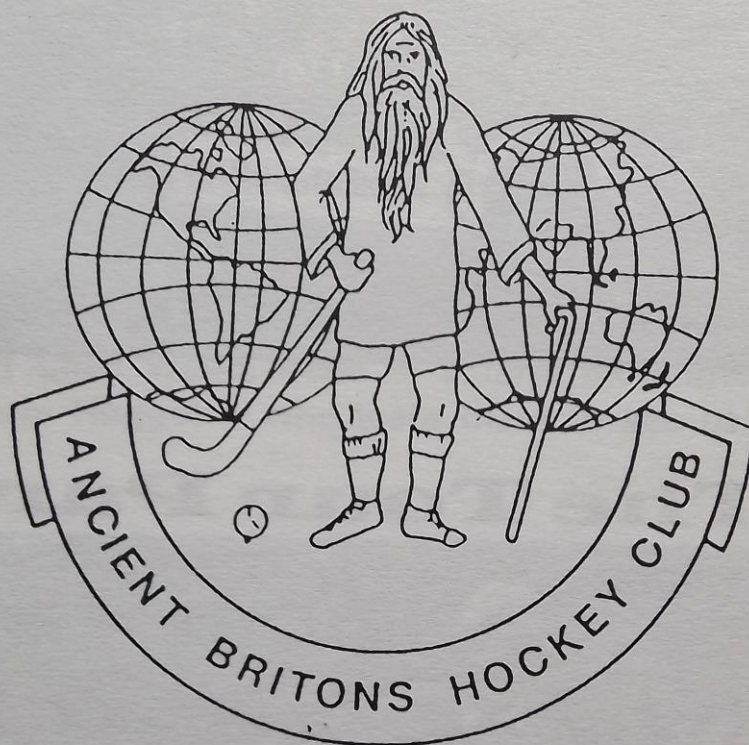


The Ancient Britons



**Hockey Tour of
New Zealand &
the Far East
1994**



The Tour Party



at Gatwick

Ancient Briton's Tour of New Zealand



Time for the AB's to be on tour again with the enthralling prospect of seeing New Zealand, not to mention Fiji on the way.

Thursday 27th January saw the group, with their ladies, assemble at Gatwick airport and, after the usual team photos and the best wishes of Chris Webb, Peter & Valerie Bloomfield, John Polley and Valerie Haggett - who were there to see us off - we were away.

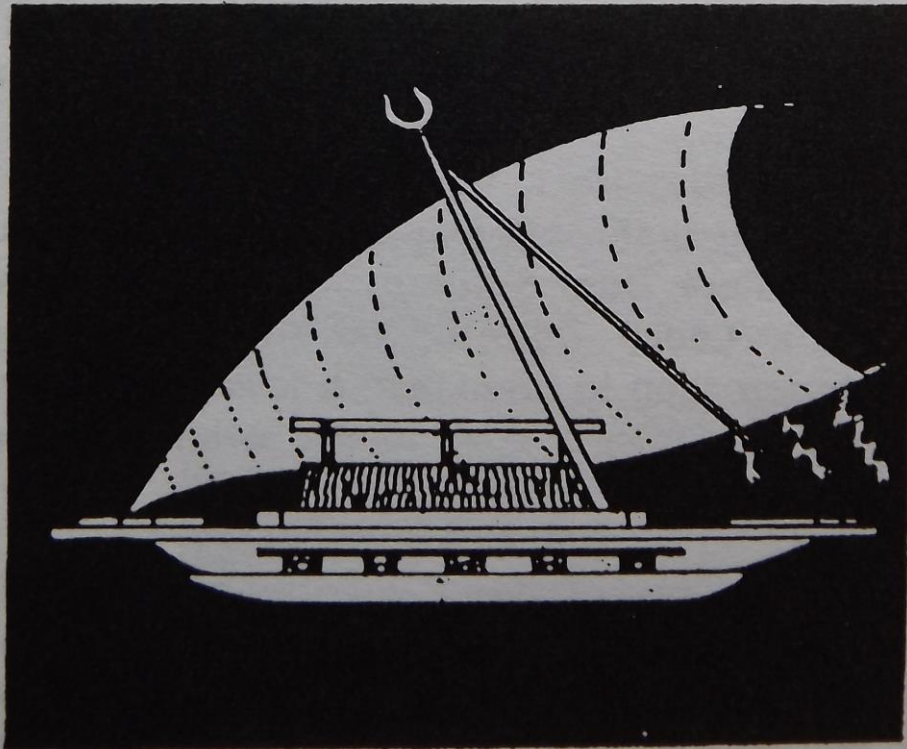
What a flight! Ten and a half hours to Los Angeles, good views of the snow of Greenland and North Canada on the way but how pleasant at last to land. There the party split: 3 going direct to Auckland to walk the Milford Track, the rest looking forward to tropical Fiji. Another long flight, off and on again at Honolulu but at last we were there: 5am Saturday morning (whatever happened to Friday!). Coach ride to the Regent, a warm welcome, a quick shower then to breakfast. A lovely aspect with the breakfast room open on two sides to the swimming pools and the beach below.

Suddenly a torrential downpour! We've caught the edge of a cyclone so blinds are quickly pulled down (it's all happened before), we move back to the table and carry on. The sun comes out, dries up the wet and it's everyone down to the pool. Even Castlemaine XXXX is on offer though Fiji Beer is cheaper; there's nothing for it but to laze all day, in and out of the pool. Come 6pm it's happy hour in the bar (Strapper's still there so we join

him). Fish and chip supper but not a late night as we are too tired.

And so to bed. Bliss!

SUNDAY SIGATABU



'DRUA'

Bored AB's? May we suggest some activities for today...

SUNDAY (SIGA TABU) 30th January, 1994

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| 7.00 am | Golf Tee-off commences. |
| 7am - 10 pm | TENNIS Complimentary daytime court use for Regent of Fiji guests. For reservations, contact the Travel Desk. |
| 8.30 am | AQUA-AEROBICS exercise in water to music with instructor - sign up at the Activities Bure. |
| 8.30 am | SCUBA DIVING complimentary introduction to scuba diving in the pool with South Seas Tropical Divers. |
| 9.30 - 10.30 am | GOLF group clinic at the Denarau Golf & Racquet Club . F\$16.50 per person-- contact the Travel Desk or the Club House. |
| 9.00 am | Adult Group Tennis Lesson at the Denarau Golf & Racquet Club. F\$13.20 per person - contact the Travel Desk. |
| 10.00 am | WINDSURFING classes - contact the Activities Bure. |
| 10.00 am | Inter-denominational church service in the Ballroom. |
| 10.30 am | HOBIE CAT classes - contact the Activities Bure. |
| 11.00 am | THE COCONUT PALM'S TALE - a demonstration of the many uses of the coconut palm by the poolside. |
| 2.00 pm | LAWN BOWLS on the green at Denarau Village. Club bowls available at the green. |
| 2.30 - 3.30 pm | Our resident storyteller recounts the legends of Fiji in the Meke Lounge. |
| 3.00 pm | PITCH 'N' PUTT GOLF competition - contact the Activities Bure. |
| 3pm - 4 pm | BOWLING CLINIC on the green at Denarau Village. A resident Instructor/Coach will give beginners lessons on the game. |
| 4.00 pm | VOLLEYBALL on the beach by the Activities Bure. |
| 4.00 - 5.30 pm | Fun Doubles Tennis Tournament at the Denarau Golf & Racquet Club. F\$8.00 per person - contact the Travel Desk. |
| 5.30- 6.30pm | BULA HOUR - enjoy a Denarau sunset with music from the Serenaders in the Meke Lounge: complimentary hors d'oeuvres and discounted drinks. Torch lighting ceremony on the beach near the pool at dusk. |
| 6.00 pm | CHINESE BUFFET - an evening of Cantonese dishes with a touch of Szechwan prepared by Chef Tun Yee Chan in the Ocean Restaurant - reservations through the Travel Desk. |
| 9.00 pm | DANCING in the Meke Lounge with the 'Regent House Band'. |

Monday, 31st January

Weather, lots of it, all hot. Rod, Trish and Jan decided to venture out among the natives of Nadi. A Fijian guide took kindly to Rod and led the intrepid party through the dangers of the Nadi High Street to a local 'Indian' warehouse. Here T-shirts and shorts and sarongs were incredibly cheap - thanks to Trish's bargaining skills they were only one-and-a-half times the ordinary High Street prices.

Meanwhile (no. 1) the remainder of the gang had invaded a local off-shore island and, armed with bow and arrows, shot at everything that could not move - this included each other! Champion marksman of the trip, Steve, won the competition by missing everything and everyone but on countback he had the prettiest legs (this method worked so successfully that it was employed for man of the match awards throughout the rest of the tour). On the return journey, Eddie 'the Gent' Moorby, ex RN, showed great agility and while 'leaping' to help pull in the boat managed to pull himself under. Despite this all managed to return safely and I believe the natives have now rebuilt their village along with a monument to those who fell in the struggle.

Meanwhile (no. 2) back at the hotel tales of sacrifice and flesh eating were being told by the local storyteller but chief Australian long pig, Strapper spoilt the whole ambience of the gathering by refusing to be sacrificed - and Jan had his knife and fork ready!

The 4pm volleyball game drew huge crowds, most of whom ended up playing. The competitors included a couple of 7-foot giants who turned out to be members of the Fiji National Rugby Team.

The evening's entertainment consisted of food, drink, Fijian singing and dancing, more drink and crab racing. Freda won 23 dollars betting on a jockey whose name she liked. More drink then Betty threw her clothes off yet again for a midnight swim (the unfortunate recipient of this dare was Rod, last seen recovering in the arms of Strapper at the bar)

Morals of the day:

1. Don't let Trish bargain for T-shirts unless you are very rich.
2. Don't compete with Steve unless you can handle his tantrums when he loses, especially in games he thinks he's good at like throwing the golf ball, chucking the arrow and spitting the furthest.!
3. Don't sit next to Betty for the last drink if you don't like swimming.

Tuesday, 1st February

After a hearty breakfast the AB's assembled outside the Regent Hotel at [*for some!* - ed.] the unearthly hour of 8.30am.

Two landing craft-like vessels arrived before too long to ferry us and other passengers across to one of the many local islands. An hour or so's journey and we arrived on a small picturesque island [Castaway Island, Steve - ed.] with forested hills and white sun-kissed beaches.

The weather was, however too hot for the white-skinned AB's most of whom stayed near the bar in the shade, occasionally running over the hot sand to the sea for a quick snorkel. At lunchtime the AB's fed on a local sumptuous buffet meal and shortly afterwards returned to their craft for the journey home. On the return we were serenaded by the crew who sang local songs to guitar accompaniment.

The return journey passed quickly and we were soon back at the Regent enjoying yet more Fiji Beer.

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Wednesday, 2nd February

The sun was up, the temperature rising steadily and the hotel dining room was filling up rather more rapidly than the swimming pool where the 08:00 hrs aqua-aerobics session was about to begin. The enthusiastic response promised the previous evening had waned with only 'Tricia and Betty - and eventually Paul when it became too hot to watch - participating: the most noticeable defaulters being Rod and Strapper.

The day continued with the usual sporting, shopping and leisure themes: some girls going shopping: Jan, Rick and the ever-competitive Steve eventually taking to the pitch and putt course (Steve and Rick got lost after leaving the dining room!): Rod and Strapper to the putting green and the remainder of the party swimming, strolling or lying in the sun. Steve's narrow win over Rick was easily overshadowed by the un-budging toad in the hole at the last! Rod and Strapper finish even (again!!)

After a leisurely lunchtime (12:30 to 15:30) with compulsory swim, beer and sun (in varying quantities for individual groups), the

AB's short corner team assembled on the beach to practice and develop their routine for the benefit and approval of skipper Paul. However, he failed to attend. Preferring instead to participate in the bowls session with the remainder of the AB's. This proved to be thoroughly enjoyed by all, the most noticeable result being the defeat of Bryan and Betty by Rod and Paul though later Bryan hung on to display his superiority over Steve despite the latter's attempts to wear the more experienced man down with his repeated requests for "one more game?"; and to continue playing after dusk as there was floodlighting available. Not so on the beach where Jan and Rick enjoyed entertaining the assembled sun worshippers (3) with their stickwork and antics until *happy hour* arrived for them and the rest of the AB's... except Bryan and Steve.

The evening food and drink sessions were as varied as ever with individual groups, but not so their inevitable departure to their rooms shortly after 21:00 hours.

Thursday, 3rd February

Today was an object lesson in how to spend all day in aeroplanes getting not all that far, Nadi to Auckland - wait about - Auckland to Dunedin - eventually. Found pub.

THE MILFORD THREE

While the majority of tourists wanted to follow the tour itinerary and include the visit to Fiji, three members wished to take advantage of the visit to NZ to take part in the Milford Track Walk and accordingly Ian Marsh made the necessary

arrangements with Southern Pacific Hotels, who operate the Milford Track Guided Walk, and Steve made the appropriate linking arrangements to accommodate the variations from the tour itinerary.

When the main party changed planes at Los Angeles, Ian with Arthur Barber and Alan Francis, rejoined NZ01 after refuelling and eventually arrived at Auckland at 6.00 am (local) on Saturday and took taxi to the Park Lane Motor Lodge in Green Lane West.

After breakfast a bus ride to the city centre allowed the morning to be spent in getting to know the layout of the city, parts of which had a carnival atmosphere due to the presence of the Whitbread yachts which were being refitted in the course of their stop in the Round-the-World Yacht Race.

Back at the hotel for a short afternoon sleep, followed by an evening walk up One Tree Hill (a former Maori pa) supper and bed. This course of action seems to have been effective in dealing with the problems connected with the time change and the 26 hour journey.

The next morning (Sunday) was spent quietly at the hotel and making plans for the remainder of the day.

Scenic Tours NZ collected us from the hotel at 1.45 pm for the Auckland City Highlights Tour (2) and we followed this by another tour (2D) which took us by ferry to Devonport, gave us a taxi tour of the area and returned us for dinner at a restaurant on the jetty before returning us by ferry from where we took a taxi back to the hotel. The tours, with excellent commentary,

gave a good idea of the city and included a visit to the museum which was be repeated later.

Up early on Monday for departure by taxi to the airport for the 8.30 am flight to Dunedin via Wellington with a good view of Mount Egmont (Taranaki) on the first leg.

We were surprised and delighted to be met at Dunedin airport by Tony Hall and (separately) by "Mandy" with three minibuses. The drive to Alcarla Lodge in Dunedin was followed by lunch at the bank (where the proprietor turned out to be organising the Dunedin match for us). Having arranged a booking we drove to Taiaroa Head to visit the Royal Albatross Colony, calling in on the way at Larnach Castle. The former was worth the whole trip to Dunedin but the latter should be undertaken only if time is available.

Next morning we left Dunedin to follow the southern scenic route via Invercargill to Te Anau. Unfortunately time constraint only allowed brief stops and no diversions and this route should only be followed if sufficient time is available. A good part of the drive was on unsealed roads which slowed the journey and in particular prevented a visit to Bluff or more time being spent at Manapouri.

Eventually we arrived at Te Anau in good time to book into the Te Anau Travel Lodge and attend the initial briefing for the walk.

We will not give a detailed account of the walk as it may be of only limited interest but further information would gladly be supplied to anyone who might be interested. Briefly the procedure is that on Day 1 the walkers attend the evening briefing and, if required, pick up rucksacks, raincoats, sleeping

bag liners and bin bags (to keep the contents of rucksacks dry). They then dine with their fellow walkers and prepare for departure next day.

Day 2. Store unwanted bags, pose for tour photo and load into a coach for the first part of the journey. By then we could see the extent of the party which numbered 42 in addition to our guide, Hamish Angus. The party comprised, in addition to the three Ancient Britons, two from Canada, two from USA, four from Australia, eight from North Island New Zealand and 23 from Japan.

After a 20 minute coach ride we all boarded a boat to travel the remainder of the way north up Lake Te Anau where we disembarked at a jetty to walk the first mile to Glade House. After leaving our rucksacks on our bunks most of us took a short acclimatisation walk with our guide in light rain before returning for dinner.

After an excellent meal we were all called upon to introduce ourselves. The party atmosphere really started at this point and we, as the only Britons in the group, sang the AB's anthem which was well received (if not understood) by everyone.

Day 3. A ten mile walk to Pompolona - mainly along the Clinton River. The evening (as all evenings on the walk) involved attending to laundry, eating an excellent meal with carafe wine provided, listening to our guide's description of next day's walk (with slides) and ensuring that the bunk beds were ready for occupation when the generators were switched off and lights extinguished at 10.00 pm.

Day 4. After the usual full breakfast and after picking up sandwiches and fruit for lunch the walk commenced with a few further miles along the bank of the Clinton River before commencing to climb via a zigzag track to the Mackinnon Pass. A beautiful day with hot sun and no wind enabled us to spend as much time as we wanted on the pass where we consumed our packed lunches in the company of a number of hopeful and much photographed keas. The day's walk was only about eight miles but involved the ascent to the Pass and then the much longer descent to Quintin Lodge.

Leaving rucksacks at the Lodge we took a 45 minute walk to the base of the Sutherland Falls where we were able to stand behind the falls and experience the strong water laden wind that blows in all directions from the base of the falls. Finally we took a short flight in a Cessna 185 Skywagon which, with five passengers, took off and landed from a rough airstrip outside the Lodge. This gave us another view of the mountains and the Pass and enabled us to fly over Lake Quill which is the source of the Sutherland Falls.

Day 5. Quintin Lodge to Sand Fly Point in the valley of the Arthur River. On the way we stopped for tea at the Boatshed from where it should have been possible to fish and take a boat trip but there was insufficient water in the river. Our packed lunch was eaten at the foot of the Giants' Gate Waterfall, where the wind from the falls kept off the sand-flies. After 33½ miles, the walk ended at Sand Fly Point from where a boat took us on to the THC Milford Sound Hotel. Dinner that night was followed by songs around the piano where, again, the AB's anthem was sung.

Day 6. A cruise on Milford Sound followed by a coach ride back to Te Anau and reunion with the tour party.

At the conclusion we felt privileged to have undertaken such a memorable walk and to have enjoyed such excellent company.

Friday, 4th February

Bright sunshine greeted the day of the first tour match with a fresh breeze a blessed relief for those still suffering from Fiji chest. Off early to Larnach Castle built late in the 19th century by a Mr Larnach and rescued in recent years after a chequered career, including the use of the ballroom as a sheepfold.

Then to the albatross colony at Taiaroa Head at the sea end of the peninsula. The albatross project was very finely presented where, preceded by a video, we had a guided tour to a look-out point and were fortunate enough to see a bird in full flight displaying its 10-foot wingspan to the delight of all.

Before we returned to base we were shown an Armstrong Disappearing Gun : a cannon designed to pop up, take a shot at the enemy then disappear underground before it could be ranged by the opposition, sadly (or gladly!) this was never fired in anger.

Then to the hockey.

The Match - NYK Dunedin v AB's

After a week relaxing in Fiji, the AB's were perhaps a little over rested. Dunedin were a fit and enthusiastic side flexing their muscles before hosting and playing in the Dunedin Master's (over 35!) Tournament commencing the following day. Starting at

great pace and well organised, they were 2-0 up within 20 minutes from effective passing movements. However, after half time with new AB Peter Ansell (Reading) playing further forward in support of the forwards and Rick Coyle working creatively with him, chances began to be made. Tony Hall fired past the post from the right wing and Jan Keal, jinking his way forward, flicked only inches wide. Regrettably, no goals came despite good pressure but a good start overall against strong opposition.

Men of the Match: Peter Ansell and Paul Bloomfield

After the game we returned to drinks with the opposition then to bed with stiff limbs.

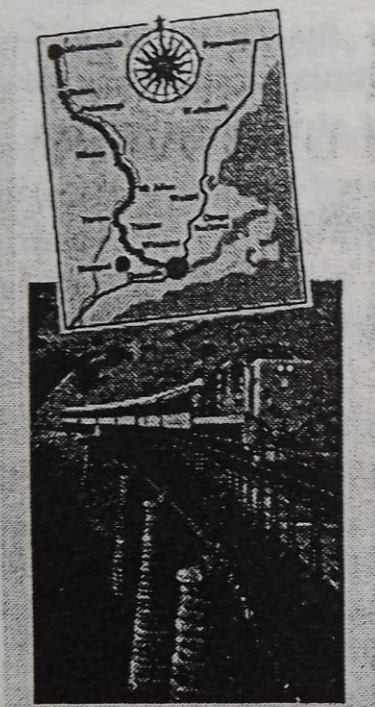
Saturday, 5th February

The day dawned distinctly grey with occasional drizzle. A ladies' fatigue party took it on themselves to raid a nearby 24-hour store in search of items needed for next day's picnic.

At the same time the four elders of the group hopped aboard a "Combie" in order to explore the north side of Dunedin's upper harbour including the area below Signal Hill. Little of interest was found apart from the view across the water to the suburb of Glen Falloch.

As on any free day shopping proved to be a popular pastime for many of the AB's. Our Skip and his lady left the shops behind and climbed the series of steps to the main entrance of St. Pauls Cathedral, admired the stone interior and finally made their way to the mighty organ. To the surprise of other visitors a few keys

were twiddled and various pipes energised, the title of the ensuing melody remains a secret to all but the organist cum AB Skip.



Star attraction off the afternoon proved to be the Taieri Gorge Railway which runs from Dunedin Station via Wingatui Junction to Pukerangi - a round trip of three hours or more..

The architecture of the main-line station is most impressive and the examples of engineering along the gorge are beyond belief.

Three members of the AB's party opted out of the railway trip in order to reinforce a Christchurch hockey side who scored a 2-0 victory over the Dunedin Masters XI.

All-in-all this was a most enjoyable and varied day which left us in good heart for the next day's long drive to Te Anau in the Fiordland National Park.

Saturday, 5th to Tuesday, 8th February - an aside.

Jan, Rick and Steve expressed interest in playing more hockey and subsequently were invited to play with Woolston Wizards from Christchurch in the New Zealand Master's Games at Dunedin. Following two emphatic wins on Saturday Rick and Jan opted to leave the AB's tour for a day to continue playing in the tournament - further wins prompted them to stay for the

duration. Inspired by the legendary coach of the New Zealand Olympic Gold winning team, Ross Gillespie, Woolston swept all before them until losing by the narrowest of margins to the whimsically-named Mechanically Sound (?) team sprinkled with former representative players. Having played an additional seven games and won a silver medal Rick, Jan and not forgetting Tricia - "No. 1 supporter!" _ rejoined the party at Queenstown.

Sunday, 6th February

The party set out at the crack of dawn for Te Anau. The drive started through the very Scottish countryside through to Gore and Lumsden and we made excellent time reaching Te Anau in time to partake of the feast put together from the 24-hour market the day before. The setting was a lakeside picnic table with superb views of the lake. Steve left to find us accommodation for the night: our intended stopover having been demolished in the recent flooding and eventually found us two excellent motels.



The afternoon saw the party aboard ship heading down the lake quite a long way to view the Glow Worm Caves, this was a combined treks and two small boat trips into the first section of a complex series of caverns. Compete quiet was essential in the final passages as any noise caused the glow worms to turn off. The site of the caves is the only place the Notornis, a flightless bird once thought to be extinct, still lives in New Zealand.

The trip back ended and we were delighted to meet up with the Milford Three, just return from their more arduous trek.

The evening was celebrated in style at Henry's Restaurant with an excellent buffet-style meal and lashings of good wine.

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Monday, 7th February

Early start today, cases packed and stowed in one bus with people in the other two we set off from Te Anau at 8am in brilliant sunshine for Millford Sound. The route over Te Anau downs through the Avenue of the Disappearing Mountain eventually brought us to Cascade Creek - where we saw for ourselves the wreckage of the O Tapare Lodge - our planned stop-over point undermined by floodwater. From here onwards to the Homer Tunnel, the extreme rains had caused major road damage which was being repaired. The roadworks slowed us down and we arrived just in time for our 10.45 trip on the Sound. We embarked with packed lunches for a two-and-a-half hour sight-seeing trip in the Milford Flyer out to the mouth of the Sound to the Tasman Sea.

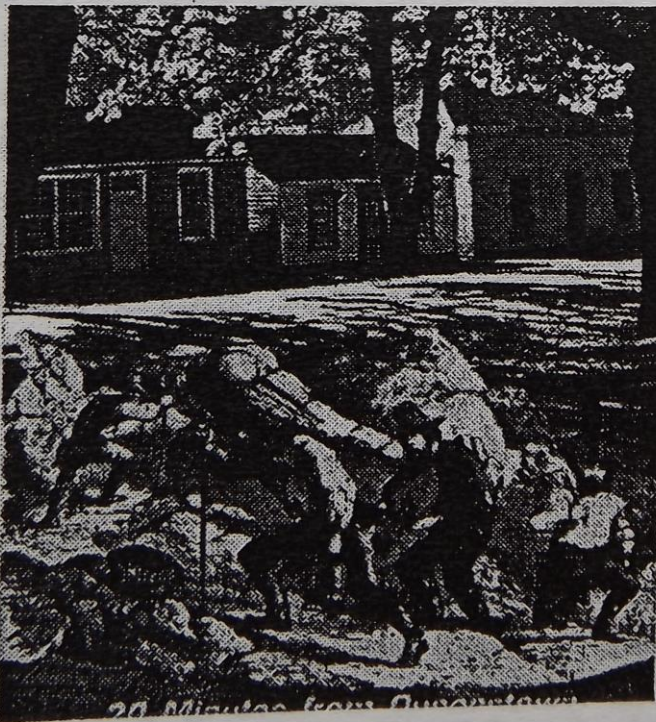
On the journey we had good views (with some clouds) of Mitre Peak, Lion and Elephant Mountains, waterfalls and fur seals basking on the rocks but not the dolphins seen by the three walkers on the previous day. The trip back to Te Anau was more leisurely with stops to see the Chasm and the Mirror Lakes into which the Mountains disappear. After tea at Te Anau whilst Rod arranged for a new battery for one of the buses - we were exhausted after two days of push-starting! - we departed for Queenstown. The entry to Queenstown along Lake Wakatipu is breathtakingly beautiful below the range of hills known as the Remarkables - very apt!

En route we pleased our skipper with a sight of the Kingston Flyer - a narrow-gauge steam train in full flight parallel to the road near Kingston Junction. Then into the Sherwood Manor Hotel on the Frankland area of Lake Wakatipu, a quick wash and even quicker beer then into Queenstown to eat at 9.30.

A very eventful day with nobody needing to be rocked off to sleep.

Tuesday, 8th & Wednesday, 9th February

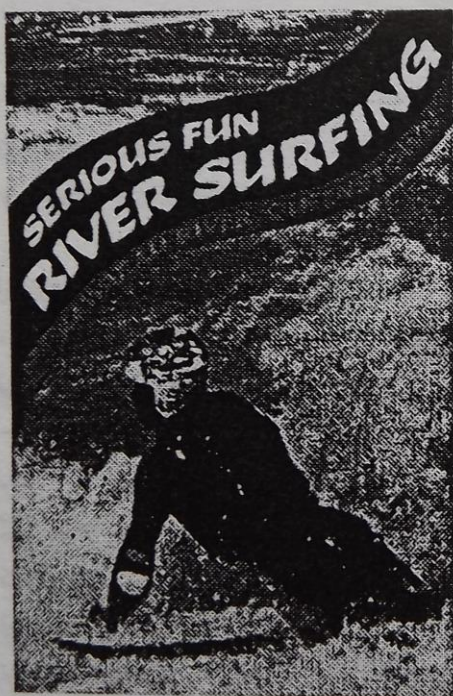
Queenstown, a young, sport-orientated person's paradise, was just about what the AB's were seeking. Between us, in our two days there, we tried most of the available treats: from Tony (inevitably) and Brenda playing croquet to Peter's bungee jump.



On Tuesday, while several caught up with laundry or postcards, most ventured to Arrowtown, an old gold-mining community, by minibus or ex-London no. 12 Routemaster. Alan did his Flying Officer Kite impression and took any willing volunteers flying from the local airfield for a round trip of the local valleys.

A little dalliance with Kim, Tina and Michelle in the hotel bar produced the challenge, which even Strapper and Rod could not

resist, of a hockey match against the hotel staff. Though not quite a National League spectacle, it was a useful run-around for those who had spent many hours travelling. In this we were joined by Rick, Jan & Trish, who had arrived from Dunedin with silver medals from the Master's Tournament, and by Gary, Rachel and Mark fresh (?) from their incoming flights: the game resulted in a resounding 2-0 victory for the AB's (plus some hotel staff) over the hotel staff (plus some AB's). [Achieved in no small measure by forbidding a certain goalkeeper the use of a stick - ed.]



The afternoon was all action, a dozen or so AB's crammed into a jetboat for a roller-coaster 35mph ride on the Shotover River - hair-raising for those with hair to raise. Steve, Arthur, Rod, Strapper and Ian were persuaded by the latter to sample the masochistic river surfing on the Kawarau River: this is loosely defined as white-water rafting without a raft, they very appropriately returned with T-shirts adorned with dinosaurs on boogie boards. Peter got his bungy jump and T-shirt and we look forward to seeing the video.

A gondola ride up to the skyline restaurant for dinner in a room with a view - and what a view! - then another quiet day in Queenstown ended back at the hotel with a visiting party of Taiwanese celebrating the Chinese New Year, helped by the AB's singing their anthem accompanied by Paul at the piano.

Thursday, 10th February

The morning was fine for the journey from Queenstown to Fox Glacier, at 8am John Haggett took a bus down to recover a camera left at the Shotover Jet the day before. All 3 buses were loaded by 9.15 and we proceeded on a 5-7 hour journey (dependent on the speed of the driver). Rod's bus was unlucky to have a slow puncture but he managed the journey through wonderful mountain scenery and quite difficult conditions caused by the heavy rainfall two weeks previously. Parts of the mountainside and trees were washed down and there was much flooding. After a couple of stops to refuel the minibuses and our bodies we arrived at the Fox Glacier Hotel, once our rooms were found some of the party went to see the glacier and some watch the NZ/Pakistan test match on TV. Joan Francis set off to look for glow-worms and in the darkness something furry brushed against her... No, not a AB but a tame possum that had escaped the evening rush hour and was looking for some attention.

We all assembled in the bar for dinner at 7pm, enjoyed our meal and, as Pepys would have said, so to bed.

Thanks to all drivers.

Friday, 11th February

After a very pleasant night at the Fox Glacier Hotel we left at 9.30 for the trip to Christchurch: John Haggett informed me that he had gone on the Minnehaha Walk - identified the said

Minnehaha as a babbling brook. We stopped at Franz Josef Glacier, very spectacular!

On the road again, a delightful drive through rugged countryside passing many hamlets, rather like driving on top of the world. Stopped for coffee at Ianthe Lake, Ian denying all knowledge of a relative called Ian The Lake! Next stop Hokitika, a lovely old mining town where we met up with one of our other buses. Tony and John lunched at a posh French Restaurant on a bowl of soup each - it is not recorded whether the proprietor asked them to come back soon!

Meanwhile minivan 3, with luggage trailer behind, was in trouble at Arthur's Pass: the Colonel was at the wheel: all aboard saw the notice, 'No Trailers' but the Colonel pressed on ignoring pleas for further reconnaissance declaring, "Probably means caravans". It was steep. It was rugged. We slowed down, changed down a few gears, still slower. Suddenly a hairpin - sharp drop to the right - another hairpin - sharp drop to the left. First gear; engine struggling; driver serious, bites lip: "Shall we get out and push?" "No, daren't stop - never get going again." At last! Summit in sight, 10mph but we get there: three cheers for the Colonel who "Had it under control"!!!

Back on the road with several photo opportunities then arrived at the Pavilions, Christchurch at 5.30 - again Steve had made a very good choice of hotel. Dumped bags and off to bar for a couple of jugs before showering and changing; most of the party dined at the Oxford except for Alan, Joan Strapper & Rod who stayed in the hotel and found Berry's and Moorby's at another table - excellent meals, a short walk and then bed - a fine end to another lovely day.

Saturday, 12th February

G'day Mates, this is Strapper reporting on the events for Saturday, 12th February. After a fairly long night at the watering hole of the Canterbury Supporters, our opposition for today's match, it was not the usual early rising, breakfast at 9am in room 514 consisted of meaty spoils purloined from the Supporter's raffles. Certainly at some cost and if we lose this afternoon's match it will become clear that the Canterbury ploy succeeded in softening up the AB's.

After breakfast it was out into the wide blue yonder to view the sights of Christchurch; wandering down byways and alleys eventually led to Cathedral Square in which stands - you've guessed it! - Christchurch Cathedral. Not to be daunted, 133 steps later at the top of the bell tower a reasonable vista of Christchurch opened up. From the Cathedral it was a leisurely stroll through the mall to the botanical gardens. Within this huge complex there are magnificent specimens of many different tree species. Magnolia blooms, the size of which has to be seen to be believed: a beautiful rose garden - anyone with a few hours to spare should visit here.

It was now time to return to the Pavilions to prepare for the match. Due to a somewhat minor error in calculation by navigator Rod [going west instead of east - a mere detail! -Ed.] we found ourselves on the opposite side of the park. Eventually, having circumnavigated the entire botanical gardens, golf club and park, we arrived back at 1pm. Off to the afternoon match against the Supporters.

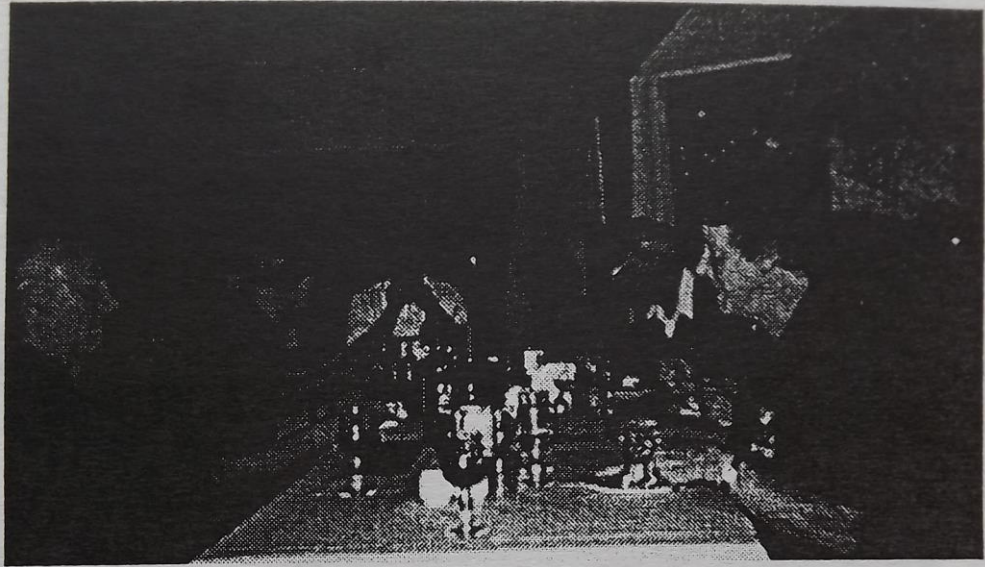
The Match - Canterbury Supporters v AB's

On a hot sunny afternoon in Christchurch the AB's resumed their Hockey tour after a week of sight-seeing in the South Island with a match at the Hornby Club against a select veterans' side from the Canterbury Supporters HC. The match was played on a dry, flat grass pitch and both teams coped with the uneven bounce very well.

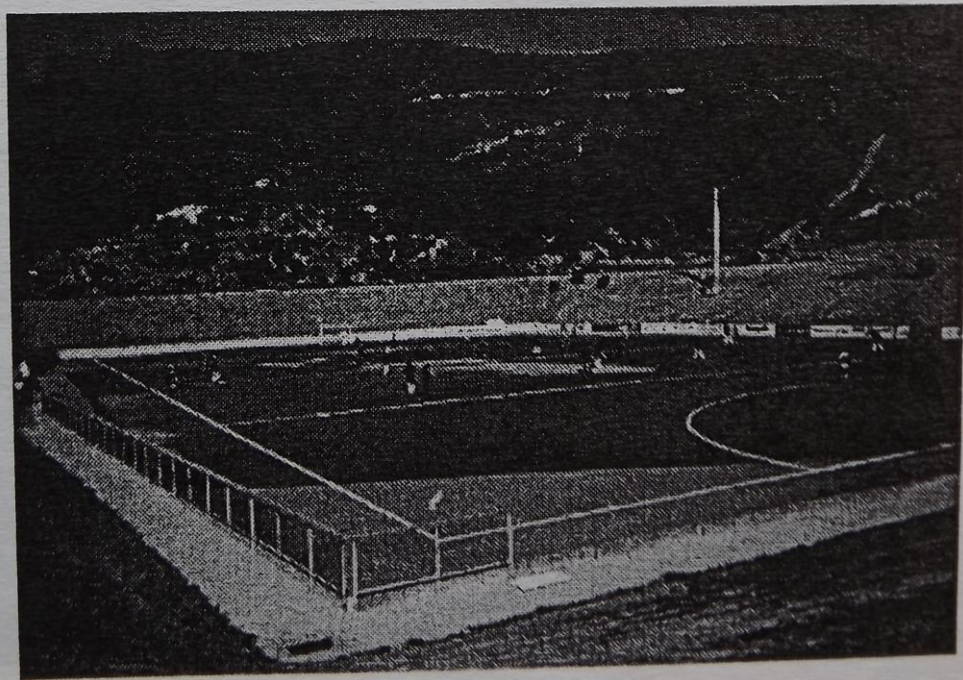
After an initial exploratory period a short corner was awarded: Gary Butt pushed firmly out: Jan Keal stopped and Steve Hattersley struck a fine shot past the 'keeper for the first goal. Increased pressure from the Supporters was well controlled in midfield and the AB's were able to keep up their pressure. A second short corner was a repeat of the first with Steve notching up another in his new role of centre-forward. Individual efforts from the 25 by Mark Pardon and Gary Butt produced two more goals for the AB's before half time concluding a period when clever passing by the AB's left their opponents stranded in the exhausting heat.

After the break the home side put on a period of sustained pressure to get back into the game but the AB's defence held firm with good work from Jan Keal and John Haggett. A break down the right by Tony Hall and a good cross allowed Steve Hattersley to complete his hat trick with the AB's fifth goal.

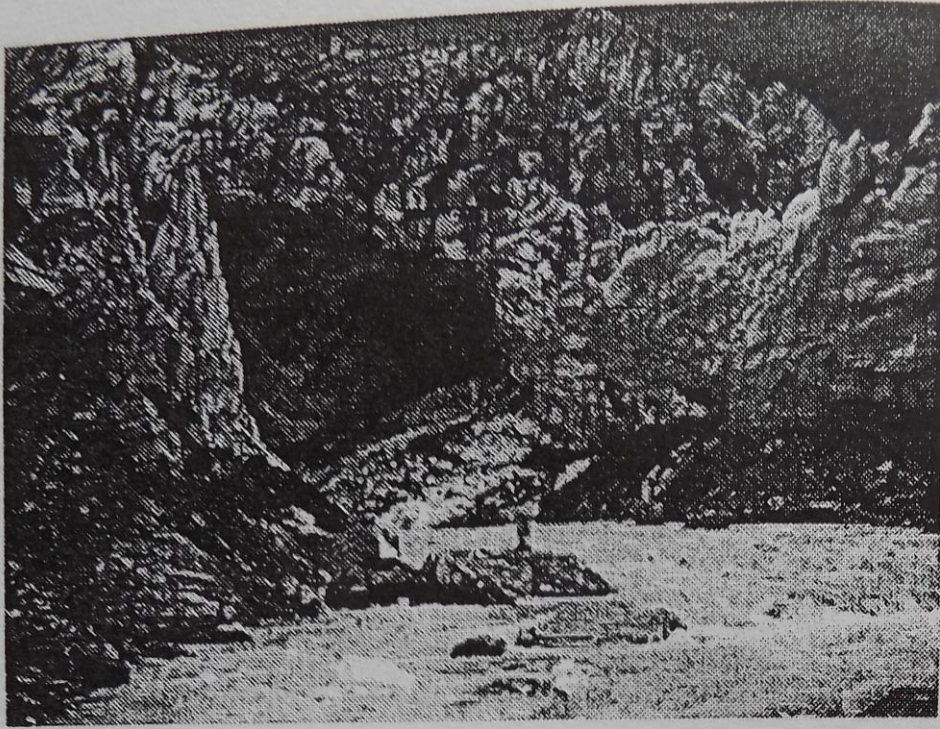
The AB's mid-field now took control and more chances came and went without further score until a hard-struck bball was deflected off a defender's stick into the circle. Good umpiring by Ian Marsh allowed Steve Hattersley to pick his spot and fire home his 4th goal. The Canterbury Veterans made more



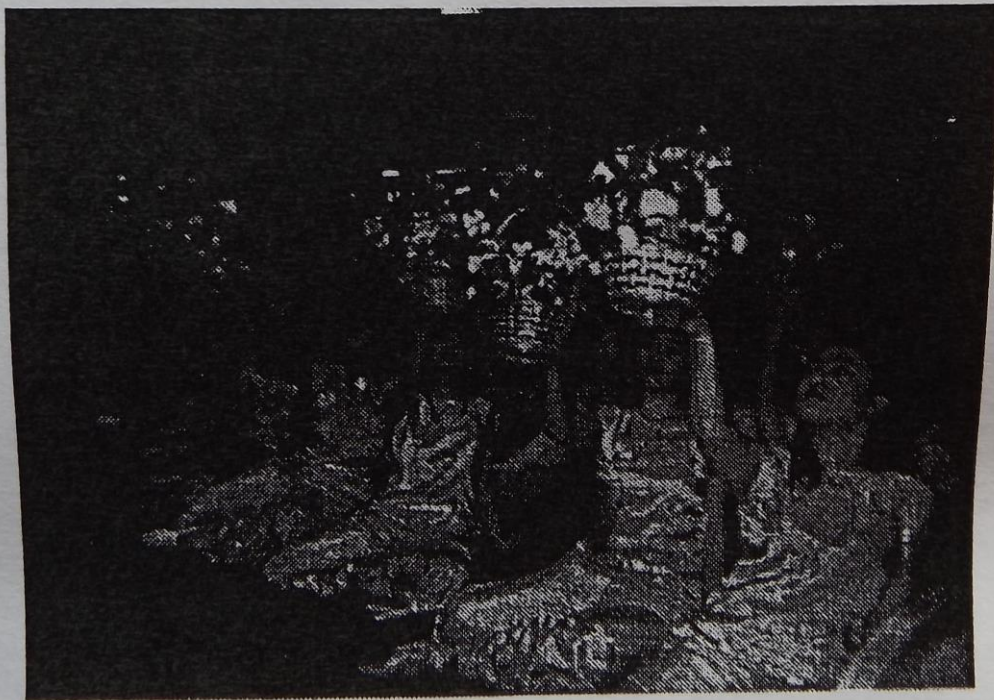
A serious discussion of match tactics in Queenstown: Joan tells Strapper that the sweet should definitely come after the cheese



*The National Hockey Stadium in Wellington:
the Ab's get the boot!*



Where the Fox Glacier is Ian Marsh going from here?



The Hong Kong Opposition's short corner routine was more decorative than effective...

determined efforts but to no avail and finally it fell to Peter Ansell to crack home the AB's seventh goal shortly before time.

After the match it was over to the bowls club for drinkies and an excellent Barbie: a great time was had by all. John Haggett became very popular with the opposition supporters and they set up a vocal "John Haggett" chant; John was subsequently named Man of the Match and responded by telling the now infamous "Eagle Joke".

After the festivities there was the problem of the return journey: who drives? Betty B jumped into the breach and, to the amazement of all passengers, landed us in reasonable condition at the correct destination.

Interlude - Ode to a Hockey Widow

Some women lead lives of frustration
Their husbands can drive them insane
Folk ask where he is and the answer's:
"The sod's playing hockey again".

She's left so alone, so abandoned
To contemplate life and reflect
On a fellow in love with his hockey
Who treats her with total neglect.

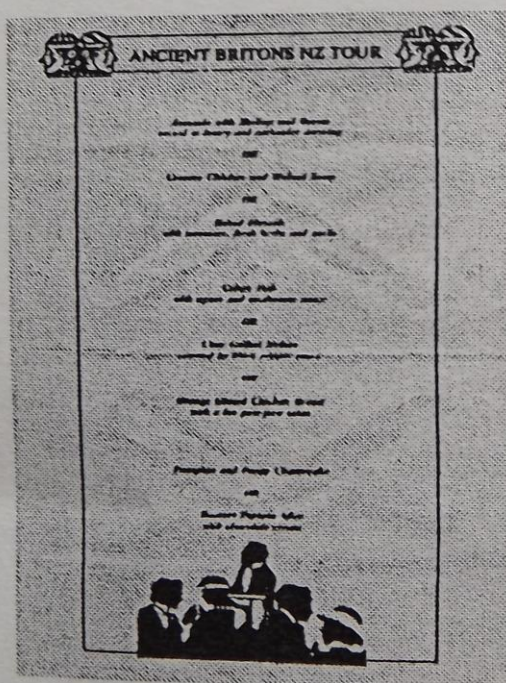
She's tried all the tricks like seduction,
She's worn sexy knickers and bras
But he gets his kicks with balls and with sticks
Excited by kitties and bars

So what can she do to convince him

Their love life is just a big farce?
Well, not very much to be honest
Except shove his balls up his arse.

Sunday, 13 February

Another hot day. After a leisurely breakfast we met at 10 o'clock for the match against Christchurch Old Boys. In a hard fought encounter, despite taking the lead with a Steve Hattersley goal, two against us in the dying minutes robbed us of a win. We returned to their club house and were well entertained with drinks and an excellent barbecue. Interesting to learn that Richard Hadlee is an old boy. In an entertaining speech the Christchurch Captain made awards to the best and the noisiest,



After recovery for some back at the hotel it was sightseeing for others around the Cathedral. Did anyone see the wizard?

The evening saw wining and dining at the Town Hall in tour uniform. Thank you Tony for red roses for the lads and champagne for all.

Monday, 14th February

Even on St. Valentine's day, apart from possums and kiwis, most sane creatures feel that there is something unnatural about

having to get up in the middle of the night. However this fate befell the AB's for their trip from Christchurch to Wellington. All luggage had to be loaded before 7am (almost morning) to enable two of the coaches to make the journey north to Picton in time for the 14:20 hrs sailing. On a rather murky day the lead bus, piloted by Messrs Marsh and Barber was away by 07:18 with the second, driven by Harling and Keal in hot (?) pursuit. The lead was to change several times as one considered the merits of the Oaru seal colony and the other the merits of a good fried breakfast - and then there were the calls of nature... By Picton the two buses were next to each other in the queue for the ferry (in reverse order, just for the record). The excitement was too much for John Haggett who set off to get a decent haircut (in preference to getting a boarding pass - not that that stopped him boarding with the rest of the party). The others waited at the ferry terminal and sampled the reasonable fare at the cafeteria whilst watching the activities within the harbour, mostly confined to mating gulls.

But what, dear reader, of the third bus? Surely a trio of buses had set out for the ferry? The third bus was occupied by those who enjoyed a good rest: having loaded their luggage they retired to their beds for another hour's sleep secure in the knowledge that they might just make the 22:20 hrs sailing from Picton if they really put their minds to it. The later journey also allowed them to break their journey along State Highway 1 at Kaikoura. There, on a slightly choppy sea, they set out at a sedate (?!) 28 knots to see and swim with dolphins. The group was rewarded with large schools of common hectors and dusky dolphins and all agreed that the opportunity to swim with these creatures was one of the most memorable of the entire trip. Their sailing prowess was also remarked upon by the boat crew who fully expected the AB's would not have C legs.

The third bus comfortably made Picton in time to search the main street for food and drink and ended up in the Tally Ho! Pub. Once on board many rested in the ship's bar until their arrival in Wellington at 01:20 hours on Tuesday. Those who took the earlier ferry were able to view the marvellous scenery of Charlotte Sound before crossing the Cook Strait to the North Island. Having settled in the Hotel many found the Backbencher Pub for their evening meal. Being Valentine's Day the party were offered lovebites, long sloppy kisses, quick nookie, clinging cuddles and slippery nibbles at a very reasonable \$4 a time; sadly we discovered that the offers only related to cocktails.

Tuesday, 15th February

Free morning, people go off in twos and threes. Paul & Betty started off in the city centre, saw Joan and Alan. From then on it seemed they met a procession of AB's up and down the cable car to the Botanical Gardens. Splendid display of roses outdoors and begonias and orchis indoors. Weather hot and enjoyed by all and so back to hotel for the hockey match.

The Match - Wellington v AB's

Somewhat to the surprise of the AB's the game was played at no less a venue than the National Hockey Stadium. Tony Hall had injured his back and was unable to play; and with Peter Ansell having left the tour (he was missed!) the AB's were down to 10 men and had to borrow a player from numerous home substitutes.

The knock-up before the game lasted far too long: some of the AB's were clearly weary before the game started [so what's new? - ed.]

The AB's were soon jolted out of their lethargy with individual and team skills of a high order with Wellington scoring two goals and promising more even before the AB's had put together a proper move.

However the AB's managed to hold on till half time and thereafter with Wellington substituting two of their former internationals the AB's came back into the game with a Steve Hattersley goal and should have had more. Rick Coyle's skills had an influence before Wellington, at full strength again, moved up the gears and scored twice more.

To their credit the AB's managed a second goal, again through Hattersley and are to be commended on their fighting spirit and look forward to the return fixture tomorrow: watch this space...

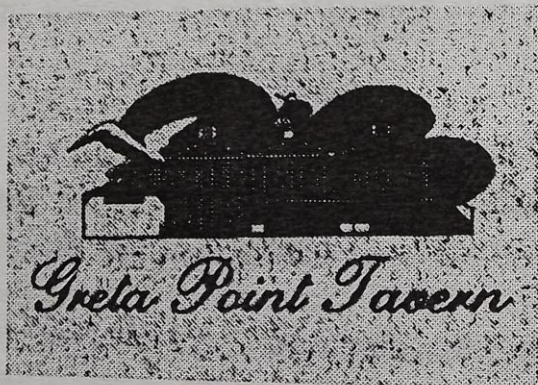
Late evening saw many AB's at the Backbencher, a pub next to the Parliament building much frequented by MP's and other animals - much recommended with gigantic portions of food and a variety of beers, Gary bought a T-shirt.

Wednesday, 16th February

Most of the party spent a relaxing morning visiting Wellington zoo. The 5th match of the tour was against a Wellington Old Boy's team and began at 4.30 on an excellent water-based Astroturf.

The AB's started confidently and went one up when Rick Coyle laid the ball back to Steve Hattersley who scored a simple goal. More good work from Man of the Match Rick set up Steve for his second goal. The AB's went three up when Gary Butt moved into the 'D' and the ball was accidentally kicked into the back of the net by a defender. Wellington pulled one back just before half time when one of their talented players waltzed through most of the team to score a good goal.

In the second half the AB's moved up a gear and took control of the game, netting once more through Jan Keal who latch onto a Steve Hattersley cross after good work from Tony Hall.



After the match the AB's were joined by most of the Wellington team for a meal at a local restaurant [Greta Point Tavern], Wellington presented awards to Rick Coyle (Man of the Match) and Betty Bloomfield (Supporter of the Day).

Thursday, 17th February

Today saw the end of our brief stay at the Portland Towers Hotel in Wellington. An early departure was necessary so the AB's could manage the 5-hour trip to Napier without the need for a high-speed dash.

The morning was warm and sunny and all were looking forward to a pleasant drive through the fertile countryside 50 miles either side of Woodville, an agreeable little town targeted for our 11am

comfort stop. Mile upon mile of rich agricultural land lay before our convoy of three "combies" - a welcome change from the stark mountain ranges of previous hops. Those from the intrepid group took time off to meet friends previously encountered on the Milford Trail walk and the Francis's spent a pleasant evening with "expat" friends previously resident in their home town in Surrey.

Our one-night stand was spent at the Tennyson Motel and the majority of the group spent time walking in the quite shopping precincts and taking in the tidy promenade prominent with highly-coloured flower beds and fountains. Yes, Napier will be remembered as a very pleasant one-night stand.

Friday, 18th February

We awoke at Napier to a brilliantly sunny morning and after packing up the minibuses we set off independently for the short journey to Taupo. The road was scenic and undulating as it traversed a number of extinct volcanoes eventually descending to 375m at Lake Taupo. The lake is the largest in the southern hemisphere measuring 28 miles by 18 miles with an average depth of 105m and spilling down the Huka Falls an average of 150 cubic metres of water per second. The falls are on the river Waikato which feeds eight power stations and supplies half the North Island's electricity. There is much thermal activity in the area as seen by the party visiting Whakarewarewa Thermal Valley and the Craters of the Moon: a foretaste of Roturua scheduled for tomorrow.

Hawkes Bay Vets versus the Ancient Britons

Thursday 17th February

The Hawkes Bay Vets slipped into gear immediately playing a passing game and pressured the AB's for a good ten minutes before the pressure was eased by our guest player, Allan Ives making a fine run into opposition territory. More pressure with Rod being kept very busy in goal and finally conceding one.

Another surge from Allan and Rick faltered when Tony Hall was beaten by an over-strong pass: this inspired the opposition to even greater heights as they counter-attacked and slotted in another two goals, the second chipped over Rod after he had parried a first shot.

The second half started much as the first with Jan holding the defence together from his sweeper's position; the Hawkes Bay Vets were younger and stronger and continued the onslaught until the defence conceded the fourth goal of the afternoon.

A period of AB pressure culminated in a fine move involving Gary, Mark and Allan but the final shot was wide.; Alan Francis crossed but it was intercepted: then Alan missed with a shot at goal and Jan failed to convert a short corner before the AB's finally reaped their reward with a fine goal from Allan Ives. The opposition were so downhearted at this they felt the need to add another two goals before the umpires mercifully blew the final whistle.

Hawkes Bay Vets: too young: too fast: too fit! Final score 6 - 1 down.



On a boat trip around the lake we heard from the skipper of the Ernest Kemp of an English Pub which served Newcastle Brown. A later visit to this establishment saw your correspondent eating roast beef and Yorkshire pud washed down by a point of this renowned refreshment.

At the hotel Betty & Joan took a thermal bath and reputedly came out dirtier than when they went in!

We had rain today at Taupo after four days of exceptionally warm, sunny weather.

Saturday, 19th February

Clear skies again and not too far to travel. Rumour has it that the best spectacle of the day will be the Aratiatia Dam so two vans took this route to arrive at 10.30am at which time the sluices are opened projecting millions of gallons of water into the rock pools below, filling them up before spilling over and flowing downstream: a fabulous sight and great photo opportunity.

On to the *Craters of the Moon*, a large open area with steam hissing up through the surface and in some areas boiling the

earth itself into gurgling pools, a really surrealist landscape surely not found anywhere on earth.

In the afternoon, almost at Roturua, visited the Maori Arts and Crafts Institute where saw demonstrations of Pupu (skirt) making and explanations of their culture: porridge-like mud pools: the Pohutu geyser and a Maori village utilising a permanently boiling pool for washing clothes, boiling the veg and curing flax for their skirts.

And so to Manary Lodge Lakeside resort, just outside Roturua and therefore avoiding the pervasive sulphur smell. After freshening up many went to the Quality Inn for a Hangi evening



(thanks for organising this, Steve). A good buffet and much Maori-style singing and dancing was followed by Tony Hall and Paul Bloomfield being volunteered onto the stage to join in the *haka* and swing their poi (balls!) not terribly successfully - don't call us, we'll call you!

Hotel bar was already closed on return and so, therefore, to bed.

Sunday, 20th February

Not to be outdone by the athleticism of the male AB's Betty, Joan and Trish restarted the early morning waterobics first seen in Fiji. Most others started with breakfast in town, only after eating did Rick, Jan, Trish, Rod and Jim own up to having had a mega-English cooked back at Manary Lodge.

Various trips were made around Rotorua, Betty & Paul found a quaint museum within walking distance of the hotel demonstrating New Zealand home life early in the century; others found McDonalds with Dakota aircraft parked outside.

A miserably rainy morning saw Keals, Coyle, Harvey and Harling heading off for a bit of Maori culture: Rick's suggested venue turned out to be the previously mentioned *Craters of the Moon*. Not being aware that it rained on the moon Strapper and Rod set forth bravely around the site whilst the wiser remainder stayed close to the gift shop; Strapper and Rod got wet, very wet - the remainder, including Mr Coyle, didn't.

Lunch was drunk or eaten then it was back to the fold for the match.

The Match - Rotorua Golden Oldies v AB's

A change of weather and a change of fortune but not before the AB's gave their supporters a right by conceding an early goal, despite almost constant attack by the AB's. Eventually, however,

pressure told with Steve Hattersley slotting home a pass from Rick Coyle. From a short corner Tony Hall crept in stealthily from the right to flick in no. 2. With the AB's appreciating the cooler weather and running well for each other another good passing movement was finished by a crisp shot from Steve Hattersley to make it 3-1 at half time.

A quick free hit on the edge of the circle was slipped to Steve to drive home and despite a period of over-elaboration there was time for a fifth goal from a finely-angled shot, again by Steve, to creep home in the corner despite the keeper getting his hand to it.

Man of the Match: Gary Butt (and the dentist who superglued Gary's broken tooth as good as new).

Monday, 21st February

The previous evening's meeting decided that the buses would:

- Travel direct to Auckland
- Cover a scenic route
- visit caves for black-water rafting en route

The morning started with heavy rainfall but fortunately this cleared later; the first two buses started out and motored to Te Aroha and whilst there visited St Mark's Anglican Church where they were entertained by Paul on its organ dated c. 1712. The third bus went to Waitomo for the cave rafting and had a terrific time floating on rubber rings through glow-worm caves, over chutes, etc. Before ending up at a Maori settlement for hot soup.

Those on the first bus had a leisurely drive to the Parklane Hotel, out last port of call before departing our various ways; Tony kindly showed us the fantastic views from Mount Eden before lunch after which we returned to unload the trailer. The second bus paused for a while as its occupants walked through an old railway tunnel and surrounding countryside.

In the evening we donned our best regalia for the final time of the tour and we had an enjoyable meal at the Trambarn Restaurant since our hotel chef was ill, meal and drinks were exceedingly good and a great time was had by all.

Alan proposed a toast to absent members and Paul gave us reports and statistics of the tour, Steve Gary and Rod were mentioned as the best players to date but there were a couple more games to play. Tony and Jim were presented with birthday cards signed by the assembled company and the day finished on a high and enjoyable note.

Tuesday, 22nd February

Betty, Trish & Joan were in the Parklane Motor Lodge pool at 8am for Waterobics followed by a soak in the spa pool. Group meeting at 9.30 am after which people dispersed to do their own thing, some just spending a restful time at the hotel swimming, etc.

Betty, Paul, Arthur, Alan & Joan took a trip to Mount Eden (walked around the crater - a wonderful view!) and then to the museum: watched a superb Maori concert - we could have spent longer there.

Trish & Jan went off to look for Jan's grandparents' graves - he was successful: Rick, Rod and Strapper had a shopping trip but apparently only shopped for beer: Brenda met up with an old school friend and went for a harbour trip with her.

At 4.15 we left for the hockey match.

The Match - Roskill Phoenix v AB's

An AB went into a post office, "I'd like a bun please", he requested amiably. "Currant or cream?", asked the post lady. "Cream please - I've left my hockey stick outside". Well you've got to laugh haven't you?

An AB team, in carnival mood, arrived at the Roskill School for a 7pm game. The game began extremely well with constructive passing throughout the side; Messrs Butt, Coyle, Pardon and guest player Barrett linking particularly well and almost all the side was involved in attacking moves. The early attacks came down the right with Hattersley and Hall able to put in several telling crosses which, regrettably, were unconverted despite near misses on either post. This pressure resulted in several penalty corners and a push out to Hattersley was returned to Coyle who slotted the ball neatly into the Phoenix goal to open the AB's account.

The home side had occasional attacks, mostly confined to individual efforts and one such chance was converted by a chance deflection off an AB defender's foot. Undaunted, the AB's attacks continued: Hattersley and Keal dribbled into the opposition circle and neat stickwork enabled Keal to fire home the second. Half time only served to disrupt the AB's attacking

train of thought as opening offensive moves were immediately countered by home team attacks.

Phoenix continued to defend well and, despite several near misses, developed effective counter-attacks of their own which resulted in two goals, both from the right. this halted further AB attacks of any consequence - what would the post lady make of this? Final score 2-3 against us. How did we come to lose after such a good first half? [Captain admits to subtle changes of plan - ed.] {What plan? - capt.}

The AB's were well entertained by the club, AB Man of the Match was Mark Pardon; towards the end of the evening Mr Francis was moved to observe that, apart from the outstanding support of the ladies he had not noticed Miss Scott supporting from the sidelines - unsurprising as Rachel had not turned up!

Wednesday 23 February - Auckland

For some ABs the day commenced with a further meeting of Trish's water aerobics class in the hotel pool but for most of the group the 9.30 am meeting in the bar was the time for confirming the arrangements for the afternoon match and agreeing a programme for the remainder of the day.

This, the last day in Auckland, saw two minibuses leaving for town for shopping, the beach and other attractions, some, no doubt, prompted by reports from the previous day. The Chinese market and the Victory Road market both received visitors as did the dockland area where the Albatros (a German boat) was berthed on the part of the dock used by QE II when in port. The docks that had been used for mooring the Whitbread yachts

when they were in harbour was now home to a boat show where a number of very fine yachts and motor boats were on display.

The weather was excellent for sightseeing and, as usual, comment was made on unusual or unexplained sightings. One of these was a sign proclaiming the presence of "Auckland Clinic of Primary Activation" which was next door to other premises bearing the sign "Four Steps to Heaven". Your reporter did not investigate further.

Other activities included trips to Devonport both by ferry and via the "Nippon Clip-on".

The match was due to commence at 5.00 pm and the team duly attended at the grammar school synthetic surface which, if we had been in the northern hemisphere could have been described as being in the shadow of Mount Eden.

THE MATCH - Grammar Windsor v AB's

As this was the last match of the tour, our umpire indulged himself in a T-shirt bearing the naval signal flag of a blue square on white and the legend "Stop carrying out your intentions and watch for my signals". This seemed to have no noticeable effect on the game but provoked the thought that if the umpire wished to change his message he might have to change his T-shirt and this might cause problems in a hard fought match. Later research indicated that the flag should have been a blue cross on white and the signal displayed by Ian was "My engines are going full speed astern" - it probably made no difference to the result.

The regular problem of shortage of players was met by

borrowing John Duncan from the opposition and he turned out to be a very useful player.

The game itself, after starting well, produced a short period when the ABs were under pressure having conceded a short corner and given the opposition two further opportunities before the ABs began to show that they might be able to produce a good performance. After ten minutes a goal was scored by Jan followed at 15 minutes by a goal from Steve in a period where ABs had much of the ball. A short corner saw the ball in the net but the goal not awarded and a further shot from Gary hit the post. At 20 minutes the third goal was scored by Jan from a good pass by Steve.

The opposition then had a period when they took the game to the ABs who were lucky to avoid conceding a goal when Rod came out of the goal but failed to clear the ball. At 25 minutes however the opposition scored with a further goal at 30 minutes. Steve had two further shots at goal before half-time and the teams turned round with the score 3 -2 to us.

The second half turned out to be more one sided with the impression that perhaps the ABs were more match fit than their opponents. After 17 minutes Steve scored his second goal by walking the ball into the net after a good pass from Gary but the ABs were still not able to score from corners, having two unsuccessful attempts before, in the 32nd minute, Jan scored his third goal from a pass from Gary. The final result of a win by 5 goals to 2 reflected the pattern of the play.

After refreshments in the club house overlooking the ground Paul made a short speech on behalf of the tourists which was replied to by Brian Skyrme on behalf of the hosts. Gary Butt's superb

efforts on the field were recognised by the award of a 'Man of the Tour' special T-shirt (thanks Ian). Well done Gary!

Both teams had the pleasure of watching matches involving the Ladies and the 1st XI Mens' Teams from the host club, the former being somewhat of a walkover but the latter being a particularly hard fought and absorbing contest against ABC from North Shore.

The evening ended back in the hotel bar where the hotel had remedied the serious beer problem of the previous evening (viz. lack of any!) and had ensured that adequate supplies were available for consumption.

Thursday to Saturday, 24th - 26th February - Hong Kong

G'day fellow AB's! This is Strapper reporting on events and highlights of our stay in Hong Kong. I initially thought that I was to cover the whole of our stay so apologies to Mark and Rachel if some of my notes encroach on their report area.

We arrived in Hong Kong on a rather overcast, cool and damp afternoon, after an uneventful trot through customs we were directed quickly into the outside world. Due to some indiscriminate directions from the Metropole representative we made a couple of sorties up and down the sidewalk before getting into the correct location to board the courtesy coach. Our mountain of luggage was finally loaded into an old yellow van and it was last seen disappearing into the distance with Trish and Jan riding shotgun. The rest then boarded a more luxuriant transport to the hotel.

It didn't take long for certain members of the group to locate a pub close to the hotel [in fact, Ian Marsh had it spotted before we got there! - ed.]; as soon as our gear was stored this intrepid bunch departed for cheaper surroundings. Unfortunately it started to rain so yours truly, not geared for cold, wet weather retired to the Metropole Bar for a few expensive pints.

As day follows night, morning came and a quick democratic meeting was held to formulate a Plan of Action; this resolved that the group would break up into parties and push off to follow their dream or whatever map or information they had available. Parties were requested to volunteer any items of interest for this report and it was evident from comments that everyone had seen the major attractions. These included various museums, art galleries, shopping plazas, gardens and, of course, the ferry and the peak tram. Arthur's party had discovered the longest outdoor escalator in the world and travelled to the botanical and zoological gardens. The peak tram is actually a cable train and goes to the top of the mountain on Hong Kong Island: on a good day the views would be terrific but bad light and low clouds probably won't help the photography.

To get to the Island the most convenient way is the ferry, Arthur found the cheap way: as a senior citizen his ride was free. Quip of the day came from Arthur when quizzed about how Brenda qualified, he commented "*She passes for one*". Brenda wasn't present at the time. (How is the relationship now Arthur?)

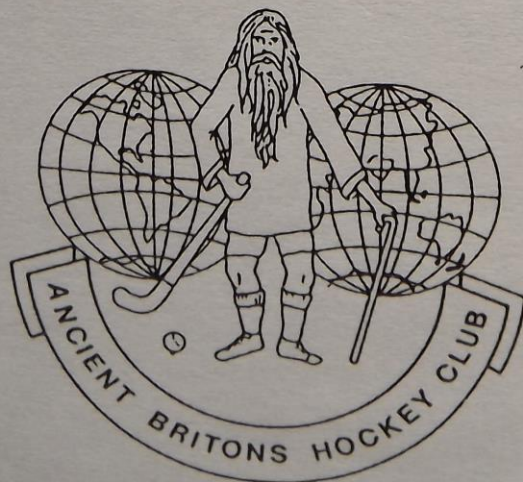
One of the highlights for Rod and myself was the discovery of a very lovely English-style pub called the "Bull and Bear". Run by an Englishman with bar and meal service provided by young

ate! - ed.]. Beer supply was a bit of a problem but finally Rod said he understood the lingo and whether the understanding is great of little, the correct result was achieved and many jugs were emptied. Phyl had a bit of a problem reaching the food but she made up for it at the end of the night where she was seen stashing away several sets of chopsticks in her bag - probably thinking of opening a Chinese Tea House.

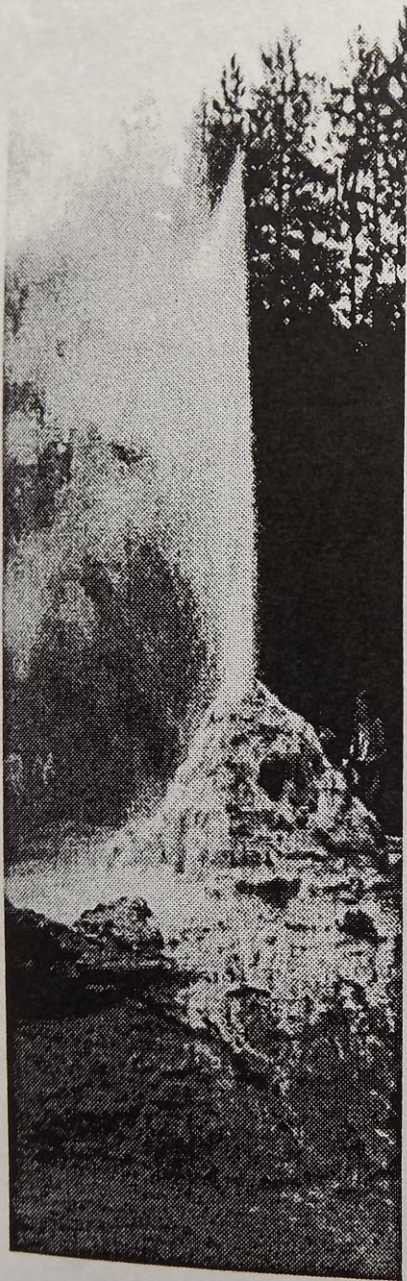
Impressions of Hong Kong:

Busy, dirty and generally pretty expensive. Despite all this there were some interesting things to see and some quite outstanding views; we even had a close-up from the ferry of the QE2 berthed in the harbour: we only missed her by a day on our visit to Milford Sound where "Dodger" Joan made her appearance.

Arthur's view, "Nothing worth having is cheap in Hong Kong" was shared by most. He recalls vividly the cold, air-conditioned room, a pot of tea costing £11 and the bamboo scaffolding (a common sight in Asian countries).



As the cartoon has it: "That's All Folks"



Strapper, in characteristic pose, watches an AB spouting off after a match whilst No. 1 explains to Strapper's XXXX just how the XXXX he keel-hauled himself in Fiji

