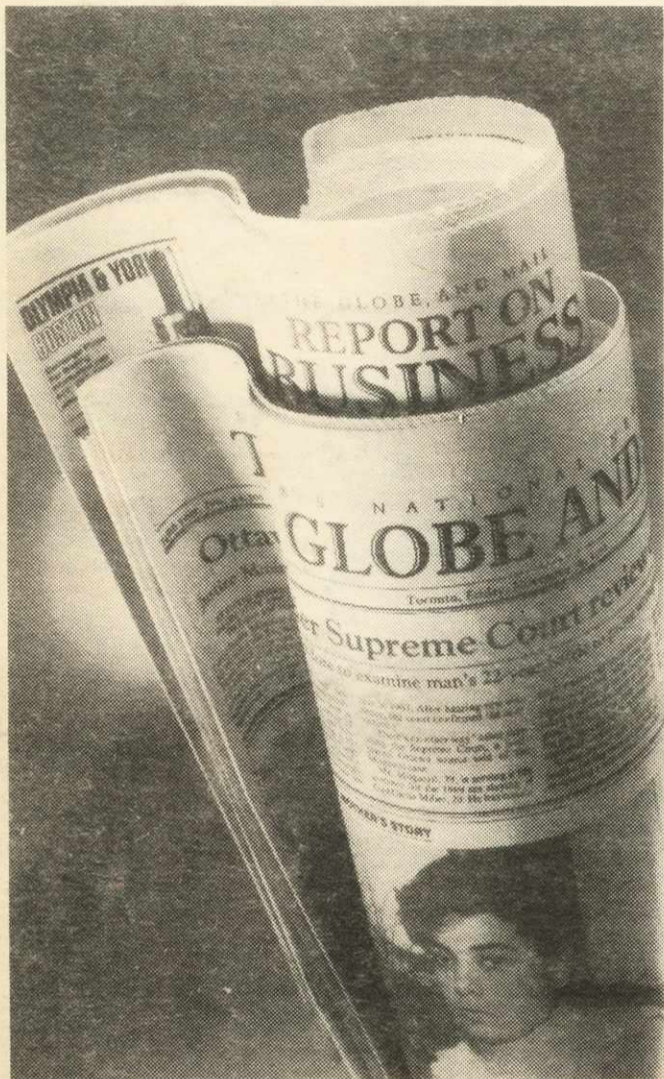


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CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER  
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# letters

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so without giving it a second thought. But what about the rest of us who want to try out for the volleyball team or work for the paper but don't because we aren't oozing with self-confidence or the owner of a set of superbly tuned social skills? Hasn't everyone at some point turned down the opportunity to do something they thought they'd enjoy because they were nervous, shy or afraid they weren't good enough?

Well if you're interested in the Dalhousie Gazette, I'm here to tell you (at no fee to said publication) to get your butt up to the third floor of the SUB, take a left, go down the hall yelling "I'm here! Take me!" and if I'm not mistaken, they will. Last Friday, my roommate Wendy and I timidly crept into the Gazette office and mumbled something like "Staff? You need... ahem... staff?" The response was a laugh and "You're hired." One of the editors asked what we'd like to do: write, proofread or layout the paper. She showed us around the office and asked how she could get more students to work for the Gazette. I was still amazed the Gazette wanted me — Me, with no resume, no experience and as far as they know, no talent. Hell they might even print this.

I now suspect that joining any other organization might be just as painless as joining the Gazette, so I think I will try out for the volleyball team... next year. In the meantime, I'm registering with the intramural program to have some real fun. As for the Gazette, if it turns out that I am an awful staff writer, I'm still going to be a great pizza eater, proof-reader, movie-goer or lay-outer. So come on up and join us and if you're a little nervous, you bring the large potted plant and together we'll hide in the corner watching all the busy and confident staff until one of us works up the nerve to pipe up and say, "Hey... ahem... I think I can do that."

Judy Reid

cont'd from page 9

off-campus frosh were split up. The on-campus frosh enjoyed some very funny acts from Yuk-Yuks. Meanwhile, the off-campus frosh toured Halifax's harbour on the Harbour Queen and Haligonian III. The most memorable time for those on the Haligonian III was the most excellent, well navigated three time crash docking by an extremely competent captain.

Friday, September 11 most frosh enjoyed a partly-cloudy and partly-sunny day at the beach, at least until it rained. Some frosh were brave enough to explore the tropical-like waters Rainbow Haven provided. Others played a very intense game of football. Meanwhile, frisbies were thrown and a successful and rewarding tournament of beach volleyball was played. Congratulation to those of you who won the terrific prizes. The most active frosh, during their stay at the beach, played a little of everything aforementioned and also made time to relax in the sun. Friday night events consisted of a great all night movie/slumber party and Frat parties.

"Saturday, I said I'm sorry," as Billy Joel sings. On September 12, most frosh relaxed and energized themselves for the Misa/Dal-Smu toug-of-war. Three great bands played in the SUB that night. Frosh and their leaders (and others) danced from the three locations listening to three diverse bands. Super SUB was the most memorable event of all the frosh that I was able to interview.

Sunday, September 13 was the finale for Orientation Week 1992! On-campus were again split from the off-campus frosh to eat their final meal as a frosh.

The following are some general comments on frosh week and should be made aware to those interested in organizing Orientation '93. Firstly, many off-campus frosh, while enjoying their peace and quiet, felt isolated during the weeks activities. One possible solution that has been suggested to me was, to construct the frosh groups of a mixed on/off campus crowd. Secondly, many frosh groups splintered and were left with one, if any members by the end of the week; though, we are all aware of the most enthusiastic frosh on campus, Loser Frosh. A tighter bond between leader and frosh is one possible solution for this dilemma. Finally, a much appreciative frosh community would like to extend a sincere thank-you to all those who made the week a great success. Thanks for the memories and good-bye Victor, hello first year!

Adam Block

## What's in a name?

To the editor:

Please, don't take this the wrong way. I've been a Haligonian for almost two weeks now and I love the place. Before this month I had never been east of Montreal, and now that I am here I realize, with great pleasure, that there is scarcely a more friendly, laid back collection of souls between here and Victoria.

But what's with these street names?

From my Ontario point of view they make no sense, or perhaps make a bizarre kind of sense.

Quinpool? I've tossed that one around quite a bit, and the sanest image I've come up with is one of a family of red-bearded, tartan-clad Highlanders whooping it up in a jacuzzi, naked from the bagpipes down. I mean, say it isn't so. This is my new neighbourhood.

And Agricola. Until my pronunciation was corrected this some new upstart soft drink company run by farmers. Now, with the accent on the second consonant where it belongs, it sounds more like the noise produced by burping and hiccupping at the same time. Or is that Gottigen?

Chebucto? That's not a street name. It's a card game your grandmother plays or a Cajun stew, maybe even an Inuit word for "north from those bathing caber-tossers," but really, let's leave that one stuck in the larynx where it belongs.

And those are just the major routes. Some of Halifax's less trodden tracks sport handles that defy basic principles of linguistics. Anybody out there live on Waegwoltic Avenue? Could be worse. How'd you like to have an address on Duffus Street or, for that matter, Cobalt Walk?

Trollope Street was surely named after the writer, but is that consolation if your raising daughter's there? It's enough to give a Sore Aikenhead, incidentally, two more roads that bless this burg.

Suppose you've put on a few pounds and you're asked for your address.

"um... McFatridge Road."  
"Pardon?"  
"McFatridge Rd., okay, I'm working on it!"

Yup, I'm not too fussy about Halifax's choice of road monikers, but you sure have a friendly town. I think I might even put down roots here, settle, buy a house.

On Smith Street.

R. Flumerfelt

## Dalhousie Arts Society

Council Meeting-All B Societies

September 24, 1992 6:30!

Fall General Meeting-All Arts and Social Science students.

October 1, 1992 6:30!

## STUDENT ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

1st Meeting

Tuesday, September 22nd at 5:30 p.m.

Student Union Building (SUB) #316

Everyone Welcome!