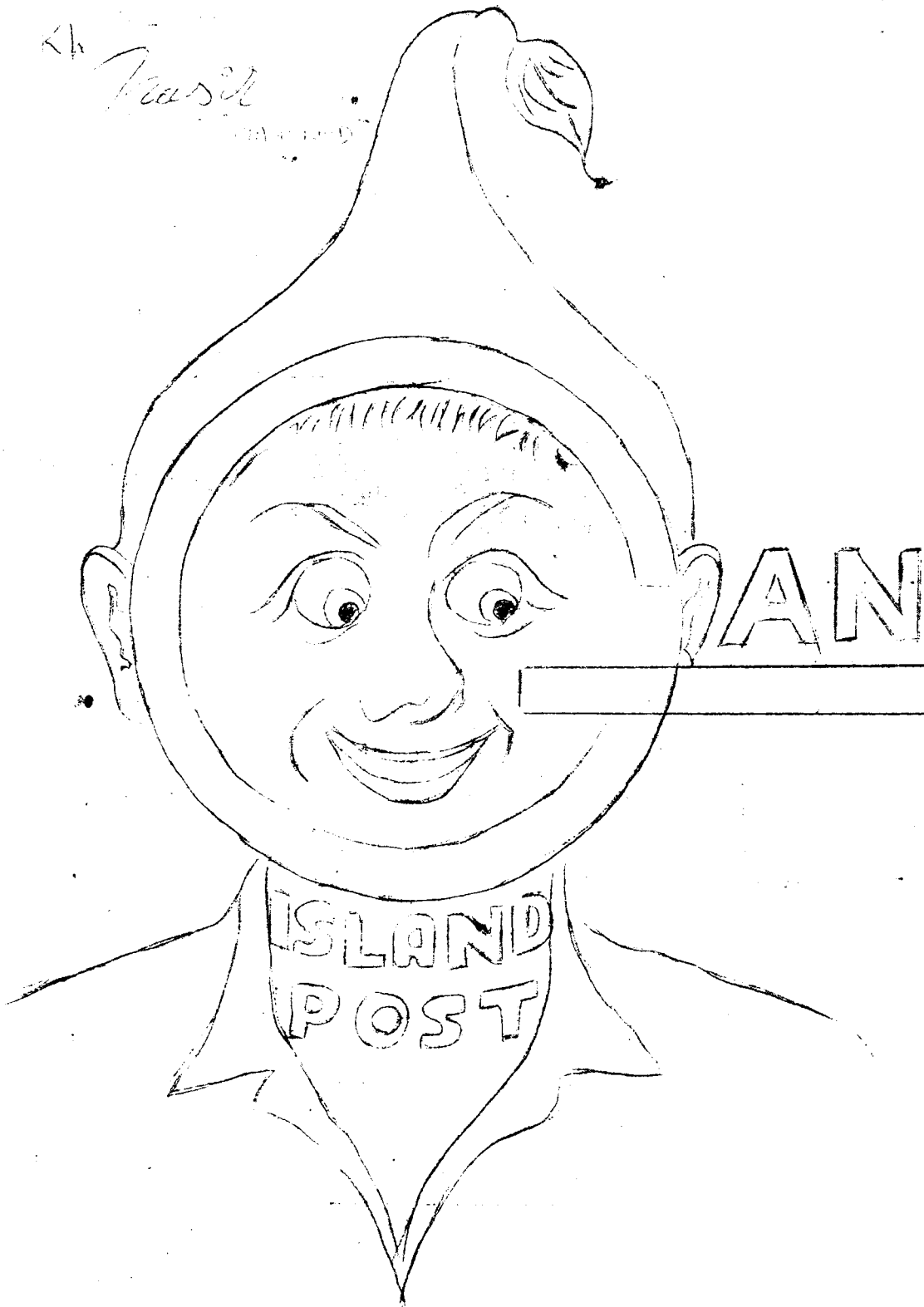


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EDITION NUMBER ***** 319

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PRODUCTION ***** MOHAMMED AKRAM

PRINTING ***** MOHAMMED MANIKFAN

DISTRIBUTION ***** GENERAL OFFICE

***** WEEK ENDING 17TH MAY 1969 *****

HAVE YOU HEARD ??

That trade is brisk on the FB line - in fact business is F B !!

That a centre forgot its losing spoke and has inadvertently thrown the wheel off balance ?!

About the lady with a room to let ? !

About the POSB cook who was going to start a tea swindle in Catering ? !

That CH has been invited to the Summer Ball on Temple Hill ? !

That the Padre is an evil man in Masirah ? !

That Fatherly odds are being offered on the quickest mount - but who will toll the bell ? !

That whilst the Cat was away the 1369 Mice played away from the dining table, but went thirsty ?!

CHESS CLUB

A Chess Club is being formed. Will anyone who is interested please contact Flt. Lt. I. Galletti, Flight Safety Officer Ext 328, or Cpl Rudland, Accounts Section Ext 301.

BRIDGE CLUB

This Monday saw the inauguration of our Beginners Class when S.Eng. and the NAAFI Manager enrolled for lessons - they were promising pupils and should be ready for duplicate quite shortly.

On Wednesday, the Club participated in the British Bridge League's Simultaneous Pairs Competition, the total entry of which is expected to be 1400 pairs, and it will be interesting to see how the Gan pairs fared.

Results of Thursday's match as follows :- 1st - Heaton and Ackroyd
2nd - Sinclair & Sullen : 3rd - Cameron & Galletti : 4th - Anders & Duce .

POETRY IN MOTION

There was a young lady named Min,
Who thought making love was a sin,
But when she was tight, it seemed quite all right,
So everyone filled her with gin !

An oversexed lady named White,
Insists on a dozen a night.
A fellow named Cheddar, had the brashness to wed her,
His chance of survival is slight !

A young lad with passions quite gingery,
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie,
He pinched her behind, Then made up his mind,
To add incest to insult to injury !

A maid in the land of Aloha,
Got caught in the coils of a boa,
And as the snake squeezed, the maid, not displeased,
Cried, ' Come on and do it Samoa !!

RADIO TOMBOLA

With effect from next week , RADIO TOMBOLA tickets , will also be available in the Station Library from Mohammed Akram.

In all my wildest dreams (and some of them can be pretty wild) I never thought I'd ever be asked to launch a ship! But that's exactly what happened this week. Well, at least - a boat. Marine Tender 3307, to be precise. She'd been out of the water since November awaiting spares. All the parts had been received except one for the engine, which still hasn't left UK, and MCS were planning a hump party for her! Then her twin, 3306, went u/s, presenting an unexpected opportunity. They cannibalised ruthlessly. As the Admiral said, they already have three virtuous ladies in Faith, Hope and Charity; so, with a bottle of British beer, I was asked to christen this one - Patience! Very appropriate. But I hope the missing bit arrives before 3306 is six months older!

Cato's article last week reminded me of another one I'd read on our lack of communication at the simplest level these days. It was significantly entitled The Tower of Babel, and referred to "all the artificial languages people speak nowadays which render them mutually incomprehensible." The chap isn't talking about "foreign" languages (which are quite enough to contend with), but the highly specialised languages of people working in a narrow sphere of expertise which nobody else understands. The scientists, economists, sociologists, advertisers, pop-stars, weight-lifters - all are guilty, and so too are the services, of course. Anyway, I thought you might be amused by the following example, in which a multitude of linguistic sins is covered....

He: Darling, there's something I've wanted to tell you for a long time.

She: A brand new booklet shows how YOU can gain the confidence that comes with the ability to express yourself clearly. Those seemingly casual twists and brilliant turns of the 'born' conversationalist are simple tricks that YOU could learn in ONE MONTH.

He: I'm not quite sure how I should approach it.

She: Call beacons outbound heading one zero zero at fifteen hundred feet on one zero one eight.

He: Will you marry me?

She: In the long-term view I would say yes, we are moving towards some kind of loose union or federation. However, as I see it the position remains fluid.

He: You mean you're still keen on that Arthur Hopkins?

She: A pure binary system of units with no reference to outer systems can have little objectivity. For A to be aware of B, and B to be aware of A, both must know that this awareness is on the consciousness of C.

He: And C is Arthur bloody Hopkins! I'm not getting engaged if that....

She: Who brought up Arthur Hopkins? I want to live in a bear's cave, or perhaps a squirrel's drey, with lots of honey and nuts!

He: Feasibility tests indicate positive economic results in urban areas for individualised husbandry in unitary housing-groups, commensurable with the unalienable right of sociological parity.

She: You mean two can live as cheaply as one?

He: Yeah! Come on, baby. Don't be a stranger, will you. Let's turn togetherness on!

CUT! That's quite enough. But you see what I mean, don't you?

Ed.

See page 10. 1. Man and Superman. 2. Much Ado About Nothing.
3. As You Like It. 4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 5. Twelfth Night.
6. Taming of The Shrew.

ON SHOPPING

In my silly and primitive way, I believed that the aim of shopping was to buy things; to buy things, moreover, you needed or fancied. Today I know that (a) shopping is a social - as opposed to a commercial - activity and (b) its aim is to help the shopkeeper to get rid of all that junk.

Shopping begins with queuing. If you want to become a true Briton, you must still be fond of queuing. An erstwhile war-time necessity has become a national entertainment. Just as the Latins need an opportunity of going berserk every now and then in order to let off steam, so the British are in need of certain excesses, certain wild bouts of self-discipline. A man in a queue is a fair man; he is minding his own business; he lives and lets live; he gives the other fellow a chance; he practises a duty while waiting to practise his own rights; he does almost everything an Englishman believes in doing. A man in a queue is as much the image of a true Briton as a man in a bull-ring is the image of a Spaniard or a man with a two-foot cigar of an American.

When your turn comes at last in the shop, disregard the queue behind you. They would feel let down if you deprived them of their right to wait and be virtuous. Do not utter a word about the goods you wish to buy. Ask the shopkeeper about his health, his wife, his children, his dogs, cats, goldfish, and budgerigars; his holiday plans, his discarded holiday plans and about his last two or three holidays; his views on the weather, the test match; discuss the topical and more entertaining murder cases, etc., etc., and, naturally answer all his questions.

A few further rules for true Britons:

1. Never criticise anybody's wares, still less return anything to the shop if it turns out to be faulty, rotten or falling to bits. Not only might this embarrass the shopkeeper but it might also infringe one of the fundamental civil rights of all Englishmen, secured in Magna Carta: to sell rubbish to the public. This system has its own impenetrable logic. With tailors, dressmakers and hairdressers you may be as unreasonable as you choose. But to give back a singularly thick piece of meat to a butcher when you have asked for a singularly thin one is fussing. To insist on records of Aida, failing to be content with Tristan and Isolde or The Mikado instead (when the dealer has made it clear that he would rather get rid of these two) is extremely un-English. Milder and truer types of Britons are known to have bought typewriters instead of tape-recorders, bubble-cars instead of bedroom suites and grand pianos instead of going to the Costa Brava for their holidays.

2. Always be polite to shop assistants. Never talk back to them; never argue; never speak to them unless spoken to. If they are curt, sarcastic or rude to you, remember that they might be in a bad mood.

3. If there happens to be no queue in a shop when you arrive, never be impatient if no one takes the slightest notice of you. Do not disturb the assistants in their tete-a-tete; never disturb the one who stands in the corner gazing at you with bemused curiosity. There is nothing personal in the fact that they ignore you: they are simply Miltonists. All English shop assistants are Miltonists. A Miltonist firmly believes that 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'

*

DEW YOU ?

The romantic young man sat on the park bench with a first date. He was certain that his charming words and manners would win her as they had won many others.

" Some moon out tonight " he cooed. " There certainly is " she agreed.

" Some stars out tonight too ". She nodded again.

" Some dew on the grass ". " Some do " she said indignantly " but

I'm not that sort of girl !! ".

Look at it this way

Not so very many years ago, there used to be a big area of the world which was always coloured red in school atlases. For a time, it was one of the few things in the geography lessons that remained stable, solid, and unchanged by the machinations of statesmen in Europe, and the revolution season in the "banana republics". It included countries like Burma, the Gold Coast (as it was in pre-Ikrumah days), and all sorts of other faraway places with strange-sounding names, like Aitutaki, Bettws-y-Coed, and Gan. Outposts of Empire, they were called. "The Empire on which the sun never sets" was the proud boast. Nowadays it scarcely bothers to rise on it.

No, the Empire isn't what it was - like beer, the English summer, and Aston Villa - but here and there the odd outpost remains. You're sitting on one. You, my boy, are the living personification of the White Man, whose "Grave" was West Africa, in the days before paludrine and hygiene squads, and whose "Burden" was the making of a fat salary ruling other people - for their own good, of course! Your flip-flops flap over the coral strand of one of the last bastions of the British Raj, and what a bastion it is!

It has always been the lot of bastion-minders like us to feel a little isolated. The picture of the pukka sahib in his up-country bungalow, sweating it out in his dinner-jacket, drinking warm champagne, and swatting mosquitoes with a punkah-wallah, while the yellow god forever gazes down, is familiar to all. The mail from home, by gad, was all that kept him sane, what? And, when the mail arrived, carried along the steaming jungle path by a faithful retainer, wedged in a cleft stick (the mail, you twit!), it probably consisted of a note from his tailor :-

"Dear Sir,

Unless payment is received forthwith for your esteemed order of a solar topee, spine pad, and cholera belt, we shall be forced to ask our local agent to call on you.

He, as you are no doubt aware, is U Pay Now, the well-known dacoit, whose regrettable policy is to "make plenty trouble chop-chop."

Trusting in your continued good health, we remain, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

Whippitt and Runn."

We, on the other hand, have our mail brought by V.C.10 to our very doorstep, its arrival announced by Tannoy, and its local distribution so slick that the envelopes are still cold from their passage through the upper atmosphere by the time they reach our sticky and feverish mitts. Nevertheless, on Wednesday and Thursday we feel as isolated from the world as if our mail arrived by clipper ship, together with replacements for the yellow fever victims, a pair of hand-knitted long johns from Grandma, and the Times with the result of last year's Derby.

The funny thing is that at home we look on letters with doubt and foreboding, as often as not. ("Oh Lord. It's from Auntie Nell. What's up with her this time?") What do we look for in our letters from home while in Gan? Startling news? Vows of undying love? Or just reassurance that, although we may be missed, life goes on in its safe, uneventful, and sometimes excruciatingly funny way? The last, I suspect, as often as not.

Well, be of good cheer. My statistical investigations show that if she hasn't left you in Tuesday's letter, it is fairly safe to assume she'll still be on speaking terms in Friday's. And if letters are missing for a few days, it is much more likely that the mail has been offloaded at Muharraq than that she has gone off with the ice-cream man. What girl in her right mind would fancy Mister Softee, anyway?

Worry not, my boy. What if Wednesday is as flat as a nun's chest, and Thursday a great gape-mouthed cuckoo-nestling of a day, requiring to be fed with infinite quantities of time before taking flight into Friday? On Friday all will be well - or on Saturday, or Sunday. Confucius he say "Woman who writes too much guards against man reading between lines."

Me? I'm just going to reread my last mail from home. But I can't help wondering - why a postcard?

CROSSWORD

	1		2		3	4		5	6		7	
8		9						10				
	11				12							
13				14				15		16		17
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26	27		28				29				30	
31							32			33		
			34						35			
36									37			
			38									

Clues - Across

- Clues - Down

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3. Measures taken to deal with pests? (5) | 1. A good man (5). |
| 8. He heartlessly returns a suit (5). | 2. He takes the up train (7). |
| 10. Make an allusion that may be taken in two ways? (5). | 4. Chisel, perhaps (4). |
| 11. May be reversed into its owner's club (3). | 5. What people pay to get food in? (6). |
| 12. He always has somewhere to put his rubbish, apparently (5). | 6. Foreign coin or |
| 13. Simply wonderful (7). | 7. That number Eye's in (5). |
| 15. Adopt a servile attitude (5) | 9. Stage-door label? (3). |
| 18. Perhaps not a weight? (3). | 12. Hurdled to join a funny fellow in Burma? (7). |
| 19. Sheep disturbed in Rome (6). | 14. Study carefully (3). |
| 21. All-round ornaments (7). | 16. Red and white drinks (5). |
| 22. One is indebted for it (4). | 17. The way to march? (5). |
| 23. Would the soldier who wears it be a lieutenant? (4). | 19. Hills with men on top (7). |
| 24. Just vultures (7). | 20. Kind of show (5). |
| 26. The start (6). | 21. Foundation (5). |
| 29. Director's anger (3). | 23. A wave of destruction? (7). |
| 31. Come up for a rinse? (5). | 24. For people who are fond of pictures (6). |
| 32. Summit talker? Not entirely (7). | 25. It's obtained by underground workers (3). |
| 34. Big Ben (5). | 27. More mature (5). |
| 35. Equipment for a kite without a tail (3). | 28. Biology class (5). |
| 36. It's in the blood. (5). | 30. Of no great importance (5). |
| 37. Only a fraction (5). | 32. Must you stoop low to wash in it? (4). |
| 38. Bags worn by ladies? (5). | 33. Relatives of the Perkins (3). |

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SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

Across. - 1, Clean; 6, Ascot; 9, Mind out; 10, On tap; 11, Salad; 12, Bloody; 13, Coronet; 15, Ago; 17, Anon; 18, Bitter; 19, V-ill-a; 20, Brazen; 22, Mist; 24, SEN; 25, Monocle; 26, Ai-me-a; 27, Dress (rehearsal); 28, Erred; 29, Torture; 30, Agan; 31, Adder.

Down. - 2, London; 3, Amazon; 4, Nip; 5, Idiot; 6, A-us-tria; 7, Stay; 8, Orange; 12, Bevin (boys); 13, Cambs; 14, Roman; 15, Attic; 16, O-rat-e; 18, Blood; 19, Venison; 21, Red rag; 22, Moore; 23, Sleeve; 25, Meaty; 26, Asti; 28, Era.

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Padre's Page
St. Christopher's Church

Services:

Sunday	0900 Hours Holy Communion 1830 Hours Evening Service
Wednesday	1830 Hours Holy Communion

If you and I were asked what was the most important quality in anybody's prayers, I should think we would all agree on the answer. I think we would say Sincerity. Sincerity is a quality which we admire so much in others, and try to covet for ourselves. Yet sincerity is a very searching test for a man to apply to his own character. We are all liable to self-deception.

Our prayers are often unsatisfactory because we pray with too much reservation. We are not quite open with God. There is a wrong that needs putting right, but we do not deal with it. We cherish a bitter spirit towards somebody, but we do not face that squarely. We just rush on in our prayers for something which we would like very much. A writer once said, 'Prayer time is God's punishment time.'

The fact is that to say one's prayers is a very much bigger business than many people think. It is not, as so many people look upon it, just a last resource in an hour of peril. People in distress find themselves praying which would indicate that they cannot get on forever without God. Prayer, if it is to count for much, must be a vital part of one's daily life. It is not just a mere matter of routine, offering the familiar requests.

Sincerity would demand, we should agree, that prayer and life be linked together. A man may be sincere, yet intolerant towards others. What we would all covet in our best moments is Christian sincerity. A sincerity inspired by the spirit of Christ himself. Christian prayer is one aspect of a whole life of co-operation with God. It has one dominating purpose, the rule of God in all the world. As we go out in the world, we should remember that life is not just one great struggle against whatever odds there might be. We are partners in a divine enterprise.

Yours very sincerely,
John McLoish.

The next C.S.F.C. Moral Leadership Course will be held on the 14th to the 18th July. Applications for the course can be obtained from the Padre.

The Church of Our Lady
Star of the Sea

Holy Mass is celebrated whenever a priest visits the island.

Rosary is said each evening in the R.C. Church.

The R.C. Liaison Officer is Flt. Lt. J. J. Frazer, S.A.M.O.

