

May 6/34

Haliburton Club

~~Didn't use~~

Charlottetown - Ice.

But the season has come round, the term is over, and once again I am invited to the Haliburton Club Dinner.

In King's you have a most friendly way of being friendly. You are not like Shylock who said, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you," and so following, "but I will not eat with you". You will eat with the Nazarite outside King's College, nay you even provide him with his dinner. And with much else beside.

For some of you this will be the last Haliburton Dinner, as undergraduates at least. For this season too, comes round. By some subtle chemistry a way of life becomes part of life itself, and grows dear and charming to us. And perhaps no other experience so steals into our affections as the days spent at college,

especially a residential college like yours. Few of us would own to being sentimental over the wrench of leaving it, yet many of us imagine a Thackeray or a Barrie describing the feeling: the last class, the last chapel, the last meal in hall, and so on, and thus try to cheat ourselves. Later in life a man marvels not that he had such feelings, but that he ever tried to delude himself about them.

You have very kindly asked me to respond to the toast to Dalhousie. I am most happy to do that, meaning by Dalhousie the institution in which King's College bulks as a very large part. I never even think of the two as separate. It was my good fortune that the first two universities I attended were institutions made up of affiliated colleges. And in those two institutions I belonged to a college which commanded my loyalty to itself. In one of them the college was not residential, when I first belonged to it, nor did it have a dining hall. But it had

its own chapel, its own college teams and societies, like you we wore gowns in an otherwise gownless university, and we were highly conscious of our own collegiate life. My second university was the one on which King's College was modelled: and there the college was residential, and had a corporate spirit beyond anything I had elsewhere encountered. It brewed its own ale, it had its own nomenclature for its own peculiar officers and its own peculiar institutions, and the head of it was so peculiar that there is a word in the English language which is derived from his name. You have ^{not} deviated so far in peculiarity as that, but you have your own distinctive collegiate life, your residences and dining hall, and common room, of which the non-King's part of Dalhousie is just a little envious.

And now, instead of the *with you but we say e end of the philology* extravagant eulogy which is expected of a person responding to a toast, may I make some suggestions about things which might

(U. Boston speed)

What a absurd name not - All?

be considered by members of our university? Are we sufficiently public-spirited? Are we bending our energies sufficiently to things which fifty years from now will be of some consequence, or are we wasting ourselves on ephemeral matters? Our university is situated in a city which is largely a slum; ^{though naturally it is a beautiful city} which has poorer schools, perhaps, than any city on the North American continent. ~~The province in which we are situated has one of the highest T. B. death rates in the world.~~ I could go on with a catalogue of our shortcomings, but let these instances suffice. What are we going to do about these things? Are we going to say, like the native of Charlottetown: "I believe to God it ain't ever going to change", or are we going to eat some gunpowder for breakfast and make it change?

May 8, 1934.