

None to Dispute



Deprecating the suggestion of a contest for India's Presidentship, Dr. Rajendra Prasad says there can be no rivalry between him and Rajaji.

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Service Humour: A Causerie

SOMEONE is reported to have said that there are only seven original jokes in the whole world. Looking back in retrospect over the yarns, gags and jokes that I have heard in the Air Force, I find it difficult to compartmentalise them into seven broad patterns. The very idea is preposterous to say the least. Service life is perhaps the one unique field where the sparkle of humour is ever alight. More often than not it is spontaneous recalling Wordsworth's famous definition of poetry where he called it "a spontaneous outburst of powerful feelings." Whether it is the parade-ground, the not so Orderly Room, the Squadron

Commander's office, the Crew Room or the bar, we have a wide spectrum of jokes, yarns, wise-cracks and line-shoots which perhaps you can never have in any other walk of life. And each such yarn or joke has its own intrinsic flavour, originality and bouquet that you cannot possibly reduce to any arithmetical grouping.

Take for instance this yarn which happened at one of our Air Force Stations many years ago. A Squadron Commander who has since left for other pastures, had the unfortunate habit of stammering. This, however, did not detract from his ability as a flyer and his prowess at the bar. On one occasion a

Flight Lieutenant was posted on a course to U.K. It was a Saturday afternoon and most of the officers were enjoying a glass of cold beer in the Mess. Meeting his Squadron Commander in the bar, the young officer in question conveyed the good news to his boss. "Go....go.....good show, o..... old boy Con....con.... congratulations", and with that the Squadron Commander shook hands with the youngster.

"Thank you, Sir," the youngster mumbled with a broad grin across his face. "Ta.....Ta.....taking the wife a....a....along" the Station Commander wanted to know. "Yes, Sir," was the

reply.

The Squadron Commander was aghast at this act of sheer imbecility. Raising his right hand questioningly he added:

"Do....do....dope. Ca... ..ca....carry y ing co.....co.....coals toto Newcastle".

At a Ceremonial Parade which was being inspected by an Air Marshal, the V.I.P. stopped in front of the same Squadron Commander and seeing his smart bearing asked him his name. Surprisingly he uttered this without even the faint whiff of a stammer. After the parade a few of the officers asked him how did he manage this remarkable feat.