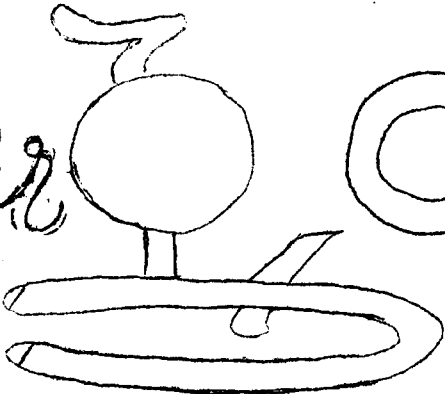
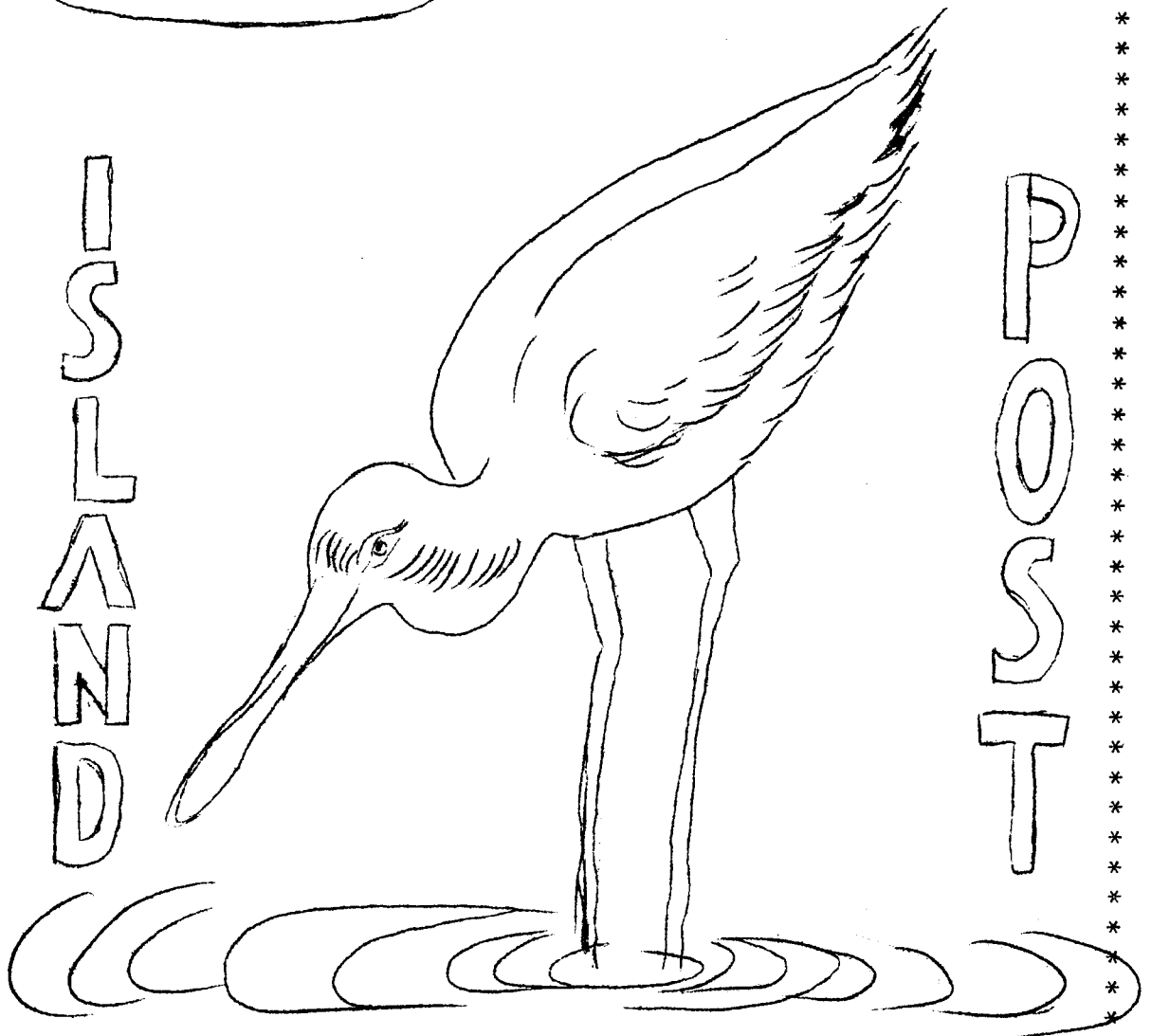


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 NASIR MAHMOOD
 NASIR MAHMOOD
 MOHAMMED MANIKFAN
 GENERAL OFFICE

WEEK ENDING * * * * *

13 SEPTEMBER 1969

Have You Heard???

- That S Ad O had had enough after the first day in Singapore?!
- That she couldn't see the wood for the trees at the Golf Club on Friday?!
- That LTJ has five organs, all different?!
- That the Padre has got a 'Q' annotation?!
- That Giles is a 'tower' of strength?!
- That Jim sang a hymn in appreciation of services rendered?!
- That (another?) Jim was caught by a 'Q' - in the ladies' loo?!
- That you cannot lie down until you've been admitted?!
- That GIP is better than Male - and it comes out more often?!
-

Weather Notes - August

After a very fine July, we had a pretty miserable August. It rained on 27 out of 31 days. The total rainfall was 285.7mm, or 11.25 inches; not a remarkable amount, but, of the twelve years for which records are available, only 1960 and 1965 had wetter Augusts. In spite of the rain, the sun managed to shine for 182.5 hours, but the average August sunshine has been around 229 hours. Temperatures were well within the normal range, the highest being 31.5°C (88.7°F), and the lowest 22.4°C (72.3°F).

In general, panic-tan seekers were more panic-stricken than usual - but the frogs had a marvellous time.

D.K.G. Hamilton

Latitude Zero Lodge, RAOB

The Lodge still welcomes visiting members every Friday evening at 1955, transport leaving Transit at 1930.

Addu Atoll Angling Association

Don't forget the competition at Hittadu on Sunday, 14 Sep; the boat will leave the jetty at 1000. New members may enrol at the Tackle Shop on Wednesdays, Thursdays or Saturdays between 1400 and 1500. Quartets for the League competition which is about to start contact Cpl Sherwood (Tackle Shop), Cpl Rudland (Accts) or SAC Hardy (SCAF).

Military Strategy, 1969 Style

Have you ever thought that, if a Foreign Power really wanted to take over Gan, they could succeed without firing a single shot? All they'd have to do is silently land a force of 600 ready, willing and able females at about 0300, each one briefed to slip gently into a blokes pit with him.... All the Army would have to do is land a small force at daybreak, when there would be NO opposition in sight!

I wonder if GIP's circulation is wide enough....

Hear what the curvacious, sex-symbol star replied on Desert Island Discs, when she was asked what reading matter she would choose to take with her?

"A large, strong, tattooed sailor!"

On his way this week goes that Florentine-Scottish tanked-up tanker trader, mixer of water with troubled oils, welter-weighted way-back of the island's most gentlemanly team (!), generator of enthusiasm for co-ordinated sports, selective 'Q'-fancier and picker of the pops, known to his mates (usually loudly and late at night) as Ge-o-o-o-r-rge!! During his 13 (R) 13 months tour, he must have cultivated more moustaches than most (currently 16 each side!), and the energy he displays on the football and hockey pitches, the athletics track and in running up and down the steps on the bulk fuel tanks is quite incredible - when you recall what he looked like when first he got up in the morning! But seriously, we shall miss your talents, George, in all the fields referred to rather frivolously above. All the best to you - and do get a good road map!

I had heard that George's partner in problem producing was also on the point of departure, but I gather it was only a rumour!?

To be serious again (we make up for it elsewhere), S Cat O has spoken of a problem of which I believe most are aware: the cutlery is disappearing at an alarming rate from the Airmen's Mess. Some of you have complained about the resulting shortages, and understandably so: being able to take one's meals in reasonable peace and comfort, with sufficient decent cutlery, etc, is important to everyone accustomed to living in a civilised society.

But, in a civilised society, we all have responsibilities too. In the last three or four months, many hundreds of knives, forks and spoons have been put into the Airmen's Mess, but they are disappearing so fast that the supply line from UK can't keep pace. Well, they don't walk; somebody is taking them. We ask you all, in your own interests, to keep a sharp look out for the offenders, and to have no hesitation in bringing them to light. For they are degrading the living standards of all of us.

Just one thing more: do go carefully with the plates, which are being broken nearly as fast, so that these are short too. There are 900 on the next ship!

Ed.

(With some trepidation) What is a Flight Lieutenant..?

There comes a time when the elegant, enthusiastic but error-prone young gentlemen with whom we've been concerned so far must be weaned from their lives of carefree ease to the awful responsibilities which are the lot of the Flight Lieutenant. This process depends upon passing a promotion exam - the first indication that all will not be beer and skittles henceforth. The Flt Lt is to be found on the phone, on the scrounge, on the loo, on the carpet, and occasionally under the influence; he is frequently looking for, looking up, looking into and looking worried. He collects tobacco tins (called ashtrays), bottle-openers, stray keys, stray ballpoints, stray dogs, old clothes and engagement rings. He likes patent medicines, beer, Old Spice, poker dice, clubs, popular classics ('The Ball of Kerrimuir'), fish and chips and the 38/16 point. He hates being tidy, amendments, the Air Force List, his future brother-in-law, 'intrepid aviators,' correspondence courses and his WO going on leave. If he is seen at all at breakfast time, it is on the run, with sleep in his eyes, fur on his tongue and soap in his ears. For who else can sleep through an alarm clock, a dripping tap, copulating fruit-bats, his neighbour's radio, the fire siren and a VC10 take-off and still stagger to work swearing about not being called? To his mother, a beautiful memory; to his fiancée, a born leader of men; to the Station Commander, a living advert for Horlicks - your actual Flight Lieutenant.

Four days to go, and still no tilts at the Squadron Leaders - but I have received a similar description of the SAC, which will appear in due course!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

To bite, or not to bite - that is the question. And having bit, is it more than I can chew? I think not.

While it would appear at first sight that Mr Riley has a valid point, if he really thought about it, it wouldn't disturb him so much - after all, he could always make that extra effort and be first!! If his suggestion - one ticket per man - were implemented, however, several other valid points would arise. What about the time taken to get the patrons in, especially in the rain (referred to in a recent PSI Meeting)? Hold it! Hold it! I know what you're going to say: "Why don't you open earlier?" This is the answer to that one: before the show, the projectors (relics of the original ARK(C) carbon type) have to be set up and (dare I say?) focussed, which takes about half an hour. If the doors were opened 15 minutes before the start, the projectionist (!) would have to be there 45 minutes before the show. While we are aware that we provide a service, we like to enjoy our meals, etc, as well.

Joe will consider himself unjustly treated if he can't treat his friends or reserve seats that are unreservable anyway, and the fact that, with five tickets in his hand, he might be able to create sufficient diversion to get himself in free (POSB b.....d!) adds that little bit of excitement to the evening! (We're on to this 'Let's cheat the Astra' campaign.) Another consideration will be change: deprived of his little game, Joe will see to it that all his friends present the purple-faced cashier with £5 notes at least (if the Maldis haven't had them all). Looking at it all round, seriously, it seems pretty unreasonable to refuse to allow people to purchase more than one ticket.

However, even after the tickets have been purchased, Mr Riley can tell Joe's friends to wait their turn to go in, and can then sit in any unoccupied 3/6, 2/9 or 2/- seat for which he holds a ticket, so long as it has no official 'Reserved' sign on it. No doubt this procedure would depend largely on Mr Riley's knowledge of self-defence! But he could always book a seat.

May I also take this opportunity to appeal to the sex-maniacs to refrain from making those offensively coarse remarks that they wouldn't have the nerve to make in a UK civilian cinema, just because they know a female is among the audience?

Sincerely, B. WALTON (Astra Manager)

P.S. If your name is Joe and you're feeling guilty - repent!

The Questions You Ask...!

We will attempt to answer any questions of fact for our readers. There will be no charge for this service unless, as in the following case, there is a pint on it!

Joe (No 1 CS Mess):- Portsmouth won the First Division Championship twice in a row in seasons 1948-49 and 49-50. They scored 58 points in the first year, beating Manchester by 5 points, and won on goal average from Wolves the following season, with 53 points.

Note: your queries need not be on sport necessarily.

Another One from Air Clues

AQM (to pale-faced work study expert): "Shall I bring your lunch now, sir?"
PFWSE: "No, just drop it into this bag!"

MR. MOTO -- THE MTO

It is the turn of the Mobile Man, that lucky chap who repairs the countless cycles on Gan, but has so much MT himself that he becomes self-conscious and uses a bicycle and a good time it is for GIP to remove the michael from the much loved WO i/c who, having built up the job to officer status, leaves us shortly on an early repat. (Why not a Wg Cdr SCAF, Ed?) Perhaps there is a lesson for us all here.....

Two old motoring champions met again after several years absence from England. One was the proud owner of a smooth, new model, (i.e. still sublimating, you see) while the other had also taken unto himself a smooth, new model (this time by courtesy of the C of E). Yes, Jan, his model wore nylon stretch-panties over her engine.....

Tom: "How's the new baby, Dick?"

Dick: "The liveliest thing I've had in years, old boy. What lines!"

Tom: "What are you using for her?"

Dick: "She floods easily but once she's started....."

Tom: "How much can she take full up?"

Dick: "About ten gallons, and when her throttle's wide open and I'm giving her all I've got she goes like a dream."

Tom: "What an expensive job, though, filling her up."

Dick: "She must get her upper-cylinder well lubricated, though, or she will play up a bit at times."

Tom: "Does she cool off well?"

Dick: "She's not run in properly yet, and gets a little flushed and hot now and again."

Tom: "You want to take a close look at her water-jacket and fan-belt...."

* * * * *

When we "gozome" we shall all be back on the roads.... well later on... and we must beware of the perils of spouse-driving as well as the dangers to be faced from other road-users.....

"Look Darling! How I've improved since you've been in Gan. Look! No hands on the straight!" (Crrraaassssshhhhh.....)

"If you promise not to be sick all over the back seat, Billy boy, I'll give you another piece of chocolate fudge." (OOOuuuuupppppp.....)

"If you'll pardon my saying so, Felicia, we young officers are excellent drivers, always in full control. Women will never be the equals of men where qualities of skill, endurance, daring, judgement and stamina are concerned: now these are essential qualities in driving, and..... (The speaker missed a Cyprus tour-Wroughton)

"Darling, do be more careful. I sometimes think you should have served 50 years ago and been a groom....."

"It won't start, Tom. Well, you told the MTO you knew more than he did about cars....."

"Don't wait for that large RAF three-tonner, Joan. They're good chaps who always stop....."

"We shall be late for the big film, Tony. Do get a move on!" (Tony was booked for speeding)

On the edge of the big city (Plymouth) he was caught again.... "Serves you right, you never keep your eyes open for police-cars." Determined to be third time lucky, Tony went along at slow speed there -after, and was stopped and rollocked for impeding the smooth flow of traffic. (Can you ever win?)

"I hope it was OK to throw my fag-end in that old tin can you have in the back. Johnnie sweet....." (Whooooosssshhhhh.....)

