

MAX WILKINSON: PRINCIPAL 1961, 1971 - 1975

Headmaster's Message



We started this year with an assembly in the rain; I was introducing to you the members of staff, but I had to cut it short when the rain came. Nevertheless, it did not take us long to get to know one another, and then the real work of the year began.

It's a good thing to remember that we do our best work when we are working with friends; and there is no better friendship than that arising from common interests in working together. How much our friends mean to us! What strength we get when we know that our friend is trying for the same things as we, and shares our triumphs and disappointments. How greatly we are thereby encouraged to press on, no matter what the difficulties that confront us!

I have been glad to see the many fine friendships that have been so greatly strengthened. It is this quality of sticking together in the pursuit of worthy goals that is going to do so much for St. Albans High School, both now and in the future.

Remember this when, in the years to come, you own your own business or become head of your department or section. Remember it when some future ex-pupil of St. Albans High School comes to you for employment. Question him about the quality of work he has done and the friendships he has made, and remember that when he has followed a programme like yours, he will be of high quality; don't hesitate to employ a boy or girl like that.

So you must work and strive to your utmost to strengthen the reputation of the school now, and strive even harder when you have left school to enhance its reputation still more.

Be prepared to look on the pupils fifteen years hence as people entitled to your energetic support, and start looking for practical ways to help the school.

In this you will make the school the one in which you can take the most pride, and contribute powerfully to its greatness in the years to come.

Max Wilkinson, 1961.

Tell It Out

All the free people met together and decided the question in each town. So was born Democracy over 3,000 years ago, in Greece. It has never worked well since it came.

The people with power met and discussed together: so began the Law in Italy. It has worked but only with creaks and groans and many tears.

"Peace on Earth", sang the angels and "Love Your Enemies" said the baby when he grew up: but Peace and Love still elude us.

Why?

Some people vote, and then forget all about it: the people of Australia voted four years ago to improve conditions for aborigines, but we have still not done enough.



Front: Mr. G. Reid, Miss V. Fenelon, Mr. J. Everson, Miss E. S. Taylor (Senior Mistress),
 Mr. M. H. Wilkinson (Head Master), Mr. G. H. Strauss (Senior Master), Miss G. M. Bowles,
 Mr. L. E. Burchell, Miss R. Meyer (Physc.).
Second row: Mrs. J. Cox (Sec.), Miss H. Eadie, Mrs. E. Sturesteps, Mrs. L. Pavlova, Miss G. E. Coutts,
 Mrs. J. Fielder, Mrs. L. Cameron, Mrs. Kriksciunas, Mrs. M. Burden, Mrs. S. Hudson (Sec.),
 Miss R. Bechler (Psych.).
Third row: Mr. E. Youd, Mr. J. Morieson, Mr. D. Hill, Mr. F. Schiller, Mr. P. Pavlov, Mr. L. King,
 Mr. G. Sacharonok, Mr. I. M. Smith, Mr. T. Walsh, Mr. G. G. Gibson.
Back: Mr. J. D. Conroy, Mr. N. Bolvari, Mr. J. Mott, Mr. J. Hunt, Mr. T. G. Scarff, Mr. R. Robertson,
 Mr. K. Chilton, Mr. K. Robertson, Mr. E. Ford. Absent: Miss M. T. O'Connor.

Some people shout, but have nothing to shout: they want change just because it is new, not because it is best. The best may be found after long and careful search.

Some people close their minds, and so give themselves into the hands of those who would use them; dictators grow fat on such.

Some people try to silence opposition and to block communication: so they breed confusion. Remember the other fellow, even if he is your parent. He also needs to tell it out and hear what you say.

"Tell it out", says the song, Yes, but have something to tell.

Practise hard your telling in readiness for the time it is needed; by speech (at which St. Albans High is fairly good), by writing (at which we are not so good), by creative work (at which we could shine). And in your telling you could say much worse than the truth.

It is a great pleasure to me to return to the school where the truth is our light.



**M. H. Wilkinson, B.A., B.Ed.(Hon.), M.A.C.E.
1971**



Max Wilkinson (front row, center) with teachers and students, 1970s.

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