



DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY  
HALIFAX, N.S.

To the Summer School

Aug 13/31

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

~~The~~ One never objects to talking, if it is clear what is to be talked about. But on this occasion I don't know. I can't tell what to discuss to you, because that would be talking shop with a vengeance. It's true that just now I'm meddling with my head in matters on educational problems. But what could I say to people like you, who go to the extreme of thinking (actually) that teachers should be educated, and who, when all their professors are gone fishing, persist in holding the Union rules!

There's the subject of politics, of course. I really should talk about that. It would be such a highly original thing to do in N.S. But I've been warned <sup>& warned, at least</sup> that University Presidents should be careful <sup>very careful, very careful</sup>. The real job of a University President, I suppose, is to persuade the feet-outside world that professors live in a vacuum, and that they have no mental testicles at all.

If personalities were permissible I could, I think <sup>talk pretty</sup> ~~make you a~~ <sup>big hole.</sup>  
Speech. There's a certain divorce part here - whose dark part is clearly known to me, about all others. Then for a couple of

II Clarke of Bradford do,  
years I've seen seeing a bit of a renegade from the Antipodes,  
who ~~thinks~~ <sup>from his conviction</sup> that being pedestrian seems standing on your head. Again,  
there's a Scot in this company, who has the name of a clean notorious  
for loyalty, who saw the light - and sinned against it, who lived and  
worked once in these Provinces, which in the King James Version are  
referred to very simply - as Paradise - and who yet West-Work,  
to the remotest West.

Personalities, I say, would indeed permit to be expansive.  
But as against all the attractions, I remember that there is a mental  
pathologist among you, who has been eyeing me narrowly for the last  
six years, and whom I very much fear. I miss of my personal kind is  
because ~~shilly~~ <sup>the last</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>have</sup> I wish to start. ~~At~~

And so all the interesting things are shilly shilly, and I am in  
the unfortunate position of Shadwell:

The midwife laid her hand on his skull

And said: "They have in Shadwell, be thou dull."

And Politics at the present moment are so interesting! All the  
papers reported the other day the indignant denial of a certain gentle-  
man, that he had grown rich through certain accidents. Rich? Indeed  
not! He had only made \$780,000 out of it. E ven pro -

fessors, who make money so easily, fiddle a little at that!  
But no, I can't talk of politics!

Human flesh and blood? No, I tremble under the glance of  
W. D. Tacitus.

It looks as though I should have to be dull, have to talk shop,  
have to talk about education.

*I suppose education can be thought - dull subject; because by calling it 'dull' you*

But is that subject so thoroughly dull, when all is said? Read  
the 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> Books of Plato's Republic over again, putting in the  
word newspapers for sophists, and faults of ~~education~~ diverting for  
what Plato calls distractions from the love of wisdom, Put in the names of  
your own special kite wires generally for those things which the  
gentlest of Europeans wished to purge with fire, and all the questions  
about education answer. We get tired sometimes in the attempt to educate  
the youth of this country, and to educate the men and women who  
are to educate the youth of this country. Plato himself had for pupils  
such a collection of intellects as, perhaps, has never assembled in any  
school since - yet his estimate was that a third of the community -  
and a picked third at that - must devote its life to educating the  
other two-thirds, and his attempt the real task of educating truly.

And finally, in extreme old age, this same gentle soul who left

IV

as what I have often thought may perhaps be the most perfect  
of human compositions, hinted confidentially to a friend the possibility  
it would be best to write nothing, and say nothing, but go on learning  
to the end.

The teacher who must go on learning to the end. That, I  
somehow divine, is the moving idea of you gentlemen who venture in  
these summer days to teach the teachers. Well, I think you are ex-  
tremely welcome of yourselves, but when all is said, I sympathise  
with you. If you are mistaken I am mistaken.

Bridg's the Episcopal Breach, between School &  
College.