

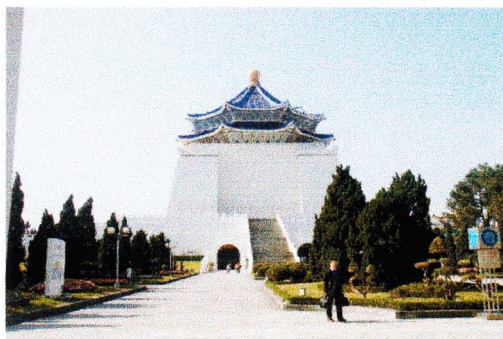
STARBOURNE



First Night Welcome Committee



Peninsula Tea, Hong Kong



Chiang Kai-Shek Memorial, Taipei



Lung Shan Temple, Taipei

Osaka Castle w/Spryngbok



Tempozan Wheel, Osaka



Star Princess



Champagne
Waterfall w/Elephant

TRAVELS WITH A SPRYNGBOK

Book 2002 Chapter 2

STARBOURNE

Thursday, Feb. 7: Arrive home from 14-day Regal Princess cruise. Pet cats. Unpack most of the three suitcases. Go through mail. Check in two weeks of books for VERIP Books (B). Start laundry (E). Load books into the Taurus to go to LASFS and sell them. Argue with Taurus about dead battery and the alarm it set off while refusing to start the car. (Alarm control hasn't worked for years.) Rip alarm horn out by the roots, load books into Escort, go to LASFS. Pick up new cruise tickets from Ed. Attempt to answer questions that came up in the past two weeks about Fan Stuff (like Westercon, LASFS, Loscon, etc.) Go home and collapse.

Friday, Feb. 8: Doctor's appointment (E), Car Repair appointment (Taurus), bank business, shopping (cat food, party supplies). Pay bills, finish unpacking, do more laundry. Pick up newly re-battered (and battery-posted) Taurus. Go to LASFS to try to extract money from "Oh Hell" players. (Mildly successful.)

Saturday, Feb. 9: Straighten up house. Move books from both cars to Wrec Wroom to display at party. Hold 34th Annual Ellik-Jacobs Memorial Wine & Cheese Party. Highlights: three Mahj games and an Oh Hell game going at the same time; 11 dead wine bottles, 6 unopened (one of which was hauled away), 2 opened (one saved, one -- the "Well, it's PRETTY!" one -- emptied down the sink); very little leftover cheese.

Sunday, Feb. 10: Clean up dishes from party. Move books to Taurus. Go to LASFS for Board Meeting (E) and Second Sunday book-selling (B). Go home, offload books, and set up house for 4-week abandonment. Pack. Do up bank deposit for Jordan-delivered later-this-week drop off at Bank. (It's impolite -- as well as bad business -- to let checks sit around for four weeks.)

Monday, Feb. 11: 5:30 a.m. (after about 4 hours sleep): move luggage to Taurus, go to breakfast. 6:25: Collect Jordan Brown as car-retriever and drive to Van Nuys Fly-Away Bus Terminal to catch 7:00 shuttle to LAX. Realize Screw-Up #1 as he drives away: I don't have my walking stick. Declare To Hell With It, I'll Get Along Without It.

[March, at home: It was too early in the morning. Jordan took the deposit bag home and forgot about it. Kim found it and took it to the bank later in the week. Thanks, Kim!]

7:40: Arrive NWA terminal, get one of the very few 2-seat configurations on the very sold-out plane to Tokyo's Narita Airport. 11:00: Plane takes off almost on time; an unlooked-for open aisle+next pair allows Elayne to move and each of us to have a double seat during the 11-hour flight on a very cramped plane. (The toilet stalls appear to have been designed for size-46 and smaller...) I kill the first of my disposable books.

Tuesday, Feb. 12: The day is swallowed by the International Date Line, a 2-hour layover at Narita and the flight to Singapore. Our seating luck runs out and we squeeze into seats A&B of a 3-4-3 configuration on a fully sold out flight. This is the short leg: 6 hours and 40 minutes. Sleep is the pastime of choice.

Wednesday, Feb. 13: 0:30 a.m.: Singapore. Clear Customs, Immigration, etc. and drag luggage toward Princess-hired buses. But not all the way to the buses -- the luggage would be taken direct to the ship while we went to a hotel for the rest of the morning. It would have been nice to know this in advance so we could have packed an overnight bag to take with us, but Oh Well -- we'll be grungy for another half-day.

The Princess guide on our bus pointed out Singaporean things as we rode -- including the fact that it was now the second day of the Chinese New Year, and almost all the shops would be closed. So much for shopping. Maybe there would be tourist stuff around the hotel.

We stayed at the Conrad International, attached to the Convention Center. It is a lovely hotel, and everything was well organized. We crashed somewhere around 2:15.

Sometime during the night I remembered Screw-Up #2: the books I'd taken from the Taurus were still on the hand-truck. Outside the Wreck Wroom. The odds on there being some rain, even in Los Angeles, in a month's time, were too high. I'd have to yell for help. I considered sending e-mail, then decided that not everyone reads their e-mail as compulsively as I do, and it might take a few days before the problem was dealt with. I'd have to phone, and charge the International Call -- I know they're expensive -- to the credit card. So early Wednesday morning I called Los Angeles (at mid-afternoon Tuesday) and asked Kim Brown to send over a rescue mission for the books.

[March, at home: Kim told Jordan, and later talked to Christian McGuire, our house-sitter and cat-feeder. But Christian had already been warned about the books by our next-door neighbor, so he'd brought them in. This information didn't get to Jordan, who looked around the outside of the house and wondered what I was talking about. Thanks, everyone!)

We had an excellent buffet breakfast (included in the Princess Transfer cost which paid for the hotel stay), discovered that the shops in the mall between the hotel and the Convention Center were as closed as the rest of Singapore, and checked out of our room to wait for our shuttle bus. The International Phone Call cost 69 Singaporean cents -- about 45 cents USD. Hell -- the Diet Coke from the minibar was \$5.50 Singapore Dollars! (I paid the whole bill with \$5 US and got change -- \$1.42 Singapore.) (We could hold a con here -- the Conrad International's Standard Corporate Rate -- available to almost anyone -- is only about \$155 USD. And we could lose a LOT of our slob-types who would be first fined and then maybe incarcerated for littering or something equally common stateside. "Singapore Is a Fine City," as the slogan goes.)

Embarkation was pretty well organized, though it appeared we'd have done better to ignore our "Express Check-In" sticker and go through the regular line, which was shorter. Our luggage was already in our stateroom, and after unpacking we set out to make sure we were scheduled for the go-as-you-please "Personal Choice Dining" instead of the standard First Seating and Second Seating. Yup. Then lunch at the buffet on Lido Deck, and a \$42.50 bar bill. (For unlimited soft drinks during the cruise. That's a definite money-saver, considering how many \$1.15 Diet Cokes I can drink in 26 days.)

Around 4:00 we went to our stateroom to wait for Sailaway celebrations -- scheduled for 5:00 -- before going to dinner. The last thing we remember, around 5:45, was the 4th or 5th apologetic announcement that Sailaway would be delayed another short time because the Singapore authorities hadn't finished the paperwork to release Star Princess. After which sleep replaced Sailaway, Dinner, and the "Welcome Aboard" show.

"Getting There Is Half the Fun" -- The Hell You Say.

Thursday, 14 Feb: Valentine's Day: At Sea. It was beginning to look like Old Home Week in a few ways. We'd already noted that the Captain and the Cruise Director were the same combination we'd sailed with on the Ocean Princess in 2000. Then our headwaiter from the 65-day Pacific Princess trip last year recognized me outside the Buffet when we were going to breakfast. And both the Impressionist and the female Featured Singer in tonight's entertainments were acts we'd seen before.

We registered our 142 Days Sailing With Princess (prior to this cruise) with the Captain's Circle desk, although I'm sure we have no chance of being in the Prize Circle of three most-traveled.

Trivia #1: 2 points behind the winning team. The mahjong get-together at 2:00 was about what I expected: 5 tables of Chinese Mahj, all with full complements of oriental players, a couple tables of League Mahj, and me. (League uses annually issued cards that specify the combinations of tiles needed to win; Chinese requires only any four sets of three tiles, and any pair.) I play Chinese, but nowhere near as quickly as the easterners; I've never played League. But three League-playing ladies needed a fourth, so I gave it a try. Yuck! When another League player arrived I made a rapid exit. I did find a game, teaching two new players, with the fourth seat filled by an agreeable League player (who bailed out after a few hands, her place taken by a Canadian who also plays Chinese.) We played several more face-up hands, then a few face-down ones, almost finishing East Wind before time ran out and people had other things to do.

Elayne attended the first of a series of lectures on the great North Atlantic Liners: "The Only Way To Cross" The lecturer was "Marine Historian John Maxtone-Graham." Elayne liked it enough she plans to go to the others in the series.

The afternoon game, billed as "Sports Trivia," was a non-starter as far as I was concerned. What I know about sports one could print on an already-full matchbook cover. An afternoon snooze, followed by a late dinner in the dining room (instead of the Buffet) left time for only one of the two evening shows, so I headed to the one featuring the impressionist. Bill Acosta, whom we saw in 1992 on the Viking Serenade, has ever since been the standard against which I measure impressionists. He hasn't slipped a bit in ten years! His end routine -- Bill Clinton's Twelve Days of Christmas, with 13 voices total, done in what he calls "Voice Chasing," where one runs into the next, was really excellent.

We remembered to reset watches and clocks: Singapore to Bangkok, gain an hour. (They are apparently in the same time zone, but Singapore has Summer Time.)

Friday, Feb. 15: Laem Chabang, Thailand. Elayne headed off on an Official Tour, to visit the Vimanmek Royal Mansion, and the Jim Thompson House, in Bangkok. (The tour also included lunch and a couple other stops.) I had decided that bus rides of two hours in each direction were not something I wanted to deal with, so I stayed on the ship. Well, after watching the Welcoming Committee of Drummers and Dancers until they left, I did go out to the dockside to see what the half dozen vendors were selling, and pick up a Bangkok tee to replace my 8-year-old fraying one. And their One Size Fits All even does. Mostly.

Trivia #2, morning: 2 points behind the winning team.

Trivia #3, afternoon: 2 points behind the winning team. <sigh>

Sometime during the day the Princess of Thailand came aboard on Official Tour, but I missed it. There will be a lot of that sort of thing on this Inaugural Voyage. I'll have to find out where they are going to display the commemorative First Call plaques that each port will give them.

A late lunch, another dead Disposable Book, and I sat watching from Deck 14 as the tour buses started coming back. Then a Mariachi Band started up on the deck behind me -- and not even a *good* Mariachi Band -- and I retreated to the stateroom. I suppose they were practicing for the couple months Star Princess will be doing the Mexican Riviera cruise, after we get back to L.A. But Mariachis in Thailand...!

Elayne's bus was the last back; she'd had a good time, but was, of course, tired. The entertainment from Thursday was being repeated -- one show tonight instead of two as last night -- so we went to the production show "Gotta Sing Gotta Dance." Front Row photo-friendly seats need to be claimed early; we were among the first half-dozen into the Vista Lounge, a good hour before show time. We've seen the show before, with different Singers and dancers, but I go to

the production shows at almost every opportunity. Rebecca Bowman seems to be getting a bit more *zaftig* since we saw her previously, but still has a very good voice, and played well against her counterpart, Jamie Anderson.

A late dinner -- I REALLY like this Personal Choice Dining! -- and Out. After changing the time again: Bangkok to Hong Kong, lose an hour. Back where we started in Singapore.

Saturday, Feb. 16: At Sea.

Trivia #4, Morning: 2 points behind the winning team. This is getting monotonous!
Trivia #5, Afternoon: Tied for high score and went into a Sudden Death Run-off between representatives of the two teams. Guess who our cowardly team sent forward? Right! Backs to our teams so as to eliminate Help, it was First Hand Up Gets To Answer. "What Country invented insulin?" My quick opponent said England. (Wrong.) I said USA. (Wrong.) Next question left both of us staring clueless. Third question: "What is the name for a group of lions?" I haven't memorized *all of An Exaltation of Larks*, but that one was easy. So we won.... Umbrellas! Our tie-sharers won, as the only Second Place prizes I've seen offered so far, Key Rings. I traded my Umbrella for a Key Ring -- then claimed the 6th Umbrella (there were only five of us on our team) as recompense for the embarrassment of acting as representative, and traded it for a Key Ring, too. (Oh, insulin? Canada.)

Given a choice between a comedian -- "Sarge (In a Completely New Show)" -- and a ventriloquist, I went to see the latter. Willie Tyler and Lester were an enjoyable act. Tyler -- appearances in Las Vegas and on various TV shows -- can even sing duets with Lester.

Trivia #6, Night: 3 1/2 points behind the winning team. Oh, well.

Sunday, February 17: At Sea.

Trivia #7: 4 points behind the winning team. Getting worse.

While we were at lunch I spotted Willie Tyler wandering through the crowded Horizon Court buffet, looking for a table, and invited him to join us. We spent an hour or so chatting about cruise ships and people. And Los Angeles -- he's from the San Fernando Valley, too.

The evening featured the premiere performance of a new production show, called simply "Dance!" It uses hydraulic lifts in the stage, dance routines from "Blue Danube" to a kind of "Riverdance," a very large cast, and two fabulous aerialist dancers (Marque & Becky Ohmes). ("Mommy, can I have one of those?")

We went to a late dinner after the show, and I postponed the other entertainment -- "Best of Las Vegas" Award Winning Entertainer Glenn Smith -- until his repeat performance tomorrow. (Of course, "Dance!" is being repeated tomorrow, too... .)

I blew off the midnight hour in one of the whirlpools on an almost deserted Deck 14. Well, in two of them, actually -- one of the deck crew threw me out of the first one around 11:30 to do water maintenance. At least they warned me, and suggested I move to the other area -- unlike the time on the Grand Princess, when they just drained the one I was in automatically, by remote... .

Monday, February 18: At Sea

Trivia #8: 2 points behind the winning team. Back to normal.

Robert Conrad having been discovered on board, the Cruise Director squeezed the schedule to put in an Interview and Q&A session with him in mid-afternoon. We were half-planning to attend,

but our standard At-Sea Afternoon Nap interfered. If I keep this up, I'll lose my Fan Reporter credentials.

Glenn Smith turned out to be a large, somewhat florid guy -- an OK pianist, and an excellent violinist. His piano repertoire wasn't really to my taste, but I'm glad I stayed until he went to his electric fiddle stuff.

The entertainment schedule's timing being in my favor, I finished the evening watching the repeat performance of "Dance!"

Tuesday, Feb. 19: Hong Kong

It was about 9:30 by the time we wandered down the gangplank and found our way out of the Ocean Terminal to the nearest ATM, so we could get Hong Kong dollars. (1 USD = 7.5 HKD, approximately.) It was 10:15 by the time the bank operating the ATM had restocked it from the armored truck and opened it for use. Our plans called for Shopping, and maybe a trip to Victoria Peak, on the Island side, across the harbor via the Star Ferry. But first came breakfast at that paragon of international cuisines, McDonald's, right next to the Star Ferry dock, in Star House. The 500 HKD I'd pulled was all in one banknote, but the McD's clerk didn't even blink making change for our less-than-100 HKD bill. I inquired about the International McD pins we'd found there in 1994, and was advised that the McD at Stanley Plaza, near Stanley Market (Island side) had some, but the Star House branch didn't. Well, if we got across the harbor, maybe...

A glance across the harbor showed Victoria Peak severely weather-fouled. It could wait until later.

The early-opening small shops in Star House had nothing of interest. The CD/DVD shop wasn't open yet. (We tried again later, when it was open, and found it wasn't useful, either.)

The next target was Chinese Arts & Crafts, Ltd., next door to Star House on Canton Road, and it is difficult to say whether we attacked them or they attacked us. In any case, we left a couple hours later with five yards of silk, a couple bone boxes for Elayne's collection of Little Boxes, and a number of advance-purchase birthday-or-Xmas gifts. I still needed my Tourist Junk. (CA&C had tee shirts, but none of them sparked an immediate purchase.)

The map -- part of a Welcome Packet that was thrust into our hands at the end of the gangway -- showed a HMV store two (long) blocks up and three (short) blocks over, so we set out in that direction. A half block before we got there, I was waylaid by a hole-in-the-wall shop selling fruit, candy -- and Tourist Junk. By the time we got out the willing-to-haggle proprietor had sold me 2 pins, a patch, a magnet -- and a mahjong set. That took care of everything but the tee.

The HMV produced nothing worthwhile -- the interesting new anime DVDs were in Japanese only, and the bilinguals were ones we can get cheaper from Amazon. We declined to tackle Nathan Road, Hong Kong's "Golden Miles" of some 2000 stores, and headed back along Peking Rd. toward Canton Road, shopping as we went (to little avail).

Lunch was a Thai curry -- at the Hard Rock Cafe. After the many HRCs we've gone to buy pins for my collection (and shirts for Sandy Cohen's), it seemed time to break our habit of never actually eating there. The food was good, if nothing special. We were almost alone in the place, except for four or five of the Star Princess entertainment staff. Now we don't have to do that again. (We did pick up a HRC pin -- The Star Ferry -- and a shirt. Both say "Kowloon," the mainland section of Hong Kong. After another month or so, "Kowloon" items go out of print and there will only be the "Hong Kong" ones.)

Victoria Peak was still practically invisible, so we scratched the trip to the Island for this year.

Visit #2 to CA&C was to pick up a personalized gift -- and order another that Elayne thought of after we'd left the first time. They can do things quite quickly, it turns out. (There were also several street merchants we ran into offering to make hand-tailored suits, pants, etc. in time to get them to us before the Star Princess sailed. We declined -- though if we were going to have had another day or two in Hong Kong I'd probably have risked it.)

It was approaching late afternoon, and we decided to go to The Peninsula Hotel for Tea. I knew where it was and, sort of, how to get there. Unfortunately for my legs, the route went around the Bus Terminal, then around the Cultural Center, *then* out onto Salisbury Rd. Oh, well, we could return along Salisbury Rd. afterwards. Right.

Tea in that most Still British of Hong Kong Hotels was lovely. Finger sandwiches, assorted pastries, scones with cream and jam, and their own blend of tea. Live chamber music behind us. And a sufficiently relaxed Dress Code that my polo shirt (and lack of jacket) didn't look out of place. When we finished we visited their shop to acquire samples of their tea. (The shop had souvenir tees, but not in XX. I guess I *will* have to go on a diet. One of these days.)

Salisbury Rd, back toward Canton Rd., was torn up with Works Projects. The choice was a to take a long set of stairs down to an underpass/subway and another such back up again, or to walk around the stuff -- back up to Peking Rd and over. Distance beat out stairs as the Lesser of Two Evils.

Visit #3 to CA&C picked up the second personalized gift and the winner-by-default tee shirt, and we stumbled back to the Ocean Center (via its specialty tea shop), then to the Star Princess. We'll have to come back again -- we still have 100+ HKD!

The ship imported a Hong Kong Folkloric Show -- Big Drums, Acrobatics, Big Flags, Lion Dance, Dragon Dance -- as part of the evening entertainment, and we were able to catch the second show. The Dragon Dance was the most impressive, with about a dozen dancers carrying their segments of the Dragon on sticks and following the dancer with the Dragon Ball in loops and twists that went under and over each other, along the floor, etc. Very fascinating!

Wednesday, Feb. 20: At Sea

[SNORE]

Given a choice between the "Comedy Juggling Team ON THE EDGE" and the many-times-seen production show "Ports of Call," we went to the latter. I'd rather see "Ports" for the 10th time -- even without their backdrops, which seem not to have arrived in time -- than ON THE EDGE for the second time. My listing for their First Time -- on the Viking Serenade -- includes the epithet "Cut-Rate Karamazovs." (We had a chance to see them again last year in Pomona, at the Los Angeles County Fair, but walked past where they were setting up between the buildings, on our way to see the next exhibit hall.)

Thursday, Feb. 21: Keelung, Taiwan

We signed up for an Official Tour -- "Historic Taipei" -- that would take up eight of the nine hours we would spend in Taiwan. Whether because it was a late addition to the tour offerings, or for some other reason, there were only 31 of us. Less than a full busload. More comfortable that way, making up for the fact that bus seats -- even more so than airplane seats -- were not meant for overly large people. Our guide -- "Richard" to us Westerners -- had an excellent command of English, and started by passing out kits for a DIY Year of the Horse Lantern (to be ready for the upcoming Festival of Lanterns on Feb. 26). As we traveled, he went through the generic history of the island as well as the specific history of the places we would be visiting.

The Chiang Kai Chek Memorial sits on a 60-acre site, and was built with donated funds. The main building has 89 steps, one for each year of the Generalissimo's life. (Both of us declined to climb them, content with views from outside.)

The 250-year-old Lungshan Temple -- primarily Buddhist -- was in full swing when our bus arrived. Several other tours were there also, and hundreds of worshipers burnt incense and brought offerings of fruits and other foods. About 50 of them lined up in front of the main altar room, as priests inside chanted and tourists squeezed around them on all sides. The shop had two sets of Taipei pins, seven in each set, for 200 NTD (New Taiwan Dollars --34 NTD to 1 USD, approximately) a set. I wanted both sets, but they didn't take either US money or plastic, so Richard loaned me 500 NTD until our next stop, where we could get local money.

At the Chinese Handicraft Market they did indeed both exchange money and take USD for purchases. I repaid Richard and then went shopping -- successfully -- for my usual Tourist Junk.

Lunch was served at a Mongolian Barbecue in the downtown area. It was very similar to the ones we have been to in Los Angeles and Portland, but included a non-barbecue buffet selection (with desserts) and the rice was not individually served. Only some of the others at our table were familiar with the MB style restaurant. One Texan said theirs hadn't an all-you-can-eat format.

After lunch we went to the Lin An Tai house, a farmhouse built in 1783. One of the few "ancient houses" in Taipei, it was originally part of a larger group of structures. (There is a model of the entire group inside the house.) The main buildings were moved to their current location in Hsinsheng Park in 1978, and made into a museum.

The last stop was at Martyrs' Shrine, a memorial to war heroes of several wars. Taipei appears to be a city of temples and memorials. (We did not get to the memorial for Dr. Sun Yat Sen, another Point Of Interest.) There are other features: Richard pointed out the Presidential Palace (not open to the public that day) and the Grand Hotel, built by Madame Chiang Kai-Chek. I didn't realize The Dragon Lady was still alive; Richard said she is around 100 now, and living in New York. He also said the hotel is occasionally considered a religious site, in that someone entering and gazing up at the ornate foyer says "Oh My God!" and, when departing and seeing the bill says "Jesus Christ!"

Taipei might not be as interesting without a good guide, and we're glad we had one.

Things I had forgotten: Taiwan, now the Republic of China, used to be Formosa. On the map -- or the pin in my collection -- it looks like a palm leaf of some kind.

Friday, Feb. 23: Okinawa

We had only a half-day in this capital of the Ryukyu Islands. (Okinawa is a prefecture of Japan, but the Ryukyus count as a separate country for the Travelers Century Club. It's the only totally new one I can count for the trip, although actually seeing Taiwan instead of just seeing its airport -- which the TCC counts and we did in 1994 -- makes me feel that that entry is more real than it was.)

Armed with Japanese Yen exchanged at the Purser's Office, we shared a cab with another couple to Kokusai Street, the shopping center of Okinawa. The cab dropped us at the near end, across from a McDonald's, so we started with a McBrunch. I looked for pins and found that they six of a set of ten McDonalds/Coca-Cola Flag pins for the FIFA World Cup, which Japan is co-sponsoring with Korea. At 60 Yen each -- at approximately 132 JAY to 1 USD, about \$.45 -- I bought them. (The only Western Hemisphere representative is Argentina; others are Japan, Nigeria, Spain, France, South Africa, Korea, Sweden, Poland, and Cameroon.)

Kokusai St. is very long, particularly with my walking problems. Worse, it has alleyways leading off from it that look very interesting. Reminded me of Kyoto 17 years ago. We went into one and found a Tour Group headed toward us from the other end, shopping as they came. We got most of the way down Alley #1, turned into a small cross-alley, and came out down Alley #2 to Kokusai again, escaping with only one purchase -- a red dress, with cranes, for Elayne.

Kokusai continued for quite a distance, but we didn't. Crossing to the opposite side at yet another McDonalds, we made it a drink-and dessert rest stop -- and I picked up the other four pins. Then we started back.

For the third time, we started smelling caramel somewhere, and finally found a source: a street vendor with packages of brown candy-like stuff. Despite a complete language barrier we did the routine: sample, nod, ask price with hands and face, buy, and sample a few more times. Munch munch munch...

I found a couple Okinawa pins, Elayne gave up, after dithering through many shops, and bought a pair of sheisas (good luck dragon-dogs). I have no idea how she's going to put them on the roof where they're supposed to go. (Bad luck coming your way goes into the one on your right, with an open mouth; the one on your left, with a closed mouth captures it. Want to guess which is the male and which the female?) I too gave up, and bought the only halfway-attractive XX-size tee we'd found. We again came to our starting-place, and captured a cab.

The ship newsletter had printed a paragraph in Japanese (with English interspersed) to show cab drivers when one wanted to go back to the ship. Elayne showed it to our driver, said "Naha Port" (the part of Okinawa with the ship harbor), corrected his impression we wanted "air port," and we were off. About 15 minutes later we were at an unfamiliar area, obviously a port entrance. I told him "Naha Shinkoh" which was what it actually said in the newsletter, he repeated it, and we were off again. There are apparently two Naha ports -- "Naha Port" and "Naha New Port" (which I guess is "Shinkoh"?) This time we got where we needed to go, though the cab driver had apparently never been there -- he had to hunt through the rows of containers, miscellaneous equipment, and other vehicles, for the right path to the ship.

Even with the detour, and even if we had paid for the first cab by ourselves, it was cheaper than going on the Shopping Tour the ship offered. It isn't always better to go on one's own, but many times...

Saturday, Feb. 23: At Sea

[SNORE!]

The Health and Beauty Spa on board -- one of several ways to spend extra money -- advertises a sale on "Chakra Stones Therapy," where they put rocks on "key energy points of your body to balance the spirit. The deep penetrating heat of the volcanic basalt stone is combined with traditional massage and Aromatherapy techniques." This "1 hour 30 minutes of pure relaxation," usually \$158, today only \$130. Rush right out. Oh, well, the Casino might take that much away from you in less time.

The "New York New York" production show is one we've seen many times, but I'm always willing to see it again. Who knows, something might be changed... And even if it hasn't been, it's a good show. As I've done before, I tried to find out where one of the numbers -- one I call the Carousel Number -- comes from. The MC, our Asst. Cruise Director Gavin, didn't know. He led me to the bandleader, Steve Lee. Who didn't know. There is apparently nothing on the music that gives either author or composer. I give up. (But Elayne thinks it's a combination of two songs, and she may know where the first part comes from. She'll check when we get home.)

[At Home, March 11: Elayne was right: The whole song, with some editing, is from "The Rink." I got fooled because "New York New York" does the song with Carousel hobbyhorses, and there is no Carousel in "The Rink," which I saw on Broadway years ago. The song is "Not Enough Magic," and the subject of : "Round it goes, round it goes, Just like the World" etc. is a Mirror Ball, not a Carousel. That takes care of *that* mystery.]



Sunday, Feb. 24: Osaka, Japan

Our half-day tour took us first to Osaka Castle, built by Shogun Hideyoshi Toyotomi in the late 16th C. It is quite beautiful, and one can climb to the 8th floor and look out over most of Osaka, then walk down through floors of Museum exhibits. All of this after one gets into the castle up a dauntingly steep ramp or a rather long flight of stairs. As I have given up on climbing solely to photograph Places From Above (on the grounds that they all look very much alike), Elayne went alone and I stayed in the courtyard to photograph the Castle itself and the park of plum trees in full blossom nearby. (Elayne thought the Castle worth her effort.)

Our bus -- and the rest of the dozen and a half in the Castle parking area -- was delayed leaving, as the Osaka half-Marathon race went by just before we were to leave. It included a wheelchair section, and the tourists all cheered the various wheelers and runners as they went by. It was noticed that not all the participants were Oriental.

Our other visit was to the Sumiyoshi Shrine, a Shinto Shrine founded in 202 AD. Besides the many dozens of tourists -- our tour bus was #6 of at least 14 from the Star Princess -- there

were many worshipers. A wedding and several baptisms (or equivalents) were being held. There were a number of very photogenic spots -- once you could get the tourists away from in front of them. The shop did a rousing business in Good Luck Charms -- I have a Year of the Horse Arrow charm -- but would only take Yen. Elayne had already scalped a 1000-Yen bill for \$10.00 at the Castle shop (which had the same policy), so I did the same for one of our group who wanted to buy souvenirs.



The tour returned us to the ship and we took a break before going out to the pierside Tempozan shopping mall. When we got to the mall, we found it a standard city mall, with little that catered to tourists: clothing stores, sports stores, restaurants, a food court. We stopped at a restaurant with a familiar name: Cafe Du Monde. We had beignets and cokes, and sat wondering how this piece of New Orleans had migrated to Osaka. The food court had some familiar names -- KFC, for one -- and some familiar food from local names:

corn dogs were available at a Japanese fast food stall. At least, by the time we wanted to eat there, the 2-level atrium-designed court no longer had the over-amped rock-'n-roller performing from the top of the central set of booths. ["If it's too loud, you're too old" goes the jibe. Point admitted: so?]



At the end of the mall stands the 60-cabin Tempozan Ferris wheel -- at 112.5 meters high, the world's largest. There was a long queue, but I creaked my way through the mouse-trails until we could get on. For 700 yen (each) we got a 15-minute ride that overlooked the harbor and the usually huge Star Princess. Another 800 yen got a souvenir photo. About \$17 USD total; pretty good value for the entertainment.

We went back to the ship for dinner, and at 9:00 I took pictures from Deck 16 as we sailed away.

The lights of the city -- and the Tempozan giant wheel -- actually show up on my digital shots.


Monday, Feb. 25 through Sunday, March 3: At Sea

[LOTS OF SNORE!!]

Much as we like Sea Days, eight of them in a row is a long time. There was a lot of sleeping in, reading, afternoon naps... We changed time zones five times (in addition to the two changes between Singapore and Japan).

I made one more try at Trivia. We tied for first with a stunning 9 out of 15, then lost the tiebreaker. I gave up. I also tackled the on-board Internet access for some short messages. At fifty cents a minute I decided to wait until I get home for an actual trip report. (There had been little chance at any of the ports of call. Mostly we didn't even see any access points in the port cities, and that may be to the good -- I can just imagine trying to use a computer in Japan... or Taipei... or Hong Kong... well, Hong Kong might have had bilingual terminals.)

A Hong Kong TV crew came aboard in Japan, and set about filming for a Chinese-language show "Ups and Downs On the Sea of Love." It is planned for 21 hour-long shows. (I translated a bit differently from the Official Notice: "Love Boat, Revised & Enlarged Edition.")



Star Princess

Captain Cesare Ditel
cordially invites members of
"The Captain's Circle"
for Cocktails

Friday, (the second) March 1st, 2002
Vista Lounge, Promenade Deck 7 Aft

5:30pm until 6:15pm for First Sitting Passengers
7:45pm until 8:30pm for Second Sitting Passengers

If you have selected Personal Choice Dining please attend the party most convenient to you.

(Present your envelope at the entrance to the party to be entered for the Champagne Raffle)

We went to the Captain's Party for returning Princess passengers ("Captain's Circle" members). Of the approximately 1900 passengers on board after Osaka, 1487 were returnees: 212 "Members" on their 2nd Princess cruise, 397 "First Officers" on their 3rd or 4th, 494 "Captains" on their 5th through 9th, and 384 (including us) "Commodores" on their 10th or more. With that percentage -- not too surprising for an Inaugural Cruise -- it's no wonder that the prizes for Most Traveled On Princess went to passengers with track records far surpassing our paltry 142 days (10 previous cruises). Third Place had 465 days (33 cruises with Princess), second place 473 days (32 cruises), and first place a quantum jump of 882 days (75 cruises).

We managed to sneak into Third Place on the Grand Princess in the Caribbean last October, with our mere 121 days, and won a Specially Commissioned Plate. We'll have to pile up a few more Caribbean or some Mexican Riv cruises (7 or 10 days each, and not usually ones to attract the much-traveled) if we I want to collect the other six Prize Plates.

The evening entertainment was varied and mostly Good to Excellent. Bernie Fields, a "Harmonica Virtuoso," had to contend with the metal-on-metal screeching from equipment in the flies above the Princess Theatre, but did pretty well. They should have put him in the Vista Lounge, which doesn't have that problem.

Magician Jeff Peterson was entertaining, and good at sleight of hand. His assistant Lynelle made it even easier to keep the audience's eyes looking elsewhere... .

The production show "Let's Go To the Movies" was a new one to us, though not to the Princess line. A nice addition to the repertoire, with songs from various films.

Jordan Bennett, "the Star of Les Miserables" it says here, also got the Princess Theatre for his act, but he has more volume -- with or without the backing of the band -- than Bernie Fields's harmonica had. I sprang for a copy of the DVD he was hawking, featuring most of the numbers he had done, and picked up a CD of some of his other stuff the next morning when the gift shop opened. He did a new show a few nights later, in the Vista Lounge, and was almost as good. (At the end of the earlier show, he'd promised a Mario Lanza Show, but discovered later that he'd forgotten a bunch of his music books at home. There were a couple songs that he shouldn't have tried, but inasmuch as he was sort of ad-libbing the show... .)

"String Fever" is an Australian couple -- Jackie Curiel and Brenton Edgecombe -- who play the violin and the cello. Usually he plays the violin and she the cello, but they can each play the other's instrument -- sometimes even playing duets cross-instrument (Jackie holding her cello and playing Brenton's violin while he holds the violin and plays her cello)! Fascinating show.

I frequently avoid comedians, so I skipped "The Hilarious Billy Vader" -- until reports coming in from friends were good enough that I went to his second night show and was glad I did. I still didn't risk sitting in the front row -- that's NEVER safe with a comedian. And his show managed to be very funny with not even the slightest reference to anyone else with his last name.

I had never heard of "The Musical Comedy Team of Kathy & James Taylor" playing in the Princess Theater on Saturday; nor had I heard of "Comedian Adam Leslie" in the Vista. I picked the Taylors and came up a winner. They opened with a pseudo-Fred&Ginger routine, fancy outfits and all -- and several minutes into it she flips him over her head onto his back on the stage! And it gets worse/better from there. After a costume change, with Kathy at about 122 pounds -- not light for a ballerina -- they do a straight set of ballet routines, lifts and all. They take off on Nelson Eddy / Jeanette McDonald with an "Indian Love Call" travesty. Definitely an "A" Class attraction. I hauled Elayne to see it on Sunday, when they did their final show. (I even put off seeing the Vista's Production Show "America's Music" (which I hadn't seen before) to see them again.)

The Sunday repeat show was just as good -- I think even Elayne liked it -- and it was followed by "Sunday Night Live," a reprise of the entertainers who had been on since Osaka, in an interview + performance format conducted by the Cruise Director and Asst.CD. I think this is an excellent idea, as it gives one a chance to see if missing some act was a mistake (to be corrected next time one runs into the entertainer) or not. The jury is still out on comedian Adam Leslie, though I will probably try seeing his act next time. We also got to see a bit more of the Taylors, String Fever, Billy Vader, Jordan Bennett, Jeff Peterson (& Lynelle!), and Bernie Fields.

Monday, March 4: Honolulu

We signed up for the "Volcanic Coastal Excursion" morning tour because it included a visit to one of the other two blowholes -- besides the much-visited Ensenada one -- in the world. For that reason, the tour was a bit disappointing -- because the waves were not high enough, there was no blowhole action, so our guide Eric (University of Hawaii grad student, working tours for a private company) decided to skip it. But otherwise the tour was interesting enough, as Eric talked about how the different parts of Oahu had been formed, how they had changed, how the modern history of the island had interacted with the geological formations etc. We even got some bio along with the geo. (I got a picture of a Brazilian Cardinal -- the ornithological one, not the ecclesiastical one -- at one of the stops.) Eric's botanical knowledge was limited to Oahu, though, so he couldn't help me with any recent information on my favorite Hawaiian native life, the Silversword, which grows only on Maui's Mt. Haleakala. (He did give me a reference to the website of a UH professor who is an expert on that very strange plant.)

We returned to the ship, and after lunch caught the free shuttle to the Aloha Tower Marketplace, where we spent a few hours shopping. Among other things, I bought a gallon of Real Milk -- as opposed to the Boxed Pseudo-Milk the ship offered. I like to drink milk with meals on cruises, and Diet Coke otherwise, but I can't stand the boxed stuff. And this was the first opportunity I'd found to buy some Real Milk. (Not too surprising, considering the degree of lactose intolerance found in the Asian countries we'd been visiting.)

We also found a cheaper-than-the-ship Internet Access, but I decided it was too late in the cruise to try an e-mail Trip Report, and limited myself to a Birthday Greeting for Cecy -- she's 36 -- and a couple brief e-mails. A different free shuttle could have taken us to the more distant Ala Moana Shopping Center or the even further away Hilo Hattie's, but our time was a bit too limited.

They brought a Hawaiian folkloric troupe on for two early evening shows, leading into the late night Party on the outside decks 12-16 aft. We'd had a late dinner in the Deck 14 Horizon Court (= The Buffet) and wandered out to the party as things got rolling. Unfortunately, for once I didn't have my camera with me. (Of course, a still camera may not have been much use when the featured attraction was hula dancing...) We watched a while, then went back to the cabin when the hula dancers left and other music took over. I switched to swimsuit and went back up to the little-used aft Jacuzzi on 16, where I could listen and jacuze at the same time. (I discovered that having three decks between me and "Exotique," a very loud rock band, is just about right. Going anywhere inside the Explorers Lounge on Deck 7, inside, while they're playing in the evening, gives me a headache.)

Tuesday, March 5: Lahaina, Maui

The docking facilities at Lahaina are too shallow for the ship, so we took tenders in. By the time we'd had a leisurely breakfast -- discovering, of course, that the ship had also taken advantage of the availability of Real Milk in Honolulu and was now offering it for breakfast -- all the morning tours were ashore, and the first mad rush of independents had gone, also. No longer was it necessary to get a tender ticket, we could just walk out to the gangway and get on the next one. (They usually had four in the water -- one going each direction, one at each terminal point of ship and dock.)

There isn't anything especially fascinating to see in Lahaina itself -- we've done the Sugar Cane Train ride -- so we walked up Front Street and back Doing What We Do Best: shopping. Found an even cheaper Internet Access (\$.15 a minute). Walked to the other end of Front Street's shops, to the Hard Rock Cafe, just to get a pin for my hat. Sandy Cohen already has 3 shirts from Maui, so we didn't get him another. (They were offering a special St. Patrick's Day shirt...) From the variety of shirts that each HRC offers, I suspect one could eventually have enough HRC shirts from just one location to wear a different one each day. For that matter, I could

probably fill a hat with different pins from one location, too, but I figure one's enough. The pin I got has a guitar, the HRC logo, and the Hawaiian Official Fish the Humuhumunukunukuapua'a. That's three HRC pins on this year's hat -- the others being Hong Kong as mentioned above, and Queenstown, NZ (a rather tame logo-only pin).

The evening show was "The Amazing Entertaining Talents of THE POWER OF TWO." Safety first, we sat in the back. It didn't start off well. About a half-hour before the show was to begin, this runty little guy -- 5'6" -- dressed all in black, with a stocking cap down over his hair, began greeting everyone entering the Vista, then close-following them to their seats (and sometimes sitting down in their seats before they could), mimicking them as he went. A little was funny, a lot was less so. When the show started he did some comedy routines, then introduced his wife. She is pretty close to 6' tall, and came out in a bright red slit-skirt, with her long blonde hair in a sort of Veronica Lake style. My immediate reaction was "Jessica Rabbit!" I didn't recognize the song; it actually was Jessica's. From the audience's lack of reaction when she described the Peggy Lee-voiced character, I may have been the only one who recognized Jessica Rabbit. They then did acrobatic ballet routines that were quite amazing, seeing as each of them appeared to have muscle strength quite out of proportion to what one would expect. Under the "Power of Two" pseudonym, they are Rudy and Christy Macaggi, and it was almost worthwhile staying for the repeat show and sitting through Rudy's routines to get photos of Christy. Almost.

Wednesday, March 6 through Saturday, March 9: At Sea Again

Apparently the ship picked up some Names in Hawaii. Charles Champlin started giving talks about films each day, and Gavin MacLeod, with his wife Patti, did several performances of the 2-act play "Love Letters" (written by A. R. Gurney, and reportedly "one of the most produced plays in the world"). Okay, Champlin I knew, much as I seldom go to movies and never read film columns in the L.A. Times. But I am a complete TV Ignoramus, and had to ask Elayne who MacLeod was before I could find out he was The Captain of the original "Love Boat" series. Of which I never saw any episode. And I've never heard of either Gurney or his/her play. And I don't want to, either. Here I thought "Our Town" was the most produced play in the world. (No wonder I'm bombing out at Trivia these days...)

The 6th passed into the 7th, and I wished Elayne a Happy Birthday. (You want to know which one, ask her; I'm not completely stupid. I can get away with advertising my kid's age, but...) Later in the day she got Birthday Greetings from Jordan by e-mail and from the ship, which put a sign on the door and stuck up a trio of colored Happy Birthday balloons. I didn't fink about the birthday, but it's in the Princess database, so... . At least, with Personal Choice Dining she wouldn't get the Little Cake & Singing Waiters routine at dinner. (We had standard seating on the Royal Princess in August last year, and I tried to avoid that routine by having a tour-with-dinner on The Night. It didn't work: they showed up with the Little Cake & Singing Waiters the following night. Personal Choice is MUCH better.)

There was a Bomb Search Drill at 9:30 in the morning, which we were ignoring. We were pretty sure no one had come into our cabin to plant one of the fake "devices," and if they had, it could stay here instead of having us find it and claim a bottle of Cheap Champagne for doing so. But suddenly there was an announcement into all cabins, as well as to the public areas, that all passengers should report to their muster stations. Oh, and those assigned to Muster Station A should go instead to B -- bombs had been found in A. (No need to bring lifejackets, though.) We grumbled, got up, and trudged to Muster Station B. We were just in time to hear the announcement that the drill was over. We -- along with most of the other passengers, many of whom had had their breakfast interrupted -- headed for the buffet. I wasn't surprised Bombs had been found in Muster Station A. That's the Princess Theater, and I could have even given them names... .

The other New Show developed specially for the Princess Theater with its large size and mechanized stage accessories debuted on the 7th: "Da Beat: a Celebration of the Swing and Jazz Era." We got there early and had front row seats, and I got some decent photos. My opinion is that it was very colorful, extremely energetic, and excellently staged and choreographed. But. The music was so loud that it ran together and I couldn't make out what they were singing at least 30% of the time. (Maybe more.) "Dance!" was better on that count. These shows will be limited to the Grand Class ships -- Grand, Golden, Star -- and probably the new set of "Baby Grand" ships starting with Coral in December and Diamond sometime next year. The other ships will not have the stages to handle them. Maybe they'll work out the audio.

After "Da Beat" I trudged to the Vista Lounge at the other end of the ship, for a program of songs by Rebecca Bowman, followed by "Musical Comedian Duncan Tuck." Rebecca was on first, and it was a relief to hear songs with words I could distinguish from each other... Duncan Tuck is a very good guitarist, with a fairly diverse repertoire that gives the impression of being based on Country & Western.

Friday's evening entertainment reprised "Da Beat," but once was enough for now. We went instead to hear "The 'Mirth Giver' Comedian Frank Berry." Mistake. *BIG* Mistake. Going back to "Da Beat" would have been better. Ancient jokes, *ad hominem* humor, constant repetition of hackneyed lines about people needing to get humor in their lives. Pfui.

After 11:00 p.m., in the Deck 5-Deck 7 atrium, the Maitre d' and his staff started building a Champagne Waterfall -- a pyramid of champagne glasses to be filled (at least partially) by pouring into the top glass and letting it overflow. A band played -- not "Exotique" but the somewhat more subdued "Celebration" (there were different bands all over the ship) -- and waiters served canapés and additional "champagne" to all the onlookers. (Finding a photo position wasn't easy.) They passed out rolls of streamers to be thrown; I threw mine (well, Elayne's -- they hadn't given me one and she didn't want hers) from Deck 6 down to Deck 5, held onto the end, and played "fishing for tourists" until someone grabbed the other end and pulled hard enough to break it. Spoilsport. The champagne was actually sparkling wine: Spumante. After the "professionals" had poured the first batch of bottles into the Waterfall, the passengers were invited to come up and help pour, with the ship's photographers taking pictures of each. Elayne declined to join the (reasonably short) queue to be a Pourer, and headed for the cabin. I headed for the queue. I am delighted to report that I didn't (1) knock over the Waterfall, (2) fall off the 3-step platform, (3) drop the bottle I was pouring, or (4) do anything else my usual clutziness would lead one to expect. Then I sat around people watching, and drank a couple more glasses of fizzwater, until they gave up serving and took the Waterfall apart.

Final days get a little strange, and the newsletter usually reflects it. Gavin MacLeod would be in the atrium with the ship's photographer from 10:15 to 11:15, if one would like a picture. We couldn't figure anyone who would be impressed with our having a picture taken with either of the two. (The photographers weren't particularly cute this cruise.)

Maritime historian John Maxtone-Graham had lectured on the history of Cruise Ships, and on the history of the Prince of Wales, and on the mechanics of transporting the 200-ton Egyptian obelisks. Today his lecture notice read: "Maritime Historian John Maxtone-Graham reads the telephone book." I was going to find him and ask "which one?" but didn't get around to it. Such Lost Opportunities.

The day included filling out questionnaires, and packing. Amazingly, we got everything into the two cases we brought, and didn't need the spare.

In the evening we went to the Vista for the production show "American's Music." Very enjoyable, if a bit jingoistic at the end. I wonder if the Fred Olson ships' shows are UK-oriented? I'll have to look into the possibility of a cruise on "The Black Watch," probably their best-known ship. Of

course, we don't know anyone who works for the Fred Olson line and might be able to get us cheap rates... .

As I put paid to this last day of the cruise, I indulged in a little self-congratulation: I had managed a 26-day cruise without once patronizing the Casino or the other Gambling Opportunities on board. (Actually, I gave up on Bingo and the Horse Racing game years ago.) I am generally not lucky at gambling, and losing in the Casino depresses me.

At various times certificates would appear in our cabin: one for being on the Maiden Voyage of the Star Princess; one for crossing the International Dateline; one for having attended a Thai Cooking Demonstration. Each of us got the first two. Elayne should have got the third one since she'd gone on the Bangkok Tour that included it, but because my name was on the room account it was addressed to me. I'll copy the certificates into the report somewhere. We also got a very nice "Limited Edition" glass trivet (or whatever) of the Star Princess, for being on the Maiden Voyage. It says it is number two in a series. From a conversation at the Captain's Circle party, I gather the Maiden Voyagers on the Grand Princess got something similar.

Sunday, March 10: Los Angeles

The old line defining Mixed Feelings as watching your mother-in-law drive over a cliff in your new Mercedes can be updated: Coming home at the end of a rather long cruise. Ah, well – there will surely be another before too many months pass.

STARBOURNE doubles as **ANKUS 49**

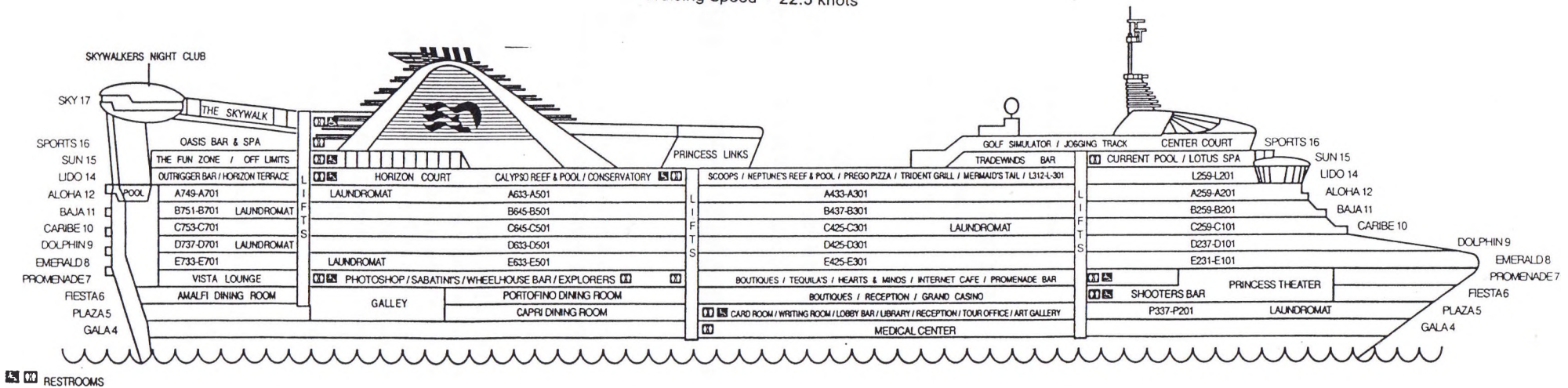
Published March 2002
For the 259th Mailing of FAPA
May 2002

From
Bruce Pelz
15931 Kalisher St
Granada Hills, Ca 91344-3951

Bep@socal.rr.com

STAR PRINCESS FACT SHEET

Built • 2001
 Port of Registry • Hamilton
 Call Sign • ZCDD6
 Official Number • 733709
 Gross Tonnage • 109000
 Net Tonnage • 71763
 Length Overall • 951 feet
 Breadth • 118 feet
 Fuel Capacity • 2649 tons
 Fresh Water Capacity • 2731 tons
 Normal Passenger Capacity • 2600
 Normal Crew Figure • 1150
 Cruising Speed • 22.5 knots





"Royal Thai Cuisine"

COOKING CLASSES CERTIFICATION

This is to certify that

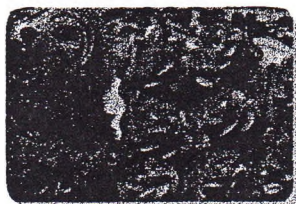
Mr. B. Pelz

has successfully completed the
"ROYAL THAI TASTES of THAILAND"
cooking classes and has earned a
Bussaracum Culinary Diploma

on

February 15, 2002

The course of study included preparation of
an Appetizer, a Main Course and a Dessert.
The student named above has completed the
requirements for the following menu:



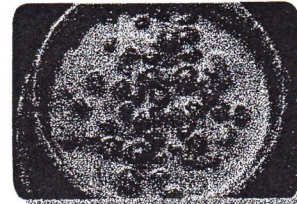
APPETIZER :

CHO-MUANG



MAIN COURSE :

MASAMAN GAI



DESSERT :

BUA LOY SAM SI

(Signature)

Bussaracum

"Royal-Thai Tastes of Thailand"

Cho Muang

**Flower-shaped dumplings,
filled with minced chicken**

Ingredients:
for four portions

1. 1/2 cup of rice flour
2. 1/4 tsp of tapioca flour (*easily available in Asian food stores*)
3. 1/4 tsp of all purpose flour
4. 1/4 cup of ground chicken meat
5. 1/4 tsp salt
6. 1/2 tsp sugar
7. 1/2 tsp oil
8. 1 tsp white onion, chopped fine
9. 1 tsp chopped garlic, pepper and Chinese parsley roots
10. 1/2 cup of water
11. 1 tbs of lavender flower juice (*used for its food coloring effect and any lavender food coloring may be substituted.*)

Preparation:

1. Mix the rice flour, tapioca flour, all-purpose flour, water and lavender flower juice together, heat over a low flame until the mixture is thick and smooth.
2. Knead until firm
3. Mix oil with chopped garlic, pepper and parsley root over a medium-high heat till the mixture turns yellow, then add white onion, ground chicken, salt and sugar, stir-fry for about three minutes and set aside
4. Shape the dough into small balls about one inch in diameter
5. Roll each of the balls into oval-shaped medallions
6. Place the chicken mixture in the centre of the oval and form into flower shapes
7. Steam for three minutes
8. Serve with Chinese parsley, lettuce and chili

Masaman Chicken Curry

**Chicken breast simmered in
coconut milk and masaman
curry with peanuts and potatoes.**

Ingredients:
for four portions

1. 1 1/2 cup of sliced chicken breast (*beef or shrimp may be substituted*)
2. 1 cup of light coconut milk
3. 1/4 cup of roasted peanuts
4. 2 cups of thick coconut milk
5. 1/2 cup of masaman curry
6. 5-6 peeled potatoes cut into squares
7. 4-5 whole shallots
8. 3 tbs of palm sugar (*similar to maple sugar*)
9. 2 tbs of fish sauce
10. 1 tbs of tamarind juice (*available in most Asian food stores*)

Preparation:

1. Mix the sliced chicken breast with light coconut milk and roasted peanuts, cook over low heat until chicken is tender
2. Mix thick coconut milk and masaman curry together over a medium heat until the mixture is smooth.
3. Mix ingredients from step one and step two together, add potatoes, shallots, palm sugar, fish sauce and tamarind juice, then cook over a medium heat for about 10 minutes.
4. Serve the masaman chicken curry with rice.

Bua Loy Sam Si

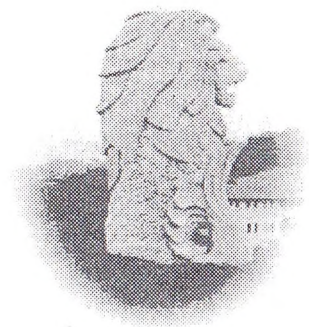
**Taro, pumpkin and pandanus
in sweetened coconut milk**

Ingredients:
for four portions

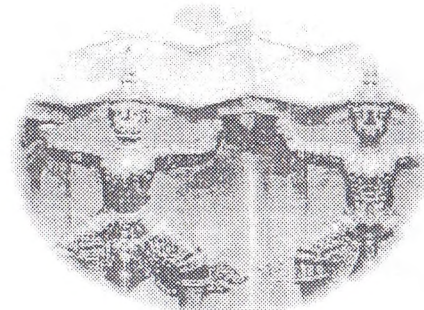
1. 1 cup sticky rice flour
2. 1 tbs pandanus juice
3. 1 tbs taro, cooked and mashed (*sweet potato may be substituted*)
4. 1 tbs pumpkin, cooked and mashed
5. 3 tbs of palm sugar
6. 1 1/2 tsp of white sugar
7. 1/2 tsp of salt
8. 2 cups of thick coconut milk

Preparation:

1. Separate one cup of sticky rice flour into three equal piles.
2. Mix the first pile with pandanus juice; Mix taro in the second pile; Mix the third pile with the pumpkin.
3. Add enough water to each pile to make a smooth mixture, Then form each pile into small round beads about 1/4 to 1/2 in diameter.
4. Put the beads in boiling water until they rise to the top. Then put the beads in cool water and drain.
5. Mix coconut milk, sugar, palm sugar and salt together in a small pot and bring to a boil. Drop the three piles of sticky rice beads into the mixture and cook for about 2-to-3 minutes.
6. Serve in small dessert dishes.




PRINCESS



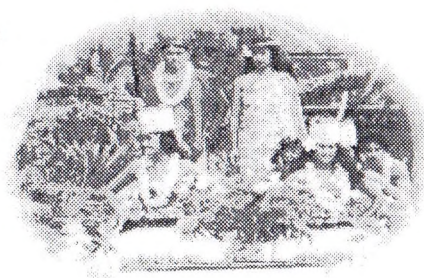
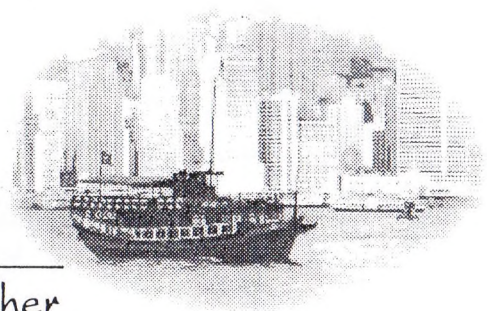
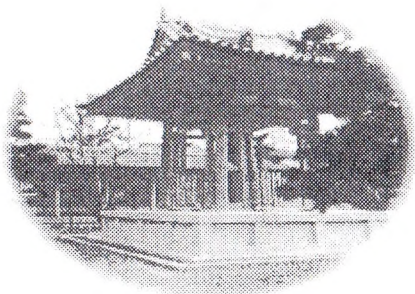
MAIDEN VOYAGE

This is to certify that

MR BRUCE PELZ of E320

was onboard the mv Star Princess on her
"Maiden Voyage"

From: Wednesday, February 13th, to
Sunday, March 10th, 2002
Singapore to Los Angeles

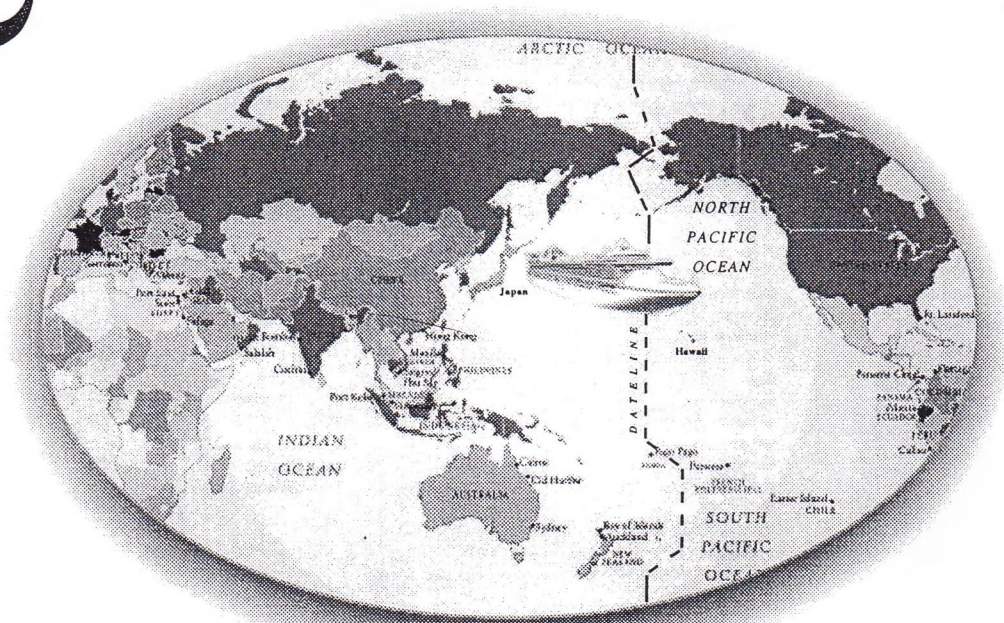



Captain Cesare Ditel, C.S.L.C.


PRINCESS


STAR PRINCESS


Crossing the Dateline



This is to certify that

MRS ELAYNE PELZ of E320

was onboard the mv Star Princess
when She crossed the International Dateline
at 9:45am on Friday, March 1st, 2002
in latitude 25°22'North during Her Inaugural Cruise
from Singapore to Los Angeles.


Captain Cesare Ditel, C.S.L.C.