

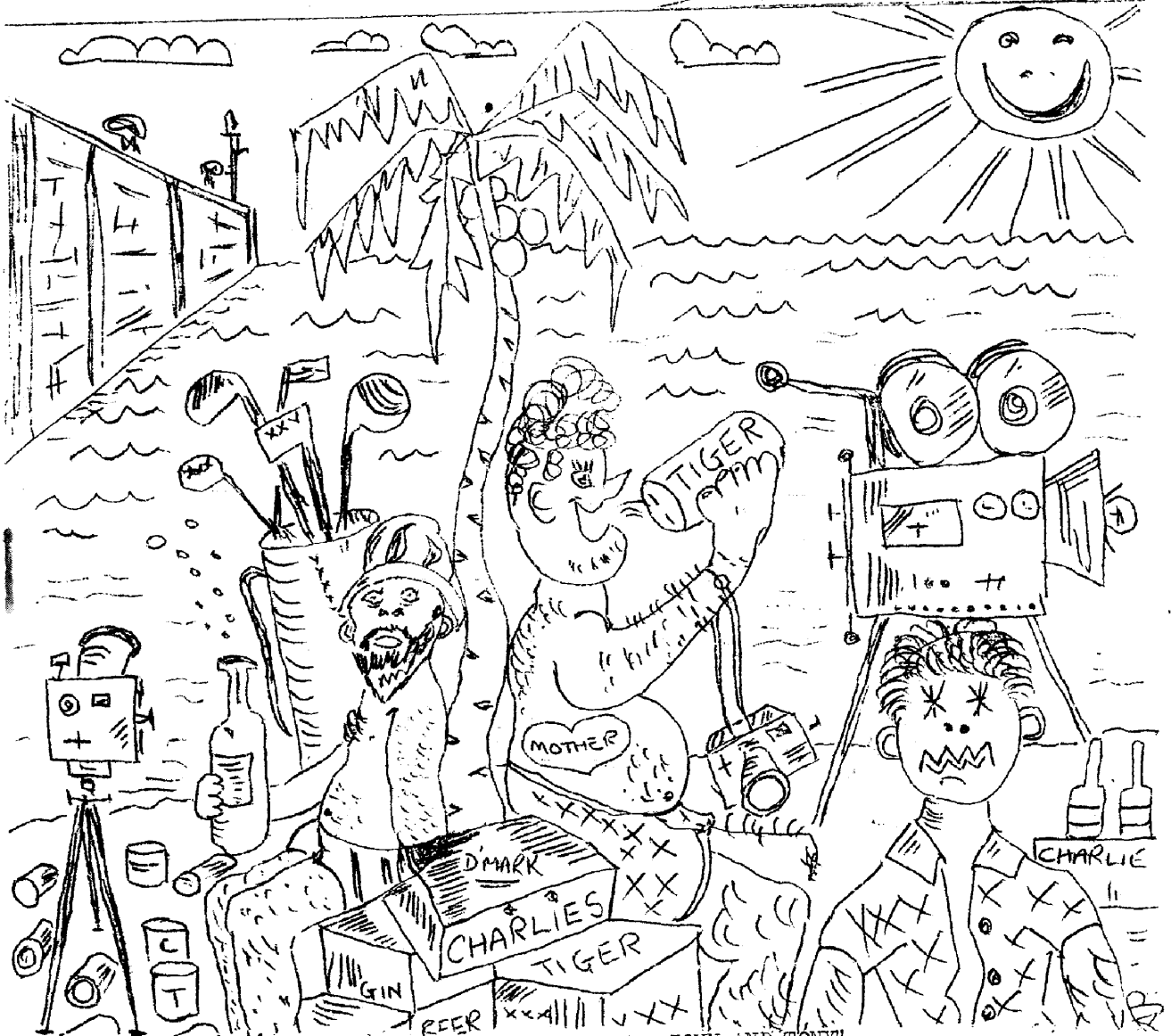
GANT ISLAND POST

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DAVIES AND DAVIS

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"THE PROFESSIONALS - MIKE, JOHN AND TONY"

EDITORIAL

Well the Met men did say that February would be a good month for sun - worshippers and this week has more than reinforced their forecasting. What's more there's lots more to come!

Royal Naval and RFA vessels are still gracing the lagoon but the bouquet of the week must surely go to the Gan Rugby Team who not only took on the might of Changi, Tengah and Seletar in the Mellersh Cup Sevens competition in FEAF but carried off a coveted trophy.

Considering the discrepancies in numbers of personnel, our lack of match practice and proper training facilities, this was a tremendous achievement. Well done team.

Last week's appeal for contributions to GIP has had some immediate response. Let's remember - this is YOUR magazine. So SASFlight Fairies Commem animals you greets from workshops et al, how about it?

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HAVE YOU HEARD?

1. That Rinkle Head was on the scene early but Pony finished the course?
2. That JC also stayed the distance, TK chickened out and Eddie went to work?
3. That the discussion at the GFRA inaugural meeting was very intense but the members still found time to take light refreshments?
4. That a gentle shaft of Charlie is all the rage?
5. That Lou has had a haircut and is mounting an assault on Bugis Street with a certain Corporal from Cats?
6. That Jack supped the lot?
7. That the Shackleton Engine Destruction Team broke the world record with 5½ million revs. and the SAR crew ACTUALLY made it on the expected day?
8. That fresh smoked salmon was traded for roses and Hannah will ask questions?

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THIS WEEK'S THOUGHT OF SID

"May your giving hand never cease to take"!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GAN

February, 1968

The Editor
GIP

SERVICES MERGE IN CANADA

The following letter is reprinted from "The Observer". Perhaps readers may find it of interest in view of the recent defence economics and perhaps it will give a lighthearted view of the confusions that could arise from a services merger.

"Wakes were held in Service messes and canteens across the country yesterday as sailors, soldiers and airmen waited for the clock to strike midnight and their new title of "Canadian Armed Forces" to come into effect.

The legislation unifying the forces has aroused controversy and bitterness among senior members of the Services during the past three years. It comes into operation today, closing officially the three separate branches of the Canadian forces - the Royal Canadian Navy, the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Air Force.

From now, all members of the C.A.F. will gradually don a common uniform, bottle green in colour with badges of rank on the sleeves, a process which is expected to take about three years.

The rank structure will be based on the Army, although the Navy will differ somewhat. Traditional naval ranks will be retained by all R.C.N. officers and ratings enlisted up to today. Otherwise officers and men posted to "a naval environment" or designated posts such as naval planning at Defence Headquarters will be given naval rank designations only if they carry out what can be clearly defined as "Navy" assignments. Thus there can be no question of an order being issued from a brigadier on the bridge of a destroyer at sea to "splice the mainbrace, corporal".

However, a sailor working at a desk job at a shore establishment looking after pay matters would probably be called corporal. Former wing commanders and squadron leaders in the Air Force will be designated lieutenant-colonel and major respectively, as in the United States Air Force. However, an aircraftsman will retain his designation if he is maintaining aircraft - but if he is pounding a typewriter he will be known as private.

In the Army a brigadier will be known as brigadier-general, a regimental sergeant major will become chief warrant officer and a battery sergeant-major will be known as master warrant officer-designations which again have an American flavour. Ranks like bombardier, gunner, fusilier and so on will remain.

General Jean Allard, Chief of the Defence Staff presented the new Canadian ensign to Mr. Roland Michener, the Governor-General, at Rideau Hall yesterday. The ensign with its white background has the new Canadian flag emblem in the top right-hand corner and down at the left-hand side, the C.A.F. insignia of an anchor surmounted by crossed swords and wings. Surrounding this insignia is a cluster of maple leaves and on top of the badge the crown.

The unification process has been going on since 1964 when the position of Chief of the Defence Staff was brought into effect. Generally speaking few voices were raised against integration of the Canadian armed forces which had suffered over the years from inter-Service rivalry, it is unification which has been opposed, it being argued that it does nothing that cannot be achieved by integration except to destroy morale. "

ODE TO GAN

Where time means days to do or minutes done
and drinking is the nearest thing to fun
Where happiness means "Tiger" Brown, or Bass
and men forget or dream of distant lass
Where Flip-Flops are the order of the day
and POSBY's count the pennies of their pay
Where plastic pots have hollow sound unique
and people in the cocoa queue don't speak
Where letters from U.K. are one life blood
and if none comes then VC 10's are mud
Where football has "post-mortems" of its own
and duff-gen, pure-gen, rumours, all have flown
Where "Paki" policemen roam in helmets pith
And all but kill the "Greek Gods only" myth
Where Singapore is a single mans great yen
and "indulgence" is the thing for married men
Where "Gan-Grot" thrives and old men get the ague
and with these minor things the M.O. plague
Where many an hour is spent with nought to fill it
and others build their "empires" in the billet
Where cardboard walls do not a prison make
and Firemen with their wagons these walls break!
Where sweaty nights are spent neath tangled sheet
and bedrooms always smell of cheesy feet
Where "playgirl of the month" hangs on the walls
and others find a calender enthralls
Where NAAFI men are known as per cents
and transit lounge has women 'hind the fence
Where sunsets fall as jewels in the sea
and cameras click to record for posterity
Where "Workshops are the greatest" oft is called
and other section leaders are appalled
Where dhonies sail and row from Hittadu
and distant tanker makes a dismal view
Where rain does fall but only in monsoons
and little met' men send up big balloons
Where 'Astra' puts on out of focus shows
and Manager and men near come to blows
Where C.S.E. Shows come but thrice a year
and women stars their chastity must fear
Where "Ramazan" affects the whole routine
and makes the locals 'shirty', thin, and lean
Where "tailor wanting" echoes round the flat
and K.D!'s made to suit long, short, thin, fat
Where "panic tannings" done with days to do
and "moonies" long to quickly gain the hue
Where snorkels spit and spurt in blue lagoon
and marine-craft engines play a throbbing tune
Where angel fish and SAS Flight Fairies float
and sub-aqua men prepare their shabby boat
Where fishermen hang hooks all night and day
and think and talk of that which get away
Where devaluation has no ill effect
and NAAFI prices rise, as we expect!
Where matelots infrequently do roam
and in the many bars are soon at home
Where drunken groups give voice to songs obscene
and others in the toilet lie or lean
Where foreign dished menus cooks do chalk
and month old eggs sit side with foreign pork
Where tablets paludrine and salt are free
and worcester sauce we hardly ever see
Where many a jesting word is spoke in truth
and leads to eye for eye or tooth for tooth
Where shells are found with patterns and the like
and "oggin-troggers" trog with torch and spike
Where monotony and boredom often lurks
and many minds give many thoughts the works
Where sanity and sex sing sad lament
Am I really only 48 per cent?

The "SHOWTIME" party finally got to Paddington Station, London at 12.30 pm on the 24th Jan. after a hectic but wonderful tour of Gan and the Far East. There was a little sadness in breaking up after such a happy time. Most of us had met for the very first time at the start of the tour but in the three weeks we spent together many friendships had been firmly forged. Maybe we will meet again soon but probably it will be a long long time.

Barbara Law and I travelled North to Warrington, our home-town. The following Sunday we were on duty again at a Charity Football Match in aid of Mentally Handicapped Children. Barbara kicked off and your truly played for the Northern T.V. Allstars, who managed to beat the opposition 7 goals to 6, despite the handicap of having me in the side.

George Truzzi travelled to Manchester where he was due to open in Cabaret the following night. Mike Cox had a pal waiting at Paddington with a car ready to ferry Mike to his London flat. Mike is flying to Switzerland next week on a cabaret tour. By the way after a couple of nights in Singapore Mike was known to us as "The Prince of Bugis Street".

Our drummer, Bobbie Adrian (a character this boy) was due to join his group at a London nightspot on the Saturday. "But I want to spend a bit of time with the girlfriend first" said Bobbie. "So do I" said bass player Mike Thorn "but the wife wont let me!" Mike (the massage king) was due to play at Danny La Rue's Club, in London, the same night that we arrived home. Pianist Paul Maguire left us to return to the fold of the Eric Winstone Orchestra.

On our way home from the East we stopped at Cyprus for an hour or so and as soon as we arrived in U.K. Pearl Fawcett was informed that she was to join the Dennis Lotis Show the very next day.....in CYPRUS! Pearl in a whirl.

Looking back on the tour many incidents stick out in my mind. Among the good things was the reception the Americans gave the show in Ubol, Thailand. "Better than the Bob Hope Show" they said. Their reception was only beaten by the Aussies in Thailand. There were a few tears in the eyes of the 'Showtimers' when the 500 Aussies gave us a prolonged standing ovation. We'd had a hell of a journey but it was worth it believe me. The hospitallity we got from the British troops at Crown Post in Thailand was really great. They are living in primitive conditions in the outback of Thailand but their spirit was the tops.

Among the bad parts of the tour I shall remember was the all night train journey from Bangkok to Ubol. This puts British Railways in the luxury class. To make it worse Barbara was sick all night. What a journey, this is how it went. Two hours in a minibus, four hours by plane thirteen hours by train and finally 77 miles by car on the bumpiest, dustiest, reddest road you can imagine. Still, as I said before, the receptions made up for it. Another bad bit was a trip from the Cameron Highlands in Malaysia (6000 feet above sea level). We were in a 39 seater coach travelling down thirty seven miles of tortuous mountain road. I decided to lie down across two seats. I'd been there for ten minutes when bang! The coach collided with a wagon and the window and frame where I'd been sitting went hurtling over my prostrate form. Lucky for me I wasn't sitting up. The local police impounded the coach and we really were in a mess. We had 180 miles to travel and a show that night. After three hours of argument....we threatened to phone Harold Wilson!....the police allowed us to journey on in the coach but they kept the driver as a hostage. This is true. I wonder what happened to him. We travelled about 26,000 miles on the tour, I believe, and we met a lot of people, but no kidding I think that Gan and the blokes there on will live longest in our memories. I for one will always remember our first night and our visit to the 180 Club, the night Barbara sat with lads right from the start and the way the lads appreciated our little impromptu entertainment that night.

I will remember that afternoon the lads on Hittadu escorted us along the jetty to our boat, everyone singing their hearts out. Thanks lads. I will remember the hospitality, the feeling that we really were welcome, really appreciated. I'll treasure the presents from Tom, Scouse, Chris and Kip. Thanks fellers. Oh I'll remember Gan...I wont forget it...the coral scars on my leg are still itching like bloody mad. No joke.

On Tuesday (6th Feb) I leave for Libya and Cyprus with another C.S.E. Show. If the Island of Cyprus treats me half as well as the Island of Gan I shall be very happy indeed. Sorry if I'm a bit serious lads next time I'll write some funnies...I promise...but till then on behalf of Barbara, Pearl, George, Mike, Paul, Bobby and the other Mike, I thank you men of Gan.

God bless you and yours now and always.

PETER ROBINSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GAN

February, 1968

The Editor
GIP

Dear Sir,

Your invitation extended on the front cover of the last issue of G.I.P. for a short article has been accepted. With this in mind I take courage to offer the following as a token for all the happiness gained and shared with my family in nearly 25 years of married life. Our 25th Wedding Anniversary falls on 15th February 1968.

Happily Ever after

Simple rules for a successful marriage.

A happy marriage must be created it is not something that just happens. And in the art of marriage the little things are the big things.

- It is never being too old to hold hands
- It is remembering to say "I love you", at least once each day.
- It is never going to sleep angry.
- It is forming a circle of love that gathers in the whole family.
- It is at no time taking the other for granted, but making the courtship continue through all the years.
- It is doing for each other, not out of duty or sacrifice, but in the spirit of joy.
- It is demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways
- It is not looking for perfection, but cultivating flexibility, patience, kindness, understanding and a sense of humour.
- It is having the capacity to forgive and forget.
- It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow.
- It is finding room for the things of the spirit
- It is a common search for the good and the beautiful
- It is not only marrying the right partner, it is being the right partner.

Yours

Not so old "City Father"

An inquisitive guest asked Mrs. Cohalan, "What's in that bottle I saw in the kitchen?" Without looking up, Mrs. Cohalan replied, "Eight to one it's my husband Mike."

The court house at Stephenville, Texas, has a large clock that is the pride of the town. It is illuminated at night. One citizen staggered up to a mail box, dropped a penny in the slot, glanced at the clock and exclaimed, "Jehoshaphat, I'm nine pounds over-weight".

