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17 JULY 1971

ANNOUNCING A GRAND PHOTIE COMPETITION FOR ECKIES AND BLACK
AND WHITE PRINTS. ENTRIES TO BE IN BY THE LAST DAY OF AUGUST.
ONLY PHOTS THAT YOU HAVE TAKEN. ENTRY CHARGE FOR EACH PHOT
OF A BAR OF NUTTY.

PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES OF MOUNTAINS OF NUTTY.

TWO CLASSES OF 1 COLOUR SLIDES, 2 BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS.

THREE CATEGORIES IN EACH CLASS OF

(a) PORTRAIT TYPE OF DOGS, CATS, HUMANS ETC.

(b) SCENIC

(c) MISCELLANEOUS e.g. DOG JOLLIES, TRACTORS,

PEOPLE WORKING ??? , SKIJAWING, IN FACT
WHATEVER ELSE YOU'VE GOT A PHOT OF.

IFF NUMBER OF BLACK AND WHITE ENTRIES IS REALLY VAST THEY WILL
BE SUBDIVIDED INTO POSTCARD SIZE AND SMALLER, AND THOSE LARGER
WOULD YOU BELIEVE.

GRAND ECKIE SLIDE SHOWING ON WEDNESDAY 1st SEPTEMBER.

TOP TWENTY

		weeks in
1 - 1	CHIRPY CHIRPY CHEEP CHEEP MIDDLE OF THE ROAD	6
2 - 2	COCO THE SWEET	5
3 - 3	DON'T LET IT DIE HURRICANE SMITH	5
* - 4	GET IT ON T. REX	1
14 - 5	ME AND YOU AND A DOG NAMED BOO LOBO	3
9 - 6	BLACK AND WHITE GREYHOUND	3
17 - 7	MONKEY SPANNER DAVE + ANTHOLL COLLINS	3
4 - 8	BANNER MAN BLUE MINK	7
5 - 9	HE'S GONNA STEP ON YOU AGAIN JOHN CONGRESS	6
6 - 10	I'M GONNA RUN AWAY FROM YOU TAMMY LYNN	7
8 - 11	JUST MY IMAGINATION THE TEMPTATIONS	5
18 - 12	TOM TOM TURN AROUND NEW WORLD	2
11 - 13	PIED PIPER BOB AND MARCIA	3
13 - 14	WHEN YOU ARE A KING WHITE PLAINS	3
12 - 15	I DON'T BLAME YOU AT ALL SMOKEY ROBINSON	4
16 - 16	RIVER DEEP MOUNTAIN HIGH FOUR TOPS + SUPREMES	2
10 - 17	LADY ROSE MUNGO JERRY	7
7 - 18	I DID WHAT I DID FOR MARIA TONY CHRISTIE	8
* - 19	TONIGHT THE MOVE	1
* - 20	LEAP UP AND DOWN ST. CECILIA	1

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AT no.1 for the fifth week, record that manages to be amazingly bad and amazingly popular at the same time, by a Scottish group, still

holds out. Hurricane Smith at 3 looked as though he might take over but failed. This is the first record to jump on the conservation bandwagon but is one of the better records of the moment.

WITH their third big hit T. Rex jump straight in at 4 proving that they are the most popular act in the U.K. at this time.

THE next two by Greyhound and Lobo are ordinary run of the mill stuff though the Greyhound record packs a heavy integration message. 'Monkey Spanner' is best ignored, except by fanatical dancing enthusiasts but 'Banner Man' deserves its place. A good record.

'TOM Tom Turn Around' and 'When You Are a King' are ballads both but the New World record suffers from the disadvantage of being crummy.

SECOND new entry is 'Tonight' by the Move which sounded good on first hearing and 'Leap up and Down' by St. Cecilia which didn't sound at all since the B.B.C didn't play it. A strongly worded note of protest with fifteen thousand signatures and a set of Midwinter stamps has been sent to Broadcasting House deploring this indefensible act.

A Visit to Third Chip

We strode down towards the frozen sea - that boundless white expanse twisted and thrust by Nature's mighty forces into a weird but incredibly beautiful mosaic of ridges, hillocks, gorges and glens lonely and silent; a wilderness - white and yet tinged by the rosy glow that still adorned the northern sky proclaiming the glory of that fiery orb, the sun, even to these wild and desolate places of the South. Then scattered on the surface of this solid sea were - impassive monsters of the polar scape - huge fortresses of ice thrusting their ramparts high and casting strange and ghostly shadows in the gathering gloom. Our feet crunched the crisp surface as we entered the chip betwixt towering cliffs of white flanking us menacingly on either hand. The place was eerie in its silence as we stopped to gaze spellbound, scarcely daring to speak lest we should disturb its quiet solitude. The world we had left but an hour before, throbbing with the hustle and bustle of activity, seemed as in a dream - distant and half-remembered. In that moment we felt the essence of the true Antarctic - vast, silent, eternal. Sadly, we needs must depart at last. "Farewell dear Chip, till thee and we shall meet again."

There was still time for a cup of tea before lurking back to base to rejoin the madding crowd and all that that entails.

HALLEY FEVER

I must go down to Third Chip again
To see the penguins mate
And if I see them copulate
Well gee, superb, that's great.

I really must visit the bog again
To find if Paul is through
"Any chance of a fag Paul?"

"I might have a ~~xxxxx~~ packet or two"

I'd like to inspect the garage ramp
wonder if it is clear?
Maybe walk in the armco
Maybe not I fear.

I'll go across to the dogs once more
Entertain my friend Boo-Boo
"Hi old man, hows your gums?"
"Vewy well fank you."

And then there's Dill, I'll visit him
Ask if he is well
"Had it off recently puss?"
"Have I bloody hell."

The Beastie but might see me soon
I'll creep across at night
Borrow all the electrical gear
Give John the Knock a fright

I'll slip into the B.L's office
Write dirty things on the walls
Sign 'Ginge Devine' at the bottom
Hell man, I could have a ball.

Then lastly I'll doctor the porridge
with cascara, epsom salts, what a smell
And to make it doubly effective
I'll add sneezing powder as well.

A Moral Tale

Trudy being a concert fan
 She went along at leisure
 And off all the concerts to which she went
 One in particular gave her pleasure

The violinist was a brazen chap
 Mozart would turn in his grave
 Couldn't read a word of music
 My god he was a knave
 The conductor was a fine old man
 Amongst good chaps a king
 And out of respect for that fiddlers feelings
 He didn't do a thing
 But what he didn't know
 Was that it was a plot
 The fiddler man hated his guts
 And so he played pure rot
 He blamed the leader for his place
 - Never had he led
 The wise conductor had kept him back
 He played second fiddle instead
 For he was not really so good
 As he would try to claim
 He knew he lacked that vital flair
 and this the conductor had seen
 So vengeance he swore ^{to} gain
 Make the conductor look small
 humiliate the great old man
 In that famous London hall
 He played a wealth of bum notes
 (yes he was good at that)
 But in such a sneaky way
 The music sounded flat
 The people sitting watching this
 Could see the plot unfold
 But they could not help the brave old man
 How could he be told?
 And then in a break a noise was heard
 From the middle of the hall
 Trudy led the boos and jeers
 Soon taken up by all
 The shouts and yells were aimed at him
 This boulder in the middle
 All present let him know their wrath
 They didn't like his fiddle
 And when into the wings he rushed
 See how fast he ran
 The people in the hall that night
 Cheered that fine old man

The moral of this then
 For all those who read 'Slush'
 -Never forget a turd in the band
 Is worth a boo in the nush