

U D O R E

Monthly Report

January 1965

... - on a another year which already has us feeling we are running full speed on a treadmill. The faster we run, the faster we have to run.

... in the hangar goes on - It's a skelton right now, with ugly steel structure obscenely exposed. The supply building and club additions are close to completion. No air conditioning for the Club yet - an order, we are told. (Back in that old rat again.)

We are now trying to get funds for a system of traffic lights to install as as to avoid automobile and pedestrian accidents. There are so many people around here that we are considering a one-way movement of customers at the Club - in the front door and out through slides from the dining room windows. We're out of automobile parking space again. (Wonder how we collect so many automobile owners?) Most of our visitors want either something to eat, or some maintenance work to be done. A good percentage want both, and a hotel room besides. We set up a system of "hot bunks"; that is, one customer until 1:00 a.m., then he would vacate for a second customer. This had to be abandoned as the first users were all so exhausted from work that they could not be roused and had to be carried out by club employees and laid out beside the swimming pool, and we could not hire enough club employees for this chore. Failure to empty the beds of the early sleepers, led the prospective late shift guests to complain loudly of poor treatment. Also bartenders were overworked as the late shift guests normally did their waiting in the bar.

One of the great morale builders of this company is the provision for home leave when certain requirements are met by employees. Whether or not those responsible for originating home leave visualized all that would happen to employees on such trips, is doubtful; but those on leave are certainly brought face to face with some unexpected and startling Stateside situations.

From time to time some employees working outside the States note, without much interest, statistics tending to show a enormous increase in the numbers of women working in jobs outside the home. The real reason for this is obvious, once the employee gets back to the States. It is (for those strong enough to break the shackles) for the purpose of getting away from the TV daytime program which

have enslaved millions of women in an iron grip stronger than drug addiction. The programs seem to be about equally divided into soap operas and commercials extolling non-existent virtues of detergents, foods, perfumes, etc. The stay-at-home women, most of whom not only do not fight the problem, but appear to support its evil intentions, are reduced to a deplorable condition. Most have a regular schedule of programs which, come what may, they follow faithfully. A typical day would be:

0655 - Get up, wake husband, turn on TV.

0700 - Prepare coffee percolator and plug it in. This completes normal housewifely duties. Then return to TV to hear and see that cute Pierre _____, fixing a lady's hair, and explaining in his darling, foreign accent how to be beautiful by proper hair grooming. (Women who have caught glimpses of the performer are not at all sure of this guy's sex, cut, due to having to fix their own breakfasts and hurry on to work, never have time to pursue the matter further.)

0730 - 0900

Hours of mixed panel programs and advertising of new, wonderful products.

0900 - "Search for Tomorrow".

1000 - "The Guiding Light".

1100 - "General Hospital".

(No man has as yet been able to discover any good reason for existence of the above three. One of them is particularly distasteful to male viewers - something about a doctor whose wife and favorite nurse are in a battle to capture his affections. Also, the wife's mother is trying her unsuccessful best to straighten out the affair. The doctor is so unbelievably stupid that he is blissfully unaware of all this future and doesn't look like he will ever catch on. If he had an ounce of common sense or gentility, he would drop both the wife and nurse and have a go at the mother-in-law. (Now there is a kid with plenty of the old ring, a gal with know-how, and - but never mind, probably some error in casting, as this looks playing the mother-in-law is too good to be true. Anyway, the female viewers would surely accept such a sensible and quiet solution to the problem.)

1200 - 1230

Go get some food for the family. Most wives are so fearful of not being back in time for the next program, beginning

at 1230, that they can remember little except that they must get some of the recently advertized articles.

1230 - "As the World Turns".

Another one with a hospital background. It is rumored that this one has been going on for years, with no end in sight. One part of this affair concerns a woman named "Penny", whose husband, "Neil", has run off and left her - for no reason that can be fathomed from his idiotic, blubbering orations. Penny's grief and emoting are, time after time, indecently exposed to thousands of female audiences avidly sampling her woe, and deliciously suffering along at the same time.

Apparently audiences consider this invasion of privacy normal instead of a vulgar proceeding. Most people would no more think of staging such a spectacle than of building a bathroom without walls.

(If this Penny would discard the long, dangling ear bobs, and the boyish haircut, which makes most males subconsciously fear getting a handful of splinters if they grabbed her by the hair, she'd be quite a dish.)

1300 - 1430

Telephone conversations with women acquaintances. The day's programs are rehashed and guesses made as to the outcome of the performers' troubles.

1430 - "The Edge of Night".

1500 - "The Secret Storm".

And so on.

Another nightmare is the fantastic, frightening BIG hairdo. Many a man has received the shock of his life on his first encounter with one of these, thinking he is at close quarters with the visage of a lion. An interesting result of this style is the revival of the old speakeasy, with bars and saloons using locked front doors equipped with peep holes, so that the BIG hairdo can be kept out, and customers protected from bad bouts of the "horrors".

A further surprise takes place while attending football games. They have some pretty cool weather at some contests, and, to a newly arrived "home-leaver", it appears we have a race of blue citizens. Particularly noticeable are the baton twirlers, clad in practically nothing but

their batons. These girls prance along with nearly all of their blue skins exposed. Close inspection reveals an amazing crop of goose bumps on these lovelies, giving them a positively "unironed" appearance.

The one and only good use for TV commercials has been discovered by a few up-to-date, and incidentally winning, football coaches. Instead of "fight talks" before the game or between halves, these smarties make their players sit through continuous runs of TV commercials. This procedure leaves the guys so infuriated that they burst out onto the gridiron like so many mad bulls, eagerly tearing their hapless opponents limb from limb.

Whether recently returned from home leave, or never having left Udorn, all hands in this area heartily agree that, "Man, I never saw so much work to do, anywhere."

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February 1965

GENERAL

If we ever get time for a little uninterrupted reflecting on the state of affairs here, may be we can come up with an answer as to which part of our activities is the most troublesome. Right now it is about a toss up between Maintenance and the Club; with operations, the school, construction, and future planning, all pushing with all their might trying to get into the lead.

Maintenance has become, in the eyes of the mechanics, a maelstrom of malignant minded management and supervisory personnel, who, egged on by hand-wringing customers, are actually trying to harass the life out of the working people. One conversation overheard in the hangar went as follows:

"Hey," shouted one mechanic, who had been toiling on a fixed wing aircraft, to another mechanic who was struggling with a helicopter, "When you guys gonna get that junk pile outa the way? I'm about done with my bird and I gotta get it out to the line and gas up. The customer's hollerin' his head off, and I'm late now."

"You blind?" sneered the second mechanic. "Even you oughta be able to see we aint goin' nowheres 'fore noon tomorrow. I gotta major service goin' on this chopper, and aint allowed but half the time and men I need."

"I tell ya I'm gonna get this bird outa this hangar now!"

"You lay a hand on my shopper and you'll get ——."

"Haseem! you guys?" chimed in a new voice which belonged to supervisor. "Shut up and get t'work. I'll take care o' movin' planes."

The argument disintegrated.

The Club dining room will now close for an hour each morning and an hour each afternoon for clean up and to allow the Club employees to eat. A recent inspection of the club by management developed the following:

"Look at this dirty tablecloth! How come?"

"We aint got the last batch of laundry back."

"Laundry! We already bought a washing machine. Where is it?"

"Haven't got the power lines in. We're already drawin' so much juice in this building I'm scared somethin's gonna blow."

"That's no excuse. Get it hooked up. Look at all these flies! Get rid of 'em. Why haven't you painted this old dark dining room? And how come you haven't got the double doors between the dining room and kitchen? Somebody's gonna get his brains knocked out there in a head on collision. Well, what's the answer?"

"We aint had time. The other door's being built. This place is full all day long —— no place to set at breakfast or noon meal. Guys are always leaving the door open so we aint been able to keep the flies out. What else did you say?"

"Never mind. Let's look at the kitchen. Look out! Here come a waiter with a tray full of dishes. Look at this mess here! Why haven't this deck been scrubbed down?"

"It has, but them old ropes are ——"

"Get some new ones. Hey, you, wait a minute. Look at this guy's uniform! It's filthy!"

"He fell down while ago carrying out garbage. I'm short handed and ——"

"Get 'em all two sets of uniforms and chefs' hats, too; big ones. What's all this stuff?"

"Supplies. I'm outa storage space. We can't get stuff out of Bangkok very often so we have to buy a lot each time and there aint no place to put it. These guys here eat so much -- "

"Well, get it outa here. How come the barber shops not open?"

"The barber's in jail. I'm trying to get another one, but no luck so far."

"Well, I got to go. Get this place in shape, and hurry up, too."

All departments are plagued with various types of onerous reports. A short time ago one of our light fingered, electronic experts was able to "bug" an area of the Home Office which has cognizance over some of the reports. When the tape was recovered and played back, we heard this conversation:

"Boss, all the field reports we have control of, are in."

"Good. You read any of 'em"

"Hell, no! I don't have time for that. I just check off each filed activity when its reports are in, and store them. You want to read any?"

"NO! When do you think I'd have time for that"

"I was only kidding. By the way, our storage is about full. Will you okay an additional area?"

"Sure. We got to keep our reports. Just move a couple of secretaries out in the hall and enlarge the storage to include the space they vacate."

The specifications for the new Operations Building are nearing completion and invitations to bid should be ready shortly. The base is still covered with unsightly, make-shift structures which will be removed when additional permanent structures are finished. Our water and power capacities will be strained in the near future, so expansion plans are being made. It appears that some sort of surface covering for the old laterite taxiway will be laid in a few months, largely eliminating the dust problem. (With the dust gone, our employees will no longer have to walk backwards to keep the dust out of their eyes).

The whole base is in the throes of an expansion push with no let-up in sight. All hands are literally swamped with work already, and every now and then we are notified of more work to come. We are about in the situation of one of two base ball teams engaged in a contest some years ago. One team was belting the ball all over and out of the lot, and running the other team ragged. Finally, one member of the team which was taking the beating, hollered to his team's pitcher.

"Hey, Charlie," he gasped, "Walk one, and lemme get m' breath!"

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March 1965

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Figuratively speaking, we have been in high blower so long, trying to catch up with the work load, that, in many cases, tail pipes are burned out and dragging. To ease the pain a bit, we gave a beer and barbecue party for the employees; and it was amazing to see the untapped sources of energy when these folks got near free food and beer. None of the Americans present was so foolhardy as to approach the area of activity.

Most of those with some background of aviation experience have become pretty well convinced that aircraft do not fly very long without proper maintenance and supply support. It appears that, in some quarters, this premise is not accepted. Several times we have been notified that we have suddenly fallen heir to more aircraft to maintain and keep in top shape. One conversation resulting from such an occasion went as follows:

"Hey!" said the Air America representative to a customer, "Where we gonna get spare parts for that junk heap you guys just dumped on us?"

"I don't know," replied the customer, "all I know, is we need to get that plane in operation right away, and keep it in operation. How you do it is your problem."

"This thing won't fly but a few times before needing some spare parts. If we don't have them, it stays on the ground!"

"You want this business, don't you? Well, get on with the job. Spare parts weren't budgeted for, anyway; so we don't have any money for them. I got to see a fellow, now. You guys do whatever is necessary to have that plane ready every morning at six o'clock for the next four weeks."

"Who is going to fly it, even if it's flyable?"

"I don't know. I think there is a guy coming. You'll have to show him how to fly it, I guess; as I hear he doesn't know anything about this type plane."

"That's not on our contract! We're only supposed to maintain it, and we won't be able to do that without spare parts."

"Well, take care of it. Why do you have to run to me with all your problems? I got enough of my own. See ya later; so long."

"So long. Thanks for your help. Everything is gonna be real peachy, now."

Due to the crowded condition of the "new" bar, we are going to build another one in the west end of the lounge. Although plans have not been finalized yet, we are considering making this a cafeteria style bar, with a line of customers passing along the bar and picking up desired drinks and paying a cashier of them at the exit end of the bar. We're about fed up with complaints of people claiming they are hemmed in by the press of bar customers behind them and can't get out until the bar closes. In this system the bartenders will chant, "Keep moving, please! Never mind the conversation. Keep the line moving. There are a lot of thirsty people behind you."

With all our other troubles, the women are kicking up a row again. It used to be S.O.P. to stop occasionally and visit the small groups of females around the swimming pool, and say something to the effect that their new dresses were pretty, their new hairdoes were real smooth, they were picking up too much weight, etc., and listening to their problems. This ancient and pleasant custom has almost disappeared lately, as a journey through this area is usually performed at a dead run, now, or in company with some VIP visitors. Whether this situation has any bearing on the ladies' attitude is unknown, but a sudden upsurge of female bickering and catty remarks made by some of the girls about others has become evident. To get their minds off their troubles, we have promised to have a party soon - long dresses, etc., so they can dress up and look pretty. This, of course, means a night of masculine suffering; what with coats and ties, staying up until ten or ten-thirty at night, and probably some detested dancing.

The construction program continues to stagger along. With the shortage of real estate we are planning some future projects over the top of the drainage canal which runs through our area. Also, a second or third story of guest rooms is contemplated -- all equipped with firemen's poles, so guests can sleep as long as possible and avoid the time consuming journey down flights of steps on their way to breakfast. This practice will permit people

to say hello to friends staying in rooms directly below theirs, as the upper story people pass through on the palace. An added refinement being considered is the construction of a large bath on the bottom story, so people can take their morning baths when they fetch up at the landing area. No solution has yet been advanced to prevent the first floor guests from being drenched with water splashed on them, as people do not usually like to sleep in raincoats.

We have a few odds and ends such as:

1. The school teacher is going to quit.
2. The Club is too little again.
3. The new hangar is full of planes before it is even finished.
4. Some guys still want timeoff. (One even mentioned leave.)
5. People who agreed previously that the new Operations/Administration Building was fine, now say it is too little. (Plans have just been completed, and construction hasn't started.)
6. Old timers have been noticed walking backwards again, as the long sought hard surface on the old laterite runway has not materialised, and we have plenty of dust.

Oh, well, we could probably come up with some more problems; but on the bright side, we do have some lovely flowers growing on the archway leading to the Club. (Too many, some of the tall guys say, as their hats get dragged off in passing.)

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April 1965

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As an aircraft approaches Udorn these days the visibility decreases rapidly, so that from fifteen or twenty miles out from the runway, a pilot has to go on instruments. This is due to the daily deepening gloom given off by the despondent company maintenance employees of this activity.

Although some new employees are dribbling in, we never seem to catch up with the increasing work load, and a continuous crash program appears to be normal.

A few finishing touches to the shops and office spaces, and the new hangar will be completed - several months after we began using it for aircraft maintenance. The new movie hall in the Club has long since been finished except for the air conditioning. Two of the cooling units arrived, but the other three still repose somewhere in the wilds of Hongkong, awaiting transportation.

The drawings and specifications for the new Operations Building have been sent out for bids. After a contractor has been awarded the job, we will attempt to get some changes made to the plans to accommodate Operations Department requirements which were made known too late to incorporate in the original plans. OICC, Bangkok, will supervise this construction.

Plans and estimates for hardware-facding the Interstate taxiway will be submitted to the customer in a few days. After his decision as to the type and extent of covering desired, invitations to bid will be sent to contractors.

Rush drainage work is going on at a rapid pace. We are hoping to beat the rainy season.

The appearance of the station still leaves much to be desired. Completion of the Operations Building and clearing out the areas where supplies of a military unit are dumped will help some. Landscaping the Operations Building grounds will help the appearance still more.

One of the best things to happen to us in a long time was the April sojourn here of Mr. Jack Forney, who jumped into the maintenance problems with both hands, both feet (large size), brains, and voice. The improvement in our situation was very gratifying. Good talent is good medicine for our ailments.

The Club is still swamped, particularly at noon. At one noon session recently, over 400 meals were served, and we are approaching the 1000 mark for daily meals. It appears we have created a Frankenstein. Club employees now number 58, and it looks like we must contact the Detroit Purple Gang and let a contract with that efficient organization to keep people out. Maybe we can subsidize a competitor, or confine our menus to cheese sandwiches. We put a limit on military memberships, and this has led to numerous complaints and requests for explanation. One such conversation went on follows:

"What can I do for you?" asked the Club Manager of a GI who came into his office.

"Paller in there said I couldn't get nothin' to eat or drink 'less I had a chitbook. I said, 'Gimme a chitbook.' He said, 'You can't buy no chitbook 'less you got a Club card.' How about giving me a Club card? I never saw so much foolishness."

"This is a private Club. There's a limit on memberships. You'll have to see your commanding officer. Sorry."

"I don't get it. There's a whole bunch of guys in there eatin'. They aint no better than I am. What kinda racket is this?"

"You already got a place to eat on the other side of the field and we haven't got room for any more here. Go see your commanding officer. If he wants to knock somebody out of a membership and give you the quota, I don't care."

"Well, if this aint somethin'! Who are you to say one guy can be a member and another one can't? You're a civilian. You ain't got no control over military."

"I got my orders, and the military people got a maximum number of memberships they can use. They say which military guys can be members and which can't, as long as they don't go over the quota."

"Well, one more won't hurt you, will it? Who's gonna know about it?"

"Listen, guy, if you want to argue, go argue with your commanding officer. I got my orders already and that's that. Now, get lost, will ya?"

"Well, if this don't beat me! Mighta known anything a bunch of civilians got hold of would get fouled up. Goodbye!"

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May 1965

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We have had some increases in personnel during the past month - mostly only warm bodies - and these have to be trained to fit this particular operation. Many have some background in both flying and maintenance; but, with a very few exceptions, they must undergo another period of training - usually between two and six months, depending on their jobs - before they can be let loose on their own.

Maintenance sagged some during the month, that is, sagged from the availability and utilization people have come to expect of us. It may be well to go on record that we have worked ourselves into a corner

on operation and maintenance of helicopters. All the people in this neck of the woods compare us with us - never seeming to understand that our utilization of helicopters, even now, is several times as good as any other outfit we have ever heard of. And anyone who has information of an organization getting 278 hours in one month out of one helicopter, can be assured of getting a hearing here.

Talk about the New York Stock Market gyrations! That illustrious group will have to do some humping to compare with the fluctuation in the price of old telephone poles and wires in this area. We wanted several poles along with their wires, moved from the area where the new Operations/Administration Building is to be located, and asked the cognizant indigenous people to move them. Then began the old badger game. They said about \$7,000.00. With a polite smile, we offered to turn the poles and wires into trash if they were not moved forthwith, and awaited the opponent's next move. The price fell to \$1,000.00 - a drop of \$2,000.00 a piece for each of the three poles in less than one hour's time. We screamed and beat our breasts, and hollered foul play. Then the whole thing was abruptly postponed, as one of the indigenous negotiators remembered that the next day was a holiday and he had to go home and rest up for it. We are now searching for a \$1,000.00 bottle of spirits, hoping this will settle the whole affair with dignity and honor for all participants.

Some social affairs in these parts are a little tiring and hard on the nerves. At one such event not long ago, two American guests conducted the following conversation:

"If we kinda hang around this area after we say hallo to the big shots, we can make a break for it when these guys start to eat, and high tail it for home."

"Okay by me. Better get a soda pop in each of our glasses and hang on to them, so we won't have to swallow any of that ----."

"Look at that guy yonder! Boy, is he wound up! Come on, let's dodge him and say our hallos and get back on the edge of the crowd. We don't want to get spotted when it's time to eat - that food'll set ya afire."

The cordial greeting having been exchanged, the two returned to their strategically chosen spot and relaxed a bit - glancing frequently at their watches. Suddenly one looked over his shoulder and nearly swooned.

"Look out! The Snake Lady! Right behind you."

Both fled in terror, along with all other people who were trying to keep from crowding the fearsome female or her reptilian companions, and the ground there was suddenly bare of humanity other than the uninvited Snake Lady.

The party guests having shifted rapidly, some confused milling about resulted, and a hurried consultation between the two Americans led them to keep moving and, pale faced and quaking, hurry home to a few hours of nightmares.

We have a tentative commitment from our neighbors to let us have two more strips of land, one seventy-five by about four hundred feet adjacent to the school and present Administration Building, and the other an irregular plot along our southern boundary behind the hangar. We hope to construct some dwellings or apartments for company personnel in the first bit of land, and place maintenance activities in the second. Maybe a year or so from now we'll see the way we ever started this project, what with uncontrolled kids all over the place, wives strutting at each other in arguments over inconsequential matters, loud music, etc.

Our recently resigned Club Manager got his change of duty just barely ahead of a nervous breakdown induced by enormous crowds, gigantic increase in Club employees, wild children, inattentive and complaining mothers, and the continuing crash program of trying to keep enough supplies on hand to provide food and drink for the mobs. We have twice restricted the size of military members, and may have to do it again soon to keep enough room for Air America and customer personnel and VIP guests. It is rumored that some of our employees are muttering and conspiring among themselves trying to discover and take care of the person responsible for establishing the Club in the first place. Likewise, the military personnel who were relieved of their Club memberships feel horribly abused, having come to believe that they had vested interests in the organization. Maybe we should rotate Club Managers periodically on this duty which ages these men right before our eyes, leaving them with "tics", given to talking to themselves, and sometimes carrying on extremely puzzling conversations. One such interview went as follows:

"I thought I told you to get rid of those flies."

"Oh, yes, flies. Well, I started over to get the spray gun and happened to think that we aint got room in that office to put any more laundry. Our brooms are wore out, too. Is it okay to hire ten more waiters and waitresses?"

"Looks to me like we got too many Club employees already. Now, let's get back to the flies. How come we still got them?"

"Yes. I tried to get the Club people to take care of that party you gave. What was wrong?"

"What party? What are you talking about?"

"The one you gave the Governor."

"That was eight months ago! What's the matter with you, anyway? You answer my question! Why haven't we gotten rid of these F.L.S.?"

"I want to tell you about these F.L.S. We sure got to get rid of them. Only yesterday I told the husband we got too many F.L.S. They bother people eating. One of the wives asked me why her children couldn't get cream of wheat. I told her I was trying to get some Cream in from the States and she should be patient and feed her kids some of our substitute for breakfast. Somehow these women flare up at nothing."

"Let's start all over. Now this time I want to know why we still have F.L.S.!"

"Please? What's all this about F.L.S.?"

The onerous task of hiring a new school teacher is underway. To keep the parents up-to-date on prospective teachers we have made a habit of talking over with parents the prospects' qualifications. This has nearly always resulted in long drawn out discussions with no decision from the parents. Inadvertently, we discovered a means of getting quick action on such problems when one application had the applicant's picture attached. The picture shows a very attractive creature, and the parents' reactions were immediate and firm - the man all voted, "yes", and the woman, "no". We are now busily collecting some different pictures - of both beauties and hags - to use as necessary to bring on the vote we desire.

Looking ahead a bit -

1. Construction of the new Operations/Administration Building should start soon.
2. Decision as to the type of hard surface on the Inturite test-way is expected momentarily.
3. Design of shops (hydraulic battery, etc.) is underway.
4. Design of dwellings/apartments is expected to be initiated soon.

5. Negotiations for more concrete ramp area in front of the two existing hangars will begin soon.
6. Justification for an additional hangar and an additional Supply Building are being tabulated.
7. Negotiations for a new telephone system are well along.
8. Request has been made to proper authorities to tap in on an eight inch water line from a new reservoir for our emergency use. Also, we expect to put in some dams in the drainage canal to provide more water for emergency purposes.
9. Naturally, we must have more people due to further expansion.

We have suddenly become aware that we are pretty selfish in certain respects. One of them is the number of problems; so, if anyone is hurting for lack of problems, get in touch - we'll share our wealth with you.

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June 1965

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The rainy season is upon us in earnest, resulting in inconvenience to both maintenance and flight personnel, temporary relief from any water shortage, and an all-out campaign - as yet unsuccessful - to convince Recreation Club employees that the lawn does not need to be watered in the midst of a downpour.

The expansion of this facility has not kept pace with the requirements, mostly due to waiting for requirements to become firm before taking action. The result has been a continuous "crash" effort to catch up with increasing requirements which are dumped on us before proper preparations are made. It would appear that all interested parties should make a cold, hard evaluation of the existing and probable future situation, and take action accordingly to get moving now on these future needs as they are likely to develop at least ten years from the present. Some folks who have advocated such a course are getting a little tired of being on the receiving end of jibes referring to "pipe-dreamers", "empire builders", "unrealistic dopes", etc.

One other difficulty in making plans, is the desire, expressed or not, for everything new to be in "walking distance of the Club." This sentimentality called the Menagerie Club has been so successful it has almost ruined us. Ideas in the past two months we have cut out a large number of those permitted to use the Club, and are building a new bar to try to take care of the hordes of people. In this respect the new movie hall has already been a great help. In the present bar the crowded condition has caused some amusing incidents. One of these took place when a patron discovered a drink had been poured in his lap. He accused that the man on the bar stool next to his had done the job and stated his complaint.

"Look what's done to my suit! How come you poured y' drink on me?"

"I never poured no drink on you. I got mine right here in my hand, see? You better get on the right guy, friend."

"You see who done it?"

"Now, I saw a hand with a glass in it. I thought it was yours, and figured it was funny you couldn't hit your mouth."

"What kinda joint is this, anyhow? Hands without no bodies joined to 'em, pourin' drinks on people?"

"In that kind nothin' unusual. This place is totally packed three deep and a guy in back just got no choice. He has to run his arm through any hole he can find, holding out his cocktail and hoping the bartender will put a drink in his hand. Lots of times he gets shoved and spills his drink. And he hardly ever gets the kind of drink he wants. Sorry for the bartender, though, he just pours whatever's nearest him and don't hardly ever get no complaints. By the way, you new here?"

"Now, I been here three months. How long for you?"

"'bout five months. What do you do?"

"Fly helicopters. How 'bout yourself?"

"Me? I fly helicopters, too."

Maintenance continues to show a slow improvement. Many complaints have been received from wives of maintenance personnel who are alleged to have been acting abnormally during the past year. These husbands panic when there is a knock on their front doors, diving under the

nearest help or bolting out the back way to avoid a probable summons to return to work. Also those few individuals lucky enough to get "time-off" clutch their time-off authorizations to their bosoms and frantically slip off, to hide in some place where supervisors cannot locate them and cancel their much prized privileges. Medical personnel have not yet been able to get near enough to these people to diagnose their troubles.

In the midst of all our other troubles, we are still trying to hire a school teacher. One candidate visited us for an interview and went back to the city from whence she came to think it over. Then she wrote that the job was acceptable provided she could live in one of the guest rooms beside the swimming pool. Apparently we failed to give the lady complete information, as the guest rooms are fully occupied by men, two to a room, with a connecting bath between two rooms. We have heard a little about modern education, but are not ready to go that modern.

School is out and the kids are happy again. They are also underfoot, noisy, and unmitigated anathema to the Club Manager. Some action will have to be taken right away; if for no other reason, something must be done or we'll be out of Club Managers again. The attrition on persons in that job is astounding. A man who takes on such chores rapidly develops the disposition of a gorilla afflicted with toothache, lumbago, glanders, etc. All men (including former friends) become enemies; all women, prison; and all the kids, in his view, prospective corpses (if he can figure out how to get away with it). Compulsory, weekly visits to psychiatrists have been recommended, along with prohibiting the eating of red meats, tobacco, or any highly seasoned foods, or watching any obscene movies.

The old system of allowing flight crews to sleep in the Dispensary in emergencies has been discontinued, as we have a night nurse on duty, now. So many maintenance people work nights, that safety required some means of taking care of accidents.

We are on the verge of plunging into another building program to construct some badly needed additional facilities. Like most of our past construction, the new program will be initiated in the rainy season. Never an inspiring sight even in the best weather, the indigenous laborers proceed about the most unhygienic, bedraggled and unenergetic sight one can imagine, when they go clanking through a deluge, completely uninterested in their work, taking things easy, and expending as little effort as possible. Sometimes, though, when we reflect on all the nerve-wracking hassle and hassle we go through with, we come again to that horrible thought, "What if these guys are right?"

Udara Monthly Report
July 1965

GENERAL

To start off the month, we had a Fourth of July Party. Work usually has to come to a complete stop for several days at the beginning of each month, anyway, so people can make the innumerable reports of various kinds. (Never mind the mission of the base, emergencies, etc., the reports must be, and are made, but, we hear, seldom read and almost never understood.) By mutual consent of all hands, reports are not discussed here any more; that way lies madness, or at least a few nervous breakdowns. The party seemed like a good idea to take folks' minds off reports and minor troubles, so we held it on the night of Saturday, July third, and some of our citizens had a right good time. Others had to dance.

This party was long overdue. We realized that the women were getting very edgy, not having had a dress-up social function in a long time, but we just never could seem to get around to it. The girls still talked to one another in an strabillious sort of way, but most any conversation was likely to erupt into an argument. On this occasion they took great pains to look lovely, and, with the men completely unaware of what was going on, the affair turned into a bitter contest. Each newly arriving lady was subjected to critical, unfriendly glares and sardonic remarks from the other females. A sample conversation of one couple went as follows:

"Well! There comes ~~laughing~~ in that mottled thing," said one lady to her husband. "What do you think of that?"

"Huh!" he replied with great enthusiasm.

"You mean you like it?"

"Yeah! Boy, does he fill that job up! Just look at those
---."

"What's the matter with you? She's had that rag ever since she's been here! This time she just cut another foot out of the front, and ran off there like a dumb, drooling ape! Close your mouth and push your eyes back in your head! I never saw anything so disgusting!"

At an adjoining table, a man ogled the lady who had just spoken and nudged his wife with his elbow.

"Say!" he said, "Look at this kid next to us. Just like a little doll, a real dream! Cute hairdo and beautiful dress, and —."

"Are you out of your feeble mind?" snarled his wife. "Can't you see her neck is dirty? And can't you see she deliberately leans forward every time a man looks in her direction? You blind bum! You peasant! Why do you always subject me to some vulgar exhibition?"

After hearing a few such conversations, the Club Manager sought out one of the Company's management types and worriedly remarked, "I'm scared this thing's gonna blow! Some of these babes really got their claws out! You think we better call it off?"

"Now. Let'em get it out of their systems. It's partly our fault for waiting so long to have a party. Better schedule another one next month."

Recently, conferences have been held in the new movie room, instead of using the Base Manager's living room. One would think this large, cool, well ventilated area would be much preferred to the former place. However, some grumbling has been heard, the complaining persons stating that "to-getherness" has been lost, as they used to work shoulder to shoulder (literally true), and there was a more relaxed attitude on the part of conferences. This, also, is true; as the usual dense smoke from cigars and cigarettes in the previous meeting room had a soporific affect, and, due to the zero visibility, a man could catch a nap without getting caught. Once or twice, the conference terminated and most of the participants had departed for their respective destinations, leaving a peacefully snoring, semi-asphyxiated man who needed to be revived and special transportation provided to get him home.

We are still having growing pains. Finally, work started on the new Operations/Administration Building. The corner stone laying ceremony was held, and was attended by a fair sized throng of puzzled participants including two helicopter pilots, who discussed the event as follows:

"Somebody said this building was planned so long ago that it has the world's record for length of time it took from first planning it, to laying of the corner stone."

"That so? By golly, I think that's right. My daddy used to be a helicopter pilot, too, and he told me that they started planning it while he was working here."

"Wonder what they got all these tents around here for?"

"For people to work in. The place grew so much that the building won't hold a tenth of the people who work in Operations or Administration jobs now. They even had to change the plans to do away with stair steps to get a little more room inside. I hear they plan to use ladders that look like fire escapes, one to each upstairs window, so people can get to their offices. There won't be no other way to get to the second story."

"Well, if that aint something. Who are those five old bent-over guys with the long gray beards?"

"I heard they had something to do with the planning of the building in the first place, and were brought out here for the ceremony. Nobody seems to know their names, but somebody said they worked for the customer or for the company way back then."

"Well, they sure aint going to see the second story even if the building gets done. They plain can't climb up no fire escape ladders, at their age. Have to have a guy on each side to help 'em walk."

"Say, let's go on back to the Club. These old guys can't talk loud enough for us to hear 'em, even if they can remember what this is all about. My daddy was sure right. He said to me one time, 'Boy, stick to flying, and stay out of any paper work racket. That administration stuff is for the birds; anybody who get fouled up in it winds up nutty as a fruit cake.' C'mon. Let's go."

Progress is being made in some areas - movement of indigenous snack bar, clean up of area for the new aircraft parking ramp, new construction, preparation for the hard surfacing of the taxiway, Club improvements, etc. However, the pace of construction gets a little discouraging for the members of the BIG (beautification, landscaping and gardening) committee. They perspire over plans to improve the appearance of the area and, with happy hearts, smilingly present the completed drawings only to be told, "Oh! Forgot to tell you. Another building is going to be built in the place you got set aside all those flowers and shrubbery. You guys'll have to do it over again."

With the exception of the 1841 customer, a kind word for this operation is almost unheard of. Our daily bill of fare is almost invariably criticism and implications that idiocy runs rampant in Udon. This gets a bit galling at times, since it is obvious that most of the criticism comes from folks who know little or nothing of any other helicopter operation. At long last we can now offer what another outfit claims. Taken from the 25 May 1965, issue of AVIATION DAILY, it is stated that this organization has 300 helicopters which fly an average of 80 hours a month. (Not bad for them). We don't know what

the ground rules are for that average (whether they count all assigned aircraft they operate, or whether they don't count a machine when it is in IRAN or heavy maintenance.) We are assigned 18 choppers for operation, and count all, whether they are long time repair jobs or not. In July we flew about 3250 hours. This averages 180 plus hours per helicopter. One chopper was in the hangar the whole month for long time repairs, so if this one is deleted, the average comes up to 191 plus hours. Also, it should be noted that eight out of the eighteen helicopters were flown over 200 hours each. If we loafed along at an average of 80 hours per month, we would need at least 40 choppers to do what is now being accomplished with 18. Also, we would need many more people, supplies, and funds. Any comment?

Udorn Monthly Report
August 1965

GENERAL

We got off dead center on a few construction projects during the month. Work is moving along on the new Operations/Administration Building, and taxiway surfacing, and plans are in the final stages on the shops building, new aircraft parking ramp, etc. The Club is also getting some work - new storage area, redecoration of the dining room, new dining room entrances, and some necessary painting.

At the cost of making some enemies, we have reduced the number of people using the Club to manageable size, and are able to take care of company employees, customer personnel and VIP groups, with little or no waiting for service. The reduced number of bar patrons led to the discovery that the floor of the bar room was all worn out. Due to being continuously covered with feet before, this condition was hidden, so we have a little extra expense we hadn't figured on.

Some things here we could do without. One of these is, for want of a better term, dubbed "radio interference". It looks like we may need two persons in each job here, to cope with the home office message traffic each time we get in an emergency situation. The following is an example:

"We got a guy in trouble," the Operations Manager reported to his immediate superior, and proceeded to give details.

"Send him into the nearest strip, if he can make it," came the

answer, "We'll have another plane meet him there with a doctor. We'll notify the home office, too."

The wheels were set in motion and the problem seemed to be in process of being resolved when the home office message traffic started rolling in, resulting in the following voice radio conversation:

"The home office doctor says he aint sure of your weight and age," said the Operations Manager to the pilot of the plane in difficulty, "what are they?"

"The cures?" asked the pilot, "I'm bleedin' like a stuck hog. Can't they wait for all that stuff?"

"Now, they got to turn in their reports before quitting time there, and --- wait a minute, the Operations bench wants to know what your flight time is this month. Wait! Here's another one. Personnel wants to know what time you want to work this morning and how much sick leave you've already had."

"For gosh sake! I ain't got any secretary with me. How about laying off that nonsense and let me get down?"

"Hold it! The Accident Investigating people want to know when we'll have your statement and a full report. Also, what's the cause of the accident?"

In this particular incident, communications between the home office and Horn broke down (courtesy of a grinning radio man) and the pilot landed safely, was picked up by the other plane, and on his way to this base before the break was repaired and more messages arrived. After looking at one of these, the Operations Manager called the pilot of the rescue plane.

"Hey," he said, "the home office says the strip you used aint long enough, and not to use it. Guess you guys'll have to go back and do it over."

Udorn Monthly Report
September 1965

GENERAL

The rains continued with increasing strength through the first part of September. Then we drained the swimming pool, confident of the kindly assistance of the seasonal deluges in refilling the void. This act brought on an immediate, unbelievable drought - in September, when the sullen skies usually let go in earnest. Any way, the pool got a good, and much needed, scrubbing. Also, we took this opportunity to see what was wrong with the pool's underwater lights - they hadn't worked in months. The designers had promised these light receptacles would be water-tight, and they were. Not a drop of water had leaked out of the nearly full enclosures, which had been submerged from rain coming in the top cover, and not by pool water being forced in.

The work load continues to increase, and once in a while we get some new people. But we never catch up, and are in much the same position as an ant, laboriously working its way through a handful of dirt placed on it by a playful small boy, only to be covered up again by the youngster as soon as its (the ant's) nose shows in the daylight.

The information concerning the work load here gets back to the States and prompted the following description of the wretched state of mind of the mother of one prospective employee:

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

"DON'T SEND MY BOY TO UDORN,"

THE DYING MOTHER SAID.

"DON'T SEND MY BOY TO UDORN,

I'D RATHER SEE HIM DEAD."

"THERE THEY WALK THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH

SO THEY NEVER GET TO BED.

SPARE MY SON FROM SUCH A PLACE!

I'D RATHER SEE HIM DEAD."

"THEY'RE ALL TOO TIRED TO EAT THEM,
AND THEY'RE HARDLY EVER FED.
I CAN'T ALLOW MY CHILD TO STARVE,
I'D RATHER SEE HIM DEAD."

"I TRIED TO PUT SOME GOOD THOUGHTS
IN HIS KNOTTY LITTLE HEAD,
BUT HE WANTS TO GO TO UDORN.
SO HE MAY AS WELL BE DEAD."

"OH, GRANT THIS LAST REQUEST,"
THE DYING MOTHER PLEAD.
"DON'T SEND MY BOY TO UDORN.
I'D RATHER SEE HIM DEAD."

The other side of the picture crops up now and then as follows:

A WIFE'S PHANTASY

OH, MY HUSBAND'S BOY IN UDORN,
AND HAPPY AS CAN BE.
HE WRITES FOR ME TO HURRY
AND SHARE THE THINGS TO SEE.
I'VE GOT MY RESERVATIONS
TO FLY ACROSS THE SEA;
THE ORIENT IS CALLING
MY LITTLE FAMILY.

I HEAR THE WOMEN LOVE IT.
A SCHOOL AND CLUB FOR FREE,
AND DAILY GOSSIP SESSIONS
WHICH LAST FROM NINE TILL THREE.

THE GALS DON'T HAVE TO WORK;
ALL SERVANTS STRIVE WITH GLEE
TO HELP THE PRETTY HOUSEWIVES --
"ENJOY YOURSELVES" -- (THEIR PLEA).

A MODERN SUPERMARKET
PROVIDES THE THINGS THAT WE
USE AND NEED IN HOUSEHOLDS
FOR US AND COMPANY.

EV'RY NIGHT'S FREE MOVIES,
AND SWIMMING POOL, YOU SEE,
COMPLETE THE NICEST DREAM
OF UDORN'S LUXURY.

We are actually somewhere in between -- which figures -- we're nearly always in the middle."

The new Operations/Administration Building is coming along about on schedule. We are having some difficulty making up our minds whether to save the plans of this building and try to build another just like it, or go ahead with the designs for balconies to take care of the expanding requirements. If balconies are used, we will be faced with the chore of getting personnel to their balcony offices, as well as the task of finding employees willing and able to work outdoors. Suggestions for moving people from ground to balconies include use of large, strong trampolines, excess helicopter hoisting gear, and men's canoes hoisted by lines run through galleys and pulled by off duty pilots. Continuing study of the problem casts more favorable light on the balcony idea, since key personnel could be assigned there and not provided any means of descent until all work should be completed -- no arguing to get them to work overtime.

The old laterite taxiway is being rapidly covered with black top, the lines are partially erected. We should get started soon on the new aircraft parking ramp.

Some complaints have been received from a few employees who became so used to walking backward to keep the dust of the old laterite taxiway out of their eyes that they can't walk forward now. They fear they will be out of step with the other folks who have already started ridiculing these old fashioned people. Although this is somewhat of a minor problem, it should be noted that covering the laterite taxiway has knocked us out of organizing a "backwards band", since it takes constant practice to keep to-gether on music while marching backwards, and most of our employees have already been converted from reverse. (Maybe it's just as well, as neither we nor the prospective flag bearer ever did figure out how to keep a flag flying backwards while the band marched.)

Frequently, before we realize it, we find ourselves in another field of endeavor. Our efforts in the photographic business are increasing tremendously. Keeping up with various interested organizations' requirements for pictures of this activity is quite an undertaking, since each newly completed phase of the building program calls for more pictures. For the record, in addition to operation and maintenance of aircraft, and photography, we have branched out into construction, interior decorating, marriages performed in any desired ceremony while you wait, marriage counselling, vocational guidance, luggage repair, landscaping, collection of curios, music appreciation, ladies' weight reducing, etc. Some inconsiderate people are even suggesting that we have another go at chicken racing.

The increase of personnel has caused considerable expansion of medical affairs. More medicines, more patients, more medical personnel, and more equipment. The last shipment of appliances for the clinic contained one wooden leg, and a nurse spent nearly two days in an unsuccessful search for the other one.

Some improvements in the Club area have already been completed. Besides the patio being attractively plastic covered, the storage area in the rear of the building is now functioning. Also the bar floor has been patched up. (The last was extremely difficult to accomplish as the bar patrons resisted moving over to allow room for the workmen to lay tile. After several days of haggling, an agreement was reached whereby the patrons paired off and one rode piggy-back on the other while inhaling refreshments, thus making a little elbow room for the men making repairs.) Now we are embarked on an interior prettyin' up campaign.

All in all we are making some progress. There are always a few drawbacks, directly or indirectly involved with cats, dogs, weather, fumes, and people. As soon as these are gone away with we should have smooth sailing.

Uganda Monthly Report
October 1965

GENERAL

"YANKS GO HOME," say most of the Americans who have been living in Uganda for some time. The influx of new comers has inflated prices of every commodity. Kents have soared; servants are scarce, costly and, if reports are true, mostly too tired to work. Too many people with too much money have knocked the local economy galley-west.

It is now evident that the above condition is responsible for the "heat of surprise" birthing parties lately. The wives became so inflated and nervous from nagging with, and being robbed by domestic servants that they started this fad which requires others to go to town to buy things a wife needs or wants for herself or her husband. In most cases this procedure results in a person receiving enough usable articles to last him for months. It seems likely, however, that this disease has about run its course, and it is a pleasure to report that a recent surprise birthing party one lady organised for her dog, was very lightly attended - only three gentlemen without presents, but each with a considerable thrill, were on hand.

It would not be fair to leave the Uganda economic picture without mentioning the Generator family. Several years ago we were plagued with power failures due to generator breakdowns, and none of our experts or send-experts was able to effect repairs. One day, goaded beyond endurance at more generator trouble, one of our management types called a watching cooile over and hit him in the nose, reasoning that some interested person might come up with a remedy if properly persuaded. After several more similar incidents, the cooile got the idea that if the generator worked, his nose was safe, and if they failed, he was due for another painful experience. So he went to work on the generator, protecting and attending them with loving care. Becoming exhausted with the work, he brought in the members of his family and enlisted their aid which was freely given as soon as they understood the rules of the game. To take care of the work load, the family continued to be enlarged by adding minor wives and hurried procreation. Soon they became known as the "Generators", which name they proudly accepted. After a time, there was a mutual agreement that they would be allowed to leave our employ, as there was a great deal of confusion as to how many generators/Generators we had, traffic was congested due to the large number of Generators, and the Generator patriarch felt that he could do better in Uganda. This last view was correct, and a very prosperous business is being

carried on. Mr. Genouator wisely refrained from over exulting his family, thus greatly enhancing the reputation of the concern, since, besides generators, any piece of machinery brought to the shop was quickly repaired, the family not being aware that it was not a generator. Any side benefits to the local economy were realized, as the Generators were completely involved in repair of generators and other machinery, and manufacture of small Generators, so there was no time left for raising sickness, preparing food, making clothes, washing, etc. These chores were performed by others hired for such purposes, thereby reducing Worn's unemployment problem, and helping small business firms to get a start. The Generator family became so respected that the mabe's displayed and now display a coat-of-arms. The coat-of-arms consists of two brown hands and two brown feet holding wires and tools, on a field of azure, with a center (heart) point of an enormously swollen purple proboscis joined to a flat sinister.

We are still "defending" the Club against onslaughts of would-be new members - ah, on the other hand, trying to make the place more attractive. This doesn't seem to make much sense, and as soon as we can get time to hunt up a batch of philosophers and talk it over, maybe we can decide on a reasonable course of action. In the meantime, we are going ahead full throttle in feeding the interlopers - new jamming on the walls, new colliex overhead, new lighting, new drops, etc. (all this at club expense). The proposed central scent system, to dispense gardenia, rose and other smells throughout the Club, has been temporarily shelved, as it appeared to be defenceless against some sharpie putting a stick bomb in the works. Also, the odds threatened to quit. They claimed inability to cook properly without swilling the food all during the preparation. This was our first knowledge of this technique of "nose" cooking. We know our cooks didn't use much eye-dropper, as we have never had any luck in trying to get them to serve smaller portions.

Next on our program (if our funds are sufficient) is a new bar and snack bar built over the present shower and dressing rooms and bad rooms, on the west side of the swimming pool. A two-level row of tables and benches will provide all patrons to observe the swimmers and sun bathers. This facility will naturally be air-conditioned, or otherwise would proceed to the main Club dining room or bar, and to prevent this is one of the main reasons for the new structure. If looking at the swimmers and swimming pool horses the habitues, the sun burn their attention to the hideous old architectural outliving which we are to rehabilitate soon, means for Superintendent and bedrooms. Although this old structure holds not a hint of beauty, it does have a tremendously strong roof which is obviously the only thing holding up the ancient edifice, the foundations having long since been devoured by indignant termites. On several occasions a half-dozen employees has opened the door to his working space at the beginning of working hours and stepped into the office without first checking the condition of the floor which had sunk several feet during the night. This lack of foresight results in a

terrifying, sudden drop, or a frightful slide downhill to fetch up with a bang against the opposite wall — not a nice way to start the day, but it does awaken the employee concerned.

The construction program (fourth edition - we think) booms on toward completion and the realization, as our history has amply demonstrated, that we are going to be too little again. The taxiway covering and Operations/Administration Building are nearing completion. (Nobody knows exactly where the airconditioning equipment for the Operations/Administration Building is, or when the new telephone system will be working). The shed (covered storage on the southwest end of the taxiway), shops building, and aircraft parking ramp are about a half done. The outside storage facility is complete, but the new Supply Building and vehicle bridge to the proposed Traffic Building haven't started. The mystery of the whole building affair concerns the toilets in the hangar area. Strict orders were given that the old accommodations were not to be destroyed until the new ones were erected; but somehow, the old ones have disappeared and the new ones are only partially finished. Where do the men go? We are afraid to ask.

More employees have been authorized, to take care of more work requirements. While accomplishing this additional work, these new guys have to have housing, food, facilities, tools, spare parts, medical attention, uniforms, recreation, and water. We are greatly concerned over this last item, and are busily investigating to find new water sources. (Of course, there are a few employees who don't use much water, and our bar receipts have been very satisfactory as a result.) The dry season is with us now, and we predict water rationing before the next rainy season. Conservation measures are already in effect.

Another good scheme has backfired. Recently we were expecting a large group of VIPs for lunch at the Club. In order to provide some scenery for their approach to the Club entrance, we passed the word to some of the wives to get as many of the rest of the girls as they could, don their bathing suits, and look pretty around the swimming pool. We accompanied the visitors along the walk which passes by the pool, but when the pool came into view, the ladies were not disporting themselves around the area as requested, but were in a little knot — redfaced and furious in an argument. The visitors, in spite of our prodding to continue toward the dining room, stopped, and spellbound, listened to the following:

"I haven't been out here a single time but what you're in that indecent rag in this same spot! Do you pay rent on the place?"

"You just want to get near the sidewalk where the visitors are gonna walk by yourself. Why waste this spot on you? They've seen hippos, before."

"Now wait, that's too much, Evelyn. You oughtn't to call Lillie a hippo. She's using fine with her diet, and looks wonderful. New bathing suit, too. Let's spread out around the pool. Okay?"

"No, it's not okay. I was here first, and here I stay. Let Willie waddle on over to the shady part."

"Listen, you! For two cents I'd ----."

"Wait! Oh, goodness! Can those people be the visitors? Oh, mercy, they're going on in to the Club, now."

A waiter came running out of the Club with a note which he handed to one of the women.

"Well! It says if we don't get off this base in five minutes, we'll never be allowed to come here again. What for? We didn't do anything."

Udorn Monthly Report
November 1965

General

Way back in '63 and '64 most of the local employees could rattle off all the construction items in progress or proposed. Now, with the constantly increasing pace of building, anyone goes on leave or time off is likely to discover on returning that his workshop or office has disappeared from its old, familiar place and the skeleton of a new edifice taking shape there.

The surfacing of the laterite taxiway and construction of the shops building are nearing completion, the Operations/Administration building and the aircraft parking ramp are behind schedule. Bids have been received for erection of a new General Maintenance building and some minor jobs. Plans for a new Supply building, an additional hangar and odds and ends are on the drawing boards. We hope to finish these things before the next rainy season. However, the number of people who are praying for an early rainy season to save us from a water shortage, far outnumber those worrying about the dry season lasting long enough to complete any construction program.

New habits of conversation have been formed here since modern aircraft began using this airport. Landings and takeoffs of these machines generate so much noise that business discussions must be conducted during the short periods of time between noises, or not at all. This leads to participants in a conference talking as rapidly as possible in an attempt to beat the next deluge of decibels. Sometimes all mouths involved are going it at the same time, with the result that nobody knows what has been said. Courses in rapid lip reading are about to start, but until we reach proficiency in this art, some fantastic misunderstandings as to who agreed to what, may be expected. However, there is one good result derived from all this. Ears have taken such a beating that their sensitivity has been greatly reduced, giving some relief from the obnoxious "boogie-woogie" tapes which

somehow get on the Club sound equipment every now and then. Also, although we have no comment as to whether it is good or bad, some husbands have been observed comfortably watching their wives' monologues, safely encased and protected by deafness.

A few conversations seem to proceed without hindrance from noise. One such type is the trading of barbs among helicopter pilots, who never pay any attention to anybody else's views, anyway; and are all equipped with superbly strong lungs and vocal chords. One of these exchanges took place in the Club patio recently between three pilots, one of whom was accompanied by his girl friend.

"Well, Joe," said one pilot to another as they sat in the shade, "look who's coming. Old know-it-all himself, and his sweetie pie. Whachuh gonna instruct us on this time, Big Brain? As if both Joe and me didn't have three or four times as much chopper work as you!"

"If you'd keep your lip buttoned and lissen once in a while you might learn somethin', you windbag. I guess you still think you're a hot shot, even after you and your chopper couldn't lift that light plane carcass off that little ol' hill the other day. You didn't see me havn' no trouble with it did ya? No sweat at all."

"What are you blowin' about? You know I had that old clunker with a engine that won't hardly lift the crew, much less a load. If I'd a had the same chopper you had I'd a brought that wrecked plane plumb back here, stead of setain' down in that rice paddy cryin' for help like you done. Now come yuh chickened out?"

"Chickened out! That load was swingin' around so bad I thought we was goin' bottom side upwards. Them guys on the ground never along it right ----"

"Honey," interrupted the girl friend as she observed another female, "You buy me handbag same same that?"

"Yeah, HONEY!" jeered the two unattached males, "Go on buy her a handbag, Honey."

"Aw, dry up. Now; listen you (to the girl friend), I told you before we got here to keep yuh mouth shut. When I tell ya somep'n, pay attention!"

"No have money. No pay."

"Aw, forget it! Okay, you wise guys. I guess you think people have forgot about you two gettin' lost a few months ago, and claimin' you set down on account o' bad weather. Boy, was that a hot one!"

"Who said that? Why, I know that area like the palm o' my hand. So's Joe, here. We set down 'cause the customer got scared and asked us to. We knew where we was."

"Honey, you buy me coke?"

"I told ya ----. Come on, we're gettin' outa here. On your feet! No use talkin' to these apes, anyway. Come on, move."

"That's right, bub. Take it out on the girl friend!"

"Whassa mat', Honey? You angry me?"

Frequently, persons thought to be strangers have been apprehended and asked what their business might be, and have turned out to be employees stationed here for several months. With the rapidly increasing population it is sometimes difficult to get acquainted with all the newcomers.

The newly decorated Club and the Club employees' new uniforms have caused much favorable comment. However, we cannot claim that all are pleased. Two old timers recently returned from leave and headed for some food. On entering the dining room, they both stopped dumbfounded. Finally, one recovered his voice and said,

"Now, who t'ought up all dis baloney? We had a pretty nice joint before some clown got loose and put all dis panty-waist stuff in here. Who done it? How come they ruind our Club?"

"You said it! I'd sure like to find out what bunch o' old women are running dis place now? I bet they'll ask yuh to leave, if yuh sneeze in here!"

"Let's set down and eat - if they'll let us. I ain't got no lumberbund or striped pants on, so we may get t'rowed out. Say! Look at them kids there all dressed up. By gosh, if they ain't shovin' guys to their seats! Maybe all these here trimmin' ain't so bad. Hey, babe, how about a table for us?"

Udorn Monthly Report
December 1965

GENERAL

The last days of '65 saw the continuation of building, with more to come. Larger numbers of personnel and requirements for more and more equipment keep pace, and in many cases, outrun the construction. We are mulling over the idea of emptying the hangars of aircraft and using these spaces for administrative work. In a number of departments, employees get to use

desks and typewriters by appointment only. This situation has led to many employees running to work. An office worker gets to work early in these troubled times; else he may have to stand up all day long on the front porch of the old, decrepit building now used for administration, operations and medical people.

We have long been inured to the possibility of the hideous old administration building falling down due to the collapse of the foundations, and weren't too surprised lately to smell something we considered to be the underpinning of this ancient structure in the process of rotting. We put up with the attack on our olfactory nerves, but when the fumes began to hurt our eyes we launched an investigation which resulted in the discovery of a dead dog. True to their instincts of conserving energy, the indigenous discoverers of the carcass buried it where they found it — under the building. Now, we have the eerie sensation of working in a tomb.

Among our other duties (how we came to be assigned this remains a mystery) is marriage counselling. Most of our cases have been settled in a comparatively satisfactory manner, but sometimes we are faced with a puzzler. The last one came to light when an employee announced that his health was failing due to his marital difficulties.

"Well, what's the problem?"

"Well, I jist cain't stand no woman that grinds her teeth at night. I aint had no sleep in I don't know when, and I'm so tard I cain't work."

"Can't you turn her over, or wake her up?"

"I tried both, but it don't do no good. It starts her making some sorta choking, moaning sound that gets my nerves so jangled I couldn't go to sleep again, anyway. Besides that, she sleeps with her glasses on, and I'm scared I'll bust 'em."

"Why don't you take her to the dentist and have him pull her teeth out?"
She can't make much noise gumming it."

"Nothing doing. My aunt back home didn't have no teeth, and she was a fright. I'd be scared night and day, that way."

"Maybe we better give it a little more thought. In the meantime, how would you like to stay up-country for a month or so?"

"Yeah, man! Will you get somebody to send me some clean clothes once in a while?"

"Sure. You try this and let me know hoe you come out. Now, I got to get busy. Just look at all this paper work!"

We should get going on a new hangar, new supply building, and new general maintenance building soon. Also, there are some projects nearing completion and one, the new Operations/Administration Building, well behind schedule.

This place may be called the "Dry Tortugas" soon, if we don't lay hands on some more water resources. Our spies tell us that if we put water rationing into effect, the housewives will organize teams to make nightly raids on the swimming pool. In one way, this is gratifying news, since it is unusual for the females to get together on any organization. The Wives Club, we hear, has turned into a weekly battle.

Little by little we are developing all the drawbacks of an American City. Now, we have a bad traffic problem. In the good old days, the small number of employees not using the bus system, rode motorcycles and we constructed a small motorcycle parking area which seemed to serve the purpose admirably - for a time. Growth and prosperity have resulted in our being inundated with that typically Stateside curse -- excess motor vehicles. One take his life in his hands to move across the roads during the rush periods; the uninjured or unfrightened pedestrians are few. To ease this state of affairs we have larger vehicle parking areas planned, and now use a piece of borrowed land outside our east gate for a bus terminal. Motorcycles are to use the same area in the near future. As may have been expected, the new situation did not please some of our folks who were represented by a delegation with the following protest:

"We would like to get your nice kindness for our happiness."

"What?"

"We must walk a long way to work, while others ride peacefully."

"Run that by again. What's the trouble?"

"We have to get out of bus where driver stop, and walk through gate where guards look at us painfully, then walk all way to hangar. Others ride motorcycles and drive cars and get to work not tired. Driver say you tell him no come in gate. Are you angry poor people?"

"You got it all mixed up. Motorcycles will be parked in the same place the bus stops, as soon as we get a motorcycle parking place built. We're trying to keep people from getting run over. You don't want to get run over, do you?"

"Yes. If you pay us more money, we get motorcycle, too. I have many family and ----"

"Here, you guys get on back to work and I'll have somebody come over and explain it to you. Okay?"

We were gratified to have a visit from the President, and Vice-President Flying Contracts, both of whom forgot to bring their wives. (After we went to all that work to pretty up the Club, too).

Maintenance is progressing favorably on the long road back from being swamped with requirements, which started overloading us nearly a year ago. Operations, with the exception of numbers of qualified clerical personnel, and numbers of qualified fixed wing pilots, is in good shape.

We have many problems, some of them serious, but seem to have made some progress during the year. In this respect, we are in almost the same biased position as the Club Manager, who stoutly avers, "Nobody ever says anything good about this joint. All I hear are squawks."

Udorn Monthly Report
January 1966

GENERAL

January was a long, long month, and all hands are grateful for its demise — at least the following one is shorter. No use telling people they have to work every day, anyway, and the number of days in a month has no bearing on the overall situation. Something psychological, no doubt; they say they get more worn out in a thirty-one day month than in one of thirty days, and resent any attempts to pull the wool over their eyes by using any non-sensical arguments to the contrary.

Speaking of psychology, we tried a long time ago, without success, to persuade the doctor and nurses to pass out prescriptions, pills and medicines with songs, smiles, and perhaps a dance step or two. Due to our manpower shortage, we decided to try to reduce the loss of man days due to sickness in a slightly different manner. The conversation with the company doctor went as follows:

"Doctor, we got too many sick people. We just can't afford to lose so much time that way — we're short handed even with everybody working. How about convincing people they're not sick?"

"How you make sick man say he is not sick?"

"Well, what do you do when a guy comes in to your office and says he is sick? How do you treat him? What do you say to him?"

"I don't say anything. I am already busy with another patient. Nurse takes name and asks him what's the matter and he tells her."

"And she believes him? Why can't she argue him out of it?"

"Nurse cannot argue with patient! She would get fired! Only doctor —"

"Now, wait a minute! I mean she can say, 'My, how handsome you are! What a big, strong fellow!' Something like that, and maybe he will go on back to work instead of hanging around your place."

"These men not handsome, and they not strong! They sick! Nurse must get information ----"

"I'd just as soon talk to that wall, or a tree, as to try to get you guys to do something different! What I mean is to use some psychology ----"

"Psychology! I am general practitioner, not qualified as psychologist! It is not ethical ----"

"All right! Forget it. But you can get these nurses to wear some different uniforms. Something with color, maybe peach or beige. I'm tired of looking at those old dull, dead, white things. And those hats! How about a cute little overseas type cap with some sort of feminine frill on it? And get their hair fixed pretty, too, huh?"

"Nurses wear regulation uniforms! I am very careful they wear correct uniform! Nobody can say their uniforms not correct! Our nurses wear as correct uniform as nurses at any hospital in States!"

"Oh, for gosh sakes! Never mind. Say, I don't feel good. How about some pills? Pink ones, this time."

"Pink? Okay. Sure. I'll send some right down."

Some of these days we may find out when construction of the new Operation/Administration Building is going to be finished. (Completion was supposed to be 27 November 1965). We're all ready to move. The question is — where to? We have grown so much that making this new building, which was designed a year and a half ago, fit our present needs, is about like a college boy trying to get into some pants which were made for him when he was five years old. We are considering having Operations work in the daytime, and Accounting/Personnel work at night, using the same spaces.

Work on other construction projects already started, is staggering along. Some additional ones, such as two new hangars and two new supply buildings, are not yet underway. There are probably a few more. It is becoming increasingly difficult to keep track of all the new construction, and most of us hate to ask the Engineering staff any questions on such matters, as any visit of management personnel to the offices where the engineering and drafting work is done, causes the folks who work there to burst into tears. Apparently, they feel

that such visits are for the purpose of requiring them to start on yet another job. We used to be able to stand these outbursts, but now we not only have draftsmen - we have a draftswoman, and when she turns on the weeps, it overcomes us. Oh, well, maybe we can get along without two or three buildings which are already authorized and funded, even though they are vital to getting the mission accomplished.

The new Shops Building (called the "Cavern") and the new two story MEN'S TOILET (dubbed "TAJ MAHAL") are almost completed, and the efficiency of the Maintenance Department will be considerably increased by both. The machinery and good working areas in the Shops Building will permit faster and better repair jobs, and the location and height of the toilet will allow supervisory personnel to watch the employees going and coming, and apprehend those who try to remain inside that establishment to avoid work. A mathematician here has estimated that the time saved in this manner will soon amount to several hundred man hours per day, and thus probably keep up with maintenance on an additional helicopter. Besides, the structure itself is a thing of beauty, and the men are very proud of it, even though their request for a branch library for the Taj Mahal was disapproved.

The interior of the Shops Building is being done in cool green, and Bays 1 and 2 of the old Hangar present an attractive and pleasing contrast in solid puce. Decision on the interior decorations of the Taj Mahal has not yet been made, as we want to make this edifice aesthetically perfect both within and without, and this problem requires some serious study.

Housing in the City of Udorn is increasingly critical, and rents are still pointing upward. Other prices are also rising.

When this operation began, the worst noise with which we had to cope were the blood curdling screams of those who got too close to a cobra, krait, or Russell viper. Although this situation was enough to age our employees very rapidly, it does not compare with the nerve wracking noises of the jet aircraft which are now located here. Some people use ear stoppers, and slates and chalk for communication with one another; some wear pilots' helmets; and some stay in the Club bar as much as possible. Besides the noise, an after burner take off by a jet imparts a definite jar or blow, and this is an additional annoyance, particularly to one of our employees who wears toupees. (This gentleman's hairpiece fits his head in an atrocious manner, anyway, giving evidence of being purchased off the rack instead of properly tailored to his cranium). On several occasions, while conversing with a comrade he is most desirous of impressing favorably, he has had the misfortune to become wigless immediately after the area in which he was located felt the shock.

The Club continues to serve more and more people both in the dining room and in the bars. It appears that we are going to have to keep a Club Manager at Bangkok permanently, to keep the supplies coming. (It just about amounts to that, now). Looking back a few years makes us wonder how the folks who make use of the Club now, got along before there was such a facility. Also, it is hard to understand their faithfulness. A new restaurant opened up not long ago in Udorn, and we have been praising it to the skies, extolling existing and non-existing virtues, and praying that the owner does a flourishing business. So far, our efforts do not seem to have made much of an impression. If our clientele increase much more, we intend to allow those who can't get in to the regular dining rooms, to hang around the back gate of the Club and use the Club employees' dining area after these employees have finished their meals. Plans for controlling these patrons while they wait to be admitted, have not been finalized. We cannot afford to have the East Gate, which is the main entrance to the Air America compound, blocked by would-be eaters.

An attempt to subsidize a restaurant in Udorn failed a few months ago, when the prospective operator would not agree to our requirement that he patronize his own establishment. He said he intended to continue taking his meals at the Rendezvous Club, and could not be persuaded to alter his stand.

We are very happy to report that the one outstanding accomplishment (as we view it) in January was the completion of an arrangement which will increase our dwindling water supply by 28,000 gallons per day.