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FEAF ART COMPETITION

1. We need more photographs, including, of course, transparencies. DIG OUT yours now, get an entry form from one of the Education Officers (no charge) and be ready to hand in your exhibit by 1st March.
2. Any more model makers or artists? We're poorly represented so far. Please do your best to submit an entry. If in doubt about the suitability of your work, see the S.Ed.O.
3. Entry forms must be returned by 28th February.

RAF GAN - WATER SKI CLUB

Between United Kingdom and Changi there is only one active ski club, open to all ranks, operating at present! Where? Right here at RAF Gan! The Club operates from the officers mess raft on Mondays and Fridays, and from the M.C.S. barges (depending on availability) or Tuesdays, Wednesdays and week ends - weather permitting.

New members are always welcome, why don't you join.

For further details, please contact:

Sgt Woodman - Ext 251, or
SAC WHITEFORT MCS or B56,R5.

The Editor, GIP.

Dear Sir,

Sub: Crown of Thorns Starfish - Quote from Evening Standard.

"Britain's military presence east of Suez is being threatened by starfish. Thousands of coral eating Crown of Thorns starfish have begun to attack the reef protecting the strategic island air base of Gan. Without the protection of its coral reef, Gan part of Addu Atoll, 2000 miles west of Singapore, would be in danger of flooding and erosion during the hurricane season. R.A.F. base staff of Gan have been mobilised to hunt the starfish - They must be removed from the coral, by hand, brought ashore and buried."

Thought that the readers of GIP may be interested to know of the grave danger to which they are being subjected! What do you know about the Hurricane season? And are volunteers required for the 'great crown of thorns hunt'?

Yours sincerely,
I. Galletti

The Editor, GIP

Dear Sir,

Sub: REPORTERS AND PLAYERS OF GAN

Please stop knocking the people who are good enough to keep turning up at all your sports in order to officiate. They are not "professionals".

Often enthusiasm is their only asset, so please remember "ENCOURAGE" not "DISCOURAGE". Better still as you know what you want, go along and join them yourself. I am sure your skill will be welcome. Above all, remember that without their help, sport would be chaos.

Yours sincerely,
Sgt. C. Jaques.

January's Weather

Over 2" of rain fell on the 16th but rainfall was below average. The weather was slightly warmer than average (30.4C as against 29.9C). The hottest day was the 13th when 88.9F was reached. We had 7.68 hrs. of sunshine each day. (Think of UK and smile). The most frequent direction for the wind was north to northeast. The highest gust was 44 Kts on the 15th.

CHEVY CHASE - A BATTLE

In the Fourteenth Century, the major sport of gentlemen was the art of chivalrous combat and the pursuit of glory. Translated into modern terms; mayhem, looting, rape, extortion and what is now known as the "Protection Racket". To be fair, the jolly fellows followed their sport in a spirit of high personal morality in the name of nation, church and honour and really with the best of intentions.

One fine morning, around the end of the fourteenth century, some three thousand Scottish Borderers and a sprinkling of tribesmen from further north, under the leadership of one James, Earl of Douglas, set off over the Carter Bar. Their purpose was to point out to the English and Lord Percy, Duke of Northumberland in particular, that one Scot could sort out five Englishmen (A view held widely, in reverse, in Northumberland) and to exact reprisal for recent English forays into Scotland. The prospect of a spot of thievery or other polite pursuit may have been an additional spur to the expedition.

What is significant about this small force is that most were, in their own way, of similar military status, regardless of social rank. A Borderer, mounted and armed as he was with broadsword, buckler, steel cap and fourteen-foot ash spear, was accoutred in the same way, albeit less grandly, as his chief and held himself to be no less of a chivalrous warrior than the loftiest Scott or Douglas. They hailed in the main from the areas of Berwickshire, Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles and had a long history of desperate survival. Had not their forefathers stopped the Roman Legionnaires cold in Northumbria and made duty on Hadrian's Wall a hazardous business? Their blood was, and still is, an amalgam of Celt, Norman French, Saxon, Viking and the ancient Cymric, a fairish mixture of hard lads, to say the least.

Anyhow, the little army penetrated without too much trouble as far as Ponteland Tower, a few miles from Newcastle. As luck would have it, Lord Percy and a few other doughty Northumbrians were paying a social call on the Warden. Douglas saw this as an excellent chance to give Percy and his boys a touch of the broadsword and perhaps pick up a few marks ransom in the process. Ponteland was, in its time, a hard nut to crack and the Scots, being without siege gear, settled down to annoy Percy in the hope that he would get wild enough to come out for a proper stand-up fight, like a gentleman. Gentleman he was, but not a complete fool and contented himself with a swing or two with his sword at Douglas over the barricades. At some stage, he caught up his lance with a view to giving Douglas a prod or so. His enemy, shrewd fellow, hacked off the point, pennant and all, an act guaranteed to really stir things up. Percy took the theft of his colours in this churlish manner as a rank insult and retired within to brew up his ire to a working temperature. At this, the Scots withdrew at a smart trot some twenty-five miles to Otterburn, gathering up any loose livestock on the way, knowing it would take Percy some time to organise an adequate force. On arrival at Otterburn, they made nasty noises outside its Tower, which duly surrendered, its warden not being one of Percy's better employees. They then settled down on the slopes of a nearby hill to wait for the Pontland lads to arrive.

The dispositions were thus; facing the approaches, a circular earthwork piercing a deer-park wall on the left, moorland behind, boggy scrub downhill to the right and a return angle of the deer-park wall in front, much broken down. The old earthwork was utilised as the officers mess, the baggage train and its attendants were behind the wall to the front and the mass of rank and file spread over the intervening space. The hill ran down quite steeply from left to right to a boggy area where the horses and "lifted" livestock were turned loose.

Meanwhile back at Pontland, Lord Percy had rounded up a large mixed bunch of townsmen, farm hands and other odds and ends. He was joined by a contingent from Newcastle which swelled the force to over twelve thousand. It can be seen that in terms of numbers, the home team had a fairish edge on the visitors, something like four to one. The point here is that whereas the Scots were experienced moss-troopers almost to a man and knew each other and their leaders well, the English were largely pressed men, with no axe to grind (pun intended) and not at all the same sort as might have been found along the English Border, where lived the Croziers, Reeds Allens and others just as hairy as any Eskdale river.

Percy duly reached Colwell Hill, an eminence about a thousand yards from the Scottish position. He ordered his army to advance silently to within charging distance. It was now dark with a faint starlight, barely light enough to fight by and likely to create desperate conditions in the melee. The Scots guarding the baggage woke up in time to receive the English front on their spear-points and the ensuing racket roused the rest of the camp. The ground was tricky. The Scottish knights, hopping out of their blankets unarmoured, were unable to counterattack downhill because, of the high portion of the deer-park wall on the left and were forced to assault on two sides, along the hill and up-hill. In the meantime, the servants had fallen back under the weight of the English attack and became absorbed in the Scottish front, now closing rapidly on the English van. It was now that the human factor began to tell. In spite of the weight of numbers against them, the Borderers, led ferociously by Douglas and sundry Scotts and Armstrongs, cut deeply into the attackers' front and flank, inflicting heavy casualties. The English knights, also on foot, were hampered by the tangled mass of shop-keepers and farmers, all flailing about with assorted scythes, pikes and pitchforks and were unable to bring their superior skill fully into play. It began to take on the appearance of Grosvenor Square; those at the front had enough and tried to fall back, those behind, not yet quite so windy, still pressed forward.

In the midst of the press Lord Douglas, busy cutting a swathe in front of him, received a mortal pike-thrust in his unprotected side and fell out of sight. When his battle-cry fell silent, the Borderers began to falter and were pushed back from a knoll where Percy still roared and hacked away in fine style. Two or three of the Scottish knights saw the threat and took up the fallen chief's slogan, "a Douglas! a Douglas!" and dragging all behind them and pushing all before, spurred the Scots to a terrific effort. The English broke and ran, tumbling back over the wall and spreading in wild flight toward Colwell Hill. After a vain attempt to hold the rout, Percy and his surviving captains caught up their chargers from squires waiting in rear and took off for safety. There ensued a mad pursuit across the mile of moor, each Borderer striving to grab the best-dressed foe he could see.

This aspect of the pursuit is of some interest. Once the issue was decided, the whole purpose of the victor was to secure a wealthy prisoner, either for his clothing and weapons or in order to exact ransom from his family. Once a prisoner was taken, all enmity ceased and the proper courtesies were exchanged. This perhaps is one of the reasons for Lord Percy's apparently ignominious flight. As the richest nobleman in the north, his ransom would be considerable and he owed it to his sons not to squander their inheritance. In any event, this Percy at least had enough gongs up to disprove any charge of cowardice and had certainly not been afraid to mix it while he still had an army about him.

That was about that. When dawn broke, it was seen that the Scots had laboured through the night and raised three turf and stone dykes across their front in anticipation of a fresh attack in daylight. Having cleaned themselves up and got properly dressed, they presented a brave show behind their dykes in the early morning sun. The Scotts had lost perhaps two hundred killed, the English had left three thousand dead on the field. More than half the survivors were still on their way to Newcastle. Looking about him at the sorry but still game remnants, bold young Kendal and the grizzled Sir Percy Reid among

them, Lord Percy sadly turned away, resolving to have another go when he had a chance to gather his English Borderers.

Daft as it was and still is in many conflicts, they had the same ancestral roots as their bitter foes beyond the "Silver Tweed".

Stuart Kerse

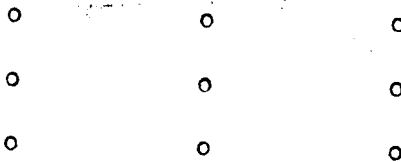
(With apologies to Sir Walter - "The Ballad of Chevy Chase")

(Another account of the Battle of Otterburn in 1388 may be found in 'A Dictionary of Battles' in the Station Library.)

HOW STUPID CAN YOU GET?

Find out by trying the puzzles below!

1. Join the nine circles with not more than four straight lines, without taking pen from paper and without going back over any of the lines.



2. A brick weighs one pound and half a brick. How much do a brick and a half weigh?
3. If one and a half bricks weigh $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., how much will $3\frac{1}{2}$ bricks weigh?
4. Sisters and brothers have I none; yet this man's father is my father's son. Who is it?
5. If a third of six were three, what would the half of twenty be?
- 6.

If a cannon ball is shot half a mile horizontally and another is dropped from the same point simultaneously as shown in the drawing, which would hit the ground first? - * - * - * -

The first correct answers will be published.

Snippets

Even as she spoke, a touch of the hysteria that has been the cause of all the trouble recurred, and her ears filled with tears till they looked like rain-drenched gentians.

Story in weekly paper

On 28th inst. to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur French, a bony daughter.

South African paper

It is clear that the roads along which Australia and New Zealand are travelling are not only parallel but converge in a marked fashion.

Australian paper

ASTRA CINEMA PROGRAMME

SUNDAY - 18:30 and 20:45

THE BOBO - Colour 'A'

Juan Bantista (PETER SELLERS) a second rate matador arrives in Barcelona, determined to debut as a singer in a large theatre. He besieges the manager who harrassed, bored and and exasperated, offers him a contract of 2,000 pesetas if he can conquer a beautiful woman who calls herself Olimpia (BRITT EKLAND) and the whole escapade revolves around his attempt at reducing Olimpia without any great success.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY - 19:30

100 RIFLES - Colour 'X'

This film is about five desperate characters who arrive in Mexico. Yaqui Joe (BURT REYNOLDS) is being pursued by Lyedecker (JIM BROWN), coloured sheriff who must return home with the thief. Sarita (RAQUEL WELCH) is also interested in Yaqui but the military governor (FERNANDO LAMAS) is bitterly opposed to Indians and tries to obtain the help of a railroad business man (DAN O'HERLIHY) to help him stamp out the Yaqui Indians. A lot of killing and bloodshed makes the film.

WEDNESDAY - 18:30 and 20:45

RING OF BRIGHT WATER - Colour 'V'

Gavin Maxwells, world famous best seller "Ring Of Bright Water" is based on his true life experience of living with and training otters at his Scottish home. Filmed amidst the magnificent scenic splendour of the Western Highlands BILL TRAVERS portrays Graham Merrill and VIRGINIA MCKENNA the local doctor who strikes up a friendship with Merrill. The main star being of course Mijbil the otter.

THURSDAY and FRIDAY - 19:30

THE ITALIAN JOB - Colour 'V'

"The Italian Job" involves the jamming of traffic in Turin and the robbery of of four million dollars worth of gold although this plan was not Charlie Crackers (MICHAEL CANE) he goes ahead with the help of Mr. Bridger (NOEL COWARD) in putting his plan into action. The robbery is successful and one of the most exciting car chases of British Cinema is staged, but with terrible results that leaves one suspended with anticipation. Co-starring are BENNY HILL, FRED EMNEY and RAF VALONE. My choice for the Gan's greatest for the week.

SATURDAY - 18:30 and 20:45

TEXAS ACROSS THE RIVER - Black & White 'V'

The wedding between Phoebe (ROSEMARY FORSYTH) and Dan Andrea (ALAIN DELON) is called off when a jealous suitor falls through the window, Andrea who has a price on his head excapes, and joins forces with Sam Hollis (DEAN MARTIN) and his Indian pal Kronk (Joey Bishop) the goings on and troubles between Sam and Don Andrea make up this brash brawling Texan comedy which seems to be Martin's trade mark.

SEATS PRICED 3/6 MAY BE BOOKED IN ADVANCE BY RINGING 324, BUT IF NOT CLAIMED BY BEGINNING OF SHOW WILL BE SOLD TO OTHER PATRONS.

Snippets

Without a word Esther slid to the floor with a bullet through her false heart.

Magazine story
