

A Criticism Of Woodsworth From An Eighteenth Century Viewpoint

"Joe, don't you find it beastly cold up here? Let's get down to earth where at least they still make good coffee."

"Shall we drop in to Will's? I need something hot before I start the chilly trip back to Paradise. I do wish these mortals would get busy and invent the aeroplane."

"Patience, my good Mr. Addison. You know that the aeroplane is not scheduled to appear for two more centuries. In the meantime, if you will hang around the abode of Will Shakespeare, you can expect to find it difficult to fly: an angel with singed wings is about as useful as a dozen angels on the head of a pin."

"Right, Dick. When my wings feather out again, I resolve not to allow them to be singed again. But speaking of Will Shakespeare, it's to bad he was so flighty and imaginative. His kind always goes to hell with itself . . ."

" . . . and perhaps you'd like another dash of sugar, Mr. Steele?"

"Thanks, Will; the coffee is very good tonight. By the way, Joe, what think you of this little booklet that someone forgot here? It's called **Lyrical Ballads**."

"Will Woodsworth, eh? Yes, I've heard of him and also of the **Lyrical Ballads**. They tell me that Dante turned in his grave when it came off the press, and that Milton was so angry that he called in the middle of the night for his daughters to read Hebrew to him. Speaking for myself, Woodsworth has my sympathy when he stands up for the rights of the poor, but he has only my pity when he says that ' . . . one impulse from the vernal wood may teach you more of man . . . than all the sages can'. His methods, Dick! So unphilosophical! He can't expect men to accept his philosophy until he upsets their present sensible and conventional way of thinking. The poets of this age have not only lost their good sense, they have allowed the satirical pen to become rusty. This man Woodsworth doesn't even know how to present his ideas, foolish as they are. I must ask St. Peter for permission to give him instruction in the gentle art of laughing with a pen. What think you, my Richard?"

"I can't imagine an Englishman descending so low that he worships this thing called 'nature' (although, Joe, if you look ahead two centuries, you can see men in white coats looking for God as they peer through strange eye-pieces). 'My descriptions of objects in nature may excite feelings.' Why should he stoop to describe objects of nature when there are such noble themes as 'Truth', 'Essays on Man', and 'Some Considerations of Paradise Lost'? Further, when a person's feelings are excited, what an insensible creature he is! Truly, this present age is going to . . . do you remember the **Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot**? Here, of all angels, is the boy who so fittingly described you: Alex Pope!"

"Gentlemen! Fancy meeting you here! — Oh, Will, three coffees, please. Mr. Addison and Mr. Steele, this is indeed a pleasure! Yes, we'll all have sugar, thank you. Not too much cream in mine. I see that you boys have been reading the works of this uncultured ass, Woodsworth."

"We have just been saying that he lacks both sense and wit."

Not only does he lack sense and wit, but his very language is ill-bread and indecisive.

No doubt he too the moon has seen For in the moonlight he had been From eight o'clock to five.

Have you ever heard such vulgar language and choppy metre as this called poetry? Trivialities! Everyone knows that if a boy, no matter how witless, walked in the moonlight, he would know that the moon shone. In all Woodsworth's poetry I can see no trace of that thing which is the difference between poetry and idle chatter in meter: gentlemen, I am speaking of correctness. He has no polish of phrase:

And he is lean and he is sick,
His little body's half awry,
His ankles they are swell'n and thick,
His legs are thin and dry

This, gentlemen, is not even good prose. I have said before that the

proper study of mankind is man. . . . Was that a knock I heard? I'm expecting Sam Johnson any minute now. He was coming down to earth to-night for a seance. Open the door, Dick; this may be he

"Ah, good evening, sir. Mr. Pope told us that he expected you. Will you join us at the coffee-table?"

"Yes, but I'll have a dish of tea. I can't abide this coffee. Ah, Joseph, it is good to see you again. And how are you, Alexander?"

"I am in a mood of disgust, Sam. I have been reading Woodsworth's **Lyrical Ballads**. But tell us about "Oh, the usual run-of-the-mill seance. I knocked on the wall at appropriate intervals; I blew a chilly breath on the required number of necks; I ran an icy finger up and down Charlotte Bronte's back. She giggled mightily at this.

No, thanks, Will. I take neither cream nor sugar. Now about this Woodsworth. I picked up a copy of the **Ballads** while I was at the Brontes and have been reading it on my way here. He has some not bad attempts in this volume, but he has ruined the whole thing with his examination of the individual rather than the species. To particularize, gentlemen, is to be an idiot. To generalize is the great distinction of merit. To sink all kind in seas of abstractions is the singular forms, local customs, particularities and details of every grandeur of generality. Will Woodsworth is immature in that he lacks sententiousness, and he has a blundering way of improving morals. Do you think people are going to be influenced for good by reading about enchanting night-mares, and tales of little girls who keep saying 'we are seven', and lusty drovers who maltreat old women and spend the rest of their lives with their teeth chattering, and old huntsmen whose legs are thin and dry, and worried mothers who love their idiot off-spring, like Halifax?" (Now, get this) "Fine" she said, (there's more)— "In fact, I like it better than any

Dent Notes

This week, we happened to meet two lady dentists sipping cokes in the canteen. So we sat down and had a chat. Of course you all knew the first one. She's that gal with the lusty right arm — Kay Stack. The additional feminine gender is in the fourth year with Kay.

The name is Sylvia Bloom. Sylvia came to Montreal a year ago from London, England, and now calls Montreal her home town. After a year in Canada she has almost adapted herself to Canadian customs and speech.

In London, she studied Dentistry and obtained a license. However, before actually beginning practice, she obeyed the pioneer instinct and sailed for the land of Mounted Police and Indians. Now she is working for her degree.

Then we asked her some of the obvious questions: "How do you and . . ."

"Twelve of the clock, and a sharp, clear night it is. All's well!"

"Gentlemen, I am afraid that I must bring an end to this polished and gracious evening of learned debate. It's gone twelve, and my closing time is long past."

"Thanks for your kindness, Will. That was an excellent dish of tea. Yes, most excellent. Well, gentlemen, to hell with Woodsworth. Let's get back to heaven."

K.G.F.

other city I've seen in Canada." The tourist association boys would love her.

How about Dental School and Training?

Well, she marvelled at the amount of attention given each student,— "Exceptionally well looked after" she put it. As to the technical side, she feels that the modern equipment, method and labor-saving devices are much better than those in her previous training, and, "makes for a much more satisfying result."

Sylvia came to the school and fitted into the picture so quietly that no one felt that she was a newcomer.

So this is an official welcome from everyone, and a wish for good luck too.

The Ball is this week, isn't it? I needs must save my strength.



The Campus Roundup

by Windy O'Neill

Despite the threatening letters, we have committed another pome.

LEFT STANDING AT THE POST

When I grow up big, and that I know I must,
I want to be a driver, and drive a trolley bus,
It's not president I want, nor rise higher to the top,
I just want to be a driver, and play "Beat You To The Stop".

Dalhousie hats should be all doffed to football player Bobby Wilson, a real athlete, full of Dal spirit and with plenty of what it takes. Towards the end of last season the stalwart backfielder received a serious knee injury, but refused to let a little thing like two torn cartilages keep him out of action. The result was the medics telling him, that he would never lug another pigskin. However, after an operation he was allowed to try and although wariness of his injured kneeler affected his play he has now regained his confidence. In our opinion he starred in the last two contests and we look for big things from Wilson in Dal's attempt for the play-offs.

No one seems to know what has become of the trip to play the University of New Brunswick. This game should be played this season, at all costs, if we expect to get a Maritime College league any in operation. If the snores emanating from the D.A.A.C. office are any indication, there will be no trip and no effort made to effect it.

Joe Smallwood, the head Newfie, was in town last week and was credited with the prize statement of the month. A noted advocate of manual labour, when asked which was the best of all methods to build a road in Newfoundland, Mr. Smallwood said "B'y, take yer pick."

As everyone has noticed, Sammy Peeps has been resurrected, but it looks as though he has gone on the wagon. Last year, Sam consumed at least two bottles of sack per column—we have reason to suspect that so did its author, Jackson DDT Lusher, now toiling for the Halifax Daily Fence Sitter.

We wonder if the D.A.A.C. are going to have an athletic banquet this year. Probably not but they should. Last year, the "D" awards were handed out by equipment manager O'Brien in a dark corner of the store room, surrounded by a large group of athletic supporters.

The Dalhousie Band put on a wonderful show at the last football game. Especially noted in appreciation by connoisseurs of the dirty dirge was Trombone Brown's interpretation of the "Wild Roving Eye". It's a pity that someone of musical talent (and there are many on the campus) doesn't write a stirring Dalhousie March.

Last Monday night saw the annual initiation of the freshettes at Shirreff Hall. It was an outstanding success. The seniors took off their make-up, confronted the neophytes, and scared hell out of them.

Pedestrians might be well advised to watch their step. There is a reconverted hearse of model "T" vintage, owned and operated highways and byways of the campus. We are informed that this by Blair Hinton—of the Bathurst Hinton's, on the loose in the vehicle is equipped with a special compartment for the bodies of unwary walkers.

CAMPUS CHOICE

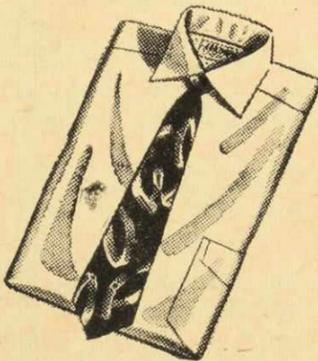


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