



When you've gotta move - you've just gotta move!

EDITION NO 346

EDITORS

COVER DESIGN

PRODUCTION

PRINTING

DISTRIBUTION

WEEK ENDING 22ND NOVEMBER 1989

SQN LDR T.M. WILLEY

SQN LDR A.J.J. HAWKINS

'TOFF'

NASIR MAHMOOD

MOHAMMED HANIKFAN

GENERAL OFFICE

Have You Heard???

That one WO, caught nude bathing by a couple of 'Qs,' refused to have his photograph taken for posterity?!

That, following his nocturnal missions, a burly copper doesn't mind whose bed he climbs into?!

That the mariner undressed one 'Q' to dress another?! (He's got the gift of the garb!)

That there's a notice on a door in MOD(Air) which reads: 'Any person wishing access to the nurse must first see the Hall Porter'?!

That medical opinion has it that nymphomania is a disease - in which the patient actually enjoys being bedridden?!

Notices

The Weather Notes for October show that the average daily temperature - 29.9°C (85.8°F) - was exactly the same as the average for the year. The hottest day was 24th, when it rose to 87.8°F. The total rainfall for the month was slightly below average, and on 11th we had 2.6 inches. 218.5 hours of sunshine for the month was slightly above the average month, giving more than 7 hours of sun as a daily mean, and although the mean speed of the predominately north-westerly wind was only 8.5 kts, we had a gust of 38 kts on 6th.

Anyone interested in playing, or in learning to play, chess is invited to the RAFA Club at 2000 on Sunday evenings, transport leaving Transit at 1930. Or contact Cpl Rudland, Extn 208.

Latitude Zero Lodge, RAOB, continues to meet on Friday nights at 1945, transport leaving Transit at 1930. All visiting members are welcome.

TONITE! TONITE! STOP THE TOUR - I WANT TO GET OFF! GAN'S OWN REVUE AT 1830 IN THE ASTRA, DOORS OPEN AT 1815, ALL SEATS 1/-. GET WITH IT!

NAAFI Notes

Are your wives and girl friends getting their share??? Sales of writing paper this year have totalled 565,160 sheets!

Rapid expansion of ranges of goods on sale in supermarkets has produced some unexpected problems. An elderly lady complained bitterly to a Tesco manager about the oil she had bought to cook her supper in the day before. "It just exploded," she said. "What brand was it, madam?" he enquired. "Shell," she replied, producing the can...

M2 tells me that a friend of his complained to his doctor that, although the first time he made love with his wife was invariably just fine, it had always happened that, after the second time, he finished up all hot and sticky, sweating profusely and puffing and blowing like an old walrus. Was it the same for everyone, he wanted to know. The doctor asked some leading questions about ways and means, but there seemed little unusual in the answers he received, so he asked the chap to send his wife along to see him. When she had been told of her husband's worries, she said: "I'm not surprised. You see, the first time it's January and the second time July!"

One of the reasons why we've had to hurry the Gan Revue along, was so that the island's most renowned critic would be here to see it. It's a pretty close shave, because Sqn Ldr Jim Hawkins departs on the very same evening. (And I'd never be forgiven if I didn't mention that this is after 54 weeks!)

Having worked closely with Jim on GIP, and seldom been more than a sharp bent elbow's distance away when work is done, I reckon I must have heard him moan about practically everything on Gan: the beer, the curry, the meal times, the working hours, the bar hours, the POSBs, GIP, the 'folk on the hill,' his pupils, fan-watchers - everything, that is, except an obscure and remote north of England football club, whose name escapes me at the moment. But, back in his Navy days, Jim was known as 'Justice' (everybody knows there's no justice in the RAF!), and all his criticism has been constructive. He has always done something about it.

In fact, he's always been doing something: his face is too familiar on the golf course for this to be newsworthy (although the fact that, some of the time, he hasn't been playing golf but has been feeding a pet elephant may be!), he's produced lively race cards for horse racing evenings all over the island, he's audited accounts, he's broadcast on genuine banned radio programmes, as well as pitting his wits against Ted Moulton and Co, he's allegedly been photographed frolicking starkers around the MPBW dhoni, and he took over soccer at the express request of the players themselves, later taking them to the FEAF Championships in July. Then he returned for a second stint with GIP, just when one might have thought he was due for a rest in his last few months. In case anybody's still in any doubt, he was Teve O'Nairn (do I have to explain the anagram?) And he's taught a lot of people, of all races, his signature tune - though some have evidently confused this with aircraft noise. He's the sole surviving Honorary Member of No 1 Civil Service Mess - and the word 'surviving' is not lightly used, for he's had a good deal of trouble with his bicycle returning from the weekly mess meetings.

His Changi posting has been changed to Brize Norton at the last moment, but he has the compensation of being able to Take Courage more readily - as well as watching - er - (what's their name?) win the Cup! I heard him the other night talking of the opportunity to achieve much in the Gan tour: "It's like writing in the sand; the tide comes in and you might never have been here." By and large true, no doubt, and poetically expressed (quite unlike Teve). But I'll guarantee I'm not alone in feeling that Jim has done more for the chaps on Gan in any one month of his tour than most of us manage in twelve.

I've heard it said of Sqn Ldr Jack Clark, OC Commcen Gan, leaving by the same flight, that he's grown a bit younger on every day of his tour. He's certainly tried just about everything too: sub-aqua diving (chatting up sharks!), sailing, swimming, tennis, golf, a fair measure of lady-killing (to the envious glares of the younger members) - and winning the Veterans' Race at the Station Sports, to prove beyond doubt that it's all good for you! I imagine by now he's probably even grateful, in a funny sort of way, to the three blokes who wriggled and set him up for Gan - though, of course, I'd never expect him to admit it.

Then there's fiery John Gatiss, of cricketing and deep-sea fishing fame, temporarily discarding his body-belt and embarking next week on his Forumantic campaign in the general direction of Chivenor - with no trace of faint heart, that's for sure! I, for one, will miss his extensive lending library. He's asked me not to make any cracks about him. So I won't. In fact, I only wish we'd known the truth before we printed that purely fictitious, leg-pulling story of his leave in Singapore. I mean, if we'd wanted to pull his leg....

Three stalwarts, all going together. Jim, Jack and John - our thanks, all best wishes, and - au revoir.

Ed.

A building contractor received the following letter from a Jamaican employee:-

"Dear Sir,

"Yesterday, I was involved in an accident, which happened like this:

"I had been re-slating a roof, and when I'd finished the job, I found I had hoisted more slates on to the roof than I needed. So I had to lower the tiles to the ground again, using the pulley and rope I had rigged to get them up there in the first place.

"I hoisted an empty bin up to the roof and secured it. Then I climbed to the roof, filled the bin with slates, and returned to the ground. Here, I unfastened the rope, to lower the bin to the ground. I then discovered that the bin with the slates was heavier than I was. To control the speed of the bin, I hung on to the rope, and was lifted into the air. Half-way up, the bin struck me a sharp blow on the head in passing. When I reached the top, my fingers were crushed in the pulley.

"When the bin reached the ground, the shock caused the bottom to fall out, spilling all the slates. Now, I was heavier than the bin, and began a rapid descent. Half-way down, I met the bin coming up, which broke two toes and scraped one shin. When I landed on the heap of slates, twisting one knee and breaking two fingers.

"At this point, I am afraid I lost my presence of mind. I let go of the rope. The bin then fell, gathering great speed, and landed upon me, breaking a collar-bone and dislocating a shoulder.

"I respectfully request one week's sick leave.

James O'Grady."

Duplicating Service Ltd
Little Missenden, Berksp
24th April 1969

Dear Sir,

I have written to you on one or two numerous occasions to request the assistance of a typewriter mechanic to service my typewriter. All letters, it appears, have produced no response from you.

So this is my sixty-sixth and last request that you send me quickly and possibly your man to port my typewriter out, otherwise I shall take my good business elsewhere.

As you will probably have noticed, the fault lies in the s and the p - every time I type a s and a p come out, and you must realize this causes much confusion amongst my business colleagues, with whom I have considerable correspondence.

I trust that this letter will bring a satisfactory result to my problem.

Yours sincerely,

P. S. Simpson.

Heard from within a curtained rickshaw in Hong Kong:

"Once more over the cobble-stones, Roy!"

I'll Give An Account...

Last week, I told you of my journey out here to Gan, so this week I'll give an account of my experiences on arrival, because I know you're all dying to hear from me again.

Well, I arrived at Transit to be met by a bod from the section where I was to work (SASF - the cream). We collected my bedding, and my escort took me to the room in which I was to spend most of the next twelve months. I opened the door, and I must admit I was a little put out when my room-mates quickly donned sunglasses before introducing themselves. I couldn't get a word in for fully five minutes, while they were going on about the bloody moon. (Now if they could see the moon at nine o'clock in the morning, then it's about time I had my peepers seen to.)

I'm not by any means a prude, but I couldn't help blushing furiously when I realised that all my room-mates were absolutely starkers. My Ma used to say that, if our Maker had intended us to walk around naked, he would have put our peepers under our armpits.

I was feeling a bit weary after the long journey, so I thought to myself that a few hours kip would come in very handy, thank you, so I makes up my bed, dons Ma's home-made poodle-stitch pyjamas, and leaps into my pit. (I undressed in my tall locker, of course, not being one of these exhibitionist fellows you read about.) Three hours later, I wakes up, climbs out of bed, grabs my soap and towel, and dives back into bed for a lovely hot bath! (Warm here, isn't it?)

Spruced up, and wearing my 'I'm all Man and come and get me' after-shave, I set out to make my mark on your sweet little island. After a while, I met the captain of the station football team, and told him I will be playing centre forward in the next match. My perfect physique obviously impressed him, for when he stopped laughing, he said I would be most welcome to play in the next match, which was to be that very afternoon.

The match started, and within four minutes, I'd scored a beautiful goal, which had the keeper baffled. I convinced the rest of the team that being one-nil down so early in the game was not necessarily a catastrophe, and that I'd been dazzled for a split second by the sun. Half an hour later, I got the ball for the second time in the game, tried to pass it to the centre of the field, but passed out instead. (Warm here, isn't it? Or have I said that before?)

Having finished with football for the rest of that day, I wandered to the Naafi shop to pick up a few things. I had a good look round, but finally decided on a camera, a Rolex, a pair of binoculars and a tape recorder. I enquired at the counter whether they accepted credit, and was assured that indeed they welcomed it, so I told the chap behind the counter that I thought he'd displayed his goods beautifully, and walked out with 'my' goods.

Well, readers, this is all for this week. 'They' have just unlocked my door and brought me my dinner.....

B.L.

You've all heard the old Gan joke about "What's the second thing you're going to do when you get home, close the front door?" Well, it appears that not everyone who goes home at the end of his tour gets an extensive period of leave. One particular unfortunate was required to report to his new unit as soon as possible, being given the opportunity just to call in and see his wife on the way. As it turned out, he was a couple of days late, and was, of course, charged with being AWOL. His defence, when on the carpet, was unusual, to say the least. "I'm sorry, sir," he stammered, "but it was all the wife's fault. You see, she was in the bath when I arrived, and it took two days to have my uniform dry-cleaned!"

The Last Laugh

"Hadrian" (once known as Bill Sutton of MPBW) went home to a well earned rest after his mighty construction near the Transit Hotel. A successor is now urgently needed to undertake similar work at the Officers' Mess, as the result of a South Walian attempting to climb the wall and make for Bushy, his loins afire with Celtic and Rhodesian memories long ago.

The walls of Jericho did not descend any faster, but our wrecker was inspired by Joshua too: Chap 1 verse 9. He was too full of courage and undismayed, but his chief supporter was just able to get out from under..... soon after a loud rendering of "We shall not be moved."

East German officials are wondering what will happen to their own wall when Dai the Cash next goes to the Fatherland.

Talking of walls reminds us of halls, calls and
Last Christmas a soloist from Radio Gan sang the following version:

In the Palace of the Great Emir
El Shat el Arab of the East,
The ladies of the harem sat knitting
While he drank his whisky and yeast.

Then the voice of the Eunuch Master
Came echoing through the halls,
"What would you like for Christmas?"
And the eunuchs all shoted, "B...s!"

o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o

An old spinster whom life had made mellow
Bought a share in a high-class bordello:
"I am not," she'd impart,
"A ravaged old tart!
I'm dying to meet the best fellow!"

A very low dachshund named Wally
Fell in love with an oversized collie:
Though his passions grew madder
The story grew sadder--
His dogged attempts were sheer folly.

A young nymphomaniac Mae
Was the quickest at hitting the hay;
She won general renown
And was cheered through the town
As the fastest drawers in Santa Fe.

A high class bowler called Corey
Was asked by GIP for his story:
"Now I'll give you a tip;
It's all in the grip,
Which I try out on my Q-friend Laurie.

