



This Month's Collection Of Contentious Items

- Illegal Loophole
- Hols In UK ?? Errr, No Thanks
- Bear Check
- Classic Rounds
- Diary Notes
- Old Codgers Corner
- The P/Q Papers
- D/town Gallery.



Chiang Mai Sixes

You Can Only Be An Illegal On a Week Day

Officers in Britain's new border force have been told they should not arrest illegal immigrants and foreign criminals at weekends or on bank holidays. To cut costs, the new Border and Immigration Agency (BIA) has told them only a minimum number of staff should be on weekend duty to answer essential calls. Staff are entitled to extra payments for weekend working but the agency is trying to save 80m-100m pounds to keep its budget in line with Treasury edicts.

David Davis, the shadow

home secretary, said it exposed as a sham Gordon Brown's claims that the new agency would secure Britain's borders. John Tincey, vice-president of the Immigration Service Union, which represents 4,000 immigration staff, said it would make Saturdays and Sundays virtually an "open season" for offenders.

The arrangements, due to take effect on April 1, are detailed in a memo to the agency's 1,500 enforcement staff. It says "no operational visits will be scheduled at weekends or on bank or

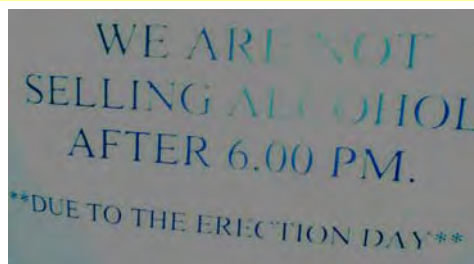
public holidays" without giving three weeks' notice and obtaining the express written consent of a senior BIA director.

The new arrangements will not affect the manning of immigration desks at ports and airports, which is handled by a different division within the BIA.

However, it will mean efforts to track down foreign criminals to be deported, failed asylum seekers and others who have slipped past port controls will effectively stop at weekends.

Amazing state of affairs !

Sign Spotted in Well Known Bangkok Pub



Bad Parking Day



Rainy weather, bangers and mash, football hooligans and the stiff upper lip are what put potential tourists off visiting Britain, according to a new survey.

Ideas about poor cuisine, high costs and the absence of a warm welcome were all reasons why significant numbers of people said they would not even contemplate a holiday in Brit-

Welcome To Britain

ain, according to researchers for VisitBritain.

The Scots and the Welsh were perceived as friendlier than the English. Among the most resistant to Britain's charms were the Americans and the Canadians, 50% of whom said they would never visit even if

they could afford it.

Many still regard British food as the worst in the world. Indians said they wanted to see a full English breakfast, but not necessarily to eat it, while the French said "trying local food and drink is not one of Britain's strengths".

Overall, Brazilians were most keen on eating a full English breakfast. None of the participants fancied a visit to a football match, and most felt the stiff upper lip purveyed a sense of snobbishness. The least attractive proposition, as far as the overseas visitors were concerned, was a visit to the British seaside, regardless of location. **Gosh!!**

The Bear Cheek Of It

A bear has been thrown into solitary confinement at Paddington Green police station, after being found at Paddington railway station with a label attached to his duffel coat naming him as "Mohammed". The label also proclaimed his origins as "Darkest Sudan". Under British appeasement to Sharia Law, it is illegal to leave bears unattended at railway stations. It is also illegal to name them Mohammed, Jesus, Buddha, Satan or any other name deemed ridiculous for a bear. The law clearly states that all bears must be named things like Deano, Rupert, Dutchy or Gordon.



A spokesman for the Association of Barking Moslems shouted: "Everything about this bear is an offense to Islam, from his duffel coat and battered souwester to his quaint little suitcase and his penchant for marmalade sandwiches. But

most of all his name, which is only allowed for Sudanese schoolchildren and half the male Moslem population. The bear must either change his name to something more suitable, such as Pooh, or die." Mohammed was said to be "confused" at being hurled into solitary confinement, and was concerned as to when he might be given some marmalade. "This would never happen back home in Darkest Sudan," he said to his lawyer, Gemima Puddleduck. "I only came here for the excellent railway services and the famous British tolerance." **Sorry, not anymore !!**

Advertisement

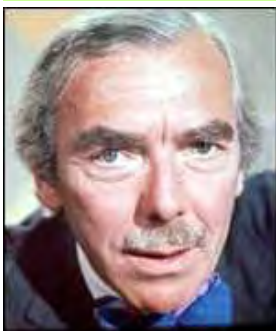
Don't get caught out away from home - the new Krip Kar Komode is perfect for those embarrassing emergencies. Had a dodgy Ruby Murray, a fetid fish finger or just eaten at the mother-in-law's; then this is the perfect transport of convenience.



The Krip Kar Komode

"I'll Drink To It" Quotations

Frank Muir



The wine tasted like a urine sample from someone gravely ill.

Dorothy Parker



One more drink and I'll be under the host.

Brendan Behan



I only drink twice a day—when I'm thirsty and when I'm not.

Blackadder



My head feels like there's a Frenchman living in it.

W.C.Fields



I think this wine has been drunk before.

Diary Notes For February

Back in Bangkok for the start of the month, catching up with various folk. Had lunch down at the Duke and caught up with all the latest gossip. The Mango Bar is in final stages of securing premises in Suk Soi 11. The DoW has an outside area with tables and umbrellas in preparation of the no-smoking ban.

The Earl of Wombatshire appeared for a few days before departing for HK, Taiwan, Taipei and places unpronounceable. Much news of the King tumbling down a gully, Dasher's birthday and lunch with the redoubtable Dutchy. He is now the spearhead of a formidable team recruited for the CM Sixes.

The Silom Serene hosted a lunch with Richard Ellis to discuss the rates for their new hotel, the Bodhi Serene, in CM. Looks really nice and will be worth a visit in April. Returning to Lakeside mid Feb and lunch with Martin Brand at the Bangsaray Club. Very nice roast with tuna sushi to start. Down to Chokdee

Bar for more pool matches and a familiar pattern was established.

Another Buddha day, or Macha Bukha day was immediately followed by election registration, so no bars open anywhere for four days. Same last weekend during senate elections so much recovery for many livers. Heading into March anticipating the visit to CM at the end of the month.

Ancient Codgers Column - Tales of Derring Do

Long has the custom been held that the process of inheritance provides for the eldest son to inherit all assets. The second son is provided with a commission into the military, while the third son goes into the clergy. During the last fracas with the Teuton, the great-grandfathers of the elite were part of the crack "Jermyn Street Platoon", who were parachuted into Paris in 1944 to liberate the agreeable tailoring premises of Monsieur Charvet in Place Vendome.

The present elegancia will, of course, have grown up surrounded by family portraits of martial ancestors, bluff mustachioed coves who had horses shot from under them at Waterloo and their arms sliced off by cannonballs at Trafalgar. The young Military type will have a fine collection of toy lead soldiers with which to recreate famous battles on the drawing-room floor. And not only battles - the sporting cadet can replay over and over again the Christmas Day soccer match from No-Man's Land, with commentary, while the more sensitive miniature battle strategist will also have shell-shocked lead soldiers to recreate such scenes as picking poppies in No-Man's Land while musing on poetry, and perhaps sighing over a photograph of Miss Mata Hari. Licking the delicious lead paint off the toy soldiers will also cause mild insanity, which is a distinct benefit in military life.

Once decided on his career, the Military cadet must then chose his regiment. One should always chose the Army, although those with sufficiently famous and blood-thirsty maritime ancestors may be drawn to the life of the jolly Jack Tar. The Military man will never join the Royal Air

Force, which has simply never had the right cachet apart from a few glorious silk-scarfed, Spitfire-studded months in the 1940s. He will chose one of the more louche and languid regiments, where he may indulge in his passions for bacarat and horses as well as learning the rudiments of war. He will often end up in an esoterically named regiments, such as the Earl of Mar's Grey-Brecks or Paget's Irregular Horse or the Death's Head Hussars. Dandyism in the Army is de rigueur for the Military connoisseur, and indeed the deciding factor for a particular regiment may be that they wear scarlet facings or sport periwinkle sabretaches.

The Regiment will, of course, develop his own sartorial style to complement his uniform - a hunting horn, a bright yellow cravat, a pearl-handled Webley, and perhaps a pet ocelot that accompanies him at all times. One should always carry a silver hipflask in the breast pocket, as this is efficacious in deflecting sniper bullets meant for one's heart. The more raffish rascal, who has over-indulged in tales of derring-do in the Boy's Own Paper in his youth, will seek to emulate the more buccaneering soldier. He would have spent, for instance, the recent period of unpleasatness with Johnny Arab clad in a djellabah, careering round the desert merrily blowing up ammunition dumps and garroting enemy sentries. The raffish exploiter could also become the

regimental Intelligence Officer, as this role gives one unlimited funds for hiring showgirls as "informers" and "agents", and unlimited scope for indulging ones passion for intrigue, skulduggery and dressing up in false moustaches.

The Military man will find the actual business of warfare a trifle dull. For one thing, it is well known that most foreigners are abject cowards.. He may well find that five dozen Johnny Foreigners surrender to him when he strolls into their trench armed with nothing more than a well-waxed moustache, a rolled up copy of the Illustrated London News and the latest cricket scores. For this action he will receive an MC and the nickname "The Mad Major".

After a lifetime's soldiering and playing silly buggers in the Mess, it is time for the Mad Major to hang up his sword and return to Civvy Street. He will retire to the countryside with a slight limp and a metal plate in his head ("copped a bullet in the S G Hambros Raid"), an eye patch, a black Labrador named Sooty and a sheaf of assegais over the chimneypiece. However, his martial ire will not die, and he will inevitably appear in the newspapers for beheading some insolent urchin with a machete whilst caught breaking into his study. He will always be remembered for his sartorial elegance and joie de vivre.

Pisquick Papers - Fabulous Fables

No. 1

Many years ago in downtown Brisbane, Australia, a young boy was born to delighted parents. The youngster, pictured right, was to become a multi-faceted talent spending much time playing cricket and tinkling the ivories. Having experienced a British summer, his skills on the piano became synonymous with wet



and dreary conditions in the UK. Songs from 'The Twelfth Man' and Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson were heard

in various hosteries and cricket bars.

His father, pictured right, an expert in bat recognition after dark, is also a renowned piano tuner whose extraordinary tonal range amazes fellow tuners. Able to pick up a mouse fart at two miles, our hero watches TV in the 'mute' setting.



Based on the evidence, avid readers of this column are invited to put forward their suggestion as to the identity of this highly talented chap.

Answer : Bottom of Page 4



Answer to Fab Fables

Yes, folks, this is today's hero



Its no other than A. Gurkha, bowler, batter, fielder and gambler extraordinaire !!! A great entertainer and all-round 'sport'. Fearsome in battle but hopeless on the piano.

Where Is He Now??

Where is Archie Baker ???



Well known public house entertainer and part time cricketer, last seen frequenting flower beds in Brisbane. Any sightings of this popular ivory tinkler would be most welcome.

Oysters are supposed to enhance your sexual performance, but they don't work for me. Maybe I put them on too soon. *Gary Shandling*

Sign Spotted in Soi Bukhao, Pattaya

