

ERNEST



# GANES ISLAND POST

EDITION NO: 334

<u>EDITORS:</u> * * * * *	SON LDR T. M. WILLEY & SON LDR A.J.J. HAWKINS
<u>SPORTS COORDINATOR</u> * * * * *	FG OFF G. W. MURRAY
<u>COVER DESIGN</u> * * * * *	ERNEST BOWEN
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WEEK ENDING \* \* \* \* \* 30TH AUGUST 1969

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Have you Heard...???

- What Pete was doing at five o'clock on a Saturday lunch-time?!
- Who it was who said "YES!" when the lady said, in Transit, "Now let me see, have I got everything?!"!
- That Frank keeps losing his drawers on VC10s?!
- That Douggie finds it difficult to get an extension on Gan?!
- Whether Dougall has tried it standing up?!
- That Keith only goes when he's on courses?!
- That meals are the only things Richard can manage three times a day?!
- Where was Jacko when the lights went out?!

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Camera Club Those interested in joining contact Sgt Wright, Extn 215, who will arrange a visit.

Latitude Zero Lodge No 9188, RAOB, GLE Meetings every Friday evening in the Club at 1945, transport leaving Transit at 1930. All visiting members welcome.

RAFA Club Sunday lunch-times - beer and curry nosh. All welcome.

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He's Done It Again! Or The "Real" Reason For Our Leaving The East....

- August 15th: Fg Off Gatiss departs on leave.
- 16th: Shot at by Malay Police.
- 17th: Taken into custody.
- 18th: Parents allowed to visit. Disclaimed relationship.
- 19th: Charges read over. Execution date fixed.
- 20th: Interview with Chairman Mao.
- 21st: Deprived of rice for curry.
- 22nd: Irene permitted one hour visit.
- 23rd: All Playboy and Penthouse magazines publicly burned.
- 24th: Diplomatic relations becoming tense.
- 25th: 16 (F) Sqn, RAF Regmt, placed on stand-by for rescue attempt.
- 26th: 16 (F) Sqn discovered reason for stand-by; refused to go.
- 27th: Refused bail, on grounds empty beer cans not acceptable currency.
- 28th: Situation desperate; empty beer cans not acceptable sustenance.
- 29th: Escapes down Yangtse. Chairman Mao breathes sigh of relief.
- 30th: HQ PFAF evacuated; Aussies digging in.
- 31st: Leave expires. Home Guard stood-down. Even Chivenor closing down, moving to Scotland. Interview with CO arranged.

From our Man on the Spot in Singapore.

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Computer Dates Are Exciting!

Don't be shy! Find your ideal mate! Free Questionnaire, without obligation from: AOC RAFO, Eastern Avenue, Barnwood, Gloucester. GL 47 PN.

Right! I'm in-campaigning-mood! You will have noticed my pleas from time to time for contributions for GIP. You will remember our plea last week for contributions early this week, so that we could have a Saturday morning stand-down too. If contributions don't come in, it falls to two or three people, who feel they are performing a useful service, either to find and adapt material from an outside source, or to write it themselves. Failing either of these alternatives, the number of pages is reduced. Nobody is complaining; we have felt we have been doing a job that needs doing, and doing it to the best of our ability.

Now I am told, quite calmly and reasonably, by someone whose intelligence and judgement I respect, that GIP is, by and large, not appreciated, not read, and not necessary. There might be a place for such a magazine at such regular and frequent intervals were we under war conditions, when communication at the airmen's level may be poor, morale must not be allowed to decline, feelings of group unity have to be strengthened, and we may be cooped up in umpteen scattered locations. But, since we on Gan suffer none of these adversities, we are needlessly wasting our time and energies producing GIP.

That this point of view might exist had never for a moment occurred to me. Perhaps my head has been stuck in the clouds. Or in the sand. But I have no time to waste (which of us has?), and I am not anxious to fritter away my mental energy in worthless pursuits. There are other directions in which it might be spent.

Well, I'd like to know. I feel we all should know whether we want a weekly GIP or not. After all, there's an awful lot of time and material being wasted if not. I would therefore appreciate it if readers will complete the cut-out slip on this page and send it to 'Editor, GIP' during the week, if possible by Thursday. You needn't sign it if you would prefer not to, but please don't send frivolous replies, which will simply confuse the issue. And where the views of several people are represented by one reply, please show the number in agreement in the brackets. Thanks.

Ed.

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What is a Pilot Officer...?

Subtly emerging from a carefree childhood, occasionally lit by glorious athletic, or even modest academic, achievement, comes the blissful state of the Pilot Officer. A PO is the future CAS with spots on his face, holes in his socks and a dirty handkerchief. Some are big and burly, some thin and wiry, others fat and sleepy. All are hungry, so that their elders and betters (later at table as a natural consequence of dedication to duty) are obliged to diet on the small crumbs remaining. No one else can compress so much into a weekend case: three weeks' dhobi, a broken tape-recorder, a dog-eared condensed edition of Kinsey's Report, yesterday's cheese sandwiches, etc, etc, etc. A PO likes food, girls, the Top Ten, an occasional beer (on somebody else), food, pin-ups, not shaving, food, weekends, and double helpings. He hates dhobying, his Flight Commander, overtime, the PMC, and inventories. He can usually be found eating, sleeping, in the crew-room, in the kitchens, in the soup, out of fags, out of cash, and out of touch. To his mother, an aspiring and adventurous boy, needing only care, protection and understanding; to his girl-friend, Prince Charming doing the twist, needing only recognition of his latent ability; to his seniors, the lowest form of animal life, needing a haircut - the under-paid, over-worked, unappreciated Pilot Officer....

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Watch this space. Ed.

Cut here.

To:- The Editor, GIP.

I/we (No.....) think GIP should/should not continue, preferably on a weekly basis/at less frequent intervals, e.g..... I am/we are generally satisfied/dissatisfied with its contents.  
Further remarks:-

THE LADIES -- and others -- GOD BLESS 'EM!  
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We all know the clever one, who analyses every emotion like a bloody doctor:

Over the blondes who like equations,  
And on suitable occasions  
Can quote a passage classic  
We are apt to wax ecstatic.  
They know more "cure-alls" than the doc  
Pick the winner of the three-o'clock:  
Approve of sport and country walking,  
Spend all the time in talking.  
They love to savour run and baccy  
But bitch too much of Nagasaki;  
Spend so long at Highland dancing  
they leave no time for real romancing.  
Jealous critics, quite a few,  
Of another blonde's loose screw;  
Tell you when to play your joker,  
Take the fun out of strip poker;  
While at simple games of euchre  
They pinch all your filthy lucre;  
They keep up the yack-yack-yack  
When Jack wants to hit the sack;  
Drive the boy-friend off his head  
By reading a good book in bed,  
Yet complain of being raped  
If seized unready and undraped;  
Before you know you're going steady  
They've got the parson standing ready.

Be Warned.....

DEFINITION OF A WOMAN  
by a Bachelor of Chemistry

Accepted Atomic Wt 126 lbs  
Physical Properties:  
Boils at nothing, freezes  
quicker than the drop of ....  
Melts when well handled; very  
bitter when ill used  
Occurrence: in close proximity  
to man, keen to change his  
happy state.  
Chemical Properties:  
possesses great affinity for  
gold, silver, platinum, gems;  
soaks up refreshment rapidly,  
turns green alongside younger  
specimen.  
Uses:  
most effective income reducing  
agent known to man: very useful  
catalyst who ferments mightily  
at slightest provocation.  
Acidity content high if male  
partner is slow reactor. In  
matrimonial equation, has  
always been more equal than  
partner (Eve, not G. Orwell)

THE FEMALE ANIMAL TOO  
\*\*\*\*\*

The little girl ostrich was frightened  
The boy-friend had got out of hand;  
Not being fully enlightened  
She buried her head in the sand.  
He said, "Have you lost your head?"  
--- And took a very mean advantage of her posture....

There's something about a mandrill  
Unique it would appear-  
For while she looks folk in the  
face,  
They contemplate her rear.

A Lady spider has no-one to gider.  
Thus the female of the species never relieves  
her mate. He must be something she ate.

A BBC man said  
to a blonde young  
animal-lover we  
know:-

A praying mantis laments not the doom of lost Atlantis,  
Nor man's malevolence to man from Pole to Pole:  
When her mate's done to a turn, she's only one concern--  
To eat him whole.

"What reading matter  
would you like best  
to take with you to  
a desert island?"  
She replied:

"A large, strong tattooed  
sailor."

(Jane O'Neil)

MORE LADIES -- Lord Help Us!

HE: Servants, leave me and her alone-  
 Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

SHE: Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you  
 To pardon me for yet a night or two;  
 For your physicians have expressly charged,  
 In peril to incur your former malady,  
 That I should yet be absent from your bed.

HE: Ay, it stands so that I should hardly tarry so long.  
 But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again:  
 I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was ever so..... the thousand and one excuses for not overdoing what comes naturally. Ponder, you "gozomers", how the blow may fall- sickness, headache, nerves, religion, mother-in-law etc.

Here is a song about a willing worker, for a change:

Please don't ask me to marry to-night, Dear;  
 My parents would just have a fit!  
 Why, it was only this morning we met, Dear,  
 Can't you be patient a bit?  
 You know how people would talk, Dear,  
 They'd say it was not in good taste.  
 Besides, I don't think a girl, if she's nice,  
 Would marry a man in such haste....  
 But I will marry you tomorrow, Dear,  
 And we'll share the same toothbrush and comb.  
 But if you don't stop pestering me about it tonight, Dear,  
 I'll get up, and get dressed, and go home!

She was Debbie the Deb, or the Modern Miss who does not miss much.....

\* \* \*\*\* \* \* \*\*\* \* \* \*\*\* \* \*

He said their love was eternal,	)	Adam and Eve in the garden dwelt,
To order her passions he sought:	(	Their ups & downs were so jolly!
Well, they call him peternal.....	)	We wonder how they would have felt
He's fighting the order in cought.	)	If all the leaves had been holly!

(Apologies for that interference again: Ali Futta crept into the plot)

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Johnnie went into the bathroom and saw his Mummy towelling after her second shower.

"What is that, Mummy?" pointing to a private and public place.

"Oh...that's my toothbrush, dear."

"Oh yes, I should have remembered: I saw Daddy cleaning his teeth with the maid's yesterday."

(We could not get away without ONE from the the former GIP level.....)

\*' \*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\* \*

"Many wayward girls come out of approved schools far worse than when they went in: we must have more schools of correction."

(It could only be an Oirish girl who said it..... Sister Clare, Dublin

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The Hittadu Ferry

Clouds like  
half teased balls of  
grey  
white  
cotton wool  
Move in massive march across a sky  
Blue and clear, that holds  
a sun as  
inexorable in its movement and intensity as  
the march of time itself.

That sun for us is time itself, our  
movement round it marking off  
Days  
Hours  
Minutes  
Until the world we left returns, and we  
are part again of that world.

Behind  
across  
around  
Islands with feathery edges mark off another  
smaller world, a world of men  
Thinking  
; Breathing  
Hoping  
A world of which we are part, and yet  
not.

Within that world of islands our world, and  
yet another smaller world. Again  
of men  
Thinking  
Breathing  
Hoping  
This is where the boat must go.

The boat must cross the water  
that divides these two small worlds  
of men.  
Carrying the men themselves, their  
Thoughts  
Hopes  
Fears  
Bridging  
the two small worlds within  
a world.

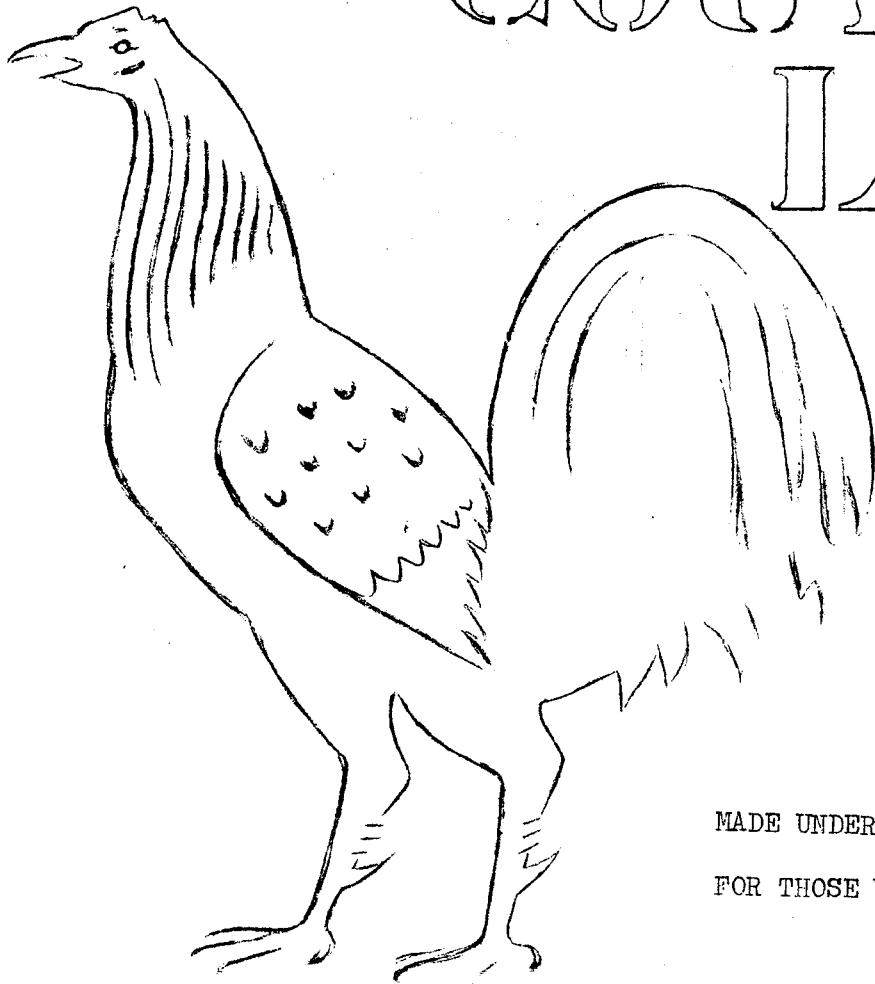
Ichthus

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SOMETHING TO  
CROW ABOUT

THE ARRIVAL OF THE

NEW "COURAGE  
LAGER"



A PALE AMBER  
BEER WHICH  
HAS ALL THE  
CHARACTERISTICS  
LOOKED FOR BY  
DISCERNING  
BEER DRINKERS

MADE UNDER A NEW FORMULA  
FOR THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE SUN

BUY BRITISH

TAKE COURAGE



