



freshman

1946

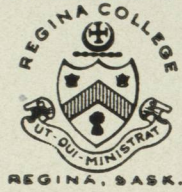
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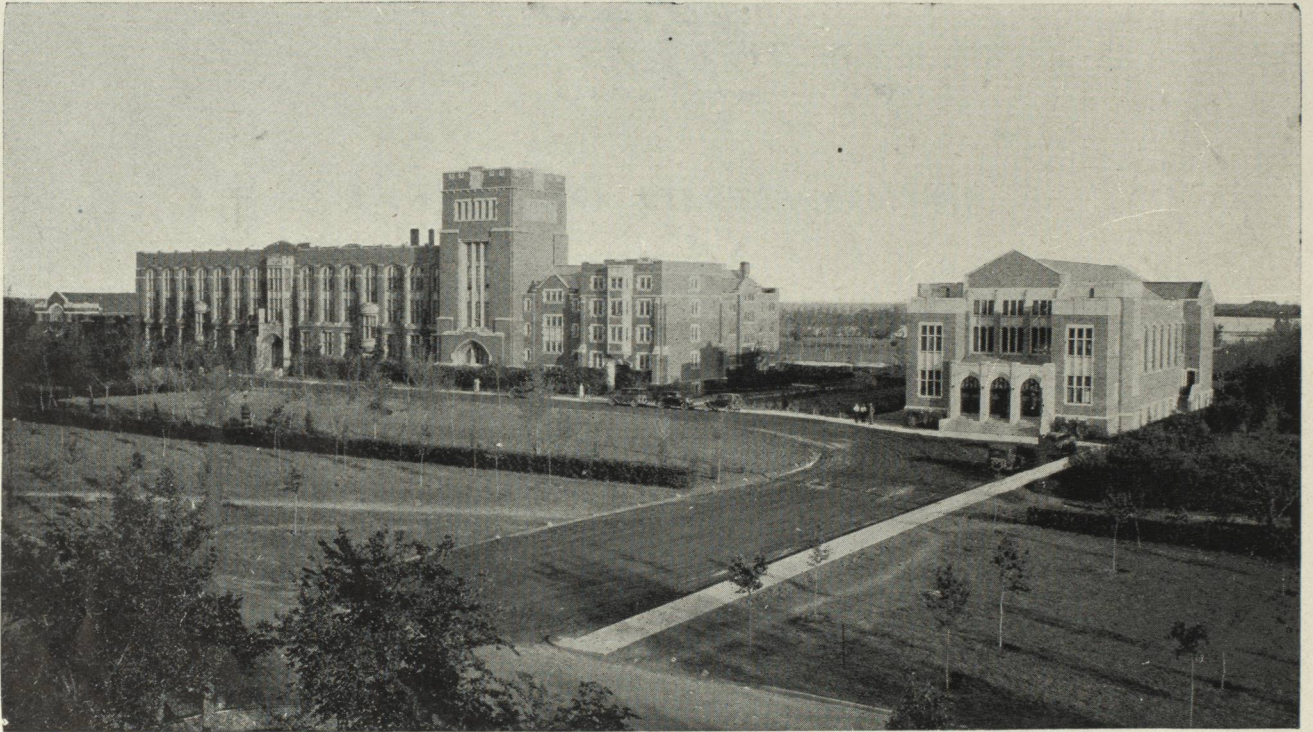
The Freshman

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

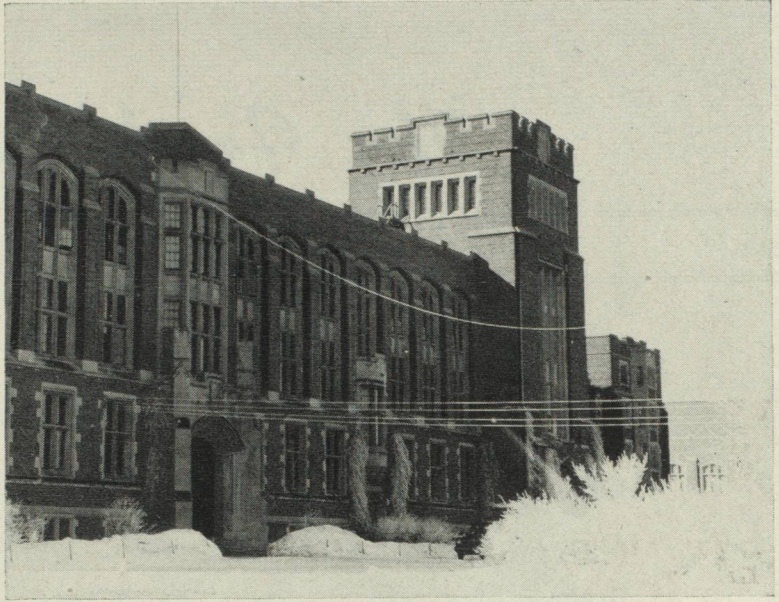


NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX

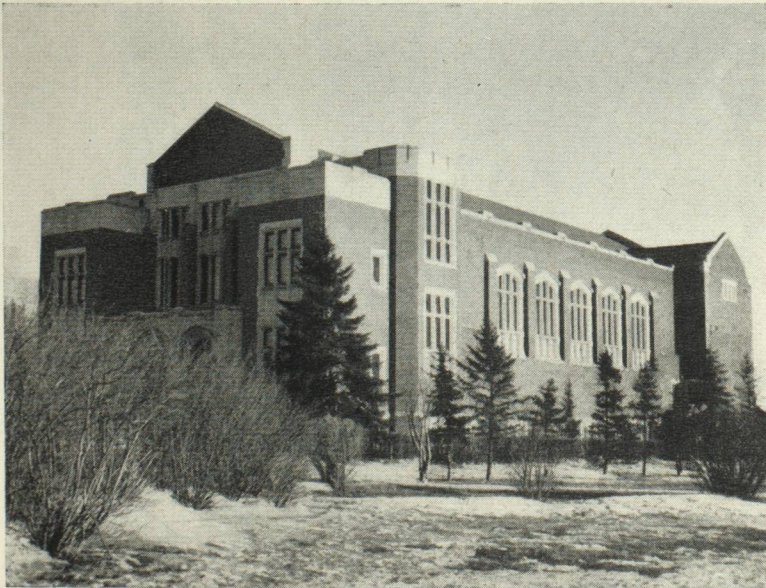
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE
STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL
OF REGINA COLLEGE



THE CAMPUS.



COLLEGE BUILDING.



DARKE HALL.

The Freshman

VOLUME I

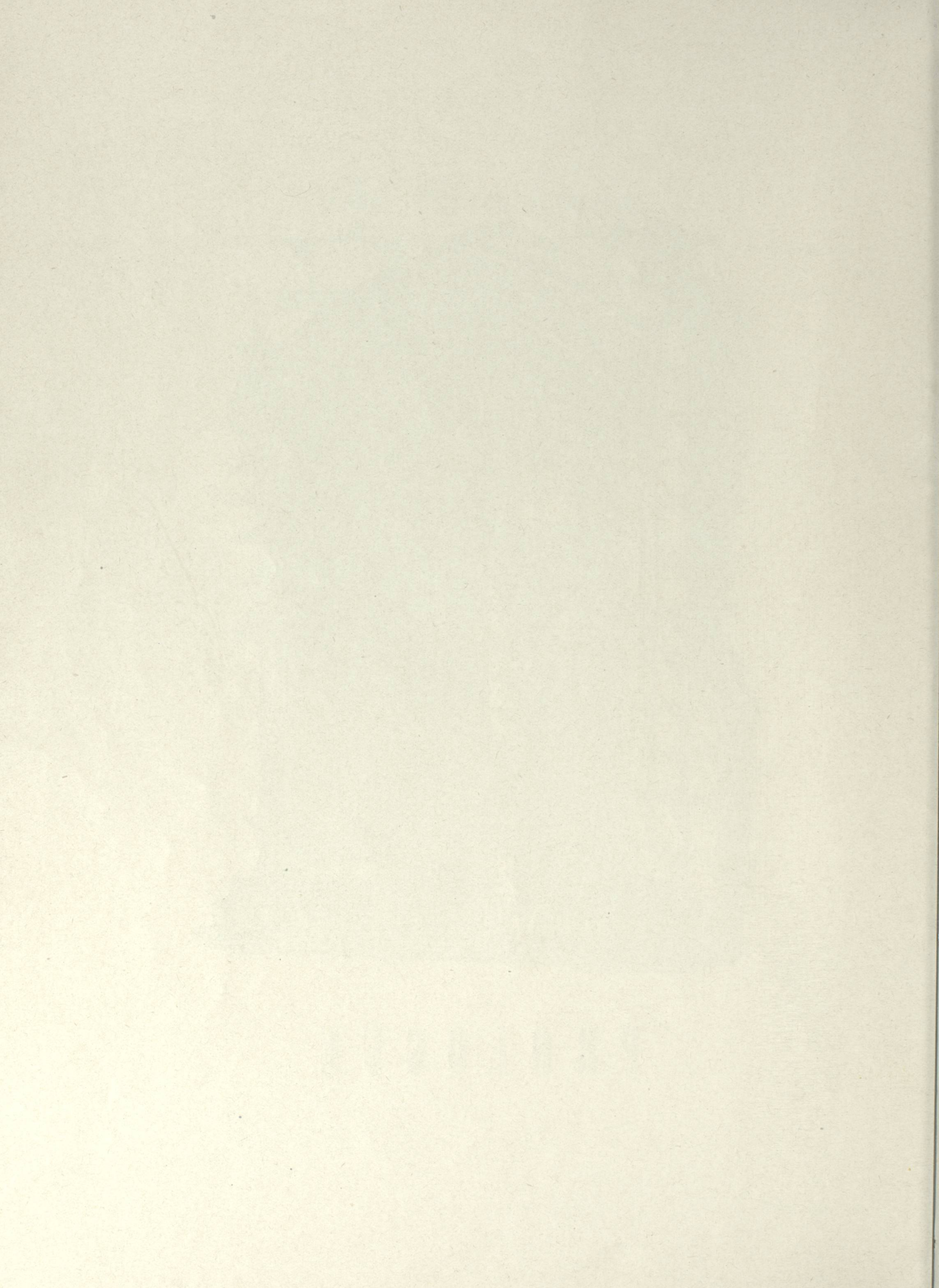
1946

EDITOR.....*Margaret E. Kesslering*
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....*John V. Hodges*
BUSINESS MANAGER.....*Morris Campbell*

PHOTOGRAPHER.....*W. L. West*
ENGRAVER.....*Rapid-Grip and Batten, Ltd.*
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PROLOGUE



Dedication

LESS than one year ago the halls of this college echoed the thud of service boots; the tread of men who fought for our right to live in peace and freedom. Some can never return. To these men and women this book is humbly dedicated.

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.

Valedictory

When the tangible things of the day give place to pleasant wanderings in the meadows of memory, we invariably find that the mind lingers longest and most fondly over the flowers of personal contact. Happy, overflowing hours of interest come back to us through association with people we know or knew. This correlation is not unique, for there is no sphere of human pursuit that is remembered more for its intrinsic achievement than for the men and women who made that achievement possible. So it is with a college. Its stately colonnades may overlook a pleasant campus vista, but when a few alumni meet in later years, it is not to discuss Grecian architecture or rhododendrons. Instead, they dwell reminiscently on the class of '36, and "dear old Smitty" who headed the Faculty of Philosophy.

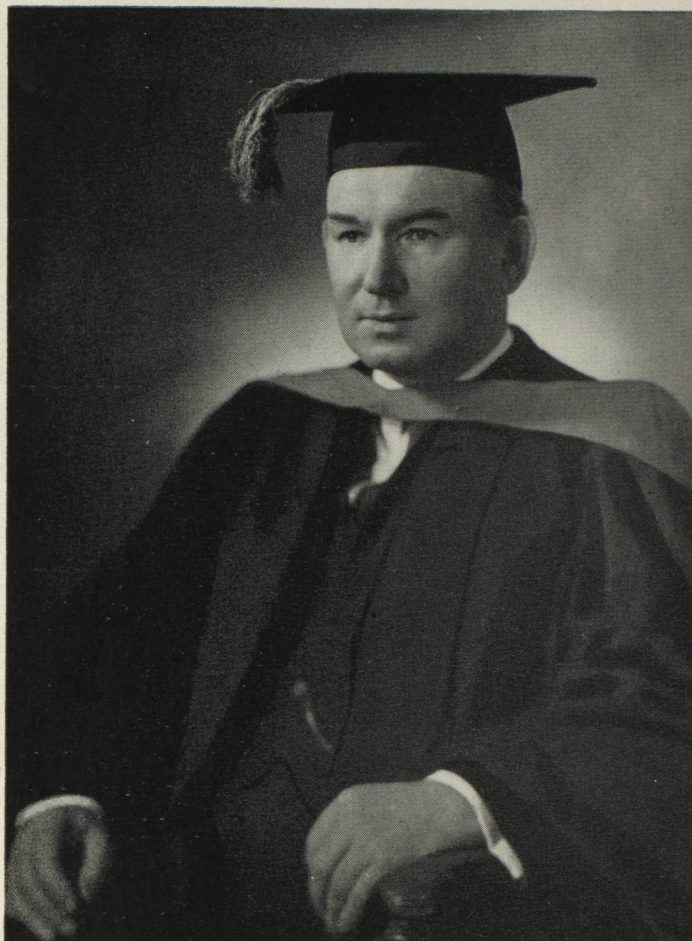
I have heard expressed, and felt myself, a reverential gratitude that, somewhere in our High School or College life, a friendly, guiding influence has started us in the right direction. How apocryphal to find, in retrospect, that such unerring advice, so freely given, was often received with resentment.

But we are blessed in that from infancy, hands other than ours were shaping our destinies; that in our homes we learned of right and wrong; that in our schools we learned of responsibility and citizenship; and in our colleges and universities to make our way through life governed by a common interest in Humanity. Blessed we are—a Truth that will be realized only by each of us, who, years hence can look back and say—

"I am a part of all that I have met."

J. D. HERBERT.

The President



Regina College makes a distinctive contribution to our University of Saskatchewan, in which the students have good reason to take pride. They are inheritors of a fine tradition, reaching back to the earliest years of the history of the College, when men of faith and hope gave practical expression to their concern for the education of youth by generous contributions. Regina College is their gift to the Province of Saskatchewan and we, who now reap the harvest of their sowing, should never forget what we owe to their vision and courage.

The ideal of the founders was to create a College, where young people in close association with devoted teachers, and under spiritual influences, could enter into the opportunity of a truly liberal education, in which art and music would have a place along with more formal studies and disciplines. That worthy aim remains with the College in all its varied activities. Its students have the great privilege of intimate association within a relatively small institution, where teachers and taught can become well acquainted with one another. The result has always been a fine college spirit, which the alumni can carry into their future life with gratitude and affection.

Regina College has set a high standard by the fine attainments of its students. Many of them have continued their studies at the University seat in Saskatoon and have taken more than their proportionate share of honours and distinctions. But more important still, the College by its traditions and spirit, challenges all who have shared its life to be worthy of its past by the contribution of its alumni to the great engagements of the future that now await them.

JAMES S. THOMSON.

January 23, 1946.



The Dean

Now that the College has been restored to its home quarters and is experiencing an unprecedented enrolment of students, it is fitting that a permanent record of its activities be set up. This should edify future generations and give joy to the alumni as they pass out of our halls and look back with sentimental yearnings to their "First Year" and their baptism of University fire. The S.R.C. is to be congratulated on launching a College Year Book. It is a well-timed enterprise and will be well received by all friends of Regina College.

We have been happy to welcome to the College many men and women demobilized from the Services who are anxious to take advantage of the opportunity to enter matriculation and University courses under the Dominion government scheme for post-war education. They have been a source of strength and stability to the whole life of the College and have shown an example of loyalty and co-operation that is bound to exercise a wide influence.

In welcoming these men and women who have served their country well and faithfully, we remember those others, past students of the College, and many who would have been students, who have died in early manhood and womanhood that the people of all nations might be free to live the good life and find the peace which all men desire.

"But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known,
As the stars are known to the Night."

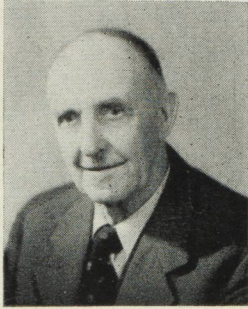
S. BASTERFIELD.

February 1, 1946.

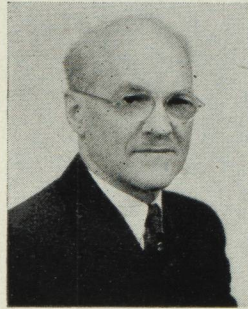
Freshman '46

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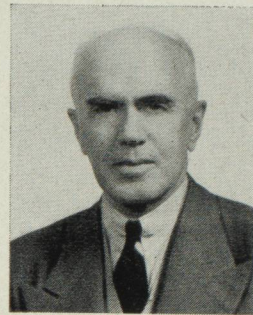
THE FACULTY



A. F. KENDERDINE
DIRECTOR
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS



F. E. WAGG, M.A., B.D.
(REGISTRAR)
ECONOMICS



D. A. CAMERON
DIRECTOR
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



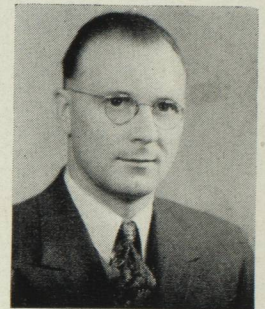
E. R. THACKERAY, M.A.
PHYSICS



J. G. REMPEL, M.Sc.,
PH.D.
BIOLOGY



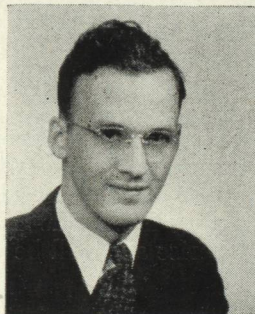
L. H. MURRAY, M.A.,
B.Ed., PH.D.
ENGLISH



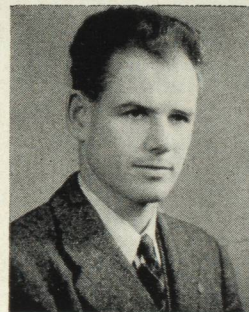
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CHEMISTRY



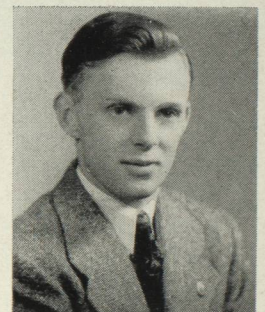
G. FRIEDMAN, B.A.
LATIN AND FRENCH



F. D. STURDY, B.E.
DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY
AND DRAWING



J. H. PANTON, B.A.
PHYSICAL EDUCATION



W. D. PENN, B.E.
PHYSICS



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HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE



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LIBRARIAN

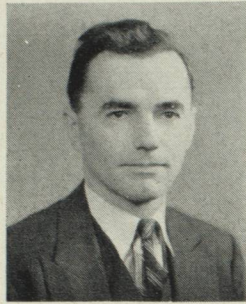


M. MACRAE, R.N.
NURSE AND DIETICIAN

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CLASSICS

H. JOHNSON, M.A.
CHEMISTRY

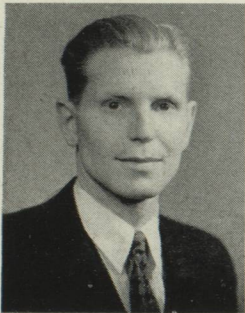
AND STAFF



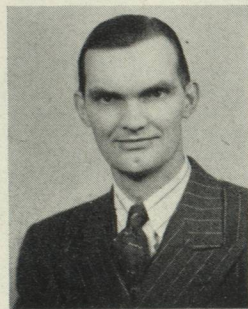
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(DEAN OF MEN)
MATHEMATICS



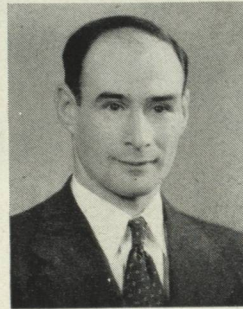
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(DEAN OF WOMEN)
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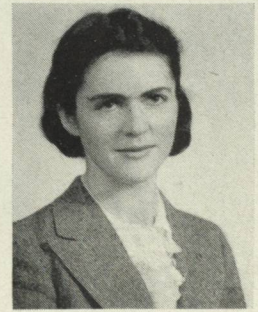
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MATHEMATICS AND
CHEMISTRY



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G. E. LEDINGHAM,
M.A., PH.D.
BIOLOGY



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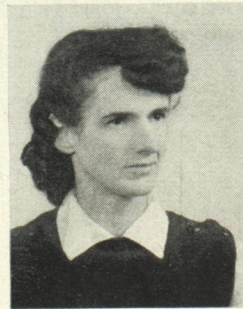
R. H. SCHNEIDER,
M.A., LL.B.
(LUTHER COLLEGE)
PHILOSOPHY



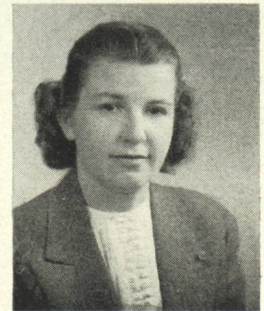
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ACCOUNTANT



A. E. SPENCE
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN



P. SPROULE
SECRETARY TO THE
REGISTRAR



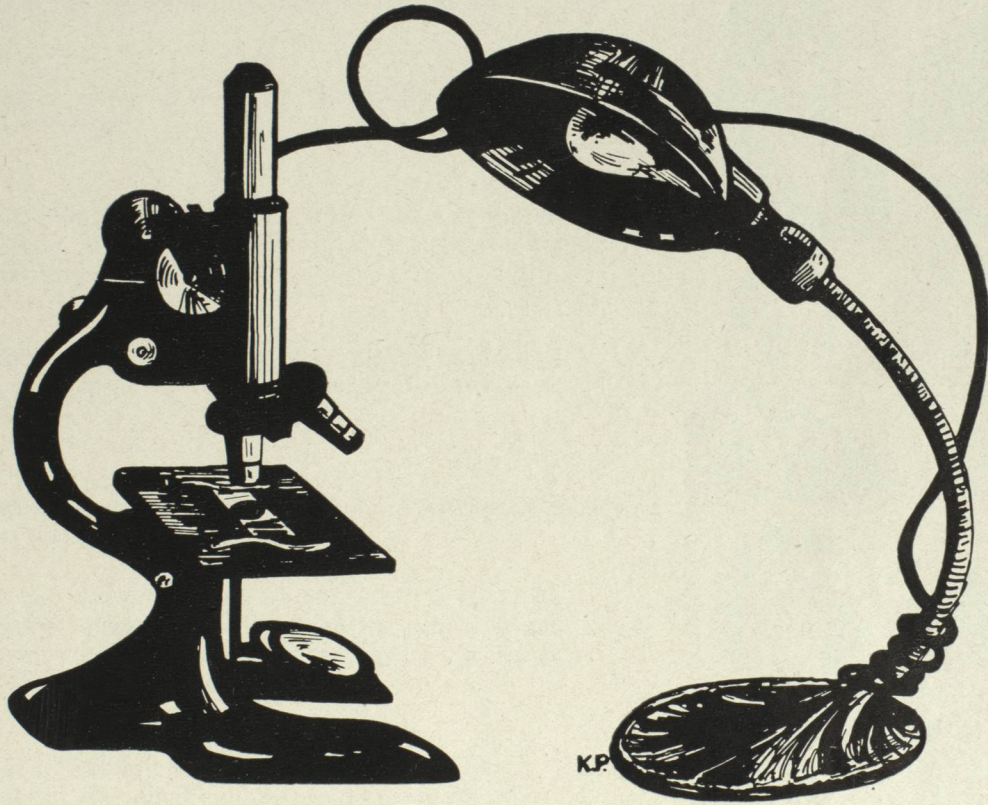
C. M. TRIM
SECRETARY

MISSING—A. J. PYKE, M.A., PH.D. (LUTHER COLLEGE) MATHEMATICS
E. M. JONES, M.A. DRAMA



The College Arms

You have all seen the college arms many times, but do you know the significance of the various symbols it contains? To begin with, it is composed of the college colors, green and gold. The shield bears a chevron which signifies usefulness, with two crowns for Regina above it and a sheaf of wheat for Saskatchewan below it. The crest is a bar of twisted green and gold surmounted by a crescent (for growth or progress) in which is a Maltese cross (for the Methodist Church). The motto "Ut qui ministrat" means "As one who serveth."



ARTS and SCIENCES

Yvonne MacGillivray—a music student. Her ambition is to play with a symphony. Helped in the College shows and attended the Skating parties.

James Talbot—James comes from Mankota. He is a graduate of the Briercrest Bible Institute, and intends to pursue a ministerial career.

Harold Leib—the strong silent type who came to this school on discharge from the Dental Corps. We couldn't find much on Harold because he is married.

Irene Bray—a native of McLean. Her future lies in the teaching profession.

Jackie Devlin—Jackie spent three years in the Women's Division of the Air Force, and now hopes to become a Lab. Technician.

Cal Waddell—a former Airman. Cal. played basketball with the Orphans. He plans to study Dentistry at Edmonton.

Carl H. Hoffman—from Grenfell. A boxing enthusiast, and a future dentist.

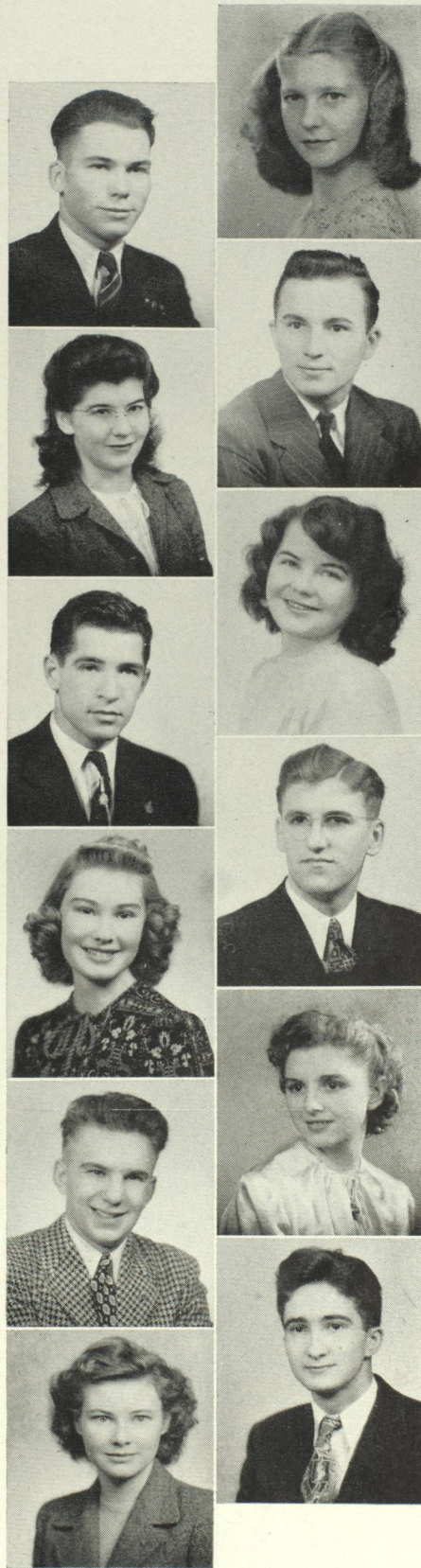
Eileen Dickie—played basketball for the school team. We don't know what she plans for her career—but she is studying Household Science.

Eunice Reitlo—Moose Jaw is her home town. Playing Cello in the school orchestra and dramatic roles are her activities, and Social Welfare work is her ambition.

Clifford Van Oostdam—former 48th Highlander. Van is interested in sports and motorcycling. Going to U.S.A. to study medicine.

Mickey Jampolsky—hails from Lipton. One of the few students who spent two years in the College. His ambition is to be a doctor.

Norma Robinson—a member of the Saturday night skating club. Worked on costumes for drama night. Norma intends to switch from Household Science to Arts.





Eleanor Lee—Household Science student and member of Saturday night skating club. Played basketball. Pulled the curtain on Drama Night.



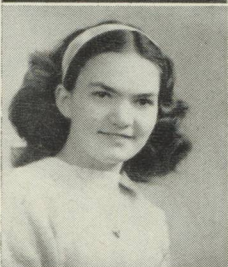
Mit Ganton—one of Ogema's native sons. Pre-Medical student.



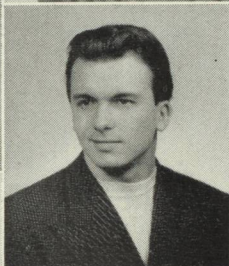
Sully Ehmann—Took part in bowling and badminton. Intends to take his B.A.



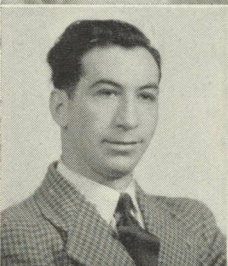
Bernadine Luke—Bernie comes from Fulda, and formerly worked in the Telephones Dept. Helped with the stenographical work on the yearbook. Wants to be a Lab. Technician.



Catherine Hockley—comes from Indian Head. A member of the Discussion Group. Intends to make a life work of Journalism.



Stan Krawchuk—bowling and badminton are his chief activities. Intends to become a doctor.



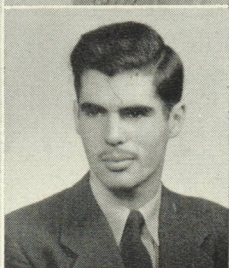
Frank J. Young—Has been in the army five years, intends to take his Ph.D. and then go back to teaching. Stole the show at Variety Night as the Fakir.



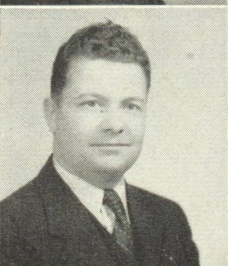
Arlean McPherson—worked on costumes and makeup for the Drama Night. Charter member of the Saturday Night skating club.



Doreen Johnson—"Mickey" comes from Melaval and is proud of it. Her accomplishments include playing the violin and playing in the college basketball team. Looks forward to the day when she obtains her degree in medicine.



Bill Baird—Played basketball for the Orphans. Hopes to become a doctor.



W. Lazarowich—an ex-army man. Plans to take his degree in medicine.



Elda Hutchinson—Elda is the busy girl who does the Sunday morning radio show, has taken part in Talent Nite. Produced the Variety Show and Drama Nite, and held the office of Drama Director on the S.R.C. She says she may become either a missionary or an elocutionist.

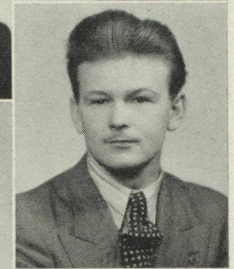
Pat Coulter—the winsome Weyburnite who spends her spare time at the telephone. Says she is going to be a nurse, but five years is going to be a long time.



A. Woolsey—Al is from Penzance. After leaving the R.C.A.F. where he served as W.A.G., Al decided to come to Regina College to start his career in dentistry. Indulged in bowling every Saturday.



Bob Strobel—Bob's hobby is photography and his ambition is to get his own back by becoming a school teacher.



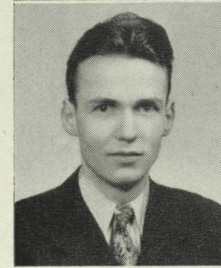
Leona Shaw—"Genie" is an ardent bowler and supporter of the basketball team. Her one ambition is not to become a housewife.



Denise Fitament—from Willows. After several years in the Air Force and teaching school, Denny is now working for her licentiate in music.



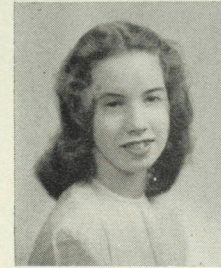
J. G. Mitchell—"Bus" hails from Milestone. Played sax. in the college orchestra. Main pastime is hunting . . . well!! A future dentist.



Bill Wilson—concentrated his efforts on bowling. His ambition is to be a doctor.



Joan Basterfield—what can we say, her old man runs this place! "Fiddles" around in music, and other things. Can't think of anything better to do next year than go to U. of S.



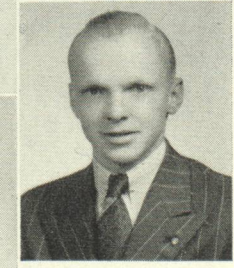
Joan Leigh—quiet and uncommunicative. All we were able to learn was that she intends to be a lab. tech.



Ross Douglas—this is all we could find out about him.

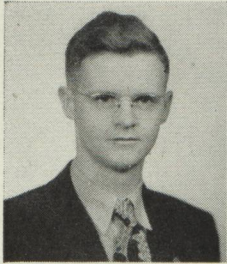


Frank Jacobson—"Jake" is an ex-navy man. Has a wonderful collection of loud ties. Intends to study commerce.



Pat Shannon—Pat's interests include bowling, ballet dancing and of all things—Physics! She plans to enter Regina General as a Student nurse.

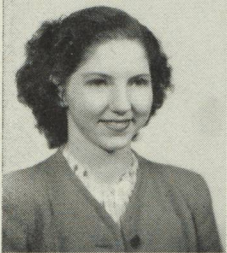




Stuart Mann—Stu was for a time, sales manager for the Freshman. Played volleyball for the AMM's. Another future medicine-man.



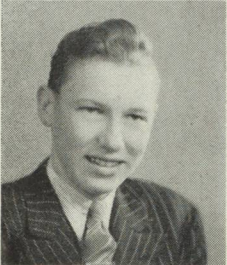
Ruth Reid—"Jimmy." Comes from Francis. Took part in bowling and helped with the makeup for Drama Night.



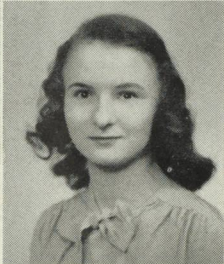
Edith McAlpine—a native of Wapella. A candid camera artist. Can't decide whether to study music or medical technology.



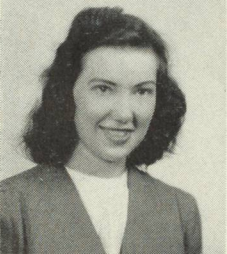
Dave Barsky—played basketball for A.M.M's. Another prospective medical man.



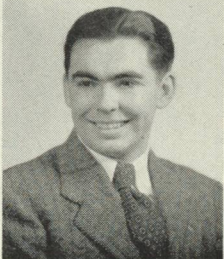
Duane Howlett—from Rowatt. Volleyball player and self-styled woman hater. Feels that the ministry may be his calling, but will at any rate study for Social Welfare work.



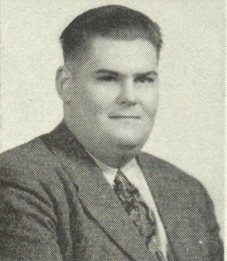
Glenna Lowes—"Star" in bowling. Her plans are to study interior decorating in Winnipeg.



Irene Miller—shines at basketball and bowling. Going on to Saskatoon for a Lab. Technicians course.



Ted Hinkson—Was master of ceremonies at the Variety Night. A member of the Saturday Night Skating Parties. Ted aspires to the Law Profession.



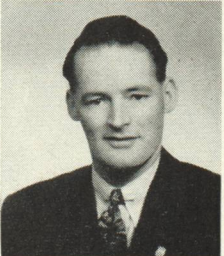
Wayne Hanna—"Slim," as he is known to everybody, took his Grade XII at Central Collegiate. He is interested in rugby and hockey. Slim hopes to obtain his M.D.



Carol Brice—came to the College from Riverhurst. This year her activities included swimming and bowling. Wants to become a doctor.



Dorothy Craik—Dot is Womens' reporter for the Record. She holds Ladies' City Championship in golf.



John S. Williams—John comes from Atwater.

Flo Schnell—assistant director of "The Betrayal" in Drama Nite. Has a talent for art. Another Saturday Night skater. Is taking Household Science, but intends switching to Arts.

Roy Morris—hails from the town Riceton. He is taking a pre-Med. course and his A.T.C.M. Music is his chief interest, and he played in the school orchestra.

Phil Husby—comes from Lumsden, and has been in the army for four years. Plays flute in the Symphony, and wants to be a school teacher anyway.

Elsie Trumble—Elsie was one of the poets who wrote for the College Record. She intends to teach French and English in future years. Comes from Swift Current.

Grace Tollefson—Grace's home town is Ettington. She has turned to the College after two years of teaching. Was a library assistant in the school and acted as accompanist for many events throughout the year. A prominent member of the Social Directorate. She intends to continue teaching.

Bill MacPherson—is a member of the Social Directorate, Arts Reporter for the Record, member of the hockey team, and was in the cast of "The Boor". Moosomin is his home town.

Jim Young—Jim is a member of the Eisenhauer-Young duet. He played the part of the judge.

Ada Heuer—comes from Simpson. Has a very active interest in music, and seems to have a very promising career ahead of her.

Inez Hodgins—Inez comes from Moose Jaw and intends to enter the nursing profession.

Earl Kliman—a member of the Music Directorate and the Record staff. His ambition is to retire.

Gerry Taber—played basketball with Pantons Problems.

Allison Wells—taking household science. Was the romantic old maid in the "Lost Elevator".

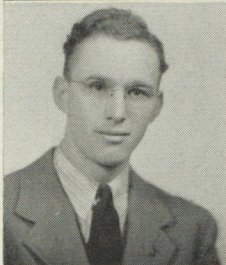




Lillian Slusar—a Moose Jaw girl. Wants to be a Lab. Technician. Was in the "Lost Elevator".



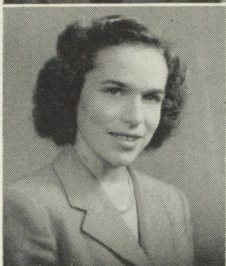
Ian McLeod—was in the boxing class. Wants to be an M.D.



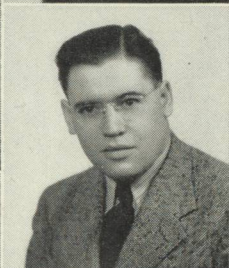
Sol Belsher—Sol intends to become a doctor. His interests are church activities and hockey. Comes from McCord.



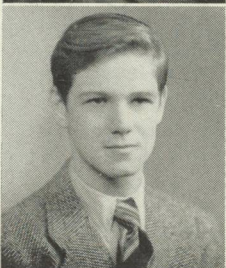
Eleanor Ciuca—better known as "Fuzzy". Is a sports enthusiast, and is taking a pre-Med. course. Was the Dentist's girl in "The Lost Elevator".



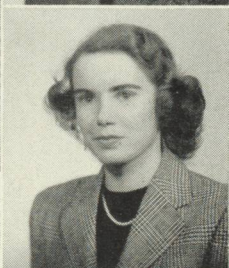
Catherine Hill—Cathie has hopes of being a lawyer "Corpus Delicious" and will be found next year at U.B.C.



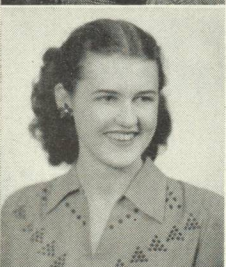
Bill Harkness—at R.C. for the second time. Was overseas with the Canadian Grenadier Guards. Took part in bowling and badminton. "Doc" is out to earn that title.



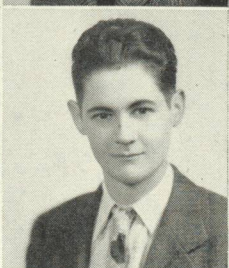
Phil Neatby—took part in intra-mural basketball and volleyball. Wants to specialize in ballistics with the R.C.M.P.



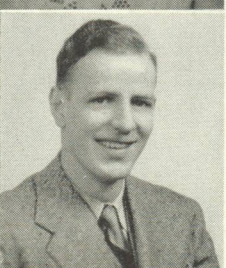
Jean Marshall—comes from Moose Jaw and is interested in all sports. Wants to become a lab. technician.



Kay Parley—the inaugural spark of the Saturday-night skating parties. Wants to illustrate for magazines, but will probably return to teaching. She makes those posters!



Kerry McCutcheon—was debating reporter for the Record. Is intending to specialize in Physics and Mathematics.



Hugh Eisenhauer—other half of the famous duet and also the "Boor". Intends to specialize in research chemistry.



Audrey Arnott—comes from Ceylon, Sask. Is going to become a high-school Math. teacher.

Doris Frederickson—helped with costumes and makeup for Dramatics. Wants to teach school.

Jack Herbert—Jack comes from High Tor and one of the hardest working students in the College. He is on the Social, Athletic, and Debating Directorates. He was chosen to write the Valedictory for the Freshman and was one of the debating team that won the Mackenzie trophy. Would like to be a journalist or an English prof.

"Red" Grotsky—headed the Social Directorate throughout an eventful year. Also a charter member of the Discussion Group. Hopes to be admitted to the bar.

Doris Hutchison—a Southey girl with a future as a commercial artist in view. Came to the school from a summer course at Banff.

A. Demaye—another woman of whom naught is known.

Walter Gray—exchange Editor of the Record and Features Editor of the Freshman. Played the easy-going man in "The Lost Elevator" and took part in the Discussion Group. Ambition is to be a lawyer.

Jim Baugh—Moosomin's greatest advertiser. Played for the hockey team. "Butch" served with the R.C.A.F. Has a hankering for journalism.

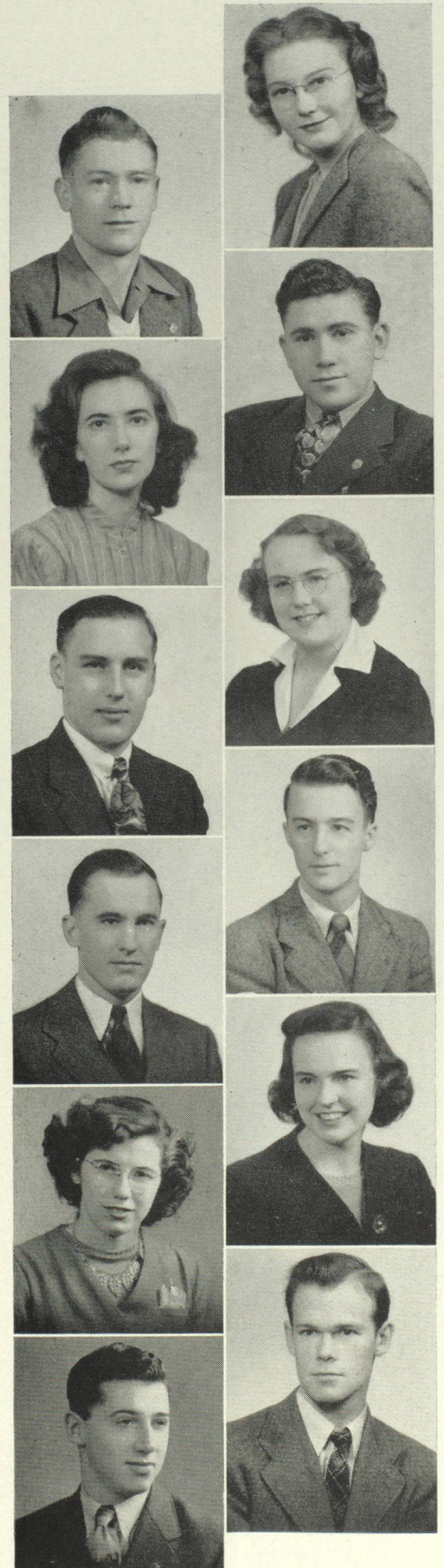
George Robinson—Robbie has time for little else but his ever-lovin' wife, but thinks he'll go to Edmonton for Dentistry.

Bernice Boal—a quiet lass, who nevertheless makes her presence felt at the Skating parties and bowling. Costume mistress for the Variety Show. Her ambition, to be a Librarian.

Norraine Stark—hails from Mitchellton. Played for the basketball team, and is going into Medicine.

Bob Bye—contributions Editor for the Record. Has been in both the Air Force and the Army. Will probably take up Journalism.

Eddie Zalkind—"Ozzie" a bowling enthusiast. Plans to enter Commerce at U. of S. next year.

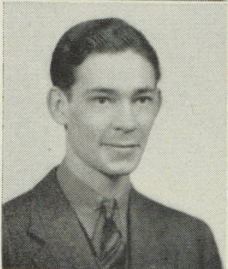




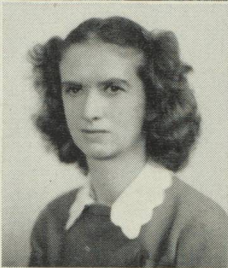
C. P. Ripley—comes from Indian Head, and is taking a pre-dental course. He is interested in skiing, swimming, and all indoor sports.



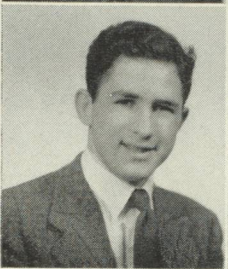
J. J. Kaesmar—ambition is dentistry. Interest aviation. Home town is Esterhazy.



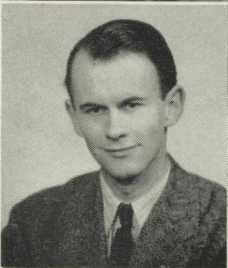
Cliff Olson—sang with the College orchestra. Chief interest music. Intends to be a doctor.



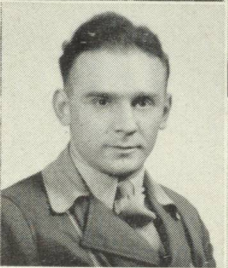
Gladys Neatby—a former C.W.A.C. Intends to pursue an Arts course. Was once a school teacher.



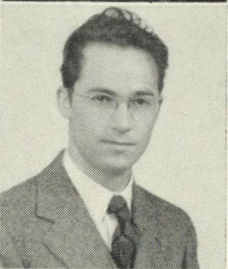
Gordie Schwann—played hockey with the College team. Plans to study dentistry.



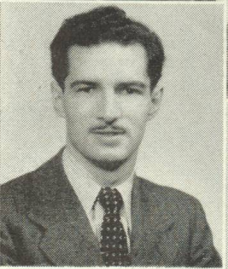
S. C. Curtin—Is an ex-R.C.A.F. man, and a future lawyer. Likes golf, snooker, and bowling.



A. W. Entiknap—Bill hails from Kincaid, and is an ex-army man. Plans to study Optometry. Partial to swimming and hockey.



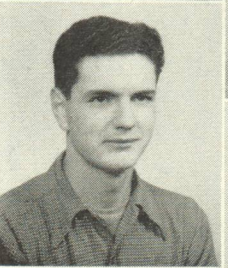
Earl Zaph—taught school for a year and a half before joining the Air Force. Hopes to get his B.A. and B.Ed. and go back to teaching.



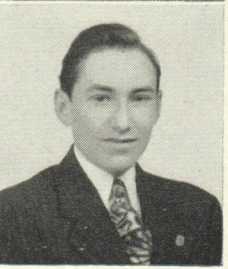
Joe Gagne—was in the R.C.A.F. with the Ghost Sqd. Hopes to become a lawyer.



Florence King—Career bound as a Lab. Technician. A native of Victoria Plains, and an enthusiastic skier.



Arden Haynes—played hockey for the school team.



Jim Gibson—a former native of Saskatoon, now living in Regina. Wants to become an accountant.

Frances Keston—"Shorty" comes from Leader, Sask. She hopes to become a dentist. Is a shark at basketball and badminton.

H. H. Cowburn—served in the navy before coming to College. Takes an interest in rugby and golf. A future dentist.

Wilfred Resch—Lajord is his home. Boxing is his sideline to a medical career.

G. Arnott—member of the hockey team. Is making dentistry his career.

Margaret Jean McGillivray—Is taking type B Arts. She intends to specialize in Social Sciences and Welfare work.

Celest Herauf—(a Matric., placed in the Arts by mistake.) Hails from Davin. Took part in volleyball, basketball, and Variety Night. Intends to take his B.Sc., majoring in Maths.

James F. O'Brien—Trying to obtain his type B Arts which will lead him eventually to the study of optometry. Comes from Riceton, Sask.

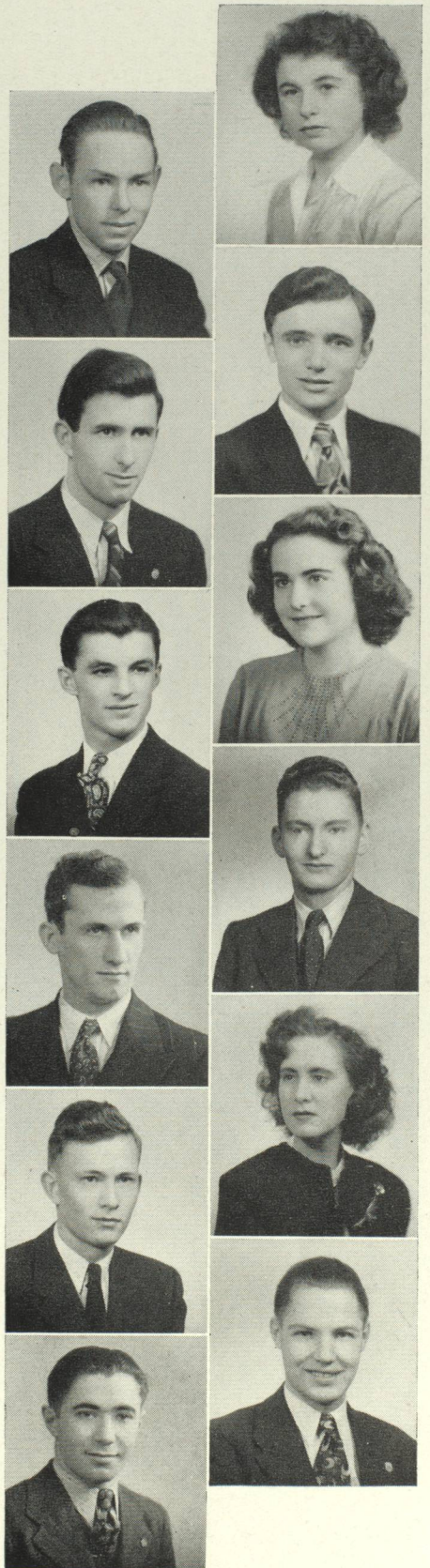
R. L. Zepik—Originally from Nokomis, Sask. Is interested in music and religious teaching.

Bernice Rhodes—was music director on the S.R.C. She is studying for her A.T.C.M. and plans to teach music. She comes from Canora, Sask.

Art Hosie—played for the College Hockey team. Will take Commerce.

Wallace Kylo—served in the paratroops during the war. Intends to study the profession of law.

Al Martin—is taking type B Arts. His future is uncertain.





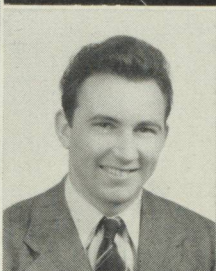
L. E. Aikens—An ex-R.C.A.F. man. The strong, silent type.



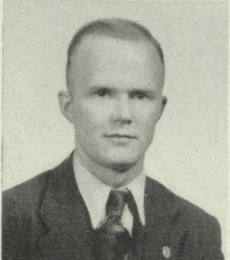
Ken Patterson—Ken comes from Hazenmore, Sask. Hopes to become a doctor.



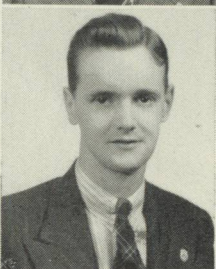
S. Hopkins—After four and a half years in the navy, Stan is back to study dentistry.



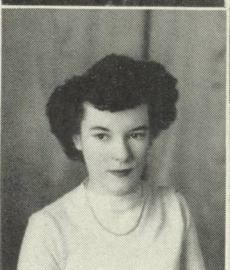
Whit McDaniel—has ambitions in the field of medicine. Was with R.C.A.F. for four years.



Archie L. Husby—Spent four and a half years in the air force. Is taking type C Arts.



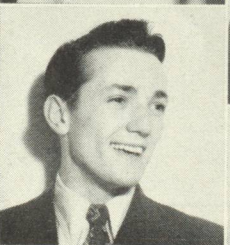
D. S. Gray—left school before we could stop him.



Beth Morgan—Another music student and a Prince Albert girl. She is fond of all types of sports. She plans to teach music, and to do concert vocal work.



Ethel Saper—comes from Yorkton, Sask. Intends to make nursing her life work.



J. Stuart Goodman—a crack shot with a rifle and a camera. "Heinie" was school photographer, both for the College Record and the year book. At present he is busy on a pre-med. course, but photography might win in the end.



Margaret Joan Kearney—was Associate Editor for the Record, and a member of the Social Directorate. She is taking type B. Arts.



Margaret Smith—Played the heroine in the play, "The Lost Elevator." Is taking Household Science. Plays basketball and skates in her spare time.



Elsie Helen Schroeder—is taking type C Arts. Her home town is Jansen, Sask.

MISSING

W. Altwasser, T. Capusten, B. Christopherson, A. A. Dettwiler, R. Eastman, W. Eilers, G. Forbes, L. Girtel, E. Hilsden, M. Holmlund, E. Krivel, M. Lafoy, E. A. Lockart, J. McArthur, F. Metke, D. Morrison, D. J. O'Brien, N. Roach, S. W. Robinson, H. N. Thom, P. Zerr.



ENGINEERING

Cyril Willcox—From Grenfell, and served in the Artillery. One of the College boxing group. Wants to be a Mechanical Engineer.

Bill Kerby—president of the Engineering Society, and a member of the section A basketball team. Bill is going to specialize in Engineering Physics.

Tom Tribe—formerly in the R.C.A.F. Is very interested in basketball and hockey. Plans an Engineering Physics career.

Norman Flaten—from Weyburn. Takes a great interest in interfac sports. Plans on going into Agricultural engineering.

Harry Hilsden—a standout on the College basketball team. He also wants to be an agriculturalist.

Al Edwardson—after his discharge, he took three years of school in the time usually required for one. Finally had to drop out at Xmas because of ill health. He is now an operator at CKCK.

R. S. Buckland—comes from Moose Jaw. Plays volleyball and badminton. Is going to master the circular slide-rule yet. Hopes he will graduate in electricity.

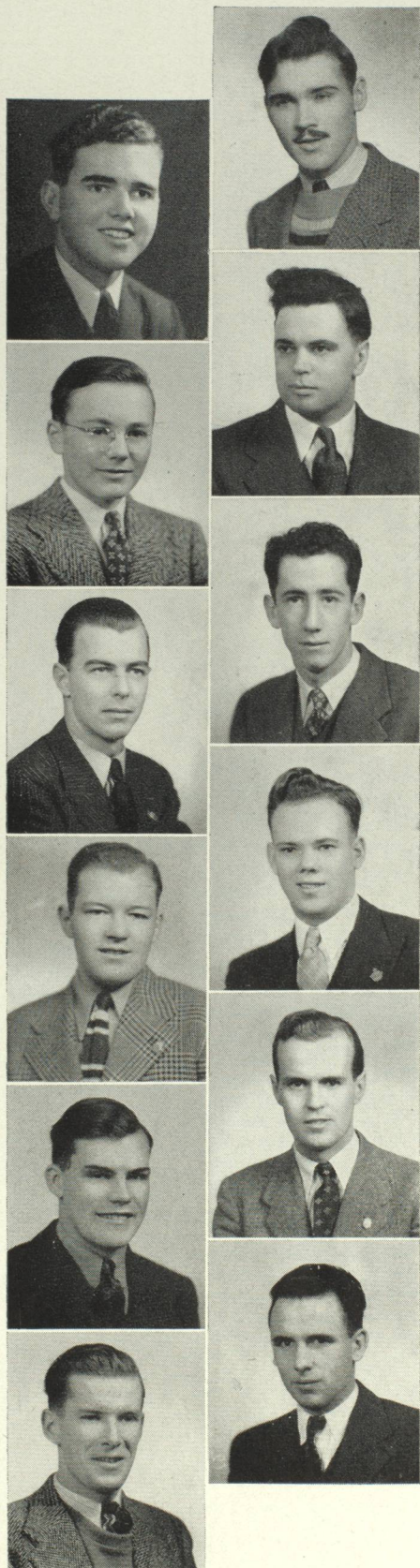
K. J. Bates—Ken was in the air force before coming to R.C., was team manager for the section A basketball team, and a star bowler. Wants to do petroleum research.

Hugh MacKenzie—formerly in the R.C.A.F. His future is still indefinite.

George Totten—takes an interest in all outdoor sports. Wants to become a Chemical Engineer. His home town is Indian Head.

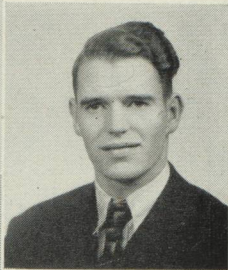
Percy Hughes—comes from Lemberg and was an aircraft welder before joining up. Is the secretary of the Engineering Society.

R. W. Mathie—a veteran of the R.C.A.F. Is interested in all types of sports. He wants to become a Geological Engineer.

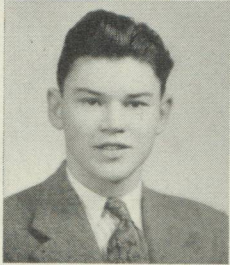




E. A. Bredy—took an active part in bowling and skating before he left engineering to take a business course.



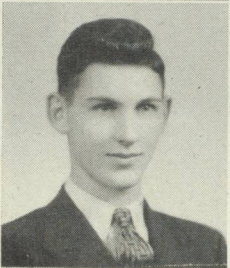
Bob Elliott—comes from Vibank. Was manager of section B's Pirates. He hopes to graduate as a Civil Engineer.



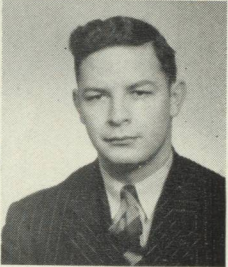
R. P. Roberge—comes from the town of Gull Lake. Basketball and Calculus! are his main activities. Pharmacy is his ultimate occupation.



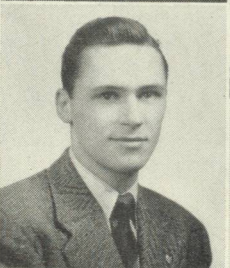
Harry Grass—Ex-R.C.A.F. "Pathfinder" pilot. Basketball is his main activity. A whiz at drafting. A future Chem. Engineer.



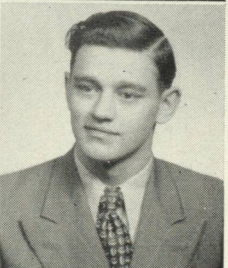
Matthew A. Sattler—comes from Milestone. His interest in machines and agriculture prompts him to become an Agricultural Engineer.



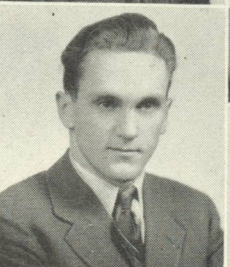
Beatte Thomson—formerly in the air force. Is leaving engineering for a position in the Income Tax Office.



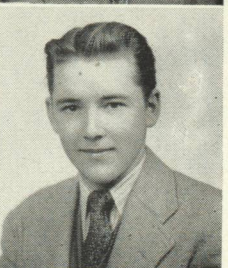
Norm Hoffman—was in the air force. Coached the section A basketball team to success. A future Mechanical Engineer.



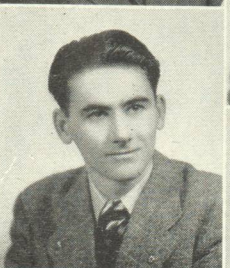
M. J. Marko—graduated from Gray High School and joined the air force as a gunner. Is an ardent boxing fan. Plans Mining Engineering.



C. R. Wedin—played hot trumpet in the College Orchestra. Con intends to specialize in Geological Engineering.



Warner Cudmore—Cud is a big-time operator, and a hockey and basketball fiend. Chemical Engineering is his hoped for future.



Frank McLeod—from Dilke, Sask. Is very interested in aviation and sports. Played volleyball for section A. Intends to change to Agriculture.



R. W. Becker—from Moose Jaw, and enjoys all sports. Also likes to take life easy. Wants to be a Petroleum Engineer.

Gregory Fahlman—a Vancouver lad who coached the College hockey team this year.

Gordon Dolan—returned army man. Plays the piano. He hopes to graduate as an Electrical Engineer.

Everett Paynter—one of the sax players of the College Orchestra. Comes from Tantallon. A future Agricultural Engineer.

Morris Campbell—Business Manager of the Freshman and the Record, and violin player in the orchestra. A member of the Saturday Night Skating Parties.

M. E. Mowchenko—a native of Ardill, and interested in volleyball and boxing. Agricultural Engineering is his future.

R. O. Beare—his activities are boxing, swimming, skating and badminton, and his hobby is collecting guns. Wants to take Petroleum Engineering.

Tom Manning—adverse to school work. Took his Matric. at Campion. A future Chemical Engineer.

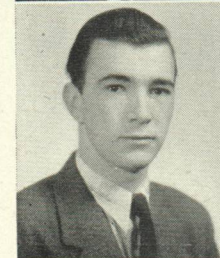
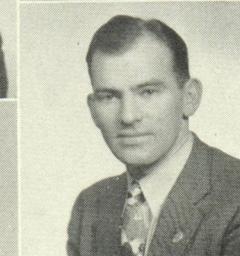
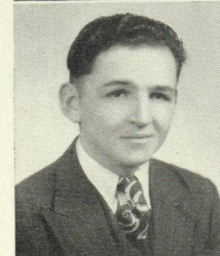
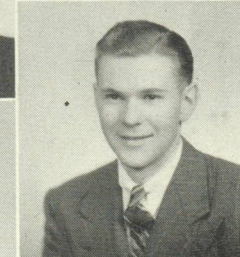
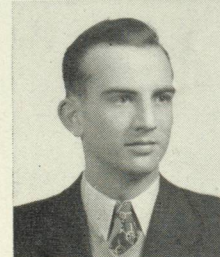
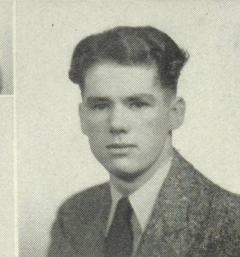
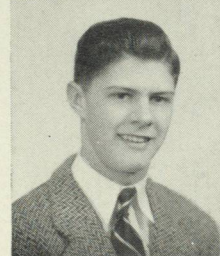
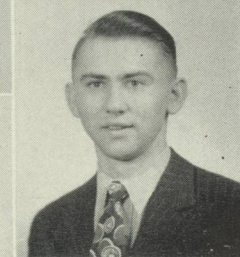
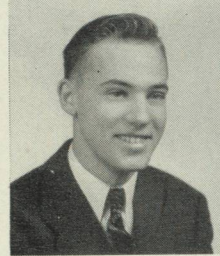
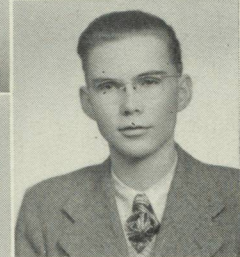
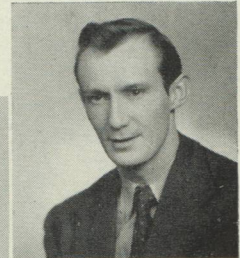
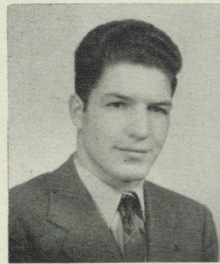
Don Biggs—spent four years in England and India with the air force. Is President of the S.R.C., a member of the Cougars, and top man in all his classes.

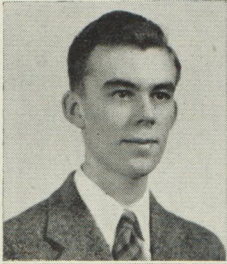
Cyril Thorseth—born in Penzance. Takes a very active interest in baseball and hockey. Wants to complete a Chemical Engineers course.

Joe Kot—from McTaggart. Was the spark of the section B basketball squad. Future is uncertain.

Gaynel McGaw—was the sports promoter in his prisoner of war camp in Germany. Is the Sports Director of the S.R.C. this year. Wants to specialize in Physical Education.

Bob Smith—An ex-corporal in the Calgary Tanks. One of section A's bright boys

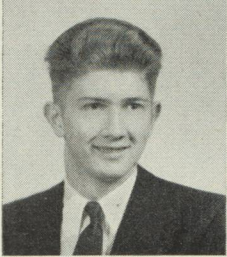




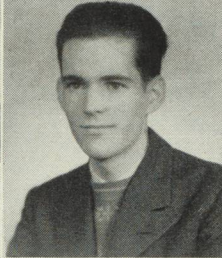
Oscar Manz—originally from Medicine Hat, but took his high school in Moose Jaw. Interests are golf, and model building. A future Ceramic Engineer.



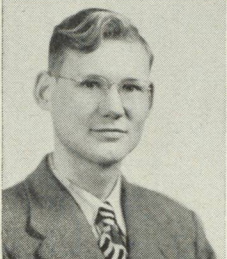
Doug Lusted—Interested in basketball and rugby. Wants to specialize in business administration.



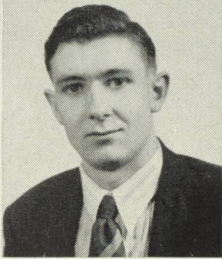
Mervyn Bolstad—a Moose Jaw lad who is interested in all types of sports. He hopes to be a Ceramic Engineer.



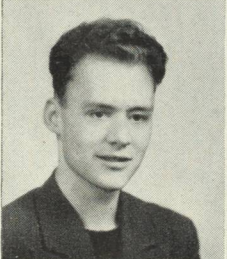
Bob Willey—attended high school in St. John and Regina. Very interested in chemistry, and intends to become a Chemical Engineer. He is also interested in ships.



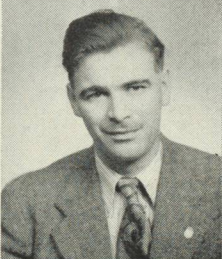
Clive Eaton—is interested in chemistry, mathematics, and music. A member of the Discussion Group. Wants to invent a physics course that no one can fail in.



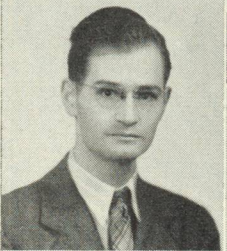
Jack Gebhard—hails from Liberty, Sask. A keen athlete and a lover of good briars. Wants to travel around the world via the Engineering Profession.



Jack Wallcraft—Born at Killarney, Manitoba, but moved to Lewvan, Sask. Likes boxing and good food.



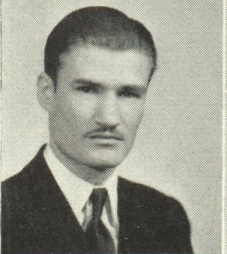
Tommy Green—A former major in the R.C.O.C. Now has his sights set on the Engineering Profession. Recommended by the pres. as a good "best man".



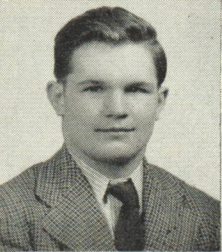
W. D. Stewart—serious minded and hard working. Wants to graduate as a Chemical Engineer.



Al Lipton—joined the air force as a radar mech., but graduated as a W.A.G. Plans Mechanical Engineering. The chief "sharpener" of the engineers drafting pens.



Jim Dewson—formerly tackled engineering from the practical side, but now has decided to learn the hard way. Likes boxing.



Don McLeod—"Scotty" has interests in basketball, hockey and pool. Gets together with Wylie to "roll one" between classes. He hopes to become a Chemical Engineer.

Don Pearce—another end-of-the-month D.V.A. lover. A summer worker with the Mechanical Dept. of the C.P.R. Organized the Bowling Club. Hopes to take Mechanical Engineering.

Dean Cooke—an ex-Fleet-Air-Arm man, leader of the school orchestra, member of the Discussion Group, and a member of the Record staff. Intends Chemical Engineering.

Jim Wylie—formerly of the 8th New Brunswick Hussars. Significant member of the section A basketball team. If God and the examining professor are willing he will be a Geological Engineer.

Don Hamilton—an all 'round "sport". A member of the Cougars, and the hockey team. A former army man.

J. F. N. Perry—was usually seen around room 100 working for the Record or the Yearbook. Also bowled and participated in the Discussion Groups. Is switching from Engineering to Journalism. A former tanker—in the army, that is!

Alan Penfold—makeup Editor for the Record, reporter and script writer for the "Collegiate Reporter", on the Associate staff of the yearbook, took part in Drama Night and the Discussion Groups, and gets good marks. A future Physicist.

Bill Jansen—brushing up on first year engineering which he took at Kingston before the war. Ardent golfer and musician (violin). Looks to life as a Chemical Engineer.

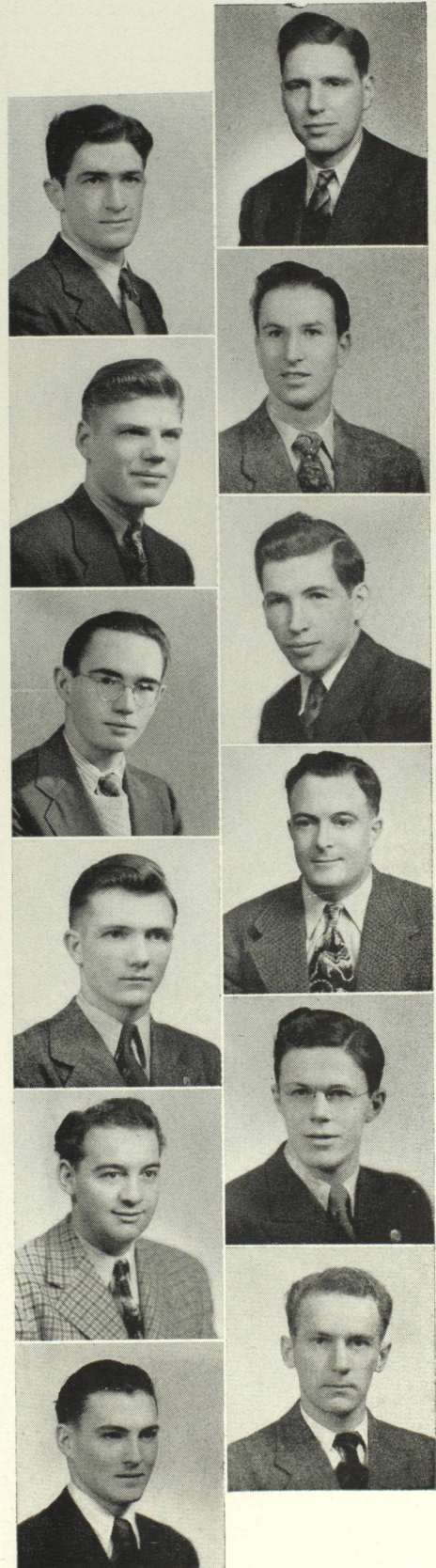
A. A. Grindlay—Andy was active in interfac basketball, and in bowling. He is an ex-sergeant and now wants to be an Electrical Engineer.

Bob Murray—born in Moose Jaw. Plays a mean clarinet, and is interested in classical music. He was a member of section B's basketball team. Would settle for a job as a science teacher.

Ross Currie—An ex-R.C.A.F. pilot. Mechanical Engineering is his hope.

John Klassen—is interested in gymnastics and skating. Civil Engineering is his chosen profession.

Bob Tyler—an ex-rear-gunner from Ardath, Sask. Intends to complete an Electrical Engineers course.

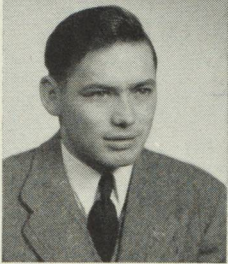




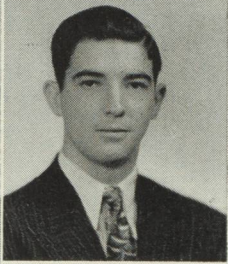
Harry Elkington—his home town is Cupar, Sask. A member of the orchestra as a trumpeter, and a volleyball player. Wants to take Geological Engineering.



Jack Underhill—played interfac basketball with section A's team. Also bowls every Saturday. His future in Engineering is unknown.



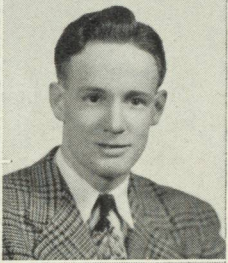
Doug Heath—an ex-navigator who hails from Moose Jaw. An excellent swimmer.



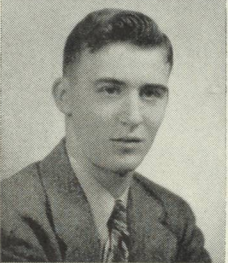
Bob McKell—is famous for his bad jokes. Is interested in dramatics, hunting and fishing. May switch to Agriculture.



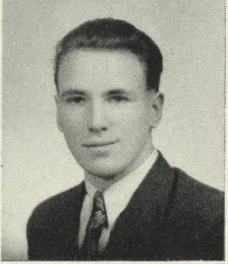
Don Wagg—Don is back at R.C. for the second time. He was a student here before he joined up. Editor of the Record. Plans a future in Electronics.



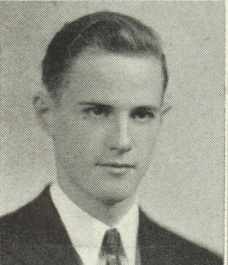
Bill Allen—a returned man from Wilcox, Sask. Is an ardent hockey fan, and also enjoys skating and dancing. Bill intends to enter the field of Electronics.



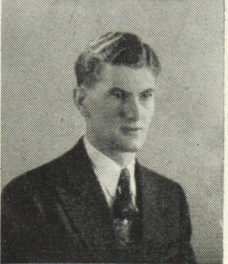
Bob Kjeldson—formerly from Weyburn. Attended R.C. last year for his Matric. Very interested in basketball. Is changing from engineering to commerce.



A. Kaeding—plays basketball and baseball, and is interested in agriculture. Intends to be an Agricultural Engineer if possible.



W. H. Griffiths—a native of Colfax who took his Grade XII at the high school there. His favorite sport is hockey.



George Holmes—his interest in machines brought him from Frobisher, Sask. to R.C. Plans to be an Electrical Engineer.



Norton James—another former resident of Moose Jaw. Was a navigator in the R.C.A.F. Was active in the basketball loop. He wants to be a Civil Engineer.

MISSING

M. D. Brown, H. C. Henderson, G. E. Johnston, W. T. Krantz, I. V. Lane, J. A. Paxton, J. A. Steacy, H. M. Ursaki.



MATRICULATION

Joyce Aston—from Baring, Sask. Pursuing piano, vocal and theory studies at the Conservatory. Also takes French with a view to resuming her teaching career.

Robert T. Richardson—hails from Saskatoon. Came to the College from the R.C.A.F. Objective—Chemical Engineering.

Fred G. Ursel—“Shorty” is the screwiest character in Matric. A frequent latecomer, he claims he has no ambition. His attitude may change when his wife arrives from overseas.

Doug. MacKenzie—after four years of world travel with the R.C.A.F., Doug has centred his interest in his own class.

Ella Schmidt—a native of Churchbridge, Ella intends to be a nurse in a doctor’s office—but could be talked out of it by the right man!

Carol Robinson—aspires to occupational therapy in Toronto.

Samuel Pestes—calls Avonlea his home. Chooses dentistry as a profession, but dotes on History and Algebra.

Don Kennett—concentrates on sport. Is completing his Matric in order to join the navy, and make this his career. Starred for A.M.M.’s in their battle to make the inter-fac finals.

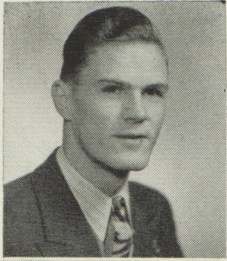
Gwyn Trickett—spends her weekends in Maclean. Studying for the teaching profession—and the way she studies points to success.

Marg. Kesslering—a budding journalist from Viceroy. After her belated appointment as editor of the year book, Marg. raced against time and won. Likes doing anything that’s different. Also worked for the Record during the first term.

R. F. Phillips—served in both the army and R.C.A.F. Rodger specializes in boxing and bowling. His ambition is journalism.

Johnny Hodges—former flight-sergeant who takes the airforce motto seriously—a prospective astro-physicist. Able secretary-treasurer of the S.R.C., and associate editor of the Year Book. One of the busiest men in (or out of) school.

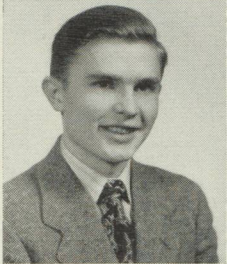




A. C. Leubke—product of Prince Albert. He claims he was happy in the Airforce—but then it could be. Has his eye on electrical engineering.



Janice Atkinson—Jan is a great badminton fan and won the College tourney in that sport. She also sings and is studying to be a concert artist.



Clare Skafffeld—“Skates” is a Shaunavon boy. His tastes run to Gershwin music and non-fiction, but he intends to be a doctor. Morbid curiosity??



Harry Szouronski—comes from Broadview with a degree in medicine as his ultimate aim. Member of the men’s house committee, and the Social directorate.



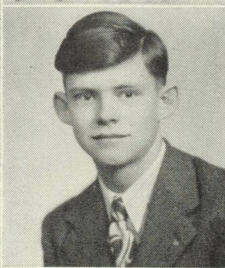
Lea Read—as versatile as they come. Architecture at Iowa State, service in the R.C.M.P., and a hitch in the army are among his accomplishments. A regular contributor to the College Record, and another medico.



Lesle Gray—Les’s future is still in doubt, but the prospects are chiefly musical, secretarial—and matrimonial.



Albert Dawson—“Doze” takes an interest in inter-fac sport, but intends to quit “sporting” and make a career of electrical engineering.



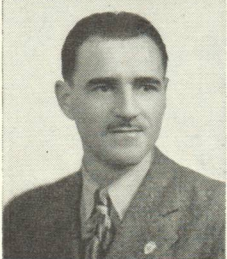
Dick Hasselback—activities include basketball, debating and Year Book. His real interest is psychiatry.



Harold Taylor—hails from Candiac. May go back to farming as a lifework.



Irene Cheshire—a native of Looma, Alberta. An ex-Wren, and Vice-President of the S.R.C. She is also and active member of the Social Directorate. Plans to enter the School of Nursing at U.B.C.



Art Wood—former R.C.A.F. Navigator from Minnedosa. Our energetic Debating Director, and member of the College Debating Team. Member of the House Committee, and an actor of repute. Plans to specialize in Agriculture.



Henry Heck—“Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.” This may be from too much basketball—or from missing meals to study. Sixty minute man with the Cougars. Desires to be an electrical engineer.

B. J. Clarke—takes part in debating, basketball and bowling. Hopes to study Engineering.

Doug Munro—an ex-sailor. Was on the first ship into Hong Kong after V.J. day. Builds ship models and scenery for the college plays. He hopes to become a Marine Engineer and Architect.

W. C. Ross—Hails from Assiniboia. Plays the trumpet but hopes to become a Metalurgist.

Madeline Hay—the Duncairn lass with a talent for sketching. Can't decide between teaching and nursing.

Adrian Smith—former airman from Saskatoon. Aspires to be a member of the bar. Also plays a nice game of golf.

Doug MacKay—principal activity in the school is bowling. Has gone back to Calgary, we hear.

R. Powell—came to R.C. from Rouleau via the R.C.A.F. Bowling his chief activity.

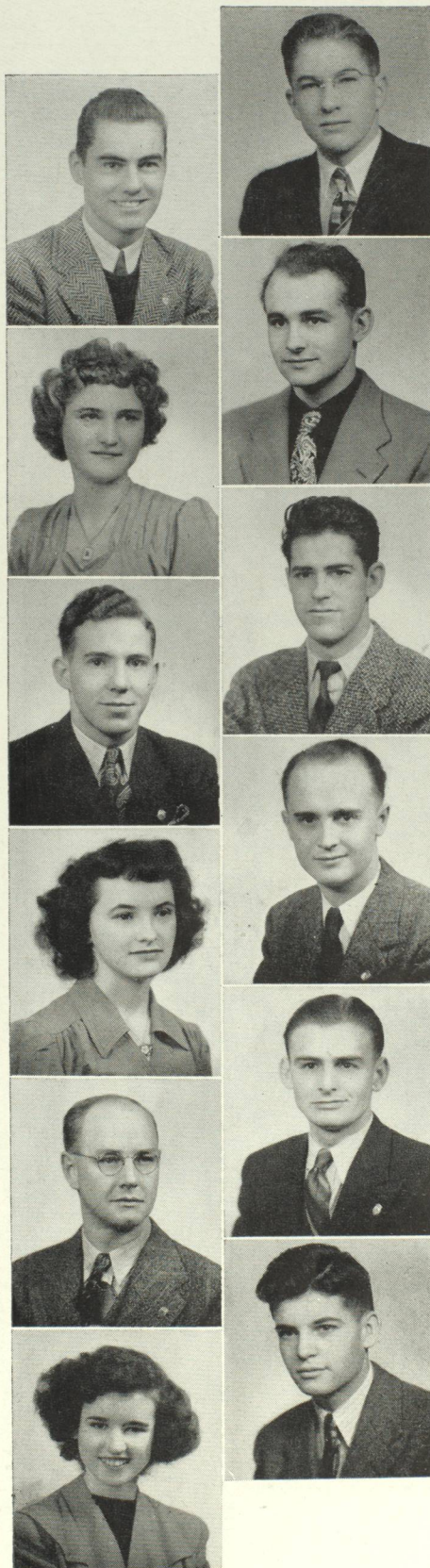
Shirley Rutherford—Abernethy's gift to Regina College. Sings and plays the Saxophone. A future nurse.

Steve Oancia—another airman. Can always be counted on to pay for the coffee—with the money he earns at snooker.

John Munson—R.C.A.F. radar expert from Wolseley. Has been a newspaper editor and railway agent, but now wants to specialize in electrical communications.

Dick Williams—specializes in English. Also plays a little basketball. His future lies in the field of Arts.

Flora MacKenzie—diminutive fireball in the bowling league. Hasn't decided her future.





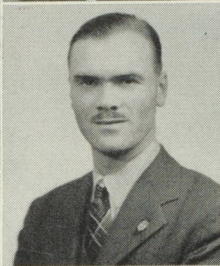
M. W. Ewen—hails from Glen Ewen, Saskatchewan. Intends to take forestry engineering at U.B.C.



N. Sherriff—a native of London, England. Interested in music. Wants to become a Chemical Engineer, and go south.



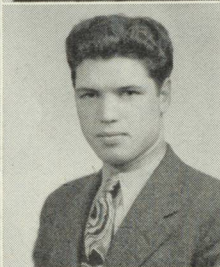
P. W. Balitski—from Canora. Has taught school, but now intends to make medicine his career.



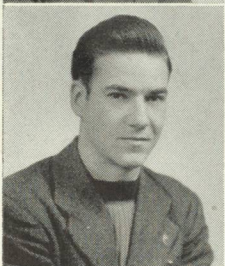
D. H. Simpson—his picture will have to speak for him.



J. R. Metcalfe—hails from Steeprock, Manitoba. Intends to study Commerce.



Maurice Hamilton—calls Cymric his home. His interests are electronics and communications.



J. W. Armstrong—He is regularly seen in the Special Matric. classes but vanishes, so that little else is known about him.



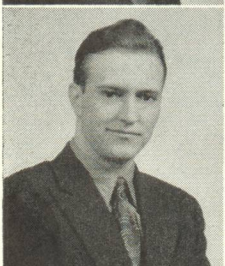
Norm Sundwall—plays badminton and skates. Served in the R.C.A.F. Intends to study pharmacy.



B. W. Anderson—ex-army man from Swift Current. Hopes to make a living in Agriculture.



Bill McDonald—born in Scotland not too long ago. Played basketball for the Special Matric. team. A budding journalist.

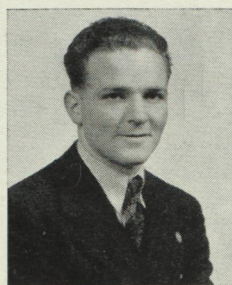


D. A. Ewart—from Congress. Intends to go to U. of S. for his B.Sc. in Agriculture.



D. Albertson—we don't know his first name either.

Edgar Reede—native of Arcola. Intends to take agriculture at Saskatoon. Came to this school from the R.C.A.F. Takes a keen interest in bowling.

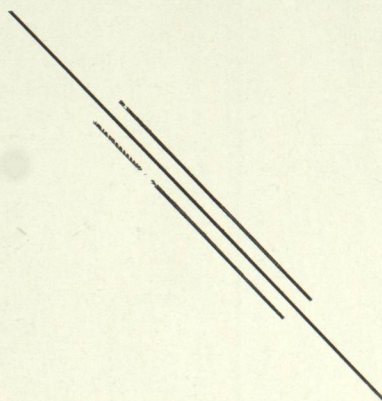


Mickey Sabine—came to R.C. from the army. Spends his spare time being a radio ham, and was an army radio operator. His immediate goal is a degree in engineering.

MISSING

N. C. Douglas, J. S. Dunn, C. Herauf (in the Arts list), J. McElgunn, H. B. McIsaac, D. Moffat, B. Promislow, D. Reynolds, J. Wickens, J. Wood, G. Armstrong, R. Boyle, D. S. Burnyeat, W. Cameron, G. D. Carnie, H. Chuprun, S. Craik, P. D. Crane, A. Dow, S. E. Edgecumbe, A. Edwards, A. W. Enticknap, J. Ewaswe, D. Flegg, D. D. French, E. Gattinger, J. A. S. Gibson, C. R. Goldie, T. Graham, K. Green, J. I. Guest, J. Harmon, E. Hastings, H. A. Hedlin, W. Heuft, G. K. Hilleren, A. Houston, E. W. Huget, L. M. Huget, F. P. Hughes, G. L. Lecuyer, P. W. Lowenberger, D. G. Lucas, J. K. McInnis, E. G. Micklewright, S. L. Mingle, H. Mitchell, R. Moffatt, D. S. Moore, J. H. Moore, M. B. Morrison, S. W. Muller, R. S. Sawa, A. Schaefer, D. D. Tansley, N. Walfridson, S. W. Walker, J. H. Wasson, J. Wiwchar, D. H. E. Wood, H. Zentner.

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J O K E S

When a man tells you what people are saying about you, tell him what people are saying about him; that will immediately take his mind off your troubles.

* * *

When Mark Twain was a struggling young newspaperman in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar box under his arm. "Looks like you're smoking too much, Mr. Clemens!" said the lady.

"It isn't that," responded Twain. "I'm moving again!"

* * *

RESTRAINED ENTHUSIASM

Blushing prettily the young woman handed the telegraph clerk a message to a soldier containing only the one word "Yes". "You can send ten words for the same price," suggested the clerk.

"I know!" she replied, "but don't you think I'd look too eager if I said 'Yes' ten times?"

* * *

And then there was the English student who announced to her room mate, "Well, at last I finished reading Queen Victoria, but I had to sleep between Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield."

* * *

CANTERBURY TALE

Two American soldiers, standing at the bar in an English pub, noticed an elderly, benevolent looking, gentleman sipping a glass of ale at a table in a corner of the room. One of the soldiers said to his pal; "Do you know who that dignified old man is? He is the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"You're crazy. The Archbishop of Canterbury wouldn't be in a pub."

"I'm positive it is," said the first soldier. "I've seen his picture many times, and I know I'm right."

"I'll bet you a quid you're wrong."

The bet was accepted and the soldiers timidly approached the table. "Excuse us, sir, for intruding, but would you mind telling us something. We were wondering if you might be be——"

"Go to hell, and mind your own damned business!!" the old gentleman roared.

The two soldiers quickly retreated to the bar, stunned. After a moment, one said to the other: "Isn't that a shame. Now we'll never know."

* * *

Lighting three cigarettes on a match isn't unlucky, it's unlikely.



A C T I V I T I E S

President's Message

It is with real regret that I realize we have reached the end of this, the College year of 1945-46. All the close associations and warm friendships that have been so much of our day to day life, must end, and it is only with their passing that we understand how great a place in our lives they occupied. Soon all unpleasant memories of the College will fade, and time will bring a recollection of the true enjoyment of these days.

I want to take the opportunity to express my thanks to all who have contributed their time and talents to student activities. Especially, I say thank you to my colleagues on the Student's Council, whose efforts I have followed closely and whose hard work I appreciate. To those who do not share my respect of the efforts of these people—and I know there are a few—I ask you to examine yourselves and make an honest assessment of your own part in student activities.

I am sure that all students will join with me in congratulating those responsible for the new venture of this year's student body—the "Freshman". I can only hope that future students will carry on this enterprise, and that each class will have as fine a souvenir of their year at Regina College.

Finally, my thanks are tendered to Dean Basterfield and the Faculty of the College for their co-operation with the Student's Council. In spite of the large student body, staff supervision of student activities was kept at a minimum, but advice was given freely when requested. Under these circumstances, staff-student activities could not be other than successful.

And now on to next year! Whether in Saskatoon, Regina College, or some other University, it is my earnest hope that you will have pleasant memories of the College in '45-'46. Best wishes for the future!

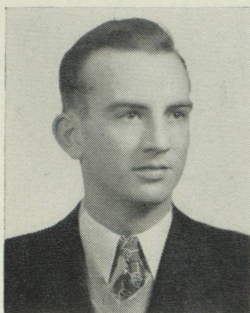
D. B. BIGGS,

President of the S.R.C.

Students' Representative Council



JOHN V. HODGES
SECRETARY-TREASURER



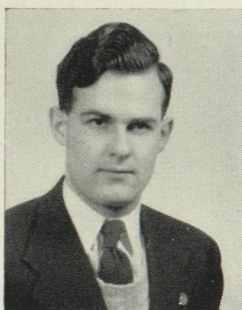
DONALD B. BIGGS
PRESIDENT



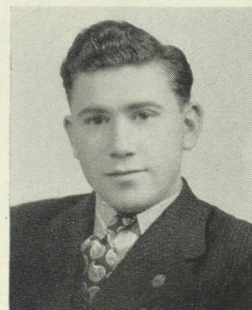
IRENE CHESHIRE
VICE-PRESIDENT



ELDA L. HUTCHINSON
DRAMA DIRECTOR



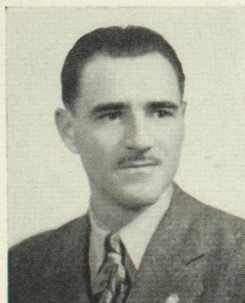
DONALD M. WAGG
EDITOR, COLLEGE RECORD



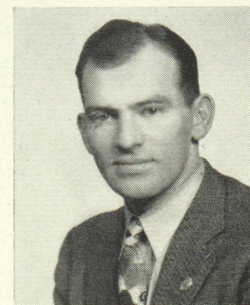
I. "RED" GROTSKY
SOCIAL DIRECTOR



MARGARET E. KESSLERING
EDITOR, THE FRESHMAN



ARTHUR W. WOOD
DEBATING DIRECTOR



GAYNEL D. McCAW
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR



BERNICE RHODES
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND S.C.M.

Freshman Executive Staff



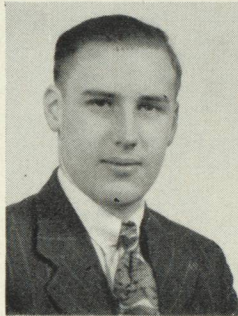
MORRIS CAMPBELL
BUSINESS MANAGER



MARGARET E. KESSLERING
EDITOR



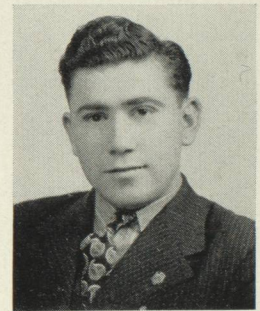
JOHN V. HODGES
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



WALTER GRAY
FEATURES



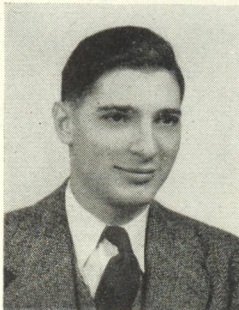
J. F. N. PERRY
REWRITING



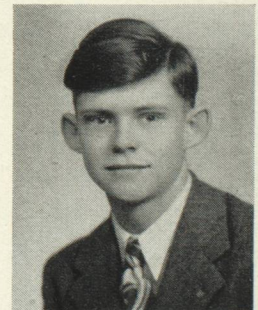
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BERNADINE LUKE

J. S. VIGDER

Faculty Advisor . . . E. R. THACKERAY

The Freshman

Although this is not the first year that the students of Regina College have published a Yearbook, it is the first for some time, and certainly the most pretentious ever attempted. Working as we have under the handicap of a late start, no official status in the Students' Council, and a very slow awakening of student interest in the project, we had thought to be lucky if we published at all. But the hard work and precious time of our staff, and the splendid co-operation of all concerned, have borne fruit, and we are proud to offer, as our contribution to student activity for the term 1945-46, *The Freshman*.

S O C I A L



STANDING—J. HERBERT, K. PARLEY, B. MACPHERSON, R. GROTSKY, B. HARKNESS,
J. KEARNEY, J. HODGES, F. PERRY.

SEATED—J. MACGILLIVRAY, G. TOLLEFSON, I. CHESHIRE.

Another year in the annals of Regina College has come to an end, and for many of us it has truly been an eventful one.

When the term 1945-46 began, many of us were in doubt as to what this new life had in store for us, but now that the term is over, I believe that we are all agreed that it has been a profitable adventure. With a term of College life behind us, the general concensus of opinion is that a great deal of knowledge both intellectual and social has been gained.

To the lot of the Social Directorate fell the job of adding a little enjoyment to the already overloaded curriculum. On our shoulders rested the great responsibility of proving to a great many of you that the old adage "all work and no play" had no place in our life at Regina College.

At first our task appeared too great to accomplish. We were faced with many difficulties, foremost among them being that the greater part of our student body consisted of returned servicemen, some of whom had been out of school for as long as twelve years and who felt that their only hope of making their year a success lay in studying, morning, noon and night. Secondly, the great differences in age added considerably to our problems, and thirdly, the great scarcity of the fairer sex seemed to culminate all. But in

spite of all these difficulties, Regina College carried on. The one drawback was the great lack of school spirit, but for those of you who found time to come out to our Social affairs, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you on behalf of the Social Directorate. We sincerely hope that your expectations were fulfilled. As for the members of the Directorate, I cannot thank you enough. But for your splendid efforts, the little college spirit that was aroused would long have been buried and forgotten; and so to all of you, thank you for a job well done.

RED GROTSKY,
Social Director.

The first social event of the term was a huge bonfire rally held on the parade ground behind the College. The purpose of the rally was to get the students "acquainted" with each other. Donuts and chocolate milk were served between college yells and the croon of baritones, tenors sopranos and what have you?

* * *

The Hallowe'en frolic was held in the College dining room and proved to be a riot as far as costuming was concerned. There was everything from "Little Red Riding Hood" to the "B.V.D." boys, and although wearing costumes was optional,

nearly everybody wore at least hats!! The College Orchestra provided a fitting musical setting.

* * *

In November, an informal dance was held in the Central Collegiate Auditorium, with the College Orchestra again in the fore, and featuring two smooth vocalists—Lorna Cochran and Cliff Olson. A few novelty dances were performed(?) and a good time was enjoyed by all. The students were now all set for the—

* * *

Christmas formal, held in the Saskatchewan hotel on December 21. In a suitable holiday atmosphere, the students danced their way into the Christmas season. Features of the evening were the presence of photographers with flash bulbs, an enthusiastic Record staff attempting to rid themselves of the Christmas issue of the College paper, and the ravishing garb of the College “femmes”. In spite of the fact that everybody got their programmes mixed up, they all looked forward to the first social function of the new year.

* * *

The January dance was held in the College, and served to welcome the new Special Matric. class and also some new Faculty members. The “Regina College Kids” supplied the music, a number of engineers supplied the wisecracks, and the Social Directorate provided sandwiches and cokes.

Highlight of the second term was the Sadie Hawkin’s Hawp in Central. The culmination of an exciting day for the girls, they really outdid themselves in the making of vegetable corsages and the carrying out of the novelty dances arranged by “master” of ceremonies, Kay Parley. Yes, even the proposals! Bob “Swing Session” Boal supplied the jazz for the “plaid-and-pants” crowd.

* * *

Interspersed among the various dances were numerous hilarious skating parties, usually ending up in the women’s reception room in the college for—food, of course. Sing-songs and informal dancing rounded out the programs.

* * *

The social year ended in a “swish” formal at the Trianon, with Jerry Gage’s orchestra, and at the Social Directorate’s expense—of all things!! After the three weeks of concentrated study for the examinations, everybody relaxed and enjoyed themselves. There was an atmosphere of sadness mingled with the joy, however, as many students said farewell to friends made in College this year. The distribution of the S.R.C. awards to the students who worked hard in extra-curricular activities was the culmination of Color Night and the Social Activities. Congratulations to Red Grotsky and his committee for making the year a huge success.

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The College Record

Vol. IX

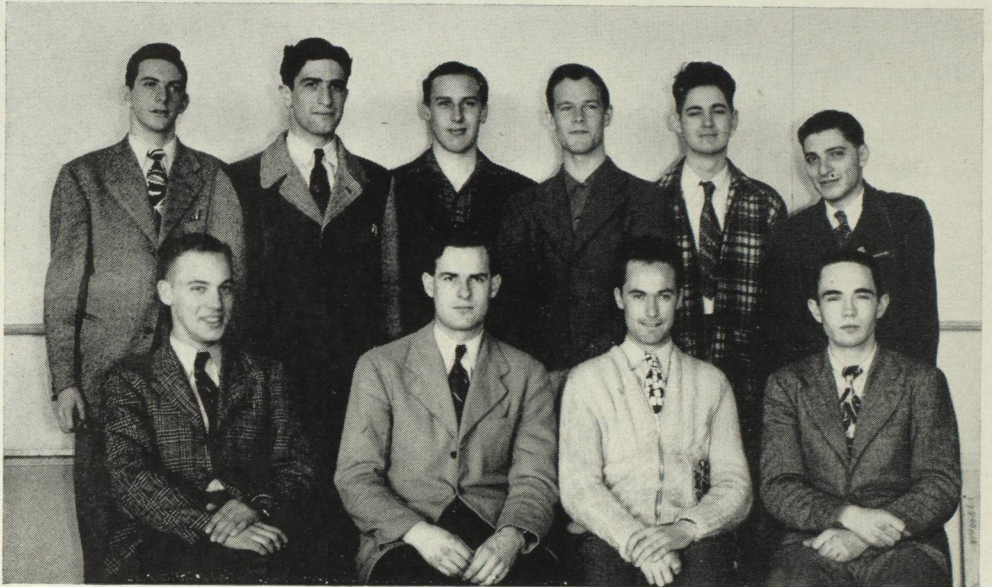
1945-46

STAFF ANNOUNCES GOOD YEAR

Six Issues Published

The Ninth Year of Publication has been completed and was very successful for the College Record. The year featured larger editions, more pictures and a large, enthusiastic staff.

The Staff this year consisted of 15 eager students, under the Editorship of D. M. Wagg, whose chief aim lay in putting out a larger and better paper. The aim was facilitated to a large degree by the increased enrolment of students for the year 1945-46, making available to the Record, as well as to other Directorates, a much larger budget with which to work. This increased budget was divided at the first of the year among the six issues, and we found that we had roughly sixty dollars for each issue. This was a substantial increase over previous years and it was decided by the staff that this increase would be used to provide a larger paper, with more pictures and cuts. It was hoped that the literary tone of the paper would also be improved over previous



TOP—B. MACPHERSON, D. COOKE, W. GRAY, B. BYE, K. MCKUTCHON, E. KLIMAN.
BOTTOM—M. CAMPBELL, D. WAGG, E. ZAPH, A. PENFOLD.
MISSING—J. KEARNEY, D. CRAIK.

years, since literary effort cost us nothing. Contributions were scarce during the first half of the year; but in the last term, we were fortunate to have regular contributors, and our thanks go to those who helped us make this year a success.

Deadlines rolled around once each month, but the date of each issue was indefinite mainly due to our dependence on the Printer's whims.

The College Record owes its success mainly to the enthusiasm and co-operation of its staff. A photographer was maintained on the staff, and his share in its improvement is noteworthy. Thank you, Mr. Goodman. Thanks go to all of the staff—in particular to Joan Kearney—the Associate Editor; Al Penfold, the makeup Editor; and Morris Campbell, the business manager.

It is sincerely hoped by all of the staff that you, the Student body, enjoyed the results of our efforts, and that they were not in vain.

D. M. WAGG,
Editor.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Record Published on:

OCT. 31 - NOV. 30 - DEC. 21

FEB. 4 - FEB. 25 - APR. 5

The College Record

EDITOR	<i>Don M. Wagg</i>
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	<i>Joan Kearney</i>
BUSINESS MANAGER	<i>Mossis Campbell</i>
ADVERTISING MANAGER	<i>Dean Cooke</i>
EXCHANGE EDITOR	<i>Walter Gray</i>
MAKEUP EDITOR	<i>Alan Penfold</i>
CONTRIBUTIONS EDITOR	<i>Bob Bye</i>
PHOTOGRAPHER	<i>Stuart Goodman</i>
REPORTERS:	
Arts	<i>Bill MacPherson</i>
Drama and Debating	<i>Kerry McCutcheon</i>
Music	<i>Earl Kliman</i>
Veterans	<i>Earl Zaph</i>

Headline-Deadline

"Well, today's the deadline. What's our headline?"

Those students who never have occasion (or inclination) to enter the Record office cannot imagine what a madhouse it becomes (the distinction from its usual state of bedlam is subtle) around deadline day

Those who do will understand with what vehemence Joan Kearney punctuated proceedings at the last meeting by interjecting the above remark at frequent intervals. The meeting finally started after Perry had rounded up all the people in the immediate vicinity and clamored for quiet until the voices were subdued to a mere shout, Dean Cooke sprawled comfortably on the table, Earl Zaph leaning against the wall, and Kearney enthroned in the only unbroken chair in the place.

On the Air

Time marches on but the Collegiate Reporter is still staggering. Illness struck announcer Ken Compton, leaving Al Penfold to carry on. People start turning up with ten-minute scripts for parts of a thirty-minute program. The jokes keep getting cornier. But such is life.

Jan. 26 found Joyce Aston, accompanied by Ada Heuer, previewing Talent Nite when she sang "Let My Song Fill Your Heart."

Feb. 2 was Jim Young and Hugh Eisenhower with Grace Tollefson at the piano, only two weeks after their first appearance on the program, singing "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho".

Feb. 2 also saw, as a special feature, Joan Kearney and Al Penfold reading a short history of Regina College which ended in the College yell coming from the lusty throats of Joan, Grace, Jim, Hugh, Al, Yours Truly, and from Bob Murray who dropped in for the occasion.

That's all for now, so it's so long 'til next time from the Collegiate Reporter.

Record Attains Fame

The flashy group of "hoopsters" from the "home office" at Saskatoon which recently graced the floor of the local gym bore glad tidings of great joy for the hard-working (?) Record staff. Those worthy gentlemen voiced what they claimed to be a universal cry on their home front.

"Why doesn't the College send large bundles of the Record to the literary minded students at Saskatoon?"

Imagine, we had FANS! Who knew what fame and glory lay ahead? Confident in our journalistic prowess we fell into idle musing over our newly found "public," wondering why they so earnestly desired our paper. What momentous appeal did our tabloid have for those scholars at Saskatoon?

Suddenly, from the darkened corner came a sigh, a gentle groan. Turning we beheld a stranger in our midst. Lay here our answer? Carefully taking a long draw on a pinch of "Copenhagen" clutched 'tween nicotine-stained fingers, he surveyed us with a sigh, and said, "I'll tell you why they want your paper at Saskatoon. The students there who live some distance from the university wrap their lunches in the Sheaf, but as the Sheaf is not a very big paper, they frequently find themselves out of wrapping material by Friday morning, and are forced to enclose their fodder in their handkerchiefs. Now this is a very expensive practice, because of the garlic which constitutes the main ingredient of this portable repast seeps into the fabric of these handkerchiefs making them most unfitted for use in the relief of an infected mucus membrane. Therefore the Record is desired as a supplement to the Sheaf, for the purpose of wrapping lunches."

So saying, our friend reinforced his upper lip from the small, round box of "snoose," and staggered out into the night. With shattered ego we turned again to our work.

D E B A T I N G



L. TO R.—A. WOOD, K. MCKUTCHON, B. CLARKE,
W. GRAY, I. CHESHIRE, J. HERBERT,
D. HASSELBACK.



J. D. HERBERT.
THE MACKENZIE TROPHY.
A. W. WOOD.

During the year, the Debating Directorate sponsored weekly discussion groups open to all students, discussing many interesting subjects with social, political and economic aspects. Probably the most enjoyed was the hilarious discussion on divorce. But all the meetings were enjoyed by those who turned out.

There were two elimination debates during the year. The first debate, "Resolved that a system of State Medicine would be better than our present system," was won by the affirmative,—Irene Cheshire, Art Wood and Bob Murray. The negative consisted of Dick Hasselback, Jack Clarke and Leland Read. The second debate, "Resolved that the peace treaties should be dictated by the Big Three," was won by the affirmative, this time of Jack Herbert and Kerry

McCutcheon. The negative speakers were Earl Kliman and Walter Gray.

The judges chose Art Wood and Jack Herbert to debate against Saskatoon for the MacKenzie trophy. The Topic was "Resolved that a league of nations granting equal representation to all powers would be a better guarantee of world peace than an alliance of the Great Powers." The judges selected Regina College, who supported the negative, as the winner.

The Debating Director would like to thank all those who took part in the debates and who attended the discussion groups, for their support.

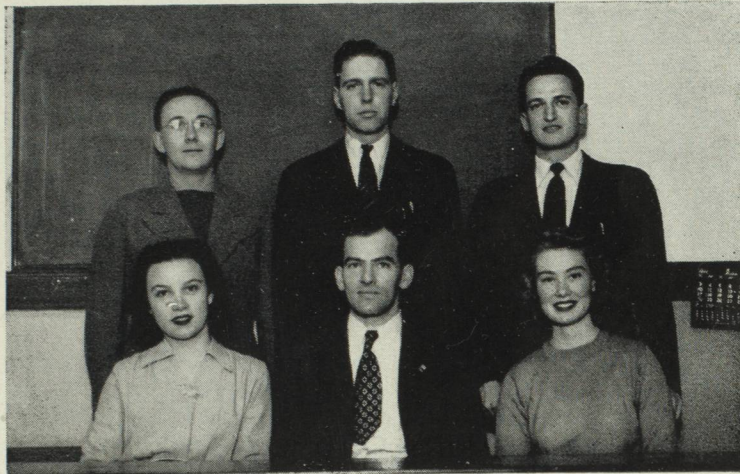
A. W. Wood,
Debating Director.

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A T H L E T I C S



STANDING—D. REYNOLDS, D. PEARCE, D. LUSTED.
SEATED—J. ATKINSON, G. McCAW, E. DICKIE.

Because of a shortage of equipment, and because our P.E.I. did not arrive until after the second term began, it was difficult to organize an athletic program this year. However a bowling league was started early in the term, an inter-faculty basketball schedule set up, and boxing classes inaugurated. The College also had basketball and hockey teams in the inter-collegiate leagues.

After Mr. Panton's arrival, an interfac. championship schedule was arranged. It included basketball, volleyball, bowling, table tennis, deck tennis, badminton, and foul-shooting. Section A engineers came out winners, just managing to beat the arts, meds. matrices. combination.

Members of this years Directorate were: Eilene Dickie, Jan Atkinson (girl's sports); Dave Reynolds (hockey); Doug. Lusted (basketball); and Don Pearce (bowling).

We extend our thanks to all who co-operated in making the sports program for the year a success.

GAYNEL MCGAW,
Athletic Director

HERE'S WHY I'M NOT IN UNIFORM

The classic answer was given by an anonymous genius, who had been put on the spot by an elderly woman. He said: "Lady I'm not in uniform for the same reason you're not in the Ziegfeld Follies—I'm not physically fit."

* * *

APT ANSWER

"How can I show my appreciation?" gushed a woman to Clarence Darrow, after he had solved her legal troubles.

"My dear woman," replied Darrow, "ever since the Phoenicians invented money, there has been only one answer to that question."

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D R A M A T I C S



STANDING—W. GRAY, G. HOLMES, B. ELLIOT, A. PENFOLD, D. MUNRO.
SEATED—R. REID, E. HUTCHINSON, A. MACPHERSON.

The Drama Directorate for 1945-46 staged two big performances during the year, College Variety Night and Drama Night.

College Variety Night, presented November 30 in Darke Hall was a new experiment in Regina College. It was patterned after the Army Show and proved a success from the time the curtain went up on a "variety" of clothing on a clothesline to the last echo of laughter. The cast of over fifty performers represented all classes and the music directorate supplied classical piano selections, vocal solos and orchestrations.

True college spirit and a warmly appreciative audience made us feel that the venture was well worth while.

The final presentation of the year was given on February 22 in the Darke Hall. It consisted of three one-act plays—a comedy, a tragedy and a farce. "The Lost Elevator," a comedy by Percival Wilde was directed by Marion and Peggy Watson. The cast included: Earl Zaph, Bill Eilers, Walter Gray, Selwyn Belcher, Alan Penfold, Margaret Smith, Lillian Slusar, Allison Wells, Bernadine Luke, and Eleanor Ciuca. This play afforded the audience many hearty chuckles.

"The Betrayal" by Padraic Colum, was ably directed by Mrs. Helen Tait and Florence Schnell.

The tragedy was a sketch of life in Ireland, which might have occurred in any period of that country's history. A very capable cast was

comprised of: Kay Parley, Jim Young, Arthur Wood and Mit Ganton.

"The Boor", a farce by Anton Tchekoff was under the direction of Pte. D. Bishop and Hilda Buckley. This farce was a caricature of a certain type of Russian humor in which the audience threw off restraint and laughed at the stupidity, naivete, and good-heartedness of the Russian folk. The characters were: Elda Hutchinson, Hugh Eisenhauer and Bill MacPherson.

To all the students who assisted backstage in both performances, we extend our sincerest thanks.

ELDA HUTCHINSON,
Drama Director.

THIS ONE MADE ME LAUGH

A girl was discussing her boy friend with her mother.

"Gee, he's swell," she said, "But I can't marry him."

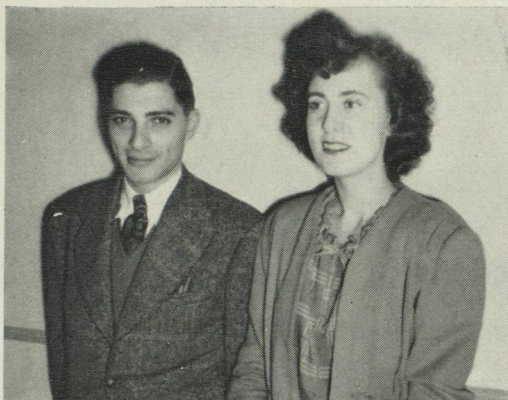
The girl's mother, a domineering and match-making sort of woman, bristled. "Why can't you marry him?" she asked.

"He's handsome, you like to go out with him, and he has plenty of money. What's wrong with him?"

"Well" said the girl sadly, "It's religion. I can't marry him because he's an agnostic. Why, he doesn't believe in hell!"

"Oh, shucks!" the mother tossed her head. "Marry him anyway. Between the two of us, we can convince him."

MUSIC and S.C.M.



E. KLIMAN B. RHODES
MISSING—J. TALBOT

Because of an exceptional abundance of musical talent in the College, the Music Directorate was not long in getting organized. With the able assistance of Earl Kliman, a search for talent was begun. A fifteen-piece orchestra, under the leadership of Dean Cooke, was formed. Vocalists were: Lorna Cochran and Cliff Olson. The "Regina College Kids" as they were called, supplied the music for many of the College dances.

The orchestra received special mention for its work on the Variety Night held on November 30th.

Unfortunately, during the second term, pressure of studies forced the "Kids" to disband.

The Listening Hour, held in the library every Thursday afternoon, under the direction of Earl Kliman, was another project of this Directorate.

Thursday, January 31, saw the Music Directorate stage a finale with a Talent Night in the Darke Hall. The program included the majority of the talent in the College, and proved to be very entertaining.

We were very fortunate in having many prominent speakers visit us this year. Mr. Malcolm Ransom, Canadian Secretary, spent several days here, telling us of the work of the S.C.M. Mr. Ransom also urged that action be taken to prevent deportation of Japanese-Canadians.

The second highlight was the arrival of Dr. John Karefa-Smart, a native of West Africa. Dr. Smart gave an interesting talk on the work of missionaries in his native land, their hopes and accomplishments.

During February, Morley Clark and June Cooper, S.C.M. at Saskatoon, visited at the College, and reported on the Edmonton conference which they had attended, and also told of the need of funds for International Student Service.

Misses Harriet Christie and Joan Archibald also visited the College during February, and spoke at Chapel Service.

BERNICE RHODES,
Director of Music and S.C.M.

S. R. C. AWARD WINNERS

1945 - 46

Major Award Winners

John Hodges, Jack Herbert, Red Grotzky, Irene Cheshire, Art Wood, Kay Parley, Elda Hutchinson, Morris Campbell, A. S. Penfold.

Medium Award Winners

Don Biggs, Earl Kliman, Bernice Rhodes, Walter Gray, Marg Kesslering, Joan Kearney, Gaynel McGaw, Dick Hasselback, Bill MacPherson, Dean Cooke, Fraser Perry.

Minor Award Winners

Kerry McCutcheon, Don Wagg, Bob Elliot, Con Wedin, Shirley Rutherford, J. S. Goodman, Grace Tollefson, Elsie Trumble, Earl Zaph, Ada Heuer, Eunice Rietlo.

Athletic Awards

Basketball

Harry Hilsden, Gerald Taber, Henry Heck, Grant Armstrong, Doug. Lusted, Don Hamilton, Bill Baird, Bill McInnis, Norm Hoffman, Cal Waddell.

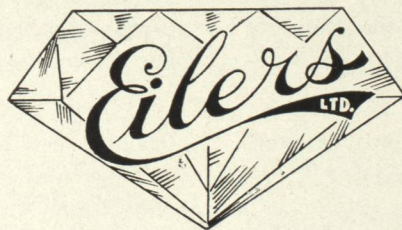
Hockey

Ray Eastman, Pete Zerr, A. Hayne, A. Hosie, M. Marko, G. Schwann, W. Cudmore, C. W. MacPherson, J. Baugh, G. Arnott, J. Hamilton, "Dutch" Fahlman, Dave Reynolds.

Additional

Don Pearce.

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S P O R T S

BASKETBALL TEAM



STANDING—B. BAIRD, H. HECK, G. TABER, D. HAMILTON, B. McINNIS.
SEATED—H. HILSDEN, MR. PANTON, D. LUSTED, C. WADDELL.
MISSING—G. ARMSTRONG.

The story of College basketball for the 45-46 season is the story of a fine Cougar aggregation with no league to play in. Starting the season with several veterans and a few former high-school stars, the team was faced with the lack of league competition; a pre-requisite for moulding a championship squad. Love of the game and a determination to play overcame the above difficulties and the result was an undefeated four-game series with the U. of S.

Playing the U. of S. Orphans on the Y floor in Regina, the Green and Gold downed the Northerners 36-32. The Cougars faltered in the third quarter but regained control and, with Harry Hilsden on the scoring end, executed a neat passing attack to win in the final two minutes.

In Saskatoon the Orphans fell twice in a row before the smoother passing Cougars. The first game saw Regina win 31-26 in a closely-fought battle. The final contest was a decisive Cougar victory in which they tore the Orphan zone defence to shreds. Result a 34-24 victory.

St. Thomas More, U. of S., and the Central all-stars also felt the Cougar bite and fell 58-50 and 27-21 respectively.

Much credit is due to the players who consistently turned out and moulded themselves into a very creditable aggregation. Hank Heck and Grant Armstrong presented a great defensive duo and were very potent on the attack. Gerry Taber and Harry Hilsden, the Gold Dust Twins of the front court, teamed with Don Hamilton or Doug Lusted to give Regina College one of the finest maple court threats it has ever had. Bill McInnis, Cal Waddell, Bill Baird and Norm Hoffman rounded out the complete Cougar line-up.

The College Orphans competed in the Collegiate league. Though unsuccessful from a winning standpoint the boys provided some strident contests in the High School Loop.

Orphan line-up: Baird, Hilsden, Taber, McInnis, Waddell, Petrov, Biggs, Hoffman and Bates.

H O C K E Y T E A M



STANDING—D. FAHLMAN (COACH), M. EASTMAN, D. HAMILTON, G. SCHWANN, B. MACPHERSON.
SEATED—M. MARKO, P. ZERR, W. CUDMORE, J. BAUGH, D. REYNOLDS (MANAGER).

Regina College's hockey owes its success to the unrivalled sportsmanship of the fellow on the team, and to the co-operation of the coach, "Dutch" Fahlman. Though not very spectacular from the point of view of scores, the team did have a great deal of fun, and it was well worth the effort.

Lack of equipment was an obstacle to the team for some time, but not insurmountable. For allowing us to practice on their rink, we are indebted to C.P.O. Henderson at H.M.C.S. Queen, and also to Lieutenant Andrynick of the Army.

The team joined the intercollegiate city league but did not fare so well. Their best showing

was a 4-0 score against Luther. The team also travelled by car, to various towns outside Regina, namely, Indian Head, Qu'Appelle, and Francis. To those people who provided cars, thank you.

Due to financial difficulties, the team was unable to make a trip to Saskatoon, but in future years it is hoped to remedy this situation.

Playing with the team during the year were: Eastman, Holmlund, Zerr, Marko, Dunn, Moffat, Hayne, Schwann, Cudmore, Arnot, MacPherson, Baugh, Hosie, McElgunn, McIsaac, Metke, Graham, Preston, Hughes, Bolstad, and Hamilton, with Dutch Fahlman as coach, and Dave Reynolds as manager.

INTRA - MURAL BASKETBALL


The intra-mural basketball loop aroused a gratifying degree of interest, with some thirty-five players turning out on the four participating teams. The Engineers entered two teams, while the Arts, Meds., and Matrics., by uniting their ranks, also fielded one. A special Matric. team rounded out the loop.

The first term saw the Engineers' teams pull away from their rivals. The Engineers A squad, sparked by sharpshooters Don MacLeod, Bill Kerby, and "Doc" Lane, provided trouble in a large economy package for all opponents. A fighting team of fellow engineers from Section B kept the league race close, however. Bob Murray, Bob Roberge, and Joe Kot sank most of the baskets for Section B. The A.M.M.'s and Special Matrics. were in there pitching, though seriously

handicapped at times by player shortages.

The second term brought a new class of special Matrics., and in spite of the fact that they were a larger group than either section of engineers, their entry dropped out of the league. The A.M.M.'s team became a factor to be reckoned with, and showed an amazing aptitude for winning close games from Engineers B. The latter were strengthened by the presence of Bill Penn on guard. Engineers A went well ahead of the other two teams and were favorites to top league competition.

The arrival of Jim Panton to direct gym activities was most beneficial to the intra-mural loop. Mr. Panton officiated at most of the games, and under his watchful eye, the boys played basketball strictly by the book.



BOWLING

The Regina College Bowling League checked in with a very successful season. Under the direction of Don Pearce, over one hundred bowlers turned out every Saturday afternoon, and a twenty team league was operated at the Vic Alleys. Competition was keen, interest was high, and in spite of the inconvenience of Saturday as a time for sports activities, the number of absentees was remarkably low.

Particularly appreciated were the large number of bowlers of the fairer sex who turned out to knock them over.

The men who mowed down the mahogany set some highly enviable records. Biggest man in the league was Sully Ehmman, who kept his average hovering around 220 all season. His

team also had the best average in the league. Sully bowled some slightly stupendous games, but it was left for Con Wedin to pull out something for the rest of the boys to shoot at—a 386 single and 595 total. Hank Heck, Don Wagg, and Mickey Jampolsky also made life very miserable for opposing teams.

Among the ladies, Marg Kesslering held her average around 150 to be high in that department. She also rang up a high single game for ladies 252. Ethel Spence ranked well up in the average column with 140. Kay Parley turned in the high total—389.


To wind up the season, a bang-up bowling banquet was held in the Kings Hotel on April 13.

B O X I N G

The number taking part in boxing was small, but what was lacking in numbers was made up for by enthusiasm. Boxing classes were held three nights a week during the first term, under the leadership of Jack Herbert, Mickey Marko and Gaynel McCaw. After Christmas, the gymnasium schedule was reorganized by Mr. Jim Panton, our P.E.I., and two periods per week were set aside for boxing. Owing to the pressure of other extra-curricular activities, Jack Herbert

and Mickey Marko decided to take a less active part in boxing. McCaw continued to instruct during the second term. Something of the art of boxing was learned by those interested and many hours of enjoyable, through strenuous, exercise were had.

The following participated in this sport: Bolstad, Dewson, Griffiths, Hoffman, McLeod, McLeod, Morrison, Mowshenko, Manz, Phillips, Resch, Willcox and Wallcraft.



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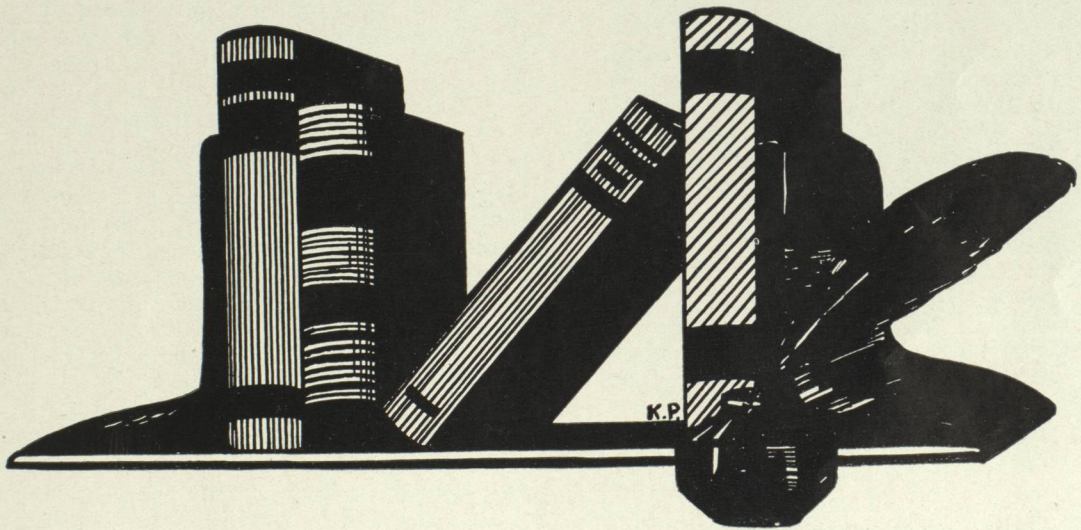
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On the Publication of Its Year Book

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F E A T U R E S

F E A T U R E S

The Message

All day he'd had the most horrible sense of foreboding. And there didn't seem to be much he could do about it. There was nothing really radically wrong, but somewhere at the back of his mind a relentless voice kept whispering, "Today, today, it's going to happen, today, today . . . today."

It all started that very morning. In the first place, he'd slept through the constant pealing of both his Big Bens, and consequently had been unable to enjoy his usual breakfast of two cups of coffee. But, as the intolerable waiter of this miserable hotel seemed more and more reluctant to serve his breakfast to him in bed, he was ready to ignore that mishap as an unfortunate coincidence. But as more strange things happened throughout the day, and the voice of his subconscious grew louder, he began to wonder, "were they really coincidences?"

In spite of the fact that he had stayed in bed longer than was his usual custom, he managed to reach his office in time to keep his appointment with that strange scientist whom his managing editor had sent him to interview. This interview was destined to make him, so his Editor had said. In fact, he could still hear the Chief's booming, persistent voice persuading him "Yes, John, I'm telling you, this is the biggest chance of your life. You'll be the first reporter ever to have interviewed Professor E. L. Ectron. Why, he may even take a liking to you—and they say he has millions!! Think, fellow, what a chance! And I'm turning it over to you. You can't let me down!" There was a great deal more, but John couldn't remember it all. And now, as he sat in his office awaiting the great professor, he felt, not the exciting thrill of a newspaperman about to make a scoop, but the dejected despair of a forlorn human being who is dreadfully afraid that something is going to happen.

Why did he ever come to this strange city? Science had never interested him. Young Jerry, the office boy, knew much more about that subject than John would ever know, and might even do a much better job of conversing with the professor. And certainly those millions which the chief had hinted at held no appeal for him—he had a tidy little sum put aside for a rainy day. And he definitely should not have left home with his wife, Amy, in the condition she was in. What ever had possessed him to do it? But even Amy herself had urged him on. And now he was afraid. Yes, he, who had braved the strongest

band of robbers in the country just to get a story; who had served overseas in the front lines as a reporter for the sake of his paper; who had performed innumerable feats in the reporting field, was terribly and horribly afraid!

The strange part of it was, he couldn't explain it, even to himself. Certainly, he'd never met the professor, but that was no obstacle, not to a man of his personality. And as far as he could tell by his last letter, Amy was perfectly all right. So what was there to worry about?

Even his memory seemed to be failing him, for it was not until one o'clock that he realized that Professor E. L. Ectron was not due until four that afternoon. John decided that it might be a good idea to have some lunch—maybe he'd feel better if he did. But he definitely wasn't going back to that hotel for awhile—its dimly lit corridors, and those midnight-black negro waiters gave him the creeps—but positively! So he decided to scout around and see if he could pick out a good eating-place. As he walked along, some irresistible force seemed to be drawing his feet toward the Oriental quarter of the town. Instinctively, he entered an ornately decorated Chinese cafe, which had all the eerie atmosphere of a fantastic Oriental war-dance. Without knowing quite why he did it, he chose a table carefully screened by a number of potted palms, and lit by a single Chinese lantern suspended over the table from the low ceiling. He gave his order to the sleek, cunning Oriental like a man in a dream, without knowing what he ordered, or why.

While he was eating, a weird, invisible orchestra began to play a creepy tune which kept saying, (or so he thought) "today, today . . . today, today . . . today, today." After what seemed like an eternity, John managed to summon the remains of his fast-draining courage, pay his check, and walk dazedly out of the place. Still he could hear that fantastic orchestra, its music getting louder and louder.

Without knowing quite how he did it, he arrived back at his office at exactly five minutes to four. That should have made him feel better, especially since a letter from Amy awaited him, but he was numb, devoid of all feeling, a sleep-walker in broad daylight.

The minutes dragged on . . . the electric clock in the corner ticking them off slowly and rhythmically. An hour went by, and still no professor. The echo of the music grew louder, more insistent. The jangle of the telephone rudely interrupted

all thought for an instant. John picked it up, involuntarily. "Mr. Bryce?" asked a voice.

"Yes" in a melancholy tone.

"Professor E. L. Ectron wishes me to inform you that he is unable to keep his appointment with you, due to circumstances beyond his control. I hope it won't inconvenience you too much."

The phone went completely dead!

Without even acting as if he had heard what was said, John replaced the receiver, and got up to leave the office. He had resolved to go back to his hotel. What he needed was some sleep! He had scarcely arrived back at his room, when a knock came at his door. What now? And still that music! Would it never stop? He opened the door to admit a bellhop. A telegram. Of all the things John dreaded, it was a telegram. With the music like a roaring torrent in his ears, he reached for the yellow envelope. Faintly, he saw the bellhop leave the room. He tore open the paper—the music was now bellowing with more intensity than thunder,—and read the printed words. The room seemed to revolve about him, the music crashed to a stop, blackness enveloped him, and he slithered to the floor, the telegram crushed into a ball at his feet.

It was thus the porter found him, ten minutes later. After calling the hotel doctor, and putting John to bed, the porter set himself to putting the room to rights, and noticed the bit of yellow paper on the floor. He picked it up and read:

Darling

It's a boy stop Calling him John stop Am fine
Love, Amy.

M. E. KESSLERING.

The Diary of Co-ed Jane

"Pardon my sarong, but we thought men were not allowed up here!!"

All is quiet in the girl's residence, except for the incessant patter of tiny feet (the minimum size being $11\frac{1}{2}$) and the busy sounds of even busier students, industriously sweating over their assignments. Suddenly from within room 12, (that's the room which looks down on a picturesque strip of gravel and a bright and shiny coal-chute) there is an ear-splitting crash. The opened door reveals the occupants (plus half of the college), hard at work as usual. A dozen or more creatures attired in an odd assortment of apparel from slippers to—you know (and we're too polite to say) what, sprawled gracefully on the two beds, the table, dresser and the window sill, drinking Clark's vegetable soup (guaranteed to build

strong healthy bodies) and munching crackers and peanut-butter. The crash? Oh, that was "Shorty" being introduced to Eunice's cello. The cello, exceedingly well-mannered, had merely parted to let her pass.

By the way, as we are on the subject of food, have you ever tried ice-cream between crackers, or lemon pie, poised delicately in the palm of the hand, eaten in the wee-small hours, halfway between the closet and the floor under the nearest bed? No? Then you must have boarded out.

Two minutes left before lights out. You stand, first on one foot, then on the other, still waiting. You wring your hands in desperation, the sweat oozes down your flushed cheeks. Just when you are about to collapse from the strain, the door opens and out trips your roommate. Coldly you look through her, then stagger into place. Your long-belated call—(you could have walked over to their residence in the time you spent waiting to telephone.) But are you free then to converse in sweetly lowered tones? Oh, no! The girls who not one hour ago, professed to be your friends, stand outside the booth, lending a helping voice (or six). Then when you get nicely warmed an intruder from out of nowhere (silly child) pipes—"Will you please hang up? Someone in the office is waiting to place a call." Home Sweet Home. Bah!

If you've never seen an intramural leap frog contest you simply haven't been around. Those gay figures, clad (?) in what have you that still has three or four buttons up front, are a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Good for slimming the waistline—I once read). Could be. I had a bit of a struggle prevailing on mine to come out from under my lungs.

Lest we lose what continuity and coherence we never had, let us mention the calisthenics class, held nightly in our ex-W.D.'s room. For a week we groaned through the various exercises some fool published in one of his weaker moments, until the Dean of women took pity on our sufferings and arranged for duo-weekly classes. (Duo-weekly—that's so the instructor can ruin on Thursday what he began on Tuesday.) That is one of the little events which shone so gloriously on our dim horizon—Mr. Pantan arrived, to rescue our battered and greatly be-stiffened frames.

Next of course, there's the night you were sprawled comfortably on your bed, with the door open wide (purely for ventilation purposes), when a very tall, dark, broad-shouldered specimen of the carnivorous sex came wandering down the hall and stopped, not in the least perturbed (stupid of us to even mention it) at his intrusion. When asked what, in the name of all that's fine, upstanding, pure and noble, etc., he was doing

up in the girl's dorm, he said, and we quote, "I was told by the boys down in the lounge that I would find my date in room twenty-two, ready and waiting." I thought I'd seen a man look uncomfortably warm before, but this poor, misinformed creature, surpassed all known records, Ah! for the privacy of a closet with a hook on the inside.

The all-girl (are we kidding) campaign for Red Cheshire as vice-president, was one highlight I'm sure you'll never forget. Created quite a stir at breakfast as I remember it. Of course it was nothing like Sadie Hawkin's Day, which reminds me—I still haven't gotten over the effects of sitting up 'til one-twenty making vegetable corsages and then springing lightly out of bed at six-ten the following morning to braid several sets of hair, including my own silken tresses (Ha!) The whistles and howls which greeted the dejected looking males as they straggled down for breakfast, were, I think, so harmonious, that they did credit to the Conservatory. If you men were extra-well served and serenaded all day, please remember that you have three hundred and sixty-four days to get even (we prefer it evenly distributed, thank you).

Now back to the subject of food (on this floor no conversation is considered worthy of our attention unless the word food is mentioned at least nine times). Do you recall, with fond memories those meals eaten by candle-light? One-and-a-half per table. It was so exciting to see little lights floating merrily up and down the halls, and to hear deep throaty voices calling from out of the impenetrable gloom—"Has anyone got a match?"

We tried not to mention an engineer, but now we must break down and humbly apologize for even considering omitting them, and relate the following incident. On the occasion of the birthday of a certain young lady, (famous for her corny jokes) the Engineering Society, (not en-masse—heaven forbid!) presented her with a beautiful cake. To the accompaniment of suitable lengthy speeches, the cake was cut, pictures snapped, and a memorable feat accomplished.

Even residence life has its tender side and this we recall forthwith—she slowly mounted the stairs, and in a daze approached a pyjama-clad figure. With her hand placed dramatically over her heart she stood still, eyes vacantly gazing ahead. About an hour later the moron in front of her caught the sparkle. With a whoop fifteen or twenty girls were around her, shrieking, laughing, singing, and contributing various shades of lipstick to an already flushed cheek. In a matter of minutes the Dean herself was congratulating the starry-eyed ex-wren. That night there were a number of young ladies who prayed earnestly for the happiness and good fortune of their house-president.

No, its not like home, it has its restrictions, but when all is said and done, it has been an experience. It is something we'll cherish for the rest of our lives. The many new friends. The crazy jokes, the lifting of rugged engineers by four frail femmes plus a law of physics. The sight of a slim young creature in slip, stepping out of the bathroom almost into the arms of the Physics instructor. The apple-pie beds, mattresses in the closet, sheets in the phone booth. Pleasant teas with Dr. Neatby and delightful chats with her mother, always so kind and sympathetic. Also the teasings and foolings, singsongs and scraps.

Just little things, but they mean a great deal. Yes. It has been fun. Fun working together. Fun playing and living together.

ELSIE TRUMBLE.

Diary of College Joe

September 27

Today we were formally enrolled in Regina College. Mr. Wagg registered us this morning. My time table isn't too bad, but oh! those eight-thirty classes. I got into the book lineup, but after waiting an hour and getting approximately three steps nearer the office I gave it up. What a battle!

September 29

Have survived two days of classes without too much grief. Tonight the faculty held a reception, with the students as guests. A good start! We went over to the Darke Hall and Dean Basterfield addressed us, stressing the need for union within the College. He pointed out that the girls were in a five-to-one minority. At last they will have a chance to pick and choose. When we got back to the College, Dr. Rempel enthusiastically taught us the College and Varsity songs and yells. There followed a dance and a lunch, during which a number of interesting acquaintances were made. A busy night!

October 5

The campaign speeches were held at the Darke Hall tonight. Seems to be a good nominee lineup. No dry speeches either.

October 9

Today was Election Day and we voted this morning. The most overheard remark was: "I don't know any of 'em, so I voted for the men". Tribulations of women in politics!

October 13

Just got back from the hilarious Bonfire Rally. It was held on the parade square, and thanks to a really grand fire (you should have seen Jim Dewson swing that axe) the chill of the night air was partially annulled. A couple of characters produced enough music to help M.C. Bill Kerby in leading the yells and songs. Oh, the cheerleaders were there too. Doughnuts and chocolate milk were the refreshments. Don't get the impression that the fire was the only thing that did the "warming up".

October 22

The two College Victory Loan floats really wow'ed them this afternoon in the parade. The main float took second prize, while Lloyd Miller and Lorna Cochrane took third prize for costumes. That old buggy was really something.

October 27

The second hop of the term was held tonight. Dean Cooke and his Regina College Kids made their musical debut and did all right by themselves. There was a Pres. vs. Vice-pres. pickle eating contest and an inpromptu B.V.D. floor show. Thus passed our Hallowe'en Frolic.

November 14

Big Engineers' Smoker tonight, and I can hear the beersmen's soft melodic voices rendering (or should I say rending?) "Godiva was a Lady", etc.

November 20

A belated mass meeting of Artsmen was held today and the Arts Society was formed. Jack Herbert is prexy. I hope it works out.

November 27

The November Informal Dance was held tonight in Central Collegiate's auditorium. A bangup success. Grace Tollefson and Doug. Hilton won the knee-sitting novelty dance. There was a mad rush for Scotty's at intermission.

November 29

Had a Variety Night rehearsal tonight. What a lineup of corn. (Here, we'll have none of that talk). Good though (that's better). Shaw gave her version of a bang-up ending for the yell, but the rest of the cheering section thought it would be a trifle hard on all concerned.

November 30

Variety Night was highly successful except for the audience support on the yells and songs.

Penfold and Eisenhower were really hot in the dialogue. Also swami Lockhart. The College musical talent was also very good, and solid support from the orchestra filled out the program.

December 14

Xmas exams. are starting, and it was with a silent prayer that I went down to my first one.

December 21

Tonight the first term came to an enjoyable end, the grand finale being the formal dance at the Saskatchewan Hotel. It seemed that everyone was there. Heinie and Johnny were to be seen getting some good shots (pictures that is).

December 22

There was a mad scramble this morning to finish packing and locate a cab. I got down to the station only to find that my train was an hour and a half late. They'll do it every time!

January 2

Staggered in tonight for another fling at College life. I found everyone worrying about their Xmas marks which we still haven't received.

January 5

We now have received all our marks. Horrible some of them. At least they're letting me stay. I missed a few familiar faces in some of the classes, so I guess they're swinging the proverbial ax after all. The new Special Matric. class starts Monday and there are a few new faces around the residence.

January 10

We have finally got an intercollegiate hockey league going and the College has entered a team. Jim Panton, the new P.E.I., picked out the team and we play Luther on the 15th. Intercollegiate basketball also will get underway on the 15th, with the College meeting Campion.

January 15

Basketball team lost to Campion today and Luther beat our hockey crew by a fluke goal. The team needs organization and practise.

January 19

The hockey team started out for Qu'Appelle tonight for an exhibition game. However they were beaten by a blizzard before they got there, and returned home. Some of the cars battled the snow for about 10 miles before they turned back.

January 22

The new hockey setup with Dave Reynolds, manager, and Dutch Fahlman, coach, hasn't had time to click. The team lost to Central today. If the fellows just had a bit more luck or skill around the goal mouth they'd be unbeatable.

January 30

Just came up from the most interesting Record meeting of the year. Dot Craik, coming in late, uttered the season's most fitting remark when she innocently exclaimed, "My but it's hot in here".

January 31

The College Talent Night was held at the Darke Hall tonight, but I thought there was supposed to be an audience.

February 1

The water was turned off at the College from 5 p.m. on, tonight. Fixing a pipe or something. Scotty's has never done a bigger business in soft drinks. There was a steady procession down there from about 7 o'clock until midnight.

February 8

The J. Alex. MacKenzie debating trophy remains at the College for another year. Jack Herbert and Art Wood easily defeated the Varsity duo tonight. Herbie even threw a history lesson in for good measure.

February 9

The hockey team journeyed to Indian Head tonight, only to be defeated. The fellows were robbed. They led up until the last five minutes of play when Indian Head banged in four goals during a two minute College penalty. Fans said it was the fastest game this season.

The Cougars defeated the St. Thomas Moore team from Saskatoon by a 58-50 score. Hamilton claimed that it was "a bloody rugby game", but the fans seemed to enjoy it. In a preliminary show the College wimmin-folk took a 20-12 defeat at the hands of the St. Thomas Moore girls. To top it all off, a very enjoyable dance was held in the College dining room.

February 14

Well it has finally happened! The College won a hockey game. Not only did they win, but they gave goalie Eastman a shutout. Luther was the defeated team by a 4-0 score.

February 17

Just heard today that the Cougars on their Saskatoon jaunt took both their games, thus winning the three game series 3-0. Way to go!!

February 22

Am home from the Drama Night and still clawing glue out of my hair. Ain't makeup wonderful? There was a good crowd there too, and the plays seemed to go over alright. Two are being entered in the Drama Festival later on.

February 28

By far the best College function of the year was held tonight. It was of course the Sadie Hawkins Dance held in the Central Collegiate auditorium. It climaxed a day of becostumed classes. We got a big kick out of the pie eating contest and Dr. Neatby's pigtails. Bob Boal's wonderful music put everyone in the mood for dancing.

March 4

The hockey team made a lot of people sit up and take notice tonight when they tied the undefeated Scott puckchasers 2-2. Only a letup in the last five minutes of the game prevented the boys from walking off with a 2-0 victory. An amazed Centralite exclaimed, "Gee, if you guys had played like that all season, you would have been at the top of the league." Oh, well, better late than never. (Are you still tearing your hair out, Dutch?)

March 14

Exam. timetables are out, and worried looks are on the faces of most students. This tells me that it's time to write 30 to this diary of a busy enjoyable College year. And so Dear Diary, I leave you with the honest hope that future Regina College students will have as much fun as the class of "46".

C.W.E.M.



HISTORY OF REGINA COLLEGE

Regina College was founded by a group of members of Metropolitan Methodist Church, a fact which is perpetuated in the College crest. It was to be a Church College, where students from rural areas could study Public School, High School and Commercial work.

Classes opened in the fall of 1911 in an old hospital building on what is now Central Collegiate's North Campus, with Dr. W. W. Andrews as President. This building also housed the girls' dormitory, while the boys lived in a large house on Scarth St. (now located on Smith St., behind the Y.W.C.A.)

In 1913, Dr. Robert Milliken became President and the present College was opened. The girls had the top floor as residence, while the boys moved into the old hospital, the latter "commuting" for meals. At this time, smoking was banned from the campus and church attendance was compulsory. At 10.30 every Sunday morning, teachers led separate parades of boys and girls to Metropolitan Church, where they sat on opposite sides of the gallery. This continued until 1930.

Dr. E. W. Stapleford was appointed President in 1916, and a west wing was added to the building as a girl's residence. The boys moved into the top floor of the main building. Boy-girl conversation in the halls was prohibited, and to date a girl, you had not only to get the girl, but satisfy the Dean of Women that you were a fit and proper escort for the young lady. And dancing was taboo at parties of staff-supervised parlor games. Nevertheless, many things of interest occurred.

The Gymnasium was built in 1924-25, partially by former students' donations. Public School classes were discontinued and First Year University work was begun in affiliation with the University of Saskatchewan.

In 1927 the senior students asked for dancing at parties. One hundred and twenty questionnaires were sent to parents, and ninety-three were answered. Of these, eight were neutral, twenty-two against, and sixty-three in favour. Then, after discussing it for an afternoon and an evening, the Senate decided "That there be no prohibition on dancing in Regina College upon such occasions as are suitable to the faculty." By virtue of this concession, College students have been dancing at parties for eighteen years.

With the formation of the United Church of Canada, the College came under its control. Then, in 1929, the present group of buildings was completed by the addition of the F. N. Darke Building for Music and Art.

Finally, in 1934, with the consent of the United Church and the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, the University of Saskatchewan assumed responsibility for Regina College as a Junior College and agreed to develop it as an educational centre, with Academics, Music and Art as the main departments.

Dr. Wm. Ramsay was appointed Dean in 1934, but was unable to take over his duties for the first year due to illness. Mr. Natheson acted in this capacity during his absence.

In 1936 the bequest of the late Norman Mackenzie made possible the establishment of a School of Fine Art.

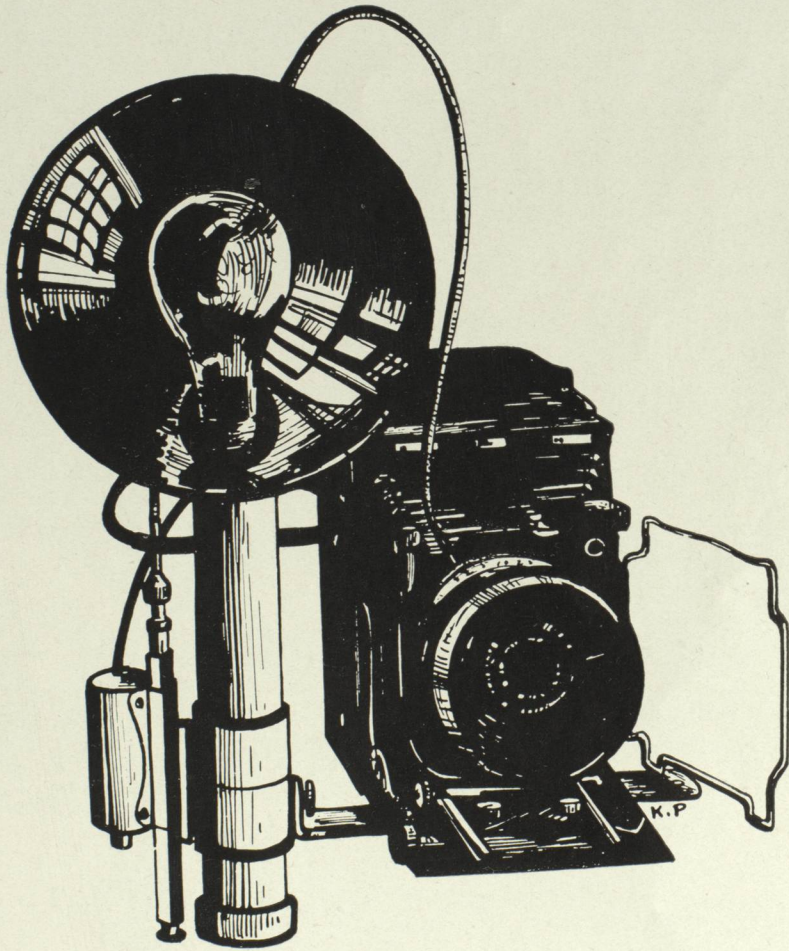
1940 was an eventful year for the College. The main building and the Gym. were loaned to the R.C.A.F. for the duration. In this year also, Dean Basterfield came to us.

For four years the College struggled along with about one hundred students crowded into a floor and a half of the Regina Trading Co. Building. Then, at the first of this year, the old buildings were again occupied.

There are upwards of three hundred and seventy students at the College this year and five hundred at the Conservatory. One hundred and seventy-five of the students are ex-service personnel.

In thirty-four years, the College has formed many traditions and has made an enviable record in the academic field. Three Rhodes Scholars have gone forth from these halls. And if you think the College hasn't always had the old school spirit, take a look at this yell of 1913 vintage.

Rip Rap, Rip Rap, Rip Rap, Ree!
Academics, Academics, Academic we!
Biff Bah, Biff Bah, Biff Bah, Bang!
We are the boys that don't care a _____.
Diddle Dum, Diddle Dum, Diddle Dum, Dee.



C A N D I D S



1. THE LOST ELEVATOR. 2. PHYSICS LAB.. 3. A MELODRAMA FROM VARIETY NIGHT, 4. CLASS OF 1945, 5. CLASS OF 1965. 6. SUNDAY NIGHT DISCUSSION GROUP. 7. ABLUTIONS. 8. SHOOTING ONCE, 9. FOREVER SHOOTING. 10. THE EDITOR RESTS. 11. DISCUSSION GROUP AGAIN. 12. STILL RESTING, 13. SITTING ONE OUT, 14. WHAT GOES ON HERE? 15. FAKIR? 16. THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW. 17. PUBLICITY STUNT.



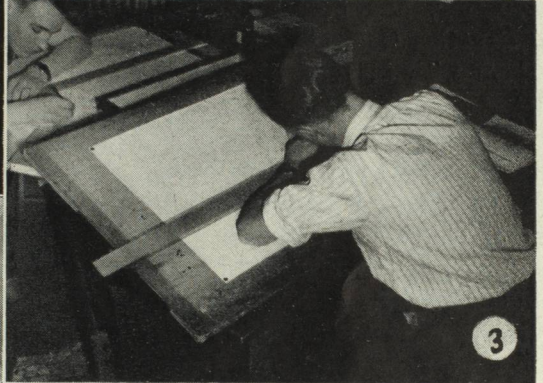
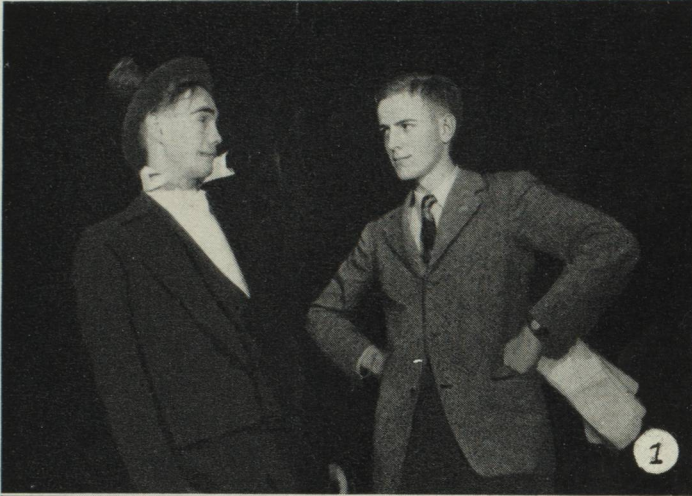
1. MM... GOOD. 2. IN QUEST OF KNOWLEDGE. 3. SENIOR SADIES. 4. WELL I'LL BE DAMNED! 5. MM... BETTER. 6. MMM... 7. DINNER CLUB IN THE RECORD ROOM. 8. TWO DOZEN. PLEASE. 9. TEN O'CLOCK FEEDING. 10. SADIE HAWKINS DANCE. 11. PEOPLE DO READ THE RECORD! 12. THE MIDNIGHT OIL. 13. REAL AND ARTIFICIAL. 14. ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH.



1. HOW DOES HE GET THOSE?, 2. 15-40-20-3, 3. WHAT A STRIKING SCENE!, 4. JUMP BALL, 5. X\$&X%'', 6. COGITATION, 7. MESS!, 8. AAAH! 9. GAZING, 10. AND HE'S NO STUDENT, EITHER, 11. HAPPY BIRTHDAY!, 12. THE PLAY'S THE THING, 13. XMAS FORMAL, 14. COOKE AND HIS MIDNIGHT POUNDERS.



1. HUBBA, HUBBA!, 2. ASSEMBLY LINE, 3. PRIZE WINNERS, 4. OH MY GOD!, 5. OH FOR A DANCE!, 6. IT SAYS REGINA, BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE IT, 7. SURPRISE, 8. BAR FLIES, 9. GET OUT OF HERE!, 10. PIE FACE, 11. MURDER MOST FOUL, 12. DEAR MOM, 13. WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN.



1. YOU'RE DRUNK!. 2. LITTLE BOY BLEW. 3. WITH A SQUARE AND A PRAYER. 4. WHO IS SHE?. 5. OOOOOPS!. 6. CLASS, PLEASE!. 7. STRAINED LOOK. 8. CUT-THROAT. 9. DIRTY LOOK. 10. OU LA LA, OUI, OUI!!

COLD HANDS

It was quite a number of years ago that one cold spring day I chanced to meet an old college chum of mine on the streets of Indianapolis. His name was Alfred Noyes and he had been a senior in Civil Engineering when I was just a freshman. We retreated to a bar to talk over old times and finally got around to the question of who was doing what. I found that Al, since graduating, had been employed by Tri-States Construction Company as a steeplejack and was in love with his job. I might have expected that of a daredevil like Al. We used to get him to tack decorations up on the sixty-foot-high ceiling at the dance hall at school. During our talk I foolishly remarked that I could imagine no nicer sport than climbing up tall bridges and the like, and Al, mistaking my idle talk for a genuine interest, asked me to accompany him up an old water tower the following day as he had to make some sort of estimate for repairs to the steel work. It was too late for me to back down so I agreed to go along.

The next morning we drove out to the spot. The tower was one of the oldest I had ever seen. The stand was a combination of wood beams and steel latticework, while the container, itself, was made of tile and brick. He pointed up to the scaffold, the top of which looked like a few matches, and told me that it was one hundred and eighty feet from the ground.

"And that crack you see running about half way down the bricks," he said, "was caused by frost. This tower hasn't been used for some years and about one more winter and it would all be down. Well, you're first."

I took a grip on the ladder and shook it. It wiggled a little, but I gave Al a weak smile, turned to face the rungs, and started to climb rather rapidly. About the time I was level with the warehouse to my left I paused for breath. I looked down the ladder which looked more like a swaying rope as it tapered to the ground below me, but Al hadn't started yet. I decided not to look down again so I looked up and that was also a mistake. The top seemed as far away as ever. I dared not turn back so I started to climb again, a little slower this time. I cursed myself for leaving my gloves and coat

below for the wind was bitterly cold up above and my hands were beginning to feel like lumps of cold putty. I kept looking at the rungs and after a time my back and legs began to ache and once I felt dizzy, but kept on going. At last I came to the scaffold which extended over the ladder. I reached up and around the single plank, one hand at a time, and for a minute my legs hung limply in space. I rolled over, breathless, on the plank. Al was right behind me.

"Well," he said, "how do you like the view?"

I straddled the plank, locked my ankles together, and looked down at the little box that was the warehouse and at the little ants and beetles that were the people and the shiny cars. It wasn't dizziness I felt . . . more like that weak feeling after an inoculation. Al was busily taking measurements and did not appear to notice my paling face. Every step he took the plank rose and fell like a diving board. I think it was about then that I knew that if I looked down once more, I would fall.

At last Al pocketed his tape and told me to go first. As I hung from the plank once again, the wind whipped some brick-dust into my eyes, my grip momentarily loosened, and I grabbed wildly for something solid. My unfeeling hands took hold of a thin piece of strap iron which slowly began to bend until one of the rusted ends snapped from its bolt. At that same moment my feet found the ladder and, as I swayed on my arches, I seized the top rung with my hands. I started down, step by step.

Once my feet slipped and I wondered how my hands held me. I think they must have been frozen into hooks and they wouldn't any more have opened than they would close. But they held. I paused to rest and the ground seemed closer. Numbed with cold and fear, I kept stepping down like some mechanical doll on a string. The climb down seemed to take so long that when I reached the ground at last, I hit it with quite a jar.

Even today, when I sit down after skating and try to make my cold hands undo the knot in my laces, I think of that water tower and feel a little colder.

—By LELAND M. READ.

Autographs

Autographs

Freshman
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REGINA



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