

5TH EDITION  
OCTOBER, 1967

# Canterbury

# Crier

CANTERBURY GIRLS' HIGH  
PRICE 5C

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I think your paper is great, because it educates the mind, only yesterday, during a test, it gave me 6 answers.

Hummm. (Ed.)

### EDITORIAL.

In this issue (because last month the Sixth Years gave you their reasons for remaining at school) I asked a friend of mine to tell why she left school, and her article on page 3 is the result. If you have any comments about it, I would be glad to hear them.

This is a very topical subject, as this will be the last issue of the "Crier" that many Fourth and Sixth Years see while still at school. (Don't worry, you'll eventually get used to not having it.) But first come The Exams.

I hope you(pl) do as well as you can (possibly even better) and, to those who are leaving, I hope you find the right job. To those @th Years who are Going On I offer a word of comfort. Anyway exams are creeping up on us all, so I hope we all do well.

Here is my usual call for contributions: CONTRIBUTIONS PLEASE! I received a crossword too late for inclusion in this issue, but it will go in the next.

And speaking of the next issue, I don't know when it will be coming out. After my exams I might be too disheartened to make the effort - besides, the recent journalists' strike may have given all my regular contributors ideas.

By the response to Wise Wally lately, it seems that the number of girls with problems is decreasing. This is excellent. Soon we may be able to close the column entirely.

Next issue I may have the pleasure of

### EDUCATION CAN BE SUCH FUN!

I wonder just how many of us have proceeded year after year without sitting down and thinking of our system of education? School is no longer the cold bare classroom; in front of which stands the stern, somewhat inhuman body which has a permanent hold on the weapon of self-defence, the cane! From this impression we imagine school days to be both dreaded and an utter misery. Some suffered these days, others found them bearable!

However, today's system forms a complete contrast with that of yesterday. For personal comfort our rooms have been supplied with heaters.. The image of the teacher has undergone a radical change, I feel for the better. No longer are we confronted with this inhuman being of the past, but a person who, with the correct environment and atmosphere, will allow his or her personality to be revealed. Generally, the teacher of today appears warm-hearted and understanding.

If each party commences the lesson with an open mind the lesson is enjoyable to all.

The students are able to put forward their own ideas and criticism, which, whether correct or not, generally adds to the interest. The teachers are sincere and have a genuine interest in each and every student, if that student is willing to show some interest in the lessons.

If the teacher himself avoided showing interest then one could understand lack of interest being shown by the class which would be suffering from an acute case of boredom! We have not, as yet, reached the stage where we are lectured by the cold intellectuals, so let's take every advantage of what we have. Often the success of a student does not entirely depend on brains; more likely it depends on the amount of co-operation and interest shown by the student. Remember the key word is CO-OPERATION on the part of the class

THIS SHORT STORY WON THE SHORT STORY  
COMPETITION DURING BOOK WEEK.

"THE RETURN."

Leonie Barr, 3A

Walking up the steps of a vaguely familiar station, Carrie thought of the events that led up to her return to her childhood home.

She remembered that rainy day when, with her family packed in a small sedan, they left their brick home in that lovely country town to live in the dusty city. She remembered the tearful good-byes from her teachers and friends at the tiny Public School, and her pals, Cheryl and Steve, sitting on their broken down fence waving until they disappeared.

At her new home she did try to settle down, but how could she drop old friends forever? Throughout the summer holidays of that year she stayed indoors and cried to her longsuffering parents, "I must go back home!" Glenoire was always home to her, no where else would do. Her brother was too young, she said, to feel the loss of friends, but she would never forget her life, although short, at Glenoire, twenty miles from Sydney.

When school resumed, she had to attend a large, brick building so different from the small, wooden school rooms she had once attended. The children here in the city were very distant and didn't like this country girl. No-one, not even the teachers, resembled in the slightest way the people back home.

Through primary school she was not outward or friendly as she was with her pals in Glenoire, but tried to do well in her work and to keep to herself. Once she joined a group of girls, but the moment anything went wrong she wanted desperately to go home.

One eventful day two girls approached her, "Did you ever go to Glenoire North?" the pretty, long haired girl asked. Carrie looked at the questioner in disbelief.

"Yes.....why?" she asked.

"Then you're Carrie - Carrie Cinderson, aren't you?"

Yes, she replied, amazed, "and you're... Margy - Margy Kerns. Oh, I'm so glad to see you!"

Yes, Margie had been in her class at Glenoire. She and her friend were at special classes at Lakemba. Margaret wanted to resume their friendship as though they still both attended that old wooden school.

Carrie soon contacted her old neighbours, Cheryl and Steve and her other friends in Carson Street, who were overjoyed to hear from her. Although she only lived about twenty miles from Glenoire she had always, until now, been too young to visit them by herself.

But now she was to meet Cheryl at the top of the station. She closed her eyes and walked slowly to the top. "I want to be surprised" she thought.

She opened her eyes, and what did they behold? A long, modern ramp led to the town square, and shops, dozens of them, lined both sides of the busy street. Huge buildings stood erect and bold, shutting out the rays of the sun. Gone was the lovely little village green, gone the huge gum trees. Tears appeared in her astonished eyes.

Cheryl interrupted her thoughts suddenly, "Carrie, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried. "Hi, Cheryl," was the gay, but artificial reply.

"She must be dazzled by our lovely town, eh?" suggested Cheryl's friend, answering her questioning look.

They walked down through the town's main street up to Cheryl's house, where they changed into shorts and continued down to the school.

"Oh..!" cried Carrie, looking around, amazed. Where once on both sides of the road farms of perhaps eight or ten acres once stood, now were dozens of brick houses. No more did children play in the farmyards, or ride on the paddocks, no more did wild flowers bloom in the sun, "just acres of tar and cement, nothing but tar and cement."

The school, too had changed. Concrete playgrounds had taken over the grassy land where they used to play, and where once they used to walk through the paddocks to school, houses were now standing.

Her unhappiness knew no bounds.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she murmured.

Her childish mind recalled her mother saying that morning,

"Time marches on, only memories remain."

"Well," she said, "maybe Mum was trying to warn me. I guess I still have memories of sunfilled days spent frolicking in the paddocks, and nights watching the sun set over the mountains in its coloured splendour."

She knew now, however, that she would never, no never return to her childhood home, but just remember..... remember.....

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THE DEBATING TEAM.

This year it has been decided that we would have a debating team. Mr Condon has suggested we use 3rd formers for the teams whilst training 2nd formers. Quite recently we competed with the Dulwich Hill team and lost 233 points to 241. After the debate we had afternoon tea.

Every Wednesday after school there is a meeting of debaters until 4.00 p.m.

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## A WORKING CAREER COMPARED TO SCHOOL LIFE

Before I left school in 3rd Year I did not know whether working would be better or worse than school but at that stage I certainly had a very clear picture of what I did not like and what I did not want to do any more. It was not hard work for the education I was turning away from as much as the "School System". I enjoyed most of the subjects and studied them at advanced level. To explain in a word what deterred me from furthering my education - COMPETITION. It seemed to me the most important thing was to learn and remember, and do the best one could - NOT to have to worry about the "shame of it all" in descending to a Credit or Ordinary level. Unfortunately the old (and very worn-out) expression THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE ARE YOUR SCHOOL YEARS did not apply to me.

To a certain extent I naturally believe competition is good for improvement but I also think it appalling when one had always to worry about setting some sort of an example and keeping up a high standard purely because of the level. I wanted to do well in the subjects but I did not like the prospect of a nervous break-down by trying to do better than everyone else. That was what prompted me to leave school - to find an occupation that did not worry me, which I enjoyed and which would leave me some time to myself.

I have now been working for an Insurance Company for nearly two years, have not regretted a day, and most of all I do know now whether working "is better or worse than school."

The main benefits which school life would appear to offer would be a shorter working day and longer holidays. Remembering my average school day it would most probably end about ten o'clock at night and May and September Holidays were spent studying. There were six weeks holidays at the end of the year which was a blissful relief, but they would never have made up for the nine months studying.

To be quite honest about my physical condition I fear I must admit that school life would have had a much better effect on me. The game of squash or tennis that I play now would not compare with the way one keeps fit at school.

Quite a sensitive argument often discussed is that of finance. As one is getting older at school and more and more educated, one is getting poorer and poorer - or at least one's parents are getting

I have been reminded that school life and the time it takes up only makes one appreciate the leisure time all the more. Up to third year in High School I found my week would be made up by doing either homework or study till all hours of the night for most of the week (except Friday night) and the same on Saturday. Sunday was generally free if I managed to finish all the assignments and essays beforehand. So the leisure time which one is supposed to appreciate more never seemed to come except in short periods. It would be sufficient to say that in my opinion my week-ends are spent more leisurely now whether I appreciate it more or not - I think I do appreciate it.

Quite an important aspect of the working career is the development of the mind in that one expects oneself to mentally complete an assignment to one's own satisfaction and not to rely on the many people who may interfere along the way at school. I think this gives a person a sense of responsibilities for the work completed and the decisions made are purely one's own and do not compare with the assignments at school which are usually "text-book" correct.

On several occasions I have been told that working people seem "to get in a rut" with no real desire to advance and just drift along doing the same uninteresting thing. I would like to point out that this type of person would react the same towards school. In circumstances such as this it is not the working career that is to blame, as most positions present a side-line which may be pursued, part-time, at a Technical College or University.

Finally I would like to quote from a recent newspaper:-

### \*STUDENT SUICIDE RATE IS CLIMBING

Washington, Monday (UPI). - Suicide is the third cause of death among college students behind accidents and cancer, and ranks 10th as a cause of death in the overall U.S. population."

It may be obvious to you that very few students commit suicide because of their schoolwork but it is true that many become ill as a result of worrying at examination time and some even have nervous breakdowns. In conclusion it is important to state that ideas on education and how important school years are, vary from person to person and it is impossible to say precisely whether working is better or not because it depends on the individual. However by making a comparison and stating the clear



The brown tide of cockroaches swirled forward. Bren knew he was running for his life. He had no idea that he had ventured so far from the security of the sphere. He was at least 200 metres from it and safety. It would take him at least 30 seconds to reach it as he was slowed down by his protective gear.

The cockroaches came closer and closer. Bren could hardly keep ahead and he could hear their shiny bodies jostling one another, building up to a feverish crescendo. Then they overcame him. They dragged him to the ground.

"Dad! Help! Help!"

"Get up son; get up!"

"I can't, they're holding me down!"

"Oh Bren! Please get up!" sobbed Glinis. With one mighty effort Bren lifted himself up and began to run. For a few moments the net of bodies held, but like a chain this living net was only as strong as its weakest members and finally these gave way and Bren found he was running free again.

"Come on son, only 50 metres to go! Run!"

Bren ran faster than he ever had: then finally: "I've made it!" as Professor Calais and Glinis dragged him, exhausted, through the hatch.

"Look! Mr Calais, there are still some cockroaches on his suit!" Glinis cried, shrinking in horror.

"Quick Dad, collect them," puffed Bren.

"Now I can study them further."

Mr Calais picked the specimens off Bren's suit and placed them in a large jar.

"It's no use us staying here in this desolate world. Perhaps we had better go..."

As Bren was saying these words Mr Calais noticed a pulsating red glow. It seemed to be pulsating in a regular rhythm, almost as though it were alive.

"Look, son! I wonder what that is."

Calais' voice showed no fear because he knew that as long as they were inside the now sealed capsule they were safe, but once outside they were at the mercy of the elements. The red glow came closer and in its centre could be seen a small vehicle, something like a tractor, from which the light emanated.

"What can it be!"

(Continued next issue)

THE LOLLY FOLLY.

Recently it was noticed by a team of scholarly Fifth Formers that the incidence of headaches and nervous tension among their number had risen alarmingly. Immediately a committee was ordered to delve into the mystery. What was the source of this mental instability?...long school hours?... extra lessons?...sleepless nights?...long, strenuous study hours? (this was

It was the nightmare experience of serving in the school tuckshop!

Horror of horrors! Every lunchtime we receive orders like..."25cents of lollies please - Lypties." While I stand quietly counting out 50 monstrous little lollies, I'm bombarded with questions like -

"Where are the black cats?" "Seen the snooker balls?"

"Behind the red frogs, 37, 38, 39,..."

Then my sweet customer decides to have 25 cents of snifters instead. I smile understandingly. (My Academy Award winning role).

My favourite pastime is serving the two cent licorice. This sticky, tacky muck is packaged in yard-long strands, which have been carefully knotted together to add to our delight and amusement. It is a noble art requiring skill and patience to carefully unknot each strand, before slinging it at our customer.

Another confusing matter is the existence of several sweets with similar names, e.g. crunchy bars, crunches and cruncheses.

Also there are Pals and Pals, - one being of the "Paddle poppus" species; the other being a roll of lollies of the "Lifesaverum" group. Yet some sweets prefer to be sold incognito. Mates are also known as cobbers; jewels are really freckles, and jinks are really jaffas. (They use more aliases than Richard Kimble).

Our orders often include ten cents worth of jujubes, but with a severe warning:

"don't include any purple ones!" It's even more fun when we run out of bags, and we hand over a fistful of squonchy, sticky sweets. (Oh, look, alliteration).

Some highly intellectual students prefer to present their order in conundrums, e.g

"I want dem choklett fings wiv red stuff on der outside..." It's so much fun to

prance around the tuckshop "in search of the concealed confectionary". (Sounds like a good Perry Mason case.) In sheer exasperation they exclaim: "Haven't you got anything?"

"No, they've all sold out."

Oh, for a self service tuckshop!

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Please excuse the typing, I did it while listening to the Grand Final.

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Q. What is the beginning of sternity, the end of time andspace, and the end of every place?

A. "E".

.....  
Elevator Operator: Step out son.

Boy: Why did you call me son?

Operator:Well, I brought you up, didn't I?

.....  
Q. Why is it so hard to have a conversation with a goat around?

MYSTERY!

ONE FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT BONDI.

1. Smith, Jones and Robinson are the engineer, brakeman, and fireman on a train, but not necessarily in that order. Riding the train are three passengers with the same three surnames, to be identified in the following premises by a "Mr." before their names.
  2. Mr Robinson lives in Los Angeles.
  3. The brakeman lives in Omaha.
  4. Mr Jones long ago forgot all the algebra he learnt in high school.
  5. The passenger whose name is the same as the brakeman's lives in Chicago.
  6. The brakeman and one of the passengers, a distinguished mathematical physicist, attend the same church.
  7. Smith beat the fireman at billiards. Who is the engineer?
- (Any correct solutions should be put in the box in the library. This also applies to any member of staff (Mrs Lynch is not counted).

On Friday the 4th August a contingent of Fifth form Science and Geography girls converged upon Bondi golf-course. (By that time the heavy rain of the morning had stopped and some faint weak rays of sunshine were shining through the thick clouds overhead). We bravely crossed the course, dodging the stray golf ball, to the cliff face, the object of our studies, greeted by the signs,  
DANGER BLASTING

and  
PERSONS USING THIS AREA DO SO AT THEIR OWN RISK.

- the cliff had once been the site of a small quarry. Adding to the atmosphere were the lofty aromas from the adjacent rubbish tip (the smoke from which throughout our visit hung overhead, steeping our clothes in its perfume) and the stately outline of the sewer vent. The nearby Aboriginal carvings came under the close scrutiny of our group, which was very suspicious of their authenticity, although Mrs Mann assured us they were not modern forgeries.

The rain clouds which had threatened our excursion disappeared (almost) and the sunshine filtering through the smoke lent an enjoyable warmth to our explorations of the surrounding rock formations. As we observed and noted the geological forms of our coast line we could not help but contrast the contributions of the old and modern Australians to the area. From the original inhabitants, carvings to grace the rocks, from the modern Australians, a sewer outlet, a quarry, and a rubbish tip.

The author of this contribution wishes to remain anonymous.

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THIS MONTH TO-DAY!

Our debating team defeated Kingsgrove but lost by one point to Canterbury-Boys' \* \* \* \* Lucille Sadler 6A has been awarded credit for her essay by the Concours Général of the Alliance Française \* \* \* \* Pam Clarke 4B went on a trip to Hong Kong, London, San Francisco and New York \* \* \* \* Helen O'Connor 4C won 8 of 9 races run by the Australian Bush Walkers' Association \* \* \* \* An ex-student, Pam Young, has won the Miss Central Suburbs in the Miss Australia Quest \* \* \* \* Gail Peisley 3A is leaving school to work for the Public Services \* \* \* \* Robyn King of 3B won a gold medal for ballroom dancing \* \* \* \* Christine Ricketts is a new girl in 3B from Lurnea High \* \* \* \* Wendy Harding 3C has left - we have lost a good swimmer and athlete \* \* \* \* Julie

In a certain district there lived two tribes: the members of one tribe always lied, the members of the other always told the truth.

An explorer met two natives and asked the tall one "Are you the truth-teller?" "Goom," the native replied. The short one, who spoke English explained "He say "Yes", but him big liar." Which tribe did each belong to?

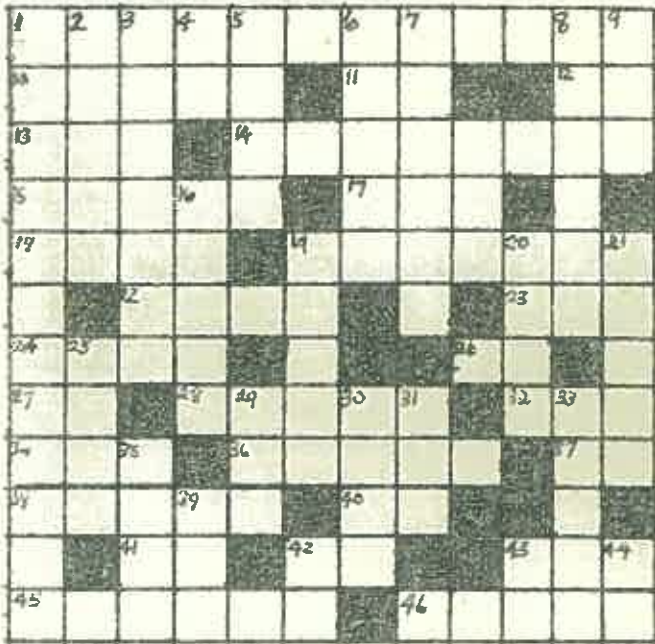
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PREFECTS' DETENTION.

No doubt you groaned at the sight of the heading, and indeed we hope so, because Prefects' Detention is supposed to put you off. Of course punishment was already being given in the form of a detention after school, but we, the prefects, wanted something in the school which was aimed at the girls in the school who are anti-hat, anti-gloves, and, we sometimes suspect, anti-uniform. You have probably heard about what is done there, even if you have not been given the doubtful privilege of taking part. Usually the group of girls is split, some going to the Home Science Department, some to the science Laboratory, where such pleasant chores as sweeping, washing test-tubes, and scouring pans are done by our free work-force. Occasionally we (or rather the girls on detention) help the cleaners by scooping rubbish from under desks and off floors and by cleaning dusters and boards, or a dirty corner of the playground will provide the girls with work during Friday lunchtime.

Although we want prefects' detention to be unpleasant to discourage girls from doing the things which will get them there we hope it will provide a service to the



**CROSSWORD PUZZLE.**



**CLUES DOWN:**

1. Reduction of population.
2. The cream of society.
3. Trots.
4. And.
5. Close to.
6. Kingdom.
7. Used for mooring ship at sea.
8. Signs of the .....
9. Age.
16. Break out.
19. Make amends, reconcile enemies.
20. Group, especially musical.
21. Kind of fabric used to make tunics.
25. Article, unit.
29. Wrath.
30. Gilding.
31. I.
33. Constellation.
35. Pointed missile.
39. Oxlike antelope.
42. That is.
43. ...and behold.
44. Us.

**ANSWERS TO LAST PUZZLE.**

- ACROSS:** 1. Fatigue. 8. We. 10. Re.  
 11. Insane. 14. Ammunition. 15. Map.  
 16. Test. 17. No. 18. Ideas. 21. R.L.S.S  
 23. Arrow. 26. Assassin. 28. Came.  
 30. Or. 31. Arena. 33. Proud.  
 36. Renaissance. 37. T..l m. 39. Boss  
 40. Command.
- DOWN:** 2. Armada. 3. Temperaments.  
 4. Gin. 5. Unit. 6. Ester. 7. Knots.  
 9. Enforcer. 12. Aisles. 13. En.  
 14. Unis. 19. Arsenals. 20. SOS.  
 22. Sun. 24. War. 25. Scarab.  
 27. Iron. 29. Are. 30. Ode. 32. Aim.  
 33. P.S. 34. Ra. 35. Uc a. 38. Id.

**GLUES ACROSS.**

1. Confer local government on.
10. Stimulate, inspire.
11. French preposition.
12. Alternative.
13. Usually used before tacking.
14. Large snake of Ceylon.
15. Furry, aquatic, fish-eating mammal.
17. Not found in Australian cars.
18. Member of the nobility.
19. Microscopic jelly-like form of life.
22. Corrode.
23. Tennis service that beats opponent.
24. The inability to say one's sibilants (thay oneth.?)
26. Upon.
27. Expressing position.
28. Colour slightly.
32. Canine.
34. Edward.
36. Hold royal office.
37. Concerning (abbrev.).
38. Imitation.
40. Behold.
41. Royal Navy.
42. One of them.
43. Not high.
45. Disposition.
46. Disposed, liable.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**WANTED:** a buyer for a second-hand Castell-Faber 10" slide rule - good value at \$ 3. Anyone interested or knowing anyone interested please contact J. Weekley of 5A.

**FOR SALE.** One L.P. "My name is Barbra ?" This fantastic offer to the highest bidder Please refer all inquires to the editor of this publication.

**NO GUARANTEE.**

We do not guarantee any of these things in I.S.C.F.  
 Hymns you know.  
 Good singing.  
 Stirring announcements.  
 Impassioned orations (all the time).  
 Good digestion.  
 Relaxation.  
 Trouble free viewing.  
 But it's still worth a try.

**POSITIONS VACANT**

**ONE LAST THOUGHT.**

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.