

LEGS '69

AT LAST



SPECIAL
BIRTHDAY
EDITION

ONE YEAR'S
SUBSCRIPTION

2/=

BITTER
&
BEGGAR

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LEGS

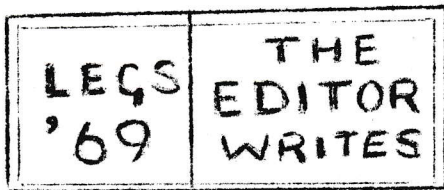
We're the boys who make no noise,
We're the LEGS Eleven,
But due to the complaint of economic restraint,
Our number's minus seven.
That leaves four, no less no more,
But four true men and bold,
So now the decline of LEGS '69
May truthfully be told.

Vic Pelech

Kevin K. K. K.

Neale Thompson

PAUL SMITH



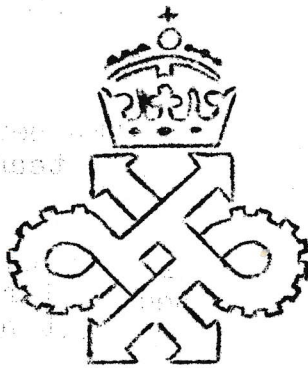
Finally, after 7 years of
Hough tuition.

Friends, One and All,

Thank you, once again, for groping into the depths of your hard-earned pockets and buying this copy of LEGS '69. I would also like to thank the work that has gone into making LEGS and the people behind it. The hours that have been wasted in producing this large, mirth-filled volume show something about us that can only be described.

During my time as Editor, people have often come up to me in the street; and it makes a nice change.

An editorial somehow seems incomplete without mention of the staff. This wonderful staff of ours, despite manifold character defects, is really a wonderful bunch of people, you couldn't wish to meet anywhere. In fact, they think nothing of getting up at seven o'clock every morning to come to school for us. The pupils don't think much of this either, I must add.



1969
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

Once again it is my gratifying task to congratulate all concerned, and in particular the Queen for our seventh successive award to industry.

Thank you, everybody.

Vic.

SO THIS IS IT

It is usually the practice to give a few lines on the notable prefects, but this year we decided to give you a few lines on the notable NON-PREFECTS. However, as there are no notable non-prefects this year, we cannot write anything.

If you are one of those unfortunate people who never seem to get mentioned in this magazine, then fill in this form and post today.

X Please mention me in
LEGS for 1/ 5/10 yrs
I enclose £1,000/£2,000
/£3,000
Name _____
A LEGS SCHEME

We are now offering LEGS '69 in a new leather-bound edition at the special price of £7 - 19 - 11d per copy. Order your copy now. Just look at these famous names: Archimedes, Abraham Lincoln, Pythagoras, Pip Wright, Michelangelo, Dusty Springfield, Corbett Woodall, Caruso, Walt Disney, Ralph Reader, Hercules Smith, Nebuchadnezzar, Adolf Hitler (deceased), Arthur Askey, Pip Wright, Roy Rogers and Trigger, David Copperfield, Alcock and Brown - and a host of other celebrities from all over the world.

NEW TYPE FACE FOR LEGS

This year's issue of LEGS is set in the new type face "LEGS '69" specially designed for LEGS by a team of North Sawley-layabouts.

This type face gives LEGS an entirely new, up-to-the-minute look, as well as providing a spectacular increase of legibility, clarity and resistance to dry rot and woodworm.

The final paragraph of this announcement is set in the old type, so that it can be contrasted with the improved legibility of "LEGS '69".

LEGS COLOUR SUPPLEMENT

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A LEGEND - (or

The fate of the 1st XI Cricket Team by W. C. Chain)

Oh yez, Oh yez, Oh yez. It is my sad duty to inform you that upon the very day of the 14th May 1969, a Wednesday, the death was recorded at Ashby Grammar School of the LEGS 1st XI Cricket Team. It was not without a stirring fight that our noble eleven gradually sank without trace. But the omens were indeed gloomy, when the finger-popping skipper, Tweeking Geoff Carter, lost the toss rather unluckily. However, not giving up without a struggle, the gallant L.E.G.S. batsmen strode to the wicket with their heads held high, and, not wishing to hog the limelight, usually left the scene a few balls later. Not so, however, Bradman Buczkiewicz. This dashing hero, bat flashing like a gladiator's sword, flogged the Ashby bowling for thirty dazzling minutes, and his prodigious total of 8 runs out of the side's total of 19 would surely have been worth a century to a more fortunate team. Your dashing XI continued to put up a brave show at tea time, defeating their opponents by 10 exhilarating sandwiches to 6, thanks to the lightning reflexes of Mauling Majer and his highly developed, though sporting, snatch and grab tactics. Next came the dramatic, oh so tragic, last act, when our bowlers were treated with scandalous contempt by the Ashby batsmen (who nevertheless were amazed as our heroes at the acrobatic fielding performance of Flashing Cranswick Craven).

So ends the heroic tale of the L.E.G.S. eleven, for, in sooth, it was dismembered after the event, never to rise again until a period of two years' quarantine had been served.

This story is true. Only the refill has been changed to protect the pen. Believe me. I was there.

May God bless all who failed in her.

R. I..P.

NEWSFLASH

Miss Hill is to be replaced
by a cardboard replica
(can be erected in 3 seconds flat
or 4 seconds upright.)



F I L M S

"X-certificate Magic Roundabout", opens with "Time for Bed" said Zebedee.

"The Good, the Bad and the Ugly", starring Clive Hopkin, Dave Webb, and Tom Dowers.

"Dracula meets the Werewolf", starring Palewicz in a double role.

"Quatermass and the Pit". The art of long-jumping is fully explained by Ron Bassett.

"Half a sixpence", with its famous song, which goes "Harvey sixpence is better than Harvey Kenny is better than....."

"Emergency Ward 100" stars Mr. Ward's senile Great-Great-Grandfather, known as Geriatric Ward.

"Goldfinger" - Mr. Calton displays his stained hands as a warning to nicotine addicts everywhere.

"Hiawatha". The legend of an Indian Boy living in Birmingham. A sequel to the film is being planned - Hiawatha Teenage Werewolf.

"Stalag 13" with Tribbensee as Dick Tater.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin". Slave labour drives Tom away from L.E.G.S. to the sanctuary of the TIGER.

"The Naked Runner", with selected Shorts - Stars Ken Bellerby.

"The Scarlet Pippernel". The Pippernel rescues 58 from Madame La Hillotine. "Those Frenchies seek him everywhere.

From 17th Century Fox - "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Walker".

To commemorate the Apollo
moonshot,
here is a space:



DOG EARED

FOR ALL BOTANY LOVERS

A Bed Time Story

Once upon a time there was a forest with lots of trees in it. In this forest were two lovers. One Conifer was Pineing his pith away all because of a Silver Birch. But this Silver Birch was a flighty tree, always larching about. The wise old oak said Oak-Ay, I'll talk to her for yew.

Now look here you silly birch. That pine is sycamor-ing for you. I'm many years your senior, and an elderberry than you. You must stop this; you are acting like a common Hawthorn. I won't beech about the bush, I'll ash you this once - Will you or Willow not stop this flighty life?

Maple I will or maple I won't - I like being Poplar - I'm not just a plane tree.

But you may rowan him - he could have a xylem break-down.

Let him - I don't want you to Palm me off with him. Tell him I don't want a Date - You must be off your Walnut - I should Cocoa.....

Now Cedar Here young miss - As I said, I'm much Alder than you. I can see you are the Blackthorn of the family. I'm going to really teak you off about this. I wish my wife was here; Rosewood give you a right talking to.

Oh, I see your apex - I repent.

Good, I'll tell Pine to Spruce himself up - I'll sequoia soon.

Cheerio.

FOR ALL ZOOLOGY LOVERS

During the recent restoration work at Long Eaton School for Disabled Teachers, workmen have unearthed the skeletal remains of an extinct dinosaur, known to zoologists as, "dinosaur dinosaur", embedded in the foundations of the school. Experts believe that the animal was trapped in the foundations when the school was being built.

DAILY EXCESS

A FREE PULL OUT SUPPLEMENT 6^D

REPORT

from the
Glasgow
Street Riots battle-front

UNFORTUNATELY

our reporter was lynched but

FORTUNATELY

left his tape recording.

We play a piece back to
you unedited -

"Mon, are ye one of the rival
gang?"

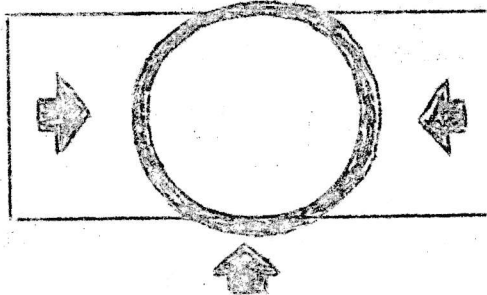
"Aye, mon".

(Bang, Bang, Groan, Thud..)

"..... Aye mon your side"..

ATTENTION !!

All those living in or near the
Stirling area. It has been
announced that Stirling from 1970
will officially be known as
Decimal.



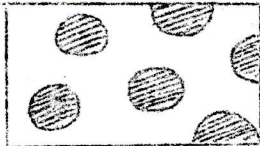
FREE SCOTTISH GIFT
(if not here it must have fallen out)

?? Query Corner ??

A Mr. Toss McAber of Ayr would like
to know, "Why are kilts checked?"
A. To make sure there are no
holes in them.

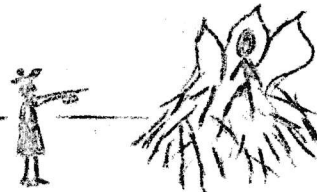
LOCH NESS MONSTER SPOTTED

and here is
a close up.



HOOTS MON

LOOK! ROBBIE
BURNS!



MAC POEM

Haggis and Chips
Stick to your lips
and to your teeth
as well.
Pickled onions
Give you bunions
And make your Sporran
Smell.

ALL THIS WEEK

At the Glasgow Ritz
(Your local seat-slashing centre)

BONNIE AND CLYDEBANK X
AND The Elliot Ness Monster. X
.6.

SAGA OF NOGHILL THE NIL

Listen, I will tell you a story. I will tell you how Noghill sets out in search of her long lost form along the dark and dusty corridors of L.E.G.S. -

Before long, who should she meet but Dragon O'Webb having a quick drag on his ferocious fire-breathing pipe. Quickly hiding behind a blade of grass she hears O'Webb's conversation.

"What! No retorts, Mortimer?"

"No!" retorts Mortimer.

She passes on and meets the Nog headmaster, of whom she asks the way. He can't help her, but gives her a bundle of music books to deliver to Setter Nog, telling her to Handel with care. So, Handel in hand, she continues her never-ending journey.

Next she spys two well-known comedians, Nog Kin the Add sitting on a log table, and the Rev. Nog. The Rev. Nog, seeing Nog Hill's Handel, cries, "It's the Messiah!" Nog Kin follows him up. "It's a sine from Heaven."

"Very funny, but which way's Setter Nog and my form?" screams the Hill the Nil.

Nog Kin tells her "The shrine of Setter Nog is that-a-way, 30° 45' to the North, I think, I'm sure if you ask Mr. Rees, he will confirm it."

"Yes", added the Rev. Nog, "It's two miles from here as the crow flies".

So Nog Hill saddles her fastest crow and soon arrives at Setter Nog's place, where she deposits her bundle. But she still has to find her form (not being in the best of health).

Looking round for danger, she finds some. There on the nearby Erewash Ocean, she spies a Prat ship, captained by the most ferocious Prat, Captain Plampin Hook. She knows it's a Prat Ship because, there hoisting the Jolly Roger Davy, is the cabin boy, Blackbeard Little (Fleet Hair Arm).

Quickly she reboards her crow and flies off. As she nears the school, she hears the school bell strike 12.

Saga of Nog Hill - contd.

Oh! NO!

Nog Hill changes back into a pumpkin.

THE END.

N.B.

This Saga has been brought to you by the National Saga for the prevention of cruelty to pumpkins.

THIS SPORTING LIFE

For its 1969 issue, LEGS has compiled a dossier on that most game and sporting member of staff, Atlas Bassett. While the aforesaid teacher was away attending the Rugby Trials at the Old Bailey, the intrepid team of LEGS reporters took the opportunity to check up on the Atlas Bassett Body-Building Course. We are now proud to publish the findings of this commission.

It is now seven years since most of the Upper Sixth first encountered these methods, so we feel fully qualified to speak about them now. The outstanding success of his Body-Building Course is on show for all to see. Who would have thought it possible that in 1962, Pretty Boy Bowdler was a mere stripling? Today, after seven years under the guidance of Atlas Bassett, he is two separate gorillas, capable of crushing a blackcurrant jellybaby in his bare hands! Another astounding example of the success of Atlas Bassett's Body-Building Course is Wily Wally Waldron. Seven years ago he was a nine stone weakling, but he is now a six stone weakling, but much better for it.

Surely this portrays the tremendous success of Atlas Bassett's Body-Building Course, but, if still more proof is required, let us look at some of the results of his methods. First of all, there is the commonly-known fact that more girls than boys are now volunteering for the Outward Bound Courses. This is obviously because the boys are so proud of their newly acquired bodies of surpassing masculinity that they intend to keep them rather than lose them in three weeks of spud bashing and foot slogging. Add to this astonishing occurrence the fact that slinky P.M.A.S. Smith was voted "Body Beautiful 1969" by three independent members of the National School for Blind, and the rumour that Millar, now available in the new Giant size, is capable of throwing the cricket ball, let alone picking it up, and it is abundantly clear that Atlas Bassett's Body-Building Course is a great success.

Three Cheers for Atlas Bassett !!!

RUN DOWN OF THE SCHOOL SOCIETIES

(and you must admit they are pretty run down)

If you've forgotten, let me tell you - there are three main societies in this school - Lit & Deb, Scientific, and Film.

There are a couple of other odd ones knocking about, notably (well, not really notable) the Christian Union and the Chess Club. The Christian Union talks mainly about one thing - viz. God. There is usually a congregation of 2½, i.e. Mr. Rees, Mr. Pacey, and Palmer. Messrs. Rees and Pacey argue that God exists, etc., and Palmer agrees. All very exciting.

The Chess Club is just about defunct, reason being that Vic Pelech is getting tired of playing chess with himself.

The Film Society seemed to be having quite a successful season until Mr. Driver, in his usual unflappable way, trundled onto the stage and told everybody the endings of all this season's films. Attention was then diverted to watching what Flynn and Haig were doing.

It could be said that the Lit & Deb Soc, had a very successful, but on the other hand - so to speak - one could say that it had a disastrous year. Celebrities of note were few and far between; Mr. Rees is worthy of mention. Dr. Burrow did not seem to make much of a mark; perhaps his married life has dulled his senses, as well. Tribbensee spoke as usual.

The Scientific Society lost most of its members after Mr. Harris (bless him) had spoken for 1½ hours on knitting needles. As yet the Society has not recovered its senses from this epic piece of mono-subject monologue.

But next year it is proposing to show a film entitled "The Drawing Pin - God's greatest gift to civilisation.

OVERHEARD FROM COOKS:

"We want turkey,
We want stuffing."



SPEECH DAY - A One-Act Tragedy

Scene: Packed assembly hall. Stage full of notable dignitaries plus a certain headmaster. He rises, takes a bow and addresses the enthusiastic fans.

Head: This year, as it were, has been a mixture of success and failure. The one success was on the hockey field, where the First XV defeated Happivale Old Boys by two goals to one. Academically, we have not been, as it were, so successful.

(Takes glasses off, walks downstage, replaces glasses and continues:)

Statistics show that we had 100% failure and 0% pass, but statistics can be, as it were, deceptive. If you say that 80% nearly passed and 20% only just failed, the figures seem, as it weren't, much less deceptive. And now, Ladies, Gentlemen and School, may I introduce you to our guest speaker, Mr. er.. er.. er.. what's your name?

Guest: Pardon?

Head: Mr. Pardon, who, as you all know, is a prime mover in George Wimpey and Sons.

(takes off glasses, misses his seat, and sits on the floor).

Guest: (Takes stage and waves triumphantly).

My dear audience, when first asked to come here I was in two minds whether to come or to stay at home. I should have listened to my first mind, which told me to stay at home. I may as well say what I like because I know nobody's listening. I've got no certificates to hand out so I reckon I'll sit down and ogle these three girls in the front row.
(sits down).

Head: (Rising). Have you finished? (Pauses to compose himself). Ah well, school, you may as well go and get some work done, or you'll be, as it were, in the long grass scratching. - Girls, you'd better pull your socks up, and you boys who are finding out that hair grows in other places besides on your head, get a shave before tomorrow. Speech Day! Huh! Waste of time anyway.

All: Moan!

(The assembly dismisses with an air of heartfelt boredom. Stagehands exeunt left.)

THE END

A D V E R T S

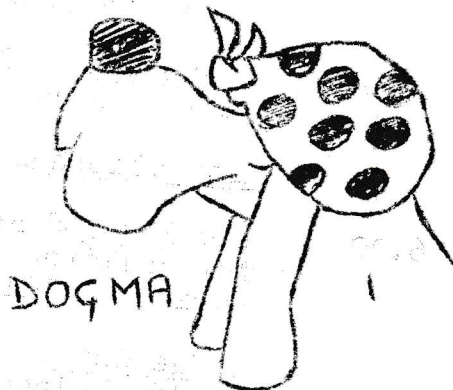
- (1) Mr. Rees seeks a car. Must be ecumenical to run.
- (2) Coming soon - an L.P. by that famous jazz quartet - The Count von Tutri Four, in which they play Bach backwards. It will be called Bach to front.
- (3) Civil engineers required - good salaries. Must be good mixers. For more concrete information, apply Progressive Collapse Limited, Ronan Point.
- (4) Old Gossamers required - ripped specimens not acceptable, top prices paid. Write, I Addit., Room 21.
- (5) For sale: One book "Teach Yourself Navigation" - Apply: Mr. Little, somewhere on the canal.
- (6) Buy Mr. Rees' filter-tipped Incense cigarettes. Mr. Rees says, "I never smoke anything else".
- (7) "Don't be vague - ask for Flynn"

LEGS NEWSFLASH

Latest figures for the birth-rate of Long Eaton show that it has risen steeply by some 7%. This statistic was given by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

Or, as Archimedes would have said:

"Erica, I've found it."



FROM OUT OF THE VEST where untamed moths

still roam the wild wardrobes comes FASHION BIT with your own Pee Wee Bowdler who says he cut his jacket on a branding-iron.

And here comes Mr. Wright wearing a gold lamé oxygen tent, fresh from his successful season at Madame Tussauds.

Followed by Miss Twiggy Hill modelling a topless swimsuit. No, I'm sorry, it's just her long neck.

Accompanied by Marion Smith (the only girl to get through a packet of polo mints) wearing a see-through negligée (no - it's just a stripe printed on the front of it).

Following the current wave of fashion, Miss Henley has designed a special see-through school beret, seen here modelled by Mrs. Carpenter. Just watch that tassel hang seductively!

That concludes FASHION BIT for this year. And so back into the vest.....

and on to LEGS T.V. Viewing times

- 1.30 Watch with Brother! Your genial hosts, Bill and Wen, give you a picture of life in a semi-detached comprehensive flowerpot.
- 2.00 Play School: A detailed insight into the activities of a provincial Sixth form. We feel that we should warn you that this programme is considered unsuitable for teachers and others who suffer from nerves.
- 4.30 Gardening Club: We invite you to come for a peaceful potter with your horticultural wizard, Pansy Patching.
- 5.00 Blue Peter: Plackett relates some of the more famous jokes. Not suitable for headmasters.
- 5.30 Marty Clipsham: Zany Comedy with the face of '69.
- 6.00 The Fox and Rathband Laugh-in: Situation comedy for children. Aided by their frolicking companion, Goldie Bowdler.
- 7.00 Zedge Cars: Nail-biting thrills in the underworld, helped by the Spanish Police Force, El C.I.D.

LEGS T.V. - contd.

- 7.30 Pop off the Tops: A long, cool look at the pub scene with your pint sized D.J. - Tom Dowers.
- 8.00 Animal Magic: A candid view inside the school cafeteria at feeding time.
- 9.00 Star Western Non-Movie: Complete boredom from the not-so-wild west in the person of the rootin' tootin' son of a gun from beautiful down-town Arnold, Two Gun Tweed.
- 10.00 Nudes at Ten: Everything exposed behind the scenes.
- 10.30 Talk Back: The day's programmes repeated in slow motion.
- 6.30 a.m. Close Down.
- 6.35 a.m. Test Card in slow motion.

LEGS POP

The recent months have seen some outstanding new releases from the pop world of LEGS. So, to begin with listen to the new L.P. from Tyrannosaurus Wright, "Funky French", which has to be heard to be believed. With stunning vocals, and the incessant hand-clapping, chanting and desk-beating by the backing group 5S, Tyrannosaurus Wright manages to create an atmosphere of sheer frenzy.

Another recent L.P. of note is "Disraeli Gears" by Flying Tweedy Harris. This album follows his earlier "Magical History Tour" and is a definite progression through the epochs of pop. Tweedy's faithful backing group of Upper Sixth Historians, led by the fiercely discordant tones of Rolling Richard Mahoney, provide an ideal background for Tweedy's high pitched wailing monotone. Such tracks as "The Poor Law Rock" and "Anti Corn Law Blues" are masterpieces of their kind. A history-making L.P.

If, however, you prefer your pop on a slightly higher plane, then I suggest that you take a listen to "Fun on the Four-Inch Beam" by Ester and Abi Bassett. Esther's dulcet tones, harmonised by the military voice of Abi, show up very well, especially on "Mr. Trampoline Man", which has a bouncing beat.

It is becoming more and more frequent these days for star acts to get together and produce a combined L.P. True to form, the assembly of talent on the album "Mr. Rees meets Amen Corner" produces a record to answer your prayers - Simply heavenly!

Finally, if I may just mention one single that you ought to buy, I would like to draw your attention to a new double-A-side release by Sulphate Webb, featuring "The Sound of Silence" on one side and "Silence is Golden" on the other. This disc was recorded 'live' in the library during Period C on a Friday afternoon and has no noise at all to disturb the peace and tranquillity of a most amazing record. One to go to sleep by.

And don't forget to listen to all these groovy new records on your own, your very own radio station, RADIO ONE LEG. This station, of course, plays much more music, so listen in daily to this formidable feast of pop-packed programmes:

- 8.50 - 9.00 "Who's Where?" The fabulous RADIO ONE LEG competition. The last person to registration wins a free, autographed photo of a member of staff.
- 9.00 - 12.35 "The Geoff Carter Sock-it-to-me Show". If you cannot resist Temptations, this is your show. Geoff will sock it to you ad nauseam. What a way to start your day!
- 12.35 - 1.50 The Mrs. Wesson Show. Yes, folks, the show with HER recipes and YOUR complaints. T.T.T.T.T. Tripe till Ten to Two!
- 1.50 - 2.00 A repeat of Who's Where?
- 2.00 - 3.00 The Kenny Plampin Everett Show. Zany Kenny, aided by his ever faithful servants, "Crisp Davy" and the well meaning but useless "Granny" Burrow, provides a hilarious beginning to your afternoon's listening.

3.00 - 4.00 The Radio One Leg Club. Direct from the Library, where the entire Upper Sixth may be found sleeping or talking. Don't forget that your lucky number could win you this week's top six singles, which are:

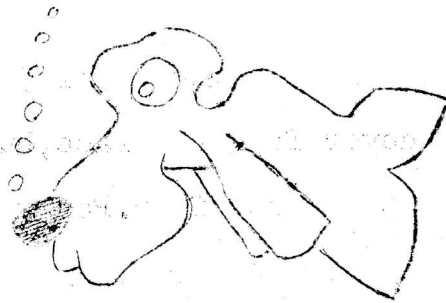
1. CHATANOOGA CHOO CHOO - Thunderclap Patching
2. STRANGE BREW - Wesson Dishwater Revival
3. I'M A TIGER - Gnat "King" Palmer
4. MY DEAR OLD SWANAGE - The Field Course Male Voice Choir
5. WHEN YOU'RE SMILING - Ann Walker
6. MELLOW 'CELLO - Fingers Gutteridge

HOLY RECIPE, BATMAN.

Old Israeli dish, called by the inhabitants "mess of potage". Take one pea-pod, five loaves, two fishes, a pinch of Lot's wife, a plague of locusts, milk and honey. Heat over a burning bush till dem walls come tumbling down. Heap on coals of fire and torment gently for forty days and forty nights in a large flesh-pot, stirring well with rod and staff. Serve with loud hosannas, mayonnaise and pepper.

IN COURT TODAY

Mr. P. Payne was accused by Mr. C. J. Calton of gross lateness. Mr. Calton, on behalf of the Prosecution, stated that the defendant, Mr. Payne, had been late 144 times.



DOG FISH

L.E.G.S. ACTION LINE

Dear Action Line,

Every morning for the last week, I have been to the henhouse, only to find two or three hens lying stone cold and stiff on the floor. Please tell me what is the matter.

ACTION LINE

Dear Sir,

Your hens are dead.

Dear Action Line,

There has been a dead cat on the pavement outside our house for a week and it is beginning to smell. Please help me.

ACTION LINE

Within the hour, Action Line had replaced the old dead cat with a new freshly killed one. Once more Action Line triumphs.

Dear Action Line,

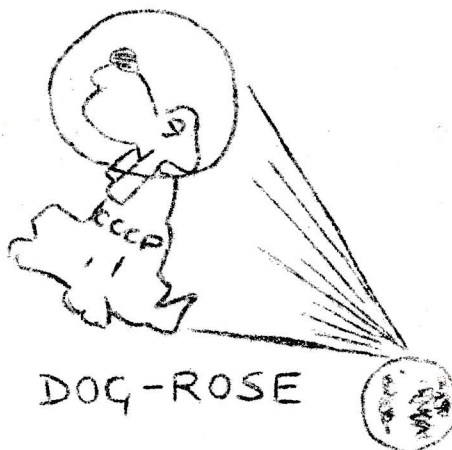
Last month I had a flat tyre. A young man stopped and pumped it up. He then left, without giving his name. It is imperative that I find him. What shall I do?

ACTION LINE

Sorry, we cannot help you - try the Welfare Clinic

QUOTE from a member of 5S:

"I never forget a face, but
in the case of Mr. Pacey
I am prepared to make an
exception.



RUN THE FAG ON JIM GAME

Here is a cigarette known to many as a Cadet filter tip, but which shall for the purpose of this game be known as a fag.

You will need to make a paper facsimile of this so called fag which shall for the purpose of this game be known as a paper facsimile.

You will also need a sharp pencil on which to impale the filter tip of the aforesaid paper fag.

Provided free with this page no doubt you have noticed a picture of Mr. Calton who should for the purpose of this game be known as Jim. You now have all the equipment necessary to play this game of skill, wits, tactics and chance.

-NOW-

With eyes closed, raise the pencil over the page, make several flourishes and gestures with your pencil carrying hand, and slowly but quickly bring the fag-cum-pencil down onto Jim. Open your eyes (this doesn't apply if you've been cheating) and give a hearty/feeble laugh at the fag's position.

SCORING: ACCORDING TO POSITION.

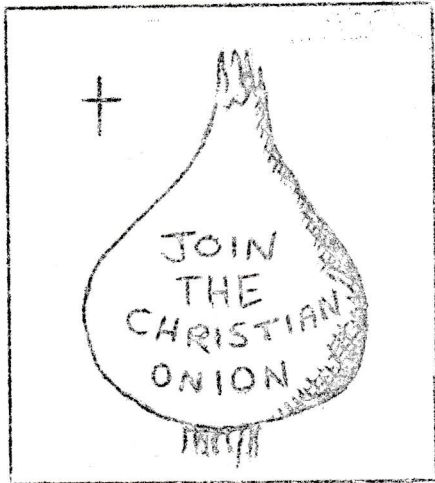
- 0 Points for in mouth or in hand.
- 2 points for other facial areas (4 pts. ear or nose)
- If fag is floating in air (i.e. not on the body of Jim) then you are a cheat - 1 point - as flying cadets are not allowed.
- 5 points for a tracheotomy.
- 2 points for Jacket. Bonus of 3 for navel area (Navel cadets allowed)
- Jacket score trebled if below the belt.
- Thigh to knee - 1 point. Knee to toe - 1 point.

FIRST TO fifteen (15) is the winner. Big Deal.



THE REVEREND REES PAGE

TOP SACRED



REV. TAKES A TRIP.

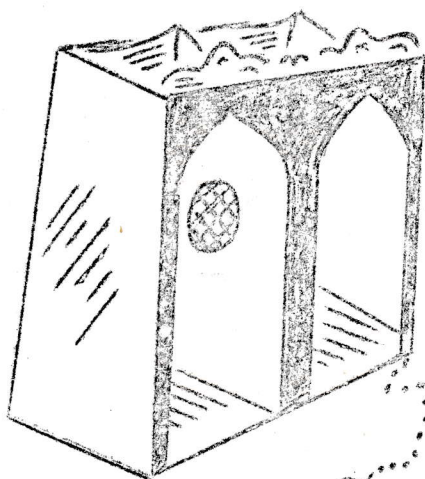
This year, 1969 A.D. the Very Nearly Reverend David Hugh Rees is organising a trip to the Holy Land. Come and see the holes.

VISIT SUNNY ARAB-ISRAELI BATTLE GROUNDS



TRAVEL BY YIDDISH RAIL

Cheap (Very Cheap) day return



GET YOUR PEW FROM HONEST HUGH

CUT PRICE CONFESSIONALS VERY REASONABLE



MR. HUGH

Rumours that Mr. Rees has applied for the post of ARCHBISHOP of SAWLEY were Not denied by the Reverend.

"I am awaiting Confirmation" he said.



CALL IN AT THE REV'S BEAUTY SALON GET YOUR FAITH LIFTED

Take your dirty habits to The Rev's Launderette

For further details concerning any of these adverts, write to: The Reverend Rees, C/o The Christian Union Missionary Expedition to

down-town - Draycott; Breaston Church Porch.

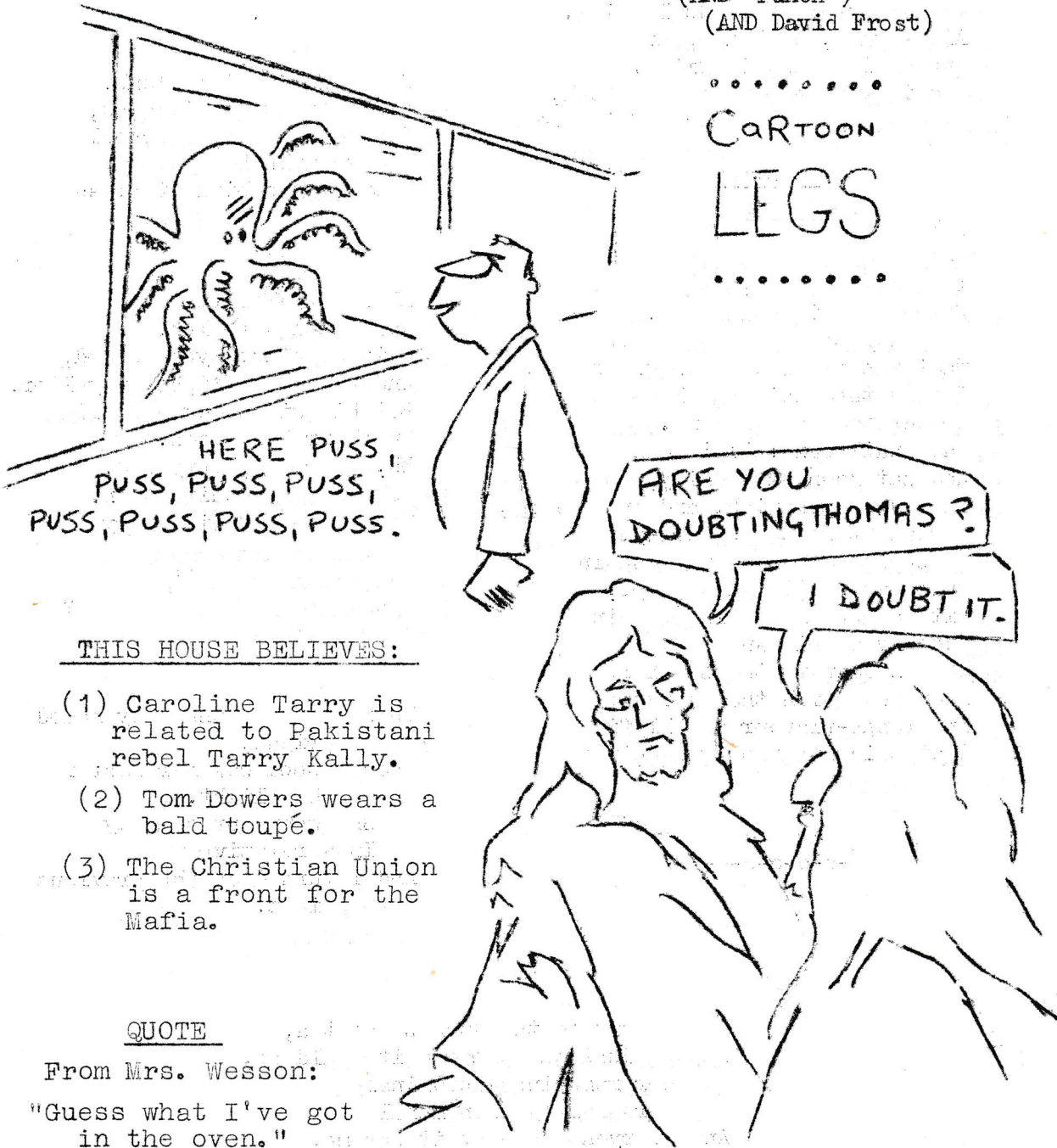
6.

There was a young lady named
 Etta,
 Who fancied herself in a sweater.
 Three reasons she had,
 "To keep warm" wasn't bad,
 But the other two reasons were
 better.

7.

Tribb and me,
 Not asking a fee,
 Drew inspiration from the sky.
 Pelech, the crud,
 Because he's no good,
 Pinched his from "Private Eye".
 (AND "Reader's Digest")
 (AND "Punch")
 (AND David Frost)

.....
 CARTOON
 LEGS



THIS HOUSE BELIEVES:

- (1) Caroline Tarry is related to Pakistani rebel Tarry Kally.
- (2) Tom Dowers wears a bald toupé.
- (3) The Christian Union is a front for the Mafia.

QUOTE

From Mrs. Wesson:

"Guess what I've got in the oven."

They SHOULD have said it.

- Mr. Setterfield: I'm backing Britten.
- Mrs. Harris: Graded Pollen Grains make finer flowers.
- Mrs. Darley: Reading you loud and clear.
- Mr. Davy: Roger and out.
- Mr. Little: I washed my chin last night and I can't do a thing with it.
- Miss Brooks: I think it's going to reign.
- Miss Gough: A funny thing happened to me on the way to the starting stalls.
- Dr. Burrow: The endosperm is nigh.
- Mr. Hopkin: Ammeter, Ammeter, my kingdom for ammeter!
- Mr. Ward: Look! A dinosaur!
- Mr. Plampin: Impossible duckie, it was pitchblack in there.
- Mr. (Metal) Gray: All's weld that ends weld.
- Mr. Rees: Halo my darlings!
- Miss Henley: There's a frock in my throat.
- Mrs. Carpenter: Sew its seams!
- Mr. Bassett: Behind this rough exterior, there's a heart of stone.
- Mrs. Wesson: There's no business like dough business.
- Mr. Calton: When I die, I want to be cremated.
- Mr. Harvey: Don't laugh at me 'cos I'm a ghoul.
- Miss Bottom: Damn this new maths, I'm just getting the hang of the old stuff.
- Miss Hill: Well blow me down!
- Mr. Wright: Oh! What a luvly Boer War!
- Mr. Dowers: Drink a pinta milkstouta day.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

We are big fans of your magazine. We are especially interested in your weekly series "LEGS Family Doctor", which is now featuring a series on appendicitis. Luckily for us, our son happened to have appendicitis at the time of your series. Following your instructions, we have already opened him up and have cleaned the scalpel ready. Looking forward to next week's informative episode.

Yours faithfully,

(Mr.) Brian Gutwister.

Dear Editor,

On the question of life after death I can shed some light. For the past 25 years I have been leading an existence of suspended animation in the guise of a senior French teacher at the Long Eaton Gramprehensive School. Despite the gradual failure in my vital functionings, I still am able to instruct mes élèves to fermer la porte, etc.

Yours faithfully,

P. Wright (deceased).

LEGS NESWFLASH

And here we have that world-famous, free-fall parachutist, motorcycle champion, grand prix world champion, astronaut, aquanaut and nerveless world land speed record-holder, Baron von Tribbensee who is now attempting the world water speed record in his Bluebird called, "Speedboat".

"Baron von Tribbensee, in your long career, you have already twice come within inches of your life and are now paralysed from the neck downwards. Why do you still keep trying? Aren't you afraid you might hurt yourself? I hear you are controlling your craft this time by twitching your nose and by waggling your tongue. Would you please comment on this?"

"Yes". "Baron, you have been described as 'nerveless'. What would you say to this, Sir?" "Well, seeing that I'm paralysed, you could say that, I suppose". "Finally, Baron, would you like to say a few words before you set off?"

"All right". "Thank you, Baron von Tribbensee".

THE DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY

Do not miss this! LEGS has waited with bated breath for this moment to show off its great scoop to the rest of the world. For years, the only known form of life on Earth has been Homo Sapiens and no alternative to this species has been considered possible since Homo Heidelbergensis disappeared into oblivion. But now, LEGS has made a discovery to set the mind of every scientist at a boggle. Lurking on the bottom corridor at all times, we have discovered FEMINA ZIMANDENSIS!

If you are wondering what to do on meeting this species, there is no need to be afraid. Femina Zimandensis answers to the name of "Anna", and will therefore be known from now on as "She" or "Anna". She appears a little fearful but is actually fairly docile and only rarely lands a blow. A warning though. She appears to have an inborn sense of knowing when someone is breaking a school rule, however minor. Anna will then give out an ear-splitting cry remarkably akin to the voice of an ordinary human being. This device is most effective and usually brings the offender to heel.

The feeding habits of this wondrous discovery are also worthy of note, but are still not completely within the comprehension of us poor humans. Anna seems to find thumbs extremely succulent, and indeed these seem to form the main bulk of her diet, giving rise to such well-known phrases or sayings as: "Suck it to me" or "Annie get your thumb". She also feeds on books, digesting mainly Dickens but she also finds Tennyson palatable. It also tastes nice. It is also possible that she prefers Milton for afters.

This, then, is an introduction for the rest of the world to our own brand new discovery. We at LEGS hope that you will watch the growth of her with interest.



CALTON THE EMBANKMENT TONIGHT

OR

IT'S ALL GREAT STAFF

One day, for no abhorrent reason, we decided to go to Holton Dowers via Kirk Hallam, where at this time of the year the farmers are Plampin their crops. Most of them had decided to Setterfield of corn. Unfortunately the Driver was unable to start the bus and had to use a starting Randall.

On Arrival, we climbed a Hill, and, after walking along a Gutteridge, we had to wade through many Brooks. The weather was not Goodall the while, the sky being rather Gray.

We decided to go for a Pont on the river, but we began to sink, and hit the Bottom. There was Little damage - Harvey worth bothering about. After this dip in the river, we each caught Cole and developed a bad Gough. One or two were rather upset and went off in a Hough. It was a most Harrising experience.

After drying out, some of us wanted to play cricket. Miss Henley had a Blance look on her face and was acting rather alouf, but we Forster to play. However, we needed a Scorer. Mr. Davy, whose name does not lend itself to a pun, was hit on the LEGS with the ball and went Hopkin round the field, shouting, "I'll never Walker again".

At this point, a Bassett hound ran off with the ball and buried it. We had to Burrow in the sand to retrieve it. Whilst so doing we had to Ward off an attack from the Webbrus and the Carpenter, the former being something Adkin to a hideous monster, but we were all Wright.

By this time, it was getting dark. We thought we had Bellerby going home. Despite one or two people's plans going Askew, we all enjoyed the climb up Jacobs' ladder on the way home. A Goodall by time was had.

With apologies to Mr. Pacey.

NOTICE

Readers are requested
not to take the pith
out of Linda Wood.

Thank you.

REIGNING
CATS
AND
DOGS



EXODUS (Thy rod and staff)

Chapter One. Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward is leaving. We don't know yet where to, but at the present time he is halfway between here and Sawley in the Wold clad only in a pair of shorts and running spikes, carrying a suitcase of ancient brachio-pods.

Chapter Two. Mrs. Darley.

Mrs. Darley is going. I think we ought to give her a book or something.

Chapter Three. Mr. Harris.

Mr. Harris is leaving and rumour has it that he is travelling by air. (Self propelled, of course). Now he is leaving, we can safely let you into the secret of his eternal manipulations of the hand. For some time now, Mr. Harris has been trying to flick something off the end of his finger.

Chapter Four. Miss Blance.

Miss Blance is leaving, (I didn't even know she'd arrived yet) and in commemoration we have composed a musical farewell tribute entitled "A Whiter shade of Blance". It is rumoured that Miss Blance is leaving to wed her fiancé Mr. Mange.

Chapter Five. Mr. Setterfield.

Mr. Setterfield (sob!) is leaving (sob!). What will happen (sob!) to the school (sob!) choir (sob!)?

My God, is this the end of the brass band?
Does no-one care any more? Has no-one any feelings?

Come back Setters!

Chapter Six. Mrs. Jacobs.

Mrs. Jacobs is leaving, after achieving her life-time's ambition of training the Grand Cham's Diamond to say, "Who put gold foil on that damned fire?"

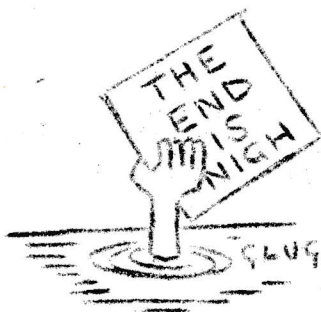
Chapter Seven. Mr. Little

(No!! Not Mr. Little as well? No! No! No! No!)
is leaving. It's difficult to say anything about Mr. Little really, except that it was he who taught me everything I know about raffle tickets and orange squash. Yes, the day Mr. Little leaves will be a sad day indeed for the boat.

Chapter Eight. Mr. Gutteridge.

Vot stunnink news for all ze millions of fans of Herr Gutteridge. Hair Gutteridge ist leavink viz all ze ozzers. Vot is wronk viz oz? Is it zat his amazink cello plays ze fantastiches wronk notes in ze new holl. It vill be a lonk time till ve vonce again vill hear such outstanding soloistic heppeninks in zis schule. Vill ze people of Great Britain stand for sech a think? Vill zey jost sit beck und say so lonk to Herr Gutters viz ze elektrik cello vich go plonk in ze night? I say, yes.

Here endeth the first lesson.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the typist, who wishes to remain anonymous.

To Mrs. Randall, wizard of the duplicator, who also remains anonymous.

To Mr. Forster and his Banda men.

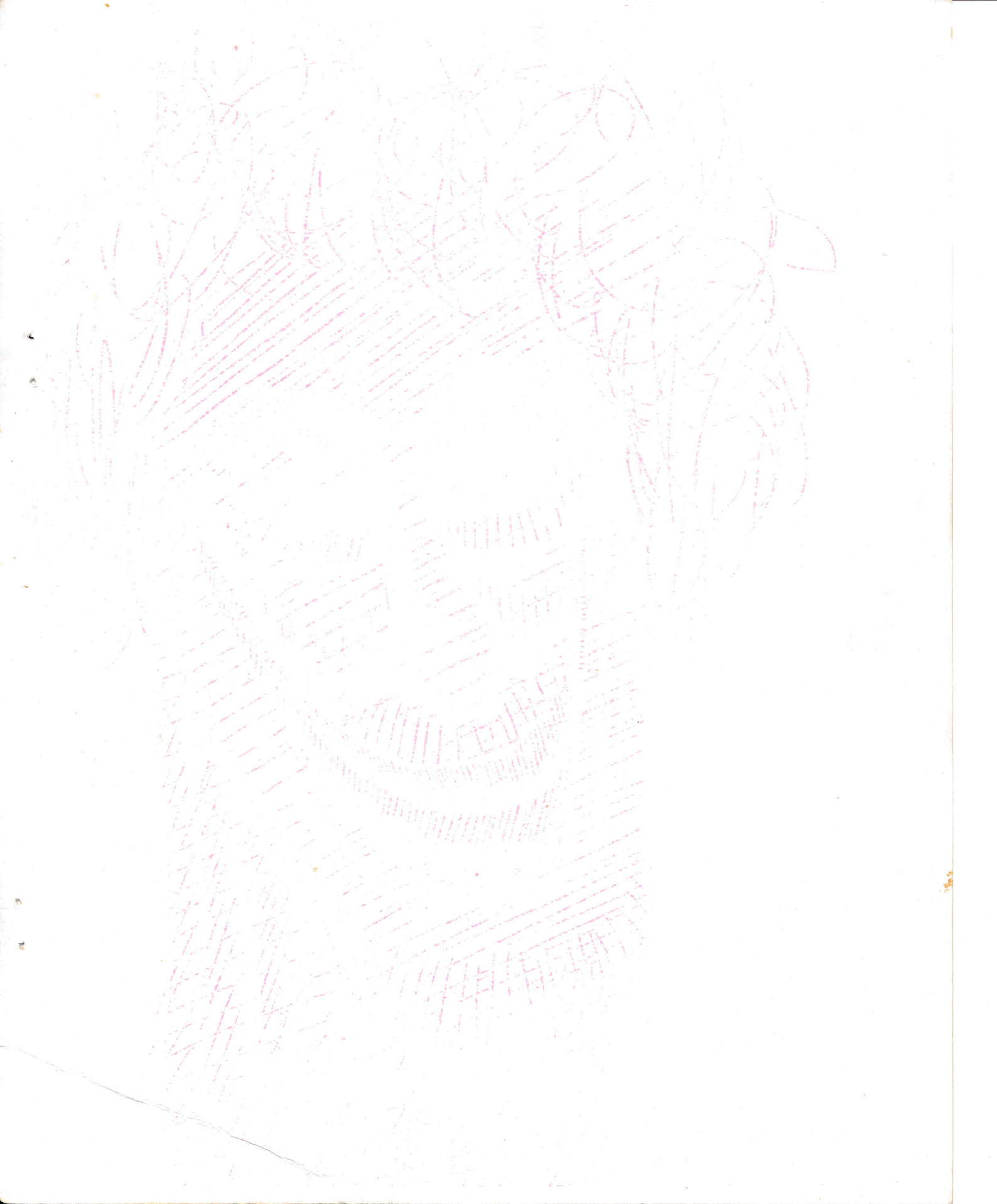
To US for writing it.

To you for buying it.

GOODBYE.



DOG END



Tril

N Thompson

✓ Philo L