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... What You Make It!

Glance through any college paper on a day such as this, and you will see it devoted to the freshmen, the uninitiated naiveties of every university. And rightly so, for what would a college be without its new arrivals—its new blood, to borrow a medical simile. The articles will be woven together with sinuous fibers of advice allegedly pertinent to the many days ahead; but, for the most part, as flat and useless as last year's beer. Our only advice is, that college is what you make it. This is not only the glib phrase it appears to be at first glance, flung, as it were, at random from above. For, to every student, university means a different thing and no amount of advice will suffice to explain what he feels. Accept every new challenge in the same spirit you would meet a new friend—with casual, measured friendliness. And, for the present, the gloomy landscape of college life will be considerably brightened when you have emerged from the tangle of registration and Freshman Week.

Don't hesitate to approach an upper-classman with a problem, for we really aren't the snooty ogres tradition makes us out to be—wait and see—you'll be one in a twinkling of an eye. And you there, don't laugh! College life is as swift and sure as a river reaching out for the sea. The significant difference is that as it nears the sea, the spirit attempts, with negligible success, to overcome the powerful current; and many of us, it is certain will always remain "college boys".

WATCH OUT GEORGE

One of the most outstanding characteristics of today's colleges is the prevalence of extracurricular activity. Not any more does this mean varsity sport and the debating society. Universities have kept pace with modern trends in specialization and have greatly increased and diversified college life. It is often the boast of college calendars that their university has provided for every extra activity possible. This is not idle talk. We have achieved this. But, now that we have it . . . ? Can the student absorb all this attraction and still fulfill his purpose for coming to college at all. Wait, you say, a student doesn't have to participate in all activity to benefit. He can select, he can channel his efforts in those paths which most interest him. Can he? I surely hope so, but frankly I am dubious. The mere fact that George is a keen member of the "Topical Talks Club" will surely mean that he will be approached by Bill, or John, or even Mary, and led into the folds of the "Classical Club" or the "Interstellar Society". This practice will gain momentum and fairly soon "Hardworking" George will find himself involved in any number of extra activities ranging from writing to writhing. This will obviously be the case because of the relative shortage of interested and competent organizers on a campus. In a situation like the above, contributions to both school work and extracurricular activity will lessen, until George is liable to discover he is the token member of a great number of societies at a university he no longer attends. The solution is fairly obvious, but like most cures, difficult to apply. A student should apply himself to one or two clubs only, with tenacious vigour, and he will find he can bask in the knowledge that his efforts are rewarding both in clubs and in school work.

THAT TIME OF YEAR

I know no more attractive scene than the campus of a college on the autumn day when the students gather for the new session—the commencement of another academic year. The sky is never so blue nor the autumn leaves so bright with red and russet and yellow, as on that day.

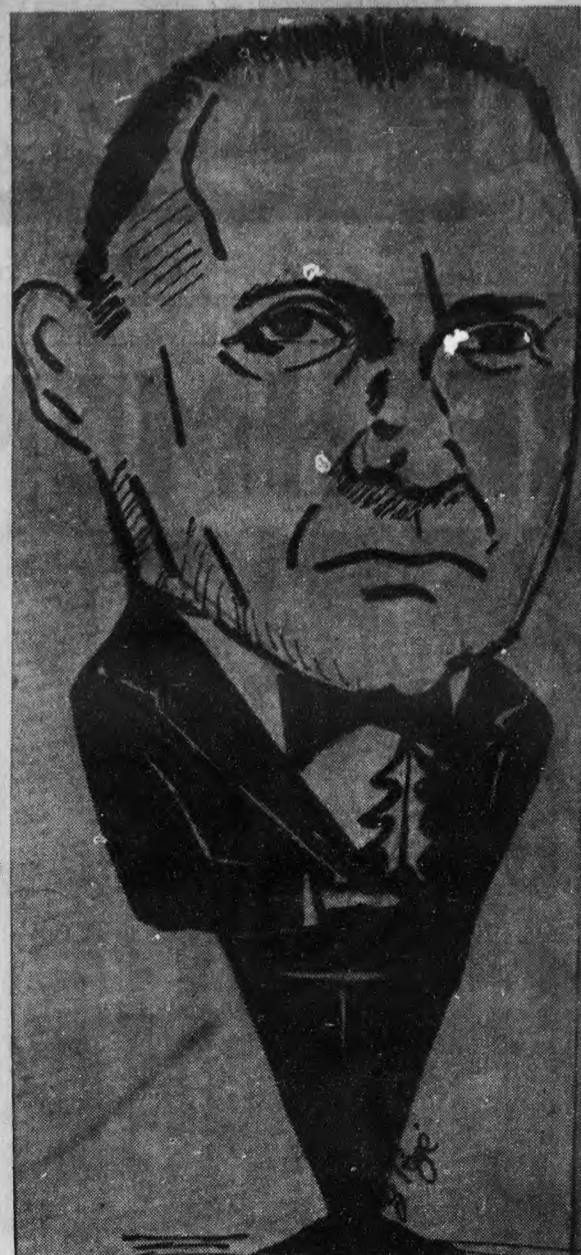
Bright as they are their colors are dimmed beside the reds and whites of the college blazers of the co-eds, grouped with their fellow students in happy reunions and greetings under the trees, or moving about as busy and aimless as an ant hill. Here and there moves a "prof", a queer mixture of summer tan and academic dinginess, to lend a contrast of age to this surrounding world of youth.

Inside the halls all is crowding and jostling, activity and eagerness and laughter. The students are trying to register and can't and so they stand waiting in long queues outside the offices of Deans and Women's supervisors. No college ever manages a system of registration that works; each "has" one, a marvel of theory, invented by Prof. Angle fifteen years ago and as out of date as the professor himself.

The students of course, are concerned with their courses, their "elections" and their "options"—what they are to take for the coming session. It is like the babbling of the stock market. Professor Dim is said to be offering a new course in Greek Archaeology; very few takers; its rumoured that he ploughed a student last year. There's a big rush for English Seventeen, the Drama, but the prof. has a notice up that he won't let any more in—still you

ROGUES GALLERY

Anyone seeing these two suspicious characters report them to the authorities.



That Time of Year—contd.

might try to see him in his office. There's the usual mob for Sociology One, and there are three students, so they say, in Fourth Year Honour Economics, where there have been none for five years.

Here in one of the groups is a pretty girl in a college blazer, cursing with a happy oath that wouldn't take the skin of a peach, at the Dean of Women, because the old cat won't let her elect Religion; says she hasn't the prerequisite. And she swears she has—really swears.

Here are a couple of football men gravely discussing with a junior prof., himself an ex-quarterback, what they had better take. Archaeology looks likely, as the lecturer never takes the roll, and no one has failed it within memory, but there's a new course on Delinquency, under psychology, that is better, because it has no prerequisite, no roll call, attendance left to student's honour and the credit is given on the professor's own say so.

To Much College
Stephen Leacock.



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