

ERNEST



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HAVE YOU HEARD ??

That Irene was only beefing when she said that John was bothering God ?!

That a newcomer insists that he must have something to take to bed ?!

That after a blow-out this week, Dynamite has been reborn D2 ?!

That Jim was'nt interested in self photography ? He said he know what it looked like !

That someone badly wants to start a Young Farmers Club on the island ?!

That after being fancied in the east, the union was sealed with an adder ?!

That having been through six surgeons during his tour, it's about bloody time to R.I.P. ?!

That we're giving the editor a radio to play on Thursday afternoons ?!

About the Indian in Transit who was'nt recognised by the lady because he had trousers on ?!

That the sale of electric frying pans (which effectively double as bed warmers) is popular just now ? For those wanting a nibble at night, no doubt ?!

POETRY IN MOTION

There was a young maiden named Hoople,
Whose bosom was triple, not duple,
She had one removed,
But it grew back improved,
At present Miss Hoople's quadruple !

A deep baritone from Havana
Whilst singing, slipped on a banana.
He was ill for a year,
Then resumed his career,
As a promising lyric soprana !

A lass named Veronica Mapes,
Sported mammae the size of small grapes.
She started to scratch 'em,
In the hope she might hatch 'em,
But all that remained were the scrapes !

There was a young lady of Thrace,
Whose corset grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said " Nelly ",
there's more in your belly,
than ever went in through your face !

R.A.F.A.

The R.A.F.A. Club will be open this Sunday as usual for the sale of cool drinks and fresh bread, cheese and pickles, to all weary Gan travellers.
Why not call in and see us this week ?

The expectant father paced the hospital waiting room. " Do you know this is our first child ? " he said to the relaxed veteran slouched over a copy of the Mirror in the corner. " How long is it you have to wait, after the baby is born, before you can - uh - you know - sort of - uh - start having it again with your wife ? ".

" Well that depends " replied the seasoned sire, " on whether you're private or National Health, as to whether she's in a private room or a public ward ! ".

Morals

Ply now, pay later !
Some girls are discreet up to a point, others are discreet up to a pint !
Nothing is more wasted than a smile on the face of a girl with a forty inch bust !

Looks like the migration season is about to hit us again, for, 'ere long, there will be a galaxy of new faces, new personalities, new mannerisms to get used to, new jokes to listen to (now that makes a change!) - and new quotes for Have You Heard?!

This week sees the departure of the voluble Irish Lone Ranger, with the sharp wit, facile turn of phrase which nobody could understand, flashing camera, kissable lips, fantastic luck on the golf course and a permanently puzzled expression, who seems to think that everyone else wears a kilt! A man of many parts, obviously. (You're not still guessing? - I don't believe it.) He told me extraordinary things had happened to him during his tour on Gan He should have such luck! But those who saw him in action at an impromptu party that developed recently in the Mess can well believe it! It's probably superfluous, but we wish him the continued luck of the Irish. And up yours, too!

We welcome his successor from the same stable - and into the same stable, for that matter. He's been firmly in the chair all this week, but we've promised to let him get his feet further under the table before we go to town on some of his innocently unsuspecting comments, which, as every other newcomer has experienced, inexplicably strike some nerve in the peculiar Gan sense of humour.

And next week, the juvenile lead from that Oscar-winning (O.K. - so I'm anticipating!) epic, depicting how successfully we overcame all our problems on Gan with a little determination and imagination - especially imagination, is at last able to rest peacefully after his labours of love. Ah! The refreshingly superlative assurance of youth! Never afraid of being a minority of one. Always to be found in some low dive - and with a bottle strapped to him at that, albeit of an incongruously light hue. We shall miss the dulcet tones of the Sunday morning cheer-leader; the only mortal authentically witnessed to walk upon the waters; never below, never above, always exactly

A hearty welcome to his relief, too, who's been remarkably quiet so far (that makes a change, too!) - except, perhaps, in his choice of shirts - but then, who am I to talk?

Humanist has been given time off this week - perhaps, though I rather doubt it, he's close-closetted somewhere working on a reply to last week's letter to the editor - and I thought the smiling, homeward-bound Gannites would wish to have the opportunity of reading the warning printed this week on page 6

Ed.

The Small Print

Holidays abroad this year? How about sunny Muharraq, mystic Masirah, the Innsworth Lido, or the Wilingili Riviera? Stamped addressed envelope and a blank cheque to S Mov O for full details of the latest package tours.

U. Row, Dhoni service. Agent: 'The Skipper,' Marine Head.

Got that tourex feeling, deep inside? What you need is REPAT, my boy! Ask for REPAT by name. There is no effective substitute. Extn 201 (while stocks last only).

+ "Our Anglo-Saxon Heritage" - written entirely in words of four letters. By the Emeritus Professor of Everton. Paperback, 1p.

Look at it this way ...

One thing I miss in Gan, among others - one other in particular, is my car. Not that I am a tremendous motoring enthusiast. My bus is a means of transport, that's all. However, last year, or thereabouts, somebody wrote a book called "The Twentieth Century Love Affair." The basic idea was that the grand passion of modern man is the motor car. Now I think that's a load of old codswallop - (a very rude expression indeed, if you examine it's origins, and enough to curl the hair of any respectable four-letter word). Mind you, as far as some people are concerned, there might be something in it. You've seen 'em. Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings, particularly in spring and summer, are the mating season for man and motor car.

Have you watched them closely? It's positively pornographic! First there comes the preparation of the scene for seduction: soft music on the radio, everything in its place, no speck of dust on the ground, a few flowers around. Then the first adventure: a bath! Sparkling bubbles of detergent on warm water - not too hot, not too cold - and scented, for all I know. Then she is led gently and lovingly to the spot, with many softly whispered endearments, and coaxed into a position in which her charms show to the best advantage. The ensuing bath is an interesting piece of love play. See the tender touch of his hands, as he strokes a soft sponge along her sleek flanks. Watch the smooth and skilful passage of his fingers over the moulded projections curving forward from her streamlined body. Then the bubbles are carefully rinsed away, and she is dried with loving pats and strokes. Just listen to him ...

"Now a little liquid refreshment, my pet; something to make things run nice and smoothly; a drop of lubricant, one might say. A little water? Not too much though; we don't want to drown it, do we?"

"Now, my darling, just ease up on here, while I lie down. A pillow there would be more comfortable, wouldn't it, sweetheart? And it will bring me closer to where I want to be."

Then there are a few intricate movements; a delicate tilt here, a little turn there, with a soft, sensual touch, now and again, on her nip - (But you're sweating, my boy; you must have eaten too much curry.) - her nipples, with a grease gun.

Now the ultimate moment is near. There is an agile change of position, an opening, a key movement, a turn, a surge of effort, and the sudden release of power from the engine. The act is complete.

Me? I still think it's a load of old codswallop. (Language, Cato, language.) But if that foreign sports car next door lays so much as a headlight's beam on my little beauty, I'll detune the bastard!

Cato

A pal was telling me the other day he'd received a letter from his girl-friend in which a recently repatriated Gannite was mentioned. This chap had cleared Customs, rushed into the arms of his girl-friend, and the two had left in a cloud of dust - you've guessed it! - for the nearest bedroom. Both had enjoyed the ensuing couple of hours immensely, but the lady couldn't come to terms with the ring of sparkling white which we all know all Gannites wear round their midriffs. She thought it too kinky by half, and determined to eradicate it. So the next few days saw him sun-bathing all over again, but, this time, wearing only the tiniest triangle of cloth to conceal his masculine form.

His girl-friend was pleased with the result, but not entirely satisfied, as there was, of course, the triangle of white remaining. So the resourceful girl took him to the beach on Sunday, gave him a straw to breathe with, and completely covered him with sand - all except the offending patch She then went off in search of ice-cream.

As she returned, she over-heard one elderly lady say to another: "In my far-off youth, I'd have given my eye-teeth to find one of those - yet here they are growing wild!"

