

The Continental

Let me begin this column with what I consider a rather pessimistic article reprinted from the *Queen's Journal* and the *McGill Daily*. The accusation seems rather unfair, but to avoid editorializing, here it is:

"Between the senility of second childhood and the light-hearted lechery of the teens we find a loathsome creature called a college boy. College boys come in assorted sizes, weights, and states of sobriety, but all college boys have the same creed: To do nothing every second of the day and to protest with whining noises (their only weapon) when their last minute of inertia is finished and the adult males pack them off to the Employment Office or the Draft Board.

He likes good liquor, bad liquor, called classes, double features, Playtex ads, girls and football weekends. He is not much for hopeful mothers, irate fathers, sharp eyed ushers, Alme Mater Society constables, alarm clocks, or letters from the Dean.

Nobody is so late to rise or so early to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of girls, snooker, or Bright's Catawba. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a slide rule, a Marilyn Munroe calendar, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," a collapsible pool-cue, an expired liquor license, a Hawaiian ukelele, 39 cents in Italian lire, a Muggsy Spaniel record and a YMCA towel." And so on. It certainly does not compliment the standards of University education in our sister institutions.

The world-shaking news from the *University of Toronto's Varsity* is the addition to their track team of one of Canada's best junior prospects. The fleet footed lad holds the Canadian record for the 120 and 220 yard hurdles plus the Ontario championship. He arrives at Toronto after an interval at Cornell.

Further west to Saskatchewan, the home of the Sheaf, we find they are in a dither. Where's the Greystone? No it isn't a headstone, or a gravestone but their Yearbook. Evidently only one-fourth has been printed and the Editors will not be returning to the Campus. Council plans to call for tenders, while students in general are ranging. Nevertheless this does not appear to be the only topic of interest judging from the second page, third column, near the bottom. It is the age old joke, but for those who have not heard it—here goes:

Boy: Do you smoke?
 Girl: No.
 Boy: Do you drink?
 Girl: No.
 Boy: Do you neck? (pardon the expression. Ed.)
 Girl: No.
 Boy: What the heck do you do?
 Girl: I tell lies."

Now after a brief pause, while you are recovering, we turn eastward once again.

Dalhousie is perplexed, perturbed, and petrified because we have not had word from *Acadia* and the *Athenium*. Maybe they are out of stamps?

The Tub-Thumper

By John McCurdy

The drama is one of the oldest and most popular literary forms. It was born about 2000 years before the novel, and about 22,000 years before the rise of the short stories. This month, the citizens of Halifax, and may I include Dalhousians in this, have been lucky in having with them the oldest literary form; alas the London Players. This is a grand opportunity to witness the legitimate theatre; companies so rarely play the Bluenose country. Audiences are not responsive enough.

Last Friday night I attended the "School for Scandal." After the play I went backstage to visit Mr. Yeo. The first thing that he did was ask me how I liked the play. He told me that he was worried about the box office receipts for they were away down from last season. He did not know what plays to present in Halifax. He found that the people who came enjoyed the play, but there were not enough of them!

It's too bad that Halifax does not take the opportunity when it arrives. Sometimes you hear people say, "Oh, we never get anything worthwhile or interesting because we are stuck down in the Maritimes." We have the Press Club concert series, the Community Concerts—and now we have a chance to see good plays once a year. Is it because the names of the actors and actresses are not familiar? "The School for Scandal" had Gregory Peck and Elizabeth Taylor as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, it would be the greatest play ever written? Perhaps we would rather see a smashing 3-D western (and by the way, Munroe is playing at the Capitol.)

Getting back to the interview, I mention the D.G.D.S. to Mr. Yeo, also "As You Like It." He said that there is only one way to play Shakespeare and that is with vim and vigor. Play it for what's its worth—that's how it was written to be played. None of that arty, sophisticated jabberwocky. Take heed D.G.D.S. You may have a smash!

NOTICE

Dalhousie Chapter of Interservice Christian Fellowship will hold a Bible Study in the Arts and Administration Building in room 202 from 12.00-1.00 p.m. on Saturday, October 17. All are welcome.

Love

The moonlight tints the flower
 With a golden virgin glow:
 Its beams await the hour
 When from the new fallen snow
 The howls and wails arise in banal cry,
 Echoing shriekingly across the midnight sky.
 —J.R.N.

By the Way

By Alan Marshall

A university is a permanent looking place. An imposing collection of buildings on a landscaped campus, a permanent staff that continues in office while students come and go, the interest in learning which requires the students to wade through the achievements of the past, (or at least, to allow it to flood over them, as too many do), all these suggest an institution set apart from the rest of modern life, with its confusion, its accidents, its plans gone awry. There is no university, however, without a beginning; and there is no beginning unless it occurs to someone to start. Between the founding of a university and the time that it achieves that atmosphere of detached and settled permanence that they bring to our minds is a long, hard road. Dalhousie and Kings were just as accidental and precarious as anything else in life.

The first of the King's Colleges on this side of the Atlantic was established in New York, in the uneasy period between the peace of Aix la Chappelle, and the Seven Years War. This was the time when Halifax itself was founded, as a counterpoise to Louisburg. The French still held Cape Breton Island and Quebec, and the American Revolution was not even thought of. Yet it is to the Revolution that our King's College owes its creation.

King's College, New York continued in operation through the Seven Years War, and the period that saw the increasing discontent of the colonies with British rule. Whether the education the students received there encouraged revolution or whether they revolted in spite of their education, I can't say. At any rate, several leaders of the revolution went to King's College, New York for their education, including Alexander Hamilton. Came the Revolution, and the college buildings, like those of King's in the Second World War, were taken over by the armed forces. Its books were stored in the City Hall. First, the Continental troops took over the buildings, and then when the British troops took the city, they took them over. After the war, King's college began again; but they changed the name to Columbia, in recognition of American independence. It is now one of the great American universities.

There was now no college in British territory on this side of the water, so the powers that be had to try again. The Nova Scotia Legislature incorporated a new college, in 1789. One might have expected the new college to have been located in Halifax. It was, however, placed in Windsor.

The new college was placed in Windsor, because the idea of a provincial university had been circulating for some time; and Windsor had always been suggested as the site. The Windsor location goes back to the days before the American Revolution, when Campbell was the Governor of the province. Campbell was a polished aristocrat, whose favorite activities consisted of horse racing, vacationing and passing the buck. Lieutenant Governor Francklyn, for whom the park is named, actually did the work. Halifax was too wicked a city for any fashionable college. At least, it was too wicked for the aristocratic Campbell. (It WAS wicked too, by the way. I don't think that today's Haligonians would recognize the place.) A fashionable college shouldn't be located in a city where civilians are sandwiched between soldiers and sailors. A place where the upper crust spent its holidays would be much more suitable. Campbell knew Windsor since he vacationed there. Well, he was unable to get his university founded, but the idea of a college at Windsor was put into circulation at this time.

After the revolution, the Anglicans were strong enough to found a college. The old Windsor idea was revived, and a college was chartered by the Legislature. A royal charter, obtained a few years later, gave it the name of King's College. Some Loyalists from the old King's College, now Columbia, too a leading part in the formation of the new King's College. John Inglis, formerly of King's, New York, became Bishop of Nova Scotia. Dr. William Cochrane, also from the old college, became president of the new one. King's was all set to become the major Maritime university.

Political morals in Nova Scotia, as elsewhere in the Napoleonic era, were in a bad way. An ambitious politician from England came on the scene. He was Alexander Croke, judge of the Vice Admiralty Court. He got onto Governor Wentworth's Council, where he threw his weight around, and became thoroughly unpopular. He bought up a tract of land in the west end, with the money that his sort of politician knows how to acquire. He named his estate Studley. Being the bigoted Anglican that he was, he insisted that no students be graduated from King's who would not subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles. Bishop Inglis protested vigorously, and appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop wrote back that under canon law, only ordained ministers could be required to subscribe. Bishop Inglis was thus exonerated, but that did not stop Croke. He simply pocketed the letter, and that was that. King's

remained closed to all but Anglicans for years.

Wentworth and Croke did not last forever. Under their successors, Halifax slowly became a nineteenth century city. The Earl of Dalhousie arrived on the scene when Halifax was facing a period of peace after the long war. He was a versatile man. In addition to being a soldier, he took a great interest in Nova Scotian agriculture, and also in education. King's College students still had to pass the Thirty-Nine articles as well as their exams, so Dalhousie founded a non-sectarian college, on the site of the present City Hall. The Castine fund started the college off. (I am not explaining where the Castine fund came from. It is part of Dalhousie folklore. The monument in the quadrangle tells all about it. Freshmen, go take a look at it.) Dalhousie left Halifax, to become Governor-General of Canada. The university struggled on for years and less than half alive, until it was reorganized in 1863.

Dal moved to the Forrest Building, and in 1911, to Studley. King's moved from Windsor 12 years later. By a strange coincidence, the two universities now find themselves on property once owned by the very man whose narrow-mindedness strait-jacketed the one, and forced the creation of the other. The Thirty-Nine articles requirement has

Life is Too Short To Be Little

By now all of us realize that life is intricate, complex, and that we are constantly besieged by worries, fears and difficulties. Many of the problems which we face are unimportant and insignificant but yet at the time they are all-consuming and so important.

Some of the unimportant occurrences might be failure in a subject, committing a social blunder at a party, lacking the clothes to attend a certain function, becoming drunk and making a fool of ourselves, a friend's deceiving us or exclusion from an organization.

But according to Disraeli our life is too short, too valuable, too wonderful to spend thinking about these small, petty, unimportant problems. Here we are on this planet with only a brief life span of three score and ten, and yet we spend many irreplaceable hours brooding about incidents which in a year, two years or three years will be forgotten by us and the persons concerned.

In our brief existence there is enough to make life worth living. Thus whether we live an immature existence (concerned only with self-gratification in terms of wealth and power) or whether we live a mature existence (concerned with service in terms of sacrifice and attainment of ideals) our life is still too short to spend foolishly in worrying about trivial and insignificant occurrences.

Th next time we are confronted with a situation which seems insurmountable let us save some of these irreplaceable hours, by thinking of Disraeli's famous statement that "Life is too short to be little."
 —K.K.

NOTICE

All students interest in having their name in the Students' Directory turn to Page Four and see if your name is on the wanted list:

NOTICE

The picture of the Sophomore class will be taken on the steps of the Arts Building today at 1.00 p.m.

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