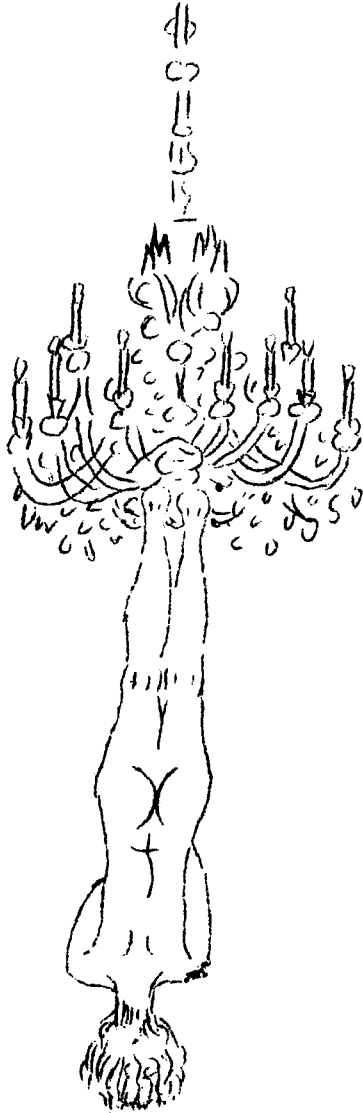


GAN ISLAND POST



"When I told you about the bats on Gan I didn't think - - - - -"

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HAVE YOU HEARD...???

That there were no flies on the Victor?!

That maybe that was why the vicar went into concealment under the tablecloth?!

That a highly flavoured operator impressed the Colonel's daughter when he produced the right tool to fix her seat?!

That Jules has no trouble getting it up just getting it down again?!

That Florence and Dougall had no problems for a change?!

That Lew insists that he conducts all Maldivian affairs?!

That Jan carries the requisites for any contingency? If she hasn't secreted a cricket bat in the nursing mums' room, she could be stumped!

That though the lady watched his every move, she still got her fingers burned?!

That the HIC had an embarrassing lapse of memory?!

NOTICES

The CHESS CLUB meets on Tuesday nights (NOT Wednesdays, as previously publicised) in the Imperial Club, transport leaving Transit Hotel at 1930 hrs. Further details from Cpl Radford, Secs, Extn 208.

The Editor has received yet another request for pen-pals, from Donna and Sue, who live in Newcastle-under-Lyme and sound quite fascinating from their letter Their address will be given to personal applicants only.

The President of the Gun Flat Earth Society cordially invites all members to attend an Extraordinary Meeting to discuss the challenge to its concepts occasioned by the recent claim by Americans to have flown to the moon.

(Watch this space for time, date and venue. Ed.)

ETC

It so happened that Zeus and his son, Apollo, were golfers. Apollo was first to drive off. He teed up, and with a mighty swipe, landed the ball on the distant green. Zeus then took his turn and, in all his invincibility, chose the wrong club - a putter. Of course, the ball didn't travel far; about three yards, to be precise.

Suddenly, up ran a rabbit, picked the ball up in its mouth, and dashed off down the fairway. Then a giant eagle swooped down out of the blue, picked up the rabbit, golf ball and all, and winged its way high over the green.

At that precise moment, a mighty thunderbolt struck the soaring bird, and the golf ball fell to the ground, landing a few millimeters from the hole. Alarmed by the bump, a worm popped its head above the surface, toppling the ball into the hole with a resounding plop as it did so.

"Aw, be a sport, Dad," said Apollo; "It's only a game."

Nelson: "Kiss me, Hardy ..."
Hardy: "Blimey! Fifteen years in the same boat, and now he asks me!"

Last week, though I racked my brains, I couldn't remember the second story I wanted to tell you that I had heard in UK on leave. (Sorry to mention that again!) This conversation, or something like it, actually took place recently in a London club (no; not the RAF Club!), between two retired gentlemen as they were studying the Times headlines

A: What's all this about unrest among commuters? I thought they were machines that do all the difficult sums.

B: No, old boy. That's a computer. Commuters are these Civil Service chappies who dash back and forth every day between London and Woking.

A: Woking, eh! Having trouble out there, are we?

If that can happen in London, I suppose it isn't really surprising that we are occasionally asked by visitors to Gan where the married quarters are!

That reminds me of another story, originally told by Aesop, but I've taken a few liberties with it to give it current point. There was a certain wise man (probably the SWO!) at RAF Halton, who was asked one day "What's Halton like, and what sort of chaps are they, for I'm about to be posted there."

Before he replied, the wise man asked the questioner where he was posted from, and how he had enjoyed his tour. He was told: "I've just come from Gan. It's a wonderfully happy station, where everybody works hard and plays hard, and seems to adopt a helpful attitude. The weather's marvellous, and all kinds of facilities exist for sport and leisure activities. Gan's terrific." He was told: "You should enjoy Halton, for you'll find it much the same there."

Later on, the same man was similarly questioned by yet another airman about to be posted in. Again he asked the questioner where he came from. "I've just completed my sentence on Gan, thank God! It was dreadful. 600 blokes with nothing to do but count the days off on the calendar; shortages of everything; everybody panicking and worrying everybody else." The wise man said: "I'm sorry to hear that, for I'm afraid you'll find it just like that at Halton ..."

If you don't get it, I doubt if I can explain it. But it has something to do with happiness - true happiness, as distinct from pleasure, which is purely transitory - coming from within, stemming from what a chap's made of rather than where he is and what he's doing. It's as well to remember that on Gan; one hears a lot of rubbish talked about keeping everyone happy. Chiefly, I suppose, because we do tend to hear more chaps talking than usual - no TV and few women!

What does it take to make a chap happy? That's easy, and there's a story to illustrate that too. Coming upon a miserable-looking traveller sitting disconsolately at the roadside, a well-meaning soul enquired what was his trouble. "I have no interest in life, my friend," said the man; "I have sufficient money not to have to work, and I am roaming the country only to try to find something more entertaining than the life I left behind me. So far, I haven't found it."

Without another word, the enquirer seized the traveller's knapsack and ran off at top speed with it down the road. The unhappy man set off in pursuit, but was easily out-distanced, since the other was a local man who knew the district well. The road circled round, and the leader was able to leave it and, making several short-cuts, arrive back at the spot where he had encountered the traveller while the latter was still out of sight. He replaced the bag at the roadside, and hid himself.

Presently the other man came dejectedly into view, having followed the road around. As soon as he saw his property had been restored to him, all his cares seemed to vanish, and he ran towards it with a shout of joy.

He was happy - though nothing had changed.

We make no apology for printing the following, which must be the oldest joke ever to appear in GIP!

The Magpie and the Eel

I woll tell you an ensauple of a woman that ete the good morsell in the absence of her husbonde. Ther was a woman that had a pie in a cage, that spake and wolde tell talys that she saw do. And so it happed that her husbonde made kepe a gret ele in a litell ponde in his gardin, to that entent to yeue it sum of his frendes that wolde cum to see hym; but the wyff, whanne her husbonde was oute, saide to her maide, 'late us ete the gret ele, and y will saie to my husbonde that the otour hathe eten hym;' and so it was done. And the good man was come, the pye began to tlll hym how her maistresse had eten the ele. And he yode to the ponde, and fonde not the ele. And he asked his wiff wher the ele was become. And she wende to have excused her, but he saide her, 'excuse you not, for y wote well ye have eten yt, for the pye hathe told me.' And so ther was gret noyse betwene the man and hys wiff for etinge of the ele. But whanne the good man was gone, the maistresse and the maide come to the pie, and plucked of all the fedres on the pyes hede, saieng, 'thou hast discovered us of the ele;' and thus was the pore pye plucked. But ever after, whanne the pie saw a balled or a pilled man, or a woman with an high forhede, the pie saide to hem, 'ye spake of the ele.'

Anon. Circa 1400.

Glossary: pie (or pye) - magpie; ele - eel; entente to yeue - intending to show; otour - otter; yode - went; wote - wot (know); fedres - feathers; pilled - shaven.

An ancient farmer was out a-ploughing of his fields, when he suddenly felt a stirring where he hadn't felt for years. Hastily throwing the nosebag on his patient old shire-horse, he rushed pell-mell across fields and hedges, ranting and bellowing the while for his wife. The wife first heard, then saw him, afar off, but paid little attention, assuming that the ale of the night before was having its usual effect. Bursting through the kitchen door, the farmer screamed: 'Get upstairs and get your clothes off, woman, and be quick about it. I've not felt like this in many a moon!'

The old biddy was willing enough, and moved as fast as she could, but by the time she had puffed and blowed up the stairs, and struggled out of her button-up dress, two cardigans, an apron, three petticoats, combinations and bloomers, the old boy's proud stance had become nothing more than a beautiful memory. 'Gadzooks, Ma!' he moaned. 'You've just got to be quicker than that. Now, the next time you see me rushin' across the fields like that, you get started ahead of me, and, by the time I get here, you should be just about ready for me!'

Well, the months went by, but the old lady never forgot, and she was washing dishes at the sink one bright morning when she espied her husband dashing madly across the fields again, bounding and waving his arms above his head. Without a second's hesitation, she was off upstairs, ripping and tearing her clothes off, and was in bed, quivering with anticipation, when the old boy got to the bedroom door.

'Get out o' that bed, sex fiend!' the farmer roared. 'The thatch is on fire!'

First Patient: 'I hear they brought in two cases of dysentery today.'
Second Patient: 'About time. I'm sick of that Lucozade!'

In most ships, regiments or stations, the Chaplain is the most popular, approachable, kindly of all the personnel with whom we come into daily contact. It is because of this ability to serve freely and equally his Commanding Officer or batman that he wins over even the most unChristian of his flock..... Many are the stories told of aid given and comfort provided.....

(Now we have squared the old rascal we can get down to business)

In 1751, that great betting man, the Earl of Sandwich, entertained ten clergymen to supper, after wagering that not one would be without his corkscrew, whereas there would not be a single Bible among them. He won his bet.

"Tickets, please," said the collector at the turnstile, but the poor, feeble old parson could not find his.

"There it is, sir, in your mouth!" The ticket was clipped.

As the train left Waterloo, a fellow-traveller asked if he were often absent-minded, whereupon the angry cleric said:

"Absent minded, be damned! I was licking last week's date off."

One vicar we know had trouble with his verger. No, wrong again. The third choir-girl from the back told him that she worshipped her slender figure, so under cover of the vestry wall, the wicked verger tried to embrace her religion.....

One young sporting cleric left his spectacles behind, and about twenty assorted pairs were offered up for his temporary use: he once forgot his umbrella, and several were offered, as well as four raincoats. In the registry he likewise was handed three fountain-pens. He decided to take a busman's holiday and preach at Brighton, leaving his wife to mind the children.....

Two clergymen and a taxi-driver arrived at the Pearly Gates at the same instant of time after a road crash. St Peter asked each his name and occupation, before admitting them: the priests were astonished to find that their holy calling did not automatically permit their immediate passage to the Celestial Gardens (NOT Hong Kong, Murray!) The third man was, instead, welcomed at once.

"Why so? Our occupations are holier than his!"

"I agree, but he has frightened hell out of far more folk than you have."

An inexperienced (?) curate had taken for his text at the Staff College the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

"Now, gentlemen, when would you choose? The five wise virgins with the light or the five foolish virgins in the dark?"

The vicar's wife, engaged on her relief work, saw a melancholy man standing on a corner of a busy street, so impulsively pressed a ten-shilling note in his hand and said, "Chin up, Old Warrior."

The next day she passed that way again, and on the same street corner was the same melancholy man, who looked even sadder. When she approached, he held out his hand and gave her twenty-seven pounds twelve and sixpence, saying briefly, "Good picking, Mrs."

A young theologian Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree:
"It's more than enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D.D."

"Padre Young will demonstrate
with his electric organ at the
Ipoh Presbyterian Church on Sunday"
(Straits Times, April 52)

Who said "Never on Sundays? ? ?

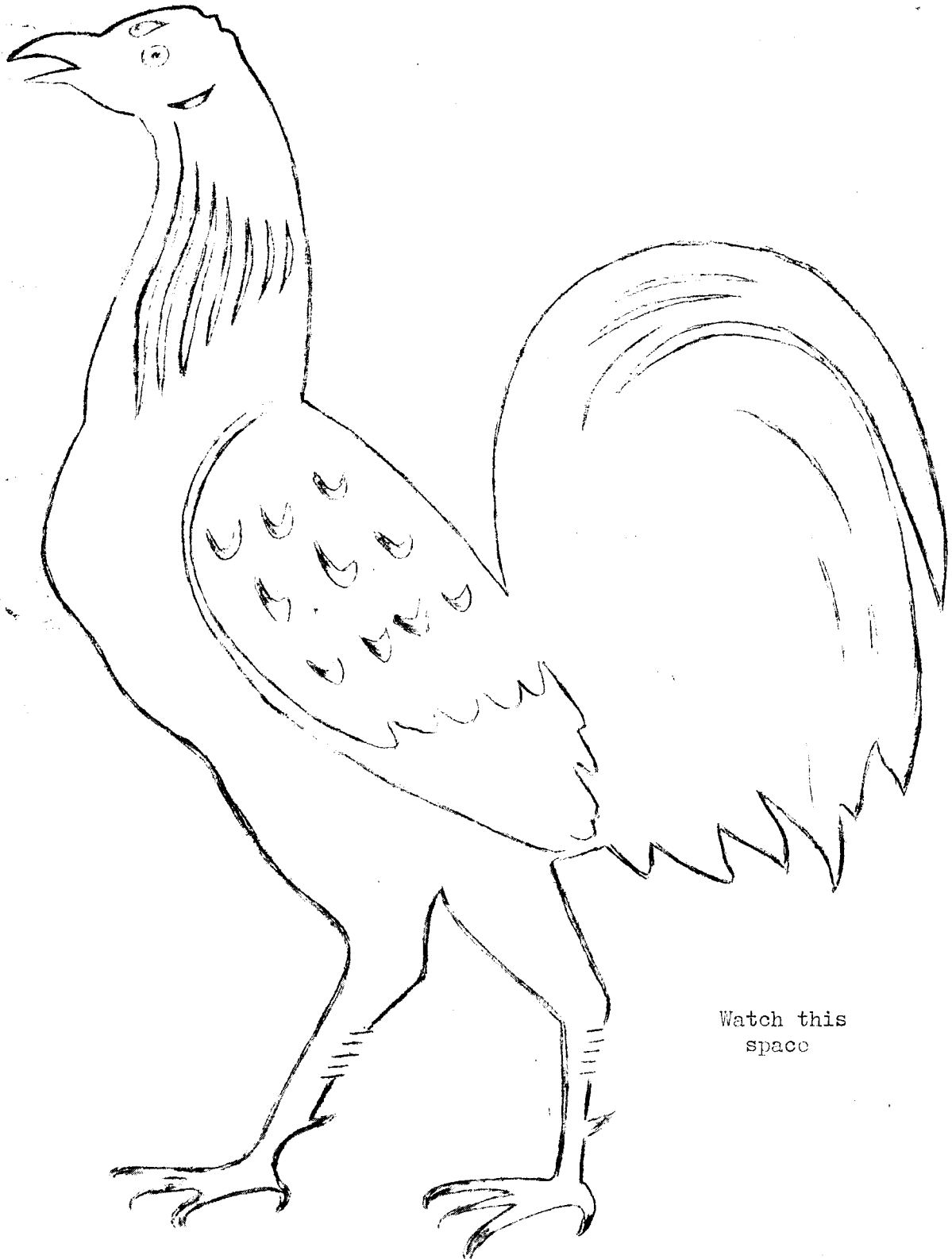
What about a Counterblast, Padre?

(Nairn Teve)

x x x x x x x x

And in the next corner, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Great Golden Coq de Couragio, which, in seasons of severest drought, flees to hibernate in far distant ports

Take courage, however. (You'll need it!)

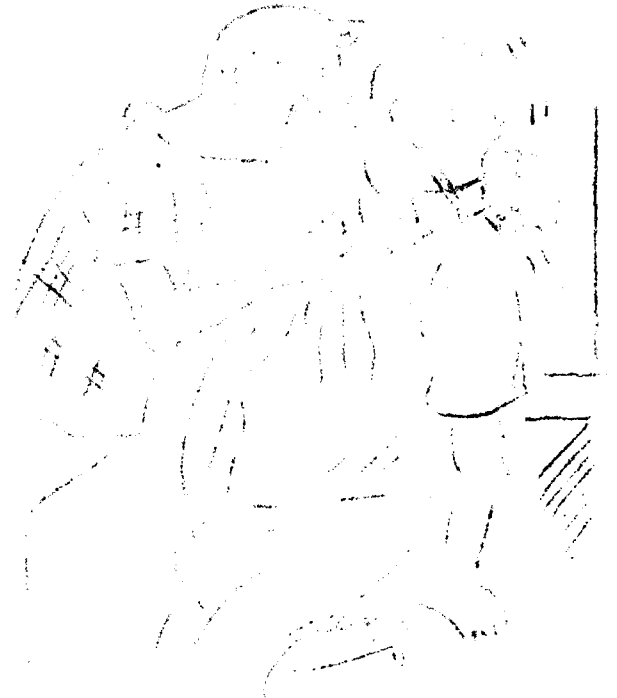


Watch this
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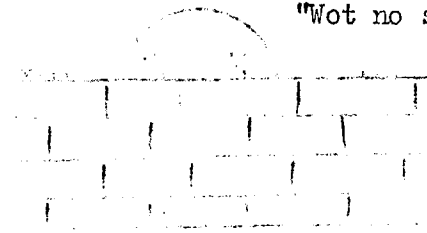
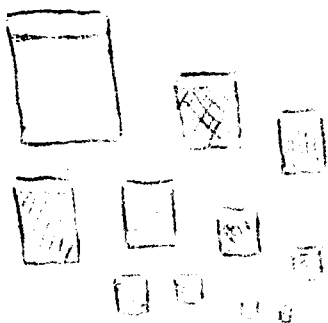
WITH APOLOGIES TO NAAFI

"Juss Let 'im run
out of wallop then"

"An' all I said mate was
too's up wiv yer fag"



"Wot no smokes"



"Cool as a mountain
stream"

