

**SUPPORT
LEEDS
RAG**



**HELP
SELL
TYKES**

SATURDAY 30th NOVEMBER — SATURDAY, 7th DECEMBER

PANIC HITS THE STREETS OF LEEDS

Trendy Duchess sets the fashion



Our photographer caught the Duchess of Kent wearing this year's ultimate in high-fashion — the LEEDS RAG T-SHIRT. The picture was taken on one of the Duchess' frequent visits to RAG office.

Hysteria, four hundred and eighty-two dogs, several pet mice and an un-trained racoon called 'Fred' but who will answer to 'Bertie', broke out onto the streets of Leeds after the announcement this morning that LEEDS RAG would proceed as usual. Immediately people left their homes and jobs to join the mass exodus from the City of Leeds.

The exodus, thought to be the greatest since the opening of the World Trade Fair at nearby Cleckheaton in 1926, "could only be expected," commented the Duchess of Kent. (See picture). A police spokesman said that the extent of the evacuation was probably due to the large number of people leaving the City.

Fear

"Most Leeds citizens have lived through the bitterness of previous LEEDS RAGS", he said. "They fear for their lives, the lives of their families, their pets, their possessions, and most of all their money."

One of the fleeing evacuees reflected on how in previous years, RAG had been able to extract large sums of money from unsuspecting, law-abiding citizens. "This year we are not prepared to sit by and let ourselves be exploited and intimidated. We are leaving", he said.

by P. G. Lounge

Members of the Townsfolk Union for Rag Disbandment held a spontaneous meeting outside the Trades Council Hall this morning. They voted unanimously to petition the Prime Minister to make Leeds a special case and place it under temporary military rule. However a spokesman for the Union said that the Council had delayed taking preventative action and now it was too late. "All is lost. There is no point in going on. All I can do is bury my money. I could emigrate or join an old people's home. Perhaps I could even become a student," he commented.

Already emergency measures have been taken. There will be a dawn curfew from tonight. Shops and offices will remain shut and guarded against raids from money-hungry TYKE sellers disguised as gorillas, racoons, policemen, University Vice-Chancellors and mayoresses.



TURD supporters gather for a protest rally before discarding their banners and fleeing the city

The mayoress herself has been removed to an undisclosed address at 153, Woodhouse Lane.

The AA reported that by midday an average of eight thousand cars, five hundred prams and one scooter were leaving the city every hour. However they expected the congestion to clear when everyone has left.

The Rag threat is serious. It really exists and we have to live with it or not live with it. It is not our decision, and therefore we cannot as ordinary citizens decide.

STOP PRESS

Police with specially trained police racoons are combing Woodhouse Moor today in search of the 'Mad Rapist Gorilla'.

A police spokesman said that the gorilla was appearing almost completely naked and assaulting luscious young nubile female students. It is understood that the police are to set up a decoy to try and trap the gorilla. 'But', said P.C. Cellscrubber of the Yard, "This year there is an acute shortage of luscious young nubile policemen in the force."

TYKE IT AS A CHALLENGE

by Rupert Beckett

With the passing of RAG draw, TYKE selling has become the principle fund raiser for RAG. To sell 45,000 magazines of dubious literary content takes no less than a supreme effort. This year selling techniques will be stretched to the limit, and will be based on a wealth of experience gained from past ventures.

In 1971 a group of daring TYKE sellers ventured to enemy territory, Newcastle University. Six hundred RAG magazines were immediately stolen by Newcastle RAG members and were never seen again. However the result-

ing publicity sold well over the original six hundred.

The most popular form of transport for TYKE sellers is the RAG double-decker bus. Festooned with balloons and posters, loaded with TYKE sellers and driven by a RAG supporter, the bus travels around local towns and villages. The sight of the bus is said to create a strong and fearful impact in its unfortunate witnesses.

For those peddling on home ground, drawing a crowd is the first task. Climbing greasy poles (while half-pissed), dwyle flunking, (while totally pissed), and eating a hundred yard of spaghetti,

(not easily accomplished on other but an empty stomach, and therefore sober), might attract the occasional cursory glance.

The appearance of the odd gorilla laden with bananas mingling with the Saturday shopping crowd, has made a few sales. Bored queues at cinemas, the football crowd and the escalators at Lewis' all make vulnerable targets, but for receptive clientele one cannot beat a pub.

So come along and sell your share of the 45,000 TYKES during this week. See how you can win friends and influence people; there's a barrel of THEAKSTON'S, or the equivalent in price of wine, for those who can discover the best techniques.

NICE ONE CYRIL!



HOUSE OF COMMONS
LONDON SW1A 0AA

From: Cyril Smith, MBE, MP.

8th November, 1974

Dear Sir,

I have been asked to lend my name and support to the Leeds Student Charity Rag, which commences on November 30th, 1974.

This I do gladly. I am aware of the inconvenience that is often caused to people by events of this kind, but I consider that the amount of money distributed to charity as a consequence, makes the effort well worth while.

May I then express the hope that your readers will find it possible to support the Students in their efforts?

Yours faithfully,

Dictated by Mr. Smith & signed in his absence.

Your Guide to RAG WEEK

Meditorial

A charitable purpose

Rag happens but once a year like all the best things in life (Birthdays, Christmas, Mothers' day, Father's day, Fido's day, etc.), but unlike most things, it costs nothing. However it does provide a chance to win barrels of beer for TYKS selling and have a good 'Loon' around.

What then might we ask ourselves, is the point of RAG?

A good question, and one that is not easily answered without first exploring the realms of Cosmic Consciousness.

WHAT? ... WHERE?

That done, we can now continue.
The philosophy of RAG is:

To provide small local charities with the money they so desperately need and which without our help may cease to exist.

To give everyone the chance to mess about shielded by the mystical RAG. This means that you are unlikely to get more than five years for your stunt.

To increase the circulation of Theakstons.

To provide Union politicians material for lengthy debate.

So get a cut in the spaghetti,
Affectionately Yours,
O'Reilly Smith-Hall.

During RAG week members of RAG committee will be available in the University and Poly Unions and at 153 Wodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

Telephone: 39071. Ext. 56.



'Mutter' Slater, Andy Davis, Rod Bowkett and Keith Gemmell
Members of 'Stackridge', playing at the Poly tonight.

We would like to thank the following for their support and donations:

T. and R. Theakstons Ltd.
John Haig
Express Records
Meredith and Drew
Clement Freud MP
Cyril Smith M.P.
Pete's Wall Cleaning Bunch
Jimmy Savile

and all firms that have lent lorries and drivers for the Rag Procession, including those firms whose names we do not yet know at the time of going to press. A complete list will be published in next year's TKYE.

RAG COMMITTEE.

Be Bop 'n Roll Deluxe

If you want to know what today's creative young musicians are doing, then Be Bop De Luxe may provide the answer.

In appearance, concept and manifestation they are what the music press call a "post-Bowie phenomenon". I think that is slightly misleading. True, Bill Nelson, the lead guitarist and singer/composer of the band looks like Bowie, and the lyrics and intonation of his songs are derivative, but the approach of Be Bop De Luxe to the rock scene ought to be viewed in different terms.

by Martin Charlesworth

It is an approach which is constantly changing, even faster than Bill Nelson would like to admit. After a highly successful tour playing support to Cockney Rebel, the band disintegrated in a manner not unlike the split between Steve Harley and the rest of his group. The entire Be Bop De Luxe, apart from Nelson, were sacked at a time when things really looked good. However, Nelson soon reformed the band, and after a close friendship on tour he invited two-ex-members of Cockney Rebel to play with him: Milton-Reame James on keyboards and Paul Jeffreys on bass guitar. A new drummer was found to complete the new Be Bop De Luxe.

As a product of the new "pub rock scene", an amorphous term which must necessarily include clubs, discos and small colleges as well, Be Bop De Luxe know how to play rock 'n' roll. But it is a very distinctive sound which has evolved, formally based on the guitar virtuosity of Bill Nelson. The first album by the old Be Bop De Luxe was called "Axe

Victim" in which Nelson said, "Beware, I'm an axe victim hung up on these silver strings." He certainly is, often to the point of over-indulgence, which left the group open to criticism, such as Nelson using the band as a vehicle for himself.

But nobody can deny that Nelson is a stylish, elegant player cast in the guitar hero mould like Hendrix. It is an image which Nelson would like to dispel and the new Be Bop De Luxe promises a much more balanced line-up with guitar used for textural quality rather than a showcase. For Nelson as well, as a former art-student, art and imagery are no mere peripheral distractions; they are central to the music. In an interview he said:

"Once before, with another band I made a film to be shown on stage to go with the music, had people reading poetry, used tapes, it was a multi-media thing and it worked very well in the context. I'd like to expand on that now. I can see the whole thing developing along much more adventurous lines."

Be Bop De Luxe are a very interesting and excellent live band, much in vogue around the South Yorkshire area where Bill Nelson



Bill Nelson (Right) and the original Be Bop De Luxe.
Appearing Wednesday in the Riley Smith Hall

comes from. So far they are relatively unknown outside the area and it seems the problem they face is transferring their music from a local level of performance onto the concert stage. Often in pubs like the Adelphi, Leeds, and

the Black Swan, Sheffield, they seemed too far ahead of the audience, too esoteric for critical acclaim. Nevertheless, John Peel has already described them as the most important new band of 1974. He may well be right.

Ragarts

A great revue

Rag Revue
Debating Chamber

Fame stood tip-toe in the wings. For this cheery band of troopers their aim to amuse and entertain hundreds of cynical, theory-worn students weighed heavily upon their shoulders. But determination was the key, and in this stable of unrest RAG REVUE was born.

The result? More than could ever be expected.

See the zany antics of Spruce Bruce, bridging the generation gap. Wallow in the imagery of Winnie-the-Pooh and his donkey Eeyore. Cry with the entreaties of Jon Silliesby begging to be told his next line. Conjure with the pointed recitations of Evening Post clippings. Delight in the doggerel of the Wee Lass Fr' Wigan and join in with the lechery, perversion and downright loonery of a degenerate cast. And music and laughter and much much more. A wicked mélange of evil and sophistication.

And as the end draws near, temperatures rise, foreheads begin to sweat, bowels ache and people begin to leave, comes the final 'clou de la fete' — the Cabaret.

In a final attempt to force



Rag Revue's 'Cabaret'.

a smile upon the faces of the hostile audience, the female members of the cast discard their clothes and dance provocatively around the stage. Their tender young nubile bodies flaunt themselves in front of the now amazed and

helpless audience.

So the story ends.
Think of it as your favourite beer — it may make you puke but you'll enjoy it. Or in the immortal words of Balzac 'Tout ca pour un franc seulement'.

Hilarious

'Til Death Us Do Part
RSH Monday 9.00 p.m.

When a film is made of a television series one tends to think that it is only cashing in on a proven success and can have nothing original to add. But the film 'Til Death Us Do Part' augments and develops the already well known characters.

The story begins with the birth of Rita, Una Stubbs, and traces her life with her father Alf Garnett, the epitome of British Bigotry, and her muddle-brain mother Else, Dandy Nichols. When she eventually marries trendy scouse Mike, Anthony Booth, and he moves into the house the scene is set for the constant stream of insults and abuse that we are used to.

Warren Mitchell at his best, supported by a consistently good cast in a situation that has always been hilariously funny.



A gory scene from 'Soldier Blue'.

Marty's Porridge stirring

Marty Feldman with his special brand of humour is in his element in this satirical look at the world of advertising. Saddled with the task of promoting porridge he uses the best selling technique known to the western world: Sex. However this conflicts with his domestic life as his wife finds out that Marty has perverted the theme of Goldilocks and the Three Bears for his advertising campaign. To

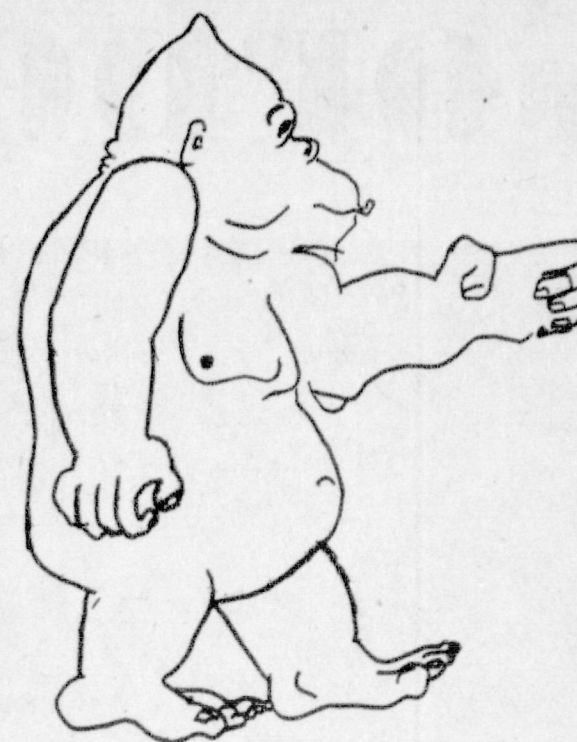
Evrey Home
Should Have One
SUNDAY 7.30 — RSH

monopolises his TV viewing. The crunch comes when his wife finds out that Marty has perverted the theme of Goldilocks and the Three Bears for his advertising campaign. To

add fuel to the domestic fire the voluptuous Julie Ege comes to the already strife torn household as an au-pair, with the obvious disastrous results.

All this plus the adulterous vicar, a child with a knicker collecting fetish, numerous groups of gnomes, fat men and booby girls, all go to make up the best British comedy film I have ever seen.

DOUBTFIRE'S FAIR
Woodhouse Moor
ALL WEEK



RAG EVENTS

Friday, 29th November
RAG REVIEW — Debating Chamber 8.30 pm.
STACKRIDGE — Poly Tech Hall.

Saturday, 30th November
TYKE SELLING in LEEDS — TYKE SELLING in HUNSLET — STUNTS all Day in City Centre — TYKE SELLING in NEWCASTLE, 10.00 am Parkinson — STUNTS in HUNSLET — STUNTS in PEDESTRIAN PRECINCT — HUNSLET MIXED FOOTBALL MATCH v COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION — LEO SAYER, Refec. £1 — DISCO POLY Refec — STUNTS List in RAG OFFICE.

Sunday, 1st December
BODINGTON PRAM RACE — GAMES FOR KIDS in HUNSLET — DOUBTFIRE'S FAIR on MOOR — FILM: 'Every Home Should Have One' and 'LOOT', 7.30 RSH — DRINK and EATS.

Monday, 2nd December
MARATHON THREE-LEGGED RACE Skyrack Headingley to Hyde Park, 2.00 pm — DRINK — GRAFFITI 'CLEAN-UP' in HUNSLET — BODINGTON OTLEY BEER RACE — BAR EVENTS in EVENING at BODINGTON, ALSO YARD-OF-ALE and SLAVE AUCTION. PLUS BOAT RACE.

Film: 'Till Death Us Do Part', 9.00 pm RSH 15p — ROCK AND ROLL AFTER
'NON-STOP TALKING COMPETITION' POLY BAR 8.00 pm

Tuesday 3rd December
TYKE SELLING in BIRMINGHAM 9.30 am Parkinson — RHUBARB THRASHING Poly Precinct 2.00 pm — BED RACE, Woodhouse Moor 2.00 pm — DWILE FLUNKING Poly Precinct 2.00 p.m.
Films: Poly Common Room 8.00 — Late HORROR FILMS at Bodington. Film: 'CARNAL KNOWLEDGE' RSH.

Wednesday, 4th December
BEER RACE Start Calverly Street 1.30 pm finish CITY SQUARE — TYKE SELLING in LEEDS — DISCO for KIDS in HUNSLET — LATE HORROR FILMS AT BODINGTON
'Be Bop Deluxe' RSH, 7.30, 60p — DISCO POLY Refec — LIGHTS FUN FOOD AND DRINK

Thursday, 5th December
TYKE SELLING in Liverpool 9.00 am Parkinson — RAGORILLA CHASE around TOWN 2.00 pm — MAMMOTH CHESS MATCH in Pedestrian Precinct 2.00 pm — LIPMAN DISCO 8.30-12.00 pm.
Film: 'Some Girls Do' RSH 9.00, 15p — EATING — DRINKING MERRIMENT — DISCO Poly Staff Bar — PYJAMA DANCE Poly Common Room — BRIGHT LIGHTS and LOONERY.

Friday, 6th December
TYRE RACE around the University Campus 1.00 pm — STOCKS City Centre 2.00 pm — STREET THEATRE in the Pedestrian Precinct all afternoon — TYKE SELLING — NON-STOP SPEAKING COMPETITION, University Old Bar 8.30 pm, Many guest speakers — POLY CABARET Poly Common Room — Locally Sponsored HUNSLET PUB RACE — POLY LATE BAR and FOOD — BOOZE — FOOD — HUNSLET 'GRAFFITI' CLEAN-UP — COLLECTING.

Saturday, 7th December
RAG PROCESSION WOODHOUSE MOOR 2.00 pm — TRICYCLING ALONG RED ROUTE — TYKE SELLING — MANY TYKE SELLERS NEEDED to ACCOMPANY PROCESSION — FANCY DRESS and LOONERY — 'STATUS QUO' Refec — FIREWORK DISPLAY ON WOODHOUSE MOOR in EVENING

ALL WEEK
TYKE SELLING WHENEVER AND WHEREVER POSSIBLE — LOTS OF HELP NEEDED — DOUBTFIRE'S FAIR ON WOODHOUSE MOOR — YOUR OWN STUNTS — FILMS — HUNSLET GRAFFITI 'CLEAN-UP' — TRICYCLING ALONG RED ROUTE — LAUGHS.
'Help Now As Tomorrow You will Have To Help Again' — G.E.R. Illa.

Stackridge: Folk-Rock Pot-Pourri

Stackridge were formed in 1970 and performed what can loosely be termed as a progressive folk-rock pot-pourri.

James Warren played bass, wrote songs, and sang them in a choirboy falsetto. Andy Creswell-Davis played keyboards and guitar, also wrote songs and sounded incredibly like John Lennon. The rhythm section was augmented by Billy 'Sparkle' Bent, an ex-bricklayer with a pretty face, Mike Evans on violin and vocals on the odd Beatles number and 'She taught me how to yodel', to prove that he couldn't sing. Mike 'Mutter' Slater played flute, tin whistle and dustbin lids. Now and then Jim 'Crum' Walters appeared with his bass guitar, but since he wanted to finish his apprenticeship, kept disappearing.

That was the foundation for the first two albums, 'Stackridge' and 'Friendliness'. The former contained the epic 'Slark' plus a host of other ditties concerning weird creatures from the West Country. The latter didn't capitalise on its potential, but was still a definite move in the right direction, containing such beautiful songs as 'There is no refuge' and 'Teatime'.

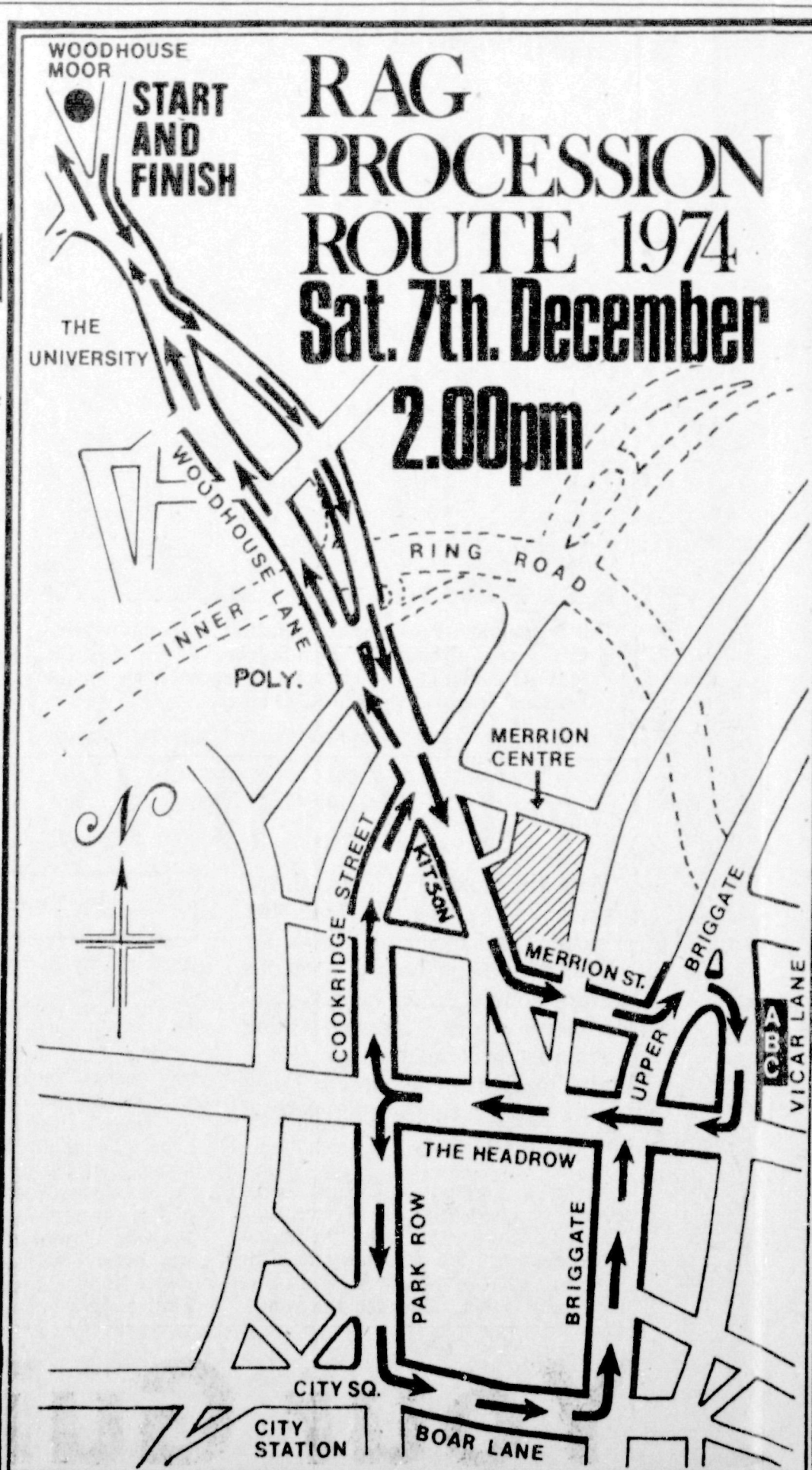
by John Boocock

'Friendliness' was the album with which many people identified 'Stackridge' and at the time of its release they were touring constantly with great success.

To cap this, George Martin produced their next album which proved a highly successful combination — 'The Man in the Bowler Hat' on its release, was described as 'The best pop album to appear for years' by *Leeds Student*. However, there were internal problems in the band and Warren, Sparkle, Slater and Walters left. Two excellent replacements, Keith Gemmell (ex-Audience) and Rod Bowkett were found and Slater re-joined. This new format has produced a much tighter sound in spite of Evans leaving, the group now looks set to reach the heights never unfortunately reached in its formative years. 'Stackridge' are now more professional, but they haven't lost their sense of humour — the stage act incorporates such gems as 'Who's that up there with Bill Stokes?' and 'No-one's more important than an earth worm'. The quintessential English band, 'Stackridge' play the Poly Tech Hall tonight and anyone looking for some good music, won't be disappointed.

LEO SAYER

SATURDAY, 30th NOVEMBER
UNIVERSITY REFECTORY — £1





Gorbeck

SHOCK, HORROR, MONSTROUS

The opportunity has finally arrived for a brief mention of our beloved Editor, Nick 'Monster Hunter' Witchell. Mr. Witchell (Nessie to his friend), an otherwise quiet and unassuming young gentleman, has earned this epithet from his persistence in searching for things that do not exist.

Before coming to Leeds to study law, Nick spent several months pacing the shores of Loch Ness in search of the elusive monster. The fact that not once in all that time did he so much as catch a glimpse of the creature could not deter an ambitious journalist like what Nick is, and his book turning what was once mere rumour and speculation into hard fact: "The Loch Ness Story" was published this year.

This achievement, along with his experience as a feature writer for that extremely sexist but readable magazine "Mayfair", made him the obvious successor to last year's man of letters, Ian, 'Tit and Bum' Coxon.

Nick can now be seen pacing the floors of the Union in search of more rumours to turn into hard fact. His motto and advice to his many ambitious followers has always been: "You don't need news to write a news story".



Nick Witchell - Turning mere rumour into hard news

BOB'S MACE DEBATING

Being heard more and more over the Union tannoy system these days is the voice of Mr. Bob Rae, a fast-rising Union superstar whose behaviour cannot for long go unnoticed. His recent election to University Council by a substantial majority seems to have gone straight to his head and has uncovered in him a seemingly unlimited lust for power.

I am reliably informed that his ambitions take him much

further than the Debating Society, of which he is now Chairman.

His experience in the debating field has given Mr. Rae the "gift of the gab" and now his voice pervades most Union meetings. His thwarted ambitions in the Observer Mace Debating competition, coupled with his nauseous approach to Union politics must earn for him the resounding title of Robert 'Mace Debator' Rae.

ENTS SPECTACULAR

Full marks must go to University Entertainments Secretary Mr. Paul Loasby for performing such a daring stunt in Woodhouse Lane last week.

At considerable risk to his life, Paul drove his car almost completely underneath a slow moving articulated lorry. As he climbed unscathed from his battered Warseoff 1100 Mr. Loasby was heard to say: "If only those blocks of concrete on the back of the lorry had been a couple of inches higher I could have got the whole car right underneath".

Undaunted, he plans to drop his tyre pressures and repeat the stunt next week, when he is hoping for a better audience response. On this occasion neither of his audience was very forthcoming with enthusiasm - but then policemen rarely are.



Lord "Penguin" Boyle

BOYLE OF THE ARCTIC

To remind you all that none is free from the pen of GORBECK, we now turn our attentions to our academic leader, Lord 'Penguin' Boyle. I must state here that this column intends absolutely no malice and that the refusal of Seigneur Furuncle to write a foreword to this year's 'Tyke' bears absolutely no relation to his inclusion in this article.

Nevertheless, one would have thought that anyone with such extensive interests in the literary world as a

director of Penguin Books would have been only too pleased to turn a flipper to help such a charitable (and literary) organisation as RAG.

This will certainly be remembered when 'Le Pingouin' comes waddling to the RAG Offices asking for a few bob for a piece of fish because his University can no longer afford to pay him. We can but hope that his flippers will be able to reach at least into his pocket to buy a 'Tyke'.

LUDLOW CITY TRANSPORT

The determination of RAG chairman is a concept not to be taken lightly.

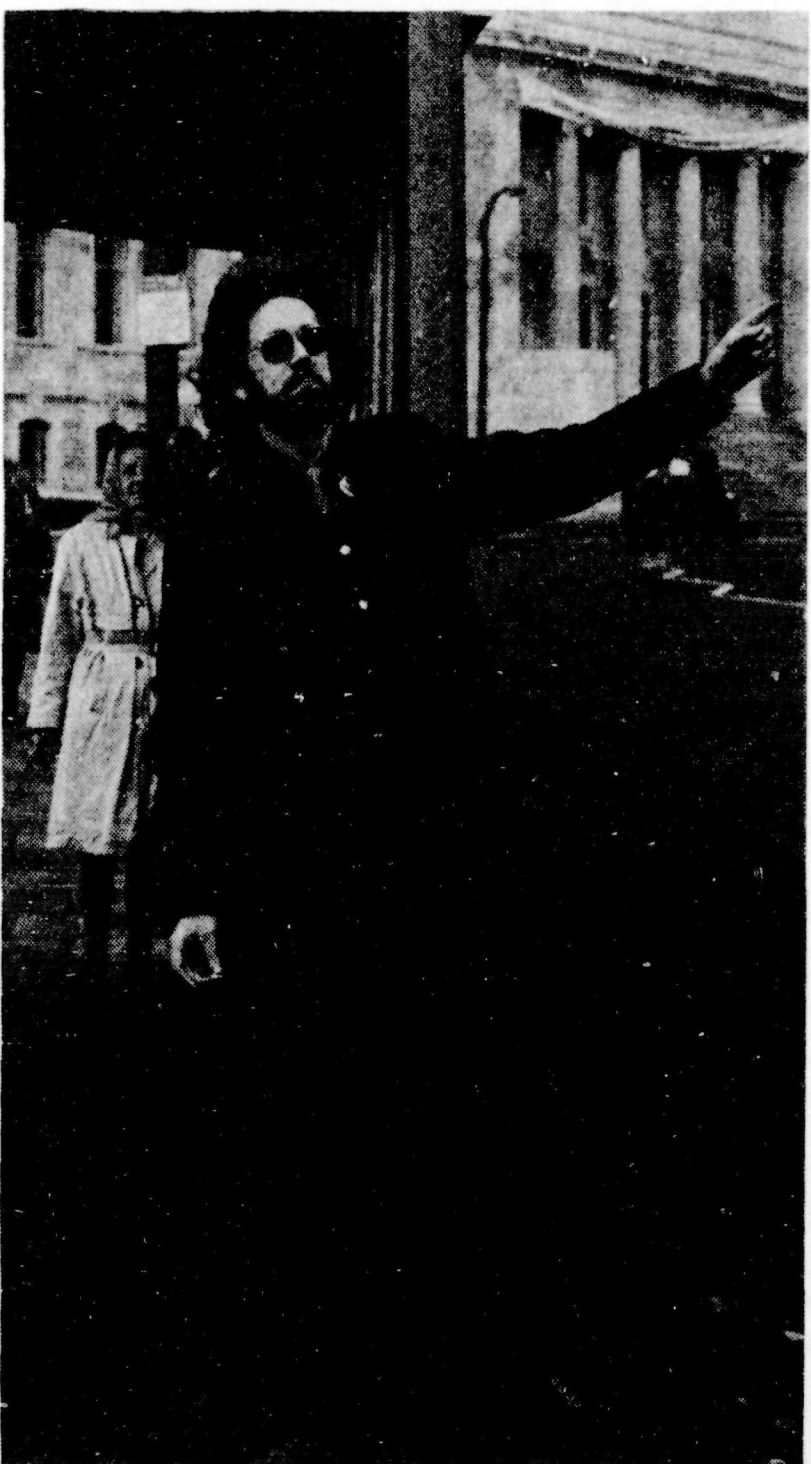
And so previous RAG Chairman, Phil Ludlow, can still be seen peddling Tykes and collecting fares on Leeds City Transport buses in a final effort to bring March RAG out of the red.

Not an easy thing to do after the devilish exploits of Jane 'fingers' Beeken.

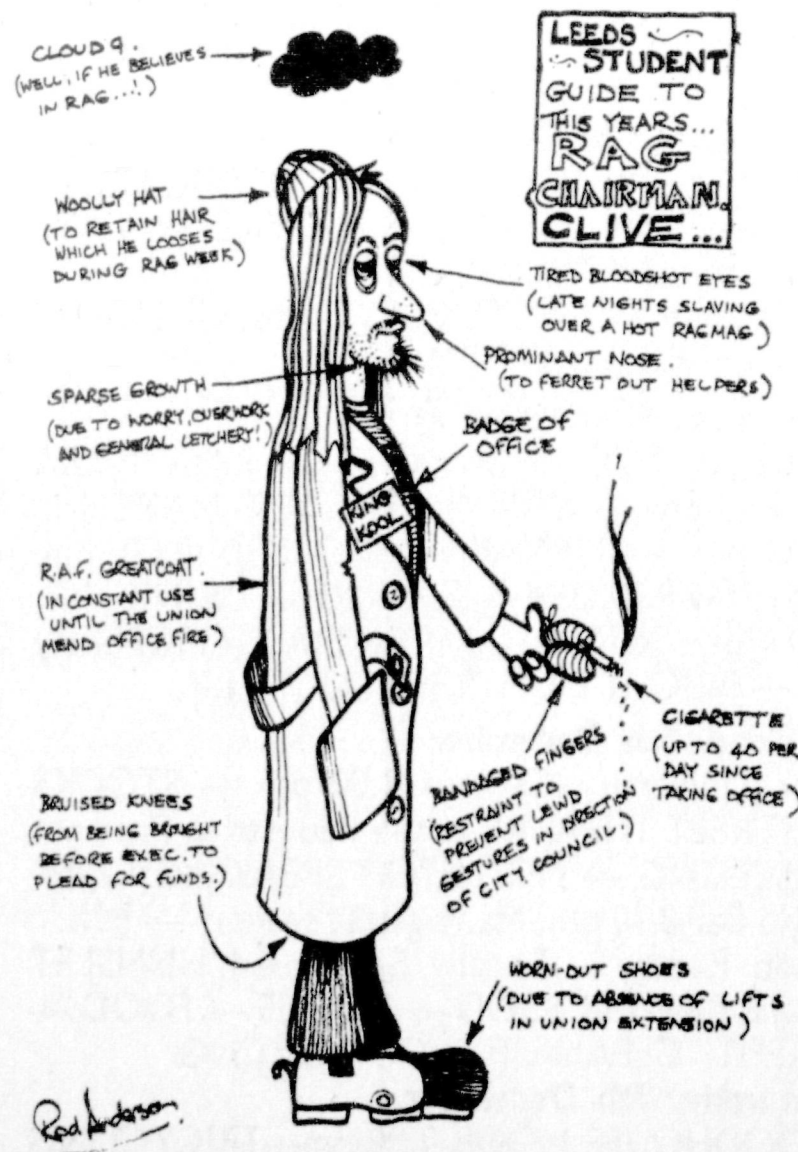
Impatient to achieve his goal Phil has spent several months studying for his PSV license. That an LCT bus may soon be seen speedily heading for Batley Car Auction would not come to me as a surprise.

I also understand that Phil's ideas do not stop only by request. Since he was a child, his mother informs me, he has always had the desire to drive a railway engine.

However we must wish Phil every success in whichever road he may follow.



Ex-Rag Chairman Phil Ludlow — still causing a public nuisance



TWO FINGERS CLIVE

Clive, "King Kool" to his friends, 'Two-Fingers' to his enemies, Hemsley seems once again to be using RAG as a vehicle for his own devious ends. Last year he apparently only joined RAG Committee to pursue his amorous intents on a fellow (female) member. Having since become successfully engaged to the young lady in question he has this year turned his gaze to higher things - Cosmic Consciousness to be specific.

Having set himself up as Cosmic Maharishi (alias RAG Chairman), Mr. Hemsley has been flooding the local press with superficially sane comments about RAG in order to establish his credibility with his followers (Cosmic Cosmonauts). I can only advise you, my readers, to beware of false prophets. All true knowledge comes from Gorbeck.

WIN
Theakstons
BEER or WINE
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TYKES
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STACKRIDGE

POLY TECH HALL

Friday, 29th November, 1974