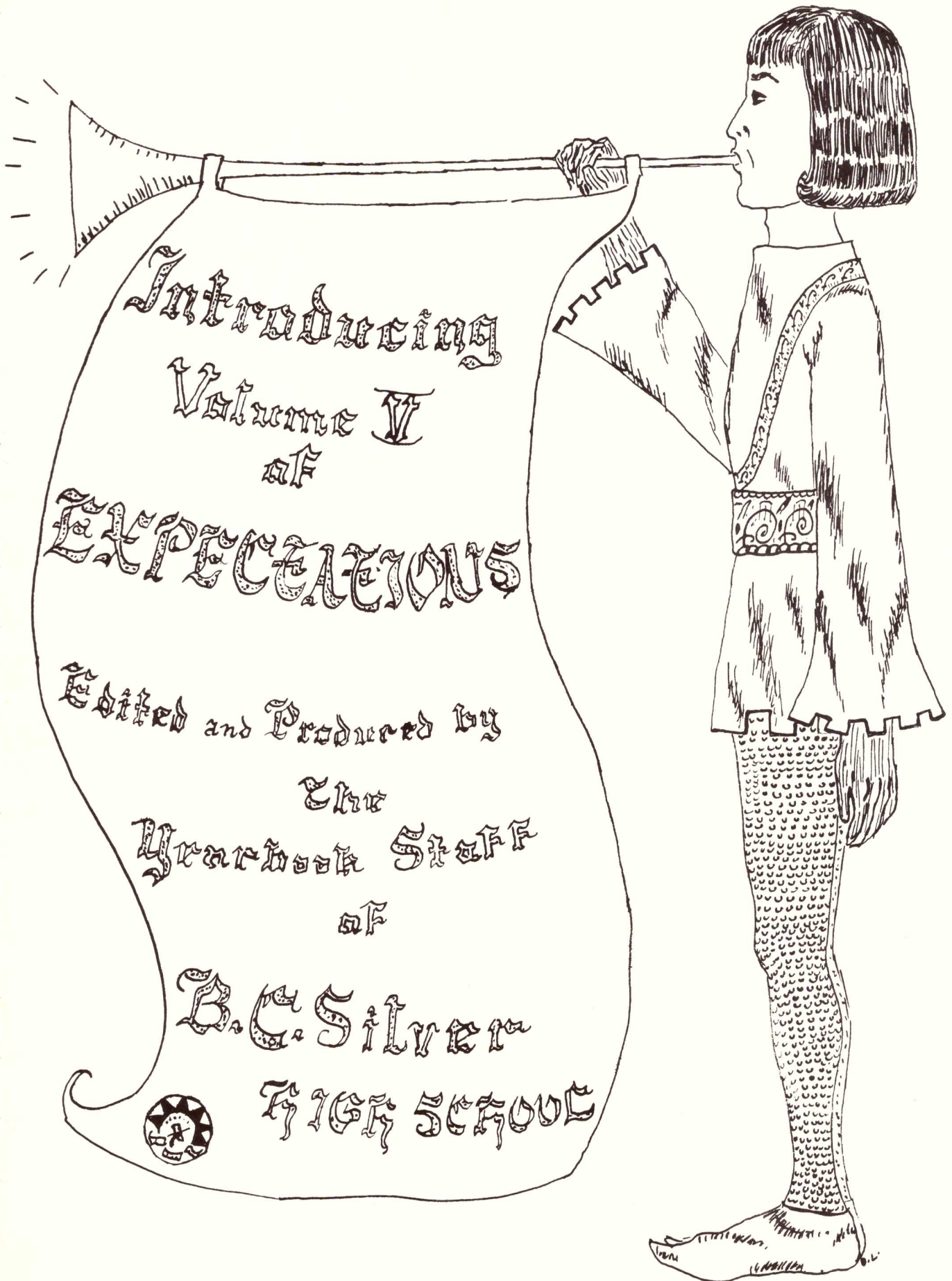




'67

EXPECTATIONS



Introducing  
Volume V  
of  
EXPECATIONS

Edited and Produced by  
The  
Yearbook Staff  
of

B. C. Silver  
HIGH SCHOOL





# Dedication To...

NOVA SCOTIA

Perhaps it seems rather unorthodox and unscholarly to dedicate a school yearbook to an object rather than to a person. But, since our knowledge is conditioned by our environment, it seems rather apropos that this year we dedicate our yearbook to Nova Scotia.

If we were to list some characteristics of Nova Scotia, one that could not be surpassed would be its natural, rugged beauty. From the emerald cool lakes of Cape Breton Island, to the fresh scent of the apple blossoms in Annapolis Valley, to the red dykes and warm waters of the Bay of Fundy, to the mighty surf of Peggy's Cove and the salt-scented fishing villages along its coasts; this revealing concatenation is Nova Scotia.

Cape Breton is typified by quaint, homey summer cottages seen partially through the rising mist of the early morning, which is made prismic by the rays of the rising sun. The tiny houses near Sydney seem to lean together protecting each other from morning coolness. The miners talk and laugh as they walk to work.





The air of the Annapolis Valley is brisk and scented with the smell of apple blossoms. The towns are quiet; the beauty in the valley is subtle. Obvious is the quiet contrast of the green, grassy meadows with the red clay on the Fundy Shore, inter-laid with the occasional glance of the sun which creates a blaze of red along the shore. Then, there comes the resonance of anxious feet (less anxious than hurried) as the students of Acadia University make their way to classes.

In Peggy's Cove there is a salt scent in the air; the mighty surf pounds the rocks with a melancholy, mournful, lonely thud. In the distance, waves break over the bow of a fisherman's Cape Breton Island boat as it moves out to sea. The sea gulls reciprocate this feeling of loneliness with their onerous squeals. The foaming waves are made by picqued by the howling shrieking wind. There is a certain wild, furious, beauty about this scene, that not even the imagination can replicate, and it leaves you with the feeling of your own insignificance.

This is our province; and so it is with great pride that we dedicate this edition of "Expectations" to Nova Scotia.

