



# on second thought

—Peter Outhit

## BLACK AND GOLD, RAH

As even the most shortsighted glance will tell you, the reason Dalhousie sporting teams have not of late been moving the mountains they did a few years ago, say at the turn of the century, is that their supporters are not singing The Grand Old School Songs that made this institution the undisputed King of the gaslight era.

For instance, did you know that it took a team of 21 writers working four weeks in one room without running water to compose these poignant, undying lines

Glory, glory for Dalhousie  
 Glory, glory for Dalhousie  
 Glory, glory for Dalhousie  
 This is Dalhousie's Day.

Who can resist the thrill of college spirit that surges through the veins at the first vibrant words of this anthem? True, the tune is not new, but think of its historic value! Originally (and, who knows, perhaps for hundreds of years earlier than that) it was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", and a century ago it led hordes of steely-eyed men in blue to do or die for good old Union.

But the song went on to greater heights. In no time at all it became "John Brown's Body", a popular funeral march, and one of the most cheerful dirges of the day; and from there it was just a step to becoming Dalhousie's theme, and you know the rest.

Even today it's like the Rose Bowl game when our pom-pom girls race to the fore with this stirring chant:

Black and gold, fight fight fight,  
 Black and gold, fight fight fight,  
 Heave ho, let's go, team team team

This is the sort of thing that used to drive the men out of the trenches at Blenheim—but that's another story.

This next yell has survived for academic reasons until the present day. Although I've been here five years and still don't quite know what it means or whom it was originally written to inspire, I do know it is best done with a faint sneer upon the lips and a haughty back turned upon one's opponents. Calculated to rouse the team to its fighting best.

1, 2, 3, U pi D, Dalhousie  
 1, 2, 3, U pi D, Dalhousie  
 1, 2, 3, U pi D, Dalhousie  
 Hurray.

The last known anthology of Dalhousie yells and chants, published 'way back in 1958 (freshman edition), carries this immortal football song, under the title "football song":

Our players every one are made of heads and muscles tough  
 The combination always works  
 Because they're up to snuff.  
 They'll show the other fellows  
 That they're not quite good enough  
 While we are shouting for Dalhousie.

This is sung to either the Battle Hymn (again) or Marching Through Georgia, same circa, and is really rather shocking in its brutality. Just think! If we'd known that song was in the books it undoubtedly would have meant a change in the standing of this year's football team of at least two places—but no one thought to sing it. Our boys had to go uninspired.

By "brutality" I mean it mentions right in the song that even if we fumble (practically unknown) a little dirty play will bring our chaps right back in the game, because the chorus begins

Hurrah, hurrah,  
 We'll push the ball along  
 A kick, a shove, we push right through the throng . . .

That very same 1958 songbook uncovered another gem of a chant, which, while few people I know have sung it since 1887 (that was a bad year for mortality), has a hauntingly memorable quality. Alas, it seems destined for obscurity:

My girl's a crackerjack,  
 She wears the Gold and Black,  
 She goes to Dalhousie,  
 I go there too—

And it runs on for another 150 lines. Today, if you told any girl she was a "crackerjack" you'd get a swift smack across the face. Or at least you wouldn't sing about it.

Any of you who have heard "Fight fiercely, Harvard" will know the amount of drive and enthusiasm which could be engendered in our players by the mere mention of these truly Dalhousian songs.

Our last stronghold of spirit, Shirreff Hall, has begun to fail us. Hardly any girls nowadays ever break out with that wittiest of all witty school tunes, albeit smutty, the "Shirreff Hall Yell". It goes something like this:

We are girls from Dalhousie  
 Look us over, you will see  
 That's not all, that's not all,  
 Better still Shirreff Hall!

Figure that one out. Either it means (a) we invite you all to Shirreff Hall for tea; (b) beauty isn't skin deep; or (c) we're built the same as Shirreff Hall. But architecture aside, I think it means well.

I hope by now to convince you that if we all rise together at every sports event (excluding handball) and let Our Team hear our listy voices raised in song, all the athletic scholarships in the world shall not tarnish the fierceness of their play. In other words, college songs aren't what they used to be. They used to be sung.

# N. S. ARCHIVES HISTORICAL TREASURE CHEST

by ROLF SCHULTZ

No doubt you have often passed by the three-story stone-structured Public Archives of Nova Scotia, established on the Dalhousie campus between 1929-31, although its records date back to Commissions operating as early as 1857. But have you lately been inside this priceless historical fortress which houses the manuscripts and records of Nova Scotia from the beginning of its government and tells the story of its people through the living pages of the Halifax Gazette first printed March 23, 1752, or have you lifted a 110-year-old shotgun owned by Joe Howe? Have you ever had the urge to relive part of the past for just a few minutes? If so, let your imagination wonder a while and follow our guide, Provincial Archivist C. B. Fergusson, down the vast and fact-filled, though sometimes darkened, memory lane travelled today by so many historians.

"It's really quite a thrill to finger through these slowly disintegrating newspapers from Digby and Antigonish to trace the growth and prosperity of our fair province," explains Prof. Fergusson, while slowly gliding his nose along the printed lines of the Yarmouth Light. "Of course you know that we have the largest collection of the eighteenth century Gazette issues in existence," he continued, while lowering his paper.

### DIGGING UP THE FAMILY TREE

Not only is the Provincial Archives known for its newspapers, but also for a valuable collection of charts, pictures and paintings. The top floor contains a special library devoted to the development of the province and includes manuscript and research records. Here it is not an uncommon sight to see visitors and tourists searching through volume upon volume to trace their ancestors.

The hall and stairway are filled with elaborate oil paintings, and, as we proceed downstairs to the next étage towards the historical museum and art gallery, we find a sudden emptiness about us. Thus we may well be justified in taking another look back to see if that painting on the wall isn't a relative of ours after all. Ooops! Please don't forget to sign the register.

### HALIFAX UNDER GLASS

The center of this large and impressive room is occupied by sixteen showcases in which appear such items as the first edition of Hackluyt's "Voyages," printed in 1589,—to date the oldest book in existence and also a collection of autographs of the prime ministers dating back to Sir John A. MacDonald.

"Here are some of the earliest postage stamps in existence," continues our eager guide, while dashing briskly to the other side of the room, "and over here are two of the earliest French books dating way back to 1609 and 1672, and of course behind you, the Rhodes Chair."

As you perhaps already know, this chair carries with it a fascinating history, but I shall leave it to those who are unfamiliar with its background to read its description. How relaxing it would be to sit for a minute on the hand-carved walnut wood which had supported such an honored person, but, before that thought could clearly settle in our mind, our attention was being focused on the eighteenth century paintings of two settlers as interpreted by Valentine and which decorated a part of the wall near the entrance. One quick glance at the marine collection and off to the Halifax Room across the hall. The room is small, so please no crowding.

### QUALITY VERSUS QUANTITY

Occupying one corner of the room is an old Joe Howe desk which is still as good, if not even better, than many of today's mass-produced and often readily destructible so-called "durable-use goods." You will also perhaps by this time have noticed a still well-preserved picture of the original Dalhousie building near the desk, which should be of interest to all of us. But there is still more to see on the main floor, and so not a minute to lose.

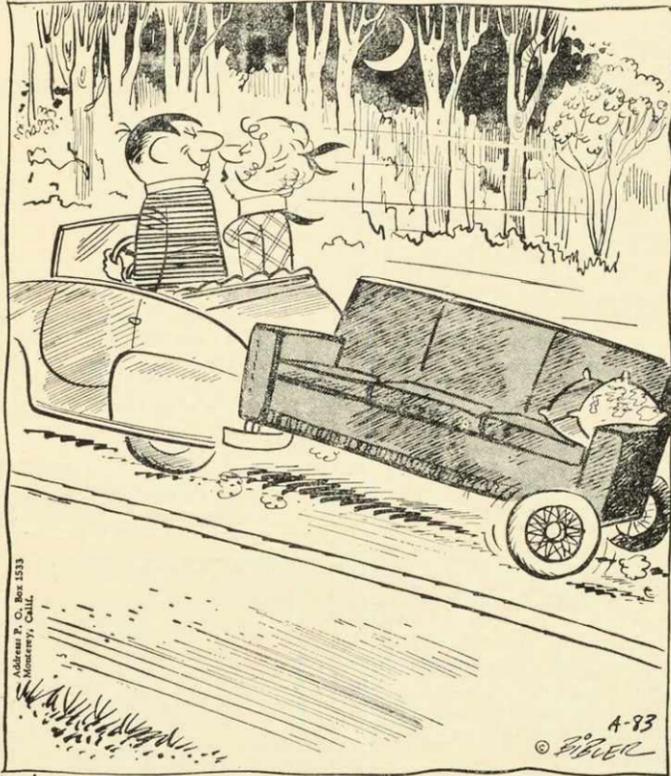
"This is the old printing press used in the days of Joe Howe," explains Prof. Fergusson, while scanning over his attentive audience and feeling quite contented with himself. (Apparently his eyes had failed to pick up the unattentive couple who were more interested in an 1850 maple cradle than the printing press on the other side of the room.)

### Government Support Generous

In Prof. Fergusson's office we are told that Provincial Archives is financed by government support of about \$40,000 yearly for its research and employees, three of whom are graduates of Dalhousie. It is headed by the Board of Trustees, which meets annually and is composed of the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Premier R. L. Stanfield, Chief Justice Isley, the leader of

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## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"WHAT SAY WE PULL UP SOMEPLACE AN' SIT IN TH' BACK SEAT?"

## STUDENTS' JUDGEMENTS OF CAMPUS LIFE HARSH

by GREGOR MURRAY

An informal poll was conducted around Studley Campus last week in an endeavour to discover what people think about the non-academic aspects of student life here. Recorded below are some of the answers to the query, "What do you think is the biggest problem with student life at Dalhousie?"

**Harvey Newman, Law:** People are interested in their studies. Nobody's willing to take a chance on failing any more. Yet they complain so much about apathy that they cast a pall of gloom over the place.

**Dave Darabaner, Arts:** People are just interested in themselves, and that's it.

**Table-full of shy Hall girls:** Too many zombies. Nobody is very interested in anything. There is too much predominance of Halifax people in campus activities, and too much prejudice against the Hall. The ice in the rink is lousy. You're frowned on if you go to dances stag, but nobody will go in couples. Biggest collective beef: People are just too unfriendly. Speak to them in a

hallway and they look like you ought to be in a straight jacket.

**Frank Palmer, Arts:** Nobody exerts themselves enough to participate actively in anything. They are too concerned with their own affairs to support group functions, get a little spirit raised. Also, more people should know and sing a University song.

**Brian Flemming, Law:** There is none. However, the new Men's Residence holds some promise for the future.

**Ruth MacKenzie, Arts:** People who conduct polls and ask for snap answers in 25 words or less.

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