

A HUNTING WE DID GO

by

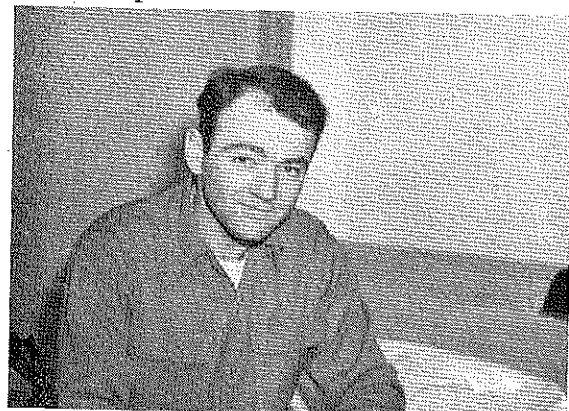
FELIX SMITH

"Let's get out of here", cried Schwartz, "I can't stand it any longer!—Wild boar hunting with knives, tickling trout, hunting rabbits without guns, and now it's wild horses!" We stalked out of the uproarious saloon, shaking our heads in amazement.

You too will be amazed when you find out what can transpire in a New Zealand pub, for I can no longer repress the distorted sense of responsibility to posterity that keeps nudging me to record these astounding truths, even in the face of being branded a paranoid liar.

"How does this sports idea tie in with an ordinary drinking establishment?", the un-appointed may ask, but friend, the inside of a New Zealand pub is as "ordinary" as the revolt of the Irish Republican Army. And rather than being tagged a pointless "establishment", it should be more aptly referred to as a seething sports arena filled with rowdy choruses of shouts and wierd tales, and strange performances.

The rugged New Zealanders, noted for their tough football teams, make just as rough and carefully regulated a game out of drinking beer, with rules well defined as the Marquis of Queensbury's, and the police as active participants rather than just referees or peacemakers.



Capt. Norman Swartz for which wild boar hunting with knives, tickling trout and hunting rabbits sans guns was a strange and wonderful experience.

石瓦 慈上尉

Just in case you still doubt the acceptability of this "sports" classification, let me begin with a rough resume of the rules. We'll start out with the exciting part, half-time, six P.M., the time that pubs legally close: cheer-leader-like, the publican strolls through, calling, "Time gentlemen, time please, gentlemen", which seems to be the signal for all participants to drain their glasses and saunter innocently out while the bartender pulls the curtains and makes a great show of locking the door. But this is only the beginning. The team mates either

check in with the wife for dinner, or merely stroll round the block, return to the pub, and give a coded signal on the door bell. The door opens a crack, recognition occurs, the player slips in and orders another pint. The atmosphere eventually becomes very cheery and although the constable on the beat can see light leaking past the curtain or hear loud bellows of "Fill 'er up again mate", or, "This is my shout, cobber!", said opposition cannot charge in and trap all hands in such an uncouth manner. He must press the door bell first. An officer of the law isn't allowed to use subterfuge, and such unsportsmanlike trickery of imitating the coded ring would immediately disqualify him. The policeman must give a long honest ring, at which alarm all hands abandon bar like rats leaving a sinking ship. The alert publican will have a predetermined refuge, one of the most ingenious being the hotel dining room where all drinkers perch quietly as if ordering dinner. Any bona-fide demands for food, however, would be greeted with extreme horror by independent waitresses, who by this time have the tables cleaned and set for breakfast. So the players just sit quietly as if waiting for their various orders until the constable makes his routine check and departs.

As in all sports, there'd be no excitement if the same side always won, so occasionally a few, not fleet of foot are caught red handed against the bar and the next step is for the constable to determine whether or not the suspect is registered at the pub's accompanying hotel. Publicans must have rooms to let before being granted a drinking license, and residents are allowed to drink after hours on the premise that is, temporarily, their home. But if the cornered drinker is not living at the pub, he's in a tough spot. The policeman asks each what room he's in, and great shouts of numbers ring out, and in this way somewhat resembles Bingo. If the drinker duplicates someone else's room number, or says he's living in a fourth floor room when he forgets he is in a two-story building, the jig is up and off he goes for a two-pound fine with the additional humiliation of having his name published in the newspaper as having been caught after hours in a pub. The publican also receives a heavy fine, and if penalized too often, is disqualified and loses his license. So you can see, it's no child's play.

After competition has stretched over a more or less strenuous period of days, a sort of time-out session is observed, the accepted method being to post a look-out at the door. At the appearance of the gumshoe the alarm is sounded, lights are extinguished, noise stops, and the constable strolls past the lonely lookout in the doorway of an establishment that to outward appearances is as quiet as

a dead engine and darker than inside a derby hat. He nods to the solitary figure and strolls on. The all-clear is sounded, the pub explodes into light and merriment, and the drinkers lift their mugs to compliment one another on their fraud. The policeman knows every look-out in town, but the psychology behind it is this: If the policeman sees the look-out, he knows the law is being respected—yes, feared. But let anyone foolishly flout it by assuming no look-out is needed, and brrring goes the doorbell, and it's catch as catch can.

We occasionally hear that American athletes abroad who try rugby football and cricket don't readily take to the British type of sports, but one exception was Pinky, our navigator, of whom we were extremely proud. Pinky learned to excel at his new game, but he did learn the hard way. He was quietly minding his own beer one night at the Grovenor Pub when the shocking cry of "POLICE!" rang out. With split-second reaction that might have been tempered by experience in other raids in his life, Pinky's reflexes had him out the door and half way down the street before a good samaritan could grab him and explain that since Pinky was living at the Grovenor, he had every right to drink there after six p.m., police or no police and he shouldn't have let his beer go flat. Pinky's face sagged into a look of a left-fielder who dropped a fly on the last out of a bases-loaded baseball game, but experience is an able teacher and soon Pinky was rubbing elbows with New Zealand's best.

A New Zealand pub has a comfortable social atmosphere, like a rich man's club. It is here that the philosophers hang out, here that world problems are discussed and experiences exchanged. With Pinky, matching them story for story, meeting their every slang word with an equivalent American expression, Pinky became our ambassador without portfolio.

Norm Schwartz and I invaded Pinky's domain one night purely for academic purposes, and as Pinky led us into the fabulous Barry's, one of the finest pubs in New Zealand, great shouts of "Why there's Pinky, the old clout! Hi there, Pinky, step up and have one! Bring your cobbles with you! The whole pub became alive when Pinky strolled in, but instead of gripping hands overhead, boxer-like, he merely gave out a sly grin, drifted to the bar, and fitted up to it like he was built in. Pinky didn't talk very loud, but whatever he had to say, all hands gathered round to listen in awe for they had met their match, story for story. While the rest of us had been acquiring New Zealand expressions such as "Fair dinkum, mate", "Too right", or "Right, right as rain", Pinky had unconsciously influenced his fellow drinkers into using the standard American colloquialisms plus a few of his own quaint inventions. "That's true", one of the New Zealanders would assert after a particularly amazing story, "And", he would add in deference to his

coach, "If it ain't so I'll bite your calf till you bark like a fox", and meanwhile glancing sideways at Pinky for approval, hoping he had used the expression in the approved manner.

Norm and I looked down the bar at a tall rangy man whose face held the rugged look of the out-of-doors. This man was quietly surveying the scene with a faint smile and a strong scotch and soda. He was Larry Rainey, a great hunter, who later took the pilots hunting and became one of our firmest friends. Other hunters gathered round him to exchange blood-curdling stories of hunting wild boar, armed only with knives, and of the dog who would courageously hold the boar by his jowls while the hunter stepped in for the kill, and stories of "tickling" trout, reaching under a bank and stroking trout as if making friends and then the sudden betrayal of jamming fingers into the gills and flicking him onto the bank. One of the hunters pointed down the bar and said, "And there's a man who goes hunting without a gun, or a knife!" We looked down this speaker's shoulder and past his finger and saw a ragged old character with bowed pants and a thousand-year old hat jammed on his head, and I remarked, "Why he looks like an old Tennessee hillbilly."

"He'd have one of your hillbillies done in nothing flat", bragged Bill Barry from behind the bar. "That man you are looking at is the greatest poacher in the world."

"And what's more, he's never been caught", exclaimed another, almost in reverence.

"He's been caught all right, but never convicted", corrected another.

"That's because he's such an accomplished liar" jeered someone. The Greatest Poacher In The World viewed his critics with haughty disdain and we sidled down the bar to establish contact, waiting to hear what he had to say.

"Well, here's what I was huntin' today, he said casually, pulling a live rabbit from inside his coat. "Caught twenty-five of them without firing a shot. Caught them all with this", he added, reaching in his coat again and extricating a live ferret, a weasel-looking pet that peered nervously around the bar. "Here's his mate", the old poacher added, reaching in and pulling out another. It was like a magic show. An amazed drunk staggered up, pulled up a beer and fell down.

"Let him on the floor", he bellowed, "Let's see if he's tame", whereupon The Greatest Poacher In The World put one of his ferrets on the floor. The ferret ran over to the cuspidor, peered into it like a rabbit hole and promptly keeled over beside his drunken admirer. Before he could reach over to pick him up Barry shouted.

"There's a chicken loose from Mrs. McGrath's yard", and like a streak of lightning, out charged the hillbilly, in the meantime extracting a dirty cloth sack from his magic coat. "He never goes anywhere without that sack", explained Barry.

"Always ready for anything", said another. When he returned, chicken in the bag, the drinkers had the ferret revived, and The Greatest Poacher In The World tucked him in his sweater where he promptly keeled over again.

"Give him air", someone advised. So out the back door he went, with Norm and me close on his heels, not wanting to miss the show. We were so full of admiration for a man so adept at his chosen profession that it must have shown on our faces because The Greatest Poacher In The World favored us with special attention.

"See?" he explained, holding his pet ferret up to one of his rabbits, "This'll liven him up a bit." The ferret snatched at the rabbit's throat with needle-like teeth and hung on, shaking furiously. "They'll never let go once they got a hold on him", he explained. "The rabbit knows this and comes running out of his hole when I poke my ferret down



Felix Smith is probably the only man who ever had to have a registered nurse (Cynthia Chen) extract a sliver which he acquired eating with wooden chop sticks. 獨一的史密斯隊長被護士長陳香蓮女士依法泡製

it. Then I spread this net over the hole and catch the rabbit as he comes out", he said, demonstrating with a wide swipe. "And it doesn't cost a cent. Friend of mine makes these nets out of store string. Besides", he winks, "You may be on someone else's property where you're not wanted this doesn't make any noise". He again demonstrated by pushing his huge fist into the net and silently drawing it shut. "There's people round here that best not know your business", he whispered, glancing suspiciously at the pub. "May try to cut into your game, you know". We were proud of his confidence, proud that we had established a firm friendship and were sorry to see him leave, but The Greatest Poacher In The World had more rabbits to sell. "And rabbits aren't all there is to hunt around here", he said, "There's ducks all over the place but the best time to hunt them is out of

season", was his parting advice. "Only a damn fool would hunt them in season—too much competition". Just then Pat Barry, ex-Olympic swimmer shouted out the door.



The New Zealand countryside where CAT pilots did their hunting.

紐西蘭的鄉野也是本隊飛機們的狩獵處

"Hey, you Yanks: Come back in here and meet the horse hunters. Here, you blokes, these fellows hunt wild horses in the Spring!"

It was here that Schwartz could stand it no longer. "Yeah", I added, "We'll never be able to tell these stories again. People back home would never believe us". We started towards the door, Pinky reluctantly in our wake.

"Hey, Pinky", the drinkers shouted, "Come back! Come on back, buddy, and have one for the road". But a disappointed gloom settled as Pinky's many friends detected no sign of hesitation in his following us past the portals of bizarre Barry's pub.

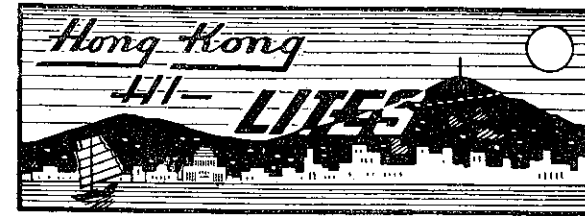
"And that Bill Barry wouldn't even let me buy the house a drink", mumbled Pinky, "Said it was too much money to spend".

"Yeah. Would have cost a buck and a half", said Schwartz.

"If these ain't the best people in the whole world", choked Pinky in deep emotion, "I'll bite your calf till you bark like a fox".

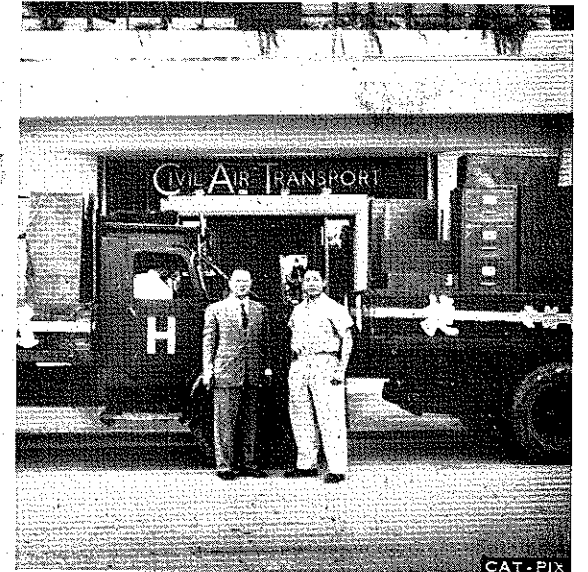
Earlier this year CAT undertook to haul a large amount of freight between the North and South Islands of New Zealand. Known as OPERATION "RAILHEAD" it enabled a number of CAT employees to work in New Zealand and make friends with the people there. It has been a source of pride to CAT to receive many letters from people there who worked with and knew members of CAT's staff. Without exception they have been unstinting in their praise—both of the work performed and goodwill established by CAT's ground and flying crews assigned to the project. The BULLETIN feels that Capt. Smith's story reflects much of the spirit of that goodwill.

Ed



The highlight of the month was the removal of the Hongkong offices from 75D Robinson Road and the PRO office from 15 Kotewall Road to the Embassy Court, Hysan Avenue.....PRO took the lead moving on Oct. 26 as had been in previous cases when CAT offices were moving down from Shanghai to Canton and from Canton to Hongkong. The next day, Oct. 27, truckloads of desks and cabinets began to pour into the modern-designed offices and in no time each department had its allotted space neatly arranged. The main entrance, flanked by the executive offices which have large windows facing the pavement, has an artistic look with big letters "Civil Air Transport" above. The executive offices on the ground floor to the left include President Whiting Willauer, C. E. Laguenx and E-VP J. J. Brennan, while those to the right are occupied by Earle S. Willoughby and Marsh Stayner, VP A. T. Cox, and Treasurer Bob Terhaar. On the two extreme ends of the hallway are the offices of W. C. Donaldson and C. D. Brito, and Saul Marias. Don has also an office at 208 Edinburgh House together with Max Springweiler, Olive King and Diana O'Driscoll. Lillian Chu, who had been ill for several days, came back to work again in the President's office. In the center of the hallway facing the reception room near the main door is a long screen behind which is the Message Center (Joan Lee) and the General Affairs (Andrew Chic). The RSR is on the left wing while the secretaries, Hussain Rumjahn, Alice Gotfried, Edie Barr and Kay Chiang have their desks near the offices of their respective bosses. PND has a separate office next to the RSR.....The air-conditioned basement is occupied by the Treasurer's office and PRO. Ken Brunner and Ed Mitchell share a room, and Sam Tweedie and Henry Feng each have a room for themselves. Others in the general office include: C. B. Tsien (錢起彭), Danny Yang (楊肇英), Carter Chu (朱嘉德), P. H. Chu (朱寶華), C. C. Yang (楊竟成), S. I. Pan (潘宋一), W. J. Chien (錢文傑), Dumas Dunn (鄧樹嵩), J. Rodrigues and W. I. Chu (褚萬鎰).....PRO has its darkroom on the ground floor near the spiral staircase which leads to the basement. On reaching the basement, one will find his head spinning before he gets to his desk. Offices are so spread out that, one day, Henry Feng opened the door of a storeroom thinking that it was the PRO. The telephones of the executive offices are 20654 and 38617 while the Treasurer's office, PRO and the general offices share the number 36279.....Expected back from the States before this issue comes off the press are C. H.

Schildhauer and Bob Terhaar. Marsh Stayner took off for Stateside via Tokyo for a short stay of three weeks to attend to some official business.....The happy date for Geoffrey A. Hardacre was set on November 19th at St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon, where his marriage to the attractive bride, Norma Egginton, was to take place. The 21-year-old nurse—hobby: horse-riding—hails from Coventry, England. She is expected to arrive at Hongkong on Nov. 16. It was her first air-trip and visit to the Far East. Hardy, a Canadian, is now only 23 and he was born in Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. He told the BULLETIN that the place of the honeymoon was a top secret.



Paul Tsai (l) and Hussain Rumjahn in front of the new office.

蔡國英和任責在新辦公室門前

CAT and its agent, the Ta Hing Co. (H.K.) Ltd., gave a cocktail party at the Roof Garden of the Hongkong Hotel on October 30th to celebrate the opening of the Air Booking Office at the St. George's Building, Ice House Street. It was a well attended party with more than 150 guests.

Following the signing of the Sino-Thailand provisional air agreement, CAT made an inaugural flight of its Taipei-Bangkok passenger service through Hongkong on November 4th. CAT invited a party of 10 Chinese newsmen and UP correspondent Art Goul and his wife to accompany the maiden flight from Taipei to Bangkok where they stayed for one week.