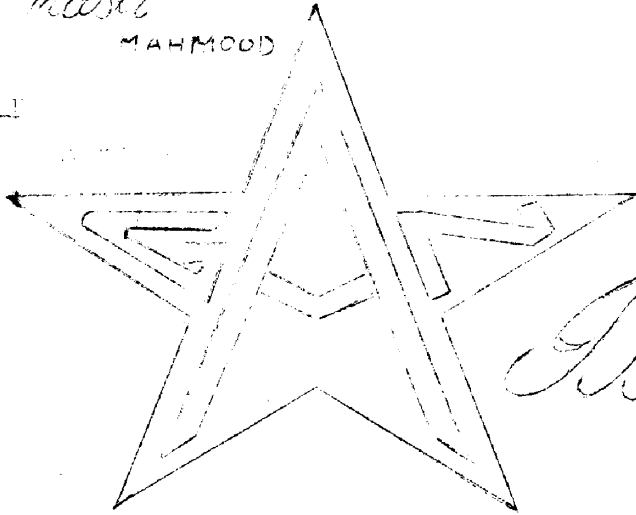
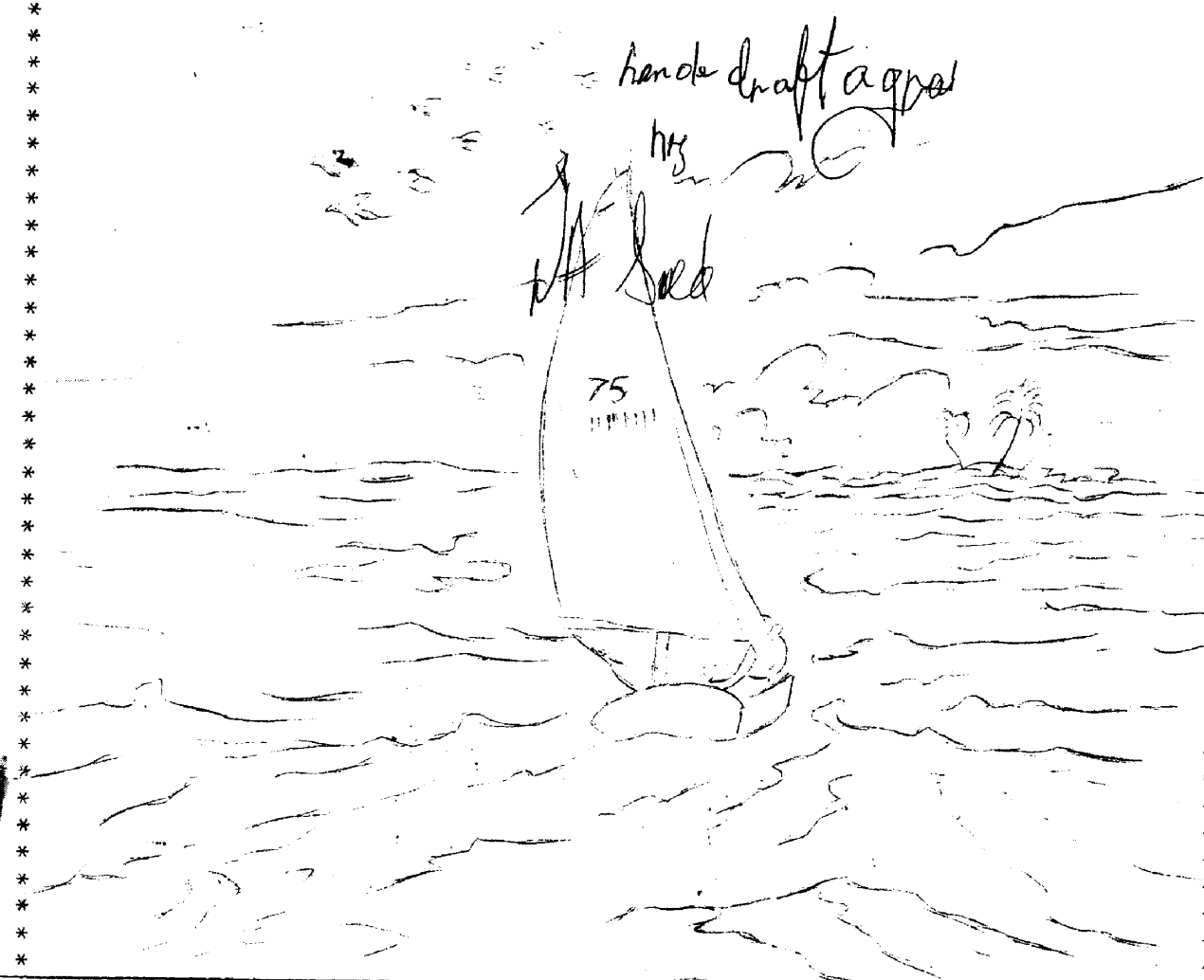


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# Island POST



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NOTICES  
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HAVE YOU HEARD ??  
\*\*\*\*\*

That, in anticipation of competition, the MT highlander prowls an early course secreting a lot of balls ?

That tension is rising a lot in the glasswar with new outbreaks reported on the Asian lines ?

That midnight swimming has overtaken viewing the golf course by moonlight in the popularity stakes, says Amos ?

That not even the Met forecast that a westerly zephyr would take such a nasty turn on the lunar orbit ? It's all garbage anyway !!

\*\*\*\*\*

CHANGI WIVES CLUB  
\*\*\*\*\*

The following is a true extract of the Changi Wives Club activities for the month of April 1969, as published in the Changi Informer :-

- 17th - Talk on Family Planning by Sqn Ldr Mountinfield.
- Every Wednesday - Playing for Pleasure.
- 24th - Visit to Bukit Sembawang Rubber Group.
- Every Friday - Mums Night !!

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BRIDGE CLUB  
\*\*\*\*\*

The Yarborough Snowball has been won by Duncan Scurrah and will start again next week - the odds against winning are 1827:1 !

The Duplicate Meeting produced a disappointing turnout again this week for what was a very enjoyable evening with the following winners :-  
1st - Clarke & Mc Kay : 2nd - Cameron & Galletti/Anders & Duce .

\*\*\*\*\*

POEMMY IN MOTION ?

\*\*\*\*\*

THE KEW BUS QUEUE

A bus pulled up at a crowded stop, the conductor bloke looked out,  
He rang his bell like bloody hell and I heard twit yell out,  
" Any more for Kew ? Any more for Kew ? "  
A voice came from the waiting queue, " All I want is a ticket for Kew, to see the lovely flowers, and smell the lovely smell "  
The conductor said, " All you for Kew, it's that far queue!"  
I said, " For Kew ? If I have to get in that far queue, for Kew, as well !".

\*\*\*\*\*

OLD BOY

With baited breath the Dean undressed,  
The vicar's wife, she smiled,  
He thought it crude, to do it nude,  
So he kept his old school tie on !

\*\*\*\*\*

RAFA  
\*\*\*\*\*

The RAFA Club will be open this Sunday as usual, when all will be welcome to join us for those famous cool beers, fresh bread, cheese and pickles - why not come along ?

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The Sunset in Gan

As I sit on the edge of the lagoon,  
With my feet in the clear cool water,  
I watch the sky turn crimson.  
The palm trees stop swaying for a moment;  
For a few minutes, it is as if the world stands still.  
The crimson sky turns to mauve  
As I hear the last distant cries of the natives rowing home.  
Before the sky can turn to black  
The moon softly shines,  
and the night sky is filled with thousands of twinkling stars.  
The water laps the sand  
As the fish leap back into deeper water.  
So the day silently dies.

Those lines were written by Carolyn Northcott, 11 years old daughter of Sgt Northcott, and they first appeared in her school magazine. I think they are quite beautiful - and the fact that she has never seen Gan says a great deal for Dad's letters home too. I don't imagine she reads GIP (?) but I hope her father tells her how much we appreciated her poem.

Well, after the Shack with the flapping wing comes the VC10 with the vomitting engine. (Not strictly accurate imagery, but "toujours la politesse"). It was interesting to see the population of Gan suddenly increased by a plane load of passengers - and still more interesting that one saw less and less of the lasses as time went by. One can but conclude that they were in hiding, of course.... (but then, where and why were one's mates all hiding?) Still, I must say those of whom I did catch a fleeting glimpse on Wednesday morning seemed to retain a reassuringly cheerful blush in their cheeks!

It's a comforting thought that, somewhere deep in the hallowed halls of the MOP, there's a new and progressive department which is going into the marriage counselling business. A recent DCI announces the introduction of a booklet for the guidance of wives of newly-married airmen.... The imagination boggles! I've offered them our recently re-issued Repat Form as an annex. I gather it's a free issue (plain cover, of course), otherwise I'd be prepared to bet it would out-sell "Customs of the Service." But surely it's a bit one-sided? Watch this page for details, the moment they are released, of the "Guide for Newly-Married Airmen." We might even run a competition for the cover-design!

The article by Cato, on the proportion of our lives devoted to sex, has produced some amusing comments, including a note pointing out that Cato's calculations assume that the opportunity is invariably consummated. In fact (I'm told), the "norm" in most marriages, however happy or hippy, is not much more than twice a week, which (I'm assured) reduces Cato's 1.7 to 0.48518, and his 5.9 days a year to only 1.68386 days! Thank Heavens for that - I had thought I'd been slipping!

I've received another delightful note listing some of the excuses advanced by our womenfolk with the object of keeping our averages down. This might be squeezed in this week, but if not it will be accorded its proper place next. I'm sure it will ring bells for many of us.

(And the phrasing of that last paragraph was entirely accidental, would you believe?!)

Ed.

HOW TO DIE

The English are the only race in the world who enjoy dying. Most other peoples contemplate death with abject and rather contemptible fear; the English look forward to it with gusto.

They speak of death as if it were something natural. It is, of course, more natural than birth. Hundreds of millions of people are not born; but all who are born, die. During the bombing raids of the last war people on the Continent prayed: 'God, even if I have to be hit and maimed, please spare my life.' The English said: 'If I have to die, well, I couldn't care less. But I don't want to be made an invalid and I don't want to suffer.' Foreign insurance agents speak of 'certain possibilities' and the 'eventuality' that 'something might happen to you'; the English make careful calculations and the thought that the insurance company will have to pay up always sweetens their last hours. Nowhere in the world do people make so many cruel jokes about the aged and the weak as here. In Continental families you simply do not refer to the fact that a parent or a grandparent is not immortal. But not long ago my two children burst into my room and asked me:

'Daddy, which of us will get your camera when you die?'

'I'll let you know,' I replied. 'By the way, I am sorry to be still alive. It's not my fault. I can't help it.'

They were a little hurt.

'Don't be silly. We don't really mind at all. We only wanted to know who'll get the camera.'

And when the moment comes, the English make no fuss. Dead or alive, they hate being conspicuous or saying anything unconventional. They are not a great people for famous last words.

I shall never forget the poor gentleman who once travelled with me on the Channel boat. Only the two of us were on deck as a violent storm was raging. A tremendous gale was lashing mountainous seas. We huddled there for a while, without saying anything. Suddenly a fearful gust blew him overboard. His head emerged just once from the water below me. He looked at me calmly and remarked somewhat casually;

'Rather windy, isn't it?'

\*\*\*\*\*

"Is that the Salvation Army?"

"Yes, speaking."

"Do you save lost girls?"

"Indeed we do!"

"Save one for Saturday night for me, will you please?"

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A working girl who applied for a job at a big factory was told to fill in the usual form calling for name, address, age, etc., etc.;

She brought it back and under the heading "Sex" had entered: "Four times a week."

\*\*\*\*\*

A young bull, newly on the farm, was put in with the old bull.

"What would you like to do?" enquired the old bull.

"Well, I hear there's a hundred cows right across the far side of the farm; I suggest we run over and do two or three each?"

"Certainly not! We'll WALK there, and do them all."

\*\*\*\*\*

Look at it this way.

I have long been of the opinion that the English language is one of the most efficient and flexible tools of communication devised by the mind of man. However, it has been said by someone or other, that it is poor in invective; that one cannot swear fluently and richly in English. I am not prepared to dispute that. In fact I suspect that the chap who said it must have spent a while in Gan.

In the everyday ebb and flow of conversation in our little community, I have heard only two swearwords, and one of those seldom. In months of real stress, such as when a flip-flopped foot is stubbed on somebody's pride-and-joy of a coral branch, an extra effort is sometimes made, and an epithet or two of a choicer nature may be heard. But we undoubtedly overwork one Angle-Saxon four-letter word, a verb respectable enough in its original meaning, as proved by the Lady Chatterley trial.

Take, for instance, the case of the two gentlemen who, having put away more Tigers than all the shikaris in Bengal, contrived to end up a tangle of legs and bicycles, in the middle of Equator Way. After a short period of 'urt 'ush, the first statement issued went something like this; "You silly old ---er, if some ---ing coach comes ---ing along this ---ing road while we're ---ing about in the ---ing middle, we're ---ed."

(Any similarity to real persons is coincidental. There is no such place as Gan.)

Since this is as monotonous as a mail-less wet Sunday, and completely lacks impact, the reply was, no doubt, "---- off!" How much better would have been the reaction had the speaker let fly with "You ancient and frustrated fornicator, if some juggernaut of a coach comes hurtling bell-bent along this bat-manured thoroughfare while we're cavorting on the crown, we're in a parlous position!" And there isn't a word that one couldn't use in a convent.

It isn't difficult, you know, to acquire a few useful and original phrases. When, in your moments of wistful reminiscence, you remember a wench as being "stark ---ing naked" (though I grant you a mark for possible accuracy), try "raw as an onion" instead. It has an astringent piquancy about it, and I lifted it straight out of Dylan Thomas. If you want the reference, it's in Under Milk Wood, where Hae Rose Cottage, in her dreams" in a cave in a waterfall in a wood waits there raw as an onion for Hister Right to leap up the burning tall hollow splashes of leaves like a brilliantined trout."

I know what you're all saying at this point. "Highbrow bastard. Why can't he mind his own ---ing business?" Well at this moment I'm a casual correspondent of the G.I.P., and words are my business.

We have a very good library, from which I shamelessly borrow most of my ideas and the words in which they are expressed. In other terms, I'm no brighter than most of you, and the height of my brow is strictly a matter of a somewhat recessive hairline. So next time you are short of reading matter, don't look at the sexy broad on the cover. Try the language inside. For instance - "She stood there in her panties, holding her girdle in her hand, where it now locked like some monstrous ring of crumpled Elastoplast, fit for a blister on a giant's finger, and started at her seducer, still fully dressed in his white tie and tails, laughing behind a cloud of blue smoke, and it was too much for her. She burst into tears."

And I'm not going to tell you where I found that. You'll have to ---ing; well hunt for it!

No, I've seen a headline somewhere that said "Hude Witchcraft Rites. A People Exposure.", and I can't wait to read all about it.

CROSSWORD

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25	E	N		N		24	O	N	O	C	L	E	
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Clues - Across

Clues - Down

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|---|--|
| 1. Comparable to a whistle? (5)                         | 2. Undoubtedly a capital place (6).                              |
| 6. Where <u>Tosca</u> may be produced in Berks. (5).    | 3. Woman of the river? (6).                                      |
| 9. When your thoughts are elsewhere, be careful (4, 3). | 4. Pin up (3).   |
| 10. Locally available? (2, 3).                          | 5. He probably won't talk sense (5).                             |
| 11. Does eating it make Al sad? (5)                     | 6. You'll find us in the country (7).                            |
| 12. The footpad's plunder? (5).                         | 7. Don't go away (4).  |
| 13. Less than a kind heart! (7).                        | 8. Fruity colour (6).  |
| 15. In the past (3).                                    | 12. He had his boys in the mines (5).                            |
| 17. Soon (4).   | 13. Minor county (5).  |
| 18. Certainly not a soft drink (6).                     | 14. He comes from the manor (5). <i>Simon</i>                    |
| 19. House to be ill in? (5).                            | 15. It's some distance from the cella (5).                       |
| 20. Bold as brass (6).                                  | 16. Speak patriotically, perhaps, though a traitor at heart (5). |
| 22. Is perhaps hard to see through (4).                 | 18. It's red (5).  |
| 24. Coin from any direction but the west? (3).          | 19. Meat for the boy at last (7).                                |
| 25. Just one lens (7).                                  | 21. It's enough to infuriate a bull (3, 3).                      |
| 26. Pointed me out for aid (5).                         | 22. Prevented from drifting (6).                                 |
| 27. Wrong sort of rehearsal for strip tease? (5).       | 23. Where to hide an ace? (6).                                   |
| 28. Was at fault (5).                                   | 25. Beefy, might one say? (5).                                   |
| 29. Undoubtedly it's painful (7).                       | 26. It's a wine (4).   |
| 30. A foreigner gets in a second time (5).              | 28. Quite a long time in the raw state (3).                      |
| 31. Low-down arithmetician? (5).                        |  |

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

Across. - 1, Bullet; 7, Aspirate; 8, Gags; 10, Slides; 11, Almost; 14, Net; 16, Bones; 17, Scar; 19, Below; 21, L-ate-x; 22, Sages; 23, Fred(Eric); 26, Par-is; 28, Pie; 29, Apache; 30, Can-ary; 31, Oral; 32, Tri-bun-al; 33, Tie-pin.

Down. - 1, Bosses; 2, Loader; 3, Tass; 4, Pill-box; 5, Baton; 6, Heats; 8, Gina; 9, Get; 12, MO-w; 13, Sense; 15, Peter (the Great); 18, C-he-ap; 19, Bag(s); 20, Les; 21, Lash out; 22, Sic; 23, Finale; 24, Real; 25, Dry-den; 26, P-artly; 27, Rabid; 28, Par; 30, Colt.

