



THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF WOOF

BIOPERVERSTY

96/97



CHRISTMAS SPECIAL



BET HE DOESN'T CLAIM HIS TRAVELLING EXPENSES



win
A NIGHT OUT
WITH *Robin*

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO SHOP IN GODALMING!



FROM THE EDITOR..

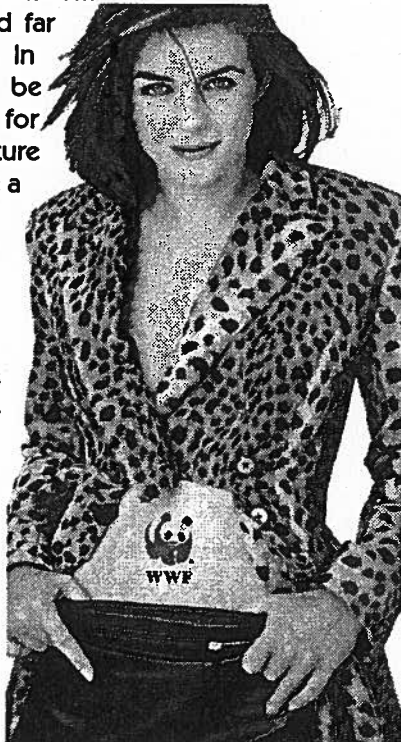
Well, we've made it through the first year without being banned, sued or kneecapped...so it can't be all that bad! Mind you, Robin did tell me, as we walked along a windy seafront in Bournemouth, that **Bioperversity** had been condemned by higher quarters as a "scurrilous rag which ought to be stopped". Well, all power to your elbow Robin for being mature enough to recognise that debate within an organisation is healthy (either that or he came to the conclusion that we're basically a harmless bunch of sad people who pose no threat).

We did have a little ripple of concern when we heard that certain ex-employees were using **Bioperversity** as a source of material to undermine our credibility externally - all I can say is that person must be pretty desperate if they have to resort to *this* as a serious reflection of the organisation. But just in case the corridors are still bugged, I'd better reiterate that we **MAKE EVERYTHING UP** unless it concerns anybody in fundraising in which case it's pretty much all true.

Anyway, that's enough from me. I hope you all enjoy our bumper Christmas and New Year special. Thanks to all those who contributed, and scrooge like grumbles to all those who promised they'd produce something and didn't (mentioning no names..). I'm actually getting a lot of text from around the building now which is excellent but don't panic if you don't see your words of wisdom

here because I had far too much to put in this one and will be holding stuff over for leaner times. Future goodies will include a "get your kit off column" for those bizarre WWF employees who just can't wait to take their clothes off at parties - believe me there's quite a few of them!!!

Anyway, have a great Christmas and New Year from all the **Bioperversity** Team!



"ANYBODY WANT DISCOUNT ON A JACKET LIKE MINE!"




FROM THE DIRECTOR



Whew, luckily I managed to get my contribution in just in time as the Editor was threatening to reveal my plans to nip off to Scotland with the Duke for a spot of deer rustling over Christmas. Still, managed to shut her up with a bottle of babycham and a promise of a wacking great pay rise (*yo sucker...Ed!!!*).

Still, I wanted to fit in a quick message of goodwill between signing all those discretionary pay increase letters (must ask Les whether we really can afford to give *all* the support staff a 60% increase...) and buying wine and choccies for the Directors - should keep them sweet until they realise *they're* financing the pay increase. Oh well, best get back to some real work - I've got a couple of policies to write for those nice people in Programmes and a few people to hire - you never can trust Human Remains to choose the best chap you know....

Anyway, have a jolly good Christmas everyone and here's to some more fun in 1997!!

Lotsa Luv,
Rockin' Robin 
XXX

P.S Sorry Robin, but you really must try harder to get your bit to me on time!!! Then I won't have to make it up.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR



Dear **Bioperversity**,

I think the rag is OK, I personally have no problem with it. What I can't stand are the Editorial Team who put it together. They sit in my section so I see it all.

Firstly, there's the Editor. She has two ways of dealing with people, she either bats her eyelashes or frightens them. She obviously thinks she's attractive - God knows why - I've seen her in lycra and she wobbles more than the Michelin Man. I can see how she frightens people though - one kick from "horse-legs" Hatton and you'd end up in next week.

Then there's this baldly old git beside her. He thinks he's really funny. He might very well be (*er...no actually*) but we'll never know because we can't understand a bloody word he says! Have you noticed that he's always laughing and joking with the women? He's obviously not getting enough at home. And I hate the way he goes on about his telescope, it's probably to make up for his deficiencies in other areas.

People wonder why I travel a lot - well now you bloody well know!

Yours cordially, Chris.



Sandy's going for a Departmental round-up this quarter - so let's see who's the most badly behaved in Panda House.....

Fundraising Fun - Aubergine Head

The "Milk Tray" Man of Fundraising, dashing Paul King has been spotted sporting an aubergine on his head. Has he turned vegetarian? We ask? No, the purple-topped Paul has given up his car (in favour of greener forms of transport - his bike - OK, he's crashed in twice...). His trendy crash helmet affords him membership to the purply club which seems to be a recurring theme in PH at the moment. Recently spotted in his most regal of colours is Mary "top to toe lilac" Forsyth, Toby "It's never a new shirt is it" Quantrell and Paul "nice jeans" Toyne. Is this a new cult developing Sandy asks? What next? Ivan in purple braces? Vicky in a purple frock? The artist formerly known as....the International President (replacing one popular Prince for another) will you spot any more purples, let Sandy know and we'll flush them out into the open.

Meanwhile in downtown Woking, Sarah Davies, WWF's hippest ex-chickette, celebrated her 21st birthday with a very charming Tarzanogram who was better oiled than the rest of the party put together. The sponsor of said sozzled snogogram should demand a refund I feel!

Finance and Database Services - Lock up your sons (and fathers for that matter)

Those lovelies in DBS and some fundraising floozies had a "girls' night out" in Cinderella's recently and as usual Sandy sneaked along uninvited to check out the groove. Lizzie can report that she was not disappointed as copious pints were consumed and the night got more and more outrageous as time went on. Bona "I'm only here for the beer" Elliott was overheard saying "If I stop dancing I'll fall over" with boozy grin on face and pint in mltt. Tsk, Tsk. Lucy "long legs" Barnett was fighting off the (laughingly known as) talent all night and Pete did nothing more than fret about her handbag. Beverly has won the bonus ball roll and brought everyone a drink (well she would have done if she had collected her winnings). Apparently (don't all the best conversations start with apparently?), Marie "they just fell off" Bowman was last seen swapping her togs with a milk male grabbed off the dance floor - all for a couple of bottles of bubbly!

Other DBS groovers included Julia "bare it all" May, Leigh "I've had a shag (haircut)" Mitchell, Nicki "dancing queen" Pearce, Karen "will I get in" (aaah) Bennett, Sarah "who shall I pull" Davies, Sarah "did you see those cheeks?" Williams and Alex "whose round is it?" Viner.

Hot Gossip from the Communications Team!!!!

Unfortunately due to the Tiger Trust's totally unfounded and outrageous allegations against WWF, our communications Team have had no time to create any gossip whatsoever. Sandy demands that you all misbehave at one of your Christmas shin-digs, lest you be classed as the most low-profile team in the building (after Education of course). Talking of the devils.....

Education

Knowledge is a dangerous thing. Unfortunately, I have no knowledge of what goes on in Education. Please can we have a mole to update Sandy's next column please (Mary has an envelope on reception). Watch this space for an update of Samantha and Terry The Porsche's wedding of the year.

Conservation

Will "the fish" Hildesley hosted a small get together at his Uncle's impressive barn in Dorset in October. This amazing building made Will's uncle quite the most popular man with the Woof chicks who all wanted to marry him - and he wasn't even there! (so much for being a non-materialistic, right-on bunch UK Countryside - you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!). There were lots of fun and games including sardines, badminton (with the delectable Elizabeth Salter), table tennis with Laura "bendy" Cooper and nude twister with err...everybody (OK, so I lied about the twister bit). A Christmas trip to the big city enticed fifteen Programmes revellers out in early December. Amidst ice cube fights, tequila slammers and same sex snogging, the girls in programmes managed to retain a semblance of dignity by boogying all night to Summer Lovin' and Gina G....

That's it for now. Remember Mary (trust me, I'm a receptionist) and her faithful assistant Steve (he of the nice voice who's consistently getting tele-propositioned) are the "Guardians of the Anonymous Envelope" and will not reveal the identity of anyone who drops any messages off. They even resisted Sandy's infamous chinese burns and still wouldn't tell.....



BLAST FROM THE PAST NO 1.....



WHO'S WHO???



CLIVE WICKS



SILVERBACK GORILLA

On a recent trip to the African bush, Clive Wicks parachuted in on a group of gorillas and taught them all they needed to know about surviving in the forest. Although grateful for saving their lives, the Gorillas misinterpreted his lesson in non-verbal communication and attacked him. Apparently, in Gorilla language, folded arms and frowning during a meeting means "shut-up or I'll punch your lights out" and not "I'm interested in what you have to say".

We can now confirm that recent reports of a large, dominant male roving around IPU is in fact a silver-back gorilla. WWF staff should be aware that if approached by other dominant males he is likely to respond with an elaborate and loud vocal response with animated gesturing. If charged, complement him on his dress sense and wait for him to forget what he was angry about.



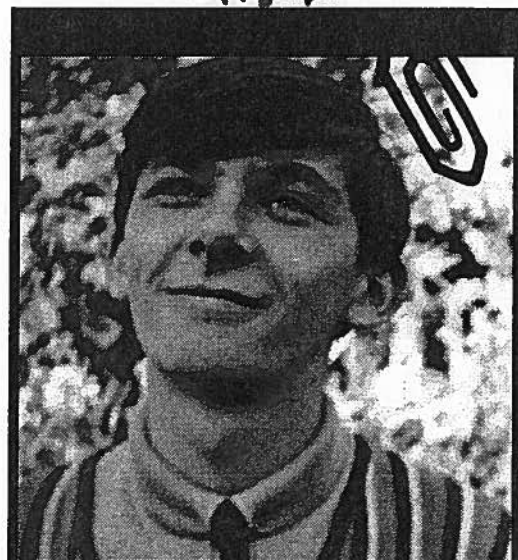
5 THINGS CONSERVATION NEVER SAY TO MARKETING

1. Thank you
2. Love your new fleece jacket
3. Can I adopt a rhino?
4. I'll book a meeting through the scheduler
5. We've got some free caviar if you fancy a bit



5 THINGS MARKETING NEVER SAY TO CONSERVATION

1. It was a pleasure
2. Love your new dress!
3. Will you sleep with me?
4. Yes, I will happily incorporate your essential work with local people into our next appeal
5. We've got some free champagne if you fancy a bit



**BLAST FROM THE
PAST No 2.....**



WWF

Political Pandering: WWF goes to the Party Conferences

By "The Insider..."



For the first time in many years, WWF made an all out attack at all the party conferences this season. As befits our new professional image, participating staff were carefully chosen on the basis of how they looked in a mini-skirt. By coincidence this resulted in a large contingent from UK and Marine; it just goes to show how effective our hiring policies are! As a concession to political correctness, a few stray men were allowed to come, but really only because someone was needed to carry the heavy equipment.

As always the Lib-Dems were uneventful (*I wouldn't say that....Ed*), so the team were looking forward to a more exciting time as they headed North to Blackpool, and Labour's Red Rose Ball. As representatives of a truly national organisation, it was touching to see WWF staff marvelling at the delights of the promenade funfair. It was even rumoured that a certain staff member (now deceased), well known for never lunching outside Kensington and Chelsea, not only actually ate something but succumbed to the delights of mushy peas (sadly, no photos exist of the incident). As to the actual business of the conference, the fringe meeting was a roaring success - despite the fact that Michael Meacher was frantically apologising for Tony Blair "forgetting" to say the 3 environmentally friendly lines of his conference speech. However, our erstwhile Director took some of the shine off the event giving a speech praising John Gummer (apparently he only had the notes for the Tory Conference with him). He then proceeded to call his staff "rottweilers" for their enthusiastic lobbying efforts; though the look of terror on Michael Meacher's face at Nick Mabey's approach may have justified this last comment. The meeting over, WWF fled back South *en masse* without even attending the workshop on "How to Deal with Failure: When Principles and Reality Clash in Politics" - apparently it was not advanced enough for our cabal of moral jugglers (*do what? - Ed*)

Having greened the socialists (well the one we met anyway) the last stop for the Panda bandwagon was the Tories at sunny Bournemouth which, given the conference hall architecture and security measures, was fondly reminiscent of Brixton High Security Prison. The high police presence did have some advantages - apart from the personal joy of an intrusive body search - in that the police love animals and ended up donating more money to WWF than all the Tories combined! A certain portion of the party also enjoyed the "special forces" contingent of marksmen, bodyguards and frogmen; in the words of a nameless Marine Policy Officer as she was being restrained from running after one "He just has a vast excess of testosterone".

The WWF stand was a great success - but our hotel was less promising, having far too much fungal biodiversity for comfort - a quick diversion was made, and invoking the Blitz spirit, the team decided to double up together in another hotel. Though for some members this decision was prompted by an inability to return to their own hotel, rather than anything wrong with the accomodation. The next day a slightly delicate team manned the stall in the face of a stream of enlightened visitors who kindly explained that "Englishmen are an endangered species in London" and "There's no point giving aid to those people, they just kill eachother" - at this point Nick was placed in a dark room for a while before he damaged someone. In between the general public the stand was continually visited by a "greater-spotted media" celebrity, however, it soon became clear that he was rather more interested in one of our personnel than our policies! On the plus side, this high level attention resulted in an invitation to the most exclusive party at the conference but somehow only the staff wearing mini-skirts succeeded in finding the elusive event. They claim that much useful lobbying was done, albeit at the expense of the global sturgeon population.

John Gummer spoke at our fringe meeting and charmed everybody so much that a WWF Labour Councillor was overheard confessing his admiration to Gummer personally during a quiet moment in the men's lavatory. On a high from this success the conference stand was remanned, only to be abandoned in terror on the approach of Margaret Thatcher and her entourage. Dignity was restored once she had left, however, and the conference drew to a close in a haze of champagne supplied by a friendly firm of Consultants.



Separated at Birth.....Can you spot the Difference?





FAB FASHION FEATURE

Are you a well-dressed Woofers or a worn woolly Woofers? Our two International fashion correspondents, Matilda and Bettie have been given the challenge of analysing how well turned-out staff in Panda Land are. Over the past few weeks we have been staking you out Woofers and here are the (sorry) conclusions....

Directorate

Queen Viv has her own dressmaker, clothing factory, numerous haute coiture shops and 14 wardrobes - likes green and beige - never seen in the same outfit twice. Look and learn **10/10**

"Next" lady is Sarah - what's wrong with good Dorothy Perkins that's what we say - you look divine **9/10**

Robin obviously loves his good old baggy green cords, country check and tastefully clashing ties - the farmyard look to a tee! **3/10**

Fundraising

Margaret wears her clothes like a dream - loves loose fitting chiffon kaftans - a real individual **4/10**

Clearly hiding his rippling six pack with a selection of tasteful cashmere jumpers (particularly red) David is a fine example of "high and mighty" **7/10**

"Armani Man" Paul is the envy of many (so-called) men in Programmes who can only gaze in wonder at his sharp suits and model looks - dream on **10/10**

Wonderwoman Elaine transforms each morning from sweaty jogger to Head of Trusts (good luck in the London Marathon crazy woman!) **8/10** (in jogging gear)

Finance and Services

Apparently Mandy and Janine are currently engaged in a battle to win the coveted title "I've got a shorter skirt than you" - judging to be held at the Staff Party! That's an incentive for you lads to go if ever I heard one **2/10** for effort

Trendy "mummy" Andrea really puts us teenagers to shame with her glam frocks and platforms (good on yer!) **9/10**

Lucy B can be seen on Saturdays running across a beach in a little red cozzie - no silicone on her folks **10/10**

(Too trendy for WWF) Mariella never ceases to amaze us with her interesting range of hair colours - we love the green best! Fantastic! **9/10**

Natty Matty always looks trussed up in Burton's suits - stick with it Matt we think you look fab (especially since you had your hair cut) **8/10**

Communications

Lovely, lovely Alan is a real hit with Matilda and Bettie - a shining example of East End Boy goes country! Love it.....**9/10**

Encased in Hermes scarves and with a jangle of costume jewellery, Naomi is our catwalk girl with attitude - watch out! **8/10**

Question: Why does Lucy wear spray on tights? Answer: to hide her varicose veins Calium thinks! (we had nothing to do with this, we think you're lovely) **9/10**

Wild Winnie and her woolly jumpers are the envy of many - espacially In Programmes where it's so bloody cold! **7/10** for effort





Education

"On location in Education" introducing undisputed Queen of the Catwalk smurphy Murphy struts her stuff wherever she goes - where *do* you get that clothing allowance? **10/10**

Sue always manages to tastefully blend her love of colour with that hair! Fabulous **9/10**

"Mad Professor" Peter certainly looks the part - what part? well, we just don't know **5/10**

The rest all look like teachers so no further comments on Education!



Programmes

(We were unable to stalk Frank, however, from recent photographs we feel we cannot sensibly comment - only to say that "my grandad was buried in an outfit like that") **0/10**

"Jesus CHRIST Superstar" needs to get out of the 70s - you're not a student hippy so get a hair cut! **2/10**

Carol (our beloved Ed) is a real hit with the lads with her shiny (or is it greasy) hair and tailored jeans (has she got legs???) We worship you **11/10** (*are you taking the piss...? Ed*)

"Bald Beefy Biker Callum" has done more to increase the number of dead cows than Kingdom of Leather - get natural mate (and let us see the photos) **2/10**

"Mabey, maybe not" hot lips Nick is a cool dude with attitude (are you single?) **10/10**

"Colonial Clive" (otherwise known as the Great White Shark) has been a joy to follow - buy a sewing kit and fix those holes! **1/10**

Stuart (sex God) Chapman is adored the world over by millions of females (we saw him first!). Well renowned for his exquisite fashion taste, he never ceases to amaze us after lager **10/10**

"Jungle man" Richard reminds us every Summer why blokes should not wear shorts because their legs are hairy and stupid (not like girls) - well done for trying! **5/10**

In a flash of fluorescent yellow, here comes Mountain biking Peter - yes, we definitely like the Lindford look mate! **9/10** (and **10/10** if you wear those cute black stretchy things)

Scotland

Limited viewing available, however, from what we've seen we vote Simon "rottweiler" Lewis as "man about Aberfeldy" for thankfully NOT wearing a kilt **9/10** (as long as never seen dressed in women's clothes)

Human Remains

A real mixed bag(s) in this Department, thank God Anna has arrived to save them from the fashion police - shame they don't all look like her! **8/10**

CONCLUSION

Sad, sorry, soggy and washed up is all we can say about Woofers! Hey, there's only one way to go..... to the pub!

(The Editor wishes it to be known that she had nothing whatsoever to do with this article as she'd rather like to keep her job and her car free from unsightly blemishes)

FOR THE REFLECTIVE ONES AMONGST US.....

We put thirty spokes together and call it a wheel; but it is on the space where there is nothing that the usefulness of the wheel depends. We turn clay to make a vessel; but it is the space where there is nothing that the usefulness of the vessel depends. We piece doors and windows to make a house; And it is on these spaces where there is nothing that the usefulness of the house depends. Therefore just as we take advantage of what is, we should recognise the usefulness of what is not!



New Joiners and Leavers

EX-Woofers.....

Indrani Lutchman will be leaving on 24 December but will continue her invaluable work as Fisheries Officer on a consultancy basis

Jo Mee left on 4 October and we miss her smiley face and concerned chats in the library

Sally Walker left on 31 October

James Litson left on 31 October

Nick Coombes will replace Sue Mayes as Regional Organiser in the Bucks, Oxon bit of the Country

Sarah Davies left fundraising to the despair of most men in the building. In the words of Elizabeth Salter "that girl is very well attributed..."

Jeanne Podesta left the design team & Callum misses her long legs. I believe her creative talents are sorely missed too!

Alan Booth stunned the building by announcing his departure for "an offer that could not be missed" in early December. Obituary will follow....

New Woofers....

Welcome to the following:

Julie Hodgkinson joined on 7 October as Legacy Marketing Executive

Gerrard Gray joined on 21 October as Project Officer, Montserrat (tough job eh....)

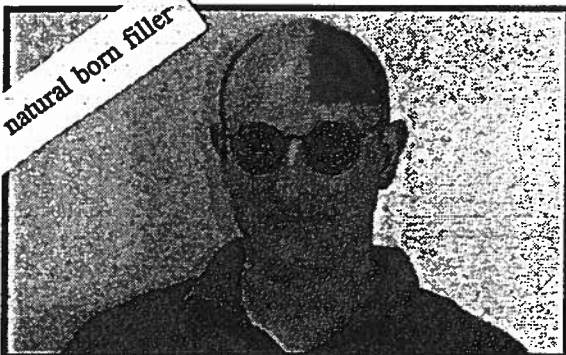
Anna Morling joined on 23 October as Temporary Personnel Assistant

Amy Bratley and John Fulcher joined on 4 November as Graduate Trainees

Graham Minton joined on 2 December as Senior Marketing Executive

Good luck to one and all.....

natural born filler



SEPARATED AT BIRTH

WHY do all the nutters write to WWF??? Here's an example of a real letter received by SSU. Scary Isn't it?

Dear Hippy Types,
Dear Hippy Types,

I really couldn't give a stuff about you, the environment or the so-called vanishing wildlife. I'm a truck driver and all I'm concerned about is whether or not the roads are kept in a passable condition, diesel is an affordable price and freight terminals are built in convenient, accessible places for me and my fellow truckers.

Oh yes, I've adjusted the fuel pump on my rig so it makes like hell, simply because it performs better that way and it prolongs the life of the engine. So, if a few pretty, furry little creatures are pushed out of their habitats, run over or choked on diesel fumes, I really couldn't give a stuff mate, they perform no useful purpose on this planet whatsoever, and a few months after they are extinct, they'll be forgotten about. Honestly, who needs badgers, otters and bloody foxes anyway?

So, if all you long haired, effeminate and homosexual woolly types would climb back under your slimy rocks with your beloved furry creatures, and stop pestering us hard working normal types with your stupid junk mail and campaigns, we'd all be better off.

Ever thought of getting off the dole and doing some useful work? It may be a refreshing experience, you never know.

Yours entirely sincerely, Mr R S Goosey.

Ed says - "Come the glorious day....."





A Day in the Life of a Regional Organiser....

Before Breakfast.....switch on my computer to allow time the for the machine to download the hundreds of E-Mails us out "in the sticks" receive. The old modem has the speed of a tortoise!

After a leisurely breakfast, throw on some of my old rags (must remember to wash them next week) and slippers before a short potter into the office while the rest of Britain's workforce experiences road rage, tube strikes and rail privatisation. The answerphone is flashing at me announcing last night's messages: Mr Snodgrass from Taunton Apple Growing Society wanting a WWF talk on the wildlife in orchards and two Volunteer Groups apologising for the lateness of the end of year accounts - "could they have another week?"

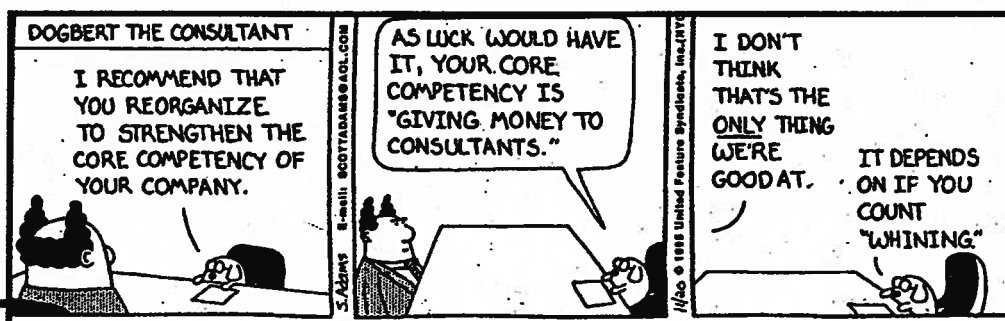
Meanwhile, the computer has managed to download another 42 new E-Mails since yesterday afternoon. Whilst starting to read a few of them, the doorbell rings: The Postman bearing 18 letters and 3 parcels including a very large box. It's like Christmas every day when you're an RO but one does run out of room - WWF boxes are taking over my house! The box proves to be another stock of those very high quality consumer freebies that all WWF staff are familiar with!! This time it's pin badges...what are ROs supposed to do with these? No doubt there will be an E-Mail upstairs revealing all.....Yes, they're poison pin badges to pin to all those old dears who have made legacies to WWF.

The phone starts ringing: the media like yesterday's press release on rhino horns and want regional examples of the illegal wildlife trade so a morning disappears on the phone talking to the local Police Wildlife Liaison Officer, customs etc and chasing stories. Must not forget to get my notes ready for tomorrow's radio chatshow on Bioperversity FM and take a shark fin for the Station Manager - have to get rid of them somehow.

Dash to the loo, only to hear the phone ringing again. Dash back to the office to catch the call and stop the answerphone, sounds like a heavy breather! Wonder if I can dash downstairs and make a quick cup of coffee without deliveries, calls and E-Mails?

The afternoon is spent faxing press releases one by one to 20 papers with numerous attempts due to engaged lines so at the same time I photocopy 350 posters and handouts of mileage and expense forms, leave forms and movement sheets that I keep forgetting to send in but keep people in PH busy!

Manage to grab a quick bite of a vegetarian sandwich before I dash out of the door and leap into the WWF mobile complete with its own set of display boards, leaflets, banners and stickers. A 198 mile round trip to attend Ramsbottom's 2 hour meeting discussing, amongst other things, who's going to pick up the tables for Saturday's stall, the staffing rota, whether one had been telephoned regarding House to House and how they don't think they can keep going as a WWF Group. Managed to have 5 minutes to update them on the Eyes and Ears campaign, push publicity for the Walk and Wildlife Week and generally boost their morale. On the long drive home, contemplate life and the new RO job description; decide ROs need to be trained counsellors, mediators, publicists, secretaries, trapeze artistes, but above all must love wearing furry animal suits! At 1am crawl into bed to find an occupant, perhaps tomorrow I will finally meet this person?





WWF XMAS PARTY

SURVIVAL KIT

We have been asked to provide advice on how to survive the WWF Staff Christmas Party. It is hoped that this will be incorporated into the Staff Handbook.

Dress: Men should choose suitable evening attire with Scotchguard (TM) protection to avoid the adverse effects of wine spillages and mistakes by WTS waiters. Women should call other ticket holders to ensure that someone will be wearing an identical dress (tip: don't buy your Christmas frock from Next).

Aim to arrive at about 8pm - only saddos get there at 7:30 (but at least they get a table together). On arrival, extend your mortgage if you intend to buy wine for your table, or get a round of drinks. Ignore sneering comments from colleagues about your standard of dress. Don't introduce your partner to anyone - he/she won't remember their names in 30 seconds anyway.

At the call for dinner, sit next to the worst person in the room as, in the inevitable fight for places at the top table, you're going to end up next to them anyway. When food is served you will not remember what you ordered in October so grab the first edible thing passing. Ignore etiquette and eat your food while it's still vaguely warm - yes, even if the Director still hasn't been served.

You must participate in the Raffle so try to buy unusual tickets. Pink 237 always wins so go for indigo 28745 or ultra-violet 442. The object is not to win the WWF notelets and anyway it's rarer than winning the National Lottery.

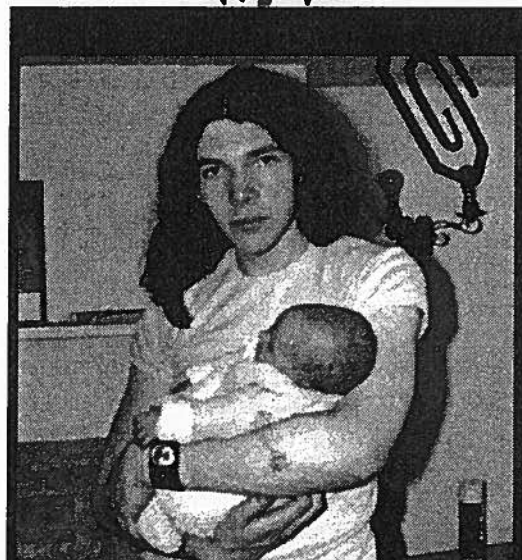
The disco will start bad and get worse so don't make the mistake of dancing (you'll only get indigestion after that heavy Christmas pud anyway). Use the time for constructive drinking of wine from other tables and for watching the absurd posturing of once-a-year dancers. Quality eventually begins to wear through and decent music will prevail about five minutes before the plug is pulled - make the most of it and party!

Go to Harpers and feel extraordinarily out of place in your best frock and spangly shoes. Make a mental note never to go the party again. Forget this piece of advice in August and succumb next year.

(Goodness knows who wrote this departure from the truth. We'd like to say a big thank you to Viv and Sarah for organising the party this year. It always takes a lot of time and trouble and, true to form, we all have to be cajoled into having a good time. Anyway, we're particularly delighted to see such a strong contingent from Programmes this year - quite unusual for such a normally sad bunch of scrooges!



Staff from the Directorate shake an elegant leg or two at last year's Christmas Party - remember to give this year's snaps to Sandy Lizard..



**BLAST FROM THE
PAST No 3.....**



WWF

First Impressions of WWF...

A newcomer shares his new experiences of WWF...

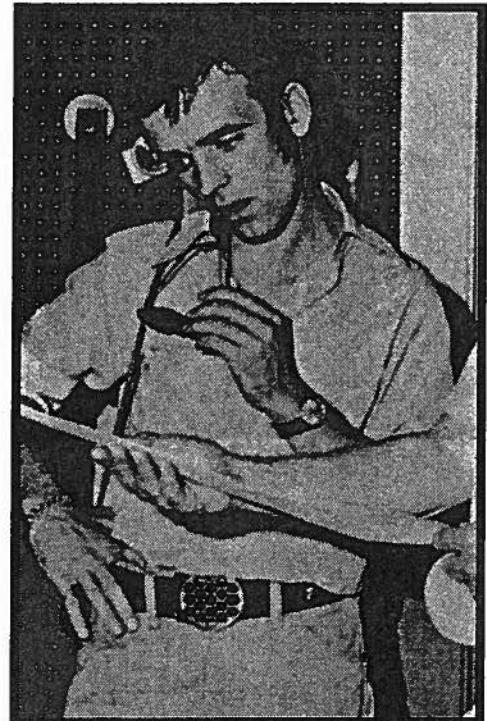
I thought I would be joining a workforce comprised of politically correct people who were passionately committed to nature conservation. The skills that the staff of this organisation possess are truly amazing. I guess it's well known that PR and marketing people are highly organised and that our trillions of legal eagles who, disenchanted with the trappings of wealth converted to the religion of conservation, are meticulous. The fundraisers are an inspiration in being able to work the same 35 year old message and still get new members. Its awesome, but there does seem to be one common trend that is essential for working in the building. Callum Rankine and Peter Martin are even so addicted that they incorporate it into their hobby - twitching - yes, you've guessed it, my first impression is that we are a group of compulsive list-makers. And we do it rather well, although certain individuals and units have taken it to extremes! Lists for the following: "WWF Top Ten Totty" by the testosterone club - an exclusive club of sad gits who meet weekly for lunch in various pubs around Godalming. But this is apparently rivalled by the (now passe) "Top Ten WWF Men" list produced by the Countryside Girls one wet and windy Christmas eve. And there's a GFU Top Five Girls (No 1 choice was a bit of a surprise!) compiled by Robert (puzzler) Wilkinson and Peter Newbourne. Even John Fulcher - a recent newcomer - has his favourite female pandas (*ooh do tell*).

The more I researched this obsessive habit, the more startled I became. Nearly every section has a "if you got really drunk who would you bonk" and "if you really had to" or "if your job depended on it" type list (or, as the fundraisers express it, the "would, could and wouldn't" list. Human Remains have their "away day" list which is a list of people they would like to go and interview. Indeed, they appear to be addicted to list-making (perhaps it's because they can't compile their "sexiest man in HR" list). The press office girls run a close second with two lists. One, a UK-based list "Panda House toy boy league" whilst the other has a truly international flavour "the Global top three guys". The more shy, retiring staff who never dream of being so childish have also secretly admitted to compiling a "funkiest fella in the Fund" list sometime in the 1980s. And I secretly suspect that dear, sweet Mary has her "hunkiest happening dude visitor" list - how else would a chain E-Mail from most girls go so rapidly around the building?

One would think that list making stops short at sex, but no, staff also make lists of things to do (which is usually a list of meetings to attend). It's become so bad that we need lists of acronyms. There are also people who make lists of things they've forgotten to do, and some of us make shortlists of lists....argh!!!! Without naming names, there are also people who make lists in their private lives, for example, a list of films seen throughout the year with marks out of ten to remind them how they rated the film. My main concern is whether list making is a contagious habit and, if so, does it last for life? Maybe, along with our flu jabs, we should be given counselling from professionals on these dangers?

No doubt my second impression of WWF will be of a streamlined, super-efficient, focused NGO excellently fulfilling its pledge as THE global force in nature conservation. I just hope that after writing this article I get the chance to form a second or third impression!!

Yours, Listless of Liston, nr Sudbury, Essex.



**BLAST FROM THE
PAST No 4.....**

The following are eternally to blame.....

For supplying photographic evidence of bosses, colleagues and (in baffling circumstances, themselves), my thanks go to a number of moles throughout the building. Keep 'em coming. For general dirt and articles, thanks to Conservation cuties including (amongst others) Nick "cute butt, I bet he does" Mabey, Stuart "sex God my elbow" Chapman, Paul "turn and face them, oh God there's another goal" Toyne and Callum "trust me I'm honest" Rankine, Human Remains Heroines lovely Lynne and feisty Fiona, MIS merry-maker Ian, Regional Organiser Helen "how on earth do you stay sane" Ashworth and fundraising filly Marie "there aint no dirt on me" Bowman. Cartoons supplied by Fantastic Frank. For the usual mountain of photocopying, thanks go to Jeannette and for hours spent slaving over a Mac on Sunday with me, Breadbin. Ta chuck.



IT'S A BUYERS MARKET

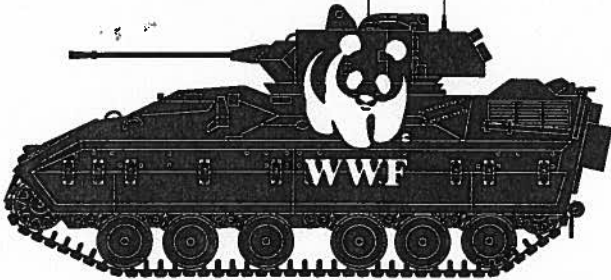


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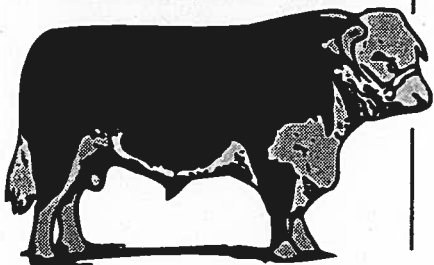
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