

THE TROPICAL TELEGRAPH

Chiang Rai, Thailand - Oxford, UK

Christmas 2015, No. 14



Hello and welcome to the 2015 Tropical Telegraph! I hope all is well and that you have survived the year with a good measure of contentment and some memorable moments.





Jeremy was in town. Here at the Ashmolean where we had lunch.



Much to my delight, Audrey Sainsbury visited.



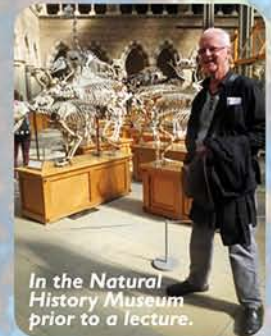
Rafe and Marie by the ancient border-garden in Worcester.



Rafe in Christ Church Meadow by the Isis on a lovely sunny day. The first boats are out on the river.



This was one of the largest of the many boats that plough up and down the Thames past the house.



In the Natural History Museum prior to a lecture.



The garden is lovingly looked after by Sandy, who keeps an eye on everything while I am away.



These are from the ancient outdoors orchid which I and the family have had for decades. It doesn't flower often, but when it does, it's a treat.



A golden bunch in the sunshine: these must be amongst the most intense and uplifting flowers in the world.



The garden was full of treasures.



Wonderful miniature garden, a gift from Mark and Rose.



I quite enjoy laundry, especially when there is sun and wind for drying things.



There were more apples and pears than I could ever eat, bottle or make into chutney - though I did my best.



Efforts to make the most of nature's bounty in the garden.



The fruit crop was plump and generous.



Stunning autumn colours of the Virginia Creeper.

On my last day in Oxford, I had to throw out this collection of wonderful roses.



Possibly the most-photographed view in the whole of Oxford: the memorial gardens in front of Christ Church at the entrance to the Meadows on St Aldate's.



In the quad at Worcester College.



Rafe and Marie at River House with their old friends Renee and Jeff, who I had met just the day before at a lecture.



Roy on a bridge across the Isis in early autumn.



A dull London day at the British Museum.



This was the stunning exhibition I travelled up to London to see.



British Museum: preparations in the first, breath-taking room of the exhibition, The Body in Ancient Greek Art.



Royal Academy on a dull, wet day: in town for the provocative and memorable exhibition by Ai Wei Wei, whose reconstructed trees filled the piazza.

I've spent a lot of happy times in Oxford this year. River House has come to feel like the perfect home and I can see how content I would be there if I ever decide to leave Thailand permanently. It's a lovely building with a fine, small garden, in a perfect location. The City centre with all its attractions and resources is just minutes away and I already have a small circle of good friends. Travel to and from London and airports is simple and trains take you further afield with relative ease.

My sense of belonging and being settled has been reinforced by lots of visitors staying for a few nights, or popping in for coffee or drinks and, of course, by the 70th birthday party in January. While there are some space limitations (dinner parties are not really a possibility as I've commandeered what was the dining-room as my study), and I do not know if it would be capacious enough for Nana Yaw and me if we ever live together, for now it's a perfect fit for me and my life and I feel privileged and lucky.

Sandy, my kindly caretaker/gardener, has done a great job in getting the plot into some kind of order, and there has been a whole range of new and colourful additions to the planting throughout the year. The apple and pear crop was simply amazing from the two small trees. Even though I bottled pears in ginger syrup and made apple chutney, there were masses left over which my long-suffering friends got landed with.

Mark and Rose have continued to feature strongly and generously in my life and I feel very lucky to have them as very good friends. They've introduced me to lots of interesting people and I've acquired a few new contacts on my own. Among the group are writers and ex-probation officers, academics and nurses, social workers and artists. It's been delightful!



Selfie in the study.



Marie on the steps in Worcester quad.



Baking gear.

Roy in the quad at Worcester. The lawn was recovering from its annual scarifying, while the banks are recently - and magnificently - re-seeded.



River House with a flotilla of ducks on a dull spring day.



The house risks disappearing into a forest of Virginia Creeper.



Entertainment on the river: just a few yards upstream from the house, a flotilla of novice sculls and pairs..



Rafe and Mark take drinks on the balcony, with the Virgin hot-air balloon passing by.



Rob and Vicky, wrapped for the winter, arrive in the little marquee in the garden.



Tony browses the short preview version of Out of Bounds that was printed for the birthday party.



Birthday boy and one of Sandy's wonderful flower-arrangements.



The birthday group enjoy a joke outside the restaurant.

Birthday



Arrayed on Folly Bridge.



Roy, old friend from Balham, reminisces about the busy twenty years since we met



Oldest friend: Colin and I have known each other since the early 1950s, went to Worcester College at the same time, and have kept in touch, intermittently, ever since.

It was my 70th birthday on 20 January 2015. To celebrate, I invited a select band of old friends to Oxford for a day's eating, drinking and talking. Collectively, the twenty-three guests accounted for something just short of 700 years of friendship. The average across the group was 27 years; the range from about 62 years to zero (one guest brought a partner whom I had never met). There was at least one person from every decade of my life and everyone had played an important part in my personal or professional life – or both, in most cases.

It was a remarkable day, not least because everyone seemed to get on famously with everyone else. I was very moved by the intense and affectionate words (and jokes) spoken by several people who reminisced about our joint past. It was uplifting and life-affirming – and wonderful to hear such things being said in my presence, rather than over my coffin when I could hardly take the same pleasure in them.

There were some wonderful staff from The Folly who helped with looking after guests at the house, before we strolled along the river to the restaurant for a

lengthy and delicious lunch. My friend and gardener, Sandy, had provided the most glorious flower-arrangements at home and in the restaurant. Photographer Kay spent the day with us and, skilfully almost invisible as she was, made a warm and creative record of the day. (She organised for a selection to be published in a very elegant and beautiful Apple book.)

I had planned for us to have dessert and coffee while cruising along the Thames from the restaurant, but, sadly, it was a winter 'red board' day when navigation was forbidden because of the swollen river and dangerous current. We did have dessert and coffee onboard, but disappointingly (and rather absurdly!) moored to the jetty, though several people remarked how much they had enjoyed even that small taste of nautical life.

There was a handful of important people missing, but overall, it was quite extraordinary to experience so many eras and aspects of my life directly through the presence of the people who had been there from all six decades.



Rose, Alex, Phil and Bob root about in their crackers hoping for something amusing.



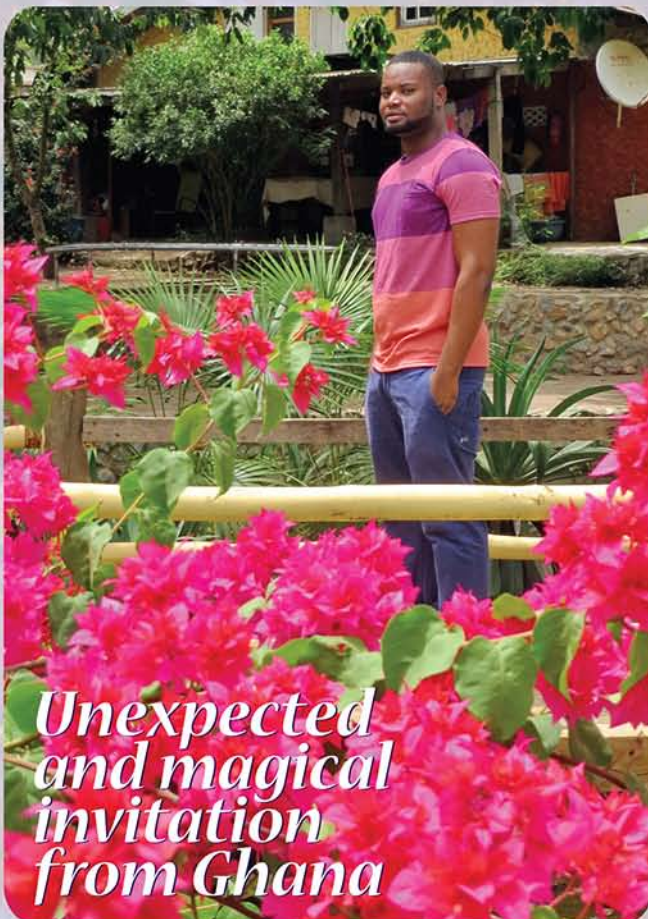
Richard, fellow director of EQUUS, colleague for many years, holds the floor with some disparaging tales about his host.



Dessert and coffee afloat: we couldn't sail because of the dangerous current, but it was fun to be aboard outside the restaurant.



Maire and Mark in the foreground; Chris and Colin behind, and Rob obscured. Chris was organ scholar at Worcester; he shared a memorable Italian holiday with me and my Aunty Joan in the late 60s.



Unexpected and magical invitation from Ghana

Early in the year, much to my astonishment, my friend Nana Yaw from Accra wrote to say that he had decided he wanted to spend the rest of his life with me. Though we have known each other for nearly five years, have met and had holidays in Ghana and talked and emailed frequently, I had no idea at all that romance was on the horizon, however much I might have wished it could be. It was a great gift, to be taken as seriously as anything possibly could be. We needed to meet and talk!

As soon as I could arrange it, I set out on the long trip to Accra, on this occasion via Adis Ababa. We spent a few days (again) at Big Milly's on the beach at Kokrobite, on the far outskirts of Accra. It was as exotic as ever: the great Atlantic rollers crashing on the sand; the fishermen mending their nets and pushing their long, heavy boats out through the surf; the arrival of the day's catch – a great, glistening, silvery mass, sorted, distributed and carried off by women with dented aluminium bowls on their heads; the drumming or live music at night; and, on Ghana's National Day, thousands of the population thronging the beach as far as the eye could see, eating, drinking, dancing and playing in the ocean.



Dinner in the comfortable Italian place just round the corner from Big Milly's.

We are both lovers of good food.



Just outside Big Milly's.



The 'Sahara Suite': our home at Big Milly's by the Atlantic.



A great catch just landed, laid out on the sand for sale and distribution.



On the coast in the middle of Accra.

Just up the lane from the beach, we discovered an unlikely Italian restaurant, in a quiet garden with shady trees and bougainvillea blooming everywhere. We had several great meals and some very happy times. We both love food and Nana Yaw is adventurous when it comes to trying new things; while banku and tilapia may be the meal of his dreams, he doesn't demur if offered pasta and pizza and other rather un-African dishes. We both like ice cream and cream-smothered chocolate puddings. He doesn't drink alcohol at all, a preference that helps keep my intake at very modest levels.



Cheerful chef in our apartment in Accra.

After Big Milly's, we returned to Accra for a few nights as his classes were resuming, and he had to be up at the crack of dawn to start his studies. (6am starts seemed a bit much to me, but there are the benefits of missing the intense heat of the later day). Exams ahead, so study could not be skipped.

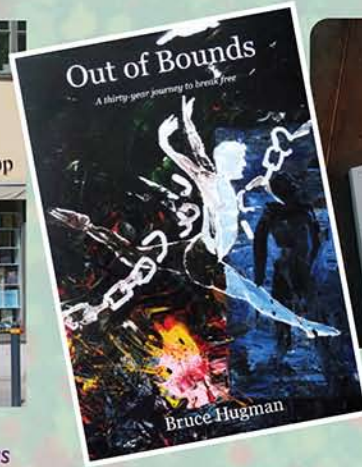
So, we talked and talked about the possible future. Then, and in later discussions, we agreed that we needed to have a trial period of living together for several months to see if the concentrated pleasures of short holidays would translate to domesticity and survive its demands. He may try and come to Thailand as an international student, altogether more plausible than aiming to set up some arrangement in the UK. That would come later.

What we have decided on is a three-week holiday in South Africa at the end of November. It will be a great relief to be together again after months of Skype, Viber and emails on fuzzy and unpredictable connections.

We may have a clearer idea of what the future holds after then. It's all a very, very happy prospect!



Sales in Uppsala: this splendid bookshop in Uppsala has already sold five copies of *Out of Bounds* and is taking more!



My Thai artist friend Paradorn produced this wonderful cover for the book.



I was thrilled with the design and print-quality of the book. (On the bottom left page, there's a photo of P.S. Waverley which I sailed on with my family in the 1950s - half a century before this year's trip which you can read about on another page.)

Out of Bounds

You'll know this story already, but the record of the year cannot be complete without a mention. I wrote the first version of this book in 1975 when I was thirty, chronicling my life up to that point. It then sat around for nearly forty years, neglected, like so many other manuscripts that I've never managed to do anything with.

For two long years, I struggled to re-make the text, under the guidance of my old friend Phil Roddis, who insisted that the work had merit and deserved to be published. With him and wizard copy-editor, Caroline, we reached a stage where it was as good as it was going to be. Location of a talented designer and a great printer set us on the path to publication. My old friend Paradorn in Chiang Rai did a spectacular design for the cover and the endpapers of the hardback. In February it was done and I received the first copies at home in Thailand. It was a beautiful book!

I did some of my own marketing but also handed it over to a commercial sales and distribution company (Troubador) who formally launched it on 28 October. It had a couple of very positive reviews, and two readers posted appreciative comments on my author page on Amazon. Sales have been modest; while I would (of course) have liked it to rise through the charts, it was never very likely and my primary goal had always been to complete the project and get it out into the world. The English Bookshop in Uppsala sold five copies (at least) and I was very excited about that! After all these years and all that work, it's done, and I feel a huge sense of pride and achievement – and a large gap in my life now the job is done.

The Bookbag review ('a book of quiet importance'): http://www.thebookbag.co.uk/reviews/index.php?title=Out_of_Bounds_by_Bruce_Hugman

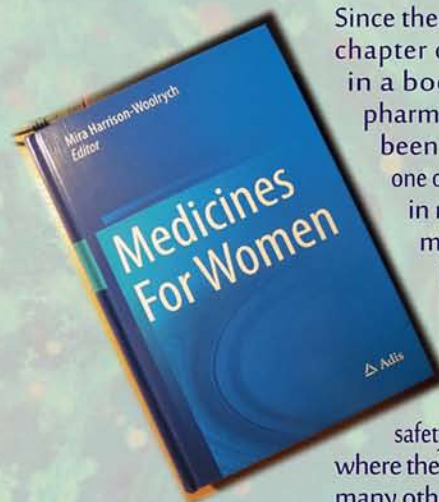
My distributor (Troubador) will mail paperback copies: http://www.troubador.co.uk/book_info.asp?bookid=3489

The book is available in paperback, hardback, POD (print-on-demand) and eBook (Kindle), all on Amazon and through booksellers who can order it if it's not in stock.

A year of publishing

Medicines for Women

In parallel to *Out of Bounds*, I was writing what turned out to be two chapters for a big new book on *Medicines for Women*. My topic was risk communication. The two chapters occupy nearly a hundred pages of printed text with several hundred references, evidence of the scale of what was a massive research and writing project. The completion of this (and its publication early in the year) also left a great gap in my life and I have felt disoriented by the absence of these two big preoccupations from my daily agenda.



Chapters 18 and 19, around one hundred pages, were my contribution to this quite fat book.

Since then, I have completed a chapter on communications in a book on the future of pharmacovigilance and I've been asked to do another one on risk and risk perception in medicine in lower and middle income countries. It seems that I have something of a reputation in the relatively narrow field of patient safety and risk communication, where there don't seem to be that many other people thinking and working along the same lines at the moment. None of this will make me any money, but it's pleasing and useful work.

Remembering David

David Pickup died of colorectal cancer on 30 January 2015. He was one of that handful of precious people who have given my life strength and meaning and delight. We'd kept in touch for more than forty years and, during his last three or four years, met several times and had an intense email correspondence. He and his partner, Vanessa, visited me in Oxford in 2014, but he was too ill to make my 70th birthday party.

We first met when he applied to join the Sheffield Detached Probation Project in the 1970s. We took to each other early on and then, once he was appointed, shared some of the most astonishing and demanding times of our lives, looking after damaged and delinquent young men and women on the streets of the city. After I had left and later took on the tenancy of Hurst Farm, he came and joined me and we had another remarkable four years in that ancient and remote farmhouse. We bred sheep and pigs, made hay, baked bread, milked the house cow, planted

vegetables, living by the light of oil-lamps and through bitter winters, heating the house with the wood we had collected and chopped. During that time he studied the piano for his ARCM or LRAM (I can't remember which), starting on a musical journey that he would follow for the rest of his life.

I couldn't get to the funeral in February, but I sent the following words that were read on the day:

'David was a radical. In probation, as in life, he challenged prejudice and small-mindedness and injustice and witheringly assessed what they told us about the world; he opened his heart to the wounded and oppressed and fought for them when he could.

'At Hurst Farm, he had a vision of self-sufficient life, off the grid, and sweated to make it real for himself and the little community we shared. I was fortunate to have him as my closest colleague and dear friend for those years, a bond that lasted through the decades.

'He was intelligent, reflective, robust, passionate, loving, authentic. He wrestled with life's meaning, throwing aside the platitudes and slick answers of conventional thinking. He was gentle, understated, diffident at times, but such qualities masked immense wisdom and strength. He had reconciled himself to mortality, was amusing, philosophical and wise to the end. He loved, he cooked, he built and fixed things, he taught, he dug and planted – and stayed faithful to his wild side with his motor-bikes and much more.

'He was one of the finest specimens of his sex. If he'd shown the slightest inclination, I'd've married him like a shot. Well done, Vanessa, for finding him and for having two decades of happiness – and now, rich and privileged memories of such a special and unusual man. He would tell us, it is not duration but intensity that matters; we should comfort ourselves with that wisdom, knowing that he lived and loved intensely, and that he gave us the chance of doing so too.'



David at a champagne party I held in Balham in the late 1990s.



This was always my favourite photo of David: at Hurst Farm in the 70s, holding one of our cross-bred lambs (Jacob and Kent).



In 2014 I stayed with David and Vanessa in their cottage in Adisham, Kent.



Lunch on the Pembrokeshire coast: Jenny, sister-in-law, nephew Andrew and Laura his wife..



The amazing St David's cathedral, with the enormous, ruined, Bishops' palace beyond.

I've had a couple of trips to Pembrokeshire to see my family. In September we went on a trip on P.S. Waverley, the last ocean-going paddle steamer in the world, which the local Women's Institute had chartered for an afternoon as part of their centenary celebrations. It was a memorable experience and, for me, reminiscent of the trip I made with my family on the same vessel on the Clyde in the 1950s.

Jenny took me on a tour of the locality and we enjoyed the sights of Tenby, St David's Cathedral and the wonderful Pembrokeshire coast. It's a lovely part of the world.

Roy and Ian invited me down to their place in Plymouth and we had some great sight-seeing and eating. I bought a chiming clock in one of the many antique shops we visited in Ashburton. (Roy later came to Oxford, so it has been a good year for consolidating old friendships.)



Great-nephew George sets off for some digging.



Old street in Tenby.

UK Travels



The beach at Tenby.



Selfie at the Hugman estate in Pembrokeshire.



Tenby harbour at low tide.



P. S. Waverley, the last ocean-going paddle steamer in the world. This pic from the website, www.waverleyexcursions.co.uk.



Grassholm Island from a short distance with its perplexing ice-cream topping...



Mark at Minster Lovell



The mesmerising heart of the Waverley.

It's a colony of 40,000 pairs of gannets - those great, agile, powerful sea-birds.





Horse-lover Bui gets a chance at Hans' farm.

Bui with his Mum and Dad at my farm watching his quadcopter as it surveys and photographs the property.

A cheerful Ui: he's doing well. Not only studying at college, but also a bell-boy at a city-centre hotel when he found the job himself and is starting to finance his own life.

THAILAND

My good friend Hans out at his farm, where horses represent just one of a host of productive assets and activities. He and his wife are owners of the great Italian restaurant in town, da Vinci's.



Door-to-door: a super spicy meal brought round for me by Ui's Mum.



The pool at a local hotel where I try to go two or three times a week when I'm at home. There's rarely anyone else there at all.



This year's pharmacy students at Rangsit University: a much smaller group than usual, and maybe the last of the annual full-week marathons I've been doing for ten years now.



Bui visits me at my hotel in Bangkok in his new company car.



The main driveway up from the old front gate at the farm.

I've spent less time in Thailand this year than any previous, I think. It's part of what may be a very slow transition to eventually living in Oxford permanently, though I have no specific plans. I'm going to find it hard to leave Thailand until I have resolved the future of the farm and that remains as uncertain as ever. Ui needs me less than previously, though now, when I am away, he calls, emails and Skypes quite often, for no specific purpose, showing an enthusiasm for communication that is quite new. Without any pressure from me, he found himself work as a bellboy in a city-centre hotel and seems to be managing his shifts and college studies pretty well. He now pays for most of his ordinary expenses and is obviously pleased to be able to do so. (I'm quite pleased too.)

I've seen my loyal old friend Bui several times in Bangkok and

in Koggalae, where his parents still live. He brought his quadcopter with him and photographed our village, the farm and my Dutch friend Hans' enormous farm outside Chiang Rai. Hans and his wife own da Vinci's, a great Italian restaurant in town, and much of the produce comes from their own land — meat, milk, cheese, eggs, vegetables, rice and lots more. Hans is a horse enthusiast and a skilled rider and trainer; as Bui loves horses too, he and I went out to visit and had a hour or two there — Bui's aerial photography being exchanged for a horseback session.

Dr Pravich and I see each other for dinner in Bangkok occasionally and regularly exchange assignments in Thai or English that need editing or translation. We're a settled old couple of friends after twenty years of knowing each other.



SWEDEN

An indulgent pudding at dinner with Rafe and Marie - and a wonderful pair of old braces that Marie had just given me.

My cottage looking lovely in the sunshine with its new crop of pansies in the planter on the wall.

Three trips to Sweden, from winter to autumn, have provided a rich range of activities, expeditions, shopping and eating, both social and professional. I arrived in deep winter for the annual UMC Kick-off event. This year it was held at a ski resort a few hours' drive away from Uppsala. The one hundred staff, many of them with their own ski equipment (others hiring on site) were soon toggged up and very active on the slopes. I found a cosy corner with a sofa and read most of the time, rather appalled by the sporting euphoria evident on all sides.

After twenty years of being UMC's sole communications consultant, things have changed dramatically with the appointment of a high-powered Peruvian communications boss and two others, who are website and social media experts. My old friend Geoffrey and I, along with another



My old UMC friend, Anette, in here traditional Swedish outfit, with me at the training course dinner.



People from all over the world at the UMC training course, gather in Uppsala in the garden of the house of Carl Linneus the great plant taxonomist.



Our local windmill flea-market: Rafe holding an old engraving he'd just unearthed from the piles of ancient stuff on show.

member of the support staff, now find ourselves belonging to a dynamic and productive team with a large agenda of challenging projects ahead. It's all very wonderful and just what I have been dreaming of for a very long time.

We had the annual training course with the usual selection of interesting people from around thirty countries. That all seemed to go well, with younger members of staff now taking on some of the teaching I have done for so many years – successors at last! Nevertheless, there still seems to be plenty for me to do and I'm hoping to keep going as long as I am competent.

Life in my old cottage in Rafe's and Marie's garden has been as delightful as ever. We have had endless conversations on everything under the sun over drinks and indulgent dinners. We have done the usual rounds of the local flea-markets, finding occasional treats, including one more chiming clock (I now have three in Sweden, all working, and three in Oxford, rather less efficient).



Here's my new team of communications colleagues when we went out for a scrumptious dinner together.



Skipper at the helm: Rafe's boat back in its element after the winter



Sad there is really nothing to do with these beautiful objects except admire them.



Marie arrives home in the MX5



Carpet of fallen apples

Life, the universe and stuff

Bangkok

The August bombing at the Erawan shrine in Bangkok was a nasty shock for the nation. Injuries and death are not unknown in Thailand (particularly in the separatist southern states), but an attack on this scale, in the heart of the commercial and tourist sector of the City, was deeply disturbing (twenty deaths and a hundred and twenty-five injuries). A suspect was arrested, with alleged links to Turkish extremists angry about the deportation of Uyghurs from Thailand, but I am unsure about recent developments and how much the story has changed recently. Other than a couple of other similar, minor incidents, civil society has been pretty stable and safe under the continuing rule of the military. Return to democratic government has been promised, but does seem distant.

Britain

I exercised my right to vote in the UK, and was very happy when my Labour constituency MP was returned convincingly: a red patch in a solidly blue map of the region. I've corresponded with him on several matters (Nana Yaw's visa application; the deteriorating footbridge near my home; the right to die bill) and he has

always responded rapidly and helpfully, though we disagreed on the end-of-life question. In the spring, I was at home when he was doing his rounds, and we had a chat at the gate, including reflection on the upcoming Labour leadership election.

I had always thought that Jeremy Corbyn was Labour's best hope for a resurrection from mediocrity and platitude and was delighted when he won so convincingly. He's yet to prove he's truly up to the job, but there are positive signs, not least the people's Prime Minister's question time which is a pretty bold initiative. My hope remains that, even if he can't take Labour to victory in 2020, he will transform the quality of political life in Britain and focus on some of the values and aspirations for a just society that seem to have vanished from the public arena in recent years.

The world

I can't hope to contribute to any kind of new understanding of the chaos and absurdity of so many of the affairs of the world. As always, I continue to marvel at what we can achieve (in science, technology and all the rest of it) and, simultaneously, to be dumbfounded that we create or allow such havoc to flourish everywhere. The refugee crisis has exposed the incom

petence of our international institutions and the timidity of so many politicians in confronting and managing the greatest human tragedy of the century. Some of the glories of human history and achievement are being wiped out in the Middle East. Black men are being shot in great numbers on the streets of the US, often by policemen. Millions are being threatened by rising sea-levels and apparently increasingly ferocious storms. Millions live in poverty, illiteracy and despair. Yet, we have pictures of Pluto and detailed images of the face of Mars. We have vaccines and skyscrapers and electric cars. We have the knowledge, skills and resources, but choose to squander our riches on weapons and the toys of the powerful and wealthy.

Volkswagen

It's amazing how gullible, even idealistic, one is. I'd always thought of VW as one of the great, benign institutions of the world, clever, innovative, reliable, useful. Now we find out that their ethics are as shitty as the rest of the delinquents we know about – bankers; tobacco, pharmaceutical, mining and oil companies, at least – all driven by profit to deceive and exploit while they can get away with it. What a bleak picture it is. What a betrayal!



The lovely Art Nouveau Palace Hotel, in the centre of Prague, where we stayed for the ISoP meeting.



Much of old Prague is stunningly beautiful. Here, the old square from the U Prince Hotel roof terrace.



My old friend and colleague, Geoffrey, with Shota from Georgia at the welcome reception.



Segway tours of the city are all the rage in Prague. Here, Rafe, tries his skills in the old square.



Marie and I indulge ourselves one evening at the Italian restaurant at the Grand Hotel..



Shopping in Delhi: Paula (my new boss at UMC) and Marie with a few new frocks.



With Ambrose from Nigeria and Juan from Chile after the Delhi conference dinner.



Rafe and Marie in their glad rags for the conference dinner in the magnificent Municipal House.

WRAP-UP

Professional meetings in Prague and Delhi were busy and productive with serious business as well as lots of agreeable, sociable encounters with old and new friends. After ten weeks away (Oxford-Utmyrby-Prague-Delhi), I have just two weeks before flying off to South Africa.

It's been a varied and very enjoyable year. One surprising development was my giving up smoking. After fifty-five years of loyal commitment (bolstered, it must be said, by the infuriating activities of bossy anti-smoking campaigners), I suddenly seemed to be ready (after flawless health check results and chest X-ray) and have been tobacco-free for four months. Apart from saving money, there have been absolutely no evident benefits from this great sacrifice which I regard as a real bum deal. If I live to 80, I might start again.

This weekend, I fly west and south on the long haul to South Africa. It's a time when Nana Yaw and I will be deciding how our futures might work out together – or not. I hope that love and friendship will overcome the enormous obstacles there are to our having a life together; I know we are both determined not to lose the opportunity once we are sure it is the right path for us.

Christmas and New Year, probably in Thailand – and then it's 2016 and the adventure continues!

HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND ALL THAT!

Whatever you are doing, wherever you are, have a great time with your families and friends! I do hope some of us will meet up in 2016 – in Oxford, Thailand or other parts of the world. Come and visit if you can; keep in touch.

Warmest greetings!

Bruce

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