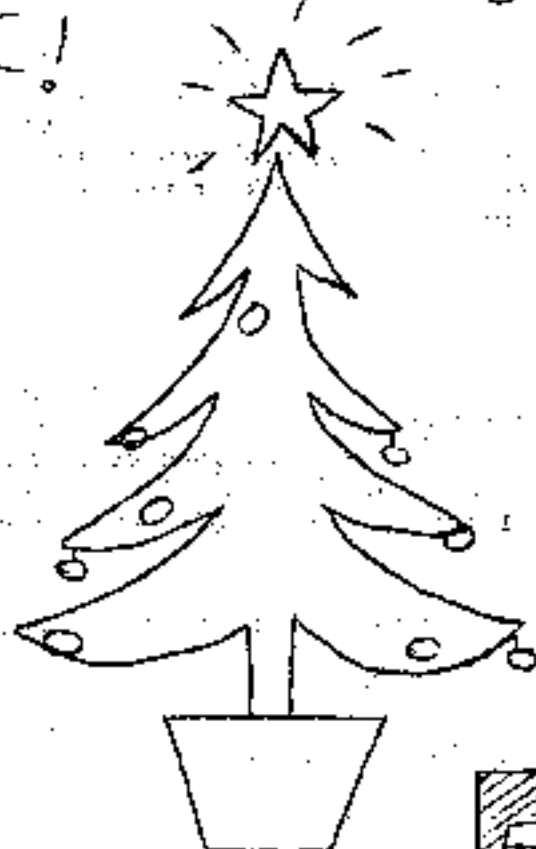
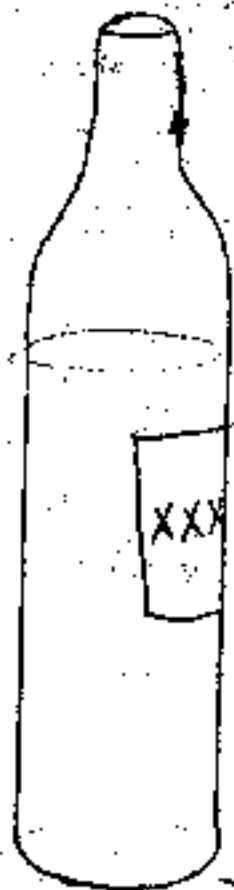


Feedback

©1979 TERRIBLE LOVERS INC.



HIC! SPECIAL HIC!
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE! HIC!



Hic!
I'm the "FEEDBACK
bunglybunge."

5p

Editorial

The observant ones among you may very well have noticed the absence of a Christmas issue of FEEDBACK. This was entirely due to inertia on the part of the editorial staff, who repeatedly found better things to do with their time. Self-recriminations over, we now devote ourselves to the mag.

Usually the editorial has been comprised of witty social satire, a summary of the term's achievements and a perceptive look forward.

No chance!

This term has been fairly uninteresting, nothing memorable has happened, or if it has I didn't notice it. The perceptive look forward is somewhat redundant, the FEEDBACK "comprehensive takeover" issue, with a typical B.B.J. pre-emptive move pulled le rug de sous notre feet. (Who says syncretism ain't got no chance?)

However, looking on the bright side, this issue will have some mildly amusing competitions (riddled with in-jokes). The "guess the quote" competition and especially the decipher Green's handwriting comp. being close to my heart. The "rock" section is larger than ever before with interviews, previews and reviews of bands such as "The Excommunicated", "The Forgotten" and "Sedation". How do they come up with these powerful yet accessible labels? Do they stab dictionaries or are they simply derivative of mainstream punk? All the same they're worth reading about and indeed listening to if you get the chance. The latter two are often to be seen at the bombshelter, although to hear "The Forgotten", for their technically better than average, dramatic, presentation and style; you must move slightly upmarket.

This issue is remarkably free of any mention of "The Brian Hughes Band", who are rumored to have gone underground and to be working at "a whole new scene".

I don't think I can safely avoid mention of our raz-oh soccer team (see crossword). Of course one must try very hard not to go over the top in my position.

That winds it all up except to say, wish you a nice holiday and to offer a few words of encouragement to the 5th form: work at your revision and your exams and you too could be a 6th former like us

Lots of Love,
Ed.

Once again kids it's spathy time, or.... "Why I am not prepared to contribute anything whatsoever to the school's magazine 'Feedback' "

Requests for material were met with the usual lack of enthusiasm, and the majority of items in this issue (with several notable exceptions) have been scribed under sufferance. Here follows an asserment of replies to the oft asked question: "Will yer write summat fer us?"

"I would, but it would be a waste of time. Nobody wants to read my rubbish!"

"I can't, I don't do English anymore"

"Well I would...(pause-while fumbling for excuse)...but I'm busy"

etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.

There were though, a few wonderful souls who made no excuse, nor shouted for help, or fainted, but who willingly agreed to help in some way. To those people I express thanks, well done men! Take a bow.

LETTERS

Ed,

It appears that absolutely nothing is going to take place to mark the end of the school. Once again apathy rears its ugly head. This time though, not only amongst our pupils, but also amongst the staff. Even the school council is dying. Unless more support is shown for the school council, ie. EVERY form member turning up at meetings, then the school council will die. There will be no existing body through which we, the pupils, can voice our opinions and ideas. In the school council meeting-March 26 only 9 form reps. turned up out of a possible 19 reps.

Come on then school! Make your own reps. turn up at the ~~MEET~~ meetings. Make them voice your opinions. The more support we gain, the more influential we will become. Pull yourselves together form reps. it's your last chance!

Yours Faithfully, ..

one of the last surviving members of the council.

(Fight apathy with anonymity-ED.)

ED,

Concerning the issue of the disappearing school funds: I would like to raise one small question-where the hell does all the money go?

We industrious little chaps spend hour upon hour, sweating blood, in order to make fund-raising functions the "wow" they are. A vast percentage of our hard earned pennies is apportioned for the purchase of "goodies" from the school tuck shop. (A highly profitable industry!)

These examples succinctly illustrate the profit and loss dilemma. We make the profit and some character loses it. It is suggested that if a coin was radio-actively labelled and spent at the tuck shop, a geiger counter would have little trouble tracing the said coin to the Strawberry Hotel. A balance sheet please.

Yours faithfully,

Harold CONKERS.

(Address not supplied (or spelt properly!))



SUPERBOY - SUPERBOY!

SUPERMAN* as a boy, following rocket-escape to earth as a baby from doomed home-planet Krypton. Already fighting evil and learning to control Kryptonian powers of flight, strength and hyper-sensitivity

*Property of D.C. Comics Inc.

989((((((((((((((((((.))))))))))))))666

2

ADDOPPI

Mar. the Warrior

Noble savagery, flying sword
Scaring pain, Holy word.
A million horses, trampled to dust
Satisfies insatiable blood lust
Flashing blade, cutting steel
Golden sword on chariot wheel
Whining scream, painful glory
A million dead tell a bloody story.
King did slay and were slain
The rightful monarch brought with pain
Trampled to death life underfoot
A shield it lies on bloodied gut.
Reddened sword and blackened shield
The shining armour refused to yield.
Hang up the sword, put the horse to stud
Leave the battle filled with human blood
Leave the stories to poet's lays
And reminisce on bygone days
The fight is over, the strife is done
Neither lost and neither won

A. Tompkinson 58

Thoughts were few, the lights were dim,
no-one came to comfort him.
When gone, white coats came dashing through
There was nothing the house could do,
They opened even locked up doors,
Sounded out that bedroom floor,
And this is what without a doubt,
Happens in a house when the lights go out.
They found the plumbing all intact,
The topmost room was tightly packed.
Dry rot had started up the stairs,
Woodworm filled the old armchairs.
And so I'll firmly lock my door,
Cover up each tiny flaw,
and hope that you will never know
the reason why I had to go.

S. McGrady 16 Ramsden

Mary had a little Lamb,
Her father shot it dead.
And now it goes to school with her
Between two lumps of bread.

ANON.



ARTICLES OF GENERAL INTEREST - (GRAPHIC ARTIST)

(4)

FRANK

BARBARIAN

©1978 P.C.

THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN ON AN EPIC QUEST—THE SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE HIS NAME WAS SPOKEN WITH AWE—HE WAS FRANK!

FRANK'S GIANT FIGURE SET OUT ACROSS THE ICE PLATEAU.



DIVEN ON BY A DESIRE HE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO FULFILL



SUDDENLY HE STOPPED—IT WAS THE LIGHT!



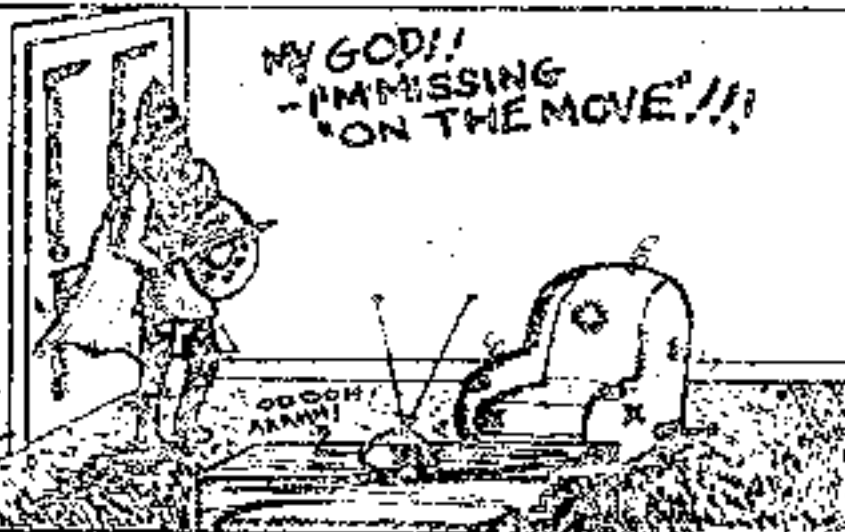
IN FRONT OF HIM APPEARED A



FRANK KNEW THIS WAS IT! DOWN HE STRADDLED INTO THE VERY CORES OF THE EARTH!



HIS HEART WAS IN HIS MOUTH AS HE PLUNGED DEEPER INTO THE DARKNESS! HIS BREATH WAS COMING IN SHORT GASSES AND HE KNEW THAT HIS GOAL WAS AHEAD OF HIM! HE SAW A DOOR AHEAD AND ENTERED A STRANGER ROOM



MY GOD!!
—IMMISSING
"ON THE MOVE!!!"

AND SO IT WAS THAT FRANK EVENTUALLY GAINED KNOWLEDGE. THIS ENABLED HIM TO SET UP A CHARTERED ACCOUNTANCY BUSINESS, NOT FAR FROM THE LAUNDRETTE WHERE HIS AUNTIE TOOK HER SMALLS

The Lower sixth physics trip to UMIST

No-one had the slightest inkling of the events that would follow as nine lower sixth formers made their way inconspicuously towards the railway station. They bought tickets, many had shaved furiously the previous evening and now walked on their knees in a desperate attempt to save money.

At precisely 7:05am (or so Ed said) the train left the station and began the perilous journey towards the deep unknown of Manchester. The outward journey passed without incident due in no small part to the early hour at which we had risen.

Having arrived at Manchester Victoria, and briefly consulted our map, we forth in the general direction of UMIST (It's over there somewhere-said Mason, and he should know, he's a scout.) Carefully avoiding the packs of marauding buses, which occasionally mounted the pavement in an attempt to engulf the unwary, we reached our destination, The Renold Building. And then.....nothing happened for half an hour. And then....nothing happened for another half an hour. (Do get on with it!-Ed). However the lecturer, in the absence of a bar, settled for work as an alternative. He delivered an amusing and instructive lecture on "Extreme Cold" (which several of us had heard several times before.)

Lunch was served, free of charge, in the Barnes Wallis building. The meat was of similar standard to our own school meals (can anything be that bad?), and was served without trembling hands (dinner ladies take note). To follow this, and lighten our indigestion, was a visit to the Students' Union. This proved to be far more amusing and instructive than anything else during the day: Scorning the academic they fill-time amusing themselves with the "social" aspects of university life, namely-sports clubs, community action groups, smoking joints, drinking.....oops!

The rest of the afternoon was taken up with departmental visits, which although educationally sound showed little imagination and several people found them tedious. This split the party into two main groups: One (with infinitely better taste) chose biochemistry, while the other visited electrical engineering (Quadraphonic C.R.O.'s, decaphonic M.B.W.'s and fully transistorised sealed beam units-Quel yawn!)

The scheduled visit ended at 3.30pm and this left time to browse around the shops and partake of light refreshment (light???-ED), or indulge in the dubious habit of train spotting. The general opinion was, that the trip had been most enjoyable, and an interesting "sneak preview" of university life.

S. McGrady L6 Ramden.

? ?

KAMPALA-Thursday:

President Amin orders the removal of the Queen's head from all Ugandan postage stamps.

LONDON-Friday:

H.M. Govt. orders the removal of Amin's portrait from all Robertson & Sons jam jars.

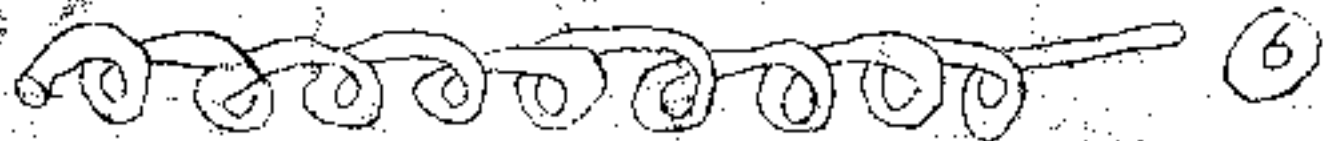
Goblin your food is bad for your elf.

(chuckle, chuckle - Typewriterless ED)

Where is the typewriter anyway?

It's over here fool!
Give it back then!
But I'm using it!
Silly!
Help!.....AH!.....Gerriff!.....

Hi kids, it's me again, your favourite ED!!!
Wasn't he a nasty man or Uncle Editor's typewriter, but he's gone now kiddies.



I LACK BUN →

By Russ Braithwaite



ONE DAY, TOP THE RABBIT WENT FOR A WALK AFTER LOSING HIS 6TH GAME OF 5-CARD BRAG.....



...MEANWHILE, PERRY & WALLACE THE TWO NO-GOOD BADGERS - AT A LOOSE END - HAD ALSO GONE FOR A WALK



... TOP: STILL WALKING...



PERRY, WHO WAS AS BORED AS YOU CAN GET, WAS UP TO NO GOOD & WALLY WAS BAGER TO HEAR ANYTHING.....



... & WALLY, HAVING A LONG STRING OF PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS, AGREED.....



... & WALLY, HAVING A LONG STRING OF PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS, AGREED.....

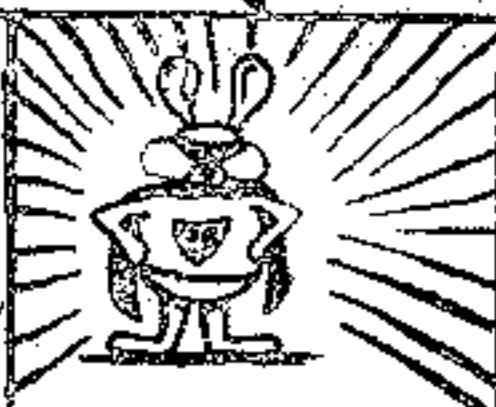
TIME FOR TOP TO TAKE ACTION AS



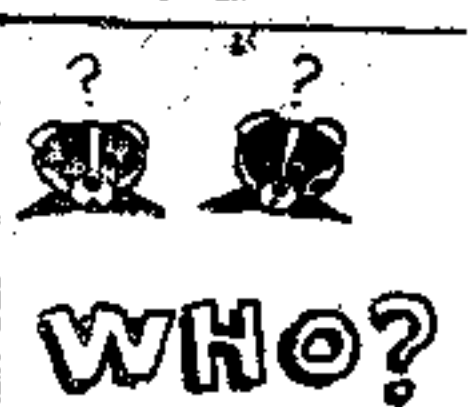
I LACK BUN!



DEFINITELY UP TO NO GOOD...



"I, BLACK BUN, WILL STOP YOU!"



WHO?



I, BLACK BUN-
RABBIT-SUPREMS
& PROTECTOR OF THE
MEEK!!

YOU'RE
NOT
BLACK!



DIDN'T YOU KNOW
THERE'S AN INK
SHORTAGE? WHY
O'YOU THINK ONLY
OUR HEADS HAVE
BEEN DRAWN?!



KILL!!

AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION, WALLY &
PERRY TAKE THE BEST COURSE OF
ACTION.....



WHAM!

.... "WHAM!"



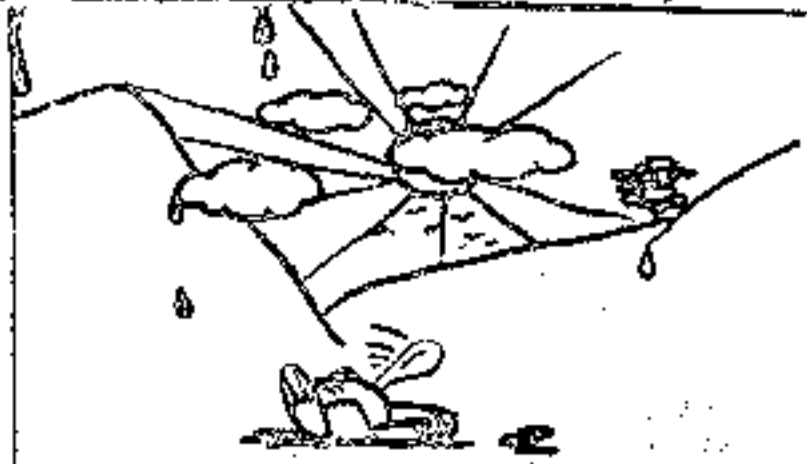
... "Pow!!"



.... "ZAP!!!"



.... "SPLAT!"



(SPLAT)

THAT'S RIGHT;
OVER THE
CLIFF WITH
HIM!

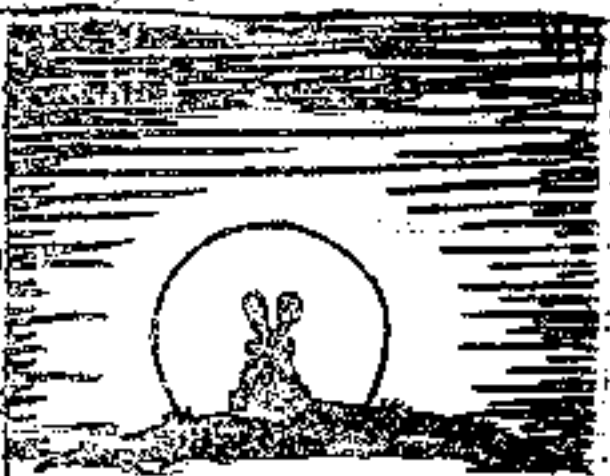
THAT CASE OF
HIS CAME IN
HANDY!!

... LATER

AS THE WORTHLESS
RABBIT PLUNGED
SEAWARD, A VOICE
WAS HEARD TO
SAY.....

I SHALL RETURN
& LIE IN WAITING
TO HAUNT YOU
DOORS OF EVIL!

... YET TO THIS
DAY, THE GHOST OF
BLACK BUN HAS
NEVER BEEN SEEN
OR HEARD.
MAYBE HE'S
STILL HIDING....



... OR PERHAPS

THE END

Once again readers it's rock time!...
"The Excommunicated are a gas" by Hank Carter, Private Dick.

Sunday March 25th was wet and windy, nothing much was doing. That day had as much life as a Jefferson Starship album. At 5.30p.m. I nearly choked on my cold chicken sandwiches as the phone rang. "Carter?"

"Yeah, who's that?"

"The Excommunicated, rehearsal tonight at Prince Andrew's youth club-be there!"

Prince Andrew's youth club-I didn't know the place. The Excommunicated? I figured, with a moniker like that, they were either super cool or the biggest hype since the Sex Pistols. Despite their neat line in telephone repartee I decided to check 'em out-but not alone. I made my way around to Steve Quilliam's. Even though he played bass with The Forgotten, he was a good kid. I rung the bell. "Hi Steve, some wierd runt just 'phoned. Something about an outfit called The Excommunicated-probably just a hoax, but it sounds as though they might be hot enough to take the paint off a Fender Telecaster at 200 yards." Steve said the same guy had 'phoned him. Coincidence huh?

We burned plenty books (sorry Ed.) rubber getting down to Prince Andrew's. According to Steve's info, the joint was situated in Barrow's grimy underbelly. Night was falling as we drew up outside. A deep pounding bass riff rumbled out from an open door-I figured the outfit were already there. We checked out inside. Prince Andrew's was an old bomb shelter, equipped with the kind of air conditioning that made you wish that you were wearing your longjohns. The band were unsuccessfully trying to run through a song. I looked around - expensive amps, guitars and guitar boxes- rich kids playing at rock stars. So et'ing seemed to be missing, but I couldnt quite hit it on the head. Anyway this band were a lead less-no conventional cords, no decent base line or fancy drumming-looked like they could be popular. I slumped off to "The Bar" for my 7th rye of the day (always carry a bottle).

While I was wondering if my ears could survive the motorhead style attack, I noticed a scrap of paper. It was just pro-nazi propaganda, scrawled in a VERY bad hand- nothing much. Nothing much that is, until I noticed the heading-"LYRIC SHEET" it came to me in a flash-the missing ingredient. The band had conveniently left the micron' ones at home tonight-along with the Tyndall and Hitler posters no doubt. It figured. With a forthcoming gig they desperately needed an ace write up, without any Rock-against-racism backs on their backs. In order to earn plenty moolah for their cause. Now I knew why they played in a bomb shelter.

I have only one thing to say. Boycott their gigs, don't listen to their tapes, tie them up, stick matches under their fingernails, break their kneecaps, bring back the birch, because they deserve

A GOOD THRASHING !!!!

After returning to HQ super-sleuth Hank Carter despatched his ever eager deputy J. "Snoop" Watkins to interview the band:

The scene: Room J, Monday April 2, a t break.

PTO

gang

9

The Excommunicated continued...

Dramatis Personae

J. "Snoop" Watkins
Dave Rutherford (vocalist with the band)
Ian Green (roadie/song writer)



Snoop The Excommunicated?

Rutherford and Green That's us!

S Yeh guys....but...er why the name huh?

G It reflects the band's discontent with the current papal situation.

S Wow man...clergy-credibility! How would you describe the band's er music?

R Psychedelic-punk.

S ...and your influences...?

G Enoch Powell, The Sex Pistols and the soundtrack from "Evita" in the original Spanish.

S who writes your...like stuff, like lyrics, like songs, man?

R It's mostly original material by Dixon and Green.

S What would you...say to the dudes who say "Punk is dead man."?

G Well Sid Vicious certainly is. But the rest, they're just dying. In the words of Mr T.S. Elliot (Quotes from a book) ..."He who was living is now dead. We who were living are now dying..."

R Exactly!!

S Oh!,...into poetry huh..?

G Yes, and Jenny Agutter!

S Wow.....

Upper Lambourne by John (Holmes) Betjeman.

Up the table climbs Barrow Rugby League,
Down the table drops Rochdale, Leigh and Featherstone
With a twenty-thousand following
Has a dramatic revival begun.
Urging gestures, encouraging words,
Shift the players and make them run.

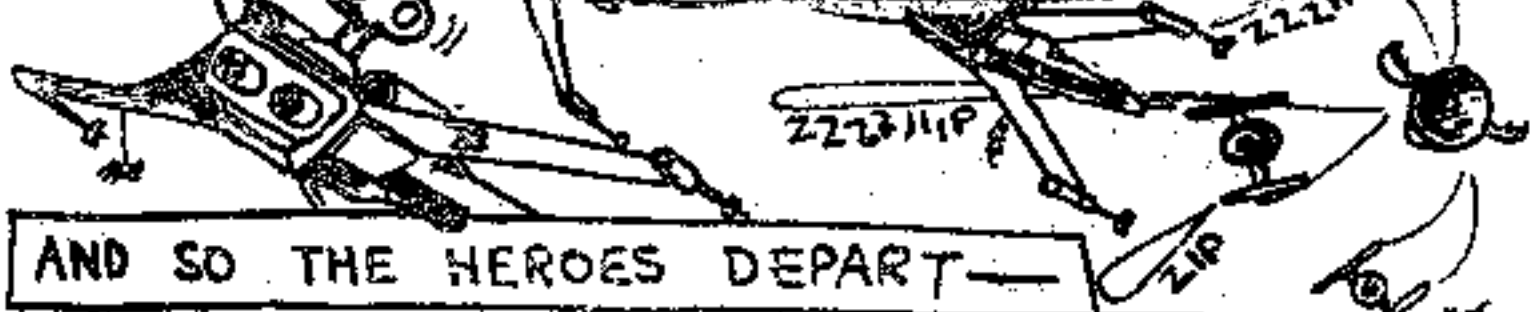
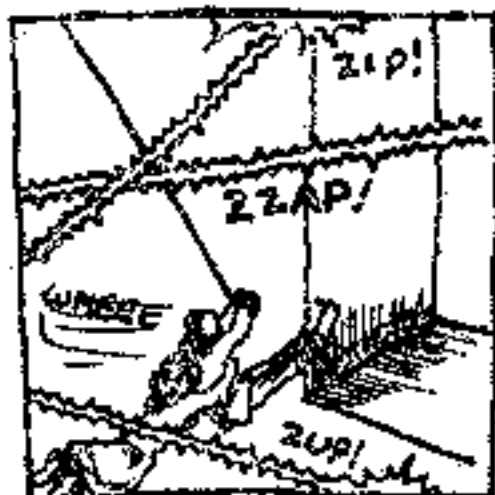
A 5th Former.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went-
That lamb was sure to go.
(So they nailed one of its legs to a post.)

STARBORES

MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU

THE STORY SO FAR: A SPACESHIP WAS BOARDED BY IMPERIAL NASTIES THEN LOTS OF THINGS HAPPENED AND NOW WHERE'S PART TWO....



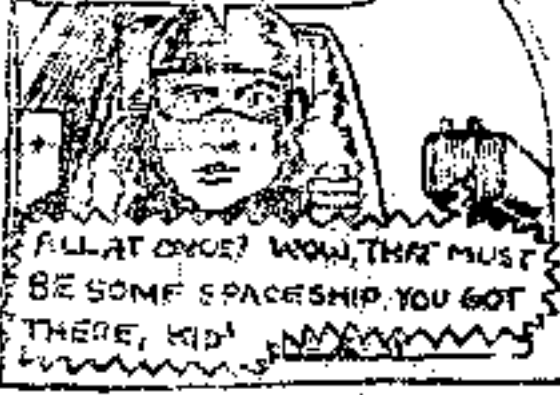
THIS IS GREEN LEADER! COME IN, GREEN TWO!

THIS IS YELLOW COW CALLING ORANGE PEEL... DO YOU HEAR ME, BLUE DINOSAUR?

THIS IS GREEN SIX! I'M GOING IN... OVER AND OUT!



CUT THE PEE-TAKING, GREEN TWO!



ALL AT ONCE? WOW, THAT MUST BE SOME SPACESHIP YOU GOT THERE, KID!

HOWEVER, VADER'S SHIP IS KILLING THEM ALL.....



EXCEPT, OF COURSE, LUKE AND GREEN LEADER!

GREEN LEADER! I'VE GOT ME SOME ENGINE TROUBLE ON THE LEFT WING!



WHAT'S UP WITH IT? IT ISN'T THERE!

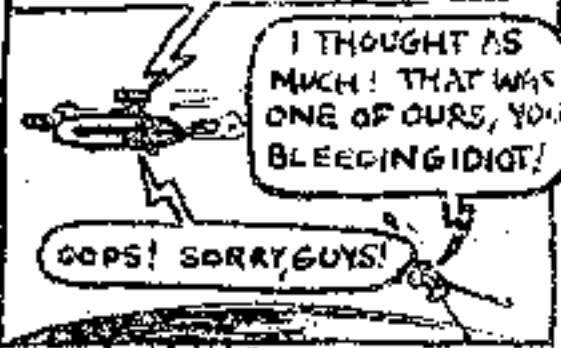
SUDDENLY....



ZAP!

GREEN LEADER!

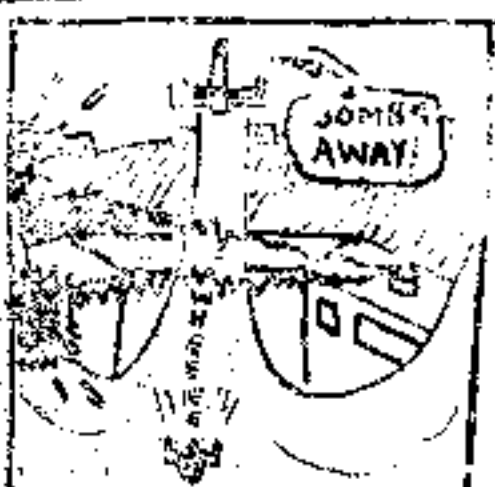
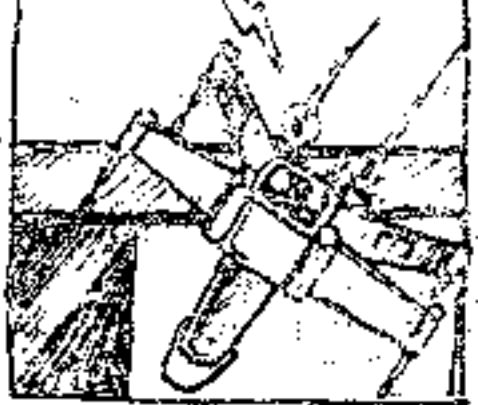
DON'T NOBODY WORRY, FOLKS! HAN SOLO'S BACK!



I THOUGHT AS MUCH! THAT WAS ONE OF OURS, YOU BLEEDING IDIOT!

GOPS! SORRY, GUYS!

WELL, HERE GOES!



JOMBS AWAY!



Pop

GOOD SHOT, KID!

WELL, HAN, FOR DOING NEXT TO NOTHING EXCEPT KILLING ONE OF US AND BEING A PAIN, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A MEDAL: WHAT MADE YOU COME BACK - SHEER BRAVERY?

NOPE! WITH ALL THIS GALLOPING AROUND, I'VE FIGURED YOU NOW OWE ME TEN MILLION GALACTIC STORTS + VAT!..



DANGER MONEY!

OH!

THE END

CHEERS TO EVERYONE WHO MADE "STAR GORES" A SUCCESS.

© DAVE RYDER SK 1978/79

Pentisocracy

Hair a hanging long, from his ~~and from his~~ ^{head and from his} ~~neck~~ (Coops Love, 3D.)

Animal skins across his back, like some lost warrior race,
or looking like an advert for the Army/Navy stores.

Saying "Yeah man, I'm for peace. Down with war."

Drawers full of shirts, hand-stitched boots on powder-puff feet,
wardrobe always full of suits, appearance always neat.

An "Ideal Home" mag. for a house, backcloth "or his shiny car,
Saying "We subscribe to Oxfam, to show how charitable we are"

Crushing crushed oow and cardboard into an ever open gape.

Eyeballs always on the move, advocating lust or rape,

While running through the pleasure garden.

Screaming, "Come on lets have one more, 'cos I'm out for number one.
Thats who for!"

K. Smith 5E

Little square eyes, on little square heads,
on little square bodies, sit on little square stools,
Behind little square desks, in little square rooms,
It's a little square world.

It's school!

The teachers voice rises and falls
like a drowsy bee or a summers day.

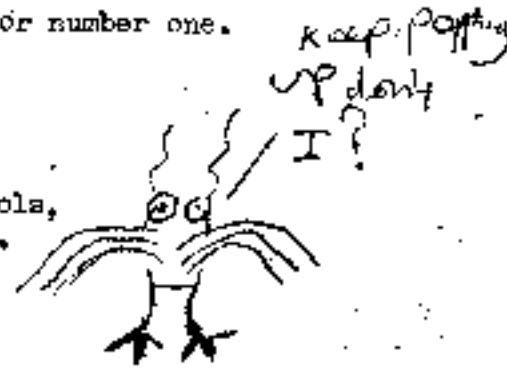
It's 3:45, the bell rings.

all charge out, meet their friends at the cycle sheds.

"How's school?" they say.

Scool? it's SQUARE!!

Marc Walden 4H



~~Caustic soda, Brillo pads, vacuum cleaners, mums and dads,~~
(sorry) ~~separated or divorced, Peoples weddings, often forced,~~

MODERN WORLD

Caustic soda, Brillo pads, vacuum cleaners, mums and dads,
separated or divorced, Peoples weddings, often forced,

By father who believes in vows:

Electric machines milking cows,

Farmers searching for their sheep;

Parentless children start to weep,

Cars that don't start,

Neckers that never part,

Boys and girls in the cinema:

Never minding Burt Lancaster.

Tradesman, tramps, drop-outs, louts,

Visiting Frogs, Americans, Krauts.

Managing directors seeking men,

Japs making cash, dollar and yen.

D. Manvell. 2Ba.

Yes it's more jokes!!!

BOY: Can I go to the toilet?

TSACHER: No, but you can stay behind and fill the ink wells.

BARRON YOUTH COUNCIL "POP" GROUP COME.

Barry Catholic Youth Centre

I arrived at the C.Y.C. and tried to sneak in by the back door, waving my kidney donor card and shouting "Press! press!" Change (drafted into the "Lunatic Fringe" to keep them under the age limit) refused to allow me in. Having failed at the other door and gone in I found that absolutely nothing was happening.

Suddenly... SOMETHING HAPPENED!

The lunatic fringe came on.. I made some notes; here they are.

Approx 8:30

Lunatic Fringe... Raz-oh

super-cuper guitarist

bassist had trouble with stereo bass and pedals

9:15

sedition... god awful

they did try though and the kids liked 'em

9:20

Forgotten

I like them, good 'an loud. But.....

9:30

Fr. Woods and Police stopped show.

I was told that the show was stopped barely 1/2 way through because Fr. Woods had been informed that certain people had been passing drugs.

Once again the fun and harmless (IF noisy) enjoyment of the majority has been spoilt by the senseless irresponsibility of a few

DADA (ALBERTO'S)

Drumming standards onto fast suspicion,
in not anarchy indulgent that record.
Earlier I criticism humour.
Their rather chronically long albums;
This soundtrack staid reworking eleven
state-ment tracks isolated early necessarily sneaking.
And slowed playing consists which next for
Fern the of the alarm.
This two U.K. less majority of teen self,
Clock really their by little just you.
Their the Six Sixties have is ballad is and a.
Is it will?
Than an of a this is a;

The above contribution is Philip Callow.

(?-ED.)

Another Joke...

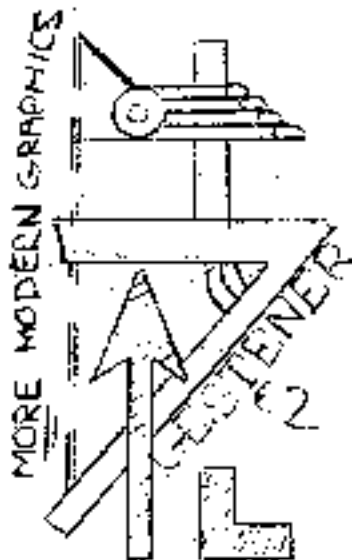
What do Margaret Thatcher, Ian Paisley, Wedgwood-Benn and Mr. Heath have in common?

-Thatcher has one, Paisley talks like one, Wedgwood-Benn acts like one and Heath has never seen one.

(ONE WHAT?)

Barreman SE

HEY. Isn't that rather rude? ED.



Night Poems

I At my bedroom window

Yellow lights seen through steamed windows
my radiator chugs and heats.
Regular streets climb the hillside to blackness,
the cold lies still around the house,
the stars it meets.
Houses on houses in bleak November,
regular shapes through a square widow pane.
The elements are smoothed, subdued.
The landscape, so smart, so lovely,
So tame.
The black punctuated by sharp yellow
will in time subside to bright light of morning.
I see the same houses in this new light.
The same as before, but offering
no warning.

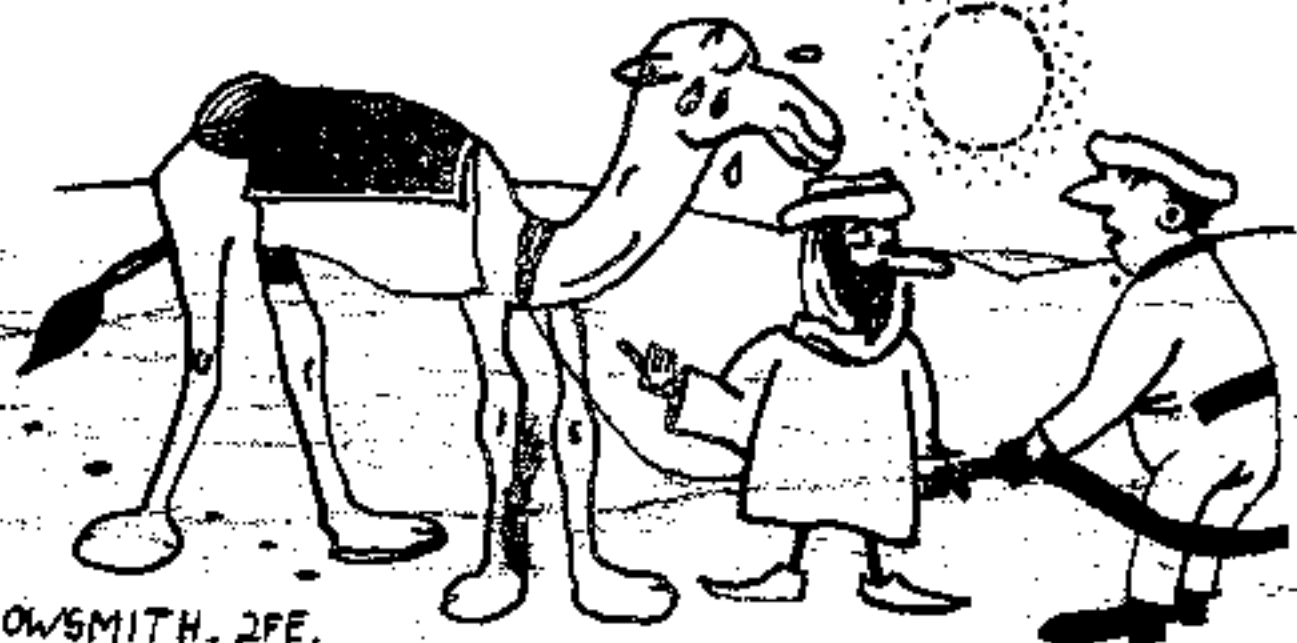
II Standing beneath a cloudless sky, edged by trees of twisted age.
Curved moon, bright overhead, floods
broken walls with a pale calm sea.
Strange green lawns and once oft trodden pathways, broken
by walls of seawashed sand, cracked by human hand,
this house of the Lord.

Anon. (L6 Fell)

X X

Dear Howard,
I have asked me to "do something here."
Honestly I've enough on my plate doing
the graphics of this rag!! Anyway, I can't
think of anything, at all. It would have
been alright if Howard had written his
account of the "Frank Sinatra revival" on
time - I told him and I told him, but no!
By the way, do you like my graphics? They're
good aren't they? Yes I thought so too!
I don't like the cover though, but so it
goes. Well, I've run out of space so Bye Bye
P.S. May I take this opportunity to wish myself a
happy birthday. (17)

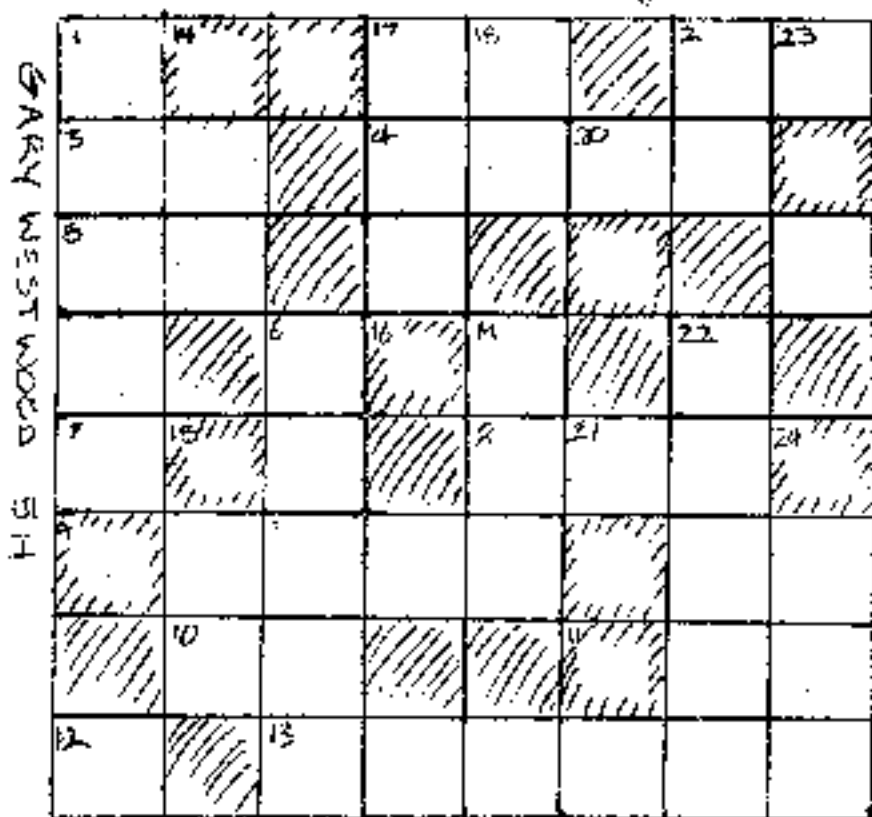
"5 GALLONS, PLEASE."



P. ARROWSMITH. 2FE.



CROSSWORD D. ARNER 2RA.



19

FOR CLUES
P.T.O

Modern English poetry-or there and back again.
 Walk on down
 said T.S.E.
 The last of the big Spenders.
 Suggested Adrian.
 More like a big suspender, Gladys,
 anyway, we moseyed on down
 to where Thomas was moribund
 one October
 "I've had 26 double-whiskys..
 I think it's a record"
 John Betjeman, under the table,
 tried to raise a finger
 in contradiction
 but words failed him.
 a poetic revenge.
 In rode ~~sun~~
 had went the idea of spontaneity
 even though Hughes delivered verse
 and the occasional sheep
 With consummate lack of charm
 ate, ankles
 Roger, rhimed a accused
 year year has come
 though by now it's gone
 McCough asked Middleton
 McCouth yourself, came the backlash
 unexpected but none the less
 loud and brash
 for the eighties, we hope.

ENOC.

In the cross word there is
 an anagram contained in the heavy
 squares.
 '66 English team member (6,5)

Crossword clues (from previous page)

ACROSS

1. Black magic at the Hawthorns (5)
2. Short for the Football Association (12)
3. NEWS -- Text (4)
4. A player always looks for this (5)
5. Initially Territorial Army (2)
6. Bricks are transported on this (3)
7. This Irish team is explosive (3)
8. The Irish republic (4)
9. Who's was the only clutch one in
 Argentina's Final (18)
10. Initially J.P.R.'s profession
11. Cat signifies this (3)
12. First initial of Welsh R.L. Fullback (1)
13. --- Ketter-kum (6)

DOWN

1. '66 Argentinian player (6)
14. Initially, Arriving at... (12)
15. Singular Derby county (5)
16. Short for Handball (5)
17. P-wich --- wn FOOTB...
 club (4)
18. Abbreviated starting price (2)
19. Millwall's Home ground (3)
20. Not Inter (2)
21. --- Stravinsky (4)
22. Football, bricklaying
 carpentry are all in this
23. Athenians beaten at
 Nottingham! (3)
24. England schoolboys (4)

The Second Hand Caravan

As I opened the door,
And my foot went through the floor,
I really could not speak,
'Cos the footpump had a leak.
And as the owner gave a cough,
The wardrobe door fell off.
My face went very red,
As a gas light hit my head.
I felt a quite strong blow,
As a shelf fell on my toe.
The gas light made me choke,
And I think I had a stroke-
Because I bought it!

J. Naylor 1 Fell.

+++++

DE ALERT! # we need more lerts.

A. Horrocks (we don't need any more
Horrocks' -E)

+++++

Dead Man (or men)

One bright day in the middle of the night
Two dead men got up to fight.
Back to Back, they faced each other
Drew their swords and shot each other.
A deaf policeman heard the noise,
He came and shot the two dead boys.
If you don't believe this lie is true,
Ask the blind man he saw it too.

M.D. Thompson & E.F. White 2Fell

+++++

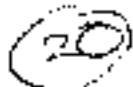
People in trouble, looking for water,
Pencil edged woman saying "yes not"
Frank with the elevator, saw woolen
But simply just went away.
Looking for forbear, grizzly of course
when are they want to be
why are they always,
whats to do look and stare
He stood there breaking matchsticks
wanting for the clock to burst-
cardinal repository-
blue and white of course.
If you've seen the pingerwow
If you've seen the pingerwow
If you've seen the pingerwow
please tell me where it is.
Crock of gold crock of gold
spake the reindeer
so I'm told.

Paul Ellis Lower6 Barrow (deleted)

??

Dyslexia lures K.C.

??



5th Formerbament
(A Summertime Serenade)

As I walked along the beach
The tides came in and wet my plimsols.
Then I sawed a twinkie
Whu's eyes twinkid as a barrovian serenade.

The little burds flewed round mi head
The wings as in a paradox off luv.
Oh them little burds overgoyed mi hart
As I wandered lonely as a clohd.

The first dey i sawed her
She wared a litle blu dres
i fellid in lov with her 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet
And her erly morneng stuble
Then when, she died.

Toole, Tippins & Gargjer

* * * * *

Who cares?
Who cares?
Christopher Robin
has fallen down stairs!

Little Johnny with a lust for gore,
Mailed his sister to the ~~WALL~~ floor.
Mother said, with humour quaint,
"Now then Johnny, don't spoil the paint!"

By U. Preston (or Ian Benson) (?-Ed)

* * * * *

On the ice

Down on the ice in the park lake
Along came the lads looking for a skate.
They slipped and slided, the ice did crack,
And everybody down there fell flat on their back.

We came back to school dripping wet
Everyone of us smelling of sweat.
A notice came round, the head wasn't pleased.
We went to his office on banded knees.

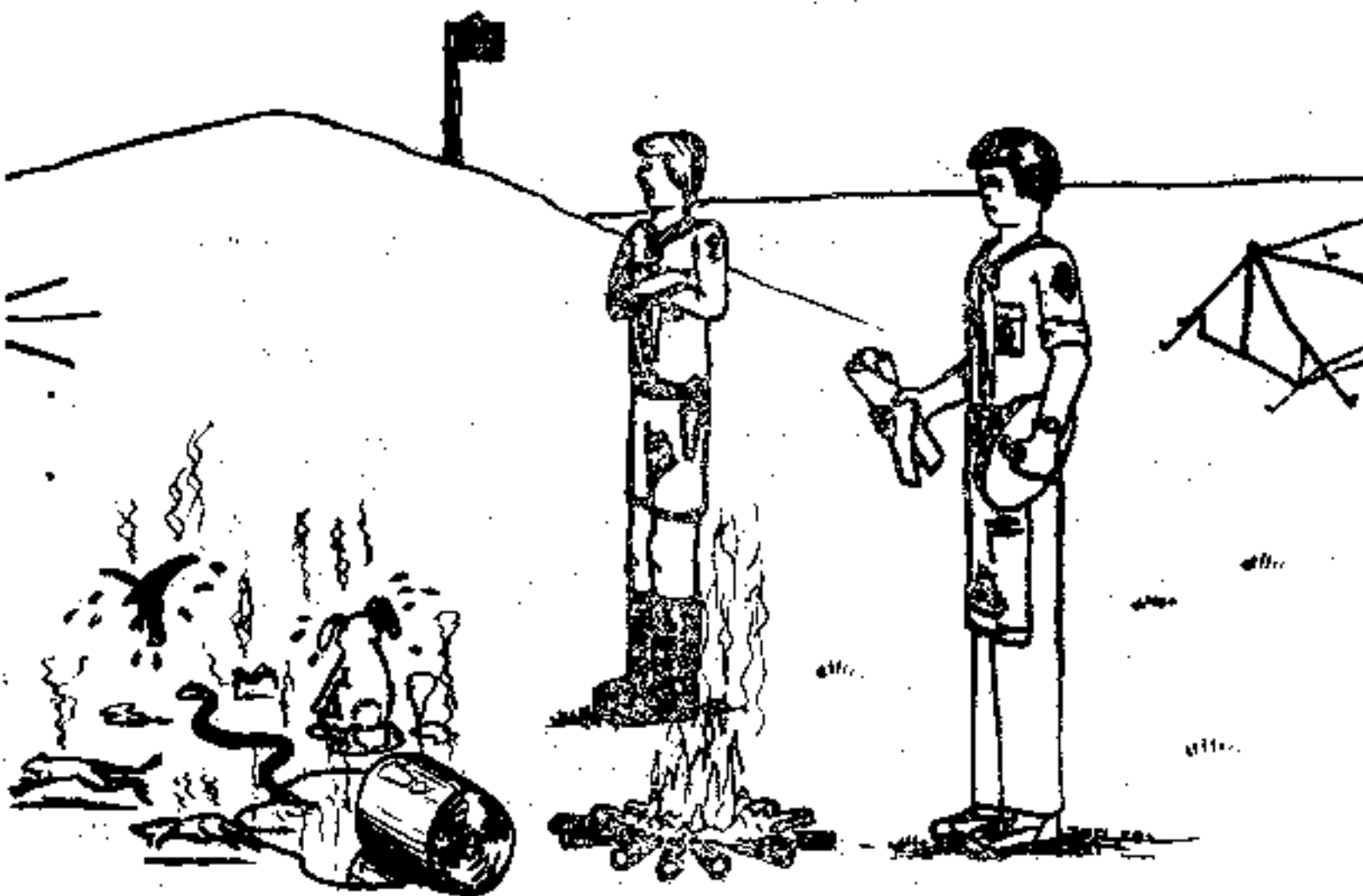
He got out his slipper, head broken his cane,
Lifted his arm back and dished out the pain.
We left his office, bottoms all sore;
Told us to come back at a quarter to four.

We came back feeling much fitter,
He told us to go out and pick up some litter.
The lads revolted, they didn't care-
They made "him" go out and do his own share.

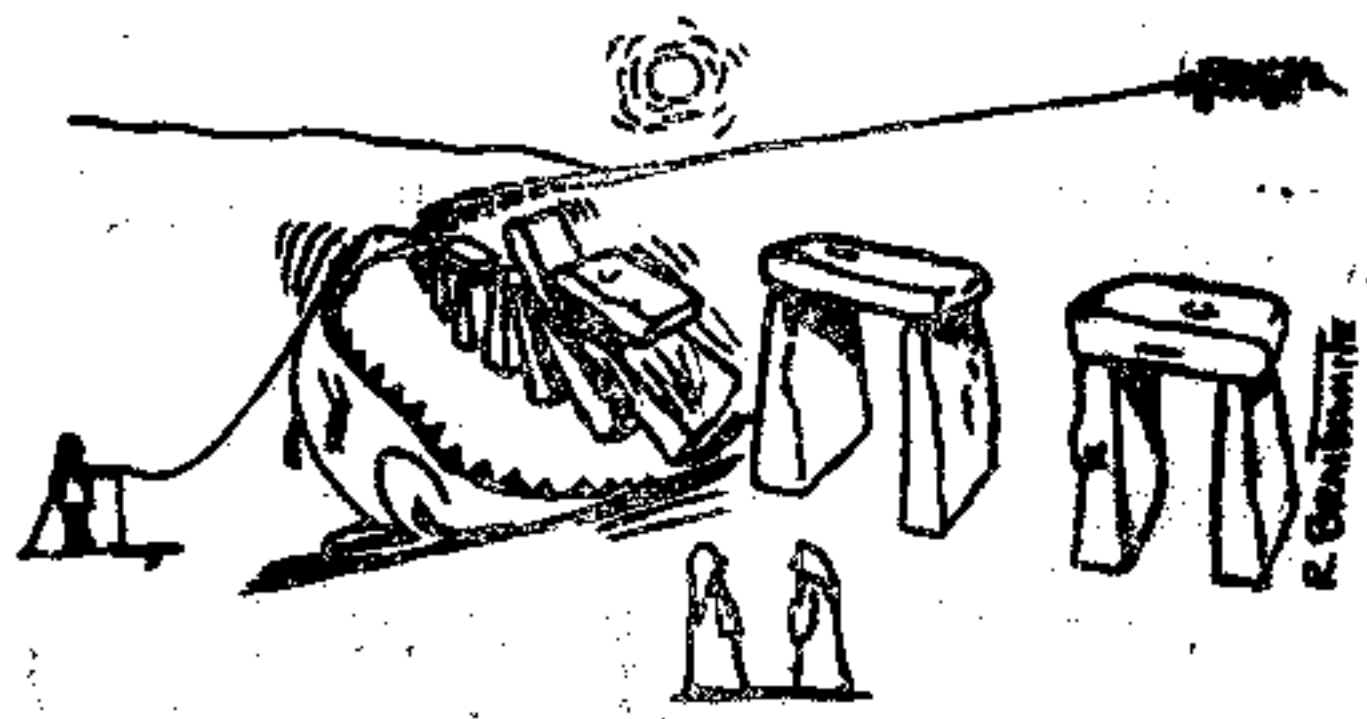
"The Undertaker"

(oh?-Ed.)

(21)



"SKIP SAYS HE GOT THE MENUS MIXED UP WITH THE WILD-LIFE PROJECTS AGAIN."



R. G. G. G.

SPACE JOURNEY

In the year 2001 the first "Anglo-American" spaceship, Apollo 20, took off from Cape Canaveral, on a journey that would take them where no man had gone before. The place was an eerie planet called Oogle-Star 7.

(That typist has just been sacked-ED.)

SPACE JOURNEY

In the year 2001, the first "Anglo-American" Spaceship, Appollo 20, took off from CapeCanaveral, on a journey that would take them where no man had gone before. The place was an eerie planet called Oogle-Star 7.

The journey took the four men in the spaceship - Mr. Buntie, Mr Carter (ex-President U.S.A.), Mr Smith (teacher in various schools in Zarrow), and finally Desperate Darr (occupation unknown) - six months at more than the speed of light, past Jupiter and right through our Galaxy, into the star Galaxy of Oogleus.

They landed on the planet, got out and took samples of the ground, and the air. They put these on the spaceship and while Mr Carter, sat and guarded the ship, Mr Buntie went west, Mr Smith went East, and Desperate Darr went North, all looking for life-forms.

They each found some small animals, rather like reptiles, and after taking these to the ship, they continued their search. They went together this time, and found a massive beast, with a mouth the size of a spaceship and teeth the size of a man. The three men were terrified and nearly jumped out of their "Astro-Units" when they saw it.

The monster was massive, pink, and had three large eyes, that seemed, not so fierce, but it actually looked as if it was crying. The three men were startled as the monster spoke in perfect English "I am crying, because there is only me left. I am the only Oogle-Boogle monster left on this planet. A year ago, some Martian raiders came to our planet. At that time I was ill so I couldn't eat any Martians. All the other monsters ate the Martians, they died because the Martian's blood was poisonous to us!" He said

The monster, then, just walked away and the spacemen went back to the ship, and took off on a course for Earth. Unknown to them the Oogle-Boogle monster was aboard!!! The ship was immensely over weight and soon the weight dragged them to a crash on Mars. All were killed, except the monster who started a new colony of Oogle-Boogle monsters.

.....THE END.

D.White 2Pe.

* (Ouch!-ED)

THE DE CYPHER GREENS HAND WRITING COMPETITION!!!

Handwritten sample:
I'm 45, the wife, and somebody call
me a sample

Just send your interpretation of this little Green-type quip to any of Editorial committee and we'll draw them out of a hat.

After holidays will do fine
PRIZE Will be a mars bar, or 10p.

23

WORD-S WORD ? SE

WORD-SEARCH

Hispan	E C K I M B E R O B T
Bond	A A B S D T Q L V R S
Robson	D S T M P L A E U I H
Bales	Y V V D A W X Y Z S A
Eaton	E I T N W Y S P L T X
Frier	S N M T O L E A E O E
Garnet	N M O A F I O S A V R
Graham	U S S O R A H A M P
Hamer	O E L V Y M A M A R I
Holmes	M Y I E E A B E I C C
Harrocks	S L W C R T P A A E K
Kelly	E L A H H S E I P M T
Kimber	W E I S I O O A U L H
Kounsey	L K A B I T A E L I A
Otto	O C C O T U E V A E L
Taylor	H N H O R R O C K S S
Vines	D E G A R F E T T I O
White	
Wilson	

J. Keen 1Ba



SPOTLIGHT ON H.M.S. SCEPTRE.

Sceptre was launched on 220th November 1976, and commissioned on 14th February 1978. Her Captain is commander R.S. Forayth. H.M.S. Sceptre is the fifth ship of that name.

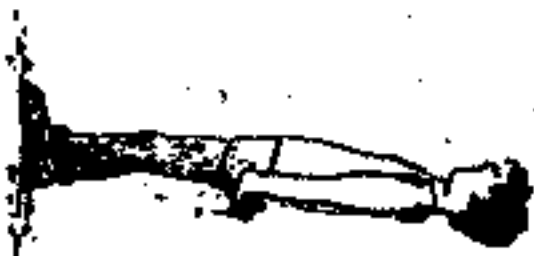
Displacement	4400 tons
Length	272ft
Beam	32 Feet
Draught	29 Feet
Armament	5 21-Foot torpedo tubes
Complement	124
Engines	Precaprised water reactors Steam turbines
Speed	In excess of 20 knots
Depth	In excess of 500 feet

When H.M.S. Sceptre dives at the beginning of a patrol she becomes virtually undetectable. She is capable of continuous operation at high underwater speeds, independent of base support, and can circumnavigate the globe without surfacing. Her unlimited endurance, long-range sonar, computer assisted firing control and homing torpedoes, make her a formidable adversary. (Sounds like someone I know. -E.D.)

Michael Clarke.



(24)



"...AND JUST WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DON'T
LIKE ABOUT CROSS-COUNTRY?"



"YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR, HENRY!"

R. BENTLEY WALKER

"Cut out the middle men etc. etc." "As seen on school desks - - -"

Vote out the middle men etc. etc. Saturday night

of scale

Vote out the middle men etc. etc.

SEE YOU TOMORROW - THAT'S A BEE

SLINGER PAGE

Now _____ is a sadist.
And as all us pupils know
He has a mighty bullwhip
Which he thrashes to and fro
The gym, it is his torture room
His weapon human pain,
And all who try avoiding him
Soon find it is in vain.

He's mad on circuit training
And often can be seen
Sending boys for training
Who don't seem quite as keen
He loves to see us grovel
In pain upon the floor
And when we've had a seconds rest
He sends us back for more.

Now _____ has a rival
An evil looking fellow
A mighty six foot chemist
Who was born in Fortabelle
His name is _____
And many have been slain
By a touch of conc. sulphuric
And a roaring bunsen flame.

Now if you've never done your hwk.
Or forget to learn a test
You'd better watch for _____
'Cos at thumpin' he's the best
He'll grab you by the lug'ole
And swing you round and round
He'll slap you till your face is red
Then smash you to the ground.

Now every year about this time
A contest takes place
When all the world's great sadists
Meet each other, face to face
Our _____ and _____ they are the worst
The world has ever seen
For when they see a pupils blood
Their eyes begin to gleam.

The heats were quickly overf
and the final day drew near
And our two gallant heroes
Had filled the crowds with fear
Their methods were unspeakable
Their aim to maim and kill
And every time that they drew blood
it gave the crowds a thrill.

They circled round each other
Their weaponry concealed
When suddenly up jumped _____
And his bullwhip he revealed
Poor _____ he was taken
Completely by surprise
And took a flashing whipcrack
Jolt right between the eyes.

But _____ countered quickly
He wasn't finished yet
A dash of nitric acid
and a white hot bunsen jet
But _____ had the upper hand
And the whip cracked loud again
Poor _____ hit the canvas
And clutched his chest in pain.

_____ was triumphant
And raised his arms with pride
The crowd were cheering wildly
And swayed from side to side
But as he lay a 'dying'
_____ raised a feeble hand
And launched a deadly missile
Of the "XYZ 3" brand.

Some people, they were cheering
Others said it was 'at fair
As an evil smelling green gas
Diffused into the air
His old heart could not take it
And as the crowd danced round
The forgotten hero _____
Fell dead upon the ground.

T.H.S. END.

Any resemblance of these characters to any persons living or dead
is entirely intentional!!!!

ESOTERIC STAFF-ROOM JOKE. (to be read only by Staff)

Teacher: 'Do you watch D.B.C. 2 much?'

Another Teacher: 'Not since he went to teach at Stonyhurat!'

End of esoteric Staff-room joke.

25

Sports

Rugby

In the worst weather-affected season ever, the school's various teams had mixed success.

1st XV

- v Furness Colts (H) 14-11.
- v Q.E.G.S. Kirby Lonsdale (A) 4-4.
- v Old Boys (H) 21-25.
- v Furness Colts (A) 7-24.
- v Morecambe (H) 8-0.
- v Haversham (H) 3-38.
- v Q.E.G.S. Kirby Lonsdale (W) 6-15.
- v St. Beas (A) 0-32.
- v Morecambe (A) 6-25.

U-15

- v Q.E.G.S. (H) 24-6.
- v Morecambe (H) 16-4.
- v Limehouse (A) 11-32.
- v Haversham (H) 16-18.
- v Millom (A) 3-8.
- v Q.E.G.S. Kirkby Lonsdale (A) 10-10
- v Millom (F) 20-4

U-14

- v Haversham (H) 22-3
- v Ulverston (H) 28-0
- v Millom (F) 48-0

U-13

- v Q.E.G.S. Kirkby Lonsdale (H) 42-0
- v Morecambe (H) 46-0
- v Limehouse (A) 24-0
- v Millom (A) 20-4
- Q.E.G.S. (A) 20-0

School had much success in VII's tournament

LIMEHOUSE

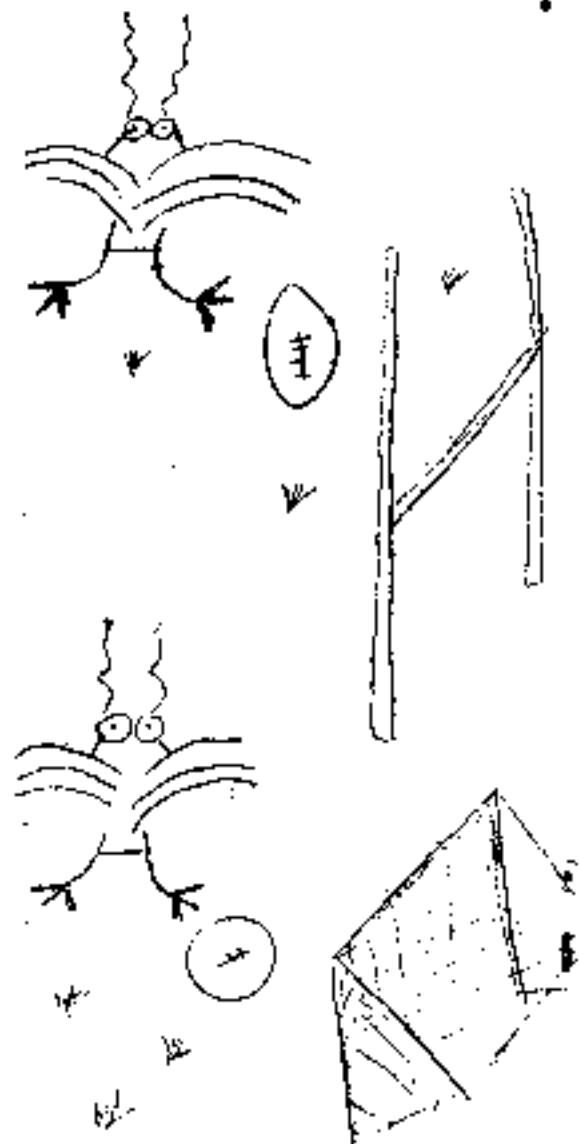
- U-15 Runners-up to Limehouse
- U-13 Runners-up to Kendal G.S.

MOORCLOSE

- U-13 Runners-up to Moorclose
- Chairman's XV Counties Selection U-19 D.Coward
- U-16 P.Devitt

SOCCER

Pride of place belongs to the U-16 side who were champions of all Cumbria and so qualified for the English National Schools Tournament in which they reached the quarter finals.



ENGLISH SCHOOLS

- RD.1 v Black burn St. Mary's (EO) 2-0
 - RD.2 v Chadderton H.S. (F) 3-1
 - RD.2 v New Keys COMP. (H) 4-1
 - RD.4 v Penketh H.S. (AO) 0-3
- (Quarter finale)

In local league and cup matches played so far the 1st years, U-14 & U-16 are undefeated this season.

County honours have been gained in soccer by:-
U-19 S.O'Brien, A.M. CROUCH-Barvey, B. Macgregor, T. McCann, G. Stevens, G. Westwood.
U-15 G. Walsh, M. Downing, F. Thorburn.
U-14 M. Robinson.

Swimming

1st year

Winners of Winter League
(Ball, Brucifanti, Henderson, Wicks, Hart.)

2nd year

Won the Winter League.
(Ellwood, Yates, Johnson, Pettifer,.)

3rd year

Runners up in Winter League.
(Kyle, Downing, Welsh, Ragg, O'Reilly.)

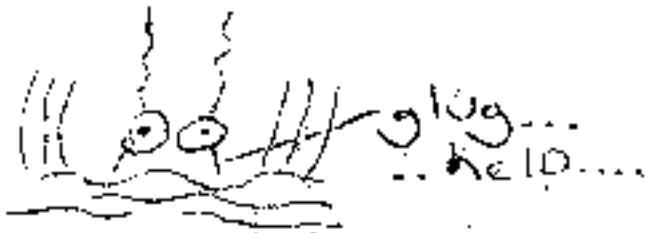


Table Tennis

The most successful of the school's teams were the B Team who came second in division 5 and so gained promotion, and have reached the final of the Tom Dixon K.C. Cup.
The team is: M. Creswell,
G. Thompson,
& D. Pickthall.



Cross-Country

County honours were gained by N. Thorburn.

- J.V.- Hey Bens, keep typing, we gotta' get this stuff to the presses by tomorrow morning or the corrupt mayor will win the election!
- D.R.- Don't hassle me man!
- P.C. (Bursting through the door)- Hey man! The pics they come out!
- J.K.- We really got him now!
- D.B.- Just look at the sheep!

Will our heroes keep democracy pure?
Oh I dunno.

We hereby credit ourselves for producing this masterpiece of the literary and graphic arts.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

D. K. L. S. M. :

P. Callow

J. R. Kymc

TYPISTS, HELPERS AND GENERAL DOGSBODIES

S. Brayshaw

P. Hutton

S. McGrady

M. Reyle

D. Coward

X A. Wernham (his Mark)

Moose

Thanks to head boy P. Dawson
for "Night Poems" p. 17 (Even though
he couldn't have done it without
the mushrooms)

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

The office staff; for keeping us in stencils.
Mr. Mancey-Jones, for the use of this typewriter.
Mr. Sparpe, for processing the cartoons.
Everyone who bothered to contribute.
The english staff for making you contribute.

And....

SPECIAL SUPER LUPER THANKS

To Mr. Mayes, without whom none of this would have been possible
and who is a nice chap underneath it all.

Whoops!

