

Jennifer's Diary *Continued from Page 1*

ROOM OVERLOOKED THE 18th GREEN. I WAS PLEASED TO SEE THAT DWAYNE ORDERED THE CALLA-LEES CHARDONAY WHICH HE HAD INTRODUCED TO THE CALLAWAY LIST. QUITE GIGGLY, I WAS WHEN WE FINALLY LEFT FOR HOME, SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE WINE AT THE BALL WOULD BE WELL ABOVE THE NORMAL STANDARD.

WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU COULD SAY FOR THE SEATING ARRANGEMENTS WHEN WE ALL ARRIVED AT THE CONVENTION CENTER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP BALL. WHAT A DISASTER. THE COMPUTER HAD, APPARENTLY GONE DOWN TWO AND A HALF HOURS BEFORE THE DOORS OPENED AND IT BECAME OPEN SLATHER WITH FRAYED TEMPERS AND MUCH OTHER IRRITATION. I WOULD HAVE HATED TO BE ONE OF THE STEWARDS AT THE SEATING ARRANGEMENT TABLES, WHO SUFFERED THE GREATEST ABUSE.

IT WAS NOT THEIR FAULT AND IT WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED IF THE TASK HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO ANDREA FILACCHIONI, THE COMPUTER GENIUS WHO HAS PRODUCED THE RESULTS FOR BOTH THE CHALLENGERS AND DEFENDERS AND IS NOW SCORING THE AMERICA'S CUP. HE AND HIS TEAM, WITH THEIR AFTER SOFTWARE, HAVE BEEN ON TOP OF A DIFFICULT JOB THROUGHOUT THE FOUR MONTHS OF COMPETITION WITHOUT A SINGLE GLITCH. NICE GOING ANDREA, THE BALL NEEDED YOU.


DESPITE THE GLITCH, THE GLITTERATI WERE THERE IN FORCE. IT WAS SEE AND BE SEEN NIGHT IN SAN DIEGO AND WHO WOULD HAVE MISSED THE SWORDPLAY OF ROBERT GOURDIN, THE MOET MAN OF THE NIGHT WHOSE SABRE NEATLY CLEFT THE TOPS OFF MAGNUMS TO FILL THE PYRAMID OF GLASSES. STYLE THAT HAD, PLENTY OF STYLE, BUT BILL KOCH DIDN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THE PLOT AND WENT ROUND THE EDGE WITH HIS MAGNUM FILLING THE GLASSES INDIVIDUALLY RATHER THAN POURING INTO THE TOP ONE AND LETTING IT CASCADE INTO THE LOWER ONES. NOT TOO MUCH STYLE IN THAT BILL.

ONE FELT THE BALL NEEDED THE GUIDING HAND OF THAT PRINCE OF PARTY GIVERS, BRUNO TROUBLE. HE WAS THERE, WITH THE DELIGHTFUL MELANIE ON HIS ARM, WHISPERING THE MAGIC NAME OF IL MORO DI VENEZIA, THE WINNER OF THE LOUIS VUITTON CUP AND CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP XXVIII.

HIS PRESENCE COULD ALSO BE FOUND AT

THE TWO TABLES WHICH MOET HAD MANAGED TO SECURE CLOSE TO THE DANCE FLOOR AND CLOSE TO THE LOUSPEAKERS CONVEYING THE SOUNDS OF PETER DUCHIN'S ORCHESTRA AROUND THE CONVENTION CENTER. THEY WERE CLOSE TOO TO A GROUP OF STARS & STRIPES' SUPPORTERS. I NOTED ONE JOURNALIST WHO SEEMED TO DANCE WITH MANY OF THEIR LADIES; LUCY JEWITT, ROBERTA BURNHAM AND JUDY CONNER. WHAT GRACE THEY HAD.

I SKIRMISHED BRIEFLY WITH LA BURNHAM, WHO REFUSED EVER TO TELL ME ANOTHER OF HER RISQUE STORIES FOR FEAR I WOULD HAVE IT PRINTED, BUT OF COURSE THE DELIGHTFUL PUBLISHER, DON, WOULD NEVER ALLOW ME TO DO THAT WITHOUT FIRST CLEARING THE COPYRIGHT. SHAME, I DID ENJOY THEM SO AND SHE TOLD THEM SO WELL.


*'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,
No sleep 'til morn when youth and pleasure
meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.'*

Lord Byron

DUCHIN GUARANTEES THAT THE DANCE FLOOR IS NEVER EMPTY, ALTHOUGH THAT JOURNALIST DID SEEM TO HOG A HUGE PIECE FOR HIMSELF. I NEVER DID FIND OUT WHO THE WILD LADY HE SPENT MOST OF TIME WITH WAS CALLED, BUT THEY DID CUT A RUG, AS WE USED TO SAY.

FRIDAY WAS A DAY SPENT RECOVERING FROM THE EXCESSES OF THE BALL AND PREPARING FOR THE EVENT THAT SAN DIEGO HAS BEEN WAITING FOR. I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO ACCEPT THE INVITATION OF THOSE DELIGHTFUL FOKKERS, THE AIRCRAFT PEOPLE WHO WERE HOLDING A PRE-CUP DINNER AT THE HOTEL DEL IN CORONADO. DOWN AT THE WATERFRONT BARS, BAY BEACH CAFE AND BULAS, AFTERWARDS, IT WAS DECIDEDLY QUIETER - THE KIWIS HAD GONE HOME.

FAREWELL SIR MICHAEL AND YOUR ALL BLACKS, WE HOPE YOU WILL BE BACK TO COMPETE AGAIN AND I AM SURE THAT, IF YOU ASK HER NICELY, LADY SARAH WILL RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR PROMISE NOT TO BE INVOLVED

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IN THE AMERICA'S CUP EVER AGAIN. NO WOMAN MAKES HER MAN KEEP PROMISES LIKE THAT..

BREAKFAST AT THE SAN DIEGO YACHT CLUB WITH THE INTERNATIONAL SAILORS ASSOCIATION WAS A NOT-TO-BE-MISSED AFFAIR. BUT DIDN'T THEY BANG ON SO. I NEARLY MISSED THE NEXT RECEPTION, WITH MY FAVOURITE BREWER, WHITBREAD. NOW THAT DENNIS CONNER IS GOING TO COMPETE IN THEIR ROUND THE WORLD RACE, WHITBREAD WERE KEEN TO SHOW THE FLAG AND INTRODUCE US TO THEIR CO-SPONSORS, BT AND HEINEKEN.

BT, NEE BRITISH TELECOM, ARE GOING TO BRING LIVE PICTURES FROM THE SOUTHERN OCEAN ON TO YOUR TELEVISION SCREENS AT BREAKFAST TIME. THROWING UP OVER THE

GO BY, YOU WILL GET THE DRIFT OF THE EVENING. INTER-GALACTIC COMMODORE ALAN SEFTON, AUSTRALIAN COMMODORES BOB ROSS AND ROB MUNDLE TOGETHER WITH BRITISH COMMODORE AND DISCO DANCER BOB FISHER, GREETED THEIR GUESTS WITH A WAVE TOWARDS THE BAR AND THE INVITATION, 'ANYTHING YOU WANT!'

MOET FLOWED WITH A VENGEANCE, STEINLAGER, NEW ZEALAND WINES AND FOOD FROM REGENCY CATERING BY HYATT, MADE THIS AN EVENING TO REMEMBER. OR IT WOULD HAVE BEEN HAD NOT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMBERS PRODUCE THEIR IMAGES OF THE PAST TWENTY YEARS OF SINNING. SOME OF THOSE SHOWED THE MEMBERSHIP IN A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT SHAPE THAN THEY ARE NOW.

BY THE TIME THE EVENT WAS AT AN END AND BARRY PICKTHALL HAD BEEN AWARDED 'S'ME FROCK' - A HIDEOUS CREATION FROM THE SALVATION ARMY - FOR HIS MISDEMEANOURS OVER THE YEARS, AND FORCED TO WEAR IT FOR THE REST OF THE FUNCTION, THERE WASN'T TOO MUCH SENSE BEING TALKED. MOSTLY THE CONVERSATION CONSISTED OF BROKEN BOTTLES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS, BUT IT WAS EVER THUS.

SOMETIMES WE GIRLS GET IT WRONG, BUT NO ONE MORE SO THAN THAT ANNAPOLIS SOCIALITE, JEAN WHITE. JEAN ARRIVED IN TOWN TWO DAYS AFTER HER FRIEND, SIR MICHAEL FAY, HAD LEFT. THIS TIME, LEAVING HER HUSBAND BACK IN MARYLAND TO MIND THE SHOP, SHE ENSURED THAT HER SISTER, ROSEMARY BULLOCK WOULD BE HERE FROM AUCKLAND TO JOIN HER FOR THE HELL RAISING. JENNIFER'S ADVICE IS TO AVOID THESE TWO SKIN AND BLISTERS IF YOU WANT TO MEET THE NEXT MORNING WITHOUT SERIOUS BRAIN DAMAGE.

NOW I HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE. THE TITTLER HAS DEMANDED MY RECALL TO LONDON, BUT I HAVE HAD SUCH FUN HERE AND DOUBTLESS I CAN PERSUADE THE PUBLISHER, THE LOVELY DON ROBERTSON, TO INVITE ME FOR THE NEXT AULD MUG. I CAN'T WAIT TO REPORT THE GOINGS ON OF THE LIKES OF MEDIA MEGA-STAR RUB FONDLE AND HIS NURSE WHENEVER THE AMERICA'S CUP IS HELD AGAIN.

JENNIFER.

ON ASSIGNMENT FROM LONDON FOR THE TITTLER.

CORN FLAKES WILL HAVE A NEW MEANING FOR SOME. EDWARD SCOTT, THAT URBANE AND ELOQUENT MAN FROM THE TELEPHONE COMPANY, TOLD US ALL ABOUT IT BEFORE JAN BEIJERINK, THE MAN FROM THE DUTCH BREWERS COULD INVITE US TO PARTAKE OF HIS PRODUCT - THE REASON WHY MOST OF US HAD ATTENDED THE FUNCTION IN THE FIRST PLACE. SUCH A NICE MAN, JAN.

MONDAY, AFTER THOSE TWO, SEEMED DOOMED. LIVER FUNCTION WAS ALREADY DOWN, BUT I HAD A SHOCK FOR THAT ORGAN YET TO COME. I WAS INVITED ALONG TO THE GALA DINNER ON THE 30th FLOOR OF ONE AMERICA PLAZA TO CELEBRATE 20 YEARS OF S.I.N.S. - THE SOCIETY OF INTERNATIONAL NAUTICAL SCRIBES. SINCE THE SECOND RULE OF ITS CONSTITUTION IS, 'DRINK MORE PISS,' I KNEW THAT THERE WOULD BE A FRIGHTENING AMOUNT OF IT ABOUT.

THERE WAS BUT IF ANY OF THE FOUNDING COMMODORES (HOW THEY HAVE LASTED 20 YEARS, I'LL NEVER KNOW) ARE ANYTHING TO