

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Once again an edition of "Expectations" is in preparation. By the time the book is ready for distribution, the year with its moments of achievement as well as those of frustration will have been completed. The graduates, to whom I offer my congratulations, will be completing their high school education, which they will soon realize, is only one step in the acquisition of knowledge.

To those returning next year, a period of transition is about to begin. We are now part of a school system new to the area. Hopefully a new building will be available within the next year. Subject promotion and the new comprehensive program of education will be available to you.

I have already congratulated the graduating students. In addition, both congratulations and thanks are richly merited by the Yearbook staff and their teacher advisors who devoted so much time and effort to making this book a reality.

J. EARLE BOYD
Principal.

FACULTY



English Department

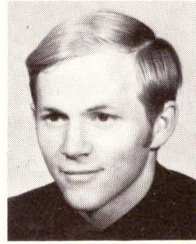
Mrs. Gillis, Head of Department



Mrs. MacDonald



Mrs. Ritchie



Mr. Robson



Miss Forbes



Mr. Redmond



Social Studies Department

Miss McLeod, Head of Department

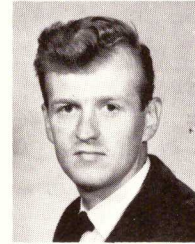
Mr. Connors

Mr. Thompson

Mr. Beazley

Mr. Zinck

Mrs. Miller



Languages Department

Mrs. McColl, Head Of Department

Mrs. Morgan

Mrs. MacDonald

Mr. Fougere



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Mathematics Department

Mrs. Smith, Head of Dep't



Miss Shaw-
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Mr. Clarke



Mr. Ferguson



Mrs. Lutes



Mr. Antonowicz

Science Department

Mr. Thomas, Head of Dept.



Mr. Gerrish



Mrs. Blum



Miss Bolton



Mr. Hart



Miss McAskill



Mrs. Allan



Mr. Lawrence



Mrs. Forteath



Specialty Teachers:

Miss Nicholson



Miss Coops



Mr. Kazmel



Mr. Bert-
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LITERARY

THE MODERN MAN

No more the sound,
Of distant drums;
For he has finally
Grown dumb.
As on a cloud
Of opium;
He has slowly been
Overcome.

There is a world,
He must astride;
And his thoughts
Are regicide.
Yet on he'll go,
This modern man,
Thinking that he's
God's Artisan.

Now war is just,
A natural thing,
He must suppress
The underlings.
Who gives a damn
What hell it brings?
He has to win
By any means.

A CHILD

A little girl, now stands alone
Her brother has gone away from home.
He has gone to fight a war
To die in service of his Lord.
Yet she does not realize that he
Has gone to die so she'll be free.

The little girl, a lady now,
Has received a lover's vow.
But as before, as all through time,
She must be left alone, behind.
The sad young lady begins to cry
At her lover's kiss good-bye.
For he has gone to fight a war,
To die in service of our Lord.

She is a woman, a child no more;
Yet she is left just as before.
Her husband has gone away to war,
To die in service of his Lord.
But she, this time, is not alone;
She has a child of her own.

A child now stands, now all alone;
Her mother has gone away from home.
The child stares with crystal eyes,
Her once warm heart has fossilized.
She turns unto the smoke-filled skies;
The guns of war chant lullabies;
Then with a tear, the child sighs;
Thus for the Lord she also dies.

THERE WAS A TIME

There was a time, not long since gone;
When the sun brought in the dawn.
The shades of night became withdrawn,
And every bird burst forth with song.

Each dewy leaf, of every tree,
Dripped snow white pearls for all to see.
Then on the land flowed harmony,
And there was peace - we were free.

The slanted rays of the sun,
Among the trees, a web had spun.
And this-another phenomenon,
Had brought the land to unison.

The smallest trickle, the largest stream,
Had helped to make this land supreme.
They sowed the land with silver seam;
They had achieved the highest esteem.

But as I said, these times are gone,
For now the sun, He has withdrawn.
Night prevails and death impatient sighs a yawn,
For it is He, we wait upon.

The once free peace and harmony,
Have knelt aside to death's decree.
Was this our chosen destiny?
If it was-what irony!

That this- the land of unison,
Is now approaching oblivion!
What was this that we had done?
To make this land a skeleton?

This land that held the world's esteem;
Has been reduced to a fading dream.
Death is near, I hear a scream.
He has begun his final scheme.

But wait! Is that the sun I see?
No, just the light of eternity.
But for that door, we have no key.
We lack the hope to set man free.

DROPS

Sitting on a rainy afternoon,
In front of my window,
Sitting with nothing at all to do.
 Suddenly the sun broke through,
Starting with a sun-burst cloud.
 All the raindrops started disappearing,
But not before I caught the beauty
 Of them all.
One tiny raindrop, falling fast.
 Looked like a goldfish going past
With the sun-rays held stead-fast
 Against it.
Others, as they oodled by,
 Looked like Viking ships against the sky.
While others in their plain old way,
 Just seemed as dull, plain raindrops,
Then I suddenly realized.
 That it was raining and I was
Sitting on a rainy afternoon,
In front of my window,
Sitting with nothing at all to do.

--Mark Fisher.

PAPER PEOPLE

We are all dolls
Cut out by society;
Produced to please others.
We can't have feelings;
They would be hurt.
We can't think;
They have taken our minds.
If we love,
We are condemned.
If we hate,
We are wrong.
Day after day
Our creators call;
We obey!
Our's is not to reason.
We can't cry;
We are statues
Molded to conformity.
We are neither rock nor clay;
We are nothing
But useless paper people.