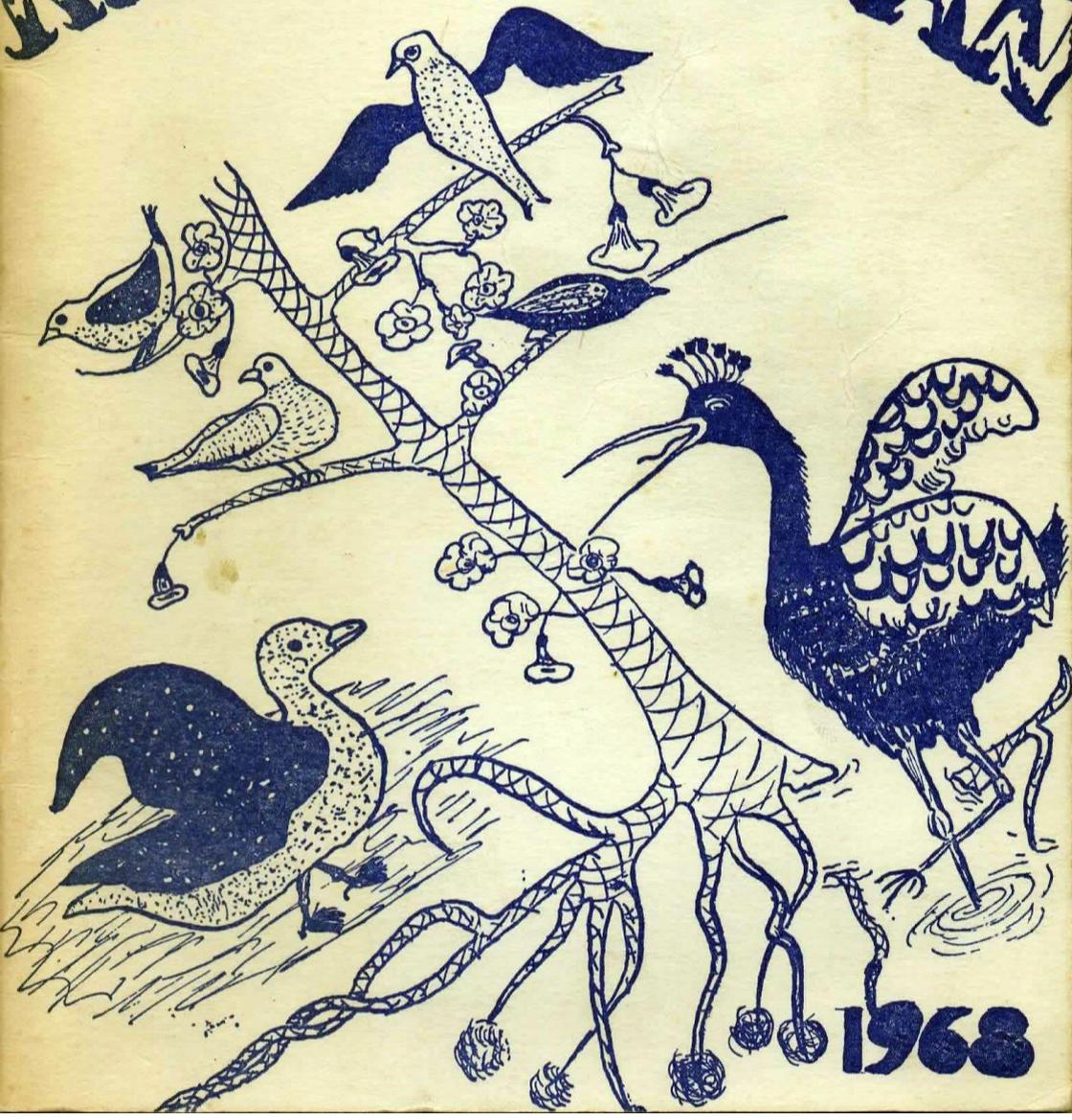


THE RIVINGTONIAN



1968

APRIL, 1969

The magazine of

*RIVINGTON and
BLACKROD
GRAMMAR SCHOOL*

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Mr. J. K. L. Jones

Mr. Jones was appointed to the Staff of the School in January, 1932, and he retired on the 31st December, 1967, having completed 36 years' service to the School, under three Headmasters. He was Head of the French Department for many years and Deputy Head from the 1st December, 1960.

He was to all of us so much part of the School. We all felt, when he retired, that it would be difficult to imagine the School without him. He was frank, forthright and honest. His great concern was always for the good of the School, and he will long be remembered by past and present pupils. I shall always be grateful for the help he gave me on so many occasions.

He had many interests outside the classroom. His interest in school games and athletics never flagged. He was a scrupulous umpire and a most efficient starter at all athletics meetings. The golf class was entirely due to his enthusiasm. One of my happiest recollections was batting with him in his last Staff Match as a player, and taking, at his instigation, a number of short runs which completely upset the boys' equanimity in the field, and resulted in a considerable number of overthrows. More recently he served loyally on the Quatercentenary Committee and on the Parents' Association Committee.

For these and the countless other things he did he will be sadly missed. It has been good to have known him, and all we can do now is to wish him -and Mrs. Jones a long and happy retirement.

A. J. M. J.

Miscellany

1968 was a year notable for the meritorious achievements of some former pupils of the School. We congratulate Frank Barnes, who gained first class honours in his Mathematics finals at St. Catherine's College, Oxford, and was awarded the University Prize in Mathematics; Dennis Leech, first class honours in Economics at Manchester; Stuart Dando, first class honours in Chemistry at London, and Bill Harrison, who was awarded a Soccer Blue at Oxford.

Mr. Richardson visited the School in April, when a total of £50 was collected from boxes held by members of the Barnardo's Helpers' League.

Inevitable changes have occurred in the staff personnel. We bade farewell to Mr. J. K. Ll. Jones (see page 4). Mrs. W. M. Pawley left us to begin what we hope will be a long and happy retirement. Mr. C. B. Harrison was appointed lecturer in Biology at Didsbury Training College, and Miss J. Wrightson became Mrs. Fox and followed her husband to the Potteries.

While regretting these departures, it none the less gives us the opportunity of welcoming new faces to the School scene. Mr. F. Topping's face is perhaps not so unfamiliar and he returns after a short absence to become Head of the French Department. Mr. C. White now conducts the musical activities of the School. We hope that Miss G. S. Sawrey will be happy amongst the rats, toads and other delights of the Biology laboratory. Mr. E. Rowlandson fills the gap left by Mrs. Pawley in the Mathematics Department, and Mrs. J. Ramsdale joins us to teach French and Spanish.

Founder's Day was held on November 3rd. Mr. Jenner conducted the Chapel Services for the Lower School, while the Rev. W. Morgan and the Rev. E. Redhead, Vicar of Rivington, took the Senior Service in which eighty-five members received Holy Communion.

The traditional Founder's Day matches were postponed owing to traditional Founder's Day rain.

Councillor Robert Yardley is to be congratulated on his appointment last May as Chairman of the Horwich U.D.C. Both Councillor Yardley and his wife are Old Rivingtonians.

Obituary, Mr. C. H. Saxelby

There must be a very large number of Old Rivingtonians who remember with affection and respect Mr. C. H. Saxelby, who taught Mathematics and Geography here from 1909 to 1946, and who died last June at the age of 85. They will remember his quiet, kindly, yet firm manner, his utter devotion to his School, his pupils and his best loved subject, Geography. He appeared to expect only one reward for his labour and devotion, the success of his pupils in School and in the careers they later followed.

Originally a student of engineering at Owen's College, now Manchester University, he gained an Honours B.Sc. degree in 1902. It was because of a school necessity that he took up the study and teaching of Geography, which became his first academic love. He became a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and edited several reference books on the subject. He was a welcome visitor each year to the Old Rivingtonians' Annual Service. He was a man of deep and abiding Christian faith, a devout Congregationalist, a firm supporter of the ideals in the inter-war years of the League of Nations. The School owes much to the influence he in his years here exerted on all who were privileged to be his pupils or his colleagues, and who will mourn his passing to a higher service.

Library Report

Under a new general, Mr. Metcalfe, a volunteer army of willing hands has waged a fresh campaign to make the library a more efficient organ of School life.

Subscriptions to many weekly and monthly magazines whose value was questionable have been cancelled and the funds diverted to more necessary uses. A great deal of effort and time has been put into rearranging the shelves and classifying the books, but regrettably much of this work has been countered by a certain number of library users - better named misusers - who do nothing to help either themselves or the long-suffering librarians.

Although an increasing number of classes use their library period, many people never withdraw a book. Others hoard five or six for long periods of time many never return.

The library exists for the convenience of the School generally. It is there to be used, but please use It properly!

My First Impressions of Rivington

I had waited for over six weeks for this day to come, but now it had I wasn't sure I wanted to go . . . '

. . . It was exciting getting my first uniform and trying it on, although the caps aren't very nice . . .

. . . but I did not feel like much breakfast . . . There were very big boys - they looked about 21 . . .

so many steps and stairs, and hundreds of classrooms . . . how big and grand the sixth formers were . . . the size of the pupils. I was told you grew very fast . . . there was an upstairs . . . lots of girls talking on the corridors . . . after the Headmaster had given a speech. . . the teachers were alright for the first few

hours . . . I thought the swapping of glasses was a bit tiring . . . I thought at first our Geography teacher was horrid but now he seems quite nice . . . I like changing classes, it wastes time . . . I can't tell you how small I seemed, the sixth formers walked past us as if we were furniture . . . the ice-cream van came at dinner time . . . the Holly Bush didn't impress me.

Hobbies Club

During the past school year, Hobbies Club has been held on Mondays after school.

Attendances have been quite good, notably from the Fifth Form. During the summer term, when the Fifth Form was engaged in examinations, several Third Form volunteers made up the numbers, spending their time making articles to be sold at the School Garden Party.

I am sure all the other members will join me in thanking Mr. Cowell for giving up his time and for the help he has given us.

Music Club

With an attendance varying from forty to five with the mood of the weather, Miss Wrightson restricted the choice of music to the classical field during this past year.

We would like to thank Miss Wrightson for giving up her time to arrange these midday sessions and wish her a very happy future in her new post.

We would also like to express our thanks to Marilyn Fleming, Margaret Holden and Paul Mason who have regularly played the piano in both the Hall and Chapel during the past year.



Ten Years From Now, 1978

by P. Phethean, 1P

The wind howled round the valley, whipping up the cold, hard, gritty sand. Twenty feet up the side of the valley was a cave. A man sat at the mouth of it, clad in bear furs and eating raw meat. Only a year ago the worth of a man was counted by how many exam papers he had passed. Now it was how long he could go without food and water, how long he could stand up to the howling sand. Almost all the world was a desert; the nuclear war had seen to that. Overhead hung the everlasting cloud to remind the few of the terrible months. Pete went into the cave and looked at the things he had managed to save. He scratched his list on the wall. It read: one transistor radio, a gun with no shot, a suit of clothes and some books from the university. He laughed out loud. "Of all the useless things," he said to himself. Then he lit the fire and fell asleep.

Hunting was worse than usual the next day. All he could get was a small rabbit and a gopher. He also found the rotting carcass of a bear so he knew he must move on. The valley stank almost of radiation. After many days' walk across the gruelling desert he came to a jungle. This surprised him. He pushed his way through the trees thanking God for their cool shade and for the knowledge that water must be near. Very much as he had not seen any large plants until now. On he went until nightfall when he came upon several skeletons of humans. He knew this wasn't the work of radiation but of some animal. On he went until he came upon a small clearing. Rude wooden huts stood there and around a dozen fires encircled the camp. Then something stirred and a stooped figure appeared near one of the fires. Pete was just about to rush out and greet it when he realised the figure was not man but monkey. Man was in the stone age. The day of the ape had come.

Figeac 1968

June Pendlebury, IVA

Last summer a party of fifteen girls visited their pen friends in Figeac, a tourist centre and historical town in central France. To many girls it was a new experience, having never been abroad before, and some never having previously seen their new friends.

The journey was long and tiring but everyone was warmly welcomed at the little French station and we were all soon made to feel at home. The food, of course, was strange at first and it was hard to get adjusted to the French customs and way of life, so very different from our own. However, the French girls and their parents were so warm and friendly that nobody regretted having come and soon everybody was eating heartily.

The school arranged a coach trip to give us all a chance to see as much of the region as was possible in a day. Firstly, the coach stopped at Capdenac-le-Haut, a very old and beautiful village built on a hill just outside Figeac. Then it stopped at Décazeville, where "La Découverte" the largest opencast mine in Europe, it situated, and then continued on to Conques, where all took the opportunity to see the beautiful cathedral. But the excursion did not end here and everybody was able to see the famous "Trou de Bozouls" a massive hole in the ground where it is impossible to see the bottom, and also to visit the cathedral at Rodez before the final journey back to Figeac.

Although the two schools went on only one trip together, most of us went to see many other places of interest with our friends and their families. Many went to Rocamadour and Saint-Cirq-Lapopie, two old and beautiful villages, and most of us visited the incredible grottos at Padirac.

As we expected, there were language problems, caused mainly by the fact that the French girls seem to speak terribly quickly—certainly much faster than any of us had experienced before. However, these were gradually overcome by the useful aid of dictionaries and, if this failed, there was always sign language!

During the first week the weather was a little disappointing, but after that the sun shone every day. We all, of course, took advantage of this and paid frequent visits to the modern open-air baths at Figeac to try and acquire the gorgeous tan that all the French girls seemed to have.

It was therefore a sad party of girls who assembled at the little station for the journey home after three weeks of a most wonderful holiday, but most of us shall see our friends again when they come to England next summer.

The whole trip would have been impossible without Miss Rimmer and Mr. Topping, who arranged it and accompanied us, and so we should all like to express our grateful thanks for a most enjoyable holiday.

Storm Keep On

by M. J. Hilton

Mid-day darkness;
Curtains drawn across the sky,
Terrified people shelter
From the grey shadow that covers the horizon.
The grim, cliff-hanging, summer wind
Melted when the crashing sheets of pelting rain
Smashed and gashed the road.
A dog, howling its fear, unknowing,

And primitive under the darkening halo
Of the rolling thunder clouds.
Then, a blinding flash, and the cutting river of electric poison
Rent the clouds apart.
Playing with the frightened ground,
And taunting the swaying chimney stacks
Of mankind's empty progress
And the thunder displays its awesome power,
Laying a deafening hand on the silent watchers.
What is man's progress compared with this majesty ?
The white, steel thunderbolt flashing,
And the plaintive thunder crashing,
So freely, freely . . . in the sky.

The Child of the 'Warped Mind

by M. J. Hilton

Stands, forgotten in the glinting field of ice,
And the weeping hill top chants on through the silver morn.
The steel, swerving wind has finally got me beaten,
Slicing the visions from my brain,
Cluttering my ambitions to a silent corner of my mind.
Lost in the blind afternoon, I sit and wait.
"Do you know the snow isn't so white as it might be ?"

Money

Just to put the record straight

In life money is not the only thing. Some people think that money is the only thing in life and it is not.

Midsommer Norton

by M. J. Hilton

Part 1

A sorry, gutter morning, night mist too lazy to depart,
And the slow, oozing river must keep on,
Deep and snake-like down the silent valley of hope.
But these are only memories,
Memories of things that have been phantoms of a long dead city.

Out through the blazing noon of the city,
The museum stands, erect but humble,
And the grey, webb-faced walls of the wild, box-like dwellings
Cast creeping shadows midst pools of glimmering light,
And all around, the high, rested hills call,
“Be thankful Midsomer Norton.”

The wooded hillsides, proudly displaying their splendour
And they drink in the golden sunlight,
And summer's great wealth of flowers, dancing carefree
In a waving field of colour.
And the spiry fir trees sway, riffling in the gentle summer breeze,
As the cool, limpid stream of icy blue bickers on under their leafy shade.

Carrying its fearful message down the twisting valley,
Till it descends, out over the silent plains, leaving
The forlorn settlement in its wake, bewildered,
And crying, “Midsomer Norton, you are doomed.”

Part 2

It's very quiet here, in the late, sunset hours,
Only the faint howl of the wind's distant fury to disturb my faltering
thoughts,

Silent, and time to think, and remember,
Yes, remember . . .

The forest path we trod, summer's heat lazy in our aching bones,
With each new turn showing new and darker mysteries,
And the music of our own sad steps against the whispering trees,
Soothing our matted minds,
As we plodded on, on our ill-fated journey
The time, quietly slipping by, unnoticed,
Till the evening descended behind a silvery twilight.
Through the dark, misty nights we slept,

Till the mist vanished,
And the trees cast beams of morning sunlight on our sleepy, eyes . . .
Oh Midsomer Norton you hold me broken in your arms.

Only one road could lead here,
The broken signpost pointed down,
I followed, my feet not feeling the heated cobbles,
And stumbled down the wooded bank,
Yes, the river still flows, and the hills still call,
But the city no longer stands.
I gazed blindly at the wild staring grasslands,
"Where is everyone?"
I pictured the once-lively metropolis, the pain storming
Violently through my brain,
What had caused fate to take this maddening course?
I recalled the hills' immortal cry . . . "Be Thankful,"
I stood, trance like, tears streaming relentlessly from my eyes,
Yes, thank you hills,
And thank you, Midsomer Norton,
For the time has come when I must live without you,
And die.

Art

by Susan Hart and Ann Warwick

Accompanied by Miss Butterworth, the entire Lower Sixth Art set—both of us—spent an interesting afternoon at the Harris Art Gallery and Preston Art College. The site of the Lancashire Art Exhibition this year, it proved what we long suspected, that, cotton mills apart, Lancashire has some talented artists, too. Now then, about OUR paintings . . .

Parlez-vous francais ? or Sprechen sie deutsche ?

by Linda Brownlow

Fluently, you all answer of course, but for simplicity I'll write in English, anyway. With an English translation tucked secretly beneath their coats the Sixth Form French students attended a performance of Moliere's comedy "L'Avare" at the De La Salle College, Manchester. The play in French was performed by La Comedie de l'Ouest, a company of French actors, and was on the whole well received.

Had you been free to come, I'm sure you would have enjoyed "Die Ehe Des Herm Mississippi" the film version of Durrenmatt's play. Although in German, the dialogue - like many of the students - was relatively simple. In any case it was explained later and proved an enjoyable evening out. The film was shown at the University of Manchester.

Football

Despite a poor start to the season, the First XI recovered well and won through to the quarter final of the Mackereth Cup, where they were unlucky to lose, by the only goal of the match. to a Chorley XI which incidentally went on to take the trophy. The willing forfeiture of players by the Second XI, to fill the needs of the First XI, largely accounts for their lack of success. One team to win a trophy for the School was the Under-15 team, which brought the area cup to Rivington. Their hopes for a repeat success in the Champion School Trophy were dashed when they were heavily defeated by a powerful Warrington XI. The younger teams made up for any lack of skill by their abundant enthusiasm, and deservedly the best record of the season sits firmly on the heads of the Under-13 team.

Hockey

This year has proved very successful for all the Rivington teams, particularly the First Team, which lost only one match throughout the season. On the 22nd March, the School team played in a tournament at Lytham St. Annes. Four successful matches carried the School into the quarter finals to play against Southport Grammar School. Southport scored in the opening minutes and, although Rivington had most of the game from then on, they were unable to equalise. Southport went on to win the tournament.

The traditional match against the Old Rivingtonians ended in victory for the School by three goals to one, while the duel with the Staff, fought at the end of the Easter term, ended in a draw. The First Team would like to wish every success to their heirs and hope that they may have an enjoyable season.

Cricket

The 1968 season was highly successful: only three matches were lost, although many further fixtures were cancelled due to the weather. Whereas Chadwick and Lonsdale were mainstays of the batting, another partnership - that of Glover and Walker - proved the mainstays of the bowling. Although it is most pleasing to recall that the majority of matches were won by good team effort and most of all by the excellent fielding, the season ended with a remarkable match against the Staff XI. The Staff put the School in to bat and bowled them out for a meagre total of 45. Then after lunch the fireworks really began to fly as the Staff were shot out for FIFTEEN! This was mainly the result of two fine bowling performances by Lonsdale and Walker.

Cross-Country

Although only two matches were possible this season, Rivington proved themselves by defeating opposition from Chorley Grammar School and a team from Worsley Wardley. Absent from this year's calendar was the popular meeting at Lyme Park, which was cancelled because of foot and mouth.

In January of this year the Horwich and District Schools' Cross-Country Championships were held at Rivington. The home team went on to victory in the intermediate Boys' section but were narrowly beaten by Horwich County Secondary in the Junior Boys' event. Rivington took first place in both events: J. Mayor (Junior) and S. Murray (intermediate).

As a result of these Championships, the following boys are to be congratulated on representing the Horwich and District Schools' Association Teams in the Lancashire Championships at Witton Park, Blackburn:

Mayor, Leaf, Oakes (Junior).

Murray, Cunningham, Warburton, Stonier (Intermediate).

Facts and Figures

Hockey

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
1st	18	17	1	0	123	23
2nd	15	7	5	3	32	22
U.15	7	4	2	1	33	15
U.14	4	2	2	0	6	10

NETBALL

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
1st	4	3	1	0	75	52
2nd	2	0	2	0	20	30
U.15	4	0	4	0	39	78
U.14	5	3	2	0		
U.13	3	1	2	0	48	40

ROUNDERS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
A Team.....	2	2	0	0
U.15.....	2	0	2	0
U.14	2	1	1	0
U.13	All three matches cancelled			

FOOTBALL

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
1st	30	14	11	5	82	75
2nd	27	5	17	5	58	87
U.15	14	6	6	2	31	50
U.14	3	2	1	0	8	6
U.13	13	10	2	1	72	42
U.12	3	2	1	0	8	6

CRICKET

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1st	9	5	3	1

House Championships

Sports	Holmes	Pilks	Queens
Football	12	34	14
Cricket	0	24	12
Basketball	8	16	0
Cross-Country (Senior)	18	12	6
Cross-Country (Junior)	8	12	4
Hockey	24	0	36
Netball	25	8	27
Tennis	12	0	24
Rounders	18	6	12
Athletics	45	30	40
Standards (Girls)	49	43	44
Standards (Boys)	107	112	100
<hr/>			
Sports Total	326	302	319
<hr/>			
Works	Holmes	Pilks	Queens
1st Term	442	394	422
1st Exam	400	344	278
2nd Term	400	405	413
2nd Exam	359	385	305
3rd Term	269	309	317
E's and C's	37	35	12
<hr/>			
Work Totals	1907	1872	1747
<hr/>			
Combined Totals	2233	2174	2066

The House Shield and John Watkin Trophy were won by Holmes House

Sports Day

by Jean Cochrane, 1Q

Crowds of excited people made their way hurriedly down the school's gravel path in order to spectate this year's school sports. They were rushing madly, because everyone was anxious to have a good seat. Orange cordial and crisps were being sold as well as chocolate and delicious toffees. The spot where they were being sold was a favourite meeting place for non-competitors. After buying all kinds of confectionery we sat down to eat, watch and cheer for our own particular house.

The events began! Whilst the races were in progress, the long and high jumps were being battled out between the houses. At first, Queens were well in the lead after gaining a first, second or third position in every race. I remember vividly, screaming until I was hoarse at one time, because the race was neck and neck but eventually Queens came second. The excitement was tremendous and reached a peak where one could not hear oneself speak because of the deafening noise, but that didn't matter - it added to the fun. Then Queens began to slacken and Pilkington's house took the lead. This was most discouraging for the faithful members of Queen's house, but we continued to cheer, screech and scream but towards the end of the events, even though Queens won the under-thirteen relay race which gained us twelve points, it was realised that we stood no chance of winning, so after a desperate struggle the cup was handed over to Holmes house, much to the envy of the members of the opposing houses.

Just as most of us decided to set off for home it was announced that Bill Kenright, from out of the famous television programme Coronation Street, was here, also I am now the proud possessor of his autograph. This made an almost perfect finish to Sports Day. I repeat almost perfect, as it would only have been perfect if Queens had won. Never mind, next year we will make sure we receive that cup!

1967 Football Tour in Scotland

(1st and 2nd XIs)

The headquarters was to be the beautiful and historic city of Edinburgh, and it was a happy band of enthusiastic Sassenacs, accompanied by Messrs. Harrison, Nuttall, Walton and Wright, that boarded the coach in Horwich on a bright crisp morning in November.

The party was apprehensive about crossing the border without passports, but were consoled in the knowledge that they were visiting a country where the game of soccer is appreciated as much as in our own area.

The journey was a very pleasant one and our amiable driver, Mike - an Irishman, incidentally - helped, to create a happy atmosphere that prevailed throughout the tour.

Although we experienced some difficulty in locating the hotel, partly because of language problems (McSorley was no help!) and partly because of Mike's Irish brogue, we eventually found our home for the week, which was within easy reach of the city's famous Princess Street and very convenient for shops, entertainment and sightseeing.

November is often associated with fog and cold, but this particular week we were blessed with glorious weather and ideal for our matches at Dalkeith High School, Musselburgh Grammar School, Liberton Comprehensive School and St. Mary's Academy, Bathgate.

Playing against such big schools as these was indeed a splendid experience, and in spite of one or two relatively heavy defeats suffered by the First XI, both teams enjoyed their football and were never disgraced. The main feature of the tour as far as football was concerned was the jovial team spirit and sportsmanship displayed even in defeat.

Socially the tour was a tremendous success, and the boys found a sense of companionship that a tour of this kind does so much to foster.

Infant Care

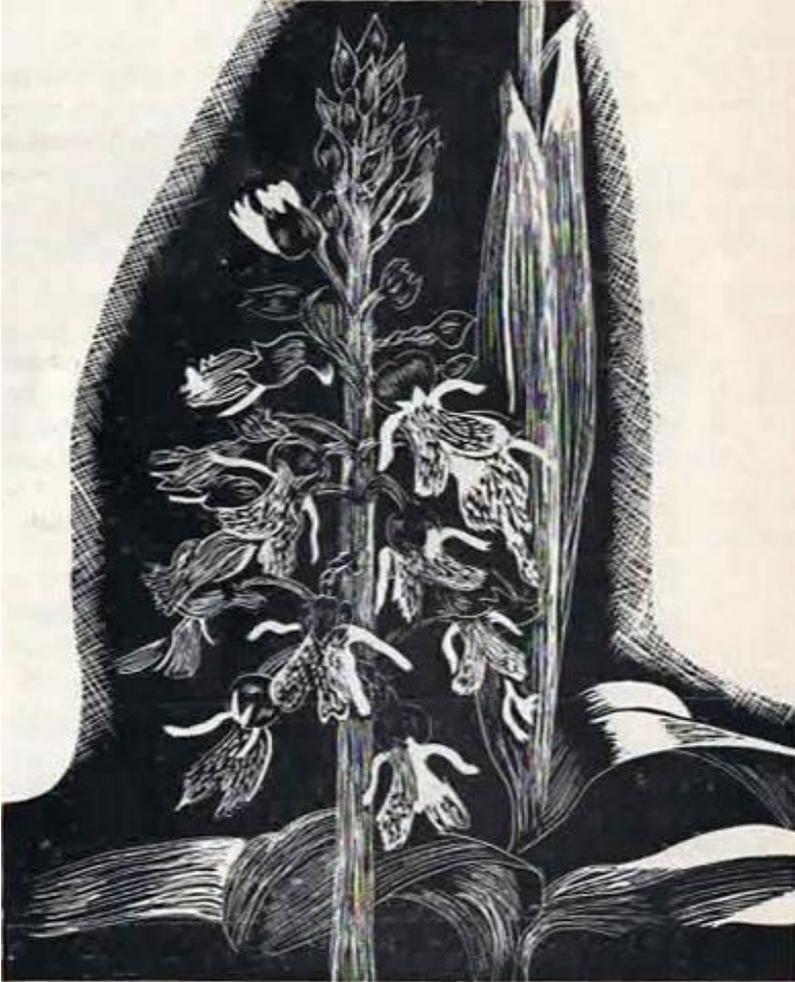
by Ann Warwick

Bright eyes gleamed:
 Little nose shined:
Black tyres on the road outside
Alienly rumbled.
Somewhere to go:
 the office,
 the mistress,
 school,
 home,
 visiting relatives,
 shopping.
You poor children, wailing innocent kids.
Brought up in this cultured, adult world.
But you didn't ask to be born.
You may enjoy life.
Idealism exists in infant minds,
Only to be destroyed
By adult talk on
 facts,
 murders,
 killings,
 robbings.
 sinning,
 stealing.
After all
What is school for ?
Father Christmas comes in December
 Jesus died in May.
 Have a happy holiday.
 School ends today.
Time to go to school, my dears.
Wash behind your dirty ears,
Pray "God bless mummy, daddy, dog.
Forgive me sitting on brother's frog."
Goodnight, God bless, Goodbye and that,
O let me get to sleep you rat!
I gave up a long time ago

When I knew what life was about.
Come and join me if you like.

Through a Glass . . . unfinished

Through a glass I see
Weird shapes, distorted faces,
And on the shoes the laces
Look like branches on a tree . .



Market Day

by Susan Gemmell (1P)

Usually this is a place and day that we lettuces dread, but my relatives and I do not agree, as we are of the highest quality, so we are only picked and sent to market at our prime.

One morning I began to get rather worried as Thursday was market day and it was Thursday today, and being at my prime I thought my end was near. However, when the other lettuces woke up, I forgot all about my fate. But I was doomed because five leaves later (one leaf is equivalent to the human time of five minutes) a man came and pulled us up. This feels like having an arm cut off.

Then, having suffered the agony of being pulled up, I was inspected all over. I was then put into a machine which was supposed to wash the bugs away but seeing I hadn't got any it was of no use. After that waste of time I was placed in a large tray with my friends. This was then put into what you call a "van. Suddenly there was a loud whirring noise. This was the engine. It was the first time I had been in an auto-mobile and I didn't think it was a very comfortable ride.

When we arrived I was taken out of the van and placed on a stall where people were allowed to maul and handle me. Finally I was sold, taken to a human house, washed for the second time that day, and was placed in a female's mouth and digested.

On a Bus

Ting goes the bell as we move off.
The little things attract one,
The cars go by, quiet cough
Allows the mind to wander.



The Annual Dinner Dance, 1968

by Colin Smith

The Dinner Dance seems to get better every year. Nigh on a hundred Old Rivs, accompaniments and guests arrived at the Royal Oak Hotel, Chorley, on the 3rd May for an evening of good food garnished with some splendid, witty speeches, with dancing and chinwagging for "afters".

Sheena Savery, the Head Girl, proposed the toast to "The Association" most eloquently, and the reply was made - also most eloquently by our President, Miss Freda Butterworth. Toasts to "The School" and "The Ladies" were made by Mr. R. S. Walmsley and Ian Gore, and the replies were given by Mr. Jenner and Barbara Worsley respectively.

An excellent welcome to our guests was given by Mr. F. G. (Gerry) La Hive and accepted by Councillor Peter Hewitt, Chairman of Horwich U.D.C., in a most entertaining manner. Councillor Hewitt had dismissed several possible topics because he knew less about them than most people there - including possibly "Local Government"!

Colin Smith presented an ornamental clock to Mr. J. K. L. Jones on behalf of the Association to mark the tremendous service he has given both to the School and the Association.

A lady from each table received a table prize, and Mr. Clarence Brown performed in his usual impeccable way as Toastmaster. Dancing and talking went quickly and one o'clock arrived much too soon. People were still chatting long after that—a sign of a good night out. Thanks to the Committee for organising a splendid evening.

Annual Reunion Weekend

by Janet Pendlebury

HOCKEY

On October 7th, 1967, the Old Rivingtonians met the School for their annual battle. The Old Rivingtonians started well, with many near misses at the School goal, but none seemed to find the back of the net. However, in the second half the School began to tire out the Old Rivingtonians and they began to score goals at very frequent intervals. It was through a good goal by Katharine Shaw in the last minutes of play that kept a "duck" off the scoreline. The final result was 7-1 for the School.

TENNIS

On a glorious summer's day on June 17th, 1968, the Old Rivingtonians met the School for their annual Tennis Match. It was a very evenly fought match with both sides playing some very good tennis. However, the final result was a reversal of last year's result with the School winning by a narrow margin of seven games. The score was 44-37 for the School.

I would like to thank everyone concerned for making it such a pleasant afternoon and for the excellent refreshments which we all enjoyed afterwards.

The Mountains Defy

by Jayne Crook (2H)

At the bottom of the mountain
I stand alone
In the calm of the green fields
Surveying the land
The sheep, the flowers, the fences
And in the middle of all there stands
Alone, huge and terrifying,
The Great Mountain
With its hard cold rock
The black look of death.

We begin the hard treacherous climb
Shaking and shivering every limb,
So afraid, just dreading the fatal moment
When the slip will be made.
Halfway there and nothing has happened
What have we done to deserve such luck
Now at the top and all in one piece.

The calm of the green fields is lost
Beneath the overhanging mist
But now the cold hard rock seems
To be warm and friendly
The black look of death disappears
And now the mountain only holds
A welcome and a sign of "Well done,
You are brave, my friend."

River Wye Canoe-Camping

Expedition

by L. Huson (4A)

On the 10th April a party of boys, accompanied by Mr. G. Wright and Mr. G. Rowe, left the school and drove south towards Hereford to begin a canoe-camping, holiday. The journey down was comparatively uneventful and several stops were made to buy fresh bread and eggs which we would need. In the late afternoon we arrived at the camp site at Hampton Bishop, which is just outside Hereford. The tents were pitched and the fun began as attempts were made to cook a nourishing meal. After tea the canoes were boarded and for the first time we tested our skills in the fierce rapids of the River Wye

The second day everybody woke early except our brave leaders, on whom the strain was already telling. In the afternoon we all went into Hereford, where a party led by Mr. Rowe, now renamed Blackbeard after forgetting his shaving equipment, toured the Cathedral. On the following day the equipment was packed into the van and driven to the next site by Mr. Rowe, while the rest of us set off in the canoes. After a ten-mile trip we arrived at the second site, the small country village of Corey. Later that night Mr. Wright continued our education with a lesson in local folk songs!. We pressed on the following day towards Backney Common, the weather and scenery improving all the time. From there we travelled the eighteen miles to Symonds Yat, where we were due to stay for two days.

On the second day of our stay at Symonds Yat we drove into Chepstow, which gave us a final opportunity to send letters and to buy presents. Mr. Wright and Mr. Rowe forced themselves past the racecourse and so we all arrived back at camp with more money than we expected. On Tuesday morning the weather broke and, instead of journeying on, we stayed at Symonds Yat, visiting Tintern Abbey in the afternoon.

The Wednesday morning saw us up bright and early so that we could tidy up the site and pack for the journey home. During the final stages a tired Mr. Wright was spurred on by songs from the still lively boys, and we reached Rivington in the late afternoon after a very enjoyable holiday.

On behalf of the rest of the party, I would like to thank Mr. Wright and Mr. Rowe for organising and accompanying us on this trip.

The Thief

by Fred Green (3N)

He sat alone in his bedroom,
Trying in vain
To resist the temptation of stealing the money
That was testing the brain,
By just lying there, asking to be taken.

Arising, his eyes blazing with greed,
Creeping quietly,
With an urge to succeed.
Seeing nobody was there, grabbed the money
With daring, cunning and speed.

His father noticed the money was missing :
And he called for his son,
For he knew he was the only one
With a willpower so weak;
Weak enough to steal the family keep.
They stared at each other, eye to eye,
While the boy explained his alibi;
Said the father: "Sonny boy, why do you lie ?"
The boy paused a moment and began to cry.

"I am now in a position where I can no longer trust you.
Now, now, son, give me the money and I'll see what I can do.
Here, here have this money and
Next time ask, do you understand ?"

Thoughts

by Denise Cowap (3N)

I look through my window, and see
The bright stars that twinkle,
The moon that shines so brightly.
It's dark.

The man looks mockingly down
Upon the "sorry world" he sees below him.
Starving children and like
Who do no wrong
Yet look how they are rewarded;
Yes, it's dark.

I look through my window, and see
Dark shadows that do not move
Yet lie in wait.
The lamps are lit.
They shine brightly up to a point.
And after that - it's dark.
Yes. The man is well guarded from
The starving nation,
The over-population,
A Wars at stations
All over the world.
It's dark.

I look once more through my window,
And see flowers that strive to live,
Birds that hunt for food,
THEY stay alive, in this
Dark world.

Opposite, I see a merry fire.
A child is playing
While her parents are content
In knitting,
And reading,
And sewing.

I can no longer see through my window.
The curtains are drawn.
The moon hides behind a cloud.
The stars are not so bright,
And man is not so cocky
Of this world. You see—it has some light.

The Crafty‘ Green Tanks

by Ann Warwick (L.VI)

The green tanks hit the horizon.
 it was dusk.
Stealthily black figures crept over the hill
 And attacked a village,
Leaving huts burning, children running
Trying to find mummy amongst the cooking pots.
 Her hand in a bowl of rice,
 Where is her head ?
Cries and screams send the attackers away
 In their little green tanks.
Aeroplane engines numb ears,
 Screaming, droning, humming, bombing.
Walking through the city streets
 Trampling on rubble.
 Smelling putrid flesh.
 Flies,
 Unfinished cooking,
 Unpacked cases,
 Empty wallets
 Trail left behind.
Did the dead know what it was all about?

Music

by Elaine Seager, Stephen Ryder, Kathleen Atherton, Anne Sharples, Kay Harman, Janet Robinson, Jean Ross and Stephen Horrocks

Following the Pied Piper of Rivington, Miss Wrightson, the music lovers concluded their excursions up in the belfry of Westhoughton Parish Church. Fortunately, however, they managed to return to write these reports. I'm sure you'll understand.

Gay Tyrolese. Oct. 23rd. The Gay Tyrolese was a performance of Austrian singing and dancing. The varied programme portrayed many old Austrian traditions and musical folklore. The leader, Toni Praxmair, is probably unrivalled in his knowledge of Tyrolese dance and music, and his superb performance won an immediate and sympathetic response from the audience.

Liverpool Oct. 25th
Philharmonic
Concert The Concert, which was held in Bolton, was attended by a party of sixteen. The programme contained pieces of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart and the "Romeo and Juliet" Overture by Tchaikovsky.

Marriage of Figaro Dec. 8th The opera "The Marriage of Figaro" was held in Manchester. and fourteen pupils and Staff attended. Although it was some- times difficult to hear the words clearly, I think we all managed to understand the theme and enjoy the music, and a good time was had by all.

Vienna Boys' Feb. 20th
Choir

The Free Trade Hall, Manchester, was the setting for this particular Concert. The Choir sang a number of hymns in Latin and several Austrian songs. Because one of the cast had been taken ill, the programmed comic opera was cancelled and an excellent replacement was substituted.

Festival Youth April 5th
Concert

Twenty-eight pupils of the school attended the Lancashire Festival Youth Concert held at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The concert opened with "An Essex Overture" by Maconchy and "Jeux d'Enfants" by Bizet. The two orchestral pieces were played well and with great feeling. Two parts of the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" by Mascagni were played: Intermezzo by the orchestra alone; The Easter Hymn, by the choir and orchestra. The choir and orchestra also performed "The Blest Pair of Sirens". After a short interval, the Brass Band played the "New World Symphony" by Dvorak, "Rondo" by Mozart, and "Finlandia" by Sibelius. They were well appreciated by the audience.

"HMS Pinafore" April 20th
and "Trial by Jury"

A party of twenty saw these two performances by the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company at the Opera House, Manchester. Although both performances were very enjoyable and the singing excellent, outstanding was Valerie Masterson, who played the part of Josephine in "H.M.S. Pinafore".

Sleeping Beauty May 16th Fifteen girls plus three teachers made up the eighteen who attended this ballet performed by the Festival Ballet Company in Manchester. The splendour of the costumes was rivalled only by the magnificent dancing. At the end of the second act it was announced that the principal male dancer had injured his back and his part was taken over by the choreographer.

Bell Ringing July 9th The party included ten girls and four boys. After a conducted tour of the belfry, where we saw how the bells worked, we boys and two of the girls went up to the top of the tower and saw a panoramic view of Westhoughton and its surrounds. We were later given a demonstration of the peals and a short history of the church and its bells. We would like to thank Neil Burnett and Jim Andrews; who escorted us round the tower.

Brass Bands -in General

by Gary Leece (5A)

A brass band is a type of music combination particularly suitable for open air performance, and allowing for amateur cultivation. Brass bands are found all over Europe and in countries settled by Europeans, but their greatest popularity is in Northern England, where an extremely high standard of performance is common. The brass band movement started in the mid-nineteenth century and flourished until about 1950, when it reached its peak, and the resulting decline has been very much faster than the development.

Even though the "rot" - so to speak - has set in, never to be set out, brass bands still seem to be popular among the older generation in Northern England. Prior to the Second World War i.e. before 1939, there were as many as four thousand brass band combinations in the North, the majority being in Lancashire. In our own area alone there were a few less than one hundred, which looks rather peculiar against the present figure of fourteen.

The basic reason for the general decline is that the majority of the brass bands in the North were built around one interested generation, and it is a well-known fact that no one lives for ever! The main reason can be seen in the definition mentioned above - and allowing for amateur cultivation the significance of which can be put in a few words: very few amateurs wish to be cultivated nowadays, or-people's time is being taken up by more pressing engagements. It is now virtually impossible to get new recruits and there is a lack of support both financially and in interested members. -The-pressures of modern living, and to a certain extent education, prevent young" people from making the effort of learning to play a brass instrument. The decline of local church -carnivals where, only ten years ago, brass bands played a massive part, has killed any hopes there may have been of a lasting annual event where the bands could play a prominent role.

In the past, and in one case in the present, there have been three top bands in the area which, at some time in their history, have become famous throughout the country.

The Horwich R.M.I. or the R.M.I., as it was known in the brass band world, won numerous prizes in the 1920's and 1930's, including the most coveted prize of all, the Crystal Palace 1,000 guineas Trophy in 1922. Their test piece on that occasion was "Life Divine". Just prior to 1939 the band broke up, but just after the war there was a revival which lasted until 1950, which saw the final end of this great band

The Bickershaw Colliery Band, a very strong combination, had a very short life as brass bands go (1946-56), but in the ten years of its existence the band claimed nearly every major contest and trophy in Britain. Their conductor was Mr. W. Haydock. They made several records for the H.M.V. Company (78 r.p.m.), including "Washington Grey's March", "Punchinello", "Blaze Away" and "A' Cavalcade of Martial Songs". I have been assured by some of my sources that at one time this band had a soloist singer, Rowland Jones, who later became famous in the opera world.

Wingate Temperance Band, recently kept alive by public subscription after an appeal, can claim to be the longest surviving first-class band in the area. They won their first prize in 1940 at Belle Vue, Manchester, their test piece being John Ireland's "Downland Suite". They were conducted on that occasion by Mr. J. Eckersley and assisted by a professional, Mr. Samuel Woods, from Leeds. Like the R.M.I., this band won the Crystal Palace Trophy, and has been to the contest finals at the Albert Hall, London, after fighting through preliminary and area finals on numerous occasions since 1946. They proved themselves still a strong force to be reckoned with when, on the 23rd April, 1967, they won the Blackpool 17th Annual Concert. Apart from Mr. Eckersley, the band has been conducted by Mr. Hugh Parry.

The last time Horwich R.M.I., Bickershaw and Wingates completed against each other in a contest was at the Belle Vue 95th September Contest held on Saturday, 6th September, 1947. Wingates came second and Bickershaw fifth.

The following combinations still enter competitions and play for local functions: Bolton Public, Farnworth Old, Kearsley Silver, Eagley Mills, Leigh Silver, Leigh British Legion, Atherton Public, Wigan Boys, Lower Ince, Haigh Prize, Rivington and Adlington, Wallbank, and Coppull.

The most consistent of the above are Haigh Prize, Coppull, and Lower Ince. These bands have won quite a few contests during the last ten years in their respective sections. There are two other local bands, Horwich Old and Blackrod Public, both of which were formed in the 1890's and kept going until the early 1950's. It seems a pity that in a straight line from Bolton to Chorley there is only one band, that being Rivington and Adlington. This combination might have gone the way of Horwich Old and Blackrod Public had it not been for the great aid given by Mr. Leonard Fairclough, the motorway bridge builder, of Adlington. The youth band in the area is Wigan Boys, conducted by Mr. A. Mason. It has been kept alive for ten years, greatly supported by Mr. W. Haydock, former conductor of Bickershaw, who gave his support after the nationalisation of the coal industry, which resulted in the break-up of Bickershaw Colliery Band.

The future for most of the fourteen local bands can be assessed in one phrase - "living from hand to mouth". During the next ten or fifteen years at the most we shall see the numbers reduced to about five, although some of these may be reduced into playing for the occasional get-together and wedding reception or two. It is wrong to assume that all brass bands will die out. That is not the case, for they are irreplaceable in the Forces, where the brass sound lends itself to marching. The country's bigger works bands will also continue, e.g., British Motor Corporation and Manchester C.W.S. Even so, the numbers entering the contests will tend to go less and less as the years go by.

The Stratford Trip

by Susan Bridge

An American: Well, gosh darn it, so this is Stratford upon the Avon. Say, it's cute! I can't wait to tell the folks back home about Ann Hathaway's Cottage. What's that, Son ? Oh, Shakespeare. Well, he wrote plays and the like." In fact, he wrote those plays we saw - " King Lear" and "As You Like It". Hey, will you look over there. Ain't that those school kids from Rivington with their teachers, Mr. Metcalfe and Miss Wilson? I wonder if they could figure out those plays. Gee, but this is swell.

Last seen our American friend was photographing everything typically English: policemen, lamp-posts, kids from round about.

Dynamic Duologue

by Susan Bridge

As I was saying, we've seen quite a few plays this year. There was Othello at Manchester.

"Which fellah ? "

"Then there was Roots, Henry V, The Tempest, Romeo and Juliet, cor! "

"Tom Courtenay was in that."

" Lovely man."

"I got a piece of wood that HE'D handled, and he put his arm around me."

"Stop it whoever you are."

" Pardon !"

"The play we saw in Manchester."

"Oh yes; where we saw oh what a lovely war and a day in the death of Joe Egg."

"Do you know Juno and the Paycock ? "

"Does she come to our school ? "

" I was on about the play at the Library Theatre."

" I spent an evening with Brecht there."

" Isn't he dead ? "

"Yes; he was buried out at sea."

"That was the last play We saw, wasn't it?"

“Yes; but there were those two lectures on Othello and Ionesco, don’t forget to mention them.”

“ We’ll never write this report.”

“ Why don’t we say that in saner moments we saw the following plays:

Henry V.—Shakespeare.

The Tempest—Shakespeare.

Romeo and Juliet—Shakespeare.

Roots—Arnold Wesker.

Stop it Whoever You Are - Henry Livings

Oh, What a Lovely War - Joan Littlewood.

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg - Peter Nichols.

Juno and the Paycock—Sean O’Casey.

An Evening with Brecht.

Out at Sea.

S. Ryder thinks . . .

Fighting is basic to human existence.

It comes from our primeval youth and

Like packs of wild dogs we range

Looking for trouble.

Children start at an early age

To quarrel, fight and war -

And walk fists clenched

Looking for trouble.

If we ever meet our match

From distant star or forest deep,

We’ll go to Hell with sticks in our hands

Looking for trouble.

Hilary Hall (1Q) looks . . .

I see a gauzy bank of gold and silver cobwebs leading down to an endless run of crystal blue ice. I feel myself, skating gracefully, through silver mist. The sun shimmers blindingly on the waving ice. Soft music floats around, my white silk gown flows behind me and I go on skating.

Bang

by Pauline Molyneaux

Gunshot wound and die,
And I sit and wonder why.
Death all around in Vietnam,
And I ask myself what I am.
A girl sitting doing nothing,
Wishing that she was loving
Someone who would stay awhile,
A fleeting glance and then a smile.
But one day he lied
Gunshot wound and HE died.

Tennis Report

1st Team

S. Savery.	J. Laing.	A.Cooper.
B. Ratcliffe.	S. Westwell.	C. Yates.

Played 8, Won 5, Drew 0, Lost 3.

2nd Team

M. Holden.	J. Fitton.	A. Steventon.
B. Newbold.	D. Allsopp.	G. Muir.

Played 2, Won 1, Drew 0, Lost 1.

Under 15 Team

J. Bibby.	J. Monks.	C. Penney.
C. Adamson.	D. Grundy.	M. Stubbs.

Played 1, Won 1.

Under 14 Team

J. Ratcliffe.	D. Cowap.	L. Marshall.
P. Nash.	J. Page.	C. Chivers.

Played 1, Won 1.

The First Team have had a successful season with their full strength team. Unfortunately, some Second Team players had to fill in on several occasions, and this weakened the Second Team also. Nevertheless, the standard of play was always good, and we look forward to seeing some strong play next season.

The Staff Match resulted, once more, in a win for the Ladies' Staff by 46 to 35 games.

Biology Field Trip, Easter, 1968

by Tom Rainford and Robert Rosbottom

On Sunday, April 7th, a group of Lower Sixth Biology students set off in perfect weather for Gibraltar Point Field Centre, near Skegness. The majority of us made our way there by means of a mini-bus, driven by Mr. Harrison, whilst the remainder went by car. Both groups arrived safe and sound early that evening, and, after unloading our luggage, getting settled in and having a quick meal, we all had an early night so that we could awake refreshed for the next day's work. The two girls in the group volunteered to do all the cooking for the week's stay, and all the other necessary work was carried out by the boys.

The Field Centre itself was an old Coastguard Station converted for the purpose, situated in an unspoilt reservation which was perfect for our study of animal and plant life in their natural environment.

The party was split up into smaller groups with each group having their own particular project to investigate. Our own project was concerned with the different types of life found in pools of greatly varying salinity caused by weather conditions, tidal movement, etc. Other projects dealt with plant succession, formation of sand dunes, and the varying types of wild life found in differing environments around the sanctuary.

On the third day a local naturalist came to show us round, and with his prompting we saw and came to recognise a great deal of plant life that we had missed before.

We were joined in mid-week by Mr. Nuttall, who had come particularly to study the bird life there, and also to assist Mr. Harrison in furthering our studies.

Most nights were passed pleasantly playing cards at the Field Centre, and two visits were made to Cleethorpes Bowling Alley.

The expedition was thoroughly enjoyed, and we would like to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Harrison for all he has done in giving up his time to arrange and accompany us on this trip, and for his invaluable help whilst there. Thanks also to Mr. Nuttall for his help in the latter part of the week.

Swanage Field Week

by Arthur Markland

If you can imagine a group of Sixth Form Geography students, heavily laden with hiking boots and geological hammers, boarding a coach at eight o'clock on an April morning there's really no need for me to describe it. Yet on April 17th we travelled down to Swanage to spend a week examining the area in and around Swanage. Now someone must have been told we liked work—for we never stopped! It is a lasting tribute to our physical condition that we all survived. In accordance with universal demand, however, Saturday afternoon and evening were spent examining the entertainments provided in nearby Bournemouth. Nevertheless, Sunday saw us again climbing hills and mapping an interminable stretch of coastline. Visits were made to Poole Pottery and the Portland Stone works, which suffered the onslaught of twenty four geological hammers, feverishly attempting to discover any fossils amongst the quarry rocks - but to say that we came back with more fossils than we went with would be both inaccurate and unfair to Miss Wrightson, Mr. Topping and Mr. Watkins, who all endured the course well.

We would all like to thank Mr. Watkins who arranged and organised this Field week, which was both educational and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone concerned. We would also like to thank the accompanying Staff, Miss Wrightson and Mr. Topping, who did so much to make this a very happy trip.

The Goyt and Mersey Valley Field Excursion

by Graham Hollowell (3N)

On July 3rd a party of third-formers led by Mr. Watkins and accompanied by Miss Butterworth and Mr. Topping combined a Geography lesson with a very interesting trip to the Goyt Valley, Derbyshire, and the Mersey Valley.

The coach party set off from school at 9-15 a.m., and we travelled via the M6 and Macclesfield to our destination - "The Cat and Fiddle Inn From here we set off on a long trek across the moors studying the River Goyt whilst Mr. Watkins explained the form of the valley and its vegetation.

At the lower end of the valley we saw the Errwood reservoir which has only recently been completed and which contains 17,000,000 gallons of water for use by the town of Stockport. We met the coach again at Longhill and ate our lunch as we travelled to our next destination.

After Goyt Valley two more stops were made that afternoon at Taxal Bridge and Offerton, where we studied the River Mersey as it wound its way through Cheshire.

We arrived back in Horwich around tea-time, complete with notes and maps which would help us in our next lessons. We would like to thank all persons concerned for making this a very enjoyable trip.



Sea Story

by Alison-Higham (2Q)

One day as I was swimming in the sea, I lived underwater. Usually when doing this, I had to come up for air every few seconds, but this time it was different, something very strange happened. As I dived underwater I felt a sudden, sinking feeling. I was going down, down, down. "That's funny," I thought, "this water is only a few feet deep," but even as I was thinking, I was going even further down, until at last my feet touched the bottom. I could breathe quite normally, and on looking about me saw weird and wonderful things.

King Neptune was on a magnificent throne of coral, encrusted with gold; round about him were scores of mermaids and mermen. The mermaids had long, flowing black hair, and many of them were combing it, looking in a pool of clear water as they did so. There were hundreds of fish of all sizes, shapes and colours. Fishes, from tiny sea horses to massive sharks, all living in harmony. On the sea bed were clear pools and jagged rocks with tiny sea creatures of brilliant colours, swimming in and out of the rocks. Suddenly one of the mermaids noticed me and whispered to Neptune. He beckoned me over to him. As if in a trance. I walked over and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter," he cried, "matter. You dare to come over to me and ask ME what is the matters? You strange mortal. Get down on your knees and beg forgiveness, quick, before I lose my temper!" These words really scared me, so stumbingly I got down on my knees at his feet. All my body was trembling as I waited for a blow that would crush me to pieces, but it never came. Instead he spoke in a softer tone and said. "Mortal, you have entered my kingdom uninvited; for that you will have to spend the rest of your life with my friends and I in our little kingdom." I was petrified at the thought of never being able to return to the normal life on earth that I used to lead. But there seemed nothing that I could do about it, so I had to make the best of things.

Of course I got used to the way of life in time, but it was so different from the life mortals lead. Every day at midday, all the mermaids and fish had to come before Neptune and pay homage. He was a kind King though and thoughtful, and treated even the tiniest sea horse with respect. Soon I got used to the customs and the food, which, strange to say, was like a different version of the food which mortals eat. I came to think of myself almost as a fish, but one day something happened . . .

As I was paying my daily homage to Neptune, he suddenly shouted and screamed, "Get out of my kingdom before I crush you to little pieces on the rocks."

"Get out of your kingdom," I echoed. "I would if I could, but it's impossible."

"If you want to get out of my kingdom, you shall go," and with these words he uttered a little verse which went:

"Blessed spirits of the sea,
Hear these words and come to me,
That I may send this mortal home
To live above the spray and foam."

Suddenly as he uttered the last line, a great rumbling was heard and I felt myself being pushed up, as if the water had suddenly acquired a forgotten strength, and within seconds my head popped out of the sea and I gasped for breath. I swam to the shore and there was mother waiting for me. "My, you have been a long time," she said, "nearly an hour."

"Nearly an hour, but that is impossible. I have been under the water for nearly a year," I replied.

"Come now, get your tea, you must be dreaming."

The Cube with title Triangular Base

by S. Charters

The cube with the triangular base
Stood in front of my door.
We looked each other in the face
Then looked even more.
The cube with the triangular base
Then came inside my house
And the cube with the triangular base
Regurgitated a mouse.

I, the angry, chased the infernal machine
Into the garden, over the gate
Through the latrine
Till it met its mate.

And the two triangular-based cubes
Then drove me away
By throwing square octagonal tubes
Of duodeconal hay.

Poem

by J. Andrews (Lower 6th)

What's the use of standing there,
By the bus-stop, on the windswept road ?
Enduring the motorist's passing stare
Alone in the arc lamp's bluish glare.
Does no one really care ?

Come hail, come snow, come sleet and rain,
Come fog and smog, it's all the same,
Why must I always stand out there
Alone in the lamp's revealing glare
To receive that soul-destroying stare.
Does no one really care ?

The Milkman

by Ian Danks (1P)

Every morning you will meet him
Whistling cheerfully down the street,
Our friend the milkman.

Fresh of face and clear of eye
He shouts his now familiar cry,
“ How many today ? ”

Mrs. Jones at number four
Wants three bottles at her door,
She’s having guests.

Down the street lives Mrs. Green,
She has ordered fresh farm cream
Specially for today.

Mrs. Thomas wants brown eggs.
“ Please not white ones,” she quickly begs,
“My son won’t eat them.”

This street now he’s almost done.
He has shared his words of fun
To cheer our morning.

A Strange Time to write a Poem

by J. D. Sherbourne

Hate was born

A gun was drawn.
I heard a crack,
Lay dead on my back,
And then I wrote this poem.
Strange, you say.
Strange, I say.
In a way That’s what we all say,
Strange.

The Parents' Association

by Florence E. Robinson (Hon; Assistant Secretary)

The Annual General Meeting was held in October, 1967. We are pleased to report another successful year, with many new members and an interesting programme of events.

These included a Social at the Ridgeway Arms Hotel, Blackrod, in November, which was greatly enjoyed by a large number of parents who attended.

Also, the President's Evening was held at the School in February. The Junior Choir, a Recorder Group and a Quartet, comprising two senior boys and two senior girls, entertained a large audience. Mr. Topping gave a demonstration audio-visual French lesson to a volunteer class of parents, who struggled through the lesson with the help of the children.

In March, Mr. G. Jones showed a number of films typical of those used in geography lessons to a small but appreciative audience.

A new venture this year was the Careers Convention in May, sponsored by the Parents' Association and arranged by Mr. Shelley, the Youth Employment Officer. This event was an outstanding success.

We were fortunate in having another glorious day for the second Annual Garden Fete in June. We are hoping to provide the School with a Sports Pavilion, and this event raised over £400 towards this goal. May we take this opportunity of thanking all parents and members of the Staff who helped to make this event so successful.

The Ladies' Committee also raised funds by holding a Jumble Sale and Whist and Domino Drive.



Old Man

by Tony Bennett (4A)

As I look into my shaving mirror and see the now-familiar wrinkles across my ageing forehead and my white hair and red, puffed-up nose, I realise just how long I have lived. Every day life gets just that little bit harder, getting out of bed just a little bit more of a chore and my attempts to revive myself from my daily drowsiness a little more futile. Oh, I know I shouldn't feel sorry for myself. I've had my share of life and now it's my turn to shove over and make room for the younger generation. I've got used to living on the twelfth floor of a block of flats in the middle of town. The neighbours are friendly enough, the view not too bad, and I enjoy going out for the odd gamble on an outsider down at the bookies. It's just the rest of the time that hurts me. The lonely evenings I spend by myself as if I'm already dead, dead to the world and society, anyway. An insignificant cog, discarded and replaced for being worn and rusty.

I think it went worse when the wife died. She was good to me, Hilda. When we were younger, before the war, we spent many a happy weekend together, just the two of us, or sometimes we'd visit her family; they live in Dorset. I mean they used to, And then there was the war. We lost our home one night. One of the infallible German bombers dropped a bomb right in the middle of the street. Twenty-five lost their lives that night. Then I lost my arm fighting away out in Libya; a shell exploded by me while we were retreating and I had to have it amputated. I was one of the lucky ones. After that the army sent me home; there was no room in the service for a one-armed soldier. We lived in the country till the war was over. Perhaps it was a good thing, me losing my arm. I think I enjoyed those three years in the country best of all. A little place called Riddington it was. I think it's being developed for the London overflow now. It's a shame really, changing a pretty place like that into a Council estate.

I suppose that's what hurts the most really. Time goes on destroying memories dear to you in its quake. I often wonder what would have happened if there had never been a war, Hilda might still be here. The war did

a lot to quicken her illness, to kill her. Anyway, that's how things go, I suppose.

It's a long time, seventy-two years, seventy-three next May. I doubt if anyone will remember, though. I'd still have someone now if Hilda could have been able to have a baby. I know she had to die but if there had been a child, a baby, but it was her illness, her glands. Just over fifty years it'll be since I met Hilda. You didn't start courting proper till you were twenty then. no getting married at seventeen. I can just picture us now, me in my Sunday suit and her as pretty as a picture, and her hair a different style every week of the year. She was a bonny girl, so full of life. Then there was the wedding, not one of those in and out of the register office things; ours was the proper thing. All her family came and mine there, too; it was the proper thing for us. Off to Blackpool for the week. honeymooners. I doubt if I'd know Blackpool today, but then, then it was a treat to go to Blackpool. The blue sea, the tower, the old amusement arcade. These days you have to walk a mile or two before you get your feet wet and the kind that hang around are enough to put you off. But for me, I suppose it's just how long I last, before I join the millions of bodies on society's rubbish dump. But until then there's the National to see, the Cup Final and the Test Matches; there's plenty left to see. Even without that I still do my bit, corroded though I am, to keep the machinery going. I did my bit, we all do our bit. I like to look down from my twelfth storey flat and think of my life and eternity.

Death

by Dina Plowes (1H)

How still
Not a whisper
Not a breath
Not a giggle
Not a sigh
Just a teardrop from an eye
How still.

Rivingtonian Abroad

by Susan Davies

Last year I was fortunate enough to spend the summer term at the Herderschule in Kassel, a town in the north west of Germany. I was at once delighted to have this opportunity and yet slightly apprehensive at the prospect of spending three months with a family I had never met. My fears, however, were quickly dispelled when I met the Baumstingls and was instantly made to feel one of the family.

Life in Germany turned out to be quite different than I had anticipated. I had not expected a country defeated in the Second World War to have made such rapid progress both socially and economically.

The first thing which alarmed me was the food. One favourite dish of the Baumstingls consisted of raw mincemeat with chopped onions topped with the yolk of an egg. Having steeled myself to try this without the egg and on a slice of bread, I found it quite appetising. I also soon learned to appreciate the "Wurst" which were sold on almost every street corner. On the whole I'd say German food is better than ours, being richer and more tasty.

The school I attended was much more democratic than any I know here. Pupils were allowed to wear whatever they liked and, surprisingly enough, everybody looked extremely smart, even more so than if they had been wearing a uniform. Older students were even allowed to smoke in school; the only duty I ever noticed was ashtray cleaning duty. No prefects were appointed. There were just two people elected, a boy and a girl, to represent the school and pupils. They were elected in the same way as a parliamentary candidate. The form with which I had the majority of my lessons would be equivalent to our fifth form, but the range of subjects studied was much wider than ours. No exams are taken in most German schools until the school-leaving exam. or Abibur, at the age of 19. Then the student is tested in about eight subjects both orally and written. Having passed this, the student

can either go on to university or use it as a qualification to get a job. Even though there are no major examinations lower down the school, the student must reach a certain standard in EVERY subject before he can advance to the next class. Thus some pupils at a German grammar school can be 21 before they leave.

The lessons took the form of discussions, preparation for which had been done for homework. The majority of students obviously enjoyed these lessons, everybody wanting to air opinions on any topic. I found that they were much more politically conscious than we are. Many, very much in earnest, took part in demonstrations while I was there. Generally the students enjoyed more freedom than is common in England, and as a result they appeared to have a more mature outlook on life than their British counterparts.

Home life by comparison was stricter than here. My host family always insisted on our being in before ten o'clock. and we were only allowed out alone once a week.

The Germans are certainly very culturally minded. There is a theatre in almost every town and everyone seems to take an interest. In Kassel there was a state theatre which had both a large and a small house, the large house for operas and operettas and the small one for plays. Nearly everyone I met could play some kind of musical instrument.

I would certainly love to do the same thing again. It has been very profitable staying with another family and seeing how people in a foreign country live. Living abroad is, of course, the ideal way to learn the language, and I would heartily recommend anyone to do as I have done.

World War One Battle Ground

by David Blackburn (3N)

Come on, lad, pick up your gun,
Face your enemy, the Hun.

When I blow my whistle, run,
Or the Hun will shoot you, just for fun.

Bullets flying overhead,
See the mounds of bloody dead.

Gas masks on, red hot lead,
Watch the shells go overhead.

In the trenches, 'one, two three,
You get that Hun, the other's for me.

Look, a tank, it's one of ours,
Boy I It's got terrific powers.

See the man fall down in pain,
Every battle is the same.

Soldiers run, and soldiers crawl,
Quick now, son, behind that wall.

Think you've got him, hear him groan,
That bullet dislodged him from his throne.

We've nearly won, it's a feat.
Oh no! the whistle; we must retreat.

Think. All these men have died today,
We who live will fight another day.

Verse the Second

by John A Waterworth (L.VI)

Take this gift
It is free
It will show
What you mean to me
Treat it with
Great care
For therein is all there ever
Will be for me to share,
It's my great story.
A story of nothing much
But everything
And as the train passes by
The window I hear a
Bird sing a sweet nothing
And I say, bird how do you feel
"I feel unreal, I feel unreal."

The Clock

by John A Waterworth (L.VI)

When the wind blows
At the beginning of the night
That's when I really hate you
I cannot stand the sight

Of you I wish you were
And I too finally dead
Or sucking like a sponge
Yes cringe in a bed

Pale purple rays greet
The blue smells socks
Crawling down the sky
What's this ?

Remember summer
The plasma in the field
The day a jelly crawled
A mile in half a tear

Clunk clunck clunk
Plonk
Clunk clunck clunk
Plonk
Clunk clunck clunk
Plonk
Clunck clunck clunk

Old Rivingtonians' October Weekend Reunion Service

by Anne Brown

As usual there were too many unoccupied seats in Chapel on Sunday, 1st October, 1967, but for those of us who do make the annual pilgrimage to School on this occasion, the mere fact of being there brings back memories of days gone by.

The service was conducted by the Rev. E. Readhead, of Rivington Parish Church. Past President Geoffrey Drinkwater and Hon. Secretary Olive Sutton (now Mrs. Ian Fisher) read the lessons, and the singing was led by the School choir. After this inspiring service, everyone went across to the hut to renew old friendships over a cup of tea.

It was, as always, a great pleasure to have Mr. Saxelby - a regular attendee - with us once more. Alas we were not to know that never again would he share this service with us.

Congratulations

ENGAGEMENTS

On October 15th, 1966: Kathleen Hollowell to Kevin Gibbons.

On August 11th, 1967: Christine Mary Haydock to Anthony Arthur Johnson.

On August 21st, 1967: Margaret Rose McNulty to David Kaye (O.R.).

On June 15th, 1968: Vivien Doreen Bennett (O.R.) to Roy Dickinson. A

On July 9th, 1968: Pauline Bromley (O.R.) to Brian Bernard Caswell.

MARRIAGES

On August 19th, 1967: Valerie Jean Gaskell to Jeffrey Fielding (O.R.).

On November 2nd, 1967 : Barbara Anne Marshall (O.R.) to Duncan Worsley.

On November 11th, 1967: Margaret Critchley (O.R.) to William Bickley.

On April 13th, 1968: Joan Christine Mester (O.R.) to Daniel J. C. Baker.

On March 1st, 1968 : Susan Robertson (O.R.) to Richard Coleman.

Love

by Pat Jones (L.VI)

Love is a transitory thing
A thing of beauty
A thing of feeling
With responsibility, duty.

Was it given ?
Was it taken ?
In our love
Were we mistaken ?

Were we right?
Were we wrong ?
To give in
To something so strong ?

Love covers time
Love covers space
In this world
Is love out of place ?

Destruction

by P. Phethean (1P)

As the flame appears, a great Roman leader' is born. As the paper gets alight he is recognised as a leader and a whole army is at his command. The flame marches on, destroying all in its path just as the Roman Army did. It grows bigger, stronger, till the paper curls like the world in fear of the invincible Romans. All is terror and confusion. The flame dies down and the empire collapses. The flame goes out and the leader dies. All that is left are the blackened ashes of the Roman Empire.



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