

Valedictory

Remember back in '53—good old R.C.? For the rest of our lives, that thought will constantly come to recall for us the wonderful memories of this past year. We've worked hard; we've had a lot of fun; and even if our marks weren't A's we've learned things, not found in books, which we will never forget.

The student body was small, although it was the highest since the war. The close companionship which was a result of its size is one of the main things we will always remember. The wild confusion in the common rooms, the coffee in the mornings and afternoons, the get-togethers in the library, and specially the friendly greetings constantly heard in the halls—will we ever forget them? As a result of the small classes, the teachers and students were closer and became better acquainted. Classes became more than just dull lectures to sleep through, and labs meant more than doing a bunch of stuff and then having someone tell you of an amazing conclusion which could be drawn. Everybody helped everybody else as much as they could. If the lab. techs. needed blood, they could always find some brave soul ready to volunteer (with a little prodding); or if an assignment wasn't quite ready on time it was still acceptable to the teacher.

There were activities for everyone to take part in. In sports, whether your interest was basketball, hockey, bowling or any other, or maybe just watching, it could be found at the college. And the trips to other towns!—they were eagerly looked forward to and always enjoyed. The gay spirits and the fun at all the dances show that it was a bang-up social year. The two stage productions, the Minstrel show and "Village Green" were the results of a lot of hard work (and fun) and were big successes. Behind these and all the activities stood the S.R.C., and to them a lot of credit is due.

When we came here we were used to going to classes or sleeping in study periods for definite hours each day. We had notes given to us and subjects drilled into us. Suddenly, all that changed. We sat in class and were lectured at; it was up to us to get our own notes. We were on our own much more in every way. The wide difference between high school and University is hard to get used to, but thanks to the size and atmosphere of Regina College, we could adjust ourselves to the change without the added confusion which a large University brings.

Next year will find us widely scattered. The lab. techs. will go into hospitals; some will go out into the business world. The rest will struggle on in their chosen courses—Engineering, Arts and Science, or Commerce. What ever happens in the years to come, this year has given each of us something to cherish; the hours of study will be forgotten and only the pleasure remembered. Each subject has taught us something and broadened our point of view. The friendships, the experiences, all the ups and downs which this year has brought, have all helped to mould our lives for the years to come.

—LOUISE BARTON