



GANN
ISLAND
POST

Ernest
BOWEN

EDITION NO 347

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| WEEK | EDITORS: * * * * * | SON LDR T.M. WILLEY & |
| ENDING | COVER DESIGN: * * * * * | SON LDR M.T. LAMBE |
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| 6 | | |
| 9 | | |

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Have You Heard???

- That the reef rescue vehicle was recently rescued from the reef?!
- That the Doc says "If you're going to give it a pull, give it a good pull"?!
- That the Chief Constable's submission to the FEAF establishers is based firmly upon the premise of their disestablishment?!
- That Irene can't even do it with her new spectacles on?!
- That a SRN is looking for a partner whilst Alan is on leave?!
- That the OO hid all the dustbin lids the night the SWO departed?!
- That a haggis is just a POSB pasty?!
- That the Ed. was hoist by his own petard in No 1?!
- That Jimmy went to a production meeting?!
- That Dai forgot to comb his hair...?! (Sic.)
- That the greens are likely to improve, as the new member is the horizontal champ?!
- That GIP was not represented at Copenhagen's recent Fair?! (Nobody told me! Ed.)
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Notices

Notes on the Christmas Eagle Trophy Competition appear in the Sports Pages of this edition.

A 39-seater coach will run a Bus Service each day of the Christmas grant, leaving Transit Hotel every hour from 0800 to 2359 daily. The route will be from Transit Hotel to Clubland, then back via Transit to the Asian Camp and the Golf Club, with a diversion to SCS if required, and thence back to Transit. All non-essential vehicles will be withdrawn from Flights and Sections, and immobilised in the MT Section.

For Sale

Alsatian Guard Dogs - £125 each. Guaranteed to keep the whole world out of your quarters. (Only snag is, you may not be able to enter yourself, but this is the only slight inconvenience in an otherwise perfect arrangement.)

Apply Provost Officer.

Sugar 'n' Spice

Heard in SASF: "If she won't take off, you'll have to strip her down and give her the works."

The belle of the office was regaling her bored companions with the tale of her adventures on the previous night. "This fellow," she said, "took me up to his apartment and showed me a wardrobe containing at least a dozen absolutely perfect mink coats - and guess what: he actually gave me one!"

"What did you have to do?" asked a sceptical listener.

"Oh, just shorten the sleeves a little," was the reply.

This Week's Thought of Chairman Mo

Man who argues with wife all day, won't get peace at night...

I must start this week by welcoming Sqn Ldr Mike Lambe, not only to Gan, but also to the editorial board of GIP, in both cases in succession to the lately repatriated Jim Hawkins. The new co-editor appears in print this week, and his interest in live entertainment will already be apparent. I recommend that all those who have been asking when the next self-help, live show on Gan will be (and there have been some!), direct your enquiries and suggestions to him. Welcome aboard, Mike.

Since I now have less than eight weeks to do, would you believe, Mike Lambe will be gradually taking over the reins. Although, inevitably, the shape and form will probably shift slightly in the process, I have no doubt that the essential, Gan-orientated character of GIP will be preserved, as it seems to have been under successive new managements in the past.

In preparation for the Christmas jollifications, Lewis Johns and others have been compiling a Gan Song Book. This will include most of your favourites among his folk songs, and also some songs with a special significance to Gan-nets, such as the Song of the Two Sad Flight Sergeants, sung by Taff Howls in last week's revue. As soon as it is ready, the Song Book will be issued as a supplement to GIP, in a similar number of copies, and you should all have them in time for the Christmas stand-down.

Once or twice in recent weeks, I have heard a bit of individual enterprise which I consider an enormous improvement on the traditional: how pleasant and civilised to be geared into activity in the mornings by a simple, straight-forward

"Good morning - it's oh six thirty."

in place of the usual

"Stand by for time check... The time is now zero six thirty hours - local time... End of time check."

The abbreviated version contains all that is required and, at that time in the morning, has the sort of informal touch that is less likely to make you wish you were dead rather than still suffering the effects of the night before. Earlier this year, we had one wag who prefaced his remarks with "Good morning, campers!" Humour at such a time is almost as unwelcome as prolonging the agony, however, and his individuality had to be curbed! I don't know the identity of the newcomer, but more strength to his elbow.

Ed.

Letters to the Editor

Airwork Services Ltd,
P.O. Box 689,
Abu-Dhabi,
Arabian Gulf

Dear Sir,

If there are any conchologists amongst the boys at present in residence, could you please ask them to contact me, with a view to the buying or swapping of species. Having done my 'not having' stint on B Shift, SASF, I feel sure there will in fact be several people interested.

Since leaving Gan, on 9th December 1967, many of the boys have joined my present company. On behalf of Ron Auger, Don Rogers, Danny Stembridge and myself, best wishes to you all for a boozy Christmas - and never mind if you've just arrived; XII months is not such a long time!

Yours,

D.K.J. Wickenden

STOP THE TOUR I WANT TO GET OFF THE REVIEW OF THE REVUE

As a new comer (who, tender-skinned will always be a moonie) I was impressed both by the verve with which the performers gave their all, and by the skilful blending of the story line and individual turns. As a producer, I was particularly aware of how much hard work had been put in, by so few people. Sqn Ldr Redfern, who both wrote and produced the show, tells me that it was his very first attempt at production. Technicalities apart, the essential for any producer is to be able to gather together a team and keep it happy: in this he is to be congratulated. It's no mean effort to get together a team of twenty - five, to rehearse in wretched conditions, and then to produce a show infectiously enjoyable and seen to be so by the participants. (Or would combatants be more felicitous?)

As to performances, much depends on the material one is given. Even Olivier couldn't make much of an impact with "My lord, the carriage awaits." Tho, come to think of it, I've seen Boris Karloff chill an audience to the bone with those very words. So it's invidious to single out the stars from the supporting cast. But David Newman's 117 was suave, bland and provided the necessary link for the show. This was good casting. If he ever leaves NAAFI there are several girls' boarding schools who would welcome him with open arms.

The other link man, the compere, Snowy Lyons, established immediate rapport with his audience. He tells jokes well but should heed Frankie Howard's advice: Asides are rarely extempore, they are usually rehearsed. I don't know why he chose to spit over me in particular - another hazard of the front row - but it might be worthwhile his sending those teeth back for a re-tread.

Sqn Ldr Mal Willey and Flt Lt Tom Murray saw the show off to a good start. The gadgets were particularly well chosen and demonstrated. The acting was disciplined and the characters believable.

Dave Watkins' smile still haunts me; it was a splendidly sycophantic leer.

The other grotesque, Flt Lt Chris Cochrane, was worthy of the best musical hall tradition. His entrance was particularly good, a walk like a cross between Arthur Askey and Frank Randell doing their 'Bum of the Flittle Bee' sketch.

In a different tradition were the performances of Alex Penalver and Flt Lt Pete Pendlebury. They walked the tightrope on one side of which is disgust with the unfortunate transvestite or queer, and on the other uneasy laughter. In the middle is the Danny LaRue - Kenneth Williams tradition, and to the middle Alex and Pete firmly kept. It's a great credit to these performers that they amused us so much and offended us not at all. (Strange they fled to camp after the show)

Ch Tech Hunter's 'Padre' was splendidly besotted: we hung on every word. Part of the fun was wondering which word was coming next. Good support was given by FS Mulberry, Flt Lt Chasemore (pity he couldn't have sung 'A Policeman's lot' FS Johnson and Sgt Smith.

Ch Tech Taff Howls is a born story teller, so much so that I was convinced I'd read his material in Dylan Thomas. He also has a very good singing voice and is one of the few Welshmen I know who can sing in tune.

Flt Lt Johns certainly sings in tune - a most natural and pleasing performer.

Throughout it all WO Edwards, well supported by Phil Hummel and Sgt Smith, kept the music going - not the most rewarding of tasks, but well appreciated.

Considering the limitations of the Cinema, the stage team did well. The cast did well to get the thing on at all. "And all that work just for one performance" people say: Well, a good many of you must have missed the show. If demand exists, more performances can be given, tho probably not so cheaply as 1/- a head, in itself remarkable.

So, to the producer and cast, our thanks. They made us laugh and forget things for a while. What next? Those interested might care to

Contact the new S.Ed:O.

The Incredible Shrinking Pound

Don't look now, but your pound is slipping. There is nothing new about that, of course, except that since devaluation in November 1967, it has been slipping faster than ever.

Remember devaluation? That was when the Prime Minister explained that the 'pound in your pocket' would not be affected. Except that, since then, its purchasing power has dropped to about eighteen shillings. In many cases, this unfunny vanishing trick happens almost unnoticeably - a halfpenny here, a penny there, on prices. Few of us lost much sleep when a halfpenny went on a two pound packet of granulated sugar and a penny on fish fingers. These rises were small enough to get by without fuss.

But since devaluation, the price of a half-pound tin of quality salmon has risen by 10% - from 4/- to 4/5. Best bacon is up from 5/8 to 6/4 a pound - a 12% increase. Rice, once 1/- a pound, is now 1/3 - 25% more. During the first quarter of this year, the household food bill made its biggest jump since rationing and price control ended fourteen years ago. For each member of her family, the housewife was spending over 2/2 more a week on food than in the first quarter of 1968.

Shopkeepers claim they are not to blame. Len Reeves-Smith, general secretary of the National Grocers' Federation, says: "The majority of the increases have been caused by governmental measures." Among the causes are devaluation, higher purchase tax, fuel tax, selective employment tax and higher interest rates.

Wherever you take your pound, you get less for it. Milk is up a penny, a large loaf costs 2½d more, and that Battenburg cake you have with your cuppa is up from 2/3 to 2/5. The rising price list is as long as your arm. And if the rises give you a headache - well, even curing that is going to cost more. Since devaluation, aspirin is up from 9d to 1/-. If that chokes you, cough mixture, 4/6 just two years ago, is now 4/8.

It's enough to drive you to drink - but that is an even costlier pleasure. A 1964 Beaujolais has risen from 14/2 at devaluation to 18/9, while a bottle of whisky is up from 51/11 to 58/5.

The Government's official cost-of-living index shows that shop prices have jumped by an average of 10%.

D.N.

Our London correspondent, M2, has told us that he was travelling on the Bristol train recently, when Bernard, an American travelling executive, struck up an interesting conversation with a young English public school type and his rather deaf father. "Whereabouts is your home?" the American asked. "Oh, we are from London," the young man replied; "were you ever living in London?"

"Why, I sure was," said the American, "I spent over a year there during World War Two." "What's the fella say, Cecil?" asked the deaf old man. "He said he lived in London in the war," his son told him. Turning back to the American, he then enquired: "While you were there, did you by any chance happen to meet Lady Deborah Crumpet? She was an official guide to the allied forces."

"I should just say I did," enthused the American. "You mean good old Deb, the naughty nympho? Why, I remember living it up with that dame for more than a month, and when we'd finished, they had to carry me to hospital!"

"What's he say now, Cecil?" the old man again interrupted.

"He says he knew mother."

DEAR GODFREY.....

So many dear boys have asked my advice over the years. Some are now household names, others have been lovingly inscribed on the walls of leading public conveniences; others, alas and alack, are detained until Her Majesty's pleasure be known. (By the by, if you are invited to take tea at the Palace, take your own cup.)

One such dear youth, now alas doing five years for indecently assaulting a chicken; said to me one day as we strolled through my elegant conservatory, feeding meat to the Venus Fly Traps, and teasing Ordure, my pet fruit bat, "God," he said, (he tends to be just that little familiar at times) "God, why don't you bring joy to all those thousands of others, millions of lonely hearts pining for the comforts that only you can bring them as you have done to me, if I may be so bold." -He tends to go on, but his heart's in the right place as wishis liver.

Even I blenched at the task before me, but, fortified by the example of our dear Queen Alexandra - such a close friend of my dear mother - I encouraged a correspondence that daily grows greater. Mr Cowfoot, our dear Postman, lost to us so tragically after that unfortunate episode with the Vicar, used to say in his adorable way, so redolent of the farmyard; "We'll soon need a rubbish cart to carry this load of old crap." Such a loveable man. And so very virile at ninety, as Mavis Foglinger of the local hostelry will so readily testify after half a dozen free gins.

But Mr Cowfoot has been replaced by a comely and much more willing young rustic who never complains, whatever the demands I may make upon him, so; dear, dear boys; the column was born.

And now, to your delight, you can write to me in full confidence, care of our Far Eastern Branch, Gan Island Post, and your letter will be published and a helpful reply given.

Here are just one or two from the first batch - so touching - so many problems and, at a mere 1/3d a word, so little space allotted by our meanie of an editor. And all loving typed by my own lilywhite fingers.

"WORRIED" in SAS Flight writes:

My lizard refuses to speak to me, and won't learn, but just sits and sulks. I did so want it to learn the Book of Genesis for my girl friend.

I commend you industry, dear boy, and know to my cost that lizards are peevish creatures. Why not begin gently with a short psalm?

"ANGUISHED" of SCAF tells me:

I have the urge to do unmentionable things with my monsoon cape. How can I resist this horrid temptation?

Don't resist it. Write to me fully telling me every detail. Who knows, you may become as famous as Kraft Ebbing or Harold Robbins. In the meantime may I recommend my occasional pamphlet "Fun in Macs" (12/6d from any disreputable bookseller)

To "WRETCHED" General Office - Unless you stop you will go blind and mad and your hair will fall out. Try melons.

To "BEWILDERED" Fire Section:

This is a very common problem with boys of your age. Try hitting it suddenly with a coal hammer.

To S Ad O (is it some sort of animal?)

A sharp blow with a hatchet may do the trick, but for auditors I always recommend ground glass - much more sure and very painful.

So, don't forget. I can help you with any problem. Just write to GODFREY - care of GIP and you'll receive a published reply guaranteed confidential and read only by my eight million readers. Until those breathless moments when you read me again next week -

