

Reminiscence

NOW that the curtain has dropped on your first year, take time out and remember events. Events, little things—things you will cherish through your life—things you will forget until someone reminds you of them again.

Remember the first day of classes—that feeling of rebellion against going back to school. Remember the first dance, and those who can't dance; the first basketball games; the elections; the new rules—all of them only trifles in the memory now, but big events then.

Can you remember the midterms, the Christmas exams, the midterms, and then the finals? Reflect how you studied, how you wrote, how you celebrated, and how you resolved to do better next time.

Remember your first college date, and your last . . . your parties, your woe, and your happiness?

Remember the engineers, bright and overflowing, their parties and their 40th beards. Their carefree song at the exams—their ability to stick together.

Remember the others; what a contrast . . . the teetotalers and the others, the quiet and the loud, the Arts and the Matrics.

Recall the times you were caught sleeping in class, the times you didn't know a teacher was standing right behind you when you were talking, the many times you skipped classes, and the many more times you would like to have skipped.

Remember the Varsity Varieties, the laughter, the prompters, the dancers, the band, and the parties . . . and the morning after.

Engineers can remember their parties, their teams, their drafting lab, calculus, and more pleasant things like Morrison's wagers, and Morrison himself.

Dregs will recall their struggling with

interesting subjects like Latin and French, the numerous times they thought they had failed, and the many times they did.

We can all remember Convocation, the diplomas, the awards, the surprises, the closing words of the Dean, and finally, the silence as the curtain drops on the first year of university.

Gerald Parrott.

Say Not Thy Teachers Have Failed Thee

WHEN spring is here, and exams over, think back a while. Remember this year . . . it was your first experience of university. When you receive that awesome note, do not despair, and say, "Those teachers can't teach anything. After all, I can't help it if those profs just took a bad view of me." May I say that if you have flunked, it is you who have failed.

If you have passed, do not become too elated with the fact. Remember that at least three years must be conquered yet. Your backdrop is set here; your performance begins in second year.

Gerald Parrott.

Prof. Wagg asked one of his students whether he could name a product in which the supply exceeds the demand. Stinson's reply: "Trouble."

The person who enters a bar very optimistically, often comes out very misty optically.