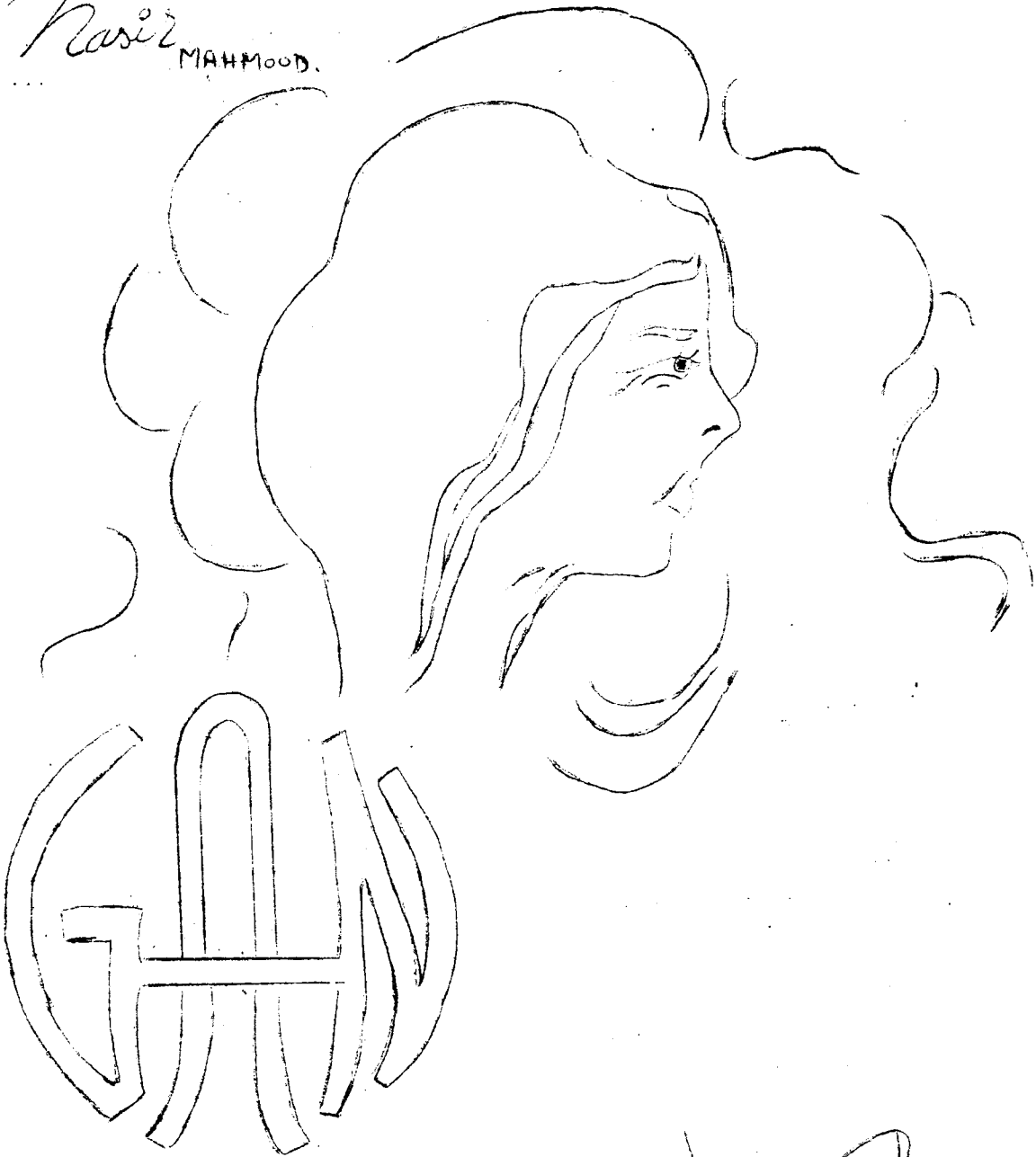


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Nasir MAHMOOD.



ISLAND Post

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HAVE YOU HEARD ??

That Plan 'A' failed again, but they met in Transit anyway !!

That a moody patient is having nightmares over Lulu's hit record !! Boom, Bang a Bang, Boom Bang

That when Burke's Law ran amok Hot Lips got sour ?!!

That the organist is putting on a leg show ? !

That the Ops Men have claimed a Mufti allowance on this year's income tax return ? !

About the little hump planned for Torquay - to see the palm trees ? !

That the civvies have lost their ackers but will win nevertheless ? !

(On the highest authority) that hump leave is a back breaking affair ? !

That on his last public appearance Dr. Livingstone's friend dropped his balls with perfection ? !

CHESS CLUB

A Chess Club is being formed; will anyone interested please contact Flt Lt Galletti, Flight Safety Officer X 328 or Cpl Rudland X 301 .

CONGRATULATIONS

To Chief Tech Morris, of SASF , whose 18 year old daughter, Plt Off Jacqueline Morris, has won the sash of honour at Henlow. A first class start to her career as an Air Traffic Controller.

ACKER BILK SHOW

The Acker Bilk Jazz Band, consisting of eight musicians and a manager, will be with us shortly, and their itinerary will be as follows : -

Sat 31st May - 2200 hrs - Guests of the Corporals Club.

Sun 1st June - 1200 hrs - Curry lunch at the Officers Mess .
2100 hrs - Show at the 180 Club .

Mon 2nd June - 1400 hrs - Visit to Radio Gañ .
2000 hrs - Show at the Astra.
2200 hrs - Guests of the Sgts Mess.

Tue 3rd June - 1400 hrs - Depart for Hittadu .

The show in the 180 Club will be free and a barbecue has been arranged. If the weather is fine, the band will play outside on the patio.

Tickets for the show in the Astra will be on sale in the Library on Wed 28th May, @ 1400 hrs.

POETRY IN MOTION

From 20 to 30 if a man lives right, it's once in the morning and twice at night,
From 30 to 40 if he still feels right, he's missed the morning and sometimes the night.
From 40 to 50 it's just now and then, and from 50 to 60 it's God knows when.
From 60 to 70 he's not so inclined, but don't let him kid you - it's still on his mind !!

There was a young lady of Norway, : A nudist resort in Benares,
Who hung by her heels in a doorway, : Took a midget in all unawares.
She told her young man, : But he made members weep,
'Get off the divan, : For he just could'nt keep,
I think I've discovered another way ! : His nose out of private affairs !!

There was a fairly unusual party on Tuesday evening, during the VC10 turn-round, when members of the current Air Warfare Course, returning from their PBAF tour, were briefly but thoroughly entertained in the Officers' Mess. One of the remarkable features of the occasion was that three COs of RAF Can were present: in addition to Wg Cdr Farmer, his immediate predecessor, Wg Cdr R.H. Mullineaux, and Gp Capt P.G. Hill, CO in 1963, were admiring the bar alterations. They also managed a quick visit to the Imperial Club before rejoining the flight.

Since this followed a last ditch stand against the Air Department Auditors on the previous night (in the bar, I mean!), yours truly has been suffering ever since from one of these visitations especially useful in testing one's reaction speed. I mention this only because I wish to discredit the malicious rumour that the olives had been injected by a well-known willow operator.

The list of ardour dampeners we published last week was clearly not exhaustive, for I've heard many more for the first time (only second-hand, of course) this week - most of which will have to be left to your imaginations. However, one senior gentleman delightedly confided that his initial approach is invariably met with: "You dirty beast, you!" And, of course, we left out all the permutations relating to the Pill. (No, not that one. The one with the less fattening centre!)

I was also reminded of the story about the people who were doing research for a book. One eager young undergraduate was set to interview all the married men he could find, to ask them how many times they had indulged on the first night of their honeymoons. A bank clerk told him twice, a soldier admitted to four times, and a pretty tough looking lorry-driver claimed six - so far as he could remember. Then he saw a gigantic Marine enter the pub; rugged features, broad shoulders, deep chest, huge arms, covered with hair and tattoos. But, in answer to the usual question, this chap said: "Once."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the interviewer, incredulously. "And what did your wife say to you in the morning?"

"Gerorfff!!!"

Ed.

Here follows a letter received by the Sub-Aqua Club, which may meet a response from some enthusiastic collectors.

Currarong,
via Howra, 2540,
N.S.W., Australia

Dear Sir,

A friend - Jan Sondall (AA2 Sondall) has suggested to me that I contact you.

My wife and I are shell collectors, and have rather a good collection of shells from many parts of the world, but none from your area.

Jan thought you might know of someone who would be interested in exchanging shells. If you can help me in this, I will greatly appreciate it. Thanking you.

Yours faithfully,

C.J. Debenham

HOW TO TAKE YOUR PLEASURE SADLY

I do not know how the silly phrase 'the English take their pleasures sadly' originated. Slavs take their pleasures sadly. A Russian cannot really enjoy himself without sobbing for an hour or two on another Slavonic bosom. But Englishmen? They, in their moments of pleasure, may be unemotional, shy, phlegmatic - but sad? Oh no, not sad.

The English, instead of taking their pleasures sadly, endure them bravely, in a spirit worthy of their Puritan ancestors. I often imagine a modern Grant Inquisitor summoning an Englishman and sending him on a normal summer holiday. He pronounces sentence:

'One: tomorrow morning you will get into your car and take twelve and a half hours to cover a four-hour journey. The journey back will take you fifteen hours and the fumes will nearly choke you.

'Two: when you reach your destination, you will queue up twelve times a day: three times for ice-cream, twice for deck-chairs, three times for beer, once for tea, twice for swings for the children and once just for the hell of it.

'Three: whenever you feel unbearably hot, I order you to accept the additional torture of drinking hot tea.

'Four: when it gets still hotter, you will drive down to the seaside and sit in the oven of your car, for two hours and a half.

'Five: wherever you go, there will never be less than two thousand people around you. They will shout and shriek into your ear and trample on your feet and your only consolation will be that you, too, trample on their feet. There is no escape from them. You may try the countryside but the countryside, too, will be transformed into an ever-lasting Bank Holiday fairground, strewn with paper bags and empty tins and bottles. Furthermore, to add to your sufferings, I order you to take a portable radio everywhere with you and listen to 'The Tony -- Blackburn Show' and 'The Jimmy Young Show' incessantly!

If all this were meted out as dire punishment, proud, free Englishmen everywhere would rise against it as they have always risen against foul oppression. But as, on top of it all, they have to spend a whole year's savings on these pleasures, they are delighted if they can join the devotees anywhere.

Britain has been the marvel-country of the world for a long time. Many people used to regard her as decadent, decaying and exhausted until they learned better. How has Britain come out of her many trials, not only victorious but rejuvenated? The secret of the British is very simple: if they can endure their summer holidays, they can endure anything.

The other evening in a bar, a rather shy friend of ours spotted a remarkably well-endowed young lady drinking alone. He moved over and sat next to her, but he was too embarrassed to talk. So instead, when he ordered his next drink, he ordered one for her and paid for them both. She nodded her thanks, but still they did not speak.

This went on for four rounds. Finally, emboldened by the liquor, he said, 'Do you ever go to bed with men?'

'I never have before,' she said, smiling, 'but I believe you talked me into it, you clever, silver-tongued devil, you.'

Look at it this way.

The other day I was leafing idly through a sheaf of papers, looking for some information or other, when my train of thought was suddenly sent whizzing along an entirely different line by a string of place-names. There they were, Ispahan, Shiraz, Bokhara and Samarkand. Shades of Shcherazade and the Caliph of Baghdad, this was the very stuff of fairy-tale and romance !

"High on a throne, or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men are born; but surely we are brave
Who take the golden road to Samarkand."

This, of course, in the days when a caravan was a host of camels, driven by Genewine Bedewine Ayrabs and laden with silks, spices, gold, myrrh, carpets, and beautiful Circassian slave-girls. Now it's amobile snoggery that you hitch on to the back of the long-suffering Consul, and drag down to Bognor Regis, laden with kids, dogs, Nescafe, Camping-gaz, and tinned peaches.

My train of thought, you may say, is easily diverted, and you would be right. Any speck of interesting dust landing on my mental points is sufficient to shunt my idle mind into unfrequented branch lines, choked with the romantic weeds of poetry, fable, and literary allusion. The reality these days is doubtless anything but romantic. Samarkand, once the glamorous meeting-place of caravans from all over Asia, is now the capital of the People's Republic of Something-or-other, and is probably stuffed full of modern factories, and hung with posters exhorting the faithful to produce more tractors. What in the name of the Glorious Revolution of the Bloody Great Wheel do they do with all the tractors anyway? I can't help getting the impression that most of the agricultural population of the USSR must be born, and not a few of them conceived, on a tractor. Ah well, if that's what turns them on "Darling Sonya, can't you feel the romantic throbbing of my fine strong high-compression diesel engine?" Personally I'd rather have a beautiful Circassian slave-girl on a camel any day!

What, you may say, has all this to do with the daily round of life in Gan, and the short answer is nothing. Nevertheless, there is perhaps a tenuous link between the caravan trails of the Arabian Nights, and the island on which, for the nonce, we live. That link is imagination. Here we are, on a tropical coral island, complete with our eight gramophone records. All we need is Roy Plomley and the duty seagull. No you can't have Brigitte Bardot for your one luxury. I asked first.

Whether you believe it or not, my boy, there are people at home to whom a coral island in the tropical ocean is an impossible dream of romantic adventure. The hard-earned pennies that they stuff into their piggy-banks on Friday night are aimed straight at a holiday in the sun, under waving palm trees and a bright tropic moon, drinking iced beer and listening to the thunder of the surf on the coral reef. Just what you did last night, my boy; only you wept into your Tiger and mourned for Scunthorpe.

We are never content. Here in Gan we say "Cor, if only I could get home to my wife/girl/Mum." And when we are at home, what do we do? Go out to the boozier with the boys and yarn about the blue sailing days on the lagoon in Gan, and the tropical fishes over the reef, and the sun, and the sand. Perhaps it is that we best enjoy things in retrospect..

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

Ah well, it has always been the restlessness in man that led him on to greater achievements. Perhaps only the eunuch is content with his lot.

Me? I've spent the best part of an afternoon writing this tripe. It helps to put the time in. Three hours nearer Scunthorpe !

CATO

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Clues - Across

Clues - Down

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Doesn't it exactly turn up in the vegetable garden? (6).</p> <p>5. Grave letters (3).</p> <p>8. It burns with good-heartedness! (4).</p> <p>9. Cannot be raised in silence (4).</p> <p>10. Men in the family (6).</p> <p>11. What wine merchants do in this town? (9).</p> <p>13. Tunes of no great weight? (4).</p> <p>15. May go under your plate (3).</p> <p>16. Prohibit (5).</p> <p>17. Apparently she won round mother (5).</p> <p>20. Leaves in a packet, possibly (3).</p> <p>22. If looking so, you won't be in the pink (3).</p> <p>23. A way to be in love? How crazy! (5).</p> <p>24. Cried in order to get a drink (5)</p> <p>26. Half of butter (3).</p> <p>27. Sketched attractively? (4).</p> <p>28. Dull game that may lead to an explosion (9).</p> <p>31. Where there's more than a van full of cigars! (6).</p> <p>32. Smile when you break a ring (4).</p> <p>33. It's done in a government department (4).</p> <p>34. Jumped by the impetuous (3).</p> <p>35. A trio of twenty-one, possibly (6).</p> | <p>1. The bird has more than one tin, we hear (6).</p> <p>2. Describes the performance when you've got it taped (8).</p> <p>3. Taste nice, but five of them are nasty (4).</p> <p>4. He has a playful knock (7).</p> <p>5. Respond with an encore? (5).</p> <p>6. Holds the line on wash-day (4).</p> <p>7. He may let you in (7).</p> <p>12. An in-and-out propeller (3).</p> <p>14. Waxed creature? (4).</p> <p>18. Descriptive of money you can't call your own? (4).</p> <p>19. A very important ceremony (8).</p> <p>20. Their work may be both fitting and becoming (7).</p> <p>21. Charmers, but they aren't beautiful (7).</p> <p>24. Like the price of a snip? (3).</p> <p>25. Vows to be like a trooper? (6).</p> <p>26. May be swept up in the concert hall (5).</p> <p>29. Side of a side? (4).</p> <p>30. No tortoise! (4).</p> |
|---|--|
- =====
- Down. - 1, Vica ; 2, Puritan; 4, Tool; 5, P-rice-s; 6, Sen-or; 7, S-Eve-n; 9, Tag; 12, Ran-goon; 14, Con; 16, Wines; 17, Route; 19, Men-dips; 20, Floor (show); 21, Basis; 23, Breaker; 24, Cinema; 25, Ore; 27, Ripper; 28, Genus; 30, Petty; 32 Sink, 33, Kin.

SOLUTION TO THE LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

Across. - 3, Steps; 8, Ti-t-us; 10, Refer; 11, Car (RAC); 12, Ro-bin; 13, Magical; 15, Cover; 18, Ton; 19, Merino; 21, Bangles; 22, Loan; 23, Be-It; 24, Condors; 26, Origin; 29, Ire; 31, Risen; 32, S-peak-er; 34, (Ben) Nevis; 35, Kit; 36, Serum; 37, Tenth; 38, Sacks. (SOLUTION TO DOWN IS GIVEN UNDER CLUES - DOWN)

Padre's Page
St.Christopher's Church

Services:

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

I suppose there are the occasions when we find ourselves in need of friendship and encouragement. We find that certain situations almost demand it. We find that in these circumstances it is much more easier to be friendly than in normal times. Perhaps life on Gan fits into this category. Certainly we find that people are much more friendly than at home. Circumstances, it would seem, almost certainly demand it.

At any rate, let us consider for a moment, those whom we treat almost impersonally. I am talking of normal circumstances. We hold out our money to the bus conductor, as if he were just a machine. We do not even take the trouble to look at him. We buy from people in the shops, giving them endless trouble. We hardly even give it a thought that they too are human beings who may be very tired and very greatly worried.

So, too, with most people with whom we do business. We do not mean to be unkind. It is just that we are so absorbed in our own concerns and too often in a hurry. Our own little world around us becomes cold and inhuman, and machine-like.

We all need the warm, friendly atmosphere which neighbourliness and goodwill produce. Perhaps we just wait for the other person to begin. It is a pity, because we never come to know how really neighbourly and lovable people can be until we have given them the opportunity.

If I were to ask you who your neighbour was, you would probably say that he was the person next door. True, but that is not all. Whoever is in need of you, is your neighbour.

I suppose the Good Samaritan felt just like that. The poor fellow lying there half dead on the roadside would not in the least look a pretty sight. He might have been a mean, hard and selfish man, but he was in need, and the Samaritan acted with instant kindness. And it was practical kindness at that.

It may be difficult to come across a true Samaritan in the modern world. But they do exist and we thank God for them. They help to make people feel that they are important and worth caring about. There are people who are in need, not just of money, but in need of advice, comfort and friendship. Perhaps this is what we can give them.

Yours very sincerely,

John McLeish.

Padre Harvey, C.S.F.C. Chaplain from Mengah, will visit Gan from Friday 30th. May to Tuesday 3rd. June. He will conduct and preach at the Evening Service on Sunday 1st. June.

The Church of Our Lady
Star of the Sea

All Catholics are reminded that Sunday 25th. May is the Feast of Pentecost. Rosary is said each evening, Monday to Saturday, at 1905 hrs in the R.C. Church. Liturgy of the Holy Word is said on Sundays at 1905 hrs. A Priest visits the Island at regular intervals, 4 to 6 weeks. The R.C. Liaison Officer is Flt. Lt. J.J. Frazer, S.A.M.O.

