



"Truth is our Light"

St Albans High

1950s

When children of the fifties heard
that destiny had called,
we stormed across the western plains
through thistles six foot tall!

Tho' bewildered by the dress codes
and contemporary views,
we wore knitted caps, and leather pants,
and even wooden shoes!

As splendid fields of learning
emerged to our delight,
our wondrous expectations were,
that "Truth" would be "Our Light!"

Regardless of our "pedigree"
we all would "fall in line,"
while the masters of our fate made sure
we wore a cap 'n tie.

They taught 'n trained and belted us,
until they felt we knew,
we had added to the flavour of
the St. Albans High school "stew!"

When we got the "cuts"
It drove 'em "nuts"
if they couldn't make us cry.
Sure, it hurt like hell,
but it helped to yell.,
Oh, how we loved St. Albans High!

The spirit of our class room
would erupt with raucous cheers,
when someone in the back row
copped a clip behind the ears!

At times we fled, when they had said
we'd thank 'em later on.
If they smacked us while we're little,
they won't have to punch us later on!

Ink wells, nibs and dusters,
and flying bits of chalk,
were missiles that hit targets
if we dared to even talk!

But the good ol' fashioned guide lines
which they depended on,
like the tried and proven "whacking sticks"
in time would soon be gone.

The fabric of achievements
has stretched since far and wide.
Woven through the many years
with excellence and pride!

Yes, the world has been "enlightened"
with academic views.
yet, fundamental questions
continue to bemuse.

Forsaken to a legacy
in the grip of global fear,
"Why do men still grope
toward a hope that fails them every year?"
"What's the point of man's existence?"
and, "How come we're even here?"

With barbs that shred the conscience
one screams to understand,
the bigotry and hatred
and savagery of man!

Oh, how the memories of another world
still well up from inside,
and overflow with precious things
that I had left behind.

Will the gift of human intellect
ignite the darkening skies,
with hopes and aspirations
so no one needs to hide?

As I indulge in my reflective years
I sense "A Light" is failing.
If "Truth is Light," then I think we might,
just need more "Day Light Saving!"

When reassuring boundaries
determined wrong from right,
we had something to cling to,
and the future had looked bright!

It seems a melody can fade in time
and leave one wondering, "why?"
Is it just a loss of hearing?
Or, if the song is ending., "why?"

Us old blokes and some sheilas
once thought that we could fly.
But now we treasure memories
of our beloved St. Albans High!