

Editorial

Memories, that poets write about, that crooners sing about, that authors dwell upon, what are they? The dictionary calls them "reproductions of past images or impressions," yet each of us has formed, in his own mind, a special definition suiting his individual conception. However, who of us can truthfully say that much of our life is not centred around these tangible and vital, yet mysterious and elusive products of our intellect. Only remembrances of past occurrences, people we once knew, and things we once did, keep us going when the "old world" gets down on us. They keep us safely anchored to "terra firma" and help us bring our ship of life safely back to its mooring after battling the storm-tossed tide of humanity

Each of us has our own pet memories; some little thoughts we dwell upon in idle moments, and treasure deep down in our hearts. We remember people, incidents, places, times. And among the "times" that we remember are our College Days.

Sometime in the misty future, when we cast a backward glance to the occurrences of today—what pictures will come most vividly to our minds? Students labouring over studies and worrying over failed exams? No, those are insignificant now. But we do remember the things which seemed so little then. The basketball games. A roommate's birthday party. The weiner roast. The silly jokes pulled by a "smart" student on an unsuspecting prof. The time the "brain" of the class fell asleep during a lecture. The day the lab. instructor said "Hell! Oh, pardon me!" The Christmas formal. The Christmas holidays, and everyone busy catching trains. The quick dashes to Scotty's for coffee during a spare. The suppers by candlelight when the electricity failed. The Saturday night skating parties and the Sunday night discussion groups. The day we stopped in the middle of the street across from Central and gave the College yell. The way everybody in the Record office scrounged cigarettes. Our surprise when a couple of the students became engaged "right under our noses." Sadie Hawkin's day. Graduation. Yes, all these, and many more, are the scenes which will flash on the screen of our memory in the years to come.

In this Year Book, we have endeavored, in a small way, to catch some of these high spots of the College year and preserve them—not for the purpose of making you remember them, but for the purpose of making those memories a bit more vivid and realistic to you. If, on turning these pages ten years from now, you again feel Regina College of '46 come alive, then our endeavor will have been a success.

Each of us here at college is striving to attain some goal. Some of us are not quite certain what that goal is; all of us wonder if we will ever reach it. But no matter what our hopes, or our Fate, I think we might all do well to bear in mind this bit of philosophy—

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley; but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill.
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.
If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass
And some highway happier make.
If you can't be a "muskie," then just be a bass
But the liveliest bass in the brake!
We can't all be captains, some have to be crew;
There's something for all of us here;
There's work to be done, and we've all got to do
Our part, in a way that's sincere.
If you can't be the highway, then just be a trail
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
For it isn't by size that you win or you fail,
BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE!

MARG. KESSLERING.