

Udon Monthly Report

January 1967

GENERAL

The construction program is moving along, although to some of us whether the term "moving" truthfully describes the situation is debatable. The flood of the Mekong River several months ago is still being advanced by some contractors as a reason for lagging in completing their jobs. The Utility Building is nearing completion, and will be finished shortly after arrival of the tile for the floors. But we are so tired of being swamped by overnight visitors sleeping in the movie hall and various other places, that we plan to start using the transients' rooms any way, tile or no tile, and have purchased tweezers for installation in each room so the occupants can pull splinters out of their own feet instead of bothering the one over-worked doctor. Somehow, the approved color scheme for the bathrooms of this building went astray, and we will have gay blue bathrooms with cool green commodes.

Other construction projects which should be completed soon are the water reservoir, and the new Shops Building which surrounds the old water treatment plant.

January brought some pretty cool weather and exposed the long standing problem of inadequate places for flight crews to occupy while remaining overnight up-country. Hardly any of these locations has hot water, and during cold weather, taking a cold shower is too much for some of our folks. One crewman, just back from a week's sojourn in the "sticks," not realizing his hygienic state, went into the Club's "old" bar and crawled onto the only vacant stool with the intention of ordering a drink.

"Hey! bartender! Gimme a beer."

The animated conversations being carried on by people on each side of the newcomer, ceased suddenly, heads turned toward him, and the following altercation began:

"For Cosh Sakes! What's happened to you? I aint smelt nuthin' as bad as you since I can remember. You're plumb ripe! How about takin' yuh beer and git outside with it?"

"Aw, dry up, wise guy. I got as much right in here as you. Matter of fact, I helped build this bar and you aint turned a hand on a thing since you been here. S'pose you mind yuh own bizness and let me alone."

"Well, nobody can mind his own bizness with that stink in here. I aint kiddin' ya. What happened? You fall into somethin'?"

"Naw, I never fell into nuthin'! I just got back from up-country and they still aint got no hot water. And me, I aint gonna take no ice cold shower in this weather. A guy would die from a heart attack or pneumonia if he tried it. Now, shove off and let me drink my beer."

Another customer burst in from the "new" bar and angrily demanded,

"What's dead in here? This guy, huh? That scent done made my wife sick and she run outside and let fly. She's still out there, sick and white as a sheet. How come this goat aint been throwed out?"

"You think you're big enough, go ahead and try it, pretty boy! I know my rights, and I got a right --."

"You got no right to make my wife sick! I'm gonna get the Club Manager!"

A few minutes later the Club Manager entered the bar and the conversation.

"So here's where that stonch is comin' from! What's the matter with you, Otho? Now, how about takin' yuh beer and go drink it on the other side o' the movie hall? There's a good wind on that side of the building, blowin' towards town. Hey, K.S., run turn the airconditioning off, before it sucks all this smell into the dining room and kitchen; and get somebody to prop open all th' doors! We gotta get this whole place aired out before supper time! Bound for this to happen fifteen minutes before supper! Come on, now, Otho -- blow!"

"I aint a goin'! I'm a Club member and --."

"Either you get out now, or I'll get Security to drag yuh out! Which way yuh want it?"

"Okay, you punks, I'll get out --- and go straight and put ever' one of yuh on report, yuh lillies! Good BYE!"

"Sorry, folks. Just take it easy and we'll get th' place deodorized in a little while. Now, I gotta go see if anybody's heaved in the dining room; or the kitchen crew is sick. Always somethin' new on this job to run a guy crazy!"

Among the new arrivals in the past few months is the person now known to all as the GAP TOOTHED WOMAN. This lady, the wife of one of the American employees, has an absolutely unique dental arrangement, in that both upper and lower front teeth are separated from each other by about three-quarters of an inch. (This distance is now generally accepted as true, although arguments in the bar as to the exact size of the apertures still continue). A "conversation" with the Gap Toothed Woman is quite an experience. She does all the talking, while the listener, mesmerized and unable to look her in the eye, gazes in rapt, fascinated helplessness at her mouth. The victim shows no expression on his face and his glazed eyes remain locked onto the void, his brain not comprehending any part of the continuous flow of words. This situation continues until the Gap Toothed Woman loses interest and voluntarily lets her prey loose, except

on those few occasions when the quarry, swooning, falls down to the ground and is released from his hypnotic state by the resulting shock. Far from being sensitive about her condition, the lady appears to enjoy it, smiling all the while a performance is taking place, the better to display her talents. Strangely, her dupes are all men, as the other females will have nothing to do with her. Perhaps this is due to some shreds of chivalry still lingering in bosoms of modern males who, nevertheless, have manfully stood their ground when accosted by the Gap Toothed Woman in the bar. There, on their home grounds and suitably fortified by refreshment, they have not yet been scored on, and the Gap Toothed Woman has apparently admitted defeat, after having been rudely advised to "Shove Off," "Beat It," "Get Lost," etc.

We have recently had the pleasure of a visit by Mr. John Perrin, a member of the Communicators' Guild. This gentleman was here for the purpose of assisting us in arranging a new communication system to replace the old, inadequate one now in use. This problem has been going on for some time with several visits by experts, none of whom could be understood by us laymen. We were astounded at Mr. Perrin's ability to speak English instead of the vernacular normally used by communicators. After a very short time, a new plan was devised by Mr. Perrin and explained to us. We, in turn, were able to clear the matter up with the customer, and in a few minutes, the whole thing was unscrambled and the solution under way. We hope Mr. Perrin does not get in trouble with the Guild because of his use of English and his providing us a cost estimate not resembling the U.S. national budget. This incident is enough to restore — partially, anyway — our faith in mankind.

Possibly, some similar and badly needed lessons could be learned from Mr. Perrin by the Company and U.S. Government supply systems, neither of which is understandable. The only way we have been able to live with these monstrosities is by proper PHASING. This is the requesting of equipment, etc., at some date for a particular project. After an interval of two or three years, the equipment arrives, but the original purpose of its being requested has by this time been forgotten. However, in most cases, there is some new project under way, and the equipment can be used in it. Some people prefer to call this method the "Flexible Equipment System," and we understand that it is being considered for incorporation in some of the thick, unreadable supply manuals.

Udorn Monthly Report

February 1967

GENERAL

Modern woman's invasion of fields of endeavor previously regarded as all-male is forcibly brought to one's attention both here and in the States. No reliable statistics are available, but from casual observation, it appears that women in this area have far outstripped their American sisters in muscling into construction work. At this facility, the contractors use large numbers of females to carry materials in hand-baskets, two women with one basket held between them. This procedure allows every woman to have one hand free for such delightful habits as scratching, picking her nose, etc., resulting in a reasonably contented labor force. Not only have the men not resisted being displaced from these jobs by women, but strongly concur in the existing situation which permits them to hide, sleep in the shade, or argue politics without the necessity of gainful employment. One curious difference between American women and the locals is the lack of conversation between the working females in this area. Inquiry brought forth the explanation that the ladies in this part of the world are just not equipped to keep talking all day long like the World Champion American girls, and our thought of a talking match between an American and one of the Eastern girls has been abandoned, as it would obviously be no contest -- a local would be clearly out-jawed by her Western opponent.

The Supermarket moved into its new quarters in the partly finished Utility Building and the grand opening was held at 10:00 AM on the 21st of February. We stood back with some pride and watched the pleased ladies get busy with their shopping in the bright, newly painted little store, and remarked to some other men who were warily standing outside, that not only was the store different, but the women were much better behaved than in the old store which witnessed many a fracas among irate customers. This statement was slightly premature, as the girls soon got warmed up and began a new technique which we had not previously noticed. This was the use of their well padded hips in bumping people out of their way. This method is particularly effective against any male indiscreet enough to be in the store, as a good solid bump from the rear catches him far enough below his hips to cause his knees to buckle -- something like low tackling in football. Oh, well, this method is better than the previous ones and, anyway, the girls have been taught to use all their assets in this life, so who can blame them?

Our cool weather has about disappeared and we will probably be faced with water rationing in a few weeks. Speaking of weather, the snow storms in the States have flushed out a bunch of visitors who suddenly remembered that they needed to inspect Udorn.

We can't seem to avoid becoming embroiled in some of our employees' personal affairs. One of the most onerous and obnoxious of these duties is trying to unravel financial problems. One conversation concerning this chore went as follows:

"Slavinsky, we got four hot checks on you. What about them?"

"Hot checks! Why, I cain't understand it. The bank has fouled it up. I got money back in the States!"

"Well, how come these checks came back?"

"I don't know. I just cain't understand it."

"Well, let's start from scratch. You put money in the bank and made out signature cards, did you?"

"Signature cards, what's them?"

"Sample of your signature! How do you expect the bank to know if you wrote a check, if they don't have a sample of your signature?"

"Well, I never put out no samples. I signed some things they told me to."

"Okay, I guess you signed the signature cards. Now. Did you start a checking account or savings account?"

"What's that got to do with it? I got plenty money in that bank, and ---."

"If you got no checking account you got no right to give people checks. If your dough is in a savings account, the bank won't pay off on a check against a checking account. Now, are you sure you got a checking account?"

"Well, I remember that bank feller told me I ought to save my money, and he said somethin' about a savings account. He talked so fast I got confused. They ought to make them guys slow down. Oh, yeah, now I remember! He said I ought to have a savings account and a checking account. I cain't exactly remember what for, but I aint no piker; so I said, okay, gimme one of each."

"Oh, me. Well, okay. You got both types. How much money did you put in the checking account?"

"Two hundred dollars. I know that for a fact!"

"Did you ask the Company to put your salary in your bank?"

"Naw. I take care of my own money. It's nobody else's business ---."

"These checks total six hundred and fifty dollars. How did you expect the bank to pay them?"

"I been trying to tell yuh! There's plenty money there in both them accounts!"

"The bank can't pay on these checks out of your savings account."

"Well, they must be pretty stupid. They sure took me in, though. That guy told me to write checks to pay bills so I could always have receipts. I got along all right before without no receipts, but I went and believed him, and told my wife to write checks and pay all the bills before she came out here. Then to close the account and use the money for her travel expenses. Now, her mama wrote that them people she paid with them checks are mad, and are gonna write out here that them checks aint no good. I never saw such a lousy set-up!"

"Let's try that again. Your wife wrote checks to pay bills, and then went and cleaned out the bank account before the checks cleared?"

"Well, it aint my fault that those guys just let the checks lay there and didn't take them to the bank. Everybody in town knowed my wife was coming out here and would need money to travel on. Any dumbbell shoulda savvied that!"

"All right, guy. I had enough of this. You get in there and write a statement on all this, and it better be good. Looks like you're more trouble than you're worth, and need a change of climate. Hey! Give this guy some paper and pencil, Joe, and a place to write. Okay, you, out and start writing!"

"Well, now, wait a minute. I don't want nuthin' to happen to my job, so I'm willin' to settle the whole thing, even though the bank was wrong!"

"When do you intend to settle it? And how?"

"Right now. I'll give yuh a check for the whole amount."

If we had a novelist among us, he would have material to write a story with a title such as "FROM A CARCASS CREATED OR Sikorsky Flies Again." Last October, after many pleas and entreaties, we were given an old piece of helicopter fuselage, long since abandoned by its owners, and started making an aircraft out of it. In February, uncertain of its ancestry or legitimacy, but proud of its new life and strength, H 48 took to the air, after a total expenditure of just under sixteen per cent of the cost of a new machine.

Udorn Monthly Report

March 1967

GENERAL

The Ideas of March have come and gone and brought no lessening of the harassment programs. Indeed, they seem to be on the increase, with not only practically all units of the host country government merrily joining in, but also some people hitherto classified as fellow countrymen and friends as well. Makes one wonder what he is supposed to be doing here. Most of us thought the mission was considerably different.

The Utility Building looks fine, but, except for the part in which the Supermarket is located, it is unusable. The airconditioning equipment hasn't shown up, so we can't use the bedrooms on the second floor. It's too hot to keep the doors and windows shut, and with no screens, the mosquitoes would probably devour any person not hardy enough to defend himself until dawn called a halt to the encounter. We still use the movie hall as a dormitory.

The construction of the Recreation Area is going great guns. It is now three percent completed. This project is another one which the pilots and flight mechanics are supposed to accomplish. Great was their enthusiasm during the planning stage, and several (four or five) actually tackled the levelling and preparation of the ground where the tennis court, handball court and gymnasium are to be built. Apparently, the techniques used by our lads in operating a bulldozer have not been considered completely up-to-date by our construction people, and a few disagreements such as the following have resulted:

"See, Bill," said one pilot who claimed to be an expert, to another who was getting checked out, "It's real simple. I figure even you can do it if yuh watch close. Now all yuh gotta do is drop the blade down and git a bite o' dirt, see, and then put 'er in gear and start shoving. Get it?"

"Aw, can it! I know to make this thing sing a song. Who told you you could tell me anything about this machine, anyway? Now let go them controls and I'll show ya how it's really supposed to be done. Maybe even better you git off and stand over yonder and ----."

"Keep your hands in yuh pockets until I'm ready for yuh to try it, if yuh don't wanta get belted one! You just button yuh lip and watch and listen. Here we go! Whmp! What tha ----?"

"Yay! You sure know how to do it! Better bail out! This thing's liable to turn plumb over! Boy, if you aint smethin'! Come on, git over a little, and I'll getcha outa trouble. How you can fly a chopper without killin' yuhself, I'll never know. Let go!"

"You lay a hand on them controls and you've had it, wise guy! Git outa the way! I'll straighten her out."

At this point the Construction Chief came by to see what progress was being made, took one look, and exploded:

"Hey! What do you guys think you're doin'? You've got this dozer down in a ten foot hole and nearly on its side! And you've undermined my new fence and it's gonna fall over! And look there! You guys have run into one o' them concrete power poles! Dad gummit, I never saw so much damage in such a short time in my life! Come offa there, both o' you! It'll take my crew a week to get this mess cleaned up!"

"Buster, you better go on back to yuh drawin' board before somethin' bad happens to yuh! We're doing this job, and don't plan on takin' no drivels outa you. Stay outa the way!"

"Come offa there like I told ya! You aint gonna ruin this bulldozer! If I hafta help yuh off with this two by four, I'll sure do it! I aint kiddin' ya! GIT DOWN!"

"Okay, pretty thing, I'm comin' down; and you better sing a different tune when I do!"

"I'm ready, windbag! Now you guys are through for the day! I'll check the damage and tell the boss tomorrow what you guys done."

"Who cares? Come on Bill, let's blow. While we were workin', if you'd paid attention, I mighta been able to help yuh a little. Yuh see ----."

"Help me? You? Now listen, guy --- "

Still arguing, they headed for the Club bar.

At long last we have been cornered and exposed. We are now told that the reason our single side band radio equipment doesn't work, is that we do not understand such matters; and further, that we misunderstood if we thought anybody said that this equipment was supposed to work. What a change from the old days when we were getting this place built and the job going, and experts were conspicuous by their absence! Then, we could put about ninety per cent of our efforts into accomplishing the mission. Now, it seems the other way round, with ninety per cent of our time spent in writing letters explaining failures to do what some immature military person thinks necessary, compiling and defending unit cost data, trying to convince employees who cannot read or write that time spent in going to the toilet must be assigned to some particular aircraft tail number, staving off charges of smuggling, illegal hiring and/or entry of employees, neglecting to make gifts to underpaid officials, etc. The whole thing is getting to be too much trouble.

Some of our minor incidents turn out to be exasperating. One man was apprehended for the third offense of driving a car through a stop sign on the street between the Club and the Operations/Administration Building. He was brought in and the examination started:

"What's your name?"

"Armando Felipe SalvadoOR, sir."

"How come you drove your car through the stop sign three times?"

"Eat ees not my car, sir. Eat belong to my seester."

"Well, why did you drive your sees -- sister's car through the stop sign three times?"

"Eat was a meestake. I am vayree sorree, sir."

"Why did you do it?"

"Eef I esstop, the car shake and jerk."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"The carbuRAYtor, she ees no good."

"That's no excuse."

"The brakes do not work."

"You're driving somebody else's car, and it has a bad carburetor and bum brakes? Sounds like that car shouldn't be allowed on the base."

"No, sir. Eat is not dangerRUSS. My seester buy eat from an American."

"What difference does it make who she bought it from? That's no excuse for running through a stop signal. I think ----."

"I was hurry to my work, sir. I am always on time for my work. You can ask my friends Antonio De La Cruz, or ----."

"Never mind! Now talk sense! You can read, can't you?"

"Reading I know ees vayree nice. My wife she cannot read, but my children all weesh to read. So I must work hard so they can read in the eschool. So I must get to my work on time. So I cannot help the meestake thees time. Eat is not my fault ----."

"Wait a minute. We're not getting anyplace. Hey, Charlie, how about taking this guy with you, and stick his face up against both the stop signs and make him holler "Stop," over and over again. Then put him in the car and make him drive up to the signs, come to a full stop, and holler, "Stop" about ten times at each signal. Then tell Security what this guy is supposed to do, so they won't think he is crazy. All right; go on, SalvadoCR. Get outa here. Charlie'll tell you what to do."

The family of one of our American mechanics arrived in Udorn, and the man was showing the place to his wife and eight year old daughter. The youngster had a few questions which he attempted to answer.

"But, Papa, why do so many of these people have such short legs?"

"They've wore 'em off, honey, runnin' back and forth taking parts offa one plane and puttin' them on another to keep somethin' flyin'. We aint never had enough parts ----."

"And, Papa, why do some of these people have great big left ears, mouths that stay wide open, and eyes that bug out?"

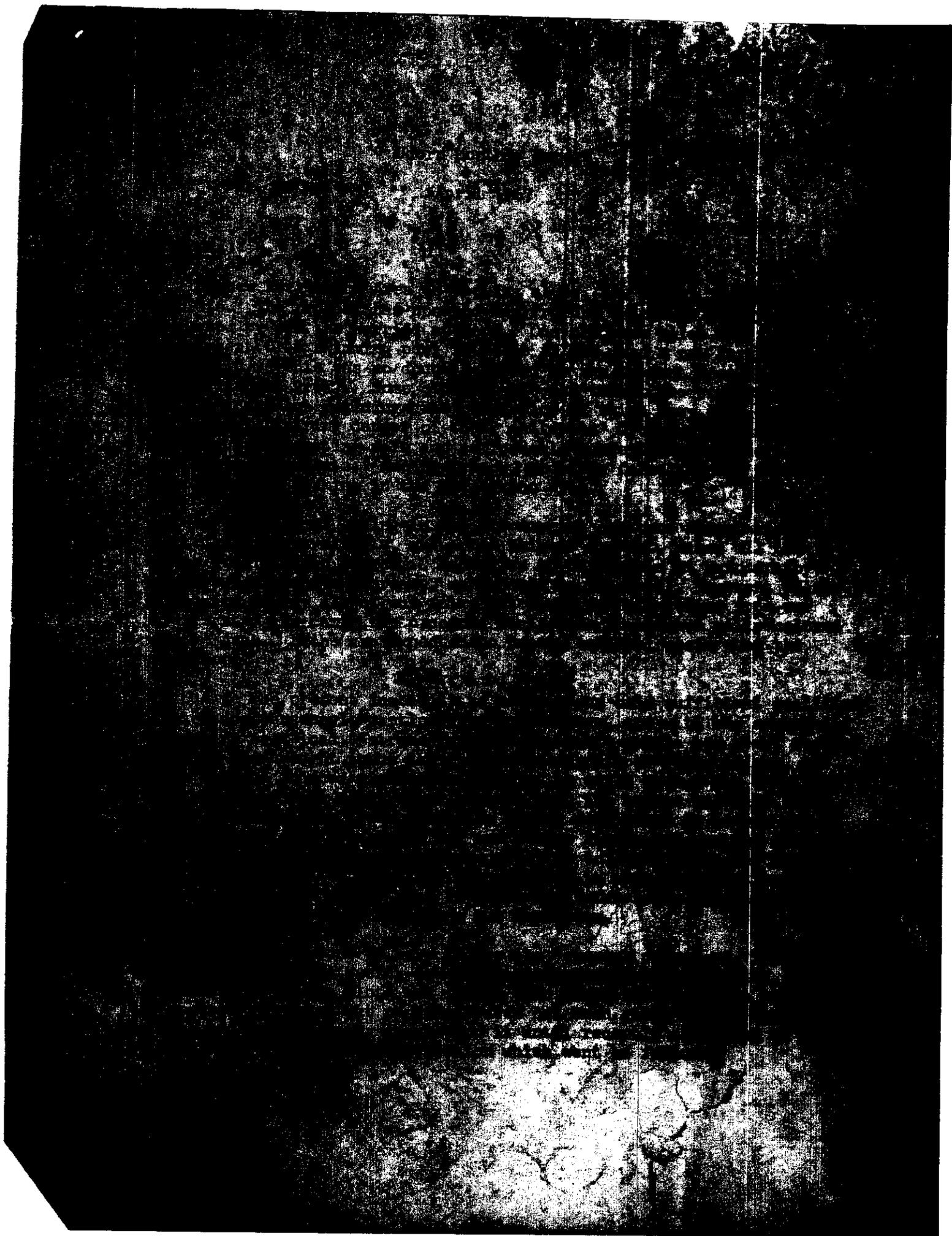
"That's from tryin' to talk over these blasted telephones, honey, Caint nobody hear over 'em, and some guys gets so mad tryin' to use the phones, their eyes come part way out and won't go back in."

"Look, Papa! Three of those people are walking backwards! Why do they do that, Papa?"

"Those old fallers are all that's left of the old timers who had to walk backwards to keep the dust o' that old laterite taxiway that usta be here outa their eyes. They got so they couldn't walk no other way. Rest of 'em have all wore out and died off, honey."

"And those three old ladies, Papa. Why do they keep jumping and looking from one side to the other real sudden like?"

"They're the wives of those three old guys walking backwards. When they come here, they had to stay lively or git snake bit. In them days there was way more snakes than people, and we sure was better off then!"



Udorn Monthly Report

July 1967

GENERAL

The pressure of expansion has, in some cases, driven us reluctantly into running rough shod over human rights and feelings. Construction of a new two story wing on the Administration/Operation Building will begin soon. This will require use of the east part of the front lawn which has only lately become attractive, due to the constant care and hard work of the old gardener. The flowers, grass, and lawn include just about the whole life interest for the old man, and nobody had the courage to tell him that a good deal of his work would soon be destroyed, until a visit from the old fellow forced the decision upon us. With the aid of an interpreter, the following conversation took place:

"Tell the old man I said thanks for the flowers he brought, and that the lawn looks very pretty."

"He say yes."

"Does he want something else?"

"He say not enough flowers. He sorry cannot bring more."

"Aw, that's okay. These are fine. Tell him I appreciate his bringing them."

"He say will soon bring many, many flowers. He save money. Buy. Will put more flowers in lawn."

"He's not supposed to spend his own money on flowers! Ask him what they cost?"

"He say never mind. Make much big flower place over there."
(Pointing toward the area where the new construction is to start).
"Already put in seeds."

"Already —! Oh, me! Tell him he can't do that. We got to put a building there."

"He say you cannot do. Must use for big flower bed. He say you put building somewhere else."

"We haven't got any place else to put it. Tell him we got a lot of people who will have to work there."

"He say no good. Too many people now. Walk on grass. Throw things in flowers. He say you tell people go home."

"Well, we're not getting any place with this talk. Tell him I'm sorry, but we'll have to go ahead with the new building, and will get him another place to put the flower bed."

"He say no. He say you no good, too."

"Well, tell him to calm down, and ---. Hey! Make him quit stomping on his hat!"

"He say ---. I cannot tell you. He speak bad."

"Well, I guess we can't blame him. Tell him to take the rest of the day off."

"He say no. He afraid somebody else like you ruin other flowers. He say he go. He speak much bad. He say you want flowers anymore, you go town, buy; he no bring here. He quitting, maybe. He old man. Why you make he feel bad?"

"Tell him to wait a minute! Hey, Charlie! Get Pradee to run over to my room and get a cold bottle of beer out of the refrigerator and bring it back here as fast as he can. We got a tough situation here."

The beer was brought in record time and presented to the old man whose countenance immediately lost its twisted, purple condition and a small smile appeared.

"Okay. Now tell him to go drink his beer and take it easy, and we'll work something out. Hey, Charlie! Get hold of the construction people and see if they think we can put the new wing over the top of the drainage canal."

The recent rains have filled to overflowing our new water reservoir - a truly inspiring sight. Makes us stand beside the little lake and gloat - like a miser counting his hoard of gold.

It now appears that the numbers of school children to be enrolled in our small school this coming term, will completely swamp us. (We hope to get approval soon to double the size of the school building). This, and other worries, brought about a visit from the head schoolteacher who recited as follows:

"When are you going to get the new building finished? I've never seen anybody so slow to do anything! We ought to be arranging desks, blackboards and things right now!"

"Why, we haven't even got the money to build the thing, yet; and when we get it, we got to let a contract ---."

"Contract! That's all you seem to think of. Always contract for an excuse. What are we going to do with all those children?"

"Well, I guess you'll have to divide 'em up, and have a morning and an afternoon session, or use the movie hall; I don't know."

"MORNING AND AFTERNOON sessions. You don't know what you're talking about! We can hardly get them here and back home once let alone two times! And you haven't answered my note about the lunch menus, either."

"Lunch menus? Oh, forgot to tell you. We got the new Snack Bar finished now, and the kids can eat there. They got hot dogs, hamburgers, soda pop, and beer. No problem."

"Are you out of your mind? Those children have to have milk, meat, green salads, fruit and other wholesome foods and ---."

"Well, now, wait a minute. That Snack Bar can't put out all that stuff. It's not designed for that kind of eating. What's the matter with hot dogs ---?"

"They are not going to be given that awful stuff. Why, every one would be sick."

"Well, then, why can't they bring their own lunches? When I was going to school, my mama used to put an apple and maybe a jelly sandwich in a sack ---."

"Where have you been the last twenty years? Their bone structures need the proper foods. Don't you want the children to be healthy?"

"Why, I made out all right, and I got just as many bones as anybody, and ---"

"Just like a man! No consideration for children. Just your own selfish needs! Well, I have a teachers' meeting in ten minutes, so I'll have to go. I'll be back in two hours, and I want some sensible answers! Good BYE!"

We are almost in shape, now, to take some more "interim" photographs of this facility. We have been out of current pictures for a long time, but every time we have talked about new photos, we found that we had several projects in the building stage, and, consequently, a bunch of ugly skeletons of new structures would be seen. The burden of writing explanations of "number such and such, is the new --- building, which is not completed at this date," seemed to be too much work, and laziness led to putting the problem off until a more appropriate time.

In our construction "program," we occasionally get out of phase. Completion of the second Shops Building has been held up for months awaiting the new Water Treatment Plant being placed in commission, so that the old Water Treatment plant could be removed from where it lies surrounded by the partially finished Shops Building. Now we have two more log jams. The new training building cannot start until the shacks adjacent to Hangar Bay Four are removed, and the shacks cannot be torn down until vacated by people who have no place to go until Hangar Bay Six and attached office spaces are ready to receive them. Another odd situation has been brought about by the inability of the Fire/Crash crews to move out of the old Fire House until the new one is finished. In the meantime, the old Fire House cannot be torn down, although it is rapidly disappearing from sight under the roof of a new Supply Warehouse. There has been a large increase in requests for leave and time off from the Fire/Crash crews who anxiously watch the construction company employees nonchalantly and gleefully flinging steel trusses around right over the old Fire House, and over the heads of the nervous fire fighters.

There has been a slight improvement in morale, lately, due to the rebirth of a little hope in the hearts of the maintenance personnel who have observed a few new additions to their ranks in the past few weeks. These are welcome newcomers. May their tribe increase!

For over four years we have tried unsuccessfully to think up some means of defending ourselves from would-be new Club members, in the meantime, hearing all manner of reasons for membership. Still the assaults continue. The latest occurred when a couple tried a new approach. One of the office force come into one of our management-type's office and stated:

"There's a man and a woman here to see you."

"What do they want?"

"I don't know. Last time I asked some visitors what they wanted, you said keep my nose ---."

"Okay. Send 'em in."

A man and woman entered.

"Morning. What can I do for you?"

"I'm Harry Longusta, and this is my wife, Hortense. We have just come from the Club Manager's Office, and he said we couldn't be members. I want to know why!"

"Longusta? What kind of name is that? I thought a longusta was a ---. Never mind; are you an Air America employee?"

"No, I'm not. But I know a great many of the people who work here."

"Yes, we know just loads of them; don't we, Harry?"

"Well, we're full up, and ours is a private club. We just haven't got room for everybody. Sorry."

"But we've belonged to clubs everywhere we've gone, and I have to have a place to entertain my clients ---."

"Clients! Listen, guy, I hope you don't think we're gonna furnish you with a place ---."

"All right! All right! I guess I'll just have to entertain them some other place; home, maybe. It'll throw a big load on my wife, though."

"Yes, it will place an awful burden on me; won't it, Harry?"

"Well, that's your problem. Sorry I couldn't help you, but ---."

"But we want to help you! We walked through the Club, and Hortense thought she could do a lot of good, decorating the place. She paints, you know."

"Yes, I'm a good painter; aren't I, Harry?"

"We use laborers to do our painting. What kind of painting you do, Hortense?"

"Like those pictures in the bar."

"In the bar! I never heard of a woman painting pictures like those. How would you ever get models for such pictures? This is a flat chested country, and our guys like ---."

"Never mind. Hortense will manage."

"Yes, I always manage; don't I, Harry?"

"Well, we'll give it a trial. But you don't bring any guests, and if the first picture is no good, out you go. Hey, Charlie!"

The sign of relief we gave when the seasonal rains came and broke the drought, has now turned into a bad case of hiccups. The rains stopped, and a hitherto unheard of July/August drought is going on in this area. If the precipitation continues to go elsewhere, we will soon begin organizing a force of reservoir protectors, as our water supply is bound to attract hordes of thirsty folks whose needs cannot be taken care of in a bar. Present plans are to have this protective group composed of the American wives. These girls don't seem to have anything to do, anyhow, except hang around the Club bars and swimming pool, and argue and gossip, so maybe this will provide something useful for them to do. Payment for protective services is to be in water; and suitable "water wages" are being considered and recruiting slogans set down. (Payment in water should be more attractive than in currency, if things get as bad as the last dry season). Some of the advertizing will include such items as the following:

1. "DON'T SMELL RANCID! ENLIST IN THE WATER WORKS WIVES CORPS, AND EARN ENOUGH WATER TO TAKE A BATH EVERY MONTH!"
2. "DO YOU WANT YOUR HUSBAND TO HOLD HIS NOSE ALL THE TIME HE IS HOME? DON'T BE DESPONDENT! AN EASY SOLUTION - A REG'LAR AMBITION - IS AVAILABLE! SIGN UP WITH THE WATER WORKS WIVES AND EARN YOUR OWN WATER!"
3. "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO KNOW YOUR HAIR SMELLS SWEET AND FRESH? WATER FOR SHAMPOOS CAN BE OBTAINED! SEE THE SECURITY SUPERVISOR FOR DETAILS."
4. "EVEN THE BEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE UNDERARM DEODORANTS CAN'T DO THE JOB ALONE. NEED A BATH? JOIN THE WATER WORKS WOMEN AND MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE."

Among other problems, we have a few complaints from construction contractors from time to time. One irate local contractor got an interpreter, and stopped one of our management types at the area where the work was going on, to try and get some help on his troubles. The following communications were exchanged:

"He say cannot work good. Too much wind. He say does wind blow this way all the time here?"

"Tall him no. Sometimes it blows the other way."

"They mean from behind airplanes. They make much wind."

"Well, we got to turn up aircraft. Don't
put buckets over head."

"He say people work for him not work good. Put buckets over
head and stay still till airplane quit. He lose money. Workers mad,
hate blow away."

"Well, does he want to work at night?"

"He say no. In day can see workers asleep and kick them. Night,
no can find."

"Well, tell him if he hurries and gets the job done on time,
we'll buy his workers a new straw hat a piece, and give him a cold
bottle of beer first thing every morning, so he can holler at his laborers
real good. How about that?"

"He say okay."

The construction program careens along its way, with two large jobs,
the new wing of the Operations/Administration Building and aircraft ramp
paving under way; and three more, the new Power Plant, Training Building,
and third Shops Building to start soon. Also the Club is due to expand
"some"; to what extent we should know when we find out how many employees
are to be working here.

The U SING-DINE Snack Bar is doing a little better lately. The use
of meal tickets, sold at a discount, was a complete fiasco and has been
discontinued. An enterprising printer downtown was counterfeiting meal
tickets and selling them at a bigger discount than we were offering, and
so got most of the trade. Although we think the price of food in this
establishment is low, and good sized, high quality portions are served,
the U SING-DINE is bitterly resented by the clientele. They want free
food.

We hear little these days of dangers of flying, etc. People who are
able to negotiate the stretch of highway between the Base and town and
avoid antics of the innumerable trucks, taxis, busses, and samlors, are
inured to most anything. Demand for tranquilizer pills is extremely
brisk.

The happy school days are nearly upon us again; the population of
inmates this term having reached a total of over six times the number
of pupils present when the first term was started back in September 1965.

Udorn Monthly Report

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GENERAL

Anyone who complains about lack of rainfall around here anymore is almost certain to receive a prompt and tremendous swat in the nose. The drought of July and August was removed by the Heavens suddenly splitting wide open and dumping a small ocean of water on us. Some of our enterprising citizens are eagerly seeking the boat renting concession for the warehouse area's new lake just to the north of our taxiway and outside our property. Due to the present watery situation here, plans for the reservoir to be protected by women sentries have been shelved temporarily. The girls had gotten wind of the recruiting slogans and had adopted a non-cooperative, indignant, belligerent attitude, anyway.

The trial run on the time card system turned out fairly well. There were some traffic jams, with people waiting in line for some of the indigenous personnel, who did not speak or read English, to search for their cards with the unfamiliar English typed names. Also, some people, fearing that there was something unpleasant about to happen, ran, and tried to get to their jobs some other way, and had to be captured and returned to the proper place by their exasperated supervisors.

The end of acquiring new land for further expansion seems to be in sight. An attempt will soon be made to procure a small tract adjoining the eastern boundary of the water reservoir, and another bit for a yard to the south of the bus terminal. Prospects for more are dim indeed. However, "hope springs eternal," and we are trying to make more efficient use of what we already have, to allow more building. So we are busily designing a roof to go over the present water reservoir. The roof should prevent a great deal of evaporation of the water during the dry season; and the roof-top will provide an immense outside storage area for both usable and useless supply items, and can also be used as a heliport. (Complaints of persons who work in the hangars that the helicopters using the heliport will fill the hangars full of dirt and debris have been ignored, since many manhours will be saved due to the downdraft of the helicopters taking care of sweeping the roof, and only a fraction of the saved manpower will be required to sweep the hangars). Also, funds have been approved and drawings are being made for footbridges across the drainage canal. These are to be painted in a variety of gay colors and fitted with tinkling bells secured to light poles attached to the bridge hand railings, resulting in structures of aesthetic value, which should help keep the using pedestrians thoughts away from the filthy, slimy composition of the underlying drainage canal. The construction people are somewhat less than enthusiastic concerning these ideas, and, with some truth, aver that, because of the workload, they haven't yet been able to complete designs for two-story hangars.

(We now have over seven times the number of employees we had, to start this operation). The other changes in population include an increase of automobiles from 8 to an unknown number, addition of one horse, decrease of elephants from two to zero, and decrease of snakes from an unknown figure to zero. Progress is amazing.

For a long time, nearly all our pilots have complained about the lack of recreational activities. Great enthusiasm has been manifested for physical fitness programs, and the bar has heard mighty boastings of prowess of individuals in any sport one cared to name. As the completion of the Recreation Area is near, we started attempting to organize a program of activities including tennis, volleyball, handball, etc. Curiously, most of the devotees of sports seem to have been transferred, as the subject now is anathema to all. Only a few can be induced to talk about the program at all, and these confine themselves to such remarks as those given out by one of the old timers, who stated:

"I told them idiots how to build that place - size and everything, but they went and done it their own way, and it just won't cut the mustard. Naw, I aint interested in no PROGRAM. I woulda got in it if the place had been set up right, like I told 'em. But now it aint gonna be any good and you can deal me out!"

Sophistication has overtaken us. A great many of us have been brought up to believe that accomplishing the mission is paramount. Now we find that this is not necessarily so. The "cost effectiveness" program, with its demands for voluminous records, additional correspondence, research, accepted depreciation norms, etc. has left little time to bother with the old worn out idea of "keep 'em flying." Mind, now, the accountants, auditors, and cost experts have never actually said not to carry out missions. If cornered, they will admit that doing the job has a place in the scheme of things, but only after all the records are satisfactorily arranged and they can make required reports to higher authority. In desperation, we got an expert straight from Washington to agree to explain to an assembled group of our employees the workings of the new concept of running an operation such as ours. The following developed:

"Now, I want you people to understand that I am a very busy man, and I really couldn't spare the time to come out here, but agreed to do so in an effort to get you on the right track, and also to get some data on a few things, and find out why you are not complying with directives to send in correct figures. I will permit questions from the assembly, but do not stray from the subject. Now, first, I should tell you that you have caused a great deal of trouble in Washington on your helicopter utilization figures; and to make our reports on time, we have had to reduce arbitrarily your figures to the sensible average of 42.37 hours per month per machine instead of the outrageous figures you claim. Why you think the best professionally trained people would swallow 278 hours in one month for a helicopter is fantastic. Everyone knows that this is impossible and ---

"Impossible, my rear end! We done it, and lotsa times a whole lot of 'em fly over 200 hours a month!"

"Let's dispense with this foolish talk. Next, to approach a most effective supply norm, we reduced your requisitions to the amount our committee agreed was sufficient to support an average of 42.37 hours per machine per month ----."

"No wonder we aint got no parts! You saps have cut down our supplies on purpose, and we got to run back and forth gittin' parts off a chopper in the barn to put on another one so we can keep somethin' flyin' ----."

"Ha! So you admit it! That's one thing I wanted to prove! You do not even have an approved Cannibalization Program, and obviously have ignored the requirement to get authorization from Washington for this seldom accepted procedure. Our far sighted committee has provided for such a contingency, but we must and will have the requests quarterly in advance for changes of parts from one aircraft to another. Then we may grant such ----."

"You mean we got to tell you dopes three months ahead of time what we're gonna take off one chopper and put on another?"

"Certainly. Anything else would not be accepted, and ----."

"Get this guy! Let'im have it! 'Ring his neck!"

The expert was barely rescued, and turned over to the local police for protection until departing transportation could be arranged.