



# The Crossley Heath Standard

The newspaper for you – by you

Welcome to the very first edition of The Crossley Heath Standard—the newspaper written by the students for the students. This monthly newspaper will showcase the best writing talent that Crossley Heath has to offer. With regular advice features, blogs, teacher interviews, short stories, poetry, cartoon strips and word searches—you name it, we have got it! It is my pleasure to introduce this very first edition to the school.

We have been busy preparing this very first, official edition of the school newspaper. For the last few months our Monday lunchtimes have been spent locked away scribbling, editing, discussing and (occasionally) eating, ready to showcase the best writing talent that the school has to offer.

Everything that is in here has been written by the students. When we launched this back in November, we were intent on our mission statement: to produce engaging writing and to be sure that the contributing students are able to be given a platform on which they can showcase their talent.

Anybody can contribute. There is no right and wrong—if you have something to say or have an interest in writing no matter how much or how little experience you may have—you are most welcome. We meet every Monday lunchtime in B9. If you are feeling creative, or even if you just want to come and find out a little bit more about us—there will always be a spare seat for you.

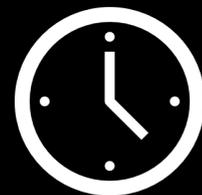
After this edition, we will be producing one edition per month. These will be found on the school social media pages, the school website and also printed and placed in classrooms all over the school. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed putting it together.

For more info—email;

[studentnewspaper@crossleyheath.org.uk](mailto:studentnewspaper@crossleyheath.org.uk)

## Contents

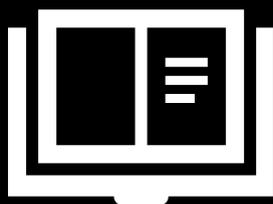
- Creative writing
- News and interviews
- History of Crossley Heath
- Opinions and features
- Reviews and features



## Creative Writing – Short Stories

Alright, alright, I have to make this clear. These...humans? Weird. They're kinda like a mix of plants, liquids and solids. I know I know, sounds confusing at first, eh? Well just hang on a moment, I'll explain?

First of all, if you can feel this then you're of my species and already know who I am. If not then what meteor have you been living under because Homeworld dammit I just want some peace and quiet! But I digress. I was just on a quaint little visit to this backwater in the edge of the galaxy. Diplomatic stuff, y'know? Then, as soon as their rocket thingy entered their atmosphere my survival instinct went into the negatives! See humans, they *live* too loudly. Their weird organic functions and breathing are abominations of nature, They might as well be a living jackhammer due to how many particles they vibrate just by living. Worst part is that I went unprepared. No balm to suppress those vibrations, no. I felt all of it. It was torture. In fact, I lashed out at one of them with my orbital, not sure why they kept complaining though, I mean come on it was just dismemberment; that arm will grow back! Seriously they're just babies. Though, to be fair, if I had some...I think red liquid pouring out myself whenever I'm hurt would panic me as well.



Gary had just bought a shared apartment right in the heart of London at a bandit's cost. Better yet, Axakar the Desolator still paid half the rent!

Life was good, until he remembered his family was coming over.

'Oi Axakar!' he yelled at the over-tired, slothful sack on the sofa.

'THE DESOLATOR GREETES YOU MORTAL.'

'My brother's comin' over for dinner in like an hour, got it?'

'INFORMATION RETAINED MORTAL!'

Good, that's out the way then, he thought. He figured he could (maybe) get away without showering but on this sunny day he ain't takin' the risk. He forced himself up from the sofa, pausing to appreciate the...what's the opposite of symmetry? Ah, doesn't matter. What did matter was that he didn't smell like one of the corpses Axakar leaves on the floor. Seriously, just put 'em in the recycling, it's not that hard!

Gary finally moved. He began tip-toeing a path in his half of the apartment, gingerly moving around his roomie's demonic hellscape and what dya know—he's left his torture device in his half, in front of the window as well! Gary at least wanted some sunlight, darnit!

'Oi Axakar, isn't this your torture rack? I thought we agreed that it'd stay on your half?!'

' I SHALL REND IT UNTO I SOON MORTAL!'

**(To be continued in next month's edition)**

## Creative Writing

- An Ocean of Stars
- Shock Scandal!

An ocean of stars  
Decorates the dark night  
The waves leap and dance  
Glowing in the moonlight

Not a voice to be heard  
Not a shout, nor a cry  
Here, I'm free as a bird  
Guided by the night sky.

Alone, but not lonely  
Not worried, nor scared  
My boat's small but home-  
ly  
For adventures I'm pre-  
pared

I may be on my own  
But these seas seem like  
my home.

Long-time school janitor  
quits job after furious  
battle. This was her let-  
ter of resignation:

Dear Mr J,

The joab's #\*@ and I'm  
leavin'

I'll no be back after half-  
term, cannae wait! Those  
Year 7's lifes is gonnae  
get wurse. Good luck  
getting some other  
duffer to clean those toi-  
lets.

Cheerio, YEE-HA!



C

R

O

S

S

L

E

Y

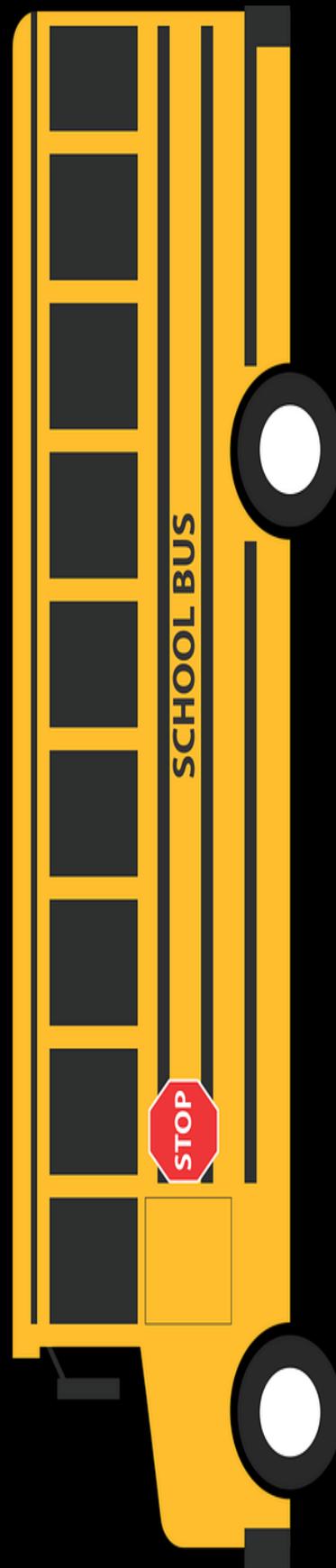
H

E

A

T

H



# Interviews

## 60 SECONDS WITH...MS SEVERN

Q: What is your favourite film?

MS: The Sound of Music.

Q: Who are your favourite historical figures?

MS: Clement Atlee and Jane Austen.

Q: What is your favourite memory from school?

MS: Trip to London in junior school.

Q: And your worst memory?

MS: Not revising hard enough for my French GCSE.

Q: What is your favourite thing about working at Crossley Heath?

MS: The students and staff.

Q: Who is your idol?

MS: My Nan.

Q: What's your favourite genre of music?

MS: Punk

Q: What's your favourite band?

MS: The Clash

Q: Have you got any unusual talents?

MS: I can do a Donald Duck Impression.

Q: Do you have any hobbies?

MS: Swimming, walking, reading.

Q: What did you want to be when you were younger?

MS: An actress.

## 60 SECONDS WITH...MR MCLAUGHLAN

1) Favourite film? - Amelie (French film directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet).

2) Favourite historical figure? - Shakespeare - it would be sacrilege to choose anyone else!

3) Best school memory? - Getting full marks for my GCSE in Fine Art.

4) Worst school memory? - Being sick on someone in front of me at church.

5) Favourite thing about your subject and working at CHS? - The students are incredibly receptive and some have taught me things that I had never even considered.

6) Who is your idol? - Ludovico Einaudi - his music, when I both listen to it and play it, is truly capturing. I live my life to his music.

7) Favourite band/genre of music? - Mumford and Sons (alternative) and pretty much most things classical.

8) Have you got any unusual talents? - I make furniture from pallets!

9) What are your hobbies? - Swimming (I compete open water), playing the piano, running, drawing (I sketch and sell pictures of horses), horse riding.

10) What did you want to be when you were younger? I simply wanted to pursue whatever made me happy.

11) Where did you grow up? Hebden Bridge.

12) Where did you go to school? St Theodore's High School, Burnley.

13) What is your favourite book? His Dark Materials- Phillip Pullman.

# The History Of Crossley Heath

The Crossley Heath School is steeped well over 400 years of tradition and has survived many different phases in its long history to become a central part of the community of Halifax and a hugely successful school.

Now believe it or not, but this school wasn't always known as Crossley Heath. 1985 saw probably the biggest change when Crossley and Porter School combined with Heath Grammar School to form the Crossley Heath School. Now, most of us know Crossley Heath to be a high school, right? Well, it wasn't always this way.

The Crossley Heath school building owes its existence to the philanthropy of the Crossley brothers, Francis, Joseph and John. In 1857, they formulated a scheme for the establishment of a 'superior college for the district'. Building work began the same year but by 1861 the brothers had decided to establish an 'Orphan Home and School for Boys and Girls'. With the building work complete, the first six orphans (all boys) arrived in June 1864, although there was no official opening ceremony and much furnishing work remained to be completed. The first boy to be admitted was James Labron Plint.

The Deed of Foundation was granted a Royal Charter of Incorporation in September 1868. Its 53 articles stipulated by precisely how the Orphanage was to be run by a governing body consisting of three Crossley family governors and 15 elected governors. Halifax Borough Council themselves elected three of the latter, while various independent churches throughout the West Riding of Yorkshire elected the other 12.

The school year, consisting of two long terms, ran from January to December, with four weeks of vacation in summer and two at Christmas, an Easter break being introduced later. Orphans could be visited for two (later three) hours on the first Tuesday of each month. There was small resident teaching staffs, headed by the Principal. Between late 1864 and early 1910, there were only two Principals, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Barber. A much larger **domestic staff**, numbered over 30 by 1900. The traditional subjects of scripture, reading, writing and arithmetic were emphasised, although all orphans were also taught geography, drawing, basic natural science and singing. More capable boys were additionally taught Latin, one modern language and more advanced arithmetic, algebra and geometry. At first, girls' education concentrated on needlework and 'useful departments of household service'.

Ironically, as the country headed toward industrial strife and the Depression, the schools entered a relatively prosperous period. Two new wings were constructed, along with five courts and a manual workshop. The girls began cookery, laundry, pottery and gardening. Mr Newport and Miss Dale had divided both schools into Houses and inter-House sporting competitions flourished. By 1930, both schools had small sixth forms, studying for the Higher School Certificate. A growing number of school societies catered for extra-curricular interests. Scout, cub, guide and brownie groups were formed. Overall physical fitness was improved by the introduction of twice-weekly compulsory games for all boys.

A doctor oversaw general health and a dentist visited every fortnight. By summer 1939, 3036 boarders, 1975 boys and 1061 girls, had been admitted since 1864.

But then another dilemma struck; the Second World War again disrupted school life. As during the Great War, male staff joined the armed forces and boarders were evacuated to local families. Remaining male staff became air wardens and special constables and a school cadet force was established. As with many schools and colleges throughout the country, Crossleys shared its premises. Whitelands Training College for Elementary School Teachers took over the top two floors of the school as a hostel for its first year students. The 1944 Act abolished the Board of Education, designated a Minister of Education to oversee local education authorities (LEA) and made secondary education compulsory. The schools became voluntary controlled secondary (grammar) schools, with a governing body consisting of five Foundation Governors and 10 Representative Governors, the latter appointed by the LEA.

In 1948, with the family's agreement, the Standeven endowment was used to purchase two new hostels for boarders near Broomfield. The former 'Ravenswood' was renamed 'Standeven House' in memory of Mrs Standeven. It could accommodate 16 boys and nearby Crossley House (formerly 'The Gleddings') had room for 16 girls. The hostels never reached full capacity and closed in 1961, when the last boarders left. 'The Gleddings' was sold and Standeven House was converted for use as a pavilion by the Old Scholars' Association, whose members had extended and developed the adjacent playing fields.

Still with separate Heads, the boys' and girls' schools celebrated their centenary together in 1964 and, with everyday co-operation increasing; they were officially merged, under one Head, on 1 January 1968. Changes in society in general and education in particular affected the grammar school, although it survived the move toward comprehensive education. However, falling school rolls and limits on public finance highlighted an overprovision of grammar school places in Calderdale. Accordingly, in 1985 the Crossley and Porter School was merged with Heath to form the Crossley Heath School.



### A thank you...

As my time at Crossley Heath is slowly drawing to a close, I want to take this opportunity to thank a few members of staff who have made my two years at the school as good as it could be. Firstly, I want to thank all the SEN team (especially Mr Davis and Mrs Jowett) for supporting me right from the beginning both in and out of lessons. Next, I want to thank Ms Rudman, Mr Donlan and Ms Fisher for being there when I needed someone to talk to. I also would like to thank Miss Fern for allowing me to be a part of school council and to help out in her Year 8 form. And a big thank you to all my teachers; finally, a thank you to Mr McLaughlan and Mr Johnstone for enabling me to set up the Student Newspaper which I hope in my legacy to the school, continues to capture an image of the fantastic talent students at Crossley Heath have. I think a part of the school will always remain with me as I have such admiration for the hard-working students and staff. - **Abby Harlow (Year 13)**

# Book Reviews

## A Place Called Perfect

I recently discovered a wonderful book called 'A Place Called Perfect' by Helena Duggan. I loved it so much that I decided to write a review to encourage other people to read it too.

This story follows a girl named Violet, whose family has just moved to the mysterious town of Perfect. For some odd reason, everyone must wear glasses to stop them from going blind. They are also eerily well behaved, almost as if their imaginations have been sucked out. Soon, Violet's mother begins to act the same way, and her father goes missing. Violet, along with the help of her friend Boy, decides to uncover the mysteries of Perfect, what really happens to everyone's imaginations and most importantly, to save her father.

I adored reading this weird and magical tale because it was so imaginative and haunting. I couldn't stop turning the pages to find out the fates of Violet and her friends, it was truly such an exciting book!

I would recommend this book to anyone between the ages of 10 to 14, although I'm sure anyone else would enjoy it just as much. It's mysterious, spooky, eerie and exciting.

In conclusion, A Place Called Perfect was an absolutely fantastic book. Yet it's not too graphic or gory. I enjoyed the book in particular because, unlike other books of this genre, it is not full of violent battle scenes, yet still quite thrilling.

In conclusion, A Place Called Perfect was an absolutely fantastic book.

## A Finger-Print Frenzy

Finger-printing has become a major issue in our school, recently.

Why, I was only outside the languages block the other day when I was marooned by the substandard machine! I thought these machines were hi-tech!

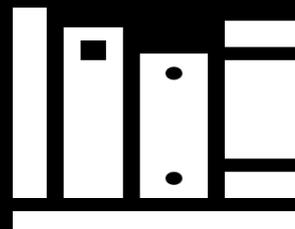
With no-one around to rescue me I stood there like a lost lemon in the driving rain for **15 minutes with no coat!**

Were it not for the sheer mercy shown to me by 3 girls descending the stairs. I could have been out in the deluge for ages.

On my way towards the classroom I passed a toilet which looked like someone had urinated on the floor—How unrefined! Which brings me to my next point:

The dreaded boys toilets!

**Find out all about that in our next article!**



## The F-Word

I love the F-Word—it's one of my favourite words in the English language. Sure, it might have gotten me into trouble before, and caused the odd dispute, but over time I've become strong willed enough to deal with it. Countless people have tried to tell me that I shouldn't use it, that it isn't necessary anymore, but I disagree. I'm talking, of course, about feminism.

The word 'feminist' often brings a certain image to people's minds. We don't want to eradicate the male species or make a bonfire with our bras. Feminism is often mistaken as complicated and confusing, like learning Mandarin or untangling headphones. However, it's much simpler a concept than people think; the idea that women and men should be equal.

Many people, upon hearing my 'radical' viewpoint (after politely requesting I return to my station in the kitchen), like to tell me I'm wrong. That yes, women *used* to be discriminated against, but it's all fixed now! We can work and vote and show our ankles in public, and that's not all! What about the Queen? She's a woman. And that Theresa May, too. Well thank you for that enlightening information, but that doesn't mean all women have equality. In fact, just having this conversation is proving my point. Like it or not, we still need feminism as much as we ever did.

I'll admit things are a lot better than they were. In 2018, we celebrate the centenary year of women getting the right to vote (although it was until 1928 women were actually given the same voting rights as men), as well as the birth of new campaigns

same voting rights as men), as well as the birth of new campaigns such as #MeToo and Time's Up. Thousands of women from all backgrounds are taking to the streets, protesting at the wage gap and abusive acts of men like Harvey Weinstein, allowing us to see the amazing progress we're making but also the amount of work still left to do. Let's not forget, it was only a few weeks since we learned about the so-called 'Captain's of Industry' and government ministers attending a male-only, President's club event where women were victims of sexual exploitation.

We can see the anger feminists have been criticised for was and still is justified. But our work isn't complete yet and won't be until the gender wage has been closed further, until violence and abuse is stamped out and until the President of America isn't, well, Donald Trump. This is why more and more people are beginning to speak up for what is right, and seeing that feminism really is for the 99% and that we're not all stereotypes we've been portrayed as for so long.



Crossley  
Heath  
Opinion

## Creative Writing - Haikus

In the wind  
Stood freezing in a statue—  
Untouched

The lamppost—  
Didn't dare  
To move

Winter sunlight,  
Snail digs silently  
into snow—  
Embracing moisture

Hushing wind,  
Orchestrating  
Silent trees—  
Into swaying