

The HEATHEN

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The Magazine of
HEATH SCHOOL

Halifax
1984



HEADMASTER AND PREFECTS

Back Row: M.A. Calvert, D.A. Ioannou, J. Shad, T.R. Smith, J.E. Normanton, S.A. Stead, M. Roberts

Middle Row: D.P. Holland, M.J. Barnes, P.A. Hargreaves, M.B. Hynes, P. Opacic, R.I. Stollery, J. Scrimshaw,
B.J. Butterworth, G.S. Parker.

Front Row: M.J. Priestley, C.B. Farrell, J. Hamer, Headmaster, C.P. Stollery, M.J. Potts, A.W. Sparkes.

Editorial

Although the School does not celebrate the quarter centenary of its actual foundation until 1997, this year does see the four hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter to form a Grammar School in Halifax, and as such it will be duly celebrated.

The Savile family was chiefly concerned in creating a school in the town as several members of the family had studied at Oxford University and wished to give others the opportunity to do likewise. John Savile and eleven other men accordingly agreed to act as governors and the petition for a school was laid before Queen Elizabeth. It was favourably received and the charter was granted and signed in February, 1584. This states that the object of the school was, 'The bringing up, teaching, and instructing of children and youth in grammar and other good learning'. Unfortunately interest in forming the new school was minimal and not even the new town corporation could contribute anything.

It was not, therefore, until 1593 that anyone took an interest in the Grammar School again and this came from Dr. Favour, the vicar of Halifax. He was not a native of the town but like the Saviles he wanted to give boys the chance of a university education. The next few years were spent by the vicar in raising money and eventually in 1597 events began to move when the governors gained possession of two acres of land given as a gift. A Hipperholme builder was engaged and he agreed to build a school — his fee being £120. The foundations were laid on June 8th, 1598, but progress was slow as the builders were afraid that they would not get paid because there was still little local interest being shown in the school. Eventually the work was completed and with further gifts of land, 'The Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth at Heath near Halifax', as it was then called, stood on a site of eleven acres.



The first Headmaster, one Richard Wilkinson, was not engaged until 1600 and as well as a house on the premises his salary was £13.6s.8d. per year. The original school was fifty feet long and twenty wide, consisting of one large stone-floored and very cold classroom with dormitories upstairs. The pupils started work at six o'clock in the morning and their work, mainly in Latin and Greek, continued until five-thirty in the evening.

The old school remained until 1879 when it was demolished and replaced by the present building. The only remaining part of the old building is the rose or 'apple and pear' window now situated in the north wall of the cycle shed. Over a century later the new school is virtually the same, except that the gymnasium until 1958

used to be the building occupied by the two laboratories nearest Free School Lane. In the main building the Library used to be on the ground floor and there was also a museum!

Despite the changes that have been witnessed in almost four hundred years, the School has retained much of its character and originality. Let us hope that any future plans for the reorganisation of local education will be beneficial to us and that Heath can look forward to many more celebrations beyond the quarter centenary.

D.P.H. U6A

School Notes 1982-83

There have once again been numerous staff changes to report. Three members of staff have left us permanently, willy-nilly, whilst another two have enjoyed for are still enjoying) prolonged periods of leave of absence.

Mr. P. J. Woodhouse, who had been Head of Geography since January, 1974, has departed to take up the same post at South Wiltshire Girls' Grammar School, Salisbury. During his years here Mr. Woodhouse expanded Geography throughout the school. The Schools' Council Project was introduced at '0' level, with the result that this subject is now the most popular '0' level choice. Many boys will testify to the value and interest of the field work outings which have become a feature of the Department. Apart from his continued involvement in the Photographic and Transport Societies, Mr. Woodhouse was also a popular first year form teacher and King's Housemaster. The sporting achievements of King's House over recent years stand as a tribute to the enthusiasm which he brought to this duty.

Mr. R. A. Kay has taken over as Head of Geography, whilst Mr. Kay's former post has been filled by Mr. M. Paterson, who comes to us from Birmingham University.

Mr. P. R. Blamires was with us for little under three years, during which time he ably ran the choir, and established the school orchestra. He has departed for Ostler School, whilst it is a lamentable sign of the times that we are having to share Mr. Blamires successor, Mr. N. Holdsworth, with Rastrick Grammar School.

Mr. S. Wilson was with us for one year, and has left to teach Economics and Money Management 'up the road'. He has been succeeded as Head of Economics by Mr. I. McMahan, from Cardinal Heenan School, Leeds.

'The Heathen' wishes all the above success and happiness in their new posts. 'The Heathen' also wishes to congratulate the following;

Mr. P. A. Keenan on gaining a 1st Class B.A. Honours Degree in Craft, Design and Technology at Leeds University. We are grateful to his replacement last year, Mr. J. Milner, for restoring the Memorial Chairs in the Hall to their original condition. Mr. Milner is now teaching at Cattle School, Todmorden.

Dr, Y. E. Walls and her husband on the birth of a daughter, Claire. We would also

like to thank Mr. D. Edwards for so enthusiastically deputising for Dr. Walls during her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Eggleton on the birth of a daughter, Joanne.

Most readers will remember Mr. A. Hobson, who left Heath almost two years ago to teach in Lesotho. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hobson on the birth of a daughter, Domini-Freyr. The Editor takes the liberty of quoting extensively from a letter received recently by Mrs. Darwin, as it will be of interest to many readers. Mr. Hobson describes a visit to Swaziland:

'The pineapples were amazing — field upon field of them and you could buy pineapples the size of rugby balls for about the equivalent of 6p. It is also a much warmer and more prosperous country than Lesotho, and despite the recent death of its King is politically a bit more stable than Lesotho. From Swaziland we came south into northern Natal to go to St. Lucia. This part of Natal has been very badly hit by the drought with no rain for months, but naturally it absolutely poured down while we were there. We visited the Crocodile Research Centre which Adrian enjoyed very much, but there was not much else to do and so we left early. We came back across Zululand and past all the famous battle sites such as Majuba Hill, Rorke's Drift and Isandlwana, from the Zulu wars. They were not at all what we had expected. Zululand is very similar to Yorkshire moorland and these sites are very similar to Windy Hill. I am not surprised that the Zulus were so warlike with only that as a country!

We have just about finished our rugby season. We have won our league and now go forward into a play-off with all the other Eastern Free State league winners to determine the champions. We do not have much chance of winning the championship since the premier league has all the big towns such as Bethlehem and Harvismith in it whereas Ladybrand is a fairly typical little 'dorp'. I have decided to do some running over the summer rather than just sit around. The aim is to work up towards doing a marathon, perhaps the Comrades' Marathon. This is an 82 km. run between Pietermaritzburg and Durban. Fortunately next year it is downhill from Pietermaritzburg to Durban, which is on the coast. The run alternates between the two directions. I'll have to see if Mike Capelin has any tips'. which reminds us that Mr. Capelin is at present on a course at Lancaster University, taking an Advanced Diploma in Careers and Counselling. He wishes it to be known that both his golf handicap and his marathon time have been reduced. Meanwhile the Head of P.E. this year is Mr. D. O'Donoghue, who comes to us from Nottingham University.

Mrs. Giles, who had been our Head Cook for eight years, retired at the end of the year. 'The Heathen' wishes Mrs. Giles every happiness in her retirement.

Congratulations also to Mr. G. Heap and his wife, both ex-members of staff, on the birth of a daughter, Frances.

Frau Bussmann and Mme. Albric were with us as German and French assistants, and we are grateful for their services. Frau Bussmann has produced some flattering recollections of her time at Heath, which we are delighted to publish.

There are, as ever, many annual events which must be reported. Prizegiving was held in the Hall on 29th April. Mr. S. C. Bonfield, an Old Boy who left in 1973,

presented the prizes and charmed us by promising that as he was a short Old Boy he would only be making a short speech! Would that others would follow his example! He reminded the School that the ethos of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' was no longer relevant, and that as an employer he would prefer a lad with character and the ability to communicate, rather than just academic qualifications— neither, of course, should be ignored. There is a full list of prizewinners later.

The 387th Commemoration of Founder's Day was held at the Parish Church on Friday, 10th June. The service was conducted by the Rev. R. S. Gibson, who also preached the sermon. Prayers were led by the Rev. M. H. Turner, and the Exhortation was led by the Headmaster. The introit was 'O Most Merciful', *and* lessons were read by J. Hamer and S. J. Fearnley, an Old Boy. The organist was Mr. I. Shaw.

Gala Day, now firmly established, was held in May and, not blessed by clement weather, raised £448.20p. A new and popular feature was an inter-form 5-a-side football competition, in which 2A Vandals were victorious. The money from the previous Gala produced the artificial cricket wicket which was in use last season on Conway's. The more recent sum has been added to the minibus fund.

The inter-form cricket competition at the end of the Summer Term was deservedly won by Lower Sixth, who had an easy victory over the Upper Sixth in the final. However, it must be noted that the Lower Sixth were indeed fortunate to account for the Staff team in the opening round, the result being in doubt until the very last ball of a titanic encounter. Young Cricketer of the year was A.S. Thorpe, of 3A

The Carol Service was held at St. Paul's Church, King Cross, at the end of term. Mr. Holdsworth was the organist, and the Rev. G. Oates led the service. P. Stollery conducted the choir, whilst lessons were read by the Headmaster, the Head Boy, and sundry members of the School.

The Christmas Catalogue gift scheme organised by Mrs. R. Stollery, raised £354. The School therefore purchased a 380Z computer which is already in use. The Parents' Association has been active, with successful jumble sales, a book stall and games' evening in aid of the minibus. A coffee morning organised by Mrs. C. Darwin raised £200, which was split between the School Library and the Hospice. A sponsored cycle event held in September raised over £300. Wright of 1B writes;

'The sponsored cycle took place on a cloudy day at Philips', Lightcliffe. About forty people turned up at the factory with bikes ranging from BMX's to grifters, and drops with any number of speeds. We all did a warm-up lap to get our legs moving. Each lap was a mile. I was the last to complete a warm-up lap because I was on a grifter stuck in third gear. We were all given numbers and we set off in tens, with a break in between each person starting. Every time you completed a lap you rode around a dustbin and shouted out your number. You could have a drink after every lap you completed. A lot of people completed twenty or more laps. I did thirteen laps and felt terrible!

The Inter-House Athletics was held in May and the Swimming Gala was held in November. This year, for considerations of space, we have no full report, but Kings House won both events.

The 'Heathen' would like to congratulate: T. Jackson, on being chosen to represent England at water polo; S. Donlan, on representing England at judo; I. Morrison, on

his successes at the National Karate Championships; J. Scrimshaw, on being chosen to represent Yorkshire Schools at rugby; M. Stead, on his 9th place for Yorkshire in the U.K. Gymnastic Championships; and S Muff, on winning the Yorkshire Schoolboys cycle speedway championship.

The Old Boys' Dinner was held on 10th of June. About fifty members were present, and the future of the Association was discussed. However, few details of this, or any other, Old Boys' activity, have filtered through to the Editor this year. Is there life after Heath, and if so how does one make contact with it?

To end on a sad note, two Old Boys of more than fifty years' standing have written to inform us of the death of Mr. L. Corney, who taught Classics at Heath from 1924 onwards. We are grateful to Donald Bancroft of Lancing for his memories of Heath in the 30s, and to Alec Dakin of Bristol for the following tribute to a man who was clearly a remarkable teacher;

Les Corney came to Heath in 1924 to teach Classics. This was his first teaching post after he had been a pupil at Manchester G.S. and then read Mods and Greats at St. John's College, Oxford. He was a fine scholar, both precise and sensitive, he had the power to communicate his own enthusiasm and knowledge and he soon built up a series, a tradition, of scholarships and exhibitions in Classics. I believe four of us went up to Oxford colleges with awards in Classics in 1931, quite an achievement for a school with fewer than 200 boys.

His interest in life was broad - in sport, which he cared about throughout his life, he was a fast bowler for his Oxford college and we have happy memories of vigorous games of fives with him at Heath.

At a time when most teachers would have become set in their ways and methods, he accepted the challenge of the new system of comprehensive education. He had enough vision, courage and optimism to leave Emanuel School (where he had been since Heath), and went to teach at what became one of the most successful of the new-style schools, Tulse Hill, where again his pupils had many successes.

He communicated affection as well as zeal for his subject as he taught in the good old classical style of the 'midwife' drawing out what was in the pupil.

His pupils' successes sprang not only from his inspiring teaching but also from his concern for each student. I myself can pay tribute to this, for I came to the school into the Sixth Form with no Greek and he spent endless hours of extra time patiently helping me with the language to reach Higher School Certificate ('A' level) in two years and then a Hastings Scholarship at Queen's.

Donald Bancroft writes; 'Over the intervening tract of years it is hard to remember exactly what he did to inspire us. He was no martinet. Sweet reasonableness, vigorous standards of scholarship, a readiness to praise where praise was merited — these were the features I remember and a rather ugly, smiling face. He gave the impression that he enjoyed his work, and we were infected with a corresponding enjoyment and wanted, above all, to win his commendation.'

Mr. Wallace Brown ('49-52) writes to us from the University of New Brunswick, Canada. Readers may remember that the last issue of 'The Heathen' contained a mildly amusing General Knowledge Exam paper. One of the questions was, 'Who

is buried in Grant's Tomb?' Mr. Brown informs us that this is a trick question 'beloved of the late Groucho Marx'. The answer, of course, is not only the General, but also Mrs. Grant. Thank you, Mr. Brown, it is good to know these things — amazing also how far the 'Heathen's' sphere of influence reaches.

Finally, we would again like to apologise to contributors, especially from the lower school, who find that their contributions have not been included in the magazine. There were many pieces of work which, at the end of the day, the Editor had to put aside for considerations of space. We can only urge you all to try again next year.

Biology Field Trip Slapton Devon August/September 1983

A week studying Ecology was uncertain ground for the three willing (?) biologists who, along with a group from 'up the road', left about an hour later than planned for the sunny seaside resort of Slapton Sands in Devon and the Slapton Ley Field Centre Hotel.

Generally large amounts of work were undertaken such as stopping up all night to catch little insects which by about 2 am looked all the same (eh, Sparkey?) and each day's activity culminating in a lecture lasting until about 9.45 pm.

What with entertainment provided in the form of food, gratefully shared with the strange Plymouth Ladies (!) and the ever-witty Steve, most of the time passed lightly.

Half-day trips to the seaside proved an entertaining break from work (even if we did misjudge the waves).

The week's activity culminated in a very enjoyable test on the work (—pardon? Ed.) The awards were made as follows:

Vidal Sassoon Award the best hairstyle — A. Sparkes
Joanne Armitage Award for the snazziest dresser — M. Priestley Rose
McKay Award for the most beautiful Eyes (-?) —J. Scrimshaw and that
coveted S. J. Eggleton Award to —N. Collins (for fitness)
— S.J.E. looking back on his youth again.

The most unusual game of Chinese lamposts was played, strangely near to a very high cliff (I wonder why? - Ed.)

Special thanks are due to S.J.E. and his ears for arranging the trip and thanks to teachers and kiddies from 'up the road' for providing extra entertainment (eh, Scrim.?).

Outdoor Pursuits Week 1983

At 12.30 pm on Sunday, 18th September, forty-three boys from the second year got onto a luxury coach bound for Hope-under-Dinsmore, in Herefordshire. We only stopped at a service station in Birmingham, and at about 4.00 pm we arrived at the large house where we were staying. We were shown round and then Paul, one of the instructors, took us on a five-mile hike through the horrible, red mud in the woods during the evening.

Next morning we had an hour after breakfast to get ready for the activities. My group did BMX racing with Andy (another instructor) on the track near the railway line. We went round the BMX course and did slow races and limbo-ing on bikes. Then we had a break, and after played bike football. I went down a steep, muddy slope with my front brake on and I went for a 'sixer' over the handlebars. In the afternoon we did shooting with air rifles where we shot tin cans off a wall. That night we played indoor games such as threading a spoon down your clothes and tasting food with your eyes closed.

Next morning we tried archery, but had to start late because the archery teacher had locked the key to the shed in the shed! We had to put Morrison through the window to retrieve the key. In the afternoon we went pony-trekking. Blodwyn, my pony, only kicked me once!

Next day we went on a forest trail in the Forest of Dene and looked in some caves where hippies lived. The instructor told us scary stories about the caves while we were in them. In the afternoon we waited half an hour for the ferry, but luckily a man came along and took us across in his leaky punt. In the evening we watched a video of Star Trek II because Mr. O'Donoghue wanted to watch it.

On Thursday we went canoeing in three-man canoes. We had a bonfire and on the second stretch of water Mr. Morton capsized. That night, those who wanted to do the assault course did so, and later on we had to watch a bonfire. However, some sneaked inside to watch tele.

On Friday we went pony-trekking again through the muddy forest. The ponies slipped on the hill, but none fell, At 2.00 o'clock we were all on the coach going home. On the way back we stopped so that all forty-three of us could phone home. After **all** had phoned home we drove back to Halifax.

Thanks go to Mr. Capelin, Mr. O'Donoghue, and Mr. Morton for making such an enjoyable trip possible.

M. Dodgson 2B

French Trip

The party set off at about eleven on a Thursday night. However, after three-quarters of an hour's travelling, someone realised he had forgotten his passport, so we had to wait for his dad to arrive with it. During the journey to Folkestone we made **several stops at service stations for essentials** such as food and arcade games. We arrived at Folkestone at half-past seven in the morning to catch the eight o'clock ferry which was delayed for over an hour. The crossing was choppy

and when we arrived at Calais it was raining, so the anticipated visit to Vimy Ridge battlefield had to be left for the return voyage. At last, many hours later, we arrived at our destination — Dourdon.

On Saturday morning the lazy ones stayed in bed, while the rest messed about in the main hotel and the surrounding woodlands, generally getting to know our surroundings.

In the afternoon we went to see the famous palace of Versailles. There was a long wait in store for those who went inside as the queue stretched from one side of the courtyard to the other. Most of us went into the gardens to see the lakes, statues and flower beds, some of us even hiring rowing boats for a while.

The following day was meant to be spent at a fair, but as it was raining there is not much to report. A football match had been arranged previously, and despite the weather some of the older lads took part in that. Most of the day was spent on the pinball or the asteroids (which, incidentally, did not last the week out), In addition, a pool competition was arranged, which continued throughout the week.

Monday brought the first trip to Paris, and even though it was raining it was most enjoyable. Our first stop was Notre Dame cathedral where we were allowed to take photos and explore the area for an hour. Next we moved off to the Pompidou Centre, a huge modern building which was full of modern art. Though many of us were not impressed with the artwork, the view over Paris was excellent, and you could even see the Eiffel Tower. Next we visited the Sacre-Coeur, where many of us bought leather goods from Nigerian street vendors. One youth was almost conned out of £20 here, thinking he was paying only £2 when he had his portrait done, but he disappeared before it was finished.

A visit to Chartres was planned for Tuesday, though it was dull and miserable. The main attraction was the old Cathedral with very decorative stained glass windows; some went inside, but many went shopping in the town centre. It soon started to drizzle, and we were glad to get back to the centre at Dourdon.

On the Wednesday morning we visited the airport to see Concorde, but unfortunately it was closed, so we had to make do with watching planes take off and land through a dirty window. The afternoon however, was a great improvement, with a visit to the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triumph. Nearly everyone went up the Eiffel Tower. Only the first two stages were open, but even so the view was magnifique as it was a clear day. The Arc de Triumph was also very impressive (much larger than it appears on photos), and the museum at the top shows all the other designs put forward for the monument. Beneath the arch is a flame which is kept burning night and day above the grave of the Unknown Soldier. From the top there was an excellent view of the skilful French motorists.

Overall, it was an excellent holiday, despite a few mishaps, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. The chalets and food were good, though most of us preferred our own beds to the steel-framed objects which were provided.

The journey home was uneventful, and everyone arrived safely. Thanks are extended to **Messrs.** Edwards, Stansfield and Capelin for organising the trip and making it such an enjoyable experience.

B. Whitehead & P. Middleton Form Four

The Geography Field Trip 1983

Eleven 'keen' young men assembled outside school on a dull Saturday, anticipating the Annual Sixth Form Field Trip. We set off in our minibus cramped by luggage and a certain Head Boy's rather large packed lunch. Our first destination was Austwick. We eventually arrived after being shown the dwelling places of the complete Butterworth family tree. The purpose of the stop in Austwick was to march up a hill to look at several pieces of rock on top of other pieces of rock. Apparently pointless acts such as this were not noted for their rarity. They included hikes to Stickle Tarn and Watendlath Valley, indeed the highlight of Sunday was kneeling at the top of a 'hill' in driving rain up to our elbows in soil samples.



'Excessive' amounts of work were done in the evenings, followed by a migration to more appealing parts of the hotel. It didn't take long for us to take advantage of the resources our lodgings had to offer with Mr. R. (honest I haven't played pool before, lads) Kay dominating the Pool room and the scene by the darts board following a similar pattern.

Trips out during the day included — several glaciated valleys, a farm, a day in Pen rith (where one member of the party, Mr. Normanton, saw a lot of the area pursued by a friendly gang of skinheads) and a mass exodus through Malham on the journey home.

In general the food was good (any food that was left didn't have time to cool before the ever-hungry mouths of some in the party devoured it). The quality of the weather was, however, not so good, as it basically 'precipitated' down most of the week.

Reports from the previous trip of girls' hockey teams living in the same hotel raised hopes for some budding 'casanova' but these were soon dashed with the only young ladies appearing in the form of 30 or 40 Junior school children. This led to several of us answering to terms such as, 'Uncle Paul, Uncle John and Uncle Hair'.

It is safe to say a good time was had by all (even Mr. Bull) and even Mr. Priestley found a friend in Damien the barman. The prize for the dirtiest room was fiercely contended by Messrs., Calvert, Blackburn and Bull in one room and Messrs. Priestley, Stollery and Butterworth in another. Competition for quote of the week was won on a landslide by Mr. Kay, 'Careful lads its very slippyyyyyyyyyy'.

Thanks must go to the 'enthusiastic' Mr. Kay, for putting up with us and letting at least one person beat him at darts.

R. Stollery & P. Opacic U6

Fourth Year Geography Field Trip or Mr. Kay's Revenge

FRIDAY 24th JUNE — FRIDAY 1st JULY

On the opening day the party journeyed up to Robin Cottage, at Askham near Penrith, which was to be our base for the week. After picking up the minibus we went on a short hike up Martindale to get a superb view over Ullswater. Here the party was introduced to the impact of glaciation in the Lake District.

Next day we went on tourist surveys in Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, and Bowness. An attempt was made to find out where tourists had come from, how they had got there and why they had visited the Lake District. This activity was enjoyed by all and gave the group the opportunity of looking around typical Lake District towns. We all had many interesting experiences this day.

On Sunday we went a long walk in the Haweswater area to study the effects of glaciation. Many classic features could be seen in this area. Unfortunately, mist spoiled the views from the highest point of the walk on the old Roman Road of Highstreet. It was a worthwhile experience despite being very tiring, and only one or two dared to complain.

On the following day we embarked upon river studies on the river Eden and Crowdindle Beck. This involved getting into the river and measuring speeds, cross sections, and size of deposits. Much fun was had by all, especially those who didn't have to get stripped off, who ended up with colds for the rest of the week.

Tuesday found us in Penrith for the day. We attempted to find out the sphere of influence of Penrith and study the urban structure of a typical market town. Part of this day involved questioning shoppers and by now the group had become more confident in interviewing techniques. There were some particularly smooth interviewers, especially N. Baird who obviously had the 'gift of the gab'. Gary Shields, however, spent the whole day in his slippers, not having realised that he had them on until he had arrived in Penrith! The following day was spent in Borrowdale, near Keswick, consolidating our earlier work on glaciation.



Our final day involved a farm study of Thirlspirt Hill Farm near Lake Thirlmere and a study of a tourist 'honeypot' at White Moss Common, situated between Rydal and Grasmere. We then walked up Loughrigg Fell to get a superb view of no fewer than five lakes.

On the whole the group comported itself very well, apart from one or two 'whingers' who didn't stop all week. The food was good, wholesome and well-cooked, and everyone had a turn at cleaning, washing up and preparing breakfast and the evening meal. The weather was very good on the whole but unfortunately by the end of the week the group had been split into - two those who travelled in the 'hospital' minibus and those who remained able-bodied. After a week's intensive geography in the field and a week of living together, it was obvious that most of the lads had gained a great deal from the experience.

Many thanks go to Mr. Woodhouse and Mr Kay for all the hard work which went into the organisation of the week's activities. The moral for all future field-trippers must surely be — don't go unless you are prepared to work hard all week.

It's June the Eighth!!!

To prevent political bias from affecting the writer's report of the General Election, the opportunity has been given for readers to delete words, opinions and results according to his own preferences/vendettas/form/total lack of intelligence.

The date for the General Election had been set. There was/wasn't/might have been something else happening about the same time, but only psychopaths/ megalomaniacs/teachers took any notice.

Members of the Lower Sixth formed political/all-night/tea parties. David Holland stood for the Conservative Party, Michael Priestley stood for the Labour Party and Fazal Ellahi sat down for the Alliance. Nick Tobin was the Unofficial Monster Raving Loony, but there weren't many signs of a Party. Mr. Hand was begged/ press-ganged/appointed Returning Officer. The Election campaign was under way.

A very short long/negotiable dead-line was set for all/most/all except the Alliance parties to get ten nominees. The Tories and Labour had no/few/big problems getting together their £2 deposit. It was here that the U.M.R.L.P. introduced to the world of politics/the Lower School/Super Crooks new forms of 'democratic persuasion'. With the help of The Heavy Mob/The Heavy Mob/The Heavy Mob they managed to find twenty first formers/second formers/third formers who could spare couldn't spare **had** to spare ten pence out of their pocket money. And it was here that the Alliance **didn't** introduce new forms of democratic persuasion. They couldn't: didn't want to/could never in a thousand elections, find ten nominees. So they dropped out of the race.

Next came the Public Meetings/riots/debacles. The Conservative meeting went well/badly/out of the room with the U.M.R.L.P. Mr. Holland tried to restore order, to waves of applause/hysterical laughter missiles.

Soon after, in the Hall, the U.M.R.L.P were about to begin their meeting. The red/blue/green curtains were drawn and the lights were subdued. The room was filled with an air of expectancy/revolt/nitrogen, oxygen and carbon dioxide. The curtains opened to reveal a group of well-dressed politicians/prefects/tyrants. From then on it was downhill/a triumph for **the** British sense of fair play/civil war all the way.

The last party to hold its meeting was Labour. Mr. Priestley received a violent/ ecstatic wedding reception. Support was hard to gauge! Judging by the wild chanting from the fifth form fifth form fifth form there was more support for Mr. Hand the Returning Officer/Mahatma Gandhi than the candidate.

The final, and perhaps most decisive part of the election campaign was the debate/exchange of oratorical skill and wit/slanging match. The discussion was lively, with the candidates conducting themselves with the usual decorum/disregard for manners: baton. The success of the debate was without any shadow of doubt. Mr. Holland/Mr Priestley/Mr. Tobin.

The next day, the Polling Station was opened to the electorate. The voting was carried out with skill/**no skill/rampant corruption. As it was, the** number of votes received/bribes handed out boys mugged by each candidate were as follows:

Unofficial Monster Raving Loony Party	=102
Labour	=48
Conservative	=47

A good/mediocre/bad time was had by all/nobody/the S.D.P.

Rugby Fives

Like so many sporting sidelines at Heath, Fives plays second fiddle to the Lord Rugby. However, I am glad to say it is at least being given some space, although well overdue. So with less ado, onwards.

The origin of the name of Fives has long been shrouded in the mists of time. However there are various suggestions that have been put forward about it. Some say it is named after the five fingers of the hand, or that it was originally played by five people or by four people and ball. All seem equally possible.

The main form of Fives, of which there are three types, is the Eton Game. The construction of the Court is based on part of the Chapel steps at Eton. An actual Fives court didn't exist until 1840, when a court was built to the same dimensions as the wall of the Chapel steps. It has a 'splay' or 'board' across the front wall and there is a buttress or 'pepper box' on the left-hand side wall. This represents the step which divides the court into two levels, high at the front and low at the back.

The Rugby courts are the type we have at Heath. They usually consist of four plain walls. Ours are marked with a playing board across the front wall at approximately 84cm from the ground. There no fixed rules for the court, or dimensions. However in our case the front wall is about 5/2m wide and 4 1/2m high and the length of the court is 7m. The size of our courts are usually meant for two a side. Some have a back wall of the same height as the front whilst others don't. While the length of the court can vary, at Leeds G.S. the court is longer.

The Winchester courts are about the same as Rugby, except that they possess a small buttress on the left-hand side wall.

The best way to learn the game is to watch experienced players. A certain amount of ball instinct and co-ordination will come with practice. Most of it however is natural. Basically, the game is played as follows: You position yourself in either of the court's front corners. The ball is then thrown against the front wall rebounding off onto the side wall. Then you hit the ball against the side wall, it ricochets off the front and there is a serve. Note that in all cases the ball must strike above the playing boards or it is out. If your opponent fails to return it, after one bounce on the ground, it is his serve. If however he had returned successfully and you failed then it would be a point to him each time until he failed to return and his serve is broken. On playing a return shot, it's alright for the ball to strike the side wall as long as it makes contact with the front wall above the board. Likewise if the ball hits the back wall without bouncing it is permitted to strike the ball straight off the wall, or to allow it to bounce once. If you were playing doubles, turns at hitting the ball are alternate. However if the ball goes above the marked white lines the ball usually returns to the server, who serves again. The positions taken in the court are; the server in the vicinity of the corner from where he is serving, while the receiver locates himself across the court, close to the opposite wall, further back than the server. You then go where the ball takes you.

The game is fast-moving and requires a good eye, reflexes and anticipation. It packs in tension, excitement and a will to win. It exercises the body and the mind in patience, observance and tactics. I hope the report will show the fives' stalwarts they are not forgotten and will encourage the lower school to participate in a very rewarding game.

J.D. Normanton U6

Heath School Part I: 1585-1922

Heath was an independent Grammar School until it was taken over by the Halifax Council in 1922. It was then a very successful school and continued to maintain very high academic and sporting standards for many years. But, it was not always so.

The staggered start of the school is referred to in the editorial and it took yet a further 50 years before it had acquired financial stability. By 1700 income from rents, investments and fees were enough to maintain the school and two masters. Property providing rent to the school was in Halifax — Backlane End; Windinghill Lane; in Skircoat— Sedburg Ing and 12 acres round the school; Upper Field House in Sowerby; Green House and Mann's Farm in Lightcliffe; Hutt Farm in Ovenden, Northfieldgate Farm in Northowram and the Balkholme estate at Howden. Balkholme, by far the largest property was too far away to be well and profitably managed, but fortunately, in 1782, it was exchanged for the Hartley Royd estate in Todmorden. Hartley Royd was to provide the main supply of the school's finances until the late 19th century; it also required constant attention by the governors. Deals and disputes with the Turnpike Trust; the Railway Company; the new mills; lead, coal, clay and stone quarrying and mining companies—all of whom required sales or leases of parts of the estate. A surprising number of these transactions were concluded at either the Golden Lion or the White Hart in Todmorden. The governors would then receive the bill for a substantial meal, drinks and tobacco.

Between 1905 and 1908, the school and the old boys raised the money to buy two fields close to Albert Promenade, erect a second hand pavilion, level and wall the area. Kensington was the last property to be acquired.

The first school, in a plot of 12 acres, stood until 1777 when it was rebuilt. A few years later the schoolmaster's house of 3 rooms was also rebuilt and enlarged. In 1878 the school house was again extended and the present school built. The science labs, woodwork and art block and canteen and gym block all came later. Three, quite large features of the original school are still to be found in the present buildings.

Twelve governors were responsible for all the school's buildings, estates, farms, investments and finances. The two most important were the President-governor and the Vicar of Halifax. In 1725 the responsibility for all legal affairs was taken over by a local solicitor and in 1782 an estate manager was appointed.

The holders of these four positions faced several crises in the school's history. In 1725, the school was technically extinct, and it took Richard Sterne of Woodhouse 4 years to revive and considerably improve the school with a new charter and new statutes. Dramatic events jarred the governors in 1831. With only 5 boys and 1 elderly schoolmaster at Heath, a group of citizens threatened legal proceedings unless the governors took action. Remedies were not easy, until the schoolmaster died in 1840, then a bad slump further limited improvement. One poor tenant, £300 in arrears, had everything confiscated by the bailiffs, his cattle, sheep, machinery, even his 'Sunday pots and pans' and bed linen. The new schoolmaster had his salary cut and a halt was called to all but essential repairs.

However, the period 1840 to 1870 also provided the circumstances for radical change — a rapidly growing group of wealthier people, a good national railway

system and a big demand for well-educated boys from new universities and colleges, and the greater need for trainee engineers, accountants, administrators, doctors and lawyers. Could Heath meet this challenge, become a Public School! Or would it disappear with the coming of 'state education' in the 1870's?

The new headmaster, appointed in 1861, wanted Public School status. He urged a new and enlarged school, facilities for boarders, scholarships to the school and to the universities. The governors hesitated, were forced into being eager champions of the idea, then compromised and finally

First, the American Civil war depressed trade and so land values fell locally. The governors hesitated to sell land to raise the cash. In 1870 the government tried to bring Heath into the local system of education. The governors fought this threat to their independence right up to the House of Lords, and despite a final speech by Lord Salisbury, lost the case. From 1873 local councillors joined the governing body but even so a new school, facilities for 30 boarders and a few scholarships were achieved in 1878, through the sale of land. Yet, the headmaster's Promised Land escaped him. The new High level railway and Halifax's new, although illegal Higher Elementary school, virtually free, meant that parents preferred either Bradford Grammar School or Clare Hall for their boys. In 1883 with only 12 scholars and 1 elderly schoolmaster, bitterly at odds with the board of governors whom, he believed, had failed him, the new school was closed.

With regular government and local authority grants increasingly available the school re-opened and prospered quite amazingly from 1887 until 1922. Then a bad slump prompted the Tory government to publish circular 1259 by which the government grant was removed. In the 5 years of grace allowed to schools like Heath, the governors and the Halifax councillors worked out an agreement whereby the school became totally owned and controlled by Halifax council. The school was back to where it originally belonged, the people of Halifax.

The Elizabethan charter had stated that a grammar education was to be made freely available to the youth of Halifax. By the 18th century, there were 'foreigners' in the school and fees were charged for the teaching of everything but Latin, Greek and R.I. There was even a playground fee. In those days there were usually about 30 boys, one master and an usher, although in 1725 the master was too old to teach and about 6 boys were taught by a 19 year old usher. Of the twelve governors only one remained. Richard Sterne's new charter and statutes revitalised the school, but was it attractive? The day began at 6 am and ended at 5 pm with one break only from 10 to 11 am. The boys had 6 weeks holiday spread between the 3 Church festivals of Christmas, Whitsuntide and Easter. The 2 masters had 3 weeks holiday each. This regime lasted until the mid 19th century, but the ^F day week, school till 11 am on Thursday and 1 pm on Saturday, lasted well into the 1960's. The Rev. Thomas Cox failed to achieve his Public School dream but he did introduce 'games' into the school timetable. In the 20th century, A.W. Reith achieved the distinction of leading Heath to first place in the Oxford Local Examinations results in 1915. In 1916 he became the headmaster of Bradford Grammar School. His successor O.R.A. Byrde, maintained the academic standards whilst facing the losses of the Great War and of the influenza epidemic of 1919. His Speech Day reports trumpet patriotism and the virtues of hard work, and give thanks for the avoidance of revolution. In 1921 with 245 boys now in the school, it was with pride and great satisfaction that he reported the unveiling by Sir Edward Whitley of the school's memorial to the First World War, in which 350 old boys had served and had died.

P.F.H.

Along the Pennine Way

What are these, so wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on't?

Shakespeare as usual provides the apt words, a fitting description of those numerous people who attempt to walk the whole of the Pennine Way. This long-distance footpath, conceived over thirty years ago, was the inspiration of Tom Stephenson, the present secretary of the Ramblers' Association. The actual creation of the route, presented many difficulties and there were many objections from landowners, but Parliament finally agreed to the path on the recommendation of the National Parks Commission. The Pennine Way thus became, in 1965, the first long-distance right-of-way for walkers.

The Pennine Way begins at Edale in Derbyshire, passes through or enters all the northern counties of England and ends at Kirk Yetholm, over the Scottish border in Roxburghshire. The actual length of the Way is vague. On the map it is calculated at about two hundred and fifty miles, but on walking the route, taking into account detours, hills, etc. a figure approaching three hundred miles would be more accurate.

Obviously the best time to attempt the Pennine Way is in summer when 'good weather' prevails. The state of the weather can have a drastic effect on the walker and this is nowhere more apparent than on Black Hill, a few miles from Holmfirth. It consists of one of the most vicious peat bogs imaginable and for more than a mile the going is extremely tough and dirty, even in reasonably dry conditions. Beware when it rains! Although the prospect of marching across the Pennines may not seem inviting, the vast expanse and variety of the scenery as you travel north removes the monotony sometimes encountered on long walks. Places to look out for are the romantically-named Kinder Downfall, Malham Cove, Ling Gill, High Force, Cauldron Snout and the Roman Wall.

The way you tackle the walk is entirely up to the individual. The best guide-book, by A. Wainwright, sets the walk out in stages. Therefore the walk can be completed stage by stage over a long period of time, or as one long camp if you are a real enthusiast. Doing the long camp would take you up to three weeks to complete.

From my own experience at first you feel exhilarated and fresh and begin in high spirits. However the miles soon begin to tell and up to the half way stage the walk becomes an endurance test as you struggle to get from camp to camp. The half way point breaks the barrier, though, as the number of miles completed begins to exceed the number remaining, and by the forty-mile stage near the end, the Roman Wall seems exciting.

Reaching Kirk Yetholm and the finish involves climbing a hill, only a small one but it seems the cruellest of all as you finally see Kirk Yetholm six hundred yards away. This is a beautiful village and provides an excellent place to rest and reflect on your marvellous achievement.

Many people do not realise how close to us the Pennine Way runs. It passes through the Calder Valley starting from Blackstone Edge. It goes along Langfield

Common, passes by Withens Gate and up to Stoodley Pike, From there the Way drops down in the valley a mile from Hebden Bridge, proceeds towards Heptonstall Moor and leaves via Widdop towards Top Withens, the farmhouse associated with Wuthering Heights in Emily Bronte's novel.

I managed to complete the Pennine Way with a hiking club, four years ago. It took us about three weeks, walking between fifteen and thirty miles each day. Other walks I have done since then, equally varied and interesting, have been; the Cleveland Way, a sixty-mile footpath through the North Yorkshire Moors and down the coast to end at Filey; the local footpath the Calderdale Way; and the celebrated Lyke Wake Walk, which must be completed in under twenty-four hours (we managed it in nine). Happy walking!

M. Barnes MR

Who Said?

The doctor says I've got to go to the ornithology department
I'm heavier than all the English pack— not all put together.
The British economy izzzzzzzzzz
Play on, lad, it's only pain.
My triffid can do these.
Stop grinning like a Cheshire cat, laddie.
England is a separate basket of kippers altogether.
Why do you play these Mickey Mouse games?
Shakespeare? A monkey could type Shakespeare.
Careful now, lads, this rock is very slipppYYYY....
You haven't got a snowball's chance in Hell of passing your 'O' level in eighteen months.
Can we settle DOWN?
I am not going to mention any names — but Potts was a prime example. Easy marks, thrown away!
Scrimshaw; lad; what the HELL are you doing?oh, good try!
I'm heavily into glaciation, man.
An' don't mither around for D's and E's.
Can't we just hold him down *and* put it back in?

The Heathen in his Blindness Wants to Know

Who spent a week in the lift?
Where is the English Channel?
Has U6 Biology got any brains?
Was it really named after Clare Francis?
Did he really lose five stones during one marathon?
When is the real S.D.P. candidate going to reveal himself?

My Menagerie

I have had thirty-seven animals in our house and at the present time have twenty- one animals. I had a dog called Tina who had nine puppies, thirteen goldfish and twelve catfish, a snake and a hamster.

The first pet we had was Tina the dog. We got Tina because one night my dad had burglars at his work. They only stole a calculator but they broke the locks so there was the chance for anyone else to help himself. We got Tina from the R.S.P.C.A. When we got her she needed a lot of care because the R.S.P.C.A. couldn't feed her properly as they hadn't enough money to buy a lot of food. Her original name was Tommy but my dad couldn't read the handwriting and got the names mixed up. Although she is a guard dog she is soft and doesn't bark at anyone. Before Christmas last year Tina had puppies, four girls and nine boys. We gave the five boys away but one was a bit of a wanderer and wandered off and we never found her. Tina lives down at my dad's work now and next door they have one of her puppies. He is bigger than Tina now and when he sees Tina he barks.

I had a hamster called Fluff who died in March last year at the age of two. We got her one Easter instead of an Easter egg. My little brother called it Fluff because it was just like a ball of fluffy wool. He slept in the day and got on our nerves at night because his wheel was so squeaky we couldn't watch the television and my mother couldn't concentrate on her knitting. When we let him out he ran all over the house and behind the settee or the hi-fi. He chewed at the bars of the cage and that got on our nerves as well. When he died my brother cried his eyes out and we all still miss him.



My snake was called Sooty. The name was chosen by my brother, don't ask me why he called it that, he just did. It was a dice snake, a kind of grass snake. We were going to get a garter snake but we got this dice snake instead. We once went out and when we came back it had got out. My mum found it when she plugged in the television. It was under the television. My mum thought we must have two snakes because we couldn't figure out how it got out. It was a snake that could breathe under water, but it caught a cold and died. It fed on our goldfish and when it swallowed them you could see them go down.

We got a goldfish when my brother won it at a gala. We bought another two goldfish and it gradually built up from there. It soon got crowded in their little bowl so we built a garden pond for them. We kept having a disease called 'white spot' which killed eight fish. We bought some more but they only lasted a week. We have had a big goldfish for as long as we have had the pond. We have had two carp, thirteen goldfish, and twelve catfish. We don't often have trouble with cats but when we do I go out and chase them off. So far we have lost no fish to the cats, but there's always a first time!

Death In The Afternoon

It was a hot, sunny Spanish afternoon of last summer. The arena was packed with people all shapes and sizes, and from all corners of the earth. They came in, some rented a cushion, others preferred to complain that they would have to sit on a hard seat for hours.

After the loudspeaker had finished playing the national anthem, everyone settled down and waited. Out of a passage at one end of the bullring emerged three magnificent horses, which pulled a carriage containing a rather important-looking man. This man was, in fact, the hero of the afternoon. He was the torreador.

The man stood up and took off his hat. He bowed. His highly-polished gold buttons shone elegantly, almost obliterating the waistcoat-like jacket that they were sewn onto. Underneath the jacket was a blood-red shirt. In fact, it was so similar to the colour of blood that it looked as if the bullfighter had washed it in the blood of previous bulls he had stabbed

The crowd cheered, and the carriage stopped. The man got down from the carriage and walked towards the outside of the arena, which was distinguished by a ring of boards, which were also blood-coloured, and whose purpose was to annoy the bull. The man walked behind one of the boards, and waited. Out of the passage walked six more men. They also had hats like the torreador, but their uniform was not as important and formal. These men were, in fact, the Matadors; the bullfighter's assistants. They each produced a maroon cape, and one of them jerked his cape into position. A man at the other end of the arena opened two large doors, and out galloped a huge muscular bull.

The Matador turned round, saw the bull, and stood in its path, waving the cape, and inviting the bull to attempt to murder him. The bull came towards him and the Matador just moved in time, thus confusing the bull and practising the well-known move. They all carried on like this for about ten minutes.

Then, a man on horseback galloped into the arena. The man was wearing leathery armour, and carried two poles with spikes on the end. The horse was wearing a leather gown which covered all its body, and the gown was covered in spikes, which were meant to harm the bull. The bull charged up to the horse and hit the horse with its head, but hurt itself more than it hurt the horse, as blood was streaming down its face. The bull was angry. The man on horseback (the Picador) stabbed the bull with the spears and left them hanging there, in the bull's body. Blood now began to stream down the bull's flank. The bull snorted in agony. The crowd cheered, they had no pity for the innocent bull. The Picador rode out.

The bullfighter himself stepped out of his hiding place, welcomed by screams from the crowd, cheering and clapping. He drew his sword. By now the bull was exhausted. But the moment he saw the bullfighter; he decided to go to war for the last time. The bullfighter picked up his cloak and shook it, spread out, in front of the bull's face. The bull galloped towards the bullfighter snorting angrily and the bullfighter posed himself to stab the bull. The bull galloped faster and harder, his muscles going into every move. The bull hit the bullfighter with great impact. However, the bullfighter managed to cut the bull's head off before the bull hit him. The bull's huge hooves ripped into the bullfighter.

The crowd gasped. The bullfighter had won. But so had the bull. Two lifeless bodies were dragged out of the arena before the ritual continued.

M.J.D. Bentley 4A

Playing in a Brass Band

For three years now I have played the Trombone in the Clifton and Lightcliffe Brass Band. All year round we go out to concerts or engagements. The most hectic time for engagements is Christmas, by far. We go around the area playing at either supermarkets or Christmas Fayres. Two years ago it was more hectic than usual.

Day after day we had concerts to play at. One Saturday, the week before Christmas, we had to play at four places!

I got up at half past eight and caught the bus to the Huddersfield branch of Hillards. After playing for two hours to a very unappreciative audience of late Christmas shoppers, we caught a coach to Leeds. There we played for an hour at a shopping centre then had our dinner, and proceeded to the Merrion Centre and played there for an hour. Next we set off to find the Leeds Polytechnic. When we eventually got there we were told that there was no room inside, so would we mind playing in the street! Normally we would have agreed, but not when there were three feet of snow underfoot!

After half an hour of heated argument we returned home with cold feet and lips smarting from playing.

That evening I was sitting down to relax after a hard day's work when the phone rang. It was our band conductor. He said, "Would you mind coming to Morrisons in Bradford for an hour? The band they were going to have didn't turn up, so they wondered if we could play instead".

I wearily agreed and set off to Bradford. As I walked into the supermarket a man, noticing my instrument said, "Hey, if you're the band you can't come in or else we'll go on strike. I'm a union man you see", he said proudly. I've forgotten the reason he gave, but feeling too tired to argue I went straight home and sank into bed.

J Enright 2B

The Home Micro-Computer

The last three to four years have seen the emergence of the fastest growing industry in the world: home micro-computers. Every month something new is revealed in the microchip and computer world. There have been many consequences of this, for example the prices and power changes in micros.

The ZX81 first came out at around £100 and everyone was amazed at its performance. It had only 1K (K means 1024 items) of programme memory and black and white block graphics. Now you can pick up a ZX81 with a free 16K memory pack thrown in for under £30

The same sort of story can be told for nearly all the house-micros: when they start out, they're expensive, but soon the competition causes prices to drop.

However, although prices decrease, the power of the machine increases; a good example is the Commodore Vic 20, which came out at £200. It was hailed as one of the innovations of the industry for its colour graphics and three channel sound. Now its down to £130 with a lot of free accessories thrown in, and Commodore have replaced it with the £200 CMB 64, which has sixteen times more memory.

Of course there are now many other machines on the market. The most expensive is the BBC computer, which hasn't deigned to let its price drop yet. Next comes the group of machines which lie around the E200 price mark, i.e. the Dragon-32, the CMB 64, the Lynx and the Color Genie.

One of the most popular, the Spectrum and also the OMC (not so popular) are both at £125; the lowest price for micros with colour and sound is around £80, which is taken by the Lazer, a Spectrum lookalike. Many more machines are undoubtedly under way and some already out, which have not been mentioned.

A last point to consider is the heart of a microcomputer: its microchip.

The oldest and perhaps most used is the 6502. It is in the BBC and all CBM micros, and is well tried and tested. So is the Z80, which is taken up by Sinclair's micros and Spectrum lookalikes. However, new chips are slowly being used, which are more powerful, and a prime example is the 6809.

This is employed as yet only in the Dragon-32, and an inspection of the repertoire of the Dragon's graphics and sound commands will show that it is a very powerful machine even for the non-advanced user, allowing basic programmes to do what on other machines would require the aid of machine-code, the language of the chip itself. Thus, you can expect a wide variety of machines at an ever-decreasing price in the shops, and an increasing variety to come.

F.R. Ellahi U6

Levitation

In the darkness I will shine
Cast not shadow, nor define,
Walk on water, float on air
There is nothing to compare
I have this fascination,
No call for deviation
It's called levitation, levitation.

There is no cause to start or scream
Nor rub your eyes, this is no dream.
Although I sit upon this chair
I rise and float up in the air.
I have this fascination,
No call for deviation
It's called levitation, levitation, levitation



Hippy 5P

Four and Twenty Quail

Let me tell you of my tale,
About my four and twenty quail.
They live with pigeons in our hut,
So we always keep the but door shut.
They eat the scattered pigeon corn,
And the fallen berries from the lawn.
Their feathers are a darkish brown,
But unlike my pigeons they don't have a crown.
The but where they live is an old horse box
And I've warned them about the crafty old fox.
I hear the fox is sniffing around,
Oh, I hope my quail won't make a sound.
But when I went down there were feathers galore.
Alas! my pigeons and quail were here no more.

J. Tooby 1B

If

There are clouds of breathing
Seen in darkness
There are sounds of sleeping
Heard in noise

There are unsure glances
Cast in wonder
There are signs of rushing
Found in poise
There is providence and beauty
Seen in sunlight
There are sounds of silence
Heard in dark.

There are fields of flowers
Seen on wasteland
But no happy children
Seen in the park.

N. Tobin

The Deadly Mixture

A drop of this, a drip of that,
What a noise —Splitter Splat!

Splitter! Splatter!
What's the matter?

The boy made a grab for the door
Then slowly he slumped to the floor.

A few hours later he was found
With ghastly gas swirling all around.

The mixture was bubbling on the floor,
And was starting to seep beneath the door.

MORAL

First Formers must all obey
The cautions our science teachers say.

Or else that lad could well be us
And I'm sure you don't want *to* cause a fuss.

P. Madgewick 1B

The Alternative 1st XV Report

All too often we see and hear only of the glamour side of the 1st XV; the fast cars, the endless supply of females and beer, the wild all-night parties, the massive 'under the table' sponsorship deals and the free hospital fees. Well, now you will have the chance to go where only the elite, the hard men, and Mr. Kay go, and that's behind the scenes on the day of a match, into the dressing-room. We have persuaded one of the current 1st XV to let it all hang out and tell the 'Heathen' what exactly goes on in the dressing-room of the 1st XV.

Obviously the 1st XV player wishes to preserve his anonymity, so for our purposes we will call him Ernest.

Heathen: Ernest, starting at the beginning, how exactly does the team get selected?

Ernest: Well, the training is, first and foremost, extremely hard work. All summer the first XV goes training in town every week-end. This is vital pre-season training and it helps enormously in the big-match build-up.

Heathen: Why is that?

Ernest: Because it's impossible to feel any more pain than you already have with a screaming hangover.

Heathen: And so to the day of the big match. What happens?

Ernest: Well it is more a case of what doesn't happen. The activity and atmosphere is electric because that is what the heater in the dressing-room runs off. If the kick-off is at 10 a.m, we normally contemplate getting changed at around 9.50 a.m; by this time 'Rod's Robots' have been programmed and are raring to go — well, almost. It has been said that you can get 'drunk with the atmosphere' — well, in the first team dressing-room if you inhale too deeply you will find that this is literally true! But moving on, soon comes the time for the coach to give the 'team talk'. Anybody who isn't at the toilet or picking his nose pays attention.

'Right, lads, they're a big set of lads and they have had a good season so far, so they're no mugs.' — It should be pointed out that we believe this is a tape-recorded message as he says the same thing every week. — 'The conditions today are a little bit rough and slippery, and it's fairly windy, and there is a little bit of a slope on the pitch.' — This is an understatement, as what is actually meant is, 'It's a bloody awful day, there's a one in three gradient in the pitch, and the wind is up to hurricane scale.'

'Forwards, I want to get around the pitch today, cover every blade of grass, and let's get there as eight.' — Exit a certain member of the backs to be ill.

We then start to warm up with about fifteen seconds to the kick-off. This warm up is designed to put the opposition off their game — when they see it they laugh so much they can hardly pick up a rugby ball. Before we run out the last word comes from our faithful old coach — 'Good luck, lads.'

N. Tobin U6A

Karate Begins at Home

I had been interested in Karate for eighteen months, but this was my most difficult experience.

It was the 6th November and I was going to the B.A.S.K.A. (British All Styles Karate Association) Midland Championships being held in Coventry. I had entered for three events: Kata (arrangements of moves), Kumite (Fighting), and team Kumite. The first event was Kata. I chose two Katas Punan Sandan (3rd form) Fudoshin (4th form).

I was feeling really nervous and broke out in a sweat even before they called my name out. I was up against a brown-belt (very high belt, next to black-belt) I did my Kata. I got through by point three. Then I was called in another two times until I reached the final.

Shortly after than I was read out for the 10 to 14 years old Kumite. I had to wait for about twenty minutes until I was up against an orange belt. I beat him and went through to the second. Then I was up against a purple belt. In the first fight we drew two wazaries (wazaries is half a point and ippon is full point, three ippons needed or 6 wazaries to win). In the second fight I scored an ippon with a miwashigeri godan (round-house kick to the head) but he got back with two gyakasukies (reverse punch). That was another draw. Now the judges had to decide and they gave to the purple belt. I had to wait now for two hours before the Kata finals.

The time passed quickly and I was the last person to do Kata. I chose the Kata Fudoshin. I did it as hard as I could. I won. I was amazed.

I. Morrison 2B

Impressions of Heath

I've been asked to tell you about my impressions of Heath Grammar School that got during the last school year. For those who don't know me I had better introduce myself. I'm a German student, wanting to become a teacher of English and History, who decided to spend a year in England to improve her English and finally ended up at Heath School as one of four schools in Halifax, in which I was to teach. Well, I didn't really teach; my job was to have conversation classes with the Sixth and Fifth formers who take German for 'A' and 'O' level respectively. So you might even have seen me running through the corridor not really looking like a 'teacher'.

The first thing I heard about Heath was that it was a boys' school. Perhaps I was a bit scared to be confronted by misbehaving sixteen to eighteen-year-olds who would not take me very seriously. Apart from that I was just curious what it would be like, because I myself attended an all-girls' school (and to be honest would never do that again, because I think it is an artificial separation, and old-fashioned.)

As you probably know, German school life is quite different from yours, especially with regard to tradition. There are no such things as **uniforms** or assembly in a German school, so really everything was new to me and I enjoyed to see what English school life is like (including the taste of those famous lunches!). I remember very well what my first assembly at Heath was

like. To speak the truth I could not help laughing when hearing a male voice 'choir' singing slightly out of tune and later on seeing only a wide space of maroon backs during the Lord's Prayer. The reader may forgive me; it is not my intention to ridicule it; I was just not used to it. After that I was to meet my pupils — four Lower Sixth formers (who claim to be terribly shy) and six Upper Sixth formers. My worries about being laughed at were completely superfluous. The boys were very nice, very welcoming and quite eager to speak some German. In fact to compare all the pupils in the four schools I got to know them much quicker and better and after having had a very successful first Thursday, I thoroughly enjoyed every Thursday I would go to Heath. I had pupils that were very good at German, others who weren't as good but they all were willing to work and co-operate and in my opinion that's the main thing. What I like about the school is that the atmosphere is very relaxed *and* friendly — this is true for the staff-room as well. The staff was all very welcoming and friendly to me and I did not mind staying there. It really makes all the difference if you come as a foreigner somewhere where everything is unknown to you and you are grateful if someone talks to you.

The fact that Heath is a small school made it very easy for me to get to know nearly all the members of staff beyond the polite, 'Hello'. At the end of my stay I knew quite a number of pupils that I had not even taught. In my opinion its small size is Heath's big advantage. You don't feel lost in the building. I really like the building — the rooms and furniture may be old-fashioned but more welcoming than concrete bunkers!

Heath is easy to supervise and to me it seems to be a school with a well-functioning school life full of all sorts of activities {which is another thing you won't find in Germany}. I had the chance to see Rugby and Cricket matches {having not the faintest idea what was going on} and I was invited to the Games' Evening, Quiz Nights and Sixth Form parties, and enjoyed myself. If I ever get into teaching I hope I'll find a school like Heath to teach in — small with a friendly atmosphere and nice people. I would like to say a big 'Thank you' to everyone there. I have especial thanks to Messrs. Edwards, Stansfield and Morton who were very good colleagues in the Modern Languages Department. I'm glad to have had the opportunity to work there. Heath was great fun!

Gabriele Bussmann

Rugby First XV Report 1982-83

The season turned out to be one of mixed fortunes, due to the lack of experience in the Upper 6th formers and the introduction of several 'raw' fifth years.

Although the season began with a 9-10 defeat against Crossley's, the potential of this young side was clearly evident. The positional switch by Potts to fly half from full back proved to be a great success and many of our better performances especially towards the end of the season, are credited to his excellent ball handling ability and his eagerness to run the ball.

Reaching the final of the Calderdale Shield was one of the high lights of the year, after accounting for Colne Valley {26-9}, Batley H.S. (12-0 and Mirfield {29-10} in previous rounds. However, we met a much more experienced Hipperholme side,

whose strong forwards and fast backs proved too much for us to deal with, pulling them through by a rather flattering 24-3 scoreline, P. Kershaw adding a consolation penalty.

After some hard training on rucking and mauling during the Christmas period, the First XV clicked into gear, pulling off the surprise results of the year, beating QEGS 13-8, the first Heath side to do so for about twelve years.

The forwards had become efficient in every department; Harrison was hooking well, Tobin monopolising the line outs whilst the fast, aggressive back row of Butterworth, Stollery and Hynes was dominating all aspects of loose play and producing an unlimited supply of second phase ball. The winning sequence was ended with an unlucky 10-15 defeat by Bradford Grammar School.

Games against touring sides were arranged and although we lost to St. Mary's, Blackpool 4-13, we defeated Chepstow G.S. 11-3 in more convincing style than the scoreline suggests.

Leading scorers were: Blackburn 71 pts., Kershaw 50 pts., Scrimshaw with 15 Tries.

Thanks go to Mr. Kay for his invaluable support throughout the year; everything points towards a successful season next year,

M.D. Hynes U6 {Captain}



Back Row J Scrimshaw, C. Berridge, M Westaway, R.I Stollery, B.J. Butterworth, A. Newel, N.J. Tobin, J. Hamer, P. Opacic, M. Priestley.
Front Row: S. Blackburn, P. Boswell, P. Kershaw, D Harrison, M. Hynes. S. Lord, C. Shannon, M. Potts, S Harrison.

Rugby Second XV

**Played 15 - won 5 - lost 10
For 190 Against 230**

It was a very indifferent season for the second team. The opening match against Crossley and Porter was a misleading victory by 37 points to 6. After that glorious start things steadily deteriorated, largely as a result of the squad lacking enough quality players to cover injuries to the first team and the usual injuries and lack of availability in the second team itself.

In fact victories, apart from that opening one, came only against weaker schools — Rishworth (twice), Littleborough and Todmorden. Lack of experience and skill always counted against the team in other encounters, although there were good displays against Hipperholme (7-16, Bingley 10-13) and in two other matches against Crossley's (10-17 and 0-10).

No players were really outstanding or consistent but mention should be made of three members of the Upper Sixth — Rawson, Sumner and O'Callaghan who came very late to regular school rugby but played very creditably. In addition Holden, Barnes, S. Harrison, Russell, N. Burnett, Fellowes and Sparkes gave excellent and loyal service, probably deserving more in the way of support from their colleagues than they actually received.

J.T.A.

Under 15

After the excellent season the team had in the third year, the 1982-83 campaign can only be regarded as an anti-climax. This was a disappointing season in that, hardly ever, was a full team put out. It was only an average season result-wise, winning half of the allotted games. The best performance came against Crossley's, when the game was lost 12-6 but P.W. Venom was on our side. The side included several non-regular players, which was a distinctive feature throughout the year. There were several heavy defeats inflicted on the side, 46-6 and 38-4 against Morley and Cheadle Hulme respectively. Incidentally the game against Cheadle was played with only thirteen because a team just couldn't be raised. However, there were some good games, which we won. These were 6-0 against Batley, 18-12 against St. Wilfred's and 36-10

cont.....



Never mind that
Tarquin, are you fit for
Saturday?



I ENJOY BEING A SUB.

against Colne Valley. The team definitely had the potential but this was not put to good use due to players missing games with feeble excuses.

The regulars included: Orlic, Donlan, Wasyliw, Baxendale, Shields and C. Scott until he unfortunately sustained a broken nose and missed the rest of the season.

The school was entered in the Calderdale sevens. the team being the nucleus of the U15 XV. In the first game we beat Crossley's 22-10. After this great start the team went on to the semi-final where we played Batley. Unfortunately we lost 6-4.

Finally at the end of the season due to four years' hard work the U15 rugby team was entered in a 6-a-side soccer competition. In our first game against Calder High we won 3-1. We also won our second game 5-1 and qualified as group winners for the semi-final. This game against Exley was well fought and won after being 1-0 down. The score in the end was 3-1. Now for the final against the favourites, Brooksbank. We lost 2-0 but could have easily won if chances had been taken. Outstanding players were, Hoyle, Finch, Wasyliw and Baxendale. Finch was also named Player of the Tournament.

Thanks go to Mr. Edwards for his support throughout the season.

J. Wasyliw 5P



Where's your note, lad!

Under 14

Played 19 - won 4 - lost 14 - drawn 1

The season was not one of the team's best — in fact, it could be described as a disaster area! The start of the campaign was depressing enough, with the opening games lost by a wide margin. Things improved a little in the following weeks, with a draw and the first of the season's victories coming against Cheadle Hulme. After this things began to go badly wrong, with certain players crying off 'injured' and others showing a marked lack of enthusiasm. This resulted in a string of severe defeats. It was only towards the end of the season that spirited performances were produced. The most consistent players were; Greenwood, Morley, Bull, Bettye, Wilson, Cruozzo and Thorpe.

P. Marrion 4H

Under 13

The season got off to a great start with wins against Crossley's, Ermysted's, and Honley. Kershaw again was the top try-scorer. The packs gave out good ball to the backs, who were very quick and good on the ball.

The first defeat came against Batley when we had a weakened team; We then went on to play our best five games. winning three of them and losing against both Bradford G.S. and Hipperholme. Some of the most- improved players were; Moore and Bottomley, with Briggs, Gradon and Arnold playing well.

There were a few disappointments, with useful players crying off matches, or not turning out for training. Finally, thanks to Mr. Rule for his encouragement and support throughout the season.



A. Baldwin 3A

LOOSE HEAD



By courtesy of Halifax Evening Courier

- Back Row: J.L. Jackson, J.M. Enright, I.S. Lawrie, J.M Buckley, M. Pilling, S. Akram, R.I. Cresswell, M.A. Gunn, M D. Greenwood
Middle Row: M. Matloob, D. Jeeves, I .A. Jowett, S.J. McDermott, M I Bramley, N.J. Nunn, D.J. Bull
Front Row: G.M. Birtwhistle, S_M_ Hepworth, A.D. Hutchison, G.J. Dyson, G.J. Patton , DR. Dinsmore

Under 12

In terms of results, the U12 team was most definitely the most successful the school has ever had. After three early-season wins they were held to a draw by the much more experienced Cheadle Hulme side, then won the following four matches, including a 48-0 defeat of Hipperholme. During the season 17 matches were won, 2 lost and 2 drawn. The defeat by Batley was a dubious affair and it was only against Bradford G.S. that the team looked second best. The season ended on a high note with victories in the Shield semi-final against Crossley's 16-12 and in the final Batley to avenge the early defeat) 10-6. The team also became the first U12 side to do the 'double' by winning the 7-a-side cup by beating Batley, Hipperholme and Crossley's.

The team's strength lay in the backs with Dyson and particularly Jackson doing well. The forwards rarely stamped their authority on the opposition but at least won fifty per cent of possession which usually proved enough. Hutchison, Dinsmore and Hepworth were the outstanding forwards, assisted by Pilling. Jackson and Hutchison were top scorers with 37 and 32 tries respectively.

M.B.C.

Senior Basketball Report

This year the senior basketball squad looked as though it was going to be very promising with only one member of the previous season's squad leaving. Unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond anyone's control it was found very difficult to train. However, after Christmas we managed to get a match played against Crossley's. This was a ferocious battle and after a fantastic game the score was 28-28.

Then came the series against the staff. The 'old men' found the height of Tobin, the speed of Westaway and the shooting of Kershaw too much, and were usually thrashed. The final game of the season proved a lot closer for some inexplicable reason. It could have been due to *the* presence of two certain American gentlemen. The final score was 55-52 to the staff. This game was enjoyed by most of the school. Tactics were exercised and a man-to-man defence was adopted. Westaway marked Mr. Felhaber, whilst poor old Tobin, on Mr. McNally, was restricted to only about thirty points.

Finally, thanks go to 'Mexican Stan' Stansfield who continually gave up his time to coach us.

N. Tobin U6

Under 15 Tennis Report

For the fifth year an Under 15 team was entered in the Schools: Tennis League, now in its seventh year of existence. As in previous years, the League was divided into two equal divisions, named 'A' and 'B'. This year we appeared in Division B, and on paper stood a good chance of winning, as all the team had already made their debuts while only in the third year.

The opening match was away, against Highlands. In format, a match consists of four sets of singles, and two of doubles, making six sets in all. Each player participates in one doubles and one singles set, thus ensuring a good knock for all.

The team easily accounted for Highlands, with both singles and doubles rubbers being comfortably won. All looked set for a clear run through to the play-off. But it was not to be! Brooksbank always provide formidable opposition, and they proceeded to thwart us, first at Manor Heath in a drawn match played in inclement weather. This was easily the season's most exciting match, and produced the best tennis. After the pairings of Wasyliw and Orlic, Haley and Atherton had both won their doubles, they proceeded to lose their singles matches, so that all depended on the matches remaining on court. Tense stuff, indeed!

What should have been the high-spot of the season became something of a dreary anti-climax as the team went down easily in the return match at Brooksbank, winning only six games in all. So ended a rather disappointing season. Wasyliw and Orlic performed well throughout, and are promising players, who should continue to improve their game, whilst the others generally needed more concentration and thought in their play.

A Very Tiring Occasion

One occasion I found very hard and tiring was the cross country championships between the four house teams: Kings, Queens, School and Heath, which is my team. It took place half way through my first year at school. It took place on the normal school route up to Crossleys School and back down by Manor Heath Park. I was quite scared of finishing last because I am pretty useless at cross country. Another thing I did not like was the weather. This was very bad for such an event as it was cold, frosty and raining heavily.

When we were doing the race itself at one point I actually fell over because of the cold biting at me, but I quickly got back up and plodded on having to walk most of the way. After what seemed like a million years I finally reached the finishing line. It was there I was given a card **to** say what position I had come in.

When I had slightly recovered from the race I glanced at my card which said I had come in 64th place. I was relieved when it was over and I would hate to do it again.



Cross Country

The Northern Championships

When I went to Disley about seven months ago for the Northern Cross Country Championships, I found it very hard and difficult, although I am good at the sport. I went with the school cross country team.

The cross country was hard on my legs and my arms. The course itself was harder than I had expected it to be. The course was about three miles long. It was all so muddy, wet and slippery that I could hardly run. There were about 900 boys running and we were all squashed, and kept bumping into each other. The course went downhill, then uphill, over a river, then into some woods which had branches all over. It then went uphill leading to the finish which was like a mud bath. It was easy at first then gradually my arms and legs started to get tired. My legs were caked in mud, which made it hard to run. At the back of my legs it was agony and my feet were killing me. My arms didn't hurt very much but were still tired. When I had finished the course all my hair and face were covered with sweat, and my mouth was all dry and I was dying for a drink. When I fell over I found it very hard to get up and start running again. Some of the boys had to retire from the race it was that hard.

Out of the 900 boys running I came 341st, however difficult and tiring it was.

N. Dale 2B

War Games Society

This year War Games have been very successful. Altogether there are nine members of our society, and we have split up into two groups. The game generally played is Dungeons and Dragons, which you may have heard of. It is a fantasy game where each player (except the Dm who is the referee of the game), has a character with certain characteristics written on a sheet of paper. The characters are such as 'Fighters', 'Magic users', and many more. We would gladly accept any newcomers into our society which functions every Friday at 1.00 pm at the back of the Hall. The leaders are Edmonds, Waddington and Wood of 3A

C. Edmonds 3A

University Letter

When reading a report of this kind about the life at University, it must be borne in mind that we are concerned with life at one particular university, Birmingham, and so this report is not intended to give a general scope of views relating to university life in general, but I feel that many aspects will be applicable to most places of higher education throughout the country.

The most prominent piece of advice given to the prospective U.C.C.A. candidate and we got our fair share) is that you must be prepared to mix and make new

friends. The idea of a university is to group all those people with promising signs into one large institution, the result being a mixture of culture and tastes from all walks of life. If the student is prepared to sit in his room all day and make no conscious effort to mix, he will certainly be disappointed with university life but more importantly, he is wasting the opportunity of experiencing different cultures and perhaps somewhere along the line meeting a future employer's son which is becoming increasingly important with the present unemployment.

By leaving home you are taking a major step towards independence, from which you will surely benefit when you have to sever completely all family connections. To mix well, and indeed to be socially acceptable yourself is a major leap towards enjoying all social life at university and the scope for that is much wider than many people imagine.

However, all this advice falls by the wayside if you do not make it to a place of higher education, be it a university, polytechnic or a college. There are those who have clear ideas about what university is like, from a brother or parent who went there but those who are unsure about this kind of life should have a talk with a careers' teacher in order to have a clear idea about what it entails. At Birmingham I have seen many people who didn't realise how difficult it would be to leave home and a few have actually left university or spent a great deal of time at home. This seems to me to defeat the object of the exercise which is to achieve a fair state of independence and if you are an extremely 'homely' type you should have a good think about university because you will become disillusioned for the wrong reasons.

The main reason for going to university is of course to get a degree in a subject which you are going to study to a high standard. For this reason it is imperative that you make sure the subject you have chosen is one you definitely want. This can clearly be shown by a look at the type of work you are expected to do at university. I found it strange at first to overcome the transition between school work and university work. At school you are taught the subject and set work to do, but at university you are left mainly to your own devices. You have lectures (from which you take the lecturer's own ideas and expand yourself), supervisions or tutorials which consist of four or five people in a small discussions class, and reading lists. You have to buy all your own books and do all your own background reading, so if you are not happy about the subject you have chosen to study, it is a fair bet that you will not do the optional reading which will probably result in your achieving a low grade. You must also look to the future in deciding your subject and relate it to something which will be related to your expected future career, as it is pointless doing something which will be useless in the future. It is a well known fact that students are on or below the poverty line so it may well be worth thinking about taking a year off between school and university to earn some money (and also perhaps get used to living away from home!) I decided I wanted to continue without a break but it is certainly worth considering.

These seem to me to be the major areas of consideration but everything does even out when you have a chance to sample the social life. At my hall of residence we have films twice a week, a disco once a week, inter-hall sports including football, hockey, volley-ball, squash, in addition to the many societies available to join. I even joined the Yorkshire society! The opportunity is there to have a great time if you are willing to join in.

In summing up, I would say that university life is definitely to be recommended. if you are prepared to work hard during the day you have plenty of opportunity to enjoy yourself in the evenings but a final note to remember is that you will get out of the university only as much as you have put in and so the degree of enjoyment rests solely with you!

C.J. Burnett (Heath 1976-1983)

Old Boys' Examination Results

P. Bedford	Post-graduate Diploma in Architecture	Leicester Poly
A.C. Dawson	B.Sc. Honours – Maths & Physics	Leicester Poly
D. Edwards	B.A. Class 2 Honours – Economics	Manchester Uni
M. Gelsthorpe	Ph.D.	Bradford Uni
R. Gelsthorpe	B.A. Class 2 Honours – Philosophy	Manchester Uni
D.J. Gledhill	B.Sc. Honours – Computing & Electronics	Durham Uni
A. Mills	T.E.C. Diploma in Hotel Catering and Institutional Management	Huddersfield Tech
R.A. Simms	B.Sc. Honours Class 3 – Chemistry & Management	Loughborough Uni
M. Spencer – Charlton	B.Ed. Honours Class 3	Leeds Uni

News of Old Boys

K. Ackroyd (1945-52)

Managing Director of Boot's, opened the new woolshops branch of boot's chemists.

A. Baldwin (1975-80)

1st Battalion Parachute Regiment, has been training in Norway for service in the Arctic.

S. Craft 1968.75

Has been ordained curate of St. Andrew's Church, Enfield.

K. Horsfall (1964.71)

Who co-founded the Rokeby Ensemble, *has* now become head of strings for the peripatetic music service of Dudley Borough Council.

A. Lewis (1967-72)

Head of Computer Studies at Ichnield School, Oxford, has a book published, 'Micro-computers and School Biology'.

D. Potter (1977.82)

Lance-bombardier in the Royal Artillery, has represented his regiment at rugby and judo.

M. Sawyer 11970.77)

Won the Plender Prize for coming top out of more than three thousand candidates in the I.C.A. examination, and the Railton Prize for the highest marks in the law examinations. He now works in Newport, Gwent.



Sadly, we report the deaths of two Old Boys, and offer condolences to their families; His Honour Judge R J. H. Collinson 1932-1942
Dr. K. Barber

Heath Old Boys Association

BALANCE SHEET
as at 31st July, 1983

REVENUE ACCOUNT
for year ended 31st July, 1983

	31.7.83	31.7.81		Year to 31.7.83	Year to 31.7.81
ASSETS			INCOME		
INVESTMENT			Subscriptions	63.00	49
C2003/2% War Loan (Market Value £68)	205.87	206	Interest on Investment	7.00	7
Stock of Ties at cost	145.00	165	Interest on Building Society Accounts	7.86	14
Sundry Debtor	3.00	3	Surplus on Sale of Ties	9.25	3
CASH AT HALIFAX BLDG. SOC.			Profit on Dinner	3.96	:
Paid up Shares Acc.	9.99	141			
Deposit Cheque Acc.	<u>145.51</u>	<u>84</u>			
	155.50	225	EXPENDITURE		
Cash in Hand	<u>4.00</u>	<u>2</u>	Heathen Magazine	103.50	108
	513.37	601	Postages & Stationery	73.10	24
Less Creditors & Accruals	<u>29.00</u>	<u>19</u>	Loss on Dinner 1982	7.25	31
NET ASSETS	<u>484.37</u>	<u>582</u>	School Prizes	<u>5.00</u>	<u>5</u>
Represented by:				<u>188.85</u>	<u>168</u>
GENERAL FUND			Excess of Expenditure over Income for year	97.78	95
Balance - 1st Aug. 1982	582.15	677			
Less: Excess of Expenditure over Income for year	<u>97.78</u>	<u>95</u>			
	<u>484.37</u>	<u>582</u>			

Audited and certified correct

J. S. BREARLEY — Chartered Accountant

J. D. TURNER — Hon. Treasurer

September, 1983

NOTE:

Actual Realisable Funds at 31st July, 1983

Investment	68
Cash at Building Society	153
Cash in Hand	4
Debtor	<u>3</u>
	228
Less: Creditors	29
	199

Heath School Prizes 1981-82

FIRST FORM	J.J. Lee	O.A. Syed
SECOND FORM	M.L. Waddington A. Ahmed	J.M. Whitworth B. Whitehead
THIRD FORM	P.A. Marrion P.S. Bates	T.M. Younis R. Blakey
FOURTH FORM	R.M. Catton S. Akhtar	P.A. Haywood J.F. Collins
FIFTH FORM		
English/Geography	D.P. Holland	
History	J.D. Normanton	
Modern Languages	F.R. Ellahi	
Maths/Science	S.A. Stead	
Art	G. Shaw	
LOWER SIXTH FORM		
English/Geography	C.J. Burnett	
History	J.J. Fleming	
Modern Languages	J. Summer	
Maths/Science	M.A. Whippey	
Art	M.P. Kershaw	G. Phillipou
UPPER SIXTH FORM		
English	M.L. Wade	
History	A. Lister	
Geography	O.C. Kosmirak	
Modern Languages	I.R. Sanderson	
Maths/Science	J.M. Greenwood	
Economics	C.N. Shannon	
Art	R. Summer	
EFFORT PRIZES		
First Form:	S. Naylor	M. Tempest
Second Form:	A. Akhtar	P.J. Doolan
Third Form:	M.M. Orlic	M.F. Shield
Fourth Form:	N.D. Burnett	D.A. Hodgson
	H.C. Reilly	
READING PRIZES		
Junior:	J.A. Fahey	
Intermediate:	M.J. Bentley	
Senior:	P. Opacic	
DRAMATIC SOCIETY:	A.W. Sparkes	R.I. Stollery
	N.J. Tobin	
MUSIC SOCIETY CHORAL:	A.N. Blake	
MUSIC SOCIETY INSTRUMENTAL:	N.H. Smith	
OLD BOYS SPORTSMAN:	J.R. Pickles	
BEST CONTRIBUTION TO HEATHEN:	A.G. Toolin	
C.O. MACKLEY MEMORIAL:	C.N. Shannon	
C.E. FOX MEMORIAL	I.R. Sanderson	

Heath School Club 1982-83

INCOME		EXPENDITURE	
Balance 1.8.82 General	841.66	Parents Assoc. Boiler	52.95
Library	451.57	Expenses	4.37
Unpaid visits	137.90	Visits unpaid '81'2	137.90
Woodwork D.	30.00	Rugby	880.20
		Athletics	87.60
		Cross Country	60.00
Subscription	472.45	Cricket	15.26
Tuck Shop	682.98	Basketball	8.00
Photo Commission	54.71	Gymnastics	5.00
Woodwork Department	6.00	Calderdale Sports Assoc.	23.50
Interest	82.65	Clubs	21.33
Donation	20.00	Heathen 1983	310.50
Unpaid Visits	21.50	Restoration of platform	50.00
Library Coffee morning	104.05	Printing	17.38
		Engraving	13.38
		Oxbridge expenses	9.00
Parents Association		Lottery License	10.00
Sponsored cycling	193.38	Misc.	27.97
Dance	122.63	Library	410.30
Jumble Sale	50.70	Computer equipment	423.00
Teas	18.62	Cricket wicket	461.99
Games Evening	35.96	Balances 31.7.83 General	1116.83
Book Stall	205.63	Library	145.32
Gala Day	448.20	Unpaid visits	21.50
Cricket Sunday	14.45	Woodwork Dept.	36.00
Christmas Gift Scheme	354.24{1443.81}		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	4349.28		4349.28

TYPESETTING

Calderdale Typesetting Limited, Blackledge, Halifax Tel: (0422) 43364

PRINTING

Pennine Printing Services Limited, Blackledge, Halifax Tel: (0422) 52401

