travel extensively throughout the region. In 1978 he was transferred by the PFA to Kuala Lumpur, where he joined Asiaweek magazine a year later. He covered Malaysia for Asiaweek for two years before joining the Asia Wall Street Journal in early 1981. After a brief stint at head office in Hong Kong, he assumed his present position in May 1981.

"The Journal is professionally very satisfying to work for," said Richard, who has

earned widespread respect for his coverage of Thailand. "It's nice to have a whole country as your beat, you learn so much about its culture, traditions, agriculture, economics."

He is defensive about his reporting role and bristles at the "business journalist" label "We're looked on (by some other journalists) as a different class because we cover what is perceived as a boring subject."

"I have come to very much believe that the economy is at the centre of so many things in any country and it's important to try to have a grasp of economic conditions to report well, fully on a country."

It's a much more exciting area to cover than many people think, especially in growing area like Asia," he said, adding that his experience in business journalism gave him an advantage over correspondents who had only covered general and political issues.

Richard has no plans to leave Asia. "I really enjoy it; it's a very stimulating place to work."

There are many good stories to be covered, like in the countryside, you get a feeling that things are happening. In a five-day trip to the Northeast for example, you can learn so much about Thailand."

Richard enjoys living and working in Thailand. "There are lots of good stories, lots of good people. Many issues involving economics have been under-reported so there's a lot more to be done," he said.

Naoki Mabuchi

Freelance cameraman

Born 40 years ago in Tokyo, Japan, Naoki has spent 13 years in this region including four years covering the war in Kampuchea. He was wounded twice on the battle field. One of only two movie cameramen to document the triumphant entry of the Khmer Rouge into Phnom Penh in April, 1975, he was among the last of the foreigners to leave Kampuchea, escorted out by the KR through Aranyaprathet (Poipet).

He was the only Asian journalist among a score of foreign journalists taking refuge inside the French Embassy in Phnom Penh in April, 1975. He became well-known, at least in Japan, for his rare coverage of news in Kampuchea.

While in the French Embassy in Phnom Penh, Naoki was accused by many Western Journalists of being a member of the Japanese Red Army because he dared to venture out into the city daily to talk to the KR soldiers and people. "I was shocked by the accusation by such prominent journalists, just because I did not cower in fear like them, thinking that the KR soldiers would kill me. They (the journalists) would not accept me as normal, I must be a Red Army member," said Naoki. "The truth is that not even one journalist or foreigner was harmed at all though there were many among them who were CIA people, Naoki said. The journalists confiscated his camera in the Embassy, which was another shock to him.

Naoki tried to stay behind with his Khmer wife, Sayhong, to cover the Kampuchean revolution. He was told by the authorities that he had to leave. They had no time to take care



of foreign guests. "I asked them how long it would take to rebuild their country. They told me one year." In April, 1976, one year later, I ventured to Poipet and was arrested and detained by the KR for 8 days. "During his detention, stories were written that Naoki was tortured and that his head was shaven bald. All the stories were untrue. A local newspaper in Bangkok also accused him of being a Red Army member."

When I was released, I said that I saw no killing and the countryside around Poipet was peaceful. I was fed properly and after 8 days I even got fatter. I saw people working peacefully in the fields. This is not what the journalists wanted to hear, so they accused me of being a Red Army member."

Through all these experiences, Naoki feels very strongly that the Kampuchean story has been greatly distorted and exaggerated due to prejudice and hypocrisy on the part of many journalists.

"When I was detained in Poipet, the authorities understood my reason for coming to Kampuchea and forwarded my request to Phnom Penh but the government said no, not this time, I should come through the proper diplomatic channel.

At the beginning of 1979, Naoki went to Aranyaprathet to cover the Vietnamese invasion of Kampuchea. Since then he has never been far from the action, small and big. Recalls Naoki. "I was there right from the beginning. The Khmer people were there right along the border in early 1979, they were not in good shape. I crossed the border to talk to them and persuaded them to bring the sick across the border to the International Red Cross and aid agencies in Thailand. Eventually they trusted me and understood my intentions. I was able to communicate with them and there were good mutual feelings."

From June 1979 Naoki started working for ABC news as their resident cameraman in Thailand. The highlight: covering the Vietnamese incursion at Non Mak Moon in July 1980, Naoki was right in the front, amidst the exploding bombs, and shells. He was the one who filmed the dramatic downing of a Thai helicopter and an L19 spotter plane by Vietnamese gunners.

Naoki interviewed Pol Pot in Dec. 1979 after his resignation as prime minister of the DK government. He is one of the few newsmen who has met and talked to all the top leaders of the KR.

Naoki today remains thoroughly committed to the Khmer people and their aspirations. He has been inside Kampuchea many times, coordinating non-governmental aid to the three factions of the anti-Vietnamese coalition forces. Last year he spent 10 weeks trekking with the KR forces to Tonle Sap region. His rare footage of the trip has been widely sought by research scholars studying the Kampuchean conflict.

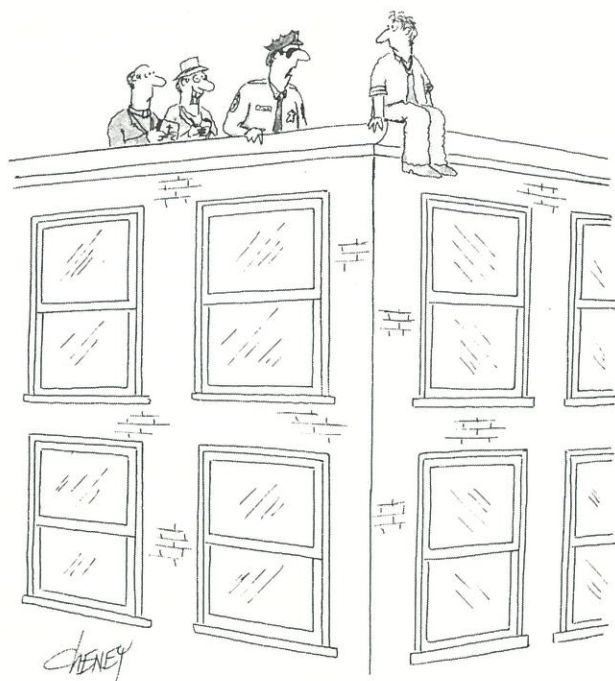
Says Naoki, "There is no the greater fear than fear of your own mind or imagination." Naoki has travelled three times round the world working as a

still photographer and writer. Of his trips and experiences he says, "I found in Asia, people are lively and living vividly although there is chaos. Europe

on the other hand is dead, and America is fake, like Las Vegas.. a castle on sand."



Food, glorious food! At one of his last appearances at the clubhouse atop the Dusit Thani, former president David Hyatt heads a long queue at a sumptuous buffet. For those who haven't tried it yet, the daily lunchtime buffet is one of the best food bargains in Bangkok. Drop up.



"I don't know what to tell you, pal... The padre here wants you to pray for strength, and the guy from the Midnight Herald Tattler wants you to aim for that picket fence down there."

DON'T WAIT

Psst : If you have friends interested in joining the Club, tell them now's the right time to act. Membership has soared since we moved into our plush new Clubhouse atop the Dusit Thani Hotel (with applications averaging 10 a week) and it's likely that the executive will have to set a limit. Membership rates are more than reasonable: 4,000 baht (for singles) and 4,500 baht (with spouse). For the record: In the period since we moved into our new clubhouse in early June up until July 24, total membership (all categories) rose from 496 to 535.

Communicating in India

As a public service to fellow correspondents, Dave Hatcher of CBS has most kindly provided a list of common words and expressions likely to be encountered on the sub-continent. For reporters covering events in India, a few moments studying the following terms would be time well-spent indeed :

"Which place?" means : "Excuse me, sir, what country do you come from?"

"What is your good name, sir?" means "Excuse me, sir, what is your family name?"

"What is your chance number?" means "Excuse me, sir, what is your place on the waiting list for this flight?" (Domestic flights are so often up to 100% overbooked, that waiting lists are de rigueur.)

"Very less time," as in making an overseas telephone call and expressing urgency, then asking the operator how long it might take to connect the call : Her answer "Very less time."

"As a common man..." means "If you want my unsolicited and usually totally irrelevant opinion, this is what I would say..."

"Do the needful!" is used to admonish civil servants and officious bureaucrats to do their job, instead of discussing why they can't do it.

"Don't be a meeting-monger!" Another warning to civil servants and bureaucrats, to do their jobs and stop discussing why they can't do them.

"Chickie-chickie" means "Excuse me, waiter, could you please bring me my check?"

"Floorwash" The easiest way to spell the most common pronunciation for the plural of "flower".

As on the occasion where a hotel guest hears a knock on his door, opens it, and finds a hotel maid asking him "Floorwash?" meaning, "May I change the flowers in your hotel room, sir?"

"...-wallah" : suffix for occupations in India : for a television news crew, these are :

"voice-wallah" reporter
"picture-wallah" cameraman
"noise-wallah" soundman
"stick-wallah" ladder or tripod-carrier
"mike-wallah" crewmember holding the microphone during an interview
"wheel-wallah" driver

"Voice-wallee" two or more TV reporters

"Write-wallee" two or more print media reporters

"If gate is closed, is not my happen!" Translation : "Don't blame me if the door's locked; I didn't do it."

"Lane driving is sane driving." Traffic sign to keep wheel-wallee from filling the gaps between lanes on a Delhi street.

"Wood is good ; tree is better!" Translation : Refrain from cutting down the forests.

"I'll be telling you one time, and I'll be telling you two times, but I'll not be telling you a second time!" means "Stop asking me to repeat everything I say!" (even though I'm talking so fast I know you can't understand most of it!)

Holes in the macho image

Robert K. Brown, editor of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine and occasional visitor to the FCCT, was featured in the *Boston Globe* March 30 in a piece by Mike Royko. After he's taught the Salvadorian freedom fighters how to shoot, may be he'll have time for a return visit to Thailand and a fresh foray across the Mekong ala Bo Gritz.

CHICAGO-Col. Robert K. Brown and two buddies were sitting around the kitchen table making macho talk.

Brown, 51, isn't full-time colonel. It's a reserve rank. But everybody at his thriving magazine-*Soldier of Fortune* calls him colonel.

He likes that, of course, because he is a macho guy and puts out one of the most macho magazines in America.

It's directed at professional mercenaries-men who will fight for pay and those who want to hire them. And, indeed, it does carry ads by men who claim to be mercenaries offering their services.

A recent issue included these ads. "Ex-USAF fighter pilot for hire. Ready for action!" "Qualified personnel for rescue or special assignment missions outside States. Prefer Central or South America. Bounty hunting in States." "Merc for hire anywhere. Don't get mad, get even."

But since mercenaries represent only a tiny portion of the reading population, the magazine tries to broaden its appeal to include those who might be called war-fans, weapon-lovers, fanatic anti-com-

mies, and Walter Mitty types who just enjoy the vicarious thrill of reading about blood and guts.

Col. Brown and his kitchen-table buddies were talking about a flight to El Salvador that Brown was to make the next day. Brown, who was a captain in Vietnam, claims to be helping train the Salvadoran army on an unofficial basis. He says he is making them tougher and more disciplined.

Toughness and ferocity are an important part of the magazine's appeal. Besides the mercenary ads, the magazine carries an amazing assortment of ads for unusual methods of murdering, maiming or terrifying somebody you dislike. An example:

"Deadliest Fighting System! The feared and formidable Chinese Black Cobra Style of oriental combat."

As the evening wore on toward midnight, one of Brown's buddies-who writes for the magazine-took out an automatic pistol he was carrying and showed it to Brown. Naturally, the three, are all gun-experts and gun-lovers, and in Colorado, where Brown lives and works, there are virtually no gun laws.

Guns are a big part of Brown's magazine, both in stories and ads. Maybe the biggest part. They review guns the way some publications review books and movies.

Brown's buddy talked about his pistol; its heft, the trigger action and the other

qualities that please gun lovers. He pulled the trigger. Being a gun expert, he knew it was empty.

Naturally, Brown considers anybody who favors handgun controls to be wimps, pin-kos or worse. And his magazine reflects that view. You can find ads for posters and T-shirts that say things like: "Gun control is being able to hit your target."

As the magazine has explained many times, there is no problem when guns are used by responsible people who know how to use them safely.

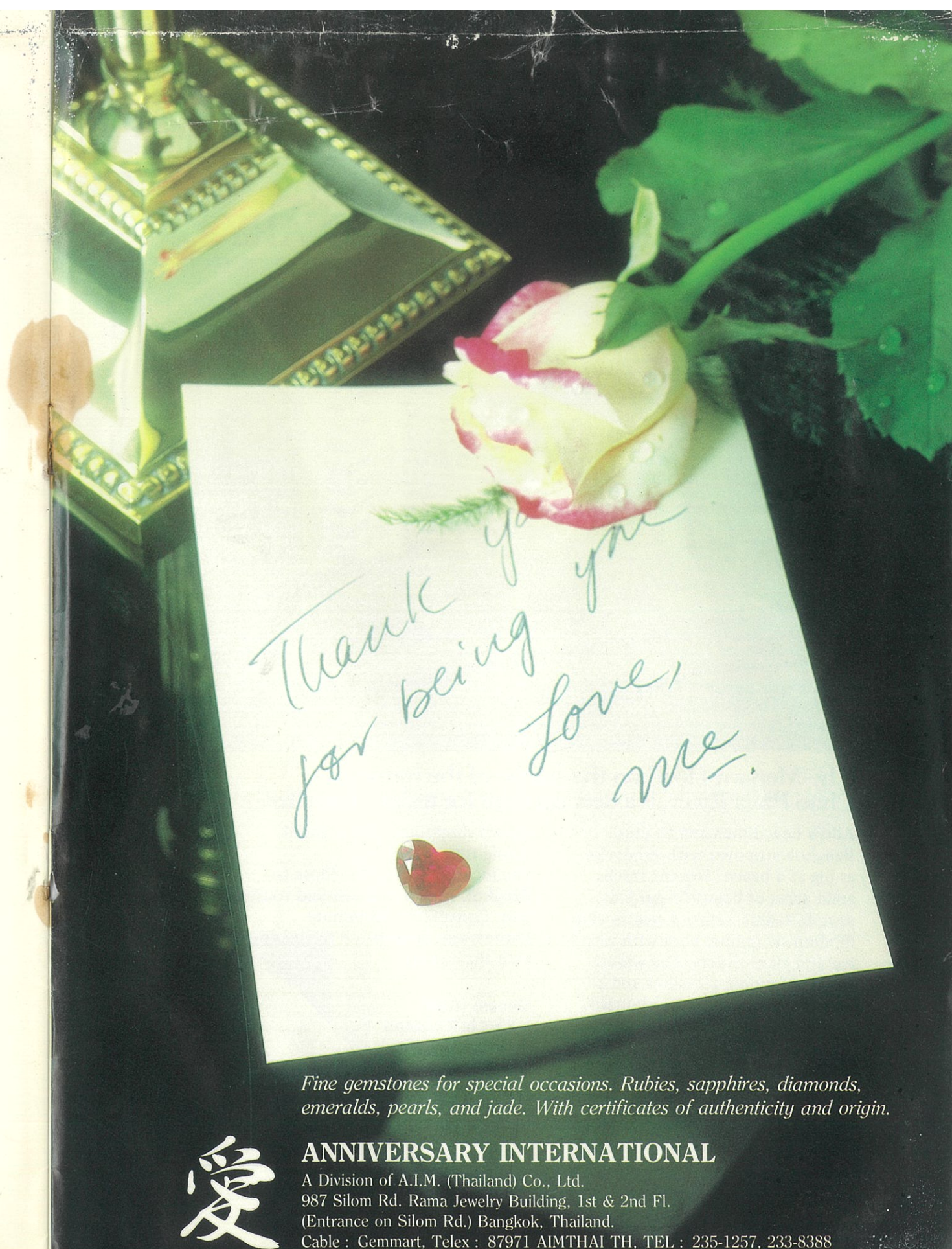
When Brown's buddy, a gun expert, pulled the trigger there was a loud explosion. He stood there for a moment with his mouth wide open. Then he looked at his hand. He saw a hole. He had shot a hole right through his hand.

Col. Brown looked down at his leg. His leg hurt. He saw blood running out of his calf. The bullet, after blowing a hole in the buddy's hand, had blown a hole in Col. Brown's leg. The owner of the gun was right-it did pack a wallop.

Brown looked at his bleeding leg. Then he looked at his buddy and said "You stupid son of a bitch, you shot me. And now I can't go to El Salvador!"

So they went to a hospital instead.

Oh, well, I'm sure there are people in El Salvador who can teach the troops how to be shot in the leg.



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