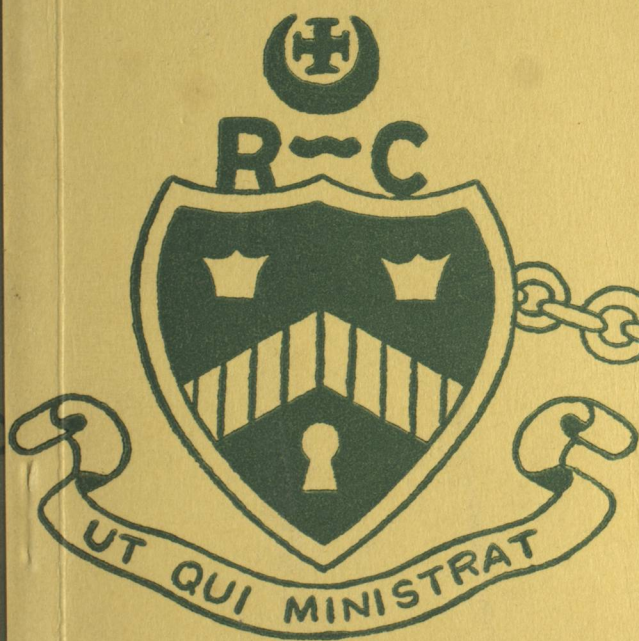


FRESHMAN



53

the freshman

REGINA COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

1953

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF
THE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL
OF REGINA COLLEGE

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Message from the Dean

My congratulations and all good wishes to the Class of 1952-53.

Your College year has given each of you an opportunity to explore further fields of knowledge. Just now you may feel inclined to wrap up the results of the year's exploration, like a packet, and place it on some shelf of your mind where it will not be in the way. This you cannot do, for your search for knowledge in the classroom, the library and the laboratory has become a part of your life, enriching it for yourself and for those you influence. Let these experiences at Regina College become building stones on which you continue to construct your education.

May we hope that this year has given you such a desire for knowledge that the learning process may not end when you leave University but continue throughout your life.

—W. A. RIDDELL

Editorial

Regina College, we realize, was a job—the classrooms our offices, the marks our pay. Working hours were long, irregular. Relief was non-existent. The pay was encouraging. However, whenever we decided we could take it no longer, we would receive a very rewarding bonus. Whether it was a dance, basketball trip, drama night, formal, or just that hour in the gym when we should have finished our accounting, it tided us through another week or month.

We have never regretted our stay at Regina College, unless to lament that it was all too short. Extra-curricular activities inspired us as English 2 never could. The time spent on them was never wasted. We learned to work together, to use good judgment, to create and utilize; to be good citizens. We built healthy bodies and happy friendships.

Sometimes we forsook these frivolous things and turned to French, Accounting, and History—just to supply a reason for going to College. At such times we thought of the extra-activities as monstrous wastes of time, and studied diligently, and made good our investment.

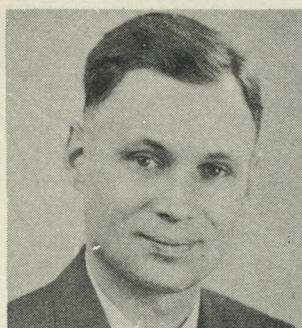
As we think back, we remember not the moments of despair and dread anticipation, but think only of the brighter moments. With the calm perspective that only time imparts we realize that the most valuable addition to our development was the ability to know and like people.

We have found a use for nearly all the knowledge we managed to absorb, and more than one of us have found inspiration from our year at the College.

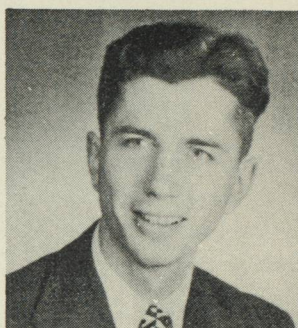
THE FACULTY AND STAFF



W. C. Blight



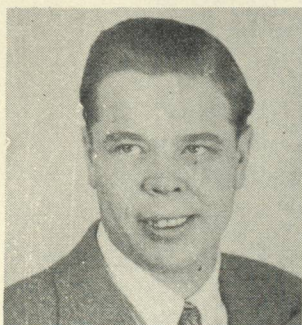
F. W. Anderson



Gordon Moxley



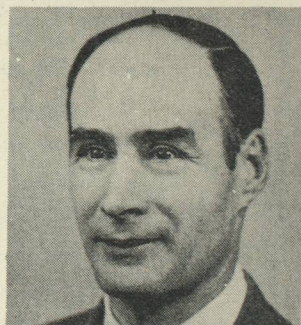
M. Belcher



M. Kristjanson



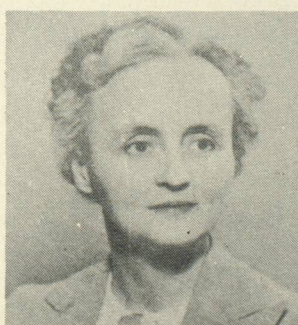
Ken Lockhead



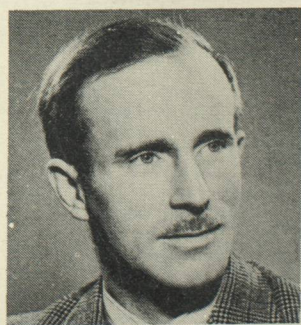
G. E. Ledingham



L. G. Crossman



Lucy Murray



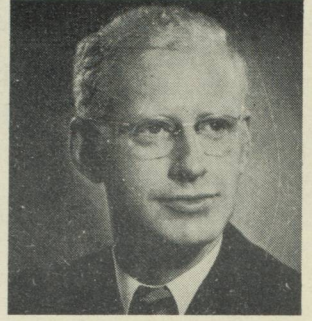
S. E. Stewart



R. H. Schneider



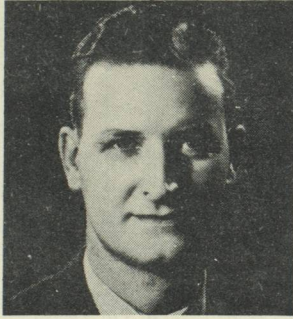
Emma Bell



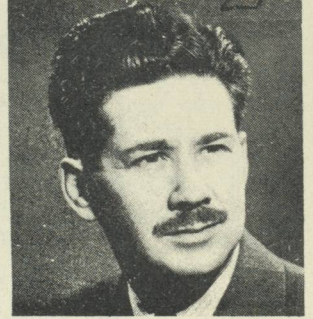
W. R. Graham



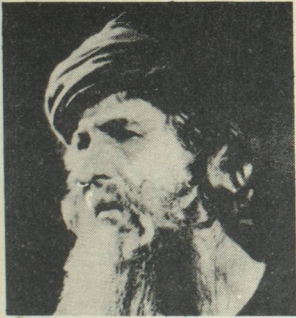
W. Kinsman



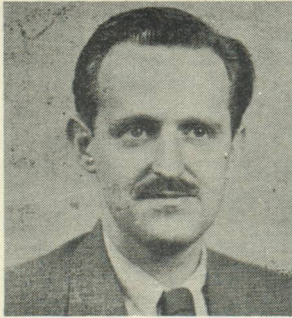
A. A. McKinnon



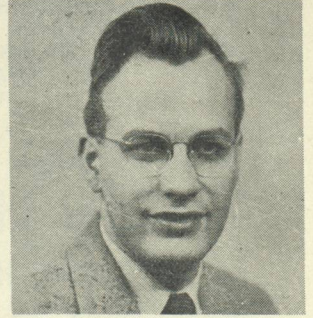
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Remember back in '53—good old R.C.? For the rest of our lives, that thought will constantly come to recall for us the wonderful memories of this past year. We've worked hard; we've had a lot of fun; and even if our marks weren't A's we've learned things,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

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

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

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

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

—LOUISE BARTON

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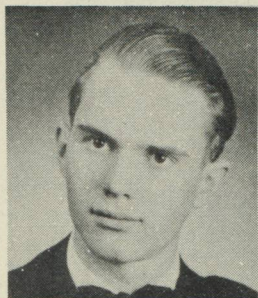
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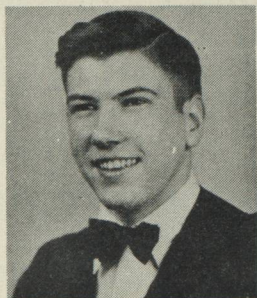
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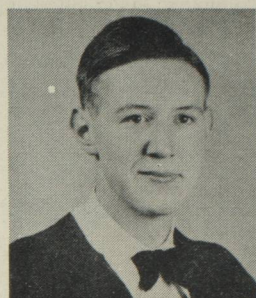
Glen Pinch



Don Goss



Louise Barton



Gus Trip



Marcia Goldie

Gus Trip—Our Flying Dutchman has faithfully peddled over to Luther through rain and snow three times a week this year. He has contributed much to the life of the College, taking an active interest in S.C.M. and debating. Gus claims the ping-pong championship of Regina College.

Marcia Goldie—Our busy S.R.C. secretary who did a fine job with all those minutes and letters to answer. Marcia plans on being a social worker and if her record in the future is as good as this year's she can't fail to be a good one.



Janice Steen

Louise Barton—The type A student with all the A's. Behold, a clever personality! We rest assured that whatever Lou will undertake, it will be a success.

Janice Steen—In her spare time from the Arts B course, Janice took part in a Little Theatre production. She is looking forward to a bright future in Journalism—we wish her every success.



Jean English

Don Goss—Don is a quiet industrious student. He was active in the debating group and always has complaints on Monday morning about how little work he does over the week-end. What could be consuming his time?

Jean English—One of the quieter girls in the Arts B class. Plans on becoming a Social Welfare worker. Jean seems to live for those week-end trips to Moose Jaw—wonder why?

Glen Pinch—Glen is another college student who wishes to become a teacher. He played for the Cubs and could always be counted on to lend a helping hand in the activities of the school.

Dorell Ridley—Another of our musical type B students who also is working for her A.R.T.C. Dorell, with her friendly smile was always willing to help when her talents were needed. Plans on Social work in the future.



Dorell Ridley

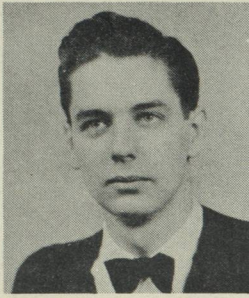


Evangeline MacArthur

Evangeline MacArthur—Our Vange is a great music lover. Plans on entering the teaching profession when she graduates.



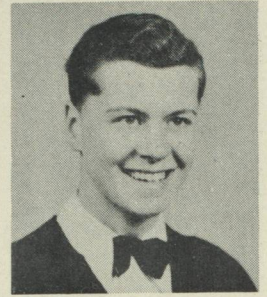
Alayne Sanburn



Alan Winship



Joan Tyerman



Dick Lowery

Alayne Sanburn—Besides struggling with her heavy studies Alayne worked on her A.R.C.T. degree and in her spare time accompanied for the various musical activities around the school

Allan Winship—A former Central student who is taking Arts B. In his own quiet way, we are sure that Allan will be successful in whatever career he chooses (lawyer, perhaps).

Joan Tyerman—Joan is planning a career in interior decorating and we're sure she'll be a success. Joan took part in many activities around the college, and did her part to make college life brighter.

Dick Lowery—Dick always has a cheery "good morning", even on the bluest Monday. From our observations during discussion groups, we think he'd be big success in History. Plans to study Journalism next year.

Shirley Ham—A swell kid who is aiming for her R.T. Nitric acid is her pet peeve since that disastrous day in the chem. lab. We wish her the best of luck in her future career.

Jane Art—Monday afternoons the usual uproar issues from the Physics Lab. as Calamity Jane ploughs through tears and surface tension. Plans to be a Lab. Tech. Her co-operative attitude and spirit, as shown on

the Bowling team, will carry her far in her future endeavors.

Pat Hays—Pat's pleasant quiet ways brighten the darkest corners (especially row E in Chem. Lab.) She is giving Arts C the old 1-2 but her future is undecided. English is her favorite subject and teaching a possible future and we know that whatever she does decide to do she will do well.

Pearl Davis—Live, laugh and be merry for tomorrow is exam day. Pearl's sparkling personality, efficiency and dependability will carry her far along the Lab. Tech. course. A capable basketball player for the Cougettes. (Beware all rest-tubes—here comes Pearl.)

Carlean Ginsburg—Carlean is an excellent student all around, taking part in many activities. Her enthusiasm, ability, and gay disposition will be an asset in the field of chemical research. "Don't change to handling red hot glass, you'll need those fingers", is her warning to future chemists.



Shirley Ham



Jane Art



Pat Hays



Carlean Ginsburg



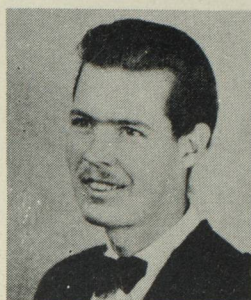
Pearl Davis



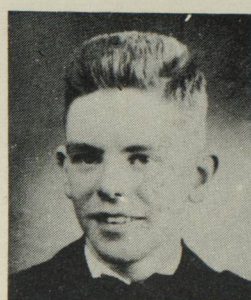
Lynne Schweitzer



Len Pearson



Jim Millham



Bill Blight



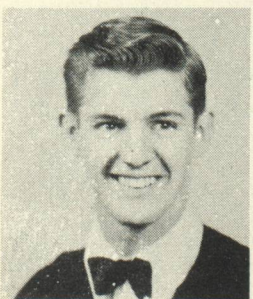
Avrillia Smuk



Maria Kaczankowski



Doreen Wright



Syd Langelht



Keith Drummond



Morley Arnason

Bill Blight—The photographer for our Freshman candid. The Minstrel Show and the play could not have been done without Bill as the able stage manager. He shines in Chemistry, but "Il ne comprend pas le francais".

Jim Millham—Our model airplane enthusiast who suffered an attack of chicken-pox before Christmas. Has a keen interest in photography and also enjoys skating. The best of luck in your future plans, Jim!

Lynne Schweitzer—This tricky Cougette forward has many activities on her agenda. Her pleasant personality and love for fun will stand her in "Good" stead. Best of Luck, Lynne!

Len Pearson—"Painless Pearson", who attends classes at will, should add a great attraction in the world of dentistry in future years. His "upper name plate" will grace the door of his dentist office in five or six years.

Avrillia Smuk—This studious pre-med will need a miniature operating table. What she lacks in size, she makes up for in ambition. We know that she'll be a success.

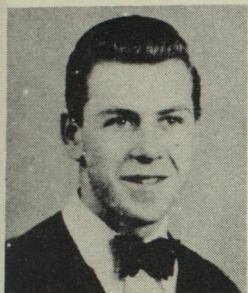
Maria Kaczanowski Comes from Poland via England, Egypt and other places, the last being Weyburn. Her pleasant disposition will be a great help in the medical profession.

Doreen Wright—Perfect example of perpetual motion. Her Scholastic ability and personality will do much for her in the future. Pity the poor bacteria, with capable Lab. Techs. like Doreen, there soon won't be many left.

Syd Langelht—Pharmacy student who gains practical experience at Simpson's on Sat. afternoons. An enthusiastic Cub, who travels down the court with "angular momentum" (quotes from L.G.) We wish him every success in his future.

Keith Drummond—A pre-med student who has donated his cigarette lighter to the Chem. Lab. and his Biology drawings to his classmates. Plays for the famous Cubs and has taken an active part in other College functions.

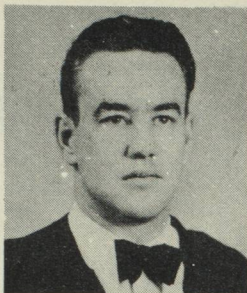
Morley Arnason—Morley was our energetic Athletic Director during 52-53. Contributed a great deal to life at the College and we wish him every success in his varsity career in Saskatoon.



Neil Munro



Agatha Trip



Victor Aitken



Constantine Zelenko

Neil Munro—Neil is the playing coach of the Cougar Hockey team and a prominent member of the Social Committee. In his own quiet way, he is biting his way through dentistry and he has all our best wishes for the future.

Agatha Trip—Another pre-med with the ability necessary to be a success. A practice in Paris would not present a problem of language to Agatha with her knowledge of French and other European languages.

Victor Aitken—Our hard-working speedball in the Chem. Lab. A pharmacy student who has already had a great deal of experience in his chosen profession. He has taken much interest in College activities throughout the year.

Constantine Zelenko—Our multi-linguist who is known for his charming anecdotes. We enjoyed your presence, Constantine!

John Marinescu—John always has a twinkle in his eye and a helpful word for everyone. Famous last words: "If I flunk any more chemistry experiments, I'm going to be a priest."

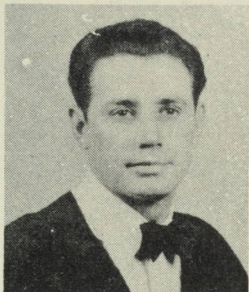
Fred Roberts—"Never be on time for Chemistry", is Fred's motto. Fred is our lone Theology student and is an active member of the S.C.M. besides being one of the players on the Arts and Science basketball team.

Gaylen Killian—Gaylen is one of Regina College's more artistic students. He is an excellent pianist. Might also add that residence life seems to have agreed with him.

Roberta Kinnon—Bobbie intends to make drama her life work and judging by her performance in the Minstrel Show we are sure she has every chance of success. She also ably handled the direction of "Village Green".

Edythe Coutu—Edie is the song bird of the College. We'll never forget her rendition of "Birth of the Blues" in the Minstrel Show. We wish her luck in her music career.

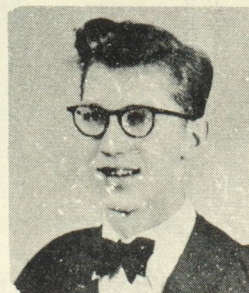
Joan Layton—Another musical femme, Joan is studying Violin and Voice. One of the quieter girls in residence, she hails from Ceylon.



John Marinescu



Fred Roberts



Gaylen Killian



Joan Layton



Edythe Coutu



Roberta Kinnon

Camera Shy

Winston Chambers — Winston came all the way from Jamaica to attend Regina College. He served as Debating Director on the S.R.C. and took an active part in the S.C.M.

Leopold Monselor—The technical-minded, handsome Latvian, who occasionally does appear at classes.

Ron Walsh—The versatile centre of the Cougar basketball team, possesses a charming personality and a great deal of ambition, which will be useful in his career as a doctor.

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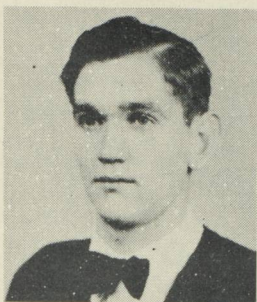
CAMPUS TOGS



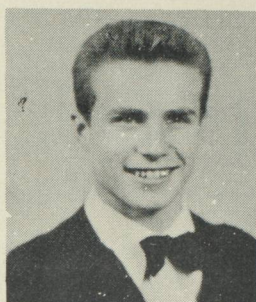
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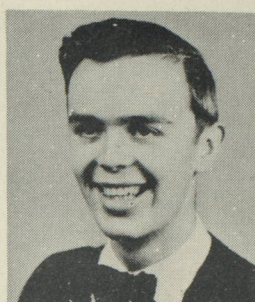
C O M M E R C E



Wayne Syverson



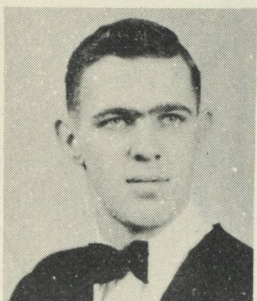
Joe Kanuka



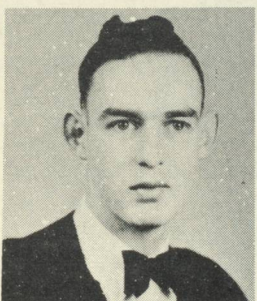
Dan Haggerty



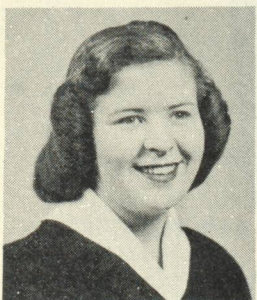
Marg Cadman



Ross Belsher



Claire Belsher



Charlotte Sejbjerg



Alan Wilson



Gordon Wicijowski

Marg Cadman—Miss "Friendship" holds her own 25% of the female population of Commerce and even has a big smile for the engineers.

Dan Haggerty—"Dangerous Dan McGrew". The competent president of our College, well known for his "Slaughter on 10th Avenue".

Joe Kanuka—This little "Glow-worm" really sparkles on the basketball floor as well as at coffee time.

Wayne Syverson—"It's Three o'Clock in the Morning". And Wayne is seen coming home. Wonder where he got that key? The Jeckyl and Hyde of Commerce.

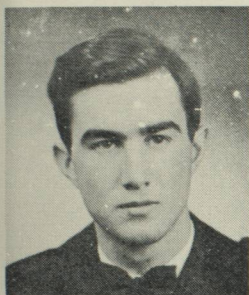
Ross Belsher—"Tell Me Why," says Mr. Belsher in every class. We wonder if he ever gets anything out of the answers. The one man in Commerce the girls can't flirt with.

Claire Belsher—"Trying" to get out of the park (he claims). But we have other ideas, maybe he has, too. Claire is one of the best bowlers in the league and an all-round good guy.

Charlotte Sejbjerg—They say it's "In the Book" but with Charlotte it's all in her head. A good student and another Commerce contribution to the Cougettes.

Allan Wilson—"I Wanno Do Homework", says Allan, but manages to spend most of his time on the basketball court or pushing the little Austin.

Gordon Wicijowski—"Why Don't You Believe Me", cries "Chow" every once in a while. We don't, but we still enjoy his little stories in the tearoom.



Geoff Renouf



Donna Hay



Marion Wiberg



Keith Smith

Geoff Renouf—"Slow Poke". Geoff manages to make it to Math a half an hour late every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Donna Hay—They call "big red" the "Rock of Gibraltar". The riot of the common room and a star in athletics. Her moral of life—"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we may die."

Marion Wiberg—Her pleasant smile is the nicest part of the Commerce course. Always in sympathy with the rest of the class, Marion joins everyone in say "What's the use?"

Keith Smith—"I've got six-pence" say Keith to pay all the S.R.C. debts. His debts and credits are sure to balance when he gets his C.A.

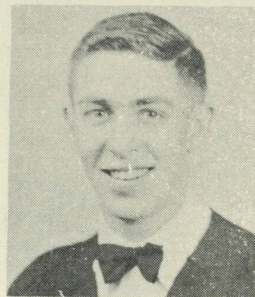
Paddy Rowbotham—"Don't Roll Those Bloodshot Eyes at Me". That's what we all tell Paddy on Monday mornings. Nevertheless he is our big asset on the basketball floor and we couldn't do without him.

Mike Love—"Show me the way to go home". Here's the boy who believes in taking his course in relays, with basketball and lectures to fill in all his spare time.

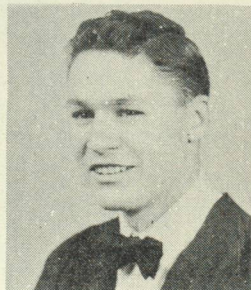
Andy Darling—"One of the Roving Kind". Here's the guy who keeps the common room jumping and whose favorite expression is "O shoot".

Ron Echlin—"Three Little Words". I shall return. Left us at Christmas to become a commercial pilot.

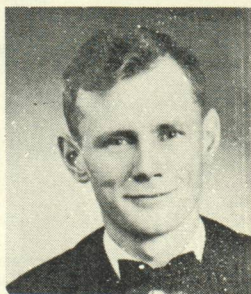
Terry McGowan—"Cigarrets, Whiskey and Wild, Wild Women". We don't see much of Terry this year but we couldn't get along without him on our basketball and hockey teams.



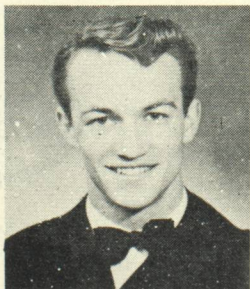
Paddy Rowbotham



Mike Love



Andy Darling



Terry McGowan



Ron Echlin

Camera Shy

Jim Bromberg—"Keep it a Secret". It's for sure we don't know much about Jim, except one night he skipped Accounting Lab. for a "form" of a party.

Gerhardt Neuman—"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life". The silent man of our class who has enough brains to pass us all. Gerhardt is also a member of our winning hockey team.

Stan Shoeman—Would rather spend "April in Paris" than in Regina College Finals. But success is assured. Shoeman is the football of Commerce.

Dave Wong—This star of the Cougars (Hockey version) manages to pick up lots of friends "Somewhere along the Way."

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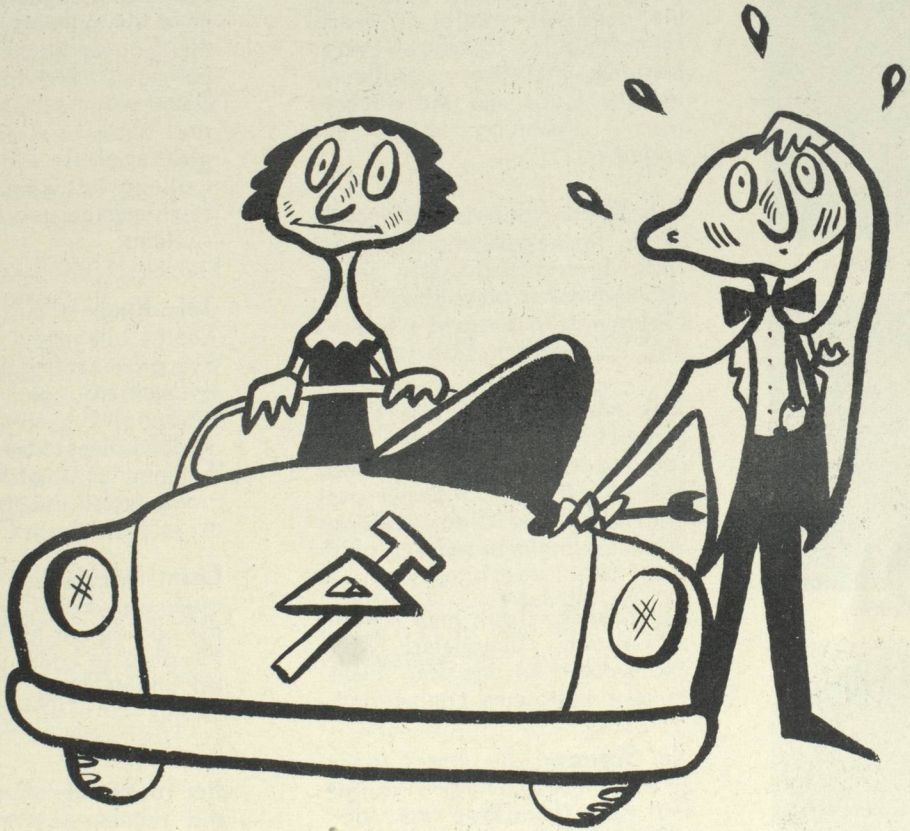
"Tailored to the Seasons"

IN SUMMER — Maximum power and economy

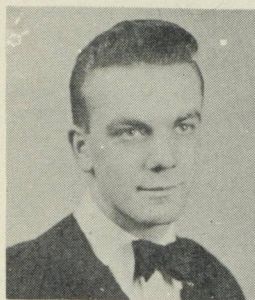
IN WINTER — Quicker starts and warm-up

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED





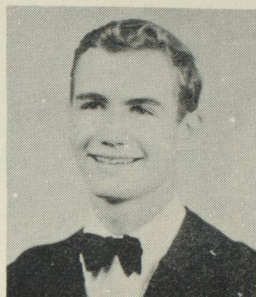
E N G I N E E R S



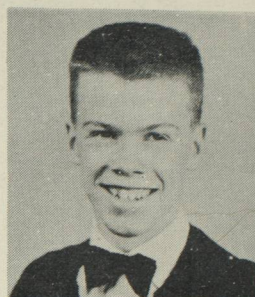
Jim Matich



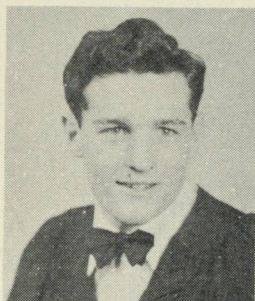
Jack McNeil



Bob Shank



Clarence Vallance



Jim Sparrow

Clarence Vallance—Clarence the commuter hustles in from Grand Coulee to school every morning. Activities—chauffeur-ing the Cubs and the hockey team. Ambition—to be an engineer.

Bob Shank—Bob is that handsome, hockey-playing manager and Minstrel Show star, who also swims and plays basketball. He intends to become a geologist. Good Luck, Bob.

Jack McNeil—Jack is a graduate of Central Collegiate. During the school year he was active on the school paper and with the Swim Club. Future, Chemical Engineering at U. of S.

Jim Matich—Took high school at Central. Graduated 1951 and worked for one year. Plans to take Petroleum Engineering.

Jim Sparrow—Jim comes to us at R.C. from Central. There, this dark, handsome man delighted in Chemistry. At Regina College, Jim is going through for a Chemical Engineer. We know he'll pass with honors. He has what it takes.

Howard Langdale—Here we have an enthusiastic player for the Cougar hockey team, more commonly known as "Dint". Dint's participation in the Minstrel Show was accepted with great applause and his efforts in College activities have been much appreciated by his fellow students.

John King—a past graduate of Scott Collegiate.

—a prominent bowler.

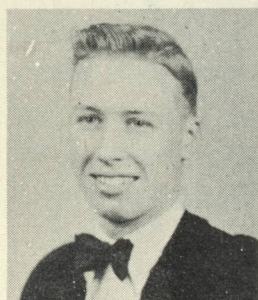
—President of pipe-smoking club.

—John plans to be a Mechanical Engineer at U. of S.

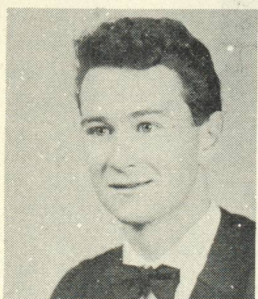
—Interested in Lab. Techs.

Grant McHattie—This is the quiet man from Central who is the hockey star for the College. He plans to continue in Chemical Engineering. Best of luck, Grant.

Jim Townsend—A modest brain and regular guy. Hails from Scott, favorite sport rugby, a pilot at the local club. Future undecided but enrolled in R.O.T.P. for Air Force (Editors note: Guess who wrote this?)



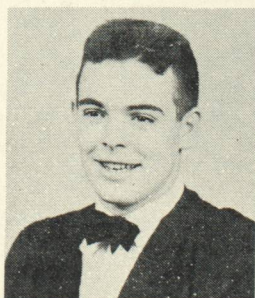
John King



Grant McHattie



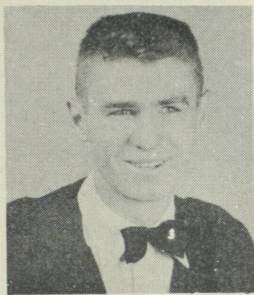
Howard Langdale



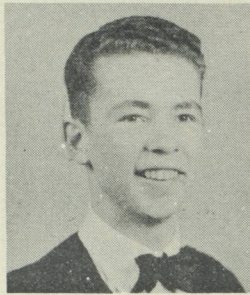
Jim Townsend



Dave Fidler



Ian Ross



Dave Bowman



Ben Labensky

Dave Fidler—This Regina lad hails from Central Collegiate. His interests lie mainly in sport. An excellent draftsman—a fine fellow—Dave is a real asset to the Engineers.

Ian Ross—graduate of Scott. —Tall, easy-going, with a friendly smile. —plays hockey and basketball for College teams.

Dave Bowman—Dave is another "Section A" Engineer. He was formerly of Prince Albert and attended public school there. Coming to Regina he attended Scott Collegiate. Aside from his studies Dave finds time to play hockey.

Ben Labensky—A former Bal-four scholar who hails from the town of Minton, Sask. Always ready with a smile, Ben intends to take Mining Engineering.

Frank Ortt—Frank is 18. He is a graduate of Grenfell High. Plans to go into the field of Chemical Engineering. His favorite sport is playing the radio. Food merchant of the boys' residence!

Don Merth—A graduate of Campion College 1951-52. Don came to R.C. to further his education. Future: Electrical Engineering.

Andy Svetkov —An "easy-going" fellow without a worry in the world (so he says). He attended Thompson School and Central. His two big interests are sports and mathematics???

Elwood Wurts—Woody comes from Duff, Sask., where he received his public schooling. After three years of High school by correspondence. He took Grade 12 in Melville. His future is in the field of Geological Engineering.

Jack Rogers—A former Scottite who excels in baseball, and hockey with the Juvenile Pats. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, Jack is a Section B engineer who will choose Engineering Physics as his field for advanced study.



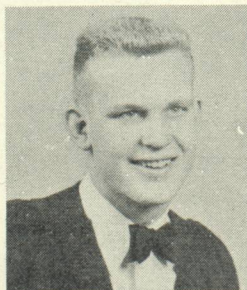
Frank Ortt



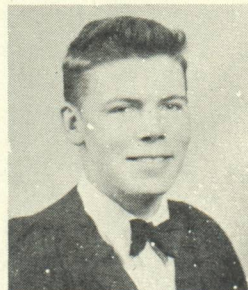
Don Merth



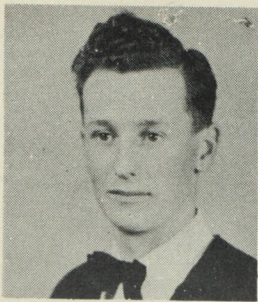
Andy Svetkov



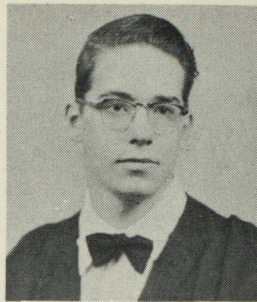
Jack Rogers



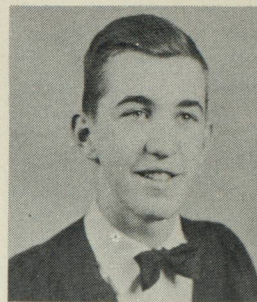
Elwood Wurts



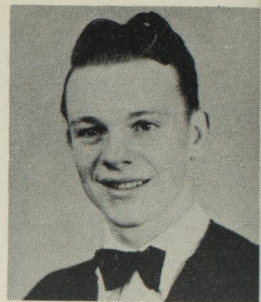
Elgin Parsons



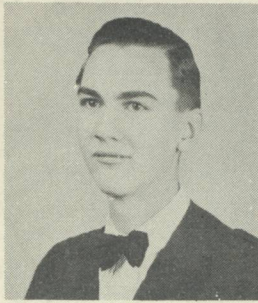
Barry Mickelborough



John Lipsett



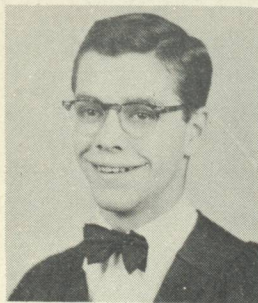
Murray Reeve



Marvin Weddige

Murray Reeve—Reginald Murray Reeve, Section B engineer was formerly a farm lad. On completion of public school, he attended Grenfell High, taking part in dramatic work. Present pastimes include skiing, skating, and curling. Future work is intended to be in the field of Geological Engineering.

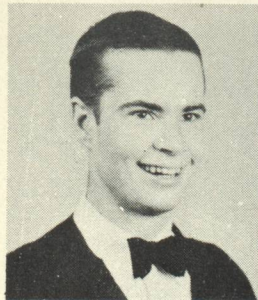
Marvin Weddige—A resident of Briercrest who is in the College of Engineering. Mr. Weddige is an exceptional student. Besides playing table tennis he is also an ardent curler.



Frank Mosienko

John Lipsett—A member of the pipe smoking clan. Truly a scholar! Combines good marks with good basketball. Should be a great member of the Society of Engineers.

Frank Mosienko—A former student at Scott, is now in Section B of the Engineers at R.C. As well as taking an active part in hockey, baseball, and swimming, Frank plays the trumpet. Next year he intends to continue his studies in the Chemical Engineering course at Saskatoon.



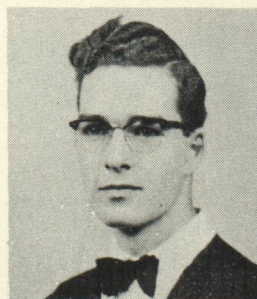
Barry Cochrane

Barry Mickelborough—Hails from Grand Coulee, where he attended the G. C. High school before coming to R.C. to study Engineering. He plans to study Geology in Saskatoon. His main interests in sports are Curling and Baseball.

Barry Cochrane—"Hook-shot" artist of the Cubs and requires the ability only an engineer would have to complete so few.



Syl Kramer



Bryan Forster

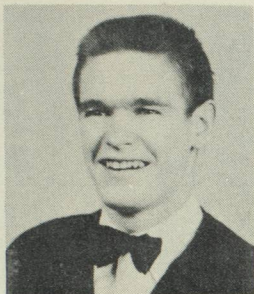
Elgin Parsons—A former student of Grenfell High, Elgin takes part in Drama, Curling, and singing and will choose Physical Engineering as his field for advanced study.

Syl Kramer—One of the most likeable fellows in R.C. A graduate of Campion and Scott who is headed for Saskatoon next year. Best of Luck to a swell guy.

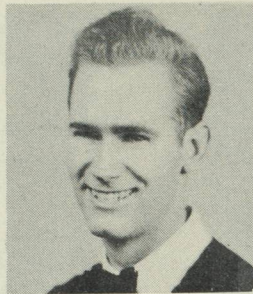
Bryan Forster—tall, dark, and handsome, from Section A of the Engineers
—Graduate of Central Collegiate.
—Future ambition is to become an Electrical Engineer.
—Bryan has a very avid interest in scouting.



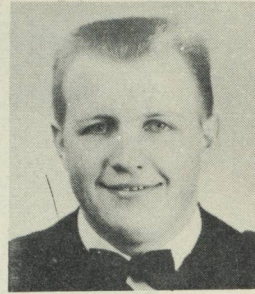
Bill Hay



Murray Butterfield



Ken Thompson



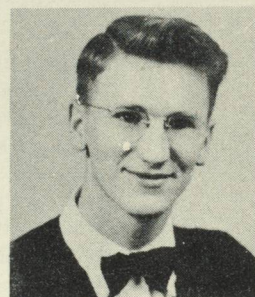
Roy Rudichuk

Bill Hay—The first-string centre for the Regina Pats, taking his course in two years, so College life will be improved by his presence next year as it was this year. Bill is considering Petroleum Engineering

Wayne Johnston—Graduate of Scott.

—interested in geology and mining

—first to the bridge table at dinner time, he is commonly called "Chicago" in the Drawing class because he is the leader of the mob.



Joe Walliser

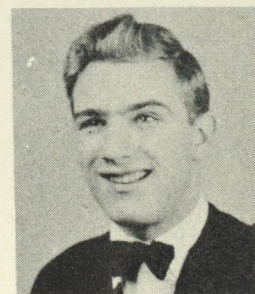
Murray Butterfield—a graduate of Central Collegiate.

—star performer on the basketball floor who is better known as "Luggie".

—other sports are swimming, football, and hockey.

Gerry Straub—A member of the class of '52, Balfour Tech.

"Jake" is the "plut" who drives his own car, four blocks to school. Next year, he intends going to Saskatoon.



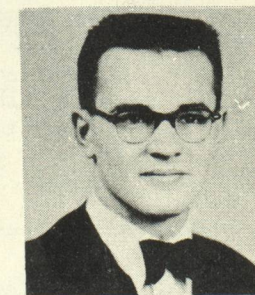
Wayne Johnston

Ken Thompson — Attended Herchmer and Balfour Tech. interests seem to be Physics, Main Math and making money during the summer. Plans to graduate in Engineering Physics.

Ted Steacy—Graduate of Central in 1951. He stayed out of school one year and came to the College this year. Plans to become a Mechanical Engineer. He is Equipment manager of the Hockey team.

Roy Rudichuk—Rudeye is the conscientious student that plays on the Cougars. A regular guy, we'll see him in the future.

Par Fletcher—One of the Eskimo boys from Room 220. A former Pres. of Balfour Tech. Interests are golf, badminton, swimming, ping-pong, dancing. He also owns a commercial pilot's license.



Gerry Straub

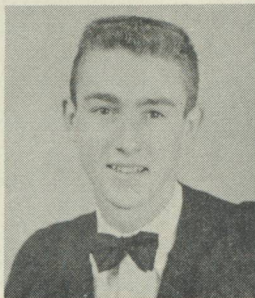
Joe Walliser—Joe comes to the College from Bienfait. He is an enthusiastic curler and also shoots a mean game of Ping-pong. We wish Joe success for all his future plans.



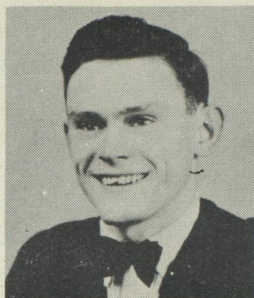
Par Fletcher



Ted Steacy



Arnold Floyd



Rod Mackenzie



Jim Serne

Arnold Floyd—Scott's former brown-eyed Pres.—Love life—on the threshold of matrimony. A man of talent. Main interests—playing hockey—very good baseball pitcher and former College all-star Football player. Plans in future—Geological Engineering at Saskatoon next year.

Rod Mackenzie—Our "Mr. Intoxicator" of the Minstrel Show. A four-year class pin winner at Central. Active member in Drama, Swim Club and the Common Room Bridge Club. Rod plans Chemical Engineering in Saskatoon.

Jim Serne—Went to Scott. Proficiency award in Math. Interest is sports and piano. Expects to graduate in Engineering and Architecture.

Camera Shy

Don Brock—Born in Regina, Don took his High School at Central and Luther. Don is active in Drama and sports; had a lead part in the "Village Green" Ambition—Petroleum Engineer.

Hugh Gucker—A graduate of Scott, Hugh has returned to further his education after a three-year lay-off. Hugh's interests are mainly in music and he has his own orchestra. Plans on Chemical Engineering.

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LAB TECHS



Marni Davis



Marion Pearson



Jean Heggie



Audrey Zbitnew

2nd YEAR



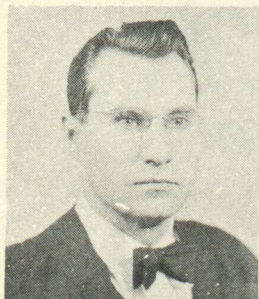
Pat Thornicroft



Kae Woodin



Shirley Acton



Herman Kernen



Barbara Main



Terry Peart

Herman Kernen—

Here's to Herman, our lone male 'tech,
Whose life we've made a total wreck.
His future lies in Saskabush,
Farewell, Herman—Need a push?

Shirley Acton—

Raise your glass to blue-eyed Shirley,
Whose long blonde hair is always curly (??)
When she's in the lab there's always a riot.
But don't get us wrong, she really is quiet.

Marni Davis—

A toast to Marni, our red-haired lass,
Who never worries about a pass.
With brains and personality combined
A better girl you'll never find.

Barbara Main—

Let's drink to Barb who hails from the coast,
In the lab she works her uttermost.
If you ask what she's doing, you'll just get a look,
For her answer is always "In the Book".

Terry Peart—

All drink to Terry,
Always laughing, always merry,
To take someone's blood is her desire,
She's really sweet—the little vampire.

Audry Zbitnew—

This is the Audrey who's always moaning,
Biochemistry keeps her groaning.
Mr. Moxley's pride and joy,
And can she titrate—boy, oh boy.

Kae Woodin—

This is to Kay, our social director,
Quite a card and really an actor.
Favorite expression—"I wish I were dead".
Don't do that Kae—Kill "Streps" instead.

Marion Pearson—

Drink to Marion, small and pert,
Upon whose lab coat lies no dirt,
Another lab. tech. who will make good,
At the top of the class she's always stood.

Pat Thornicroft—

Last but not least, let's drink to Pat,
Who isn't thin and isn't fat.
Our "just right" gal who's always in style,
She'll be a "Mrs." in a little while.

Jean Heggie—

Here's to Jeanie—She makes
us think
This little gal has printer's ink;
You see, her blood it's running
through
For she's the Editor of the
Record, too.



Bev Haward



Joan Batycki



Jenny Gawron



Lorna Campbell

1st YEAR

Beverley Haward—Bev's scholastic achievement is A-1. Bev supports the college teams and her famous last words are, "Anyone for Badminton?"

Joan Batycki—Spends her time worrying about getting her P.T. credits. Joan's efficiency in the lab should make her an excellent lab. tech.

Jenny Gawron—Our little Saturday night door-keeper. Just think what she sees on that door step! Jenny hails from Kelvington, Sask.

Lorna Campbell—Is that Lorna we heard snoring in class? When the class bell rang she must have thought it was her alarm clock. Lorna obtained her grade twelve at O.D.S.

Carol Garritty—Carol's flashing eyes and dashing smile should make any test tube sparkle. We see her often in Men's clothing stores. Buying your own wardrobe or just visiting?

Yvonne Livingstone—Bun sparks the Cougettes, maybe it's because she spends so much time over at the gym, but then she tells us that she's "just checking". Bun's only wish is that her stay at Regina College will not be like her hair, here today and gone tomorrow.

Margaret Penfold—"By George, I should get a precipitate this time?". Besides spending endless hours in the chem lab (washing test tubes) Marg spends her time skating at the Winter Club. Highest aspiration is to shake hands with the skeleton in the closet.

Nadia Babish—The height of her ambition is from 5' 10" to 6' 2". Nadia's motto is "Ve get too soon ouldt, and too late shmart"

Mary McDonald—"tweedle-dee, tweedle-dum", where does he come from, Mary? When do you get your most sleep, Mary, during Chemistry or Bacteriology?

Colleen Croll—Basketball, Ballet, Drama, Swimming, Singing, Dating, and oh yes! a little homework here and there. She's our tall, blonde, versatile lab. tech., well known for her version of "Slaughter on Tenth Ave."



Carol Garritty



Yvonne Livingstone



Marg Penfold



Colleen Croll



Mary McDonald



Nadia Babish



Andrea Curle



Sheila McNeil



Donna Sotske



Colleen Crozier

Louise Torfason—Louise came to Regina College from Wadena. Has an ambition to one day become a basketball star. "Darn these city bus drivers, they never wake me up at my stop."

Agnes Raby—"Frenchy" was there when the brains were handed out. With her marks her future as a lab. tech. is assured.

Colleen Crozier—Quote, "I have brains but I'm saving them." Colleen's quick wit never fails to bring a hearty laugh from the girls. What will she say next?

Donna Sotske—You may think she's quiet but who do you suppose is the source of all the mischief at the residence. A real sports enthusiast, she begins the evening saying, "Let's do something—go see a hockey game for instance."

Sheila McNeil—Our ideal lab. tech. with brains and personality plus. Sheila is an ardent skating and curling fan. Sheila is Alameda's loss and our gain.

Andrea Curle—Andy, our "red-hot disc jockey" has ten musical toes and loves to do the shimmy. Andy's charming personality seems to snag the tall men. Are they all that tall in Redvers, Andy?

Connie Lofgren—Our scholarship gal. Connie is always willing to lend a hand and she isn't at all selfish in sharing her many talents with us who are less fortunate.

Yvette Sylvestre—Favorite expression—"Have you Heard—well Keep it a secret". Pastime—engineering-chemical, of course! Probable destination—washing test-tubes. Pet aversion—no letters.

Margaret Chadwick—Has great interests in Campion—and the men there! Also specializes in fainting, that is, if the right people are around to catch her. Marg is an expert slide washer, maybe you'll get a job in the lab yet, Marg.

Hazel Gunderson—The girl with a cheery hello for everyone she meets, morning, noon and after hours. How do you manage to get so many phone calls Hazel, and why the song, "Charlie is my darling"?

Joyce Quine—Who says red-heads have a temper. She's just throwing things around practising for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Joyce came to Regina College from Simpson, Sask.



Connie Lofgren



Yvette Sylvestre



Marg Chadwick



Hazel Gunderson



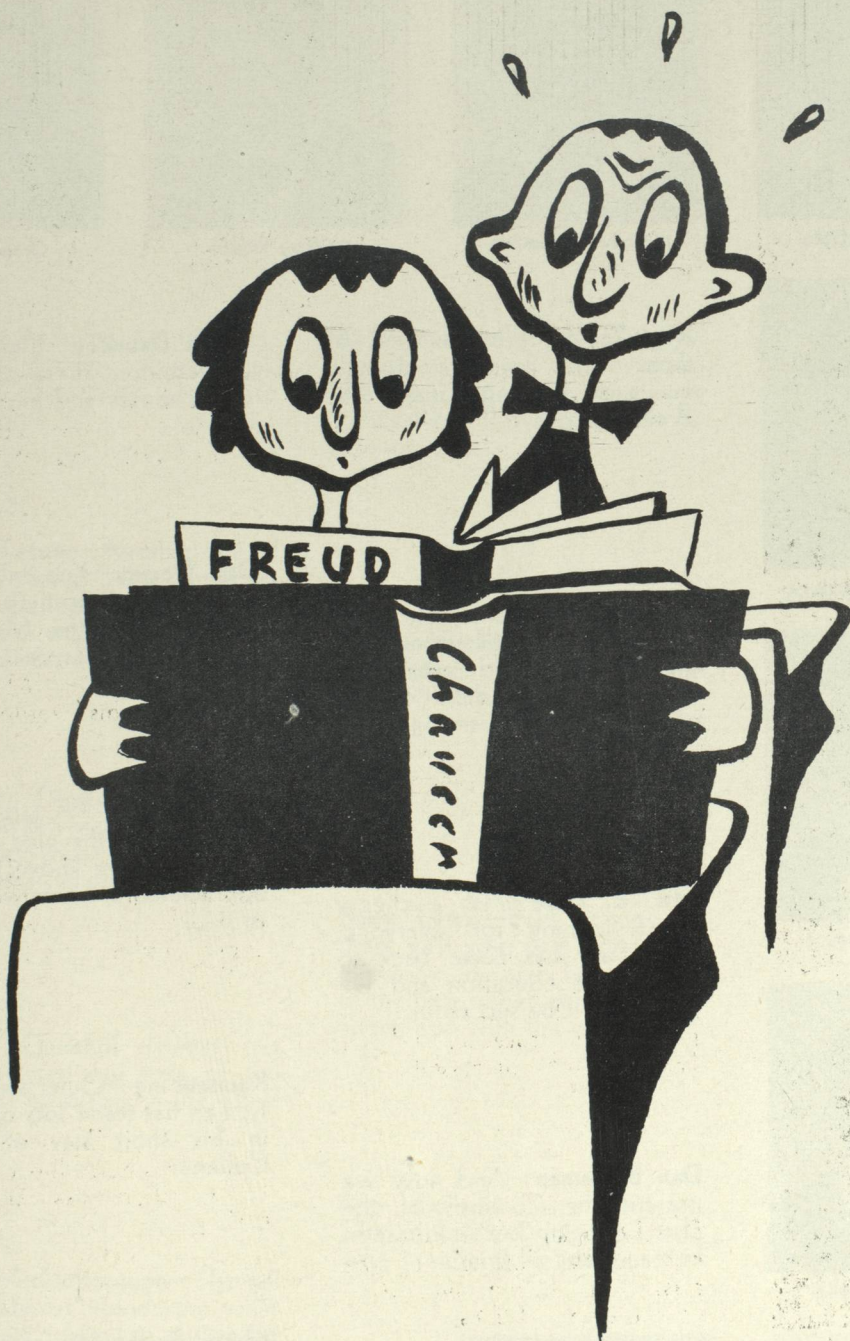
Agnes Raby



Louise Torfason



Joyce Quine



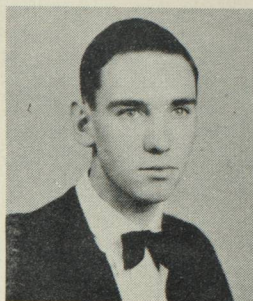
MATRICULATION



Mrs. E. A. Dale



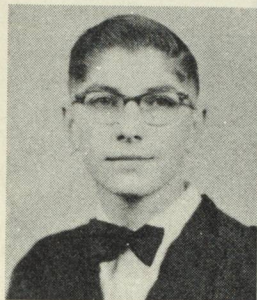
Ann Irwin



Roy Taylor



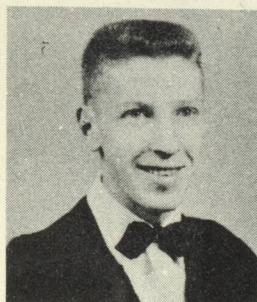
Grace Dauncey



Dan Bingaman

Roy Taylor—Here is one of those lucky guys that doesn't say much, but can manage that B average okay.

Grace Dauncey—Her topic of conversation these days concerns houses and kitchen hints.



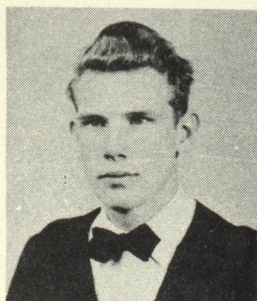
Don Dorsey

Ann Irwin—Her role as "Featherleg" is still astonishing both students and especially some profs! We didn't know we had such talent among us.

Don Dorsey—Known to sleep in many a morning, Dorsey usually makes the Math class. Would it be his favorite subject?

Mrs. E. Dale—Has a cheery good morning for everyone. Mrs. Dale has come back to further her education and we know she'll be successful.

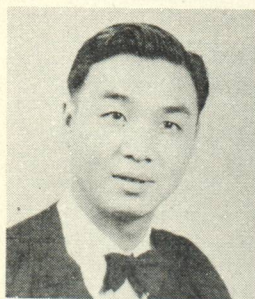
Joe Campbell—A tall hunk of man as far as the girls are concerned but we know that he's appreciated in his native habitat of B.C.



Joe Campbell

Dan Bingaman—And now we present the "brains" of the class. He is our information bureau along all lines.

Kenneth Ing—Quiet and friendly, Ken has made lots of friends in his short stay at Regina College.



Ken Ing



Muriel Brunt

Muriel Brunt—Muriel makes the motion that we dispense with the early morning History classes to enable Muriel to digest her breakfast.



Boyd Taylor



Dale Greiner



Marion Dinwoodie



Mabel Churchill

Boyd Taylor—Sweep that rock, boy! All the way. A good guy and an asset (little donkey) to any school.

Kathleen Davidson—Kelly may be quiet in class, but boy does she think! Especially along lines concerning the Massey-Harris agency.

Dale Greiner—Another one of those fellows who came to Regina College to get a good education and still hasn't recovered from the shock.



Alma Mickelborough

Marion Dinwoodie—Wonder why this fair maiden goes home on week-ends? What better reason than to study?

Barbara Wickware—Babs shines in all sports. Sure wish we had some of her agility.



Kathleen Davidson

Mabel Churchill—Mabel has been elected our type of girl that will go places in life. Best of luck!

Betty Lewis—Betty is one of those girls who gets along with everyone. She uses her facilities to the best of her abilities in all sports and with the mounties.



Barbara Wickware

Alma Mickelborough—The gal who's always wondering what Mr. Blight's going to put on his Math exams. Along with Lewis she makes a "Gruesome Two-some", that goes everywhere and gets into everything.

Ron Cojocar—San Francisco, here I come! Here's the boy who's really going places.



Ron Cojocar

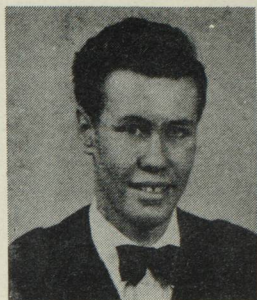


Betty Lewis



George Abbott

George Abbott—I wonder why he's always late for French? Could it be he slept through the alarm?



Wayne Crossley

Wayne Crossley—Don't talk to me now. I'm busy doing yesterday's work.

Camera Shy

Thomas Nixon—Zoom! What was that? That was the senator speeding from Moose Jaw to "Ye Olde Halls of Learning" in his merry chrysler.

Wayne Squires—"Friends, Romans Countrymen, lend me your ears." Well, anyway, Wayne is going to make a good doctor. If he says you have ——it's only appendicitis..

Gerald Wilson—We haven't decided whether the ministerial profession is the proper vocation for Jerry, by his remarks during the absence of Dr. Ledingham in Biology class. We'd say it's not. Don't take it to heart, Jerry.

Sarah Greenburg—We wonder how Mr. Crossman could get along without Sarah's Interpretation of Chaucer's translation.

Sam Lomheim—He's going through for medicine. But wait, girls! He's already married.

Fred Van Woert—Is Fred's bugbear Math? Or is he just naturally inclined that way?

Earl Stotesbury—What would we do without our paternal adviser in all matters, especially conferences held during Biology Lab.

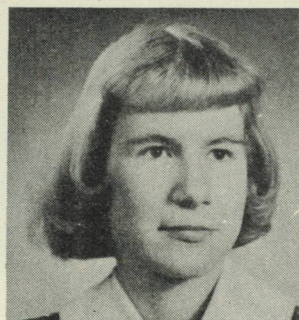
FINE ARTS



Doreen Endo



Pat Lohead



Lorraine Malach

We, the art students of Regina College leave to posterity our paint-stained shirts and clay spattered jeans, a few old brushes, charcoal smudges on the floor and gesso that wouldn't thicken. We do not leave as painters of fame but as students who wish to learn to understand and to appreciate the wonderful things that this life holds for us and all mankind. We are thankful to have been able to spend these last two years at Regina College and appreciate the kindness that we have received. The College will always remain a home base for us.

Doreen Endo
Lorraine Malach

Pat Lohead
Clare Samuels

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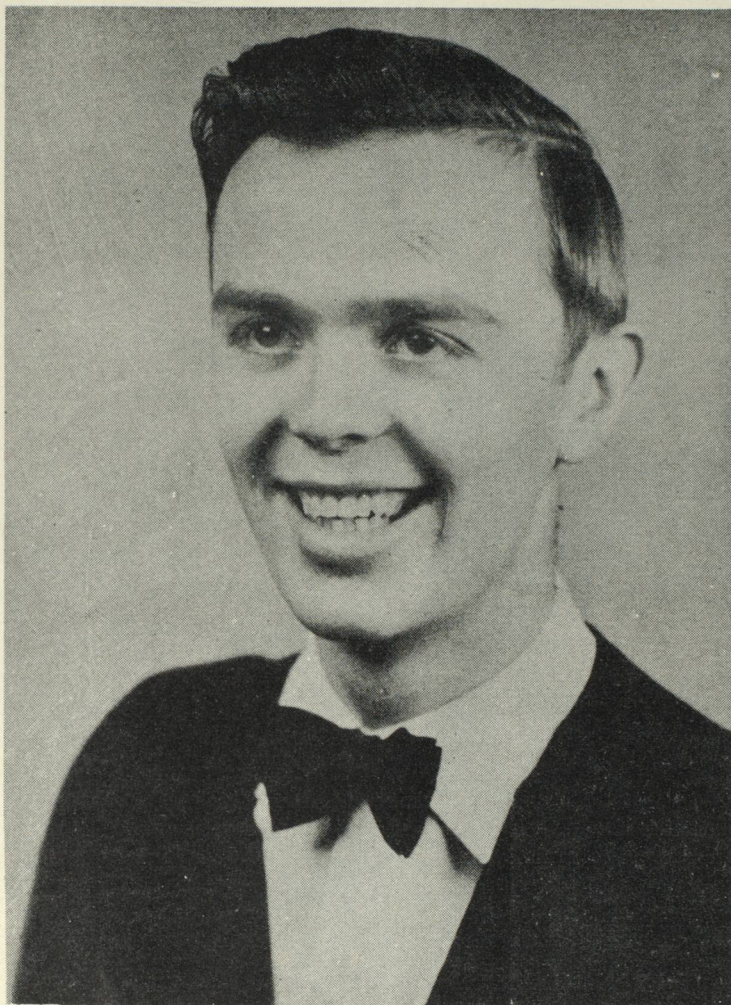


The College Arms

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."



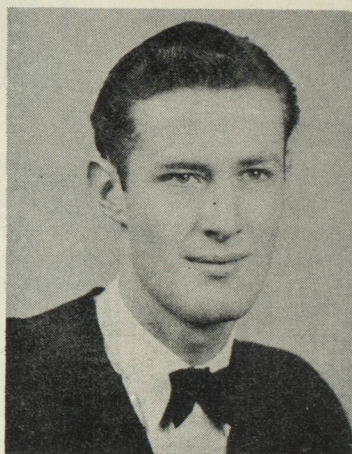
ACTIVITIES



DAN HAGGERTY
President



TERRY PEART
Vice-President



KEITH SMITH
Treasurer

President's Message

In the years to come, when we look through this book, we will be reminded of many pleasant memories. The Freshman of '53 will provide an endless source of delight. The faces appearing here will each remind us of many hilarious or serious incidents.

The basketball trips, the dances, the minstrel show, the blood drive, and all our student activities have given us a sense of well-being and participation. The labs, the library, the lab. techs. and the faculty have all contributed something towards our education which will not be soon forgotten.

As we go our separate ways, my best wishes go with you all for wealth, health and happiness.



LYNNE SCHWEITZER
Drama

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL



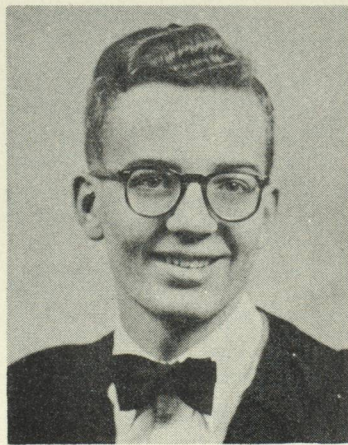
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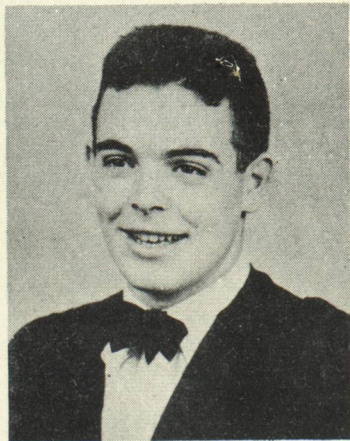
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Music



MORLEY ARNASON
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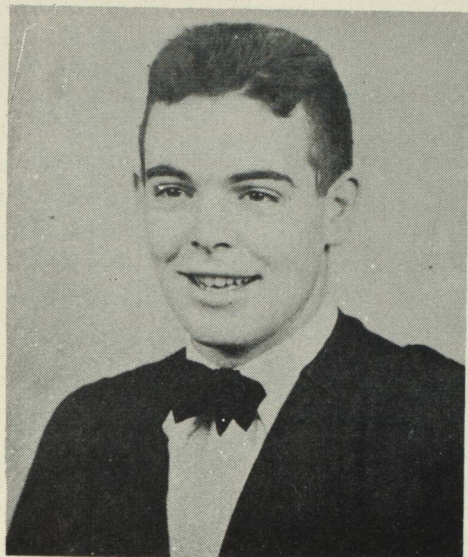


JEAN HEGGIE
Record



JIM TOWNSEND
Freshman

Debating
WINSTON
CHAMBERS



The Freshman

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TYPING.....	Charlotte Sejbjerg

We wish to thank

- the art department for their aid in setting up the title pages of this book;
- the photographer, for so patiently picturing all the tardy students;
- the literary genius' that contributed to the features;
- and Danny Haggerty, for remembering all the editor overlooked.

The Record



There were four issues of The College Record this year. Originally it was the Staff's intention to send five issues to press; however, limited time and finances would not permit.

We were extremely gratified that the students enjoyed the paper so much, and we would like to thank everyone who helped to make this year's College Record a success.

THE RECORD STAFF

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ADVERTISING MANAGER.....	Keith Smith
SOCIAL EDITOR.....	Terry Peart
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PATRONS

Dr. Murray, Mr. Greenberg, Mr. Lockhead.



S O C I A L

The social year at the College started out with the faculty reception in the Darke Hall, and a tea in the reception room, followed by a dance—all taking place on September 27. There was a particularly friendly atmosphere, and everyone became acquainted with their new fellow students and faculty. Our own Hugh Gucker and his orchestra had everybody twirling around and having a wonderful time. Everybody went home convinced that they were going to have a bang-up social time at the College this year.

Witches, goblins, monkeys, overgrown babies, and other strange characters invaded the dining-room on November 1 to dance to the music of Ross Reibling's orchestra. The costumes were many, varied, and amusing and even the professors got into the swing of things.

The dining-room was converted into a Parisian dive, with dancing done to the orchestra of Ross Reibling. Candlelight and soft music provided the romantic atmosphere that made the evening a gala success. Tables were arranged around the room and drinks were served at the "bar", being a variety of sizzling names—Shakedown, Red-Eye, Ciro Special, Creme de Menthe and such. At intermission cigarette girls brightened the floor selling cigarettes and chocolate bars. The costumes were a tremendous success, with the boys decked out in turtle-necked sweaters, dark pants and berets, and the girls in their off-the-shoulder blouses, split skirts, flowers and all. The teachers were given an opportunity to have a dance all their own in peace and quiet before the floor was invaded by jiving Jills and Jacks.

Exams were over and although we were half dead, our fatigue did not prevent us from attending the Christmas Carnival. With the morbid thought of marks coming in the near future, the students drowned their sorrows in the gay spirit which prevailed. What night was this? Why, Dec. 20, of course. Will those who were there ever forget that night? The decorating committee is to be commended for the wonderful atmosphere they created with their outstanding Santa Clauses and snowmen. These helped to remind all those students who had been so deeply engrossed in exams (we hope there were some) that St. Nick was really on the way and that Christmas would soon be here. We welcomed many familiar faces in the form of our old Grads. It was great to see some of the old gang back and they certainly added to the merrymaking. Their tall tales of life at other universities provided much laughter. Dr. Riddell accompanied and Mr. Watson conducted while we all raised our voices in Christmas Carols. Another dance can be put down as a big success and many thanks are in store for all those who participated.

After Christmas, we witnessed three more successful social functions. These were our formal dance at the Saskatchewan Hotel, our Sadie Hawkins dance on Feb. 28, and our Graduation formal in April.

M U S I C



R. C. has proudly presented:

That's how we all felt on the evening of Jan. 10th. The hard work and the co-operation of most of the talented students of Regina College had gone into this Minstrel Show and this was rewarded by the approving applause that we received during the performance. The show was indeed a success and this is how it happened:

Managing the cast of performers was Pat Thornicroft, without whom the show could never have materialized. Rod Mackenzie, assistant director and Mr. Interlocutor (M.C.) introduced the various talent and engaged in repartee with the endmen. Then finally as an indispensable asset to the show, there was Alayne Sanburn, our accompanist.

Our endmen, integral part of any Minstrel Show, "just sort of" stole the show in Part I. Buxom Dinah, curvaceous Featherleg, Clem Kidadilhopper, Charcoal (master of ad. lib.) Rastus, and "Ole Man River" himself (Brother Bones) all did a giant-sized job in helping put the show over.

The program began with a rousing chorus, "We are here to entertain you". All we had to do now was prove that we meant just that. So to remove any doubt Brother Bones (Dint Langdale) proceeded to tell his sad, sad story. To cheer him the gentle strains of "12th Street Rag" blared out to accompany Clem (Par Fletcher) and Colleen Croll in just about the cutest little dance routine you've ever seen. Then—wowee—a-sidlin' onto the stage comes our own "Feathah-Laig" (Ann Irwin). Audience and showmen joined company in mopping their fevered brows—and Featherleg still can't figure out why she has received so many gifts of garters with "stay-up" guarantees on them.

The crowd quieted and the footlights softened when Ross Belsher made his debut singing "Deep River". But now, what?—why here was Clem again but instead of fancy footwork he's a-passin' out subtle? remarks about fish and dogs.

We didn't suspect Regina College of harboring chorus girls but Jean Rutherford, Edythe Couty, Alma Mickleborough, and Terry Peart proved with their rendition of "Bend Down, Sister" that the College has lots of surprises.

Hey! What's this? Careful dere, Dinah. Maybe we should get a hoist—nope, it's okay, she's down now—all of her. And so Dinah (Kae Woodin) made a "big" impression with her entrance (descent).

Next up were Dave Bowman and Bob Shank singing "De Camptown Races". Ross Belsher and Danny Haggerty joined them singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot".

Now, here's a stunned lookin' niggah carryin' on about a coon coat. It was Rastus (Barry Burton). By the sound of the clapping they thought he was funny. Following Rastus' performance was a throaty rendition of "Birth of the Blues" by Edythe Coutu. Then our friend Charcoal puts in his appearance and ad. libs. (a la excellence) his way on and off again to the amusement and despair of his fellow-showmen.

Probably the highlight of Part I, if you just had to make a choice among all our talent, was Brother Bones singing "Ole Man River" (unaccompanied). Not even a sad and beaten negro could have put more fervor and feeling into the song than Dint did.

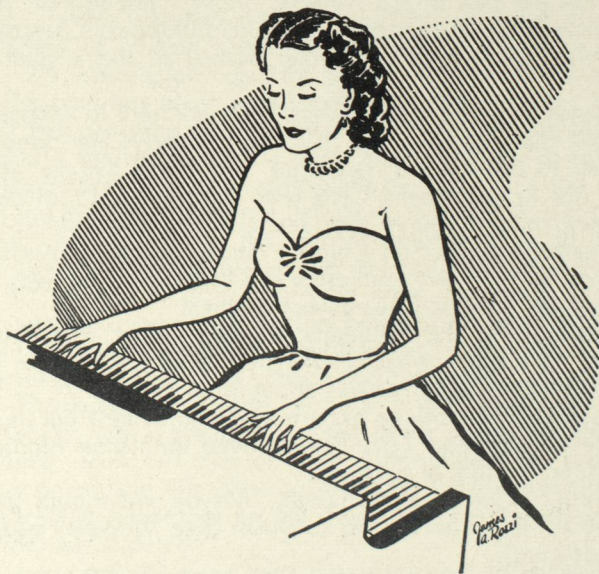
The second part of a Minstrel Show is called an Oléo and performers in it don't have to be in blackface. First up was Bobbie Kinnon who presented us with something different, a **serious** monologue which nearly brought the audience to tears in the sincerity of its performance.

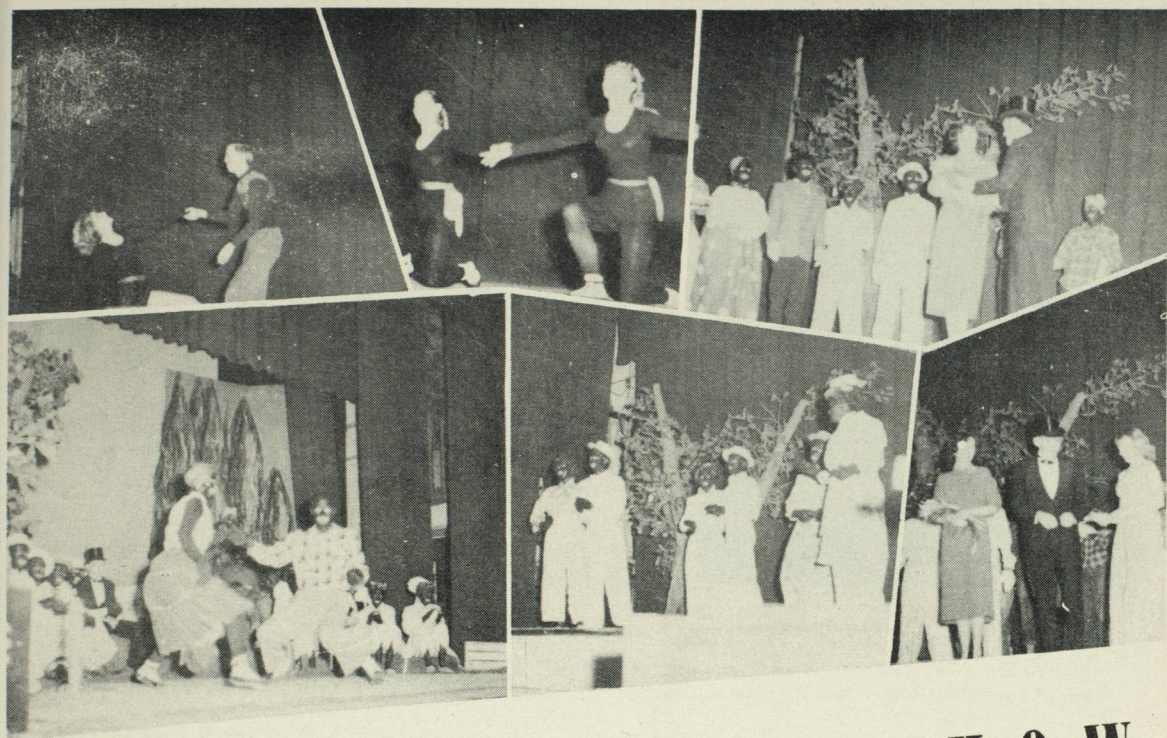
Following Bobbie, Lynne Schweitzer thrilled us all with her clear and beautiful interpretation of "Summertime". Reg Hawe's ballet group did a short modern ballet. Gaylen Killan (Jose Iturbi) played a Chopin Polonaise, then the lights dimmed, the crowd became hushed as the turbulent music of "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" began to play. Danny and Colleen stepped forth to present one of the outstanding numbers of the night. They were rewarded with thunderous applause, whistling, and stamping of feet. The effective lighting for this number was because of Bill Blight's careful work.

Next was an "imitation of Al Jolson". Was that really Cliff Lamb singing? We'll never know.

Songbirds and Barbershop Boys joined to add a bit of jungle atmosphere to the show with "Under the Bamboo Tree". Then the whole cast united to sing "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers" and the closing chorus, "We have done our best——".

We bowed our goodnight, the curtains gently closed, the Darktown Jamboree was over.





THE MINSTREL SHOW





D R A M A

This year added another milestone in the dramatic history of Regina College. A three-act play, "Village Green", was presented, in spite of all difficulties. Some twenty-five students heaped just that much more on the already heavy load of curricular activities, in order to spend long hours of hard work making that new endeavour a big success.

Politics, the eternal triangle of love, a scandalous painting, and a fire in the town hall were the delightful ingredients of the presentation. A typical U.S. situation of Democrats versus Republicans intertwined in richly colored characterizations offered a challenge both to the students undertaking it and those who are to compose the drama department of future college years.

Looking backstage, as always, reveals a story behind the story. The College play proved no exception, for one week before curtain call the leading man, Don Brock, wound up seriously ill. His valiant efforts for a come-back gave keener impetus to that age-old quip, "The show must go on"! And in spite of practising in every available space (including dining-room, wash room, and kitchen), basketball trips and illness the show did go on, due to the vitality and determination of Roberta Kinnon.

"Village Green" will be one of the many bright stars in the sky of memories we take away with us from the annals of Regina College.

D E B A T I N G

One of the blessings of this age is freedom of speech. Everybody loves to voice his opinion on controversial issues, and be heard. However, not infrequently, discussions are unbridled and too much energy is dissipated in a desperate and sometimes futile attempt to enlist a sympathetic hearing.

At Regina College heated and pointless discussions are rare. The Debating Directorate has discovered the antidote and applies it. Students who have a flair for debating are drawn into the debating nucleus, where they air their views or defend their philosophies without commotion.

Although the Debating Directorate has so far had but few debates, most interesting of which was a student faculty debate, yet it awaits with growing confidence the debate of the year. This is the MacKenzie Trophy debate between the Freshmen of the parent University and the College. The date of this debate is set at March 13.

The confidence of the Debating Society as expressed in its slogan, "Never let it be said that the MacKenzie Trophy was returned to Saskatoon in '53, is symbolic of the spirit with which the Debating Society looks towards the great day, March 13.

The Society holds itself indebted to Dr. Graham and wishes to express its gratitude to him for his mature guidance and unflinching co-operation throughout the year.

"Hello...Coke!"



*Ask for it either way . . . both
trade-marks mean the same thing.*



THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Students are always inquiring after truth. Today, the impact of science on their lives intensifies this search, so much so that some of them propound their own philosophies by which they live. Sometimes these dogmas run contrary to current Christian belief, and the world sees the University not as a place where "men who hate ignorance strive to know" but as the nursery of atheism and agnosticism.

The S.C.M. at Regina College knows that men cannot live by bread alone. It realizes that youthful enthusiasm and indiscretion are "ill-wedded companions". Therefore it aims at providing a fuller and more rounded life for the students, through Christian fellowship.

This academic year, the S.C.M. led a busy life. With the kind co-operation of our Dean, the untiring efforts of Mr. Anderson—the faculty adviser to the S.C.M., and the unflinching support of the Regina Ministerial Association, we were able to hold three twenty-minute Chapel services a week. On Friday afternoons we had our Bible study and groups discussion.

S. C. Mers know that the drudgery of routine never appeals to human nature. So in order to inspire interest, and bring new recruits into the fold, Mr. Anderson made his suite available for open night discussions, and also provided those delicacies, the memory of which haunts the sometimes peckish S. C. M-er. At some of these open night discussions we had the Rev. Glenn Firth—S.C.M. secretary of the University of Saskatchewan, and on one occasion the Rev. Bob Miller, S.C.M. National Associate Secretary, was present.

In December, the S.C.M. sent two delegates to the S.C.M. conference of the Western Universities at the University of British Columbia.

As we approach the end of the school year, some of the S.C.M-ers are planning to remove their sphere of influence from the precincts of the College. They will be going out to work in S.C.M. Work Camps this summer.

The group wishes to thank all those who have contributed to the success of our work, and records its deep gratitude to the Advisory Board, whom so many of us know so little about.

Best Wishes

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S P O R T S



BACK ROW: Mr. Stewart, Murray Butterfield, Ian Ross, Paddy Rowbotham, Mike Love, Gordon Wicijowski.
FRONT ROW: Terry McGowan, Roy Rudichuk, Ron Walsh, Joe Kanuka, Morley Arnason.

THE COUGARS

The Cougars of this year are a great squad. The team boasts many stars from the inter-collegiate league. From Central came the outstanding guards Paddy Rowbotham and Mike Love. Up front we have Murray Butterfield and Morley Arnason. The south Saskatchewan Championship team from Campion contributed forwards Ron Walsh and Joe Kanuka, and guard Gord. Wicijowski. From Scott came Ian Ross and holdovers from last year are Roy Rudichuk and Terry McGowan.

The Cougars played in the City League until the New Year and then dropped out as they had a heavy schedule of exhibition games and road trips.

At the time this was written the team had made trips to Estevan, Weyburn, Moose Jaw, Miles City and Brandon and played fine ball each time out. It was a pleasure to watch the Cougars entertain visiting teams also. At home the Cougars played superior ball and stopped Estevan, Weyburn, and Brandon convincingly, while they tied Moose Jaw.

We were very sorry to see Gord. Wicijowski injure his ankle. The team lost a fine two-way guard because of this injury. The only other casualty were teeth marks on Rudichuk's thumb left by one of the Brandon players.



BACK ROW: Mr. Stewart, Betty Lewis, Colleen Croll, Donna Hay, Lynne Schweitzer, Yvonne Livingstone.
FRONT ROW: Pearl Davis, Doreen Wright, Carlean Ginsburg, Charlotte Sejbjerg, Louise Torfason.

THE COUGETTES

The Cougettes looked very fine in pre-season practices but something went wrong in league play. During the first half of the schedule they won one, lost three and tied one. The team looked shaky in the opening games but gradually picked up until they were quite a powerful team.

The Cougettes went to Weyburn and Estevan to begin the annual home and home series with these two teams. They went all the way to take Weyburn girls, but lost to Estevan. In the return game with Weyburn the team again looked strong and played a good brand of ball.

Continuing league play the Cougettes came up with three wins and two losses. During the exhibition encounters they showed us they could indeed play basketball and gained impressive victories. At time of printing our fearless females are battling their way through the playoffs with "Hook shot Hay", "Long shot Livingstone" and "Lay-up Lewis" playing good ball as are the others especially Pearl Davis and Lynne Schweitzer. Good luck, girls.



BACK ROW: Andy Svetkov, Keith Drummond, Syd Langhelt, Wayne Crossley, Glen Pinch, Mr. Stewart.
FRONT ROW: John Lipsett, Frank Mosienko, Barry Cochrane, Al Wilson.

THE CUBS

The Cubs are our entry in the boys intercollegiate league and a team which has not won a game for two years.

From the results of this year's play, it would seem that they will add another year to this record of defeats, and that Sam Stewart's quote "We might even win a couple this year", couldn't even give the team a win.

When this was written, the team had played six games and was still following the pace set for them by the squads of the two previous years. The record is zero for six games, but with some improvement being apparent. Sam Stewart's able coaching is shaping up a team which may yet win if they keep improving.

Handy Andy Svetkov is the only player with previous coaching and in each game he has done the majority of the scoring. However the improved play of Keith Drummond, Barry Cochrane, Al Wilson, John Lipsett and the rest of the team soon should show up in the scoring column.

H O C K E Y

The College Cougars are a very well-balanced team this year. They are full of the old fighting spirit and are a winning team as records will show. The team plays in the inter-collegiate hockey league as well as games in the country.

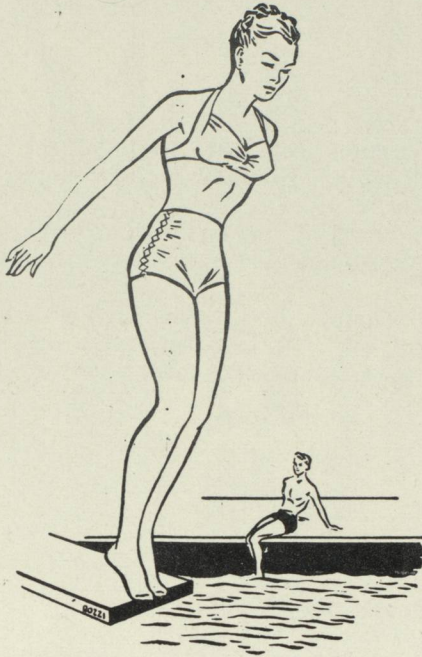
At the completion of the first half of the schedule, the team was in first place with two wins and a tie. A road trip to Indian Head resulted in another win for the Cougars when they defeated the Chiefs in a close game.

The team is ably coached by playing coach Neil Munro. The Cougars have three fine forward lines, four defencemen and "Mr. O". Ian Ross, our "Mr. O," has done a very fine job in goal and has recorded two shutouts in three games. This year's team is very strong, with all players displaying fine performances.

BACK ROW: Ted Steacy, Dint Langdale, Gerhardt Neumann, Jack Rogers, Arnie Floyd, Grant McHattie, David Wong, Frank Mosienko.
FRONT ROW: Clarence Vallance, David Bowman, Ian Ross, Bob Shank, Neil Munro.



SWIMMING



Early in the year the Swim Club was organized under the direction of Colleen Croll and Jack McNeil. Some twenty-eight members gathered each Friday evening at the Y.W.C.A. for an hour of fun and exercise. The club was cancelled for the month of December because of exams but the members were raring to swim once more in the New Year. Activities ranged from water polo, tag and relays, to just plain swimming. Each evening some member of the staff kindly took their turn as "life guard" and many thanks must go to them for spending this time with the club. The Swim Club had a most successful year with everyone having a fine time. Congratulations are in order for all who made the club a success even if it were only by their regular attendance.

BOWLING

Bowling has always been a tradition in Regina College and we feel that the 1952-53 league, although fairly small has successfully maintained that tradition. The league did not get too early a start due to the usual little difficulties in organization but finally a strong, six team league was formed under the capable direction of Hazel Gunderson and Clair Belsher. Bowling again this year was at the Vic Alleys on Saturdays at 1:30 p.m.

Early observers noticed some fine form among the "Regulars" and also promising newcomers swelled the ranks, making competition for top places and the prizes, very keen. This year's captains were Syl Kramer, Glen Pinch, Ron Walsh, Al Wilson, Andy Darling and Clair Belsher.



C U R L I N G

As soon as the ice was ready at the Regina Curling Club, the followers of the "Roaring Game" were out playing. The Curling Club opened with two groups of six rinks each, which curled every other Monday. Each rink had one girl member and very many fine shots were made by luck and experience both.

Ron Cojocar was the draw-maker for the league. His job became somewhat easier when play for the crests began. When the Curling Club championship play began only six of the twelve teams were entered. At the time of writing the two top contenders seem to be Renouf and Parsons. Other skips in the bonspiel were Cojocar, Reeve, Thompson and Bowman.

I N T R A - M U R A L B A S K E T B A L L

This year saw another fine intra-mural league set up, composed of five teams. The teams entered are: Commerce, Arts and Science, Matrics, Engineers A and Engineers B. The top spot in this league is currently held by Commerce and Engineers A. Each team has won both of its games so far. Engineers A walked over Matrics and Arts and Science in their battle for the crests while Commerce have defeated Engineers B and Arts and Science.

The brand of basketball played in this league is by no means professional but the competition is great. The games are hard fought all the way. It is quite something to see fellows like Gus Trip and John Marinescu sink baskets when they have never played the game before. The league is quite well balanced but at this point it looks like a battle for top place between Commerce and the slide rulers from Engineers A.

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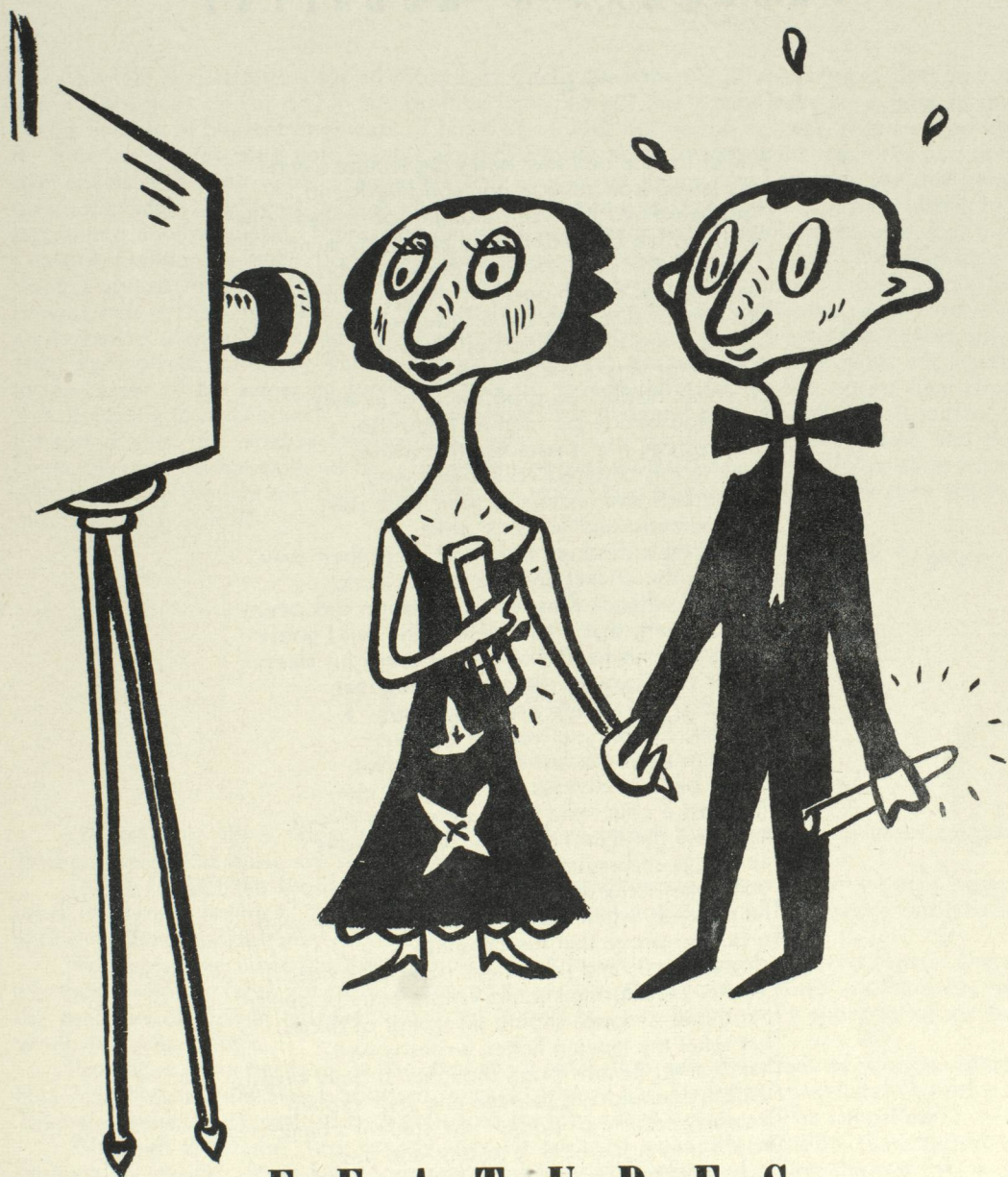
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Wascana
Wimpy's



F E A T U R E S

FRESHMAN'S RUBAIYAT

Wake! for the bell that marks the lecture's end
Has jarred from reverie our nodding friend,
And heartened him with thoughts of chapel hour—
When coffee black doth soul and body mend.
Come, fill the cup! And on the saucer bring
One cookie, dough-nut, roll—why, anything—
The bird of time hath but a little way
To flutter ere the second bell doth ring.
A book of verses underneath a pile
Of comic books—to prop them up in style—
And thou beside me reading Pogo too;
And college life is paradise the while.
Think in this battered edifice and grey,
Where lads and lasses stay their little stay,
How scientist and humanist alike
Abode their destined hour and went their way.
They say the cricket and the termite keep
The roof whence Kinsman at the moon did peep;
And Stewart, that great hunter—the wild goose
Honks o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.
Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Room 207, and heard great argument
Of atom, Einstein, universe—the stars—
But often slept ere out the door I went.
A hair perhaps divides the false and true;
Then toss a coin—the odds are one in two.
How says the learned doctor to this dodge?
He shrugs and smiles, "R minus W".
I sometimes think that never glows so red
The nose, as when some freshman bold has sped
To pub to prove that his capacity
Is forty beers—and three have rocked his head.
Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish, tears be shed;
That threat of supps should fill us full of dread;
That what the moving finger writes is writ;
That Summer months bring thoughts of daily bread.
Ah, Love, could we to dean and staff explain
This sorry scheme of things—the student's bane—
Would they not shatter it to bits, and then—
There goes that second bell; we're late again!

—MR. CROSSMAN

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

This tale is particularly for all those Lab. Techs. and other frustrated femmes who do not know what goes on (or off) in the Drafting Lab. To tell this, I must make an expose of the Secret Society of Student Engineers. I hope that I shall not be too severely reprimanded for it. Entering the lab on a cold winter's night, we see about twenty hunched forms huddled over sheets of blazing white—like a lab. tech's. uniform. Shiny metal glints in the dim light; down it plunges. Suddenly there is an agonizing scream and then a muffled groan. Lipsett has just ruined another plate. Then some naive matric student will ask what a plate is, but that I cannot divulge, for that is one of our most carefully guarded secrets. (Even Mr. McKinnon doesn't always recognize one when he sees it.) The boys crowd around Lipsett's desk, he cowers before them, for he knows the penalty for ruining a plate during the ritual. There is an awesome silence, then suddenly they pounce on him and lead him to the centre aisle. The culprit pleads for mercy, but the offence is too great: the penalty must be paid. He kneels in the centre of the menacing forms; tearfully he repeats those words that are so degrading and disgusting to an Engineer: "I am a puny little Arts student, I am a puny little Arts student." Exhausted after this mind-racking torture, Lipsett falls to the floor in a dead faint, and the Engineers unsympathetically go back to work. At last, at 12:30 a.m., the fellows troop home with the happy thought that they have only four more hours of work to do before they appear in English class at 8:30.

—ROD MACKENZIE, Engineer

PROFESSORS

University is not a thing of bricks and mortar, lordly buildings and spacious campus. Without professors these are less than nothing.

To the student the word "professor" has become synonymous with the words "home-work, study and lectures". However, if viewed from another angle, professors can take an entirely different appearance.

Professors, like numerous other articles, come in various sizes, shapes and forms. There are those who try (and sometimes succeed) to explain the events of history; others attempt the mysteries of foreign languages, and still others struggle to instill an appreciation of the works of great writers.

Professors are a necessity in the process of education and the pearls of wisdom which flow from their mouths are swallowed quickly by some and forgotten immediately by others. They are appreciated most when a notice on the door says, "class will be cancelled".

Although professors vary greatly they all seem to have one common characteristic—oneness for exams. Some have acquired the happy little knack of giving them at the most no opportune moments.

However, as Emerson once said, "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best." This, I am sure, applies to our professors in Regina College.

—BARBARA WICKWARE, Matric.

RESIDENCE LIFE

A day in residence usually begins at 5 a.m. with the ringing of a tinny, old alarm clock. You force open one eyelid and mutter, "Oh no, not again", and hop out of bed—get down on your hands and knees and hunt for the alarm clock the kids next door planted while you were out. After satisfying yourself that it's not under the bed, table, or dresser, you begin to madly rip open dresser drawers and scatter clothes in all directions.

Finally, you wake up enough to realize that the noise is coming from the closet so you fling open the door and peer in. Suddenly you spy it inside your rubber. As you reach for it, it stops ringing and you wonder if there is anything more maddening than to have an alarm clock ring itself out just as you reach for it.

With mission completed you stagger back to your bed and fall into it only to find that you can't go back to sleep. After tossing and turning for an hour, you drop off, and then another clock goes off. "To heck with it," you growl, and grit your teeth wondering if you have enough stamina to let it ring out by itself. Fifteen minutes later it finally stops and you relax—to a point. Carefully you plan what you are going to do to the "dirty rats" who thought this one up.

Before you have the plan completed you get terribly sleepy because, of course, it is time to get up. You jump out of bed, reach for your towel, and race to the bathroom hoping that this morning for a change you'll find an empty basin. But, "Oh what fools we mortals be."

Before you go down to breakfast you pull up the blankets on your bed and smooth the bedspread. Tomorrow morning for sure you'll make it better.

After morning classes you dash down to the dining-room for dinner. You finish your dessert hurriedly for you've only twenty minutes before your next afternoon class and you still have some lessons to go over.

The afternoon passes slowly, unless it's a spare, and then it goes like wildfire.

When supper is over the gang gathers in the reception room until study hours begin.

During study hours you, of course, study. What does it matter if you can't do the questions? You can study that cute boy who's just passing by, or you can study the movie magazines or comic books. At ten—the end of study hours—there is another mad dash for the bathrooms—this time for the bathtubs. As you put your name on the waiting list you discover that by the time your turn comes you will have exactly two minutes. Such a life!

Before you go to bed you make the rounds going from room to room begging the occupants for a morsel of food. You assure them that without food you can't last till morning. If they're kind hearted souls they give you something to tide you over. Maybe you are the one who got "the parcel" from home. If so, you have the privilege of being "dictator" and you are cajoled into parting with your treasure until you too, are back with the others, touring rooms again.

Residence life! It's wonderful!

—J. QUINE, H.L.T.

I GO TO THE CITY

Land sakes, I never saw such a queer set up. That's fer sure. My name is Poppy. Paw, Hiram Hicks, picked it out of the seed catalogue and gived it to me. Since I had reached the marryin' age and still hadn't landed me a man, I decided to come to the city and try my luck there. When I got to Regina I decided to look around and see if'n I couldn't become a hired girl in the local cafe, but I got myself lost and soon I sees a big buildin' beside a slough so I goes in. I was walkin' down a hall and soon I runs across a man sittin' at a desk and I gets talkin' and before I could say a thing I was made a stoo-dent at some joint called Regina College.

I sure learned lots of stuff there. Right smack they cracked me into a room along with a bunch of long-faced mavericks like myself and we was listenin' to some eddicated person talk about some fellow called Bill Shakespeare. While the other kids was writin' something down on some paper, I was tryin' to remember what picture show I seen him in. As near as I could figger out he was playin' with Roy Rogers in a big Indian fightin' picture. Well, I set there in that there room until somethin' like old Bessie's bell scared the daylights out of me and then there was the biggest stampede I ever seen.

Soon after we started our book learnin' we had a sociable evenin' where we all had a cup of tea and some of the smallest sandwichs I ever seen. I never seen the likes of them for bein' small. It was there that we met a feller they call the deen. He has a string of letters after his name as long as yer arm. Real friendly feller he is.

We have a room up there with a pianner in it and they had a bunch of pitchers hung in it and they called it modern art. It reminded me of Uncle Silas' parlor after the color-blind painter got through with it.

Somethin' funny about the paper they put out at the College is that they don't put no auction sales in it. Maybe no one is sellin' out these days. It sure is a queer paper though. I spent one whole evenin' lookin' through it to find the Personal Column to see if I couldn't find an add fer a respectable feller lookin' fer a respectable woman. There weren't none at all.

I put on my city clothes one day and went down to Main Street. I sees a big store that sends out a catalogue by the name of Simpson, so I goes in and looks around and gets into a room full of things that I thunk were box stalls. I went into one and sees a thing and it had a box above it with a handle on it. I monkeyed with the handle onct too often and it let out a turrible roar and it shot water. I took one look and bolted out of there.

When I was lookin' at some dresses in the same general store I seen a bunch of people disappear into the wall and soon I sees them come out again—but it wasn't them. I tried to figger this one out but soon I sees that the only way to find out what it was, would be to go into the walls too. I did and before I knowed what happened I was lookin' at furniture. Can you beat that.

On my way home I took notice to the trails. They have one for cars and one for us whose hoofin' it. They have those things covered with some stuff that sure makes yer feet sore.

When I went to bed that night I was lyin' there thinkin' of the day's happenin's. Why, in my home town—well, that's another story.

—JANICE STEEN

A DEAD PASSENGER

Last summer, Senor Francesco Bobadilla invited his male cousin, Pedro Manzanillo, from Lorza to Granada to the greatest bull fight of the year. After all the excitement was over, the two elderly gentlemen went into a tavern where they tasted the latest two dozen vintages of the finest Zorres, Malagu and Oporto wines. When they finally arrived home, they still continued for a number of hours the pleasant procedure of tasting wines, and as it sometimes happens, when one gets a blood pressure of 200 and an arterial sclerosis, the good old chap Manzanillo was struck by misfortune—he collapsed and was as dead as a doornail.

Senor Bobadilla was in despair. How much will it cost now to settle everything? Just imagine that! There will be reproaches from the relatives, and especially those of Senora Bodadilla, whose tongue and eloquence were widely known. Suddenly he got an idea. He would find his old friend who was a railroad employee and supervisor of the track to Lorza, and ask him for advice.

"The transportation of the body will be extremely expensive my dear Bodadilla," the railway supervisor said. "A special box car and special taxes to every municipality the train is going to pass. I'll tell you what. Buy a first-class ticket to, I don't care where, and place him in the first class compartment. Then tip the conductor to secure a nice undisturbed sleep for honourable Senor Manzanillo."

Now they suited their action to the word. The dead was placed into the corner of the empty compartment. the conductor is in on the secret, and the little noisy train leaves Granada. Everything was all right. No one ever takes the first-class compartment in that region. Suddenly, during a short stop at a little station the door was opened. A Portuguese merchant stepped into the compartment. He brought in a heavy suitcase, placed it on the luggage rack over the head of Senor Manzanillo and took a seat opposite him.

Suddenly the train lessens its speed and there is a shock. The heavy luggage falls on the head of the dead passenger. He collapses and sinks down. The merchant shakes the lifeless form who slips out of his hands and remains motionless. Now the Portuguese has got his wind up. He sees himself accused before the court in a foreign country, sentenced as a murderer, and spending the rest of his life in a penitentiary. He makes his decision. He grabs the dead passenger and throws him out of the window.

At Lorza, the conductor comes in, and discovers with horror that his passenger has disappeared. The merchant could see big beads of perspiration on his forehead.

"Where is the other gentleman who was here in the compartment?" the conductor asked the merchant, in a trembling voice.

"The other passenger?" the merchant answers, slowly controlling his feelings. "But he got out at the last station."

—C. Zelenko

INDIAN HEAD FOLLIES

If you want a good time and lots of laughs, just come on a trip with the hockey team. Boy, we sure had a lolapaloozer at Indian Head.

Amid a chorus of loud "huzzahs" and the falling tears of a disgruntled female, the Indian Head Special left the College at 6:00 p.m. There was lots of room in the bus (under the seats if you are that small, and some people felt that small before the evening was over), and the crowd on hand wasted nothing in whooping it up (some of them started about four that afternoon). Actually the bus was so crowded that I scratched my leg and a girl at the front of the bus slapped the guy that was sitting next to her. At this point I might say that there was no drinking in the bus, that is until that crazy fool broke the funnel.

Indian Head knew that we were coming long before we arrived there. At Balgonie we got off to phone Indian Head to tell them we were on our way but it seemed that Indian Head had phoned Balgonie fifteen minutes before and the only places that were open in Balgonie were the telephone exchange and the town hospital.

The rambling wrecks arrived at Indian Head about 7:15 p.m. and immediately filled the night air with choruses of "We're here because we're here".

The game started at 8:30, rather I should say the slaughter. While waiting for the game to start I overheard two old women talking to each other and the conversation went something like this:

1st sweet young thing: "Dis game is gonna be a rough one."

2nd sweet young thing: "How can you tell that?"

1st sweet young thing: "Dey got da flag flying at half mast."

Really though, as we entered the rink, the sign in the waiting-room said "No Smoking Allowed. It hinders the autopsy."

The game, a wild and woolly affair, ended in a 4-3 score with the Alma Mater victorious. Jack Rogers was the high goal getter with two. One for them and one for us. A real generous lad.

The team really did play a great game of hockey despite the disadvantage in size. It was like running into the Broder Building on a bicycle. In the dressing-room, between the second and third periods some fellow came in and said "Where's Elmer Schwartz?" one of the guys croaked out "They're hanging under his pants on the hanger in the corner."

We sure had a good cheering section in the rink and the kids went through all the College yells and some of their own. This the players really appreciate. After the game we all piled back onto the bus for the long ride home. The singing on the bus was really something. We sang everything from "Sentimental Journey" to "It's in the Book" and then we tried to sing them all at once. I saw one guy looking a bit peeved. He was trying to make love to some girl and the guy in the aisle was rasping out a few choruses of "Don't roll those Blood-shot eyes at me". What a combination!

Speaking of combinations I had better close my flap and say thanks to all you wonderful people who came on the Indian Head special. You certainly were a swell bunch of kids.

Good night.

—DINT LANGDALE

CAMPUS CALENDAR

September 19

Today we not only received our receipts, our armload of books, and our timetables (Oh! those 8:30 classes), but we also received "that worn-out feeling". Imagine standing in line from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. (with time out for dinner, of course).

September 25

The girls in the common room hung the art masterpiece upside down to see if the effect was any better.

September 27

Surviving the first week of school, we enthusiastically attended our first function—the Faculty Reception. First there was a wonderful programme in the Darke Hall, including a welcoming address by the Dean. Then we had tea in the tower room, followed by a successful dance in the dining-room. Everyone was impressed by the way the students mixed and the teachers participated, especially in the sing-song, with Dean Riddell at the piano and Mr. Watson conducting.

October 2

The girls turned their pictures around.

October 9

The girls' residence treated the boys' residence to a party in the reception room. Games, dancing, and wieners filled the bill.

October 14

Election speeches were heard today. Some candidates even produced little skits, which were exceptionally well received. Somebody took the girls' picture down all together.

October 16

Election day, and most of us went to cast our ballots.

October 31

A little bird told me that today the girls raided the boys' residence. Tch! Tch! P.S. Rumour also has it that the boys did likewise.

November 1

Everyone disguised themselves so well at the Hallowe'en Frolic tonight that it was impossible to tell who some of the characters were. Ross Reiblings' Orchestra supplied the music, and a gay time was had by all. Special attraction was a real live monkey.

November 13

Got our first term marks today. Only comment—Ugh!

November 19

The first debate of the year was absolutely hilarious. There's no doubt about it. The topic was "Resolved that teachers are a hindrance rather than a help in the Process of Education", with all four speakers, Jeanne Heggie, Glen Pinch, Dr. Murray and Mr. Anderson arguing for the affirmative. The whole affair was carried on in a slap-happy manner, with Dr. Graham as chairman.

November 21

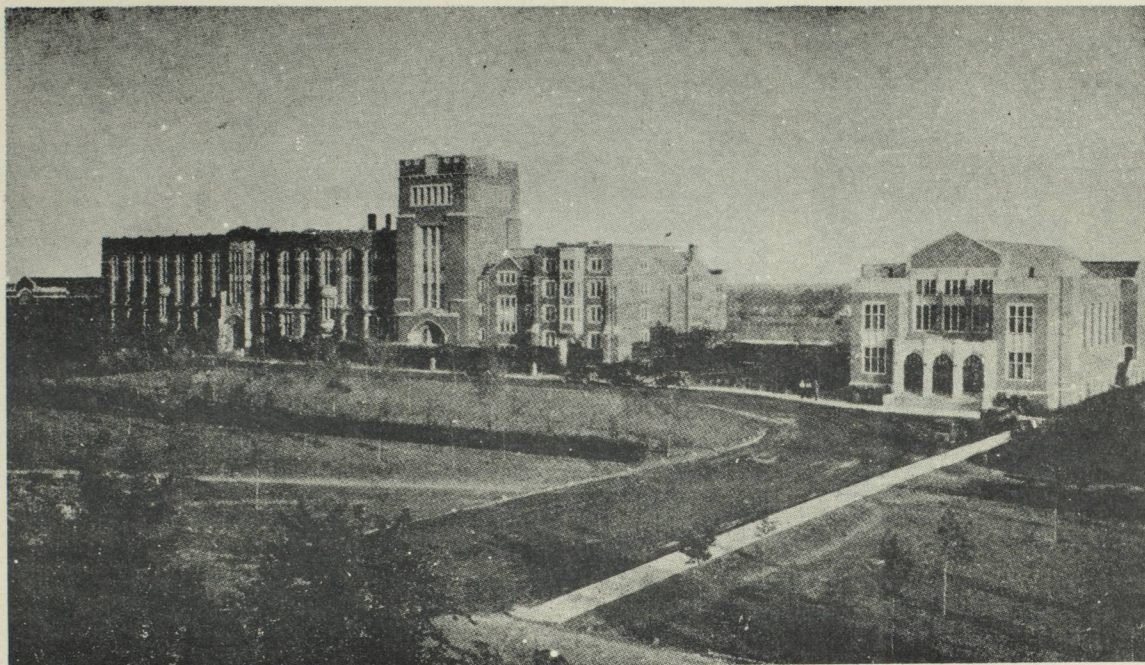
Tonight it was the boys' turn to entertain the girls' residence. The party took the form of a square dance, and we all learned (or tried to learn) how to do "Birdie in the Cage" and so forth. After all that exercise, we certainly appreciated the cokes and sandwiches served, and the slow waltzes which ended the evening.

November 15

Tonight was the traditional College Cabaret dance. WOW it was really like a night at Ciro's. The costumes were really—and eyes were popping out all over the place. You chose your drinks from a wide variety at the end of the dining-room at the "bar"—Shakedown, Red Eye, Ciro Special, Boiler Maker—whatever you craved. The setting was like a real Cabaret—tables arranged in a circle, and candles in a variety of liquid bottles provided the warm glow which made a wonderful evening.

December 5-6

The Cougars played very important games in Miles City, and even though they lost, they really tried hard.



December 12

All this week, the residences have been combining to gather around the piano and sing Christmas Carols. The annual residence Christmas supper was held in the dining-room, with candle light, soft Christmas music, and gaily decorated walls.

December 14

By the light of the fireplace and the gaily lit tree, the residences gathered to sing carols, roast marshmallows, and exchange little gifts. We have also been skating on the lake these nights.

December 20

The girls had a little party in the common room this afternoon. It was a small party and we all brought gifts and a little food plus our good spirits. Tonight ~~was~~ the final dance for 1952. Everyone had the Christmas spirit, including some of the grads from last year. We all raised our lusty voices in the Christmas songs, with Dean Riddell at the piano, and Mr. Watson in the chair.

January 10

Something different was presented to-night—the "Darktown Jamboree" by name. Anyone who missed seeing the R.C. studs all done up in blackface and colorful costumes, really missed something! After all the singing, joking, dancing, and acting, the kids really had fun trying to get all the goo off themselves.

January 16

Today nearly all the students came out and voted for a new president, who turned out to be Danny Haggerty.

January 17

A very happy crowd packed the Ballroom at the Saskatchewan Hotel for the first formal of the year. The boys looked so handsome; and the girls so pretty in their many colored formals. Bill Blight got some wonderful shots (pictures, that is) of many couples.

January 21

This ~~was~~ a big week for the S.C.M. for they had visiting with them Bob Miller and Glynn Firth, who led discussions at a tea this afternoon, and at an open-house in Mr. Anderson's suite at night. It was too bad more didn't come out to these gatherings, for they were really interesting.

January 24

Indian Head, look out! Here comes Regina College. Yes, today the hockey team and spectators journeyed up there and had a swell time.

January 29

The lab. techs. found out today that they had to go to night classes with the nurses—and one of them will be on a Friday night too. Can you beat that?

(Continued on page 74)

FROM HOLLAND

Regina College, a solidly built brick building, rises out of the cold nothingness of the prairies, attempting in vain to look old and respectable. After conquering the entrance obstacle, a wave of warmth envelops you; the hollow halls, the soft swishing of the swaying doors to the library, the shuffling and stamping of students, the strutting of professors, and the low laughter and gurgling giggles.

The past months have made me aware of my utter ignorance which I hold, in an abstract sense, to be one of the main values of education. These months have also brought me, in many different ways, a better understanding of our Canadian Society, an understanding so vitally important to one who originates from another country. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all who made these months a pleasant experience. I have found both the faculty members and my fellow students always ready and willing to assist me in whatever difficulties I might have. Wherever our destinies may lead us after the survival of the horrors presented by final examinations, I hope to meet you again some day.

—GUS TRIP

FLEETING IMPRESSIONS

The dinner bell at last resounds its cry of freedom through the empty halls;
A grateful herd of engineers stampede towards the com-room for their daily bridge and sandwiches;
The profs with shining countenance take their reprieve till they once more must appear before the blank sea of faces,
While down in the basement lab. techs. struggle away from their microscopes. Bedlam reigns.

—DAN BINGAMAN



SHOT ROCK



UNDERLINE IT



KITCHY-KOO



LONESOME GAL?



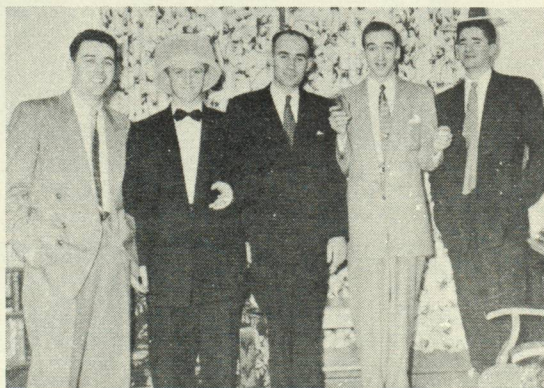
REGISTRATION



WOW



WHAT IS IT?



STAG PARTY



O HAPPY DAY

A DAY FOR A LAB TECH

The opening of the 1952-53 term at Regina College brought with it a new, accelerated course for lab. techs. There are at present twenty training at Regina College for who in a Hospital Laboratory. May I emphasize, for the benefit of some engineers, that the girls in white are not waitresses, but lab. techs.

Just what does a day at Regina College bring for lab. techs.?

At 9:30 a.m. we may be found in the Science theatre for a lecture in Chemistry. For the next hour, Chemistry is fed to us in indigestible amounts. The lecture usually ends with one question, namely, "Are there any questions?" Without fail, there are no questions (not because we understand the lecture) and we then assume, or are told, that the work is quite straightforward. I have also heard that some students would like work for the summer catching radio-active mosquitoes. Are there any possibilities?

The next hour finds us in English class. This is where we learn of the broadmindedness of Galsworthy, as compared with the prejudices of Shaw. Not only do we study works of such men, but we are given the finest boners from the works of fellow classmates. We find it necessary to take a lot of notes—in black and white, that is. However, sometimes it isn't so important that we have it down, just so long as we underline it.

Our last hour finds us in Bacteriology. Our class usually begins with a joke or the story of a little cartoon. We find that he usually tells us only one. Maybe he keeps the rest to control us.

The afternoons are usually spent in Bacteriology lab. This is the most practical of our work at R.C., and undoubtedly the most important. It is here that we are introduced to little creatures so small they cannot be seen with the naked eye—but they are there and by the thousands. I am sure that the lab. techs. all join me in extending to Mr. Swabb our sympathies for the loss of his pneumocci. We certainly hope they are soon found, and returned to the dead mouse.

Amid all this we have our troubles, our joys, and our many hours of study. "A year is only what we make it." Let's make it good!

—CONNIE LOFGREN. H. L. T.



MONKEY BUSINESS



DOWN, BOY!



TAKE-OFF TIME



PEEK-A-BOO



MAIS OUI!



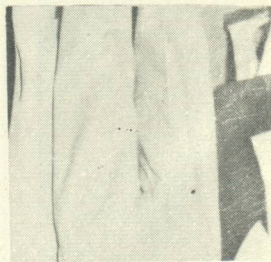
!?!?!?!?



QUEENS OF THE BLADES



BRIDGE, ANYONE?



TUNING FORK?



ON OR OFF
THE CAMPUS
YOU'LL BE
SMARTLY DRESSED
IN CLOTHES
FROM

Simpson's

SASKATCHEWAN'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE



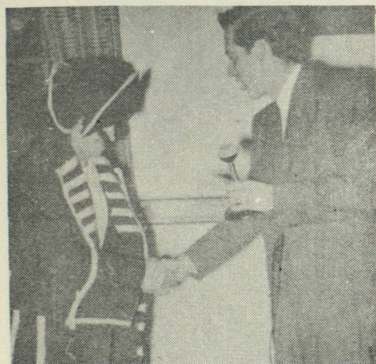
ITCHY?



GIN



SHIFT! 1, 2, 3!



KAPTAIN KIDD



SHMINK



SEND \$10 QUICK



AIN'T LOVE GRAND?



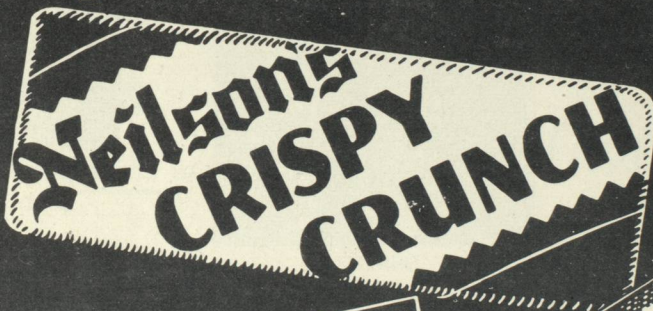
YOUR FEETS TOO BIG!



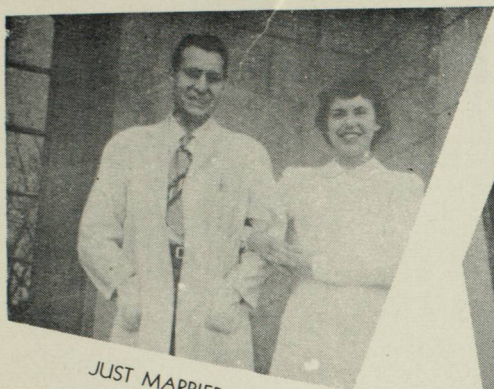
LADY OF SPAIN



Delicious Eating!
Neilson's
Famous Everywhere!



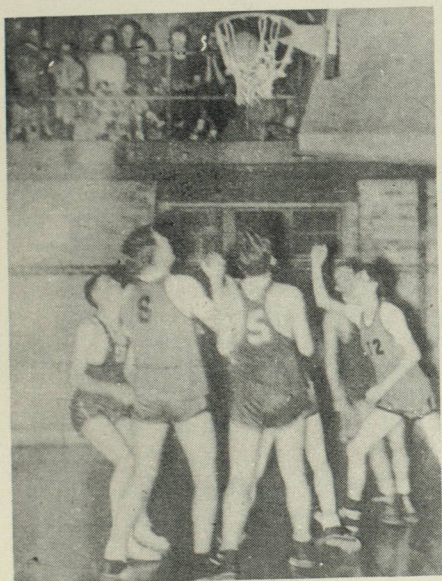
HS 52



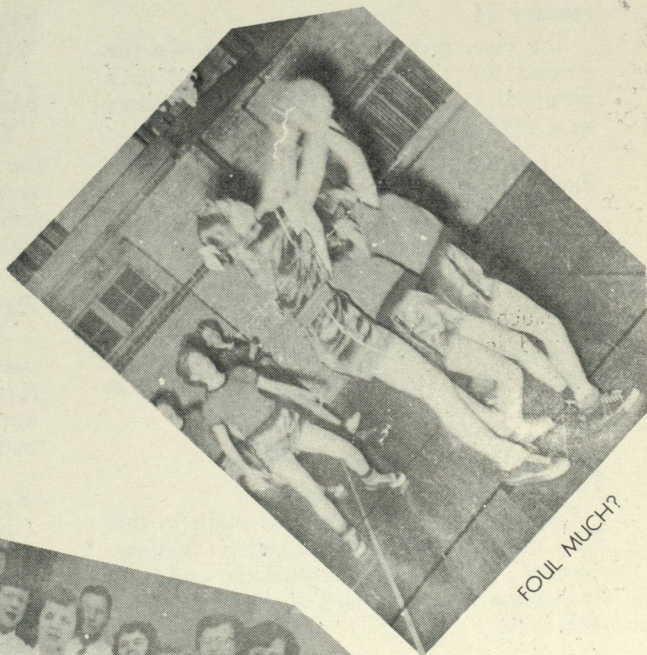
JUST MARRIED?



SIX LOVELY VAMPS (VAMPIRES?)



HE SHOOTS! HE SCORES!



FOUL MUCH?



MORE VAMPS!

AUTOGRAPHS

(Continued from page 65)

January 31

The new group of femme faces we see around the halls of learning belong to a group of nurses who will be taking classes here until May.

February 14

If there's anybody who didn't enjoy himself up at Saskatoon today, let him speak up. Who cares about being tired, when so much fun was had. The Cougettes played in the afternoon and the Cougars later on. Spectators went up Saturday afternoon, and came back Sunday. What a time!

February 21

Tonight was the big drama night in the form of a three-act comedy called "Village Green". There was a big turnout and they rewarded well the hard work of the cast and crew.

February 28

Another dance, another wonderful evening! All the girls hauled their guys to the Sadie Hawkins dance, and really showed them how to act (not that they don't already know).

March 14

The Students' Annual Dinner was well attended today. Awards were given,

toasts were made, and a scrumptious dinner was served.

March 15

Over in the Darke Hall, we went to the College Sunday Service. It was a very impressive service, and we came away feeling they we were a little more enriched by what we heard.

April 13

After many a night of preparation (?), we are still going around with worried looks on our faces. Will we make it or not? Cheers to those who do, and sympathies to those who don't.

April 18

What a relief to be finished exams! By far the best function of the year was the final formal. We attended it with a feeling of apprehension of things to come but also with a feeling of sorrow for this was to be our last dance at Regina College.

May 1

All fall and winter they have been laboring on the new wing and today was the big opening of the Art Gallery. It was affiliated with the closing exercises of the College. How fast the year has passed, and whether it has been a success or failure, it has at least given us a broader outlook on life, and a feeling that we are that much wiser for having attended Regina College.

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