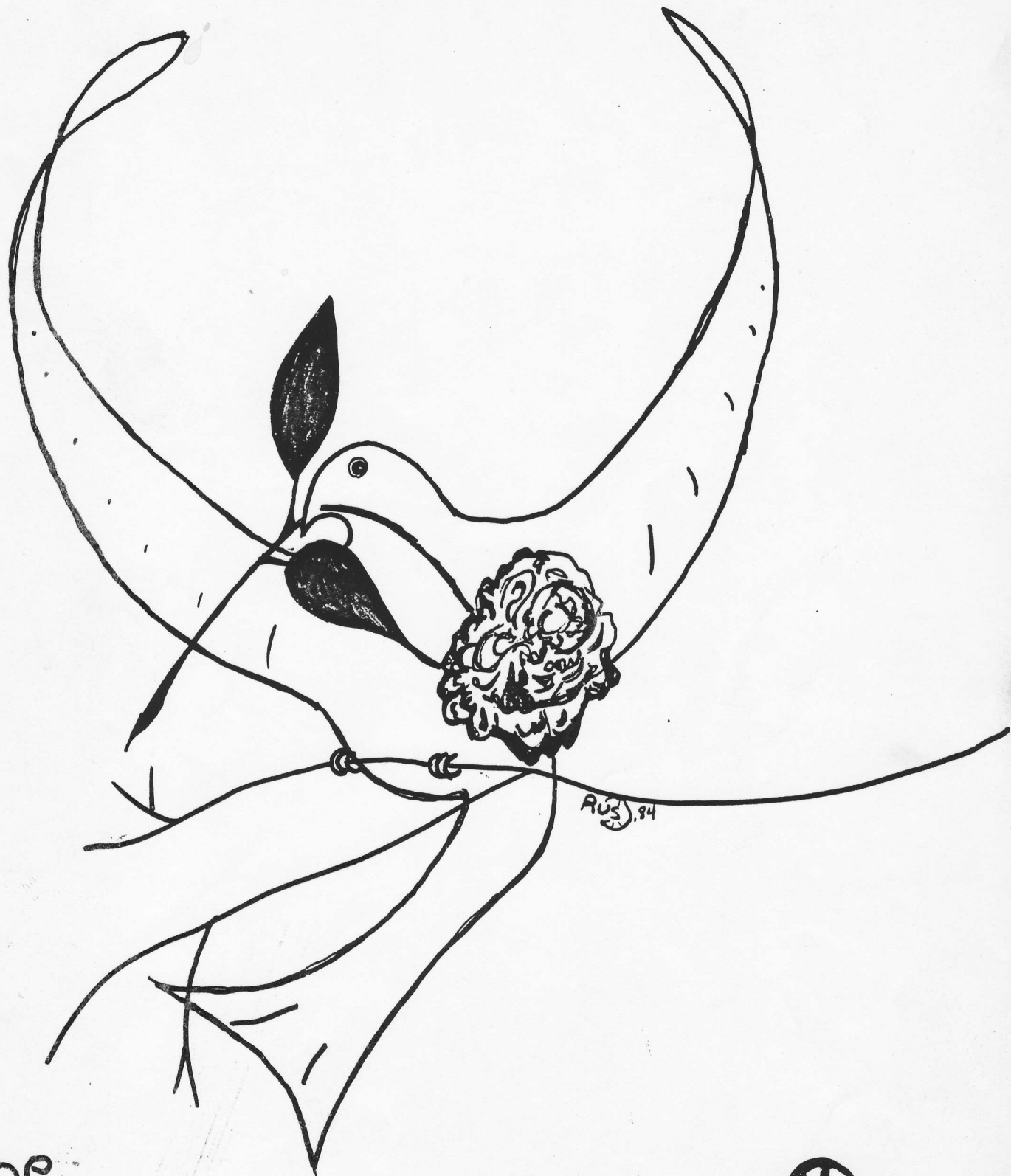


This PDF file is created from the original document from the archives of David Crawford.

It is an accurate recreation of the original document. All pages appear as they do in the original document, including several blank pages (page 2, and last 2 pages) that have been left in for sake of completeness.

For contacting your old friends and classmates, please visit Facebook and join the "West End Alternative Alumni" group.



AUS.84

the

ALTERNATIVE 



AYITAKHENTIA

the

NOTE

NOTE

THE ALTERNATIVE ISSUE #4

Editor: Dave Crawford

Layout: Tim Murphy

Cover Design and Art Work: Russ Trevurza

Staff Advisor: Lydia Burton

Contributors: Bruce Walsh
Zanne Thompson
Zenon Stepniewski
Steve Datlen
McZafie
Sebastian Bullin
Elaine Comber
Lorraine Munro
R.G.C.T.
Tim Murphy
Chandra McKinnon
Joeanne Pearson
Colin Rawlins
Lisa Spencer
Jon "Licorice" Booth

A special " Thank you " goes to Dave Crawford, who edited the copy and typed all of it (except this!) on his home computer.

NOTE: DATES TO REMEMBER

BLOCK 11

FIELD TRIPS : HIKE May 7-11
BOYNE May 14-18

HOLIDAYS: Victoria Day: Monday, May 21.

BLOCK 12

FIELD TRIPS: CANOEING May 28-June 1.

CLASSES END: June 15

HAVE A GOOD SUMMER,

SID.

EDITORIAL

Since this is our last issue of the paper for this school year, it is time to think about the paper for next year. So far, we have been getting the paper printed free through "friends", or else paying for it to be printed at the Board. It is cheaper to have it done through the Board, but even so, it is costing the school money from its printing budget. Perhaps next year we could get an advertising team going, so that the paper could pay for itself.

It has been difficult to get material in by the deadlines we usually set. We then had the choice of waiting until there was enough material to print, or else printing a newspaper with only a few contributions. This would not have been worth the bother and the cost.

Next year, the policy of rotating the Editor will be continued. The only prerequisite for the job is a willingness to do some of the other tasks on the paper for at least one issue before becoming Editor. If you would like to be Editor next year, be sure to let me know early in the fall.

This has been more a collection of creative work than a real paper. This month we have a few letters to the Editor and a review of our trip to Hamilton. It will be up to the students next year whether you want a real newspaper (with news) or a paper similar to this one.

The Yearbook will be the final collection of creative work, photos, reports on trips, etc. Please hand in all work to Tim Murphy, Yearbook Editor.

One last word of thanks must go to former students who made a large contribution to the paper. These include the one and only Casey O'Gorman, Kim MacNeil, Jon Zold, Tony Garbuio Lise Smith-White and numerous others. You are gone but not forgotten!

Lydia

CREATIVE WRITING

The snow slowly slips away,
With the coming of spring.
Every day is a new day,
For every little thing.

The stream looks fresh and new,
The meadows shine bright green.
I can't help but to think of you,
For I know you think of me.

I see the animals scurry along,
With nothing on their minds.
The birds are out to sing a song,
As we wait for summertime.

Yet all along the winters passed,
The snow, sleet, and rain.
We're all glad spring is here,
but winter will return again.

Bruce Walsh

WHEN YOU GOTTA GO

One day, after doing the usual things at West End, I sat down in Ruth's English Class and wrote this personal writing. I would like to share it with you.

Have you ever gone home and realized that you have to go to the washroom? So, you're walking down the street, trying to keep your mind off the subject of water. You look at the trees, thinking of how they grow with sunshine and water. So you quicken the pace and you have to go really badly now, so you stop and do a little dance, spinning to the left. Then you continue to walk and you see your house and that makes you "wanna" go worse. You look around in panic, trying to keep..... It's now started to rain; bad news, The running water makes you need to go really badly so

I AM I

I am me
I am I
But I have no right to be me
I do not belong to me
I have no right to cry
But only to dry the tears of others
I have no right to be angry
But only to soothe the tempers of others
I have no right to be afraid
Only to smooth away the fears of others
I have no right to find my own happiness
But only to create happiness for others
I have no right to live for me
I only have the right to live for others
I have not right to be me
I do not belong to me
But only belong to others
Inside I scream
I am me
I am I.



Anonymous

GOTTA GO(cont.)

you stop and do a little dance. Then you keep on trucking along until you get to your sidewalk. You see your neighbour and he waves and smiles. You see his teeth and think of teeth, then tongue, then saliva. Oh shit, saliva is wet. You grit your teeth and try to ignore the pressure in your abdomen. You walk up the path and realize that the front door is locked. Carefully you walk up the stairs and reach the door. Calmly you search through your purse for the key. Sweat drips down your forehead, concentrating on flour (which is very dry). O.K. Relax. Take deep breaths. Inhale. Exhale. Where's the bloody key?

The situation is tense. Finally, you dump your purse on the front porch. Compact. No. Brush. No. Safety pins, matches, keys. O.K. You've got your keys now and your hand is shaking. Steady now. Fit the key into the lock. Now turn to the left, no, the other way. The door opens and you run upstairs. On the landing you almost relieve yourself so you do another little dance. You get to the bathroom and you can't get the damn zipper down on your pants. Tugging furiously you realize that there is a safety pin holding them up. Finally you slip your pants and sit down. Oh no,... the seat cover is down. Fuck. You stand up and a little trickle comes down your leg. Lift the seat quickly And sit down. Ahhhhh. How do you spell relief? Pssssss.

Zanne Thompson



SCHOOL HOCKEY

At the present moment, the students at West End Alternative are involved in co-ed floor-hockey at lunch periods. To tell you the truth, I think it is pretty fun. As you might have noticed, some of the other players do not like playing hockey against each other. It was only about a week into the season and two of the players had a three round boxing match. After this "minor" incident we all thought that hockey would be canned for good. Some of the players talked to Harry about it, and he said if there is one more little misunderstanding, that will be it. So up to this point we haven't had any more boxing matches but a little arguing now and then comes up.

At the beginning of the season Scott Johnston said that he picked the names for the teams out of a hat. This, I do not believe!! If you are not in the floor-hockey season take a look at the teams.

Steve Datlen

FREE

I like to be free
 Free as can be
 I like to fly high
 Right in the sky
 I like to soar
 And to see no war
 And that is free
 The way it should be.

Zenon Stepniewski



"MEOW, MEOW," SAID BUFFY

"Meow, meow," little Buffy said, leaning against her scratching post.

"Here pussy-cat, come here. Come on!"

"Shut up you fat, pompous 'New Republic' swine!"

"Hey, who said that?" asked Freddo, looking curiously around the room.

"It was I, leader of the new Feline Front Liberation Movement. I declare you a war criminal and an oppressor of cats, and a pet enslaver!" shouted the angry cat, getting angrier with every sentence.

By now more cats had arrived in support of Buffy's revolutionary underground movement. They joined paws and encircled Freddo, chanting, "Fascist, Fascist, murderer, Imperialist oppressor!"

Even more cats gathered at the small house. Freddo ran into the kitchen and locked the door, and made some quick phone calls. Fifteen minutes later, the police, the RCMP, the Humane Society, Jane Fonda and sympathetic supporters of the Feline Front had encircled the house.

A member of the Humane Society spoke through a loud-speaker.

"MEOW, MEOW" (cont.)

"Come on out, now. No one wants to get hurt. You will be given political pet status, and we will go easy on you!" "Fascist thug! Murderer!" the cats screamed.

The cats started throwing furniture and small appliances out the windows, and they flew a Viet Cong flag out of the attic window. The police started throwing tear gas through the open windows, and the cats filed out the front door, singing 'Give Peace A Chance'.

It didn't matter anymore, they were martyrs.

McZafie



TRIBUTE TO MARVIN GAYE

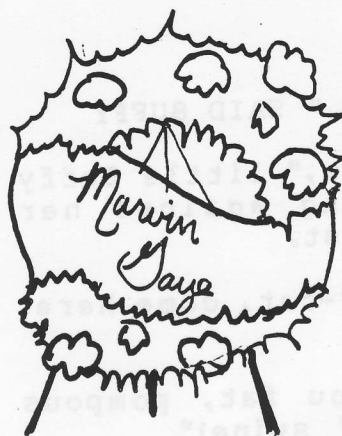
On April 1st, the mood of sadness covered the airwaves, when it was announced that a talented person known throughout the world for his music and his contribution toward it, had passed away. He was a young man, only forty-two, born in Philadelphia. Little is known about his early life, until in his early twenties when he was discovered by Barry Gordy, the president of Motown, as a drummer. It wasn't long after that his solo career got started. He was climbing up the ladder of fame and success. In the early seventies, his song "Heard It Through The Grapevine" was heard on all radio stations. It remained number one for an entire year, and is still heard on the airwaves.



MY TALE OF LOVE

If I should fall prey into your heart
Or if from me
You'd ever part
You'll see past the darkness
In my eyes
That without you
I would rather die
And when you'd look
Into my mind
I know for sure
That you would find
A lasting love
That's strong and true
There lies a love
Just meant for you!

Elaine Comber

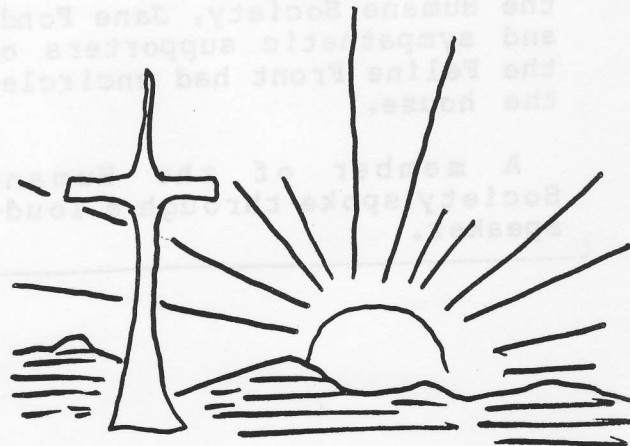


TRIBUTE (cont.)

After a recent tour, in Toronto, Torontonians were pleased with his performance. Only last year, he released a smash hit "Sexual Healing" which became a number one hit and he was making a comeback. Even though we didn't know much about him personally, he was very close to us all.

At his funeral services, thousands of people attended, coming from miles, just to pay a last tribute to a spectacular musician, in memory of Marvin Gay.

Sebastian Bullin



Dear Editor:

On Thursday, we had a big argument in the Block 9 Orientation Group. Everybody has probably heard things said about it and wonders what was going on, so here is my contribution.

The issues were homosexuality and appearances (dressing like "freaks"). This is what I think about the "freak" part: I realize I don't look like the average person. That doesn't mean I enjoy getting hassled about it. I was told I dress like this to get a reaction and that I eagerly jump up in rage everytime I hear someone commenting on "weird" people.

First of all, I don't dress to get a reaction from anyone but myself. I don't dress up every morning thinking - Ahhh, who'll bug me today and what smart remarks can I throw back at them? I simply wear what I feel like wearing. If I truly cared what people think about that, I wouldn't dress like this at all, because often people jump to negative conclusions about what I'm like as a person without even talking to me first, which is a drag.

Secondly, I don't jump up because I like to provoke people when someone makes fun of a person who is or dresses different from the majority of people; it's because I'm worried about people not communicating and becoming prejudiced. I don't have to be black to get an ulcer from the South African Government. I don't have to be an animal to be opposed to vivisection.

(cont.)

I don't have to be a woman to be a feminist. I don't have to be a student to want to change the present school system. I don't have to be gay to get pissed off when someone makes fun of gay people, which is what happened on Thursday (and pretending you're "gay" is doing exactly that). All it takes is a bit of compassion, an insight into yourself, concern for others, and an open mind. I do believe I have an open mind, and I don't like being treated like I don't.

Lor Munro

To The Editor:

This letter is regarding the semi-democratic basketball team and the rather spurious (bogus) attitude that is held by some of the "players" who seem to think they can show up for the games but only to a few practices at best.

I feel that what the team needs the most is a coach rather than running the risk of having a self-appointed dictator.

I'm interested in what people want from the sport and from the only West End team we have.

Possibly some student can convince a knowledgeable parent to coach, or even a teacher, God forbid.

R. G. C. T.

Dear Editor:

On Tuesday, March 27, 1984, there was an issue brought up in the school meeting regarding the problem of students on "The List". With the change of coordinatorship, from Harry to Sid, there was introduced the idea of contracting students to hopefully improve their attendance without first throwing them out. This is a good idea in itself, however, the second part to this new development is slightly questionable.

It had been decided that any of these students who were either on "the list", or on contract, were to have letters sent home to their parents and the letter asked (?) parents to notify the school upon receiving it.

First of all, sending letters home to the parents is fine, if the student is still living at home but many students are not

(cont.)
and yet the letter was still sent. I for one think this is wrong and an invasion of privacy for the students in this position. The reasons for a student being on his own vary greatly, but the bottom line is that they want independence and a life of their own. They made the break and are now supporting themselves, so I don't see what right the administration has to interfere. I for one know it would only cause a lot of unnecessary turmoil and heartache if my family were to receive that letter but thankfully I'm over the legal age to decide my life and administrators have to deal with me, not my parents.

When kids move away from home, for whatever reason, they do so so they can lead their lives as they see fit. They may be under the age of eighteen but if they've moved out, I feel they should be treated with some more respect and consideration for what, in truth, is their own lives.

Everyone makes mistakes and in turn learns from them, but if there are certain parties in this society who tell you what is your punishment when they haven't really the right to do so, it leads to unfairness and slight dictatorship.

West End is here for students who have, for one reason or another, had problems dealing with a "traditional" school setting and in many cases these same students live on their own. West End is here to solve



(cont.)

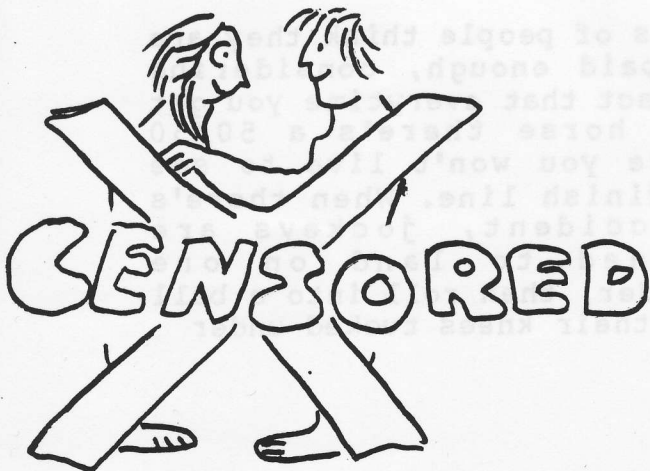
problems in order for students to obtain their diploma, not create additional hassles which may turn them off school. I feel that the administration and teachers should deal with students on a one-to-one mature level, instead of going over their heads and creating dissention.

T. M.

SEX

In today's world having sex is as common as having a drink of water, and as an act, is often performed in a casual, happy go lucky way. Should society say it is okay to have sex without love or without any reason other than personal satisfaction? Without emotion, what is sex? It is a cold hard act.

Many young men and women of today, who were yesterday's fools, who, accepting society's promiscuous ways, used to hope from bed to bed, are beginning to realize the grave error that they made. It



SEX(cont.)

seemed that pushing sex onto its children (adolescents) saying it showed maturity and growth was society's main idea. Yet how many of us were instantly adults? Actually I feel it showed how immature we really were. The only thing that really came out of this way of thinking about sex was a lot of teenage parents and abortions. Many people who thought they were ready for sex had to learn the hard way that they really weren't. In my definition, if you are capable of supporting, loving and giving a child your time and effort, then you're ready for sex. How many young girls are raising children of their own, when they themselves are still feeling adolescent emotions? How many young boys are trying to help support their child while they are still dependant on their parents? Even worse how many of these youths end up married, parents, and divorced within five years of discovering the pregnancy?

What about the double standard involved in sexual relations? It is quite demeaning to be called a slut, sleaze, or whore because of promiscuous past relations. Many young girls are given these names. On the other hand, the male involved usually gets a pat on the back and a handshake. He can boast about it, walk around with a huge grin on his face, and most of society will ask "Get Lucky?" What an ego boost!

The trend seems to now be changing. Sex is once again gaining back the importance it used to have. Respect is once again part of sex, and is gaining back its importance. I feel that soon life will have more meaning.

Chandra McKinnon

JOCKEYS

Since we have just had career week, I have decided to write about the job I have chosen. I have wanted to race horses for eight years now. These are some of the procedures.

When you first begin to ride, you're an apprentice, which means you get a bug. Because of this, many apprenticeship riders are called 'bug boys'. A bug means that you get a weight allowance. You start off with a triple bug (10 pounds), then a double (7 pounds) until you get a single (5 pounds). After your first year of racing is up, you lose your bug and you are now a journeyman jockey.

One of the jockey's main problems (usually) is weight. Every racetrack has what is called 'hot boxes'. They are a series of rooms (usually three). Each room is hotter than the one before it. The hottest is 180 degrees. The average jockey can lose three pounds every half-hour. The only problem is, according to the jockeys, that if you use it to much, your body begins to resemble a dish rag. Also, not many jockeys can use it because most of them pass out from the heat. Another method of weight loss is what racetrackers call "pee pills". A good rider can shed up to 7 pounds on one pill.

There's always the time in a jockey's life when he or she is invited out for dinner, or when Christmas rolls around,

JOCKEYS(cont.)

or thanksgiving etc. Jockeys have the choice of not going, and letting everyone think they're snobs, or, going and killing themselves trying not to eat while having everyone say, "here, eat this! Try this!" The only other alternative (which, by the way, is most often chosen) is to go, make a pig of yourself, then go home, stick your fingers down your throat and bring it all up.

Another problem with jockeys is getting the horses. For every five jockeys there are only two horses, and, in order to make it, you have to be one of the top ten riders. Jockeys get 10% of the purse winnings; most purses for the average race are \$7000. This has to be divided between the first three finishers (win, place, show). Then it has to be divided again between the rider, owner, trainer and agent if the jockey has one. So the rider ends up (for one race) with about four hundred bucks. Plus each rider rides anywhere from one to five races a day. You also get to ride in large stakes - races with purses up to millions of dollars. Now you know why jockeys are so rich!

Lots of people think they are not paid enough, considering the fact that everytime you get on a horse there's a 50/50 chance you won't live to see the finish line. When there's an accident, jockeys are trained to land on one shoulder, then roll into a ball with their knees tucked under

JOCKEYS(cont.)

their stomachs and their arms folded across their heads. Usually, when there's a spill, there's not enough time for a rider to think of that.

Horses naturally hate stepping on lumpy ground (or people in this case) and will do anything to avoid stepping on a rider. They either jump over them, jump sideways (which usually just knocks another horse), or, worst of all, they make a dead stop. Can you imagine going from a fifty mile an hour gallop to a dead stop? Of course, the rider goes flying and the horses behind him make a chain reaction and they all pile up in one big heap, horses on top, jockeys scrunched underneath. I know of about five jockeys who have been paralyzed and about a hundred who have been killed while racing.

They don't only have the worry of falling, but they also have a fear of some of the spectators as well. When a better loses (which is very often), they like to blame the jockey. The rider's job is to coax the horse along; no rider can make a horse go faster than it is capable. Unfortunately, bettors don't understand this, so they pick a fight with the poor jockey who is usually too small to run or fight back. This is not always true though. Last year, a group of doctors did a survey of athletes. They concluded that for their size, jockeys are stronger and more fit than hockey and football players (Yes, they're even better than you, Scott!)

JOCKEYS(cont.)

Recently a jockey, Eric Beita, was found on the side of a New Jersey highway. His hands and feet were tied with s oelaces and he shot in the head. Eric was in his early twenties, 5ft., and 105 pounds. They later caught up with the people who had done it. They were also in their early twenties (2 of them); both were 6ft. 5in. and 160-170 pounds. Apparently they followed him home from the track after losing a considerable amount of betting money. They shot and tied him and then took off in his car.

Jockeys don't always have it bad. Not only do they make lots of money, but they get to be outdoors all day, unlike most people who get an indoor job. They also get to be around horses. Between races they can swim, sun bathe, take saunas, go in the whirlpool, play tennis, play cards, talk or just sit around. The racetracks have these all built in and around the changing rooms for them. The dressing rooms have showers and lots of hooks to hang up all their equipment. They also get discounts on the things sold at the track because they work there - stuff like the book shop at Greenwood and Woodbine, tack shops, hot dog stands, and, of course, the bar. Not many riders go around the bar or food stands for It's a good thing they make alot of money. Here's some of the prices of the equipment they need. All of it has to be bought by the jockey, except if your an apprentice. Then the trainer usually supplies the saddle (and that's all. Cheap if you ask me.)

JOCKEYS(cont.)

The following would be a year or two's supplies:

Riding Pants

(mud pants) : \$30-\$40, about six pairs are needed

Crash Helmet

: \$100 and up, three or four are needed

Goggles

: \$8 each, about ten pair are needed

Silk cap and

Racing Jacket : \$80-\$100 a set. I believe these are bought by the racehorse owners.

Racing Saddle : \$1000-\$8000, complete with lead weights, number cloth, girth, stirrups, saddle, etc.

Most people think racing takes no skill or courage at all. I hope, after reading this (which is only the beginning facts about horseracing - I could go on for pages but I won't) that those people will change their thoughts about it. It's harder than it looks, but, as far as I'm concerned, no matter how crazy it may seem, I don't think I could have chosen a better career for myself.

Joeann Pearson



DON'T BE SAD

I saw him sitting there
He was alone and so sad
Was he crying inside?
Has he finished crying outside?
What was the reason?

A love just lost?
Or lost in love?

That is hard on the heart
Who knows what he sees
But I know what he feels.
To look so very sad
Takes a heart that feels.

Please don't be sad
You should really be glad

Cause it takes a heart to feel so sad.

Elaine Comber

I ONLY HAVE ONE FANTASY

I only have one fantasy,
To be with you forever,
And I'll try to see the day,
That I wouldn't see you. Ever.

My love I think "I love you",
But do you really care,
Love isn't cut out to what it's meant to be,
And it's sometimes never fair.

Maybe it's puppy love,
My friends tell me so,
I don't want to believe them,
Because I never want this love to go.

You're a shy boy, you really are,
And I know my love, this isn't going to go to far.

I wish you would get out of this stupid stage,
Because being a shy boy, is only making you locked in your cage.

I'd pray to see the day that we marry,
To walk down the isle with you doesn't seem scary.
You know- I only have one fantasy.

ANONYMOUS

OUTER SPACE

We look up into a black sky,
dotted with millions of stars,
and we wonder, is there life
out there? Are there other
creatures similar to life on
earth? Are there life forms
totally different from ours?
OR is there no life in outer
space? OR is planet earth a
unique one?

For two centuries, mankind
has been bewildered by strange
things on earth, such as the
Bermuda triangle and Nazca in
Peru. Science Fiction writers
have capitalized on our natural
curiosity and have produced
hundreds of books, magazines,
articles and movies on the
subject of life in the
universe, movies such as E.T.,
The Extraterrestrial.



OUTER SPACE(cont.)

People are intrigued by
futurist movies and wonder if
someday there will indeed be
Star Wars with beings from
other planets, or even a Buck
Rogers. Efforts to contact
life beyond our planet have
yielded nothing. We have been
able to send manned spacecraft
into earth's orbit. We have
been able to send men safely
to the moon, and so far no
form of physical life has been
seen. Many universities and
governments have established
research centres to
investigate and attempt an
explanation for the claims
about U.F.O.'s. In the
majority of cases, a logical
explanation has proven those
sightings to be weather
balloons, cloud formations, or
reflections from flying
aircraft.

Colin Rawlins

YESTERDAY'S TRIP

Yesterday the school went on a trip. In the morning we went to the Art Gallery of Hamilton. We went there mainly to see Henry's exhibit.

The exhibit was great. I liked all the prints Henry had up. Some of the students did not like the one called "Me and Dog" but I think it was the best one there. It really had a scene of the life-death situation that Henry was trying to get across.

Then after we talked about Henry's exhibit, Brad, the contact person, took us downstairs to see another exhibit. This exhibit was on Eugene Atget. He was one of the world's first photographers. He had taken a series of pictures which had to do with trees and agricultural buildings. Just before he died, he started to take pictures of reflections in store windows.

After, some of the students went to the "Cactus Houses" as Sid calls them. The art students and photo students stayed at the art gallery. We talked to Henry and asked him questions on his pictures.

After we ate lunch and met on the bus, we went to the Dofasco Steel Plant. It was very interesting to see the process in how they melt down scrap metal, then pour it into molds. After they were cool enough, they took them out of the cast iron moulds and loaded them onto a truck to take them to a second mill. When they got to the second mill they were put back into

YESTERDAY'S TRIP(cont.)

the ovens to heat them up again. After they were at the right temperature, they would be put out onto the rolling press. Then they would have to be rolled up into the steel balls which we passed in the yard. Then they were shipped off. A lot of different companies use the steel. While I was talking to Don, he told me that the steel is used in building armoured tanks plus some even goes to S.P.A.R. Aerospace.

When we finally left the steel mill, we went to pick up some of the students that dropped off at MacMaster College. Then we were headed for home.

We arrived home just around five o'clock. We might have gotten home sooner if we hadn't left at rush hour.

I think everybody enjoyed that trip and it might be fun if the school could get a couple more trips like that. Maybe we could get a trip to Center Island when it warms up a bit more.

Lisa Spencer

YOU ARE SO FINE

You are so fine
But please don't leave me behind.
Don't throw me like a dart,
But take me in your heart.
I'm your one and only,
Don't treat me like a Sony,
Don't leave me lonely.
Your words are like music to me,
Your hair moves like breezes through a tree.
But what am I going to do about you.
Don't you know that I want you.
What am I going to do when you're gone.
Would you like me to send you a love song.

Colin Rawlins

RUSSELL'S LAW

We have all heard of Murphy's law when something such as, when you are looking for something in your pocket, after you have looked in all of them, you find what it was always in the last one. And such is the case with other related things. Well, in my case, mine is so unpredictable, such as: Whenever I'm in a hurry to get somewhere, the subway is always broken down. If I'm walking, someone is always in my way or I run into someone I know and have to talk with them and every traffic light is red!

But, if no hurry is pushing me and I don't mind all of the above, I get the dissatisfaction of hitting green lights and deserted sidewalks.

Other annoyances include:

If I desperately want a sunny day forget it. If I have to get up directly on a certain time, forget it. If I'm excited about something that is happening the next day, I don't sleep. Then when I do I oversleep and miss the whole event.



RUSSELL'S LAW(cont.)

You know with all my GOOD LUCK I'd probably have to go to court on my birthday or something stupid like that.

I figure I'll die on my birthday or try to commit suicide and fail or cut down a tree and have it fall on me or want to get rid of some girl whom I dislike and wind up marrying her or, even worse, me writing this stuff for a point and you forgetting to put the mark on my name.

Russell Trevurza

MY VERY OWN SAD SONG

Red, red roses and white wine,
A cottage and a fireplace,
To wine and dine.

Thinking of you,
Can't get you off my mind
Lost in space
At some other point in time.

I'm remembering a time
When for you, my love was so strong
Flowing like a rapid river
Singing its own song.

A memory, a cool breeze
On a warm summer night
You were my sunshine
My life, my light.

But now, as far as for me,
There's a wall of darkness
Where the sunshine used to be.

So, in the morning
I'll be leaving
Please don't expect me to stay
I can't face your grieving.

I must be going
I can't play an actress's roll
'Cause I can't live a lie
So long, Babe, I loved you
Please don't cry.

Elaine Comber

ALTERNATIVE SCHOOLS ADVISORY COUNCIL

NOTICE OF EXECUTIVE MEETING

TUESDAY APRIL 24

4 PM

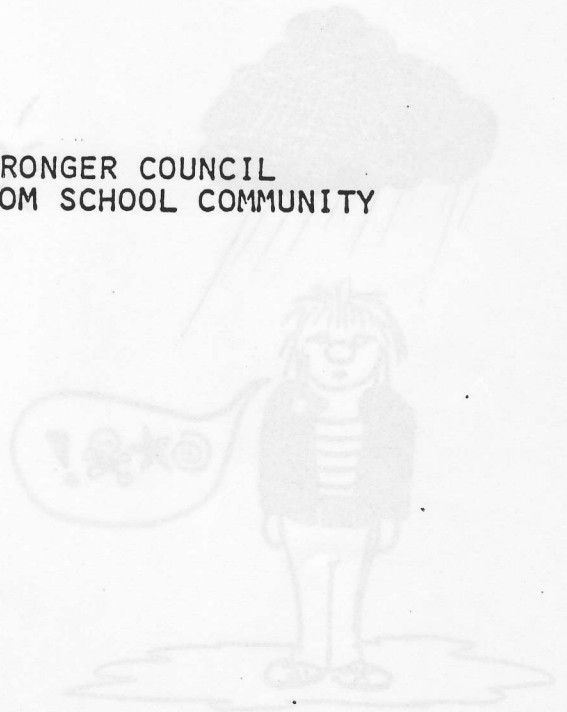
ROOM 249

EDUCATION CENTRE

155 COLLEGE STREET

AGENDA

1. PLAN: JUNE 6 COUNCIL MEETING
2. PLAN: STRATEGIES FOR BUILDING A STRONGER COUNCIL NEXT YEAR WITH ASSISTANCE FROM SCHOOL COMMUNITY RELATIONS STAFF
3. OTHER BUSINESS



NO TIME FOR WRONG DECISIONS

The early days, months or even years after a young family is fractured is an emotionally trying time. It is a period of deep and at times, harsh feelings. Too often in society a young divorcee or deserted mate, panics because of financial, emotional or even sexual needs. He or she rebounds into hasty or careless relationships or survival fling. What was an unfortunate family problem now worsens into a more complex personal tragedy.

Too many have not learned to endure any suffering or are not willing to take time to work their way through a difficult period of adjustment to their situation. At a time of emotional upset or confusion, it is important to take time to bring emotions under control and to resolve feelings toward others before making vital decisions that will affect others or your own lives. Don't make any big decisions or take a critical action when you are in a disturbed state of mind. You will probably regret it later. Persons with confused emotions need proper counsel, advice and support. They need someone of sound emotional state of mind with whom to talk out their problems. But where can they turn? Some encouragement and help can come from a sound-minded friend. But what is most required is wisdom, and the understanding of true human nature.

Colin Rawlins

DEPRESSED

How can I tell you how I feel
Not knowing how you feel
You don't know who or what you want.

Liking, loving you so much
So much I feel pain.

Listening to soft quiet music
Making me want you even more
How do I know you like me
How do I know you care.

Liking, loving you so much
So much I feel pain.

You make me feel good,
And then again so bad,
I love you so much
You're always on my mind.

Liking, loving you so much
So much I feel pain.

Tell me you want me
It would mean the world to me.

Love
Licorice

I miss you.



YOUTH NETWORKING MEETINGS

LUNCH MEETINGS TO BE HELD THE THIRD
FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH FROM 12 NOON
TILL 2 PM

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TOPIC</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
April 27/84	CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE -Wendy Barret (Inner City Youth Project and Incest Survivors Group leader)	All Saints Church 315 Dundas St. E. (Dundas/Sherbourne)
May 18/84	TEENAGE MOMS -Speakers from Jessies and/or Bethany Home	Dixon Hall 58 Sumach St. (east of Parliament, south of Queen)

CONTACT:

Janice Wuerch	863-0499
Susan Stewart	363-1689
Susanne Smith	461-7585

SUGGESTIONS FOR FUTURE TOPICS
APPRECIATED



