

3 JULY 1971

ONE TO THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL OF ARTICLES IN
SERIES THIS WEEK AND THE BIRTH REPORT MINDERS
AND BECAUSE THE MOVIE IS USABLE TO BIRD UP
IN THIS THIS THIRTIETH VOLUME OF LITERATURE
IN A WEEK, THESE WILL NOT BE APPEARING EVERY
FOURTHLY, PERHAPS WE'LL GET THREE AS MANY
ARTICLES THIS.



-: ED :-

3 JULY 1971

DUE TO THE TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF ARTICLES IN
SLUSH THIS WEEK AND THE WEEKS BEFORE MIDWINTER
AND BECAUSE THE EDITOR IS UNABLE TO BIND UP
IN TIME THIS TREMENDOUS VOLUME OF LITERATURE
IN A WEEK, SLUSH WILL NOW BE APPEARING EVERY
FORTNIGHT. PERHAPS WE'LL GET TWICE AS MANY
ARTICLES THEN.

DILLONS DIARY

My what a week we all had at midwinter. I don't know how you all managed the twelve courses, I got stuck on the fifth and I was only on the scraps. And as for these Playboys, well I think its disgusting what they get away with nowadays. A bit of pubes and there you all are, dancing up and down. We cats are covered in pubic hair from head to foot and we don't get excited about it.

I've been belting Puff around a bit recently I must admit. I thought that she was responsible for that cheap advert which appeared under my name a few weeks back, and then I realised it was one of you lot. Beware the power of the pee. I tested out my new secret weapon on Geophysics recently as punishment for all those swimming lessons I had in their darkroom basin. Ugh I hate water. I peed in their loft in such a place and position that I calculated it would drip at the rate of one drop every fifteen seconds for an hour. The thing was it was dripping on one of their lights. He-he what a pong, Paul B's socks never had a look in. It was a pity they traced it so soon.

Confession time again. Old Cupids arrow has found another victim. Yes folks, I'm in love again. Who's the lucky girl I hear you all ask. Well I'll tell you. She has the sweetest dark eyes, a sexy walk and oh those paws. Whats more she lives not a hundred miles from the Met office. That's right, Michelle. What a doll. Of course Puff reckons she's no good xx but we all know how jealous she gets. I don't care, she's just my bowl of milk O.K. I don't even care if she is four times my size and a flirt. All I have to do now is let her know I exist and I'll be the happiest cat for miles around.

Isn't life grand.

GET YOUR PRIORITIES RIGHT. MET MEN, YOU NEED THE EXERCISE%

Can you remember when "we" were going to.....

S
L
I

- finish the bog by mid-winter.
- bring Mary and the sledges in on 7th June.
- put a genny-rad up the genny shed shaft.
- errect the new genny exhaust.
- re-inforce the genny shed roof.
- put the new shaft top on the dog tunnel.
- repair the gash gantry.
- put a caboose at 3rd Chip.
- become mere ardueus on gash.
- tidy our bunk-rooms.
- build a plate rack.
- go to the Shacks.
- extend the kitchen shaft.
- kneck the pants off the Antarctic.

.....and it wasn't going to be like @2&* year.

Who pñched the scissers from the Bondu Bar?

Who was going to.....

- ge on a diet.
- give up smoking.
- build a model trawler.
- build a yagi.
- get up in the mornings.
- shag the pants off Puff.
- build a wind generator.

..... well, you knew how it is.

ROLL ON RELIEF,
IT'LL BE DIFFERENT NEXT YEAR.

A Collection of Short Well Known
Phrases or Sayings Specially thert out
to test your I . Q .

All you have to do is to rearrange the
mixed up words. into well known frazers or sayings.

- 1) In It Geb.
- 2) Stuffed Get.
- 3) Met Bleedy Men.
- 4) Hell Sheer.
- 5) Splode the Get.
- 6) Main Deebery Splode The.
- 7) Of Piss Pice .
- 8) Man Off Biestie Piss .
- 9) Nignog B . L . a is .
- 10) A Shit What.
- 11) Ive Doggyman Shat'em .
- 12) Scradge Floating.
- 13) Better Than Tractors Dogs .
- 14) Ceol Antarctica Keep .
- 15) Aside Stand Bums Piss eyed You .
- 16) Big Aside Stand I xRixx Strides Take
- 17) Lurking It's .
- 18) Plus Tea 2 Ta 07 - 45 .
- 19) John Dear .
- 20) The Hep Jay .

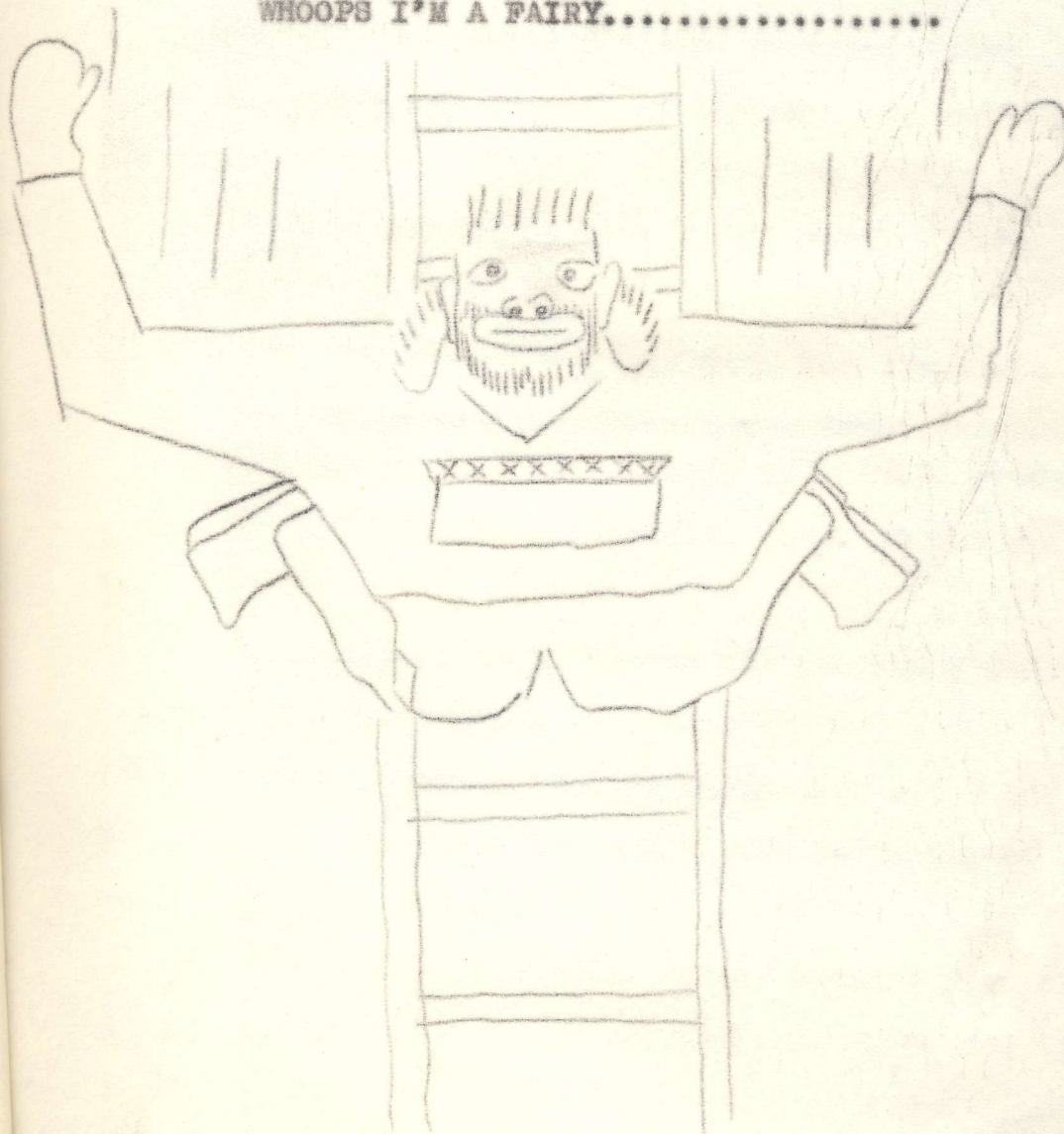
YES FOLKS YET ANOTHER ONE JOINS THE FLYERS CLUB

DON'T DELAY BE WITH THE CROWD, YOU TO CAN HAVE AJUMP.

XX

A REMINDER TO ALL CLUB MEMBERS THE NEW CRY IS

WHOOPS I'M A FAIRY.....



SLUSH EXCLUSIVE :-

THE SONGS OF THE DEMENTED VICAR JONES IN TWO PARTS
COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED.

THIS WEEK PART THREE

THE BROTHEL HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the whores that
hang around the Ancla bar

My nose it was that smelled them as
we sailed in from afar,
But noses grow less choosy after
drinking from the jar
Arse'oles go marching on.

There's very little sinfulness to
which we will not stoop,
With two years of celibacy for all
the bloody group,
But God protect the lot of us from
dreaded brewer's droop,
Arse'oles go marching on.

The doctor gave us all a talk, and
gave us johnies too,
Bill Sleman doesn't like the thought,
but he knows what we'll do,
So when we get a drink in us, there's
nothing we won't screw,
Arse'oles go marching on.

Aboard the good ship Bransfield, we
will ride from trough to trough,
When we get at last to base at the
weather we will scoff,
But we'll be wearing Thermawear so
our bollocks don't drop off,
Arse'oles go marching on.

DURXALEM

And did those fids, in ancient times
Walk upon England's mountains green,
Or did they spend their times in bed
Performing acts that were obscene.

Bring me a jug of good draught ale,
Bring me a bird hot with desire.

And I will screw the arse off her,
Or roast forever in Hell fire.

I will not rest from sin or vice,
Nor will my cock sleep in my hand,
Lest I should die, whilst there is left,
One single virgin in the land..