

DAL DAZE . . .

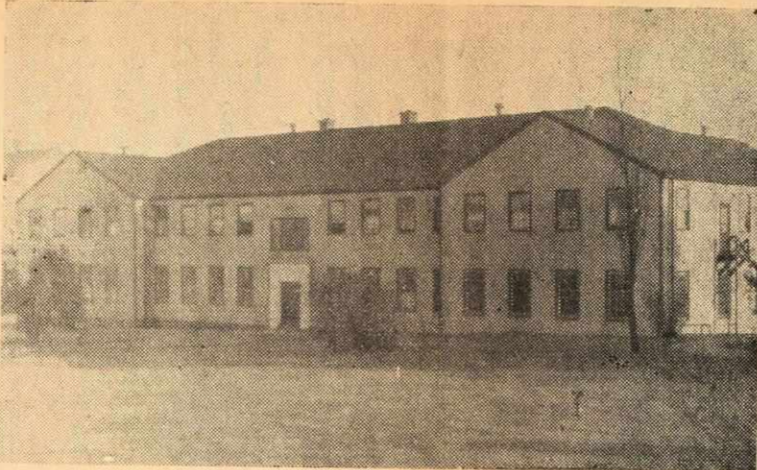
Z. Balderdash Tadpole Has Difficulty Speaking French

by J. CRICKET MCGOSH

● MCGOSH WRITES this week with a heavy heart. He has just learned the sad news that his dear friend, Z. Balderdash Tadpole, has been whiling away his time in a French prison.

A finished product of language pedagogy in Canada, Tadpole had worked his way across the ocean to France on a cattle boat, determined to get into the swing of colloquial French and to unbend his natural bent for languages.

NAME THIS BUILDING . . .



● WITH THE exception of Dalhousie's new residence building every structure on the campus has some distinctive name by which it is recognized. Some have been named in recognition of individual service to Dalhousie by alumni and friends of the university. The Murray Homestead, Shirreff Hall, the MacDonald Library and the Forrest Building fall into this category. Others such as the Arts, Science and Engineering buildings are distinguishable by the faculties and departments they represent. However, the new men's residence at Studley, which has already become a focal point of Dalhousie's social life is a building without a name.

University authorities hope to remedy this situation as soon as possible. With a view, then, to deciding on an appropriate name for "the Residence", President Kerr is soliciting suggestions from the student body.

Apparently only one name has been forwarded to date: "The McCulloch Hall", in honor of Dalhousie's first president who piloted the university through one of the most critical stages of its development. However, this is but the first of what it is hoped will be a long list of suggestions, comments and opinions from the student body.

Communications on this matter should be sent directly to President Kerr. The final choice will be made from among the names submitted.

tight squeeze. Knowsey does spot the darndest incidents.

Hope seems to be popular these days. First it is Pete Hannington, and then Gordie Hart; the latter seemed to cause quite a sensation—at least from his point of view.

Although the lights were burning dim last Thursday nite, they were not too dim for Knowsey to keep an eye open.

There is still a spark left among the Sages of the Campus, for Mr. Hibbets and Beryl Anderson got together once again at the Hall Formal, and Knowsey heard that they didn't talk about Homer or Chaucer.

K.C.S. had two representatives—dashing George Willet and John Primrose. Damn fast work, girls.

Elsie also had her "88 Keys" Girvan down to give Kel a rest.



● IT SEEMS that the Phi Rho Earle and his dazzling blonde, Betty Knapp, still make the first alcove at Shirreff Hall their abode, but we hear that the alcove will be rented at \$1.00 per hour from now on, Harvey.

This is to warn Harold Lightfoot not to leave his letters in the Common Room. This one ended: "You're the only boy I ever really liked." It was signed—well, I'm not quite that knowsey—(H.L.C. could be involved.)

Ever notice Jamie McLeod dancing with his eyes closed? Could it be Stinky's camera flash, the dreamy music, or Nancy?

So Jean Leslie thought her Saturday nite date was quite slick, but we are wondering just how many gals he had called at 9, on the nite of the dance, with the aid of Creighton Baker. Sounds like 5th Fiddle to us!

The old saying that red-headed people have quick tempers must be true, because we know of one Acadia girl who used hers in making Page wear the Acadia colors at the football game.

But I am wondering what could be more interesting outside to Patty and Al than the dance? They say it was for a fresh air

Forrest Flashes

LAW and DENT

● IT'S GOOD to see our brother LeBlanc back with us again after a lengthy visit home, but no one seems to know for sure what happened to his accent. Maybe that basketball game with the Meds was too much for him. Bob McClellan forsakes Cape Breton for the Valley to do some hunting. (Animals or women, Bob?)

While we are socially inclined, we might also add congratulations to Mr. Price, on behalf of the whole Law School on his announcement of marriage on December 22nd. No wonder the man shakes with fear these days! Trying to tame the Law School is a job in itself, but mix that with taming a woman and you really have a catastrophe, but good luck anyway.

Haley's perspiring over his case in last week's Moot Court . . . finally convinced the innocent judges that he knew what he was talking about.

Many of the Law students are beginning to wonder what will happen in the Library before the exams. It is bad enough now, but something should be done about it immediately, before it is too late. Why should a few students take out books for days, and sometimes over a week, before returning them? They benefit by the act, but what about the other seventy students? Surely when cases are being briefed by a number of students in the Library, they can be kept in better circulation . . .

● ON BEHALF of the student body of the Dental Faculty, our sincerest respects and best wishes to our new President, Dr. A. E. Kerr, on his recent inauguration as head of this University. May Dalhousie gain new triumphs and may her light of freedom and liberal thought shine as strong as ever.

Congratulations, Harry Zappler, and the entire Glee Club organization on the great success of the "Merchant of Venice." Your brother Dents are proud of you, and know that the future shows will be as good.

Incidentally: Vince, you're nailed at last, but after all, we did warn you last week. Don Cossack and you make quite a team, especially when it's a brawl at the Nova Scotian.

We've heard of nifty nick-names, but oh brother! a medal for the lassie who innocently enough calls our Seki—"Blondie". It seems she mistook that barren area for blond hair in the dark, you see).

For the information of our readers who are unaware of the true significance of the Dents' rogues' gallery—do you ever read "Esquire"?

Hinch and Burke are still spending their off hours on Victoria Road. Speaking of roads, Wilson King is back at No. 1 Tower ditto.

And since a healthy Dent is certainly a greater asset to society than a maimed one, we've been forced to discontinue our serial on the "diamond-socked, pipe-loving Duke". There goes our best material.

TRIALS FOR 3-ACT PLAY

● TRIALS for the three-act play to be presented next term are being held Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 19th and 20th, in the Engineering Common Room at 8 p.m. There will be NO rehearsals before Christmas.



Education does not stop with a degree!

● There is something new to learned each day and your daily newspaper is a valuable source of education. From local and world news to worthy articles and explanatory editorials you'll benefit by reading

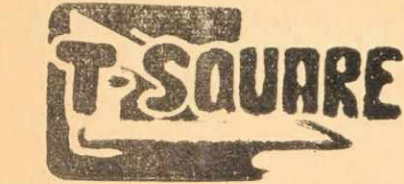
The Halifax Herald and The Halifax Mail

OXFORD

Mon.—Tues., Nov. 19-20
"CONFLICT"
Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith
Wed.—Thurs., Nov. 21-22
"DARK WATERS"
with Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone
Fri.—Sat., Nov. 23-24
"DOUGHGIRL"
"HOT RHYTHM"

CASINO

An Odeon Theatre
Saturday • Monday • Tuesday
November 17-19-20
LADY "SHADY"
with CHARLES COBURN, GINNY JIMMS, ROBERT PAIGE
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
"ENTER ARSENE LUPIN"
and **"RIVER GANG"**



● THE SECOND meeting of the Engineering Society for this year was held at noon on Saturday. The most important item was the Society's constitution, which was written in 1929 and revised this year. Currie's financial report surprised some members who had not realized that the Society was a business organization of such size. The three greatest events of the College year (Boilermakers' Ball, Bulletin, and Banquet) also were in for a bit of discussion.

If you have noticed residents of various South Shore communities battering down doors and windows, and hiding mickies and daughters, it is not because of any hurricane, but merely because of the annual Engineers' trip, which this year is aimed at the trembling town of Liverpool. For the first time in four years the trip is to an industrial plant outside the city. Instead of a chartered street car, which has been the policy during the war, a bus will be used. A fluid drive is guaranteed to all.

Some of the boys were peeping at the back page of the calendar the other day, and came up with a terrible truth—exams are less than a month away, and the weazeling season has begun. To any who have not yet realized these facts of life, this cheery bit of information is passed on.

Should Education Fit People For Jobs? Topic At Forum

● THE FOURTH meeting of the Dalhousie Citizens' Forum was held at the Murray Homestead on Tuesday, November 13th. The subject for discussion was "Should Education Fit People for Jobs?"

The two questions to receive special attention were, first, if you were hiring in your business youngsters just out of school would you prefer those with a good general education, or those with a practical training only; and second, at what age should children be allowed to leave school.

It was the unanimous opinion of the Forum that the person with a good general education would prove more valuable to the firm in the long run. He could easily be trained to do the work, and would be in a better position to advance and carry responsibilities.

One suggestion of great interest was that the Federal Government should control all public school education. This would standardize the curriculum and the methods of teaching, thus enabling students who move from one province to another to suffer less disruption in their education. We must bear in mind, however, the fact that the Province of Quebec would be very much against such centralization.

It was the opinion of all that compulsory education should continue until the age of 18 and that after that age part-time schooling would be enforced.

Mind In Turmoil

Yes, Balderdash could race through the most complicated French classics with ease and knew his grammar book backwards, frontwards and sideways. But, alas, poor lad, he could not express himself orally in French. His mind was a wild turmoil of disconnected facts, dates, and rules.

At the end of his Freshman year he managed one day to give out with a "oui" and "non". Four years later he had progressed to "oui, oui" and "non, non". Needless to say, the professor was impressed.

But why was Tadpole imprisoned? Because, on his very first day in Paris, a waiter asked him: "Que voulez vous manger, monsieur?" Tadpole swallowed hard, perspired profusely, wriggled frantically and gulped: "La tante de Pierre."

Manger la tante de Pierre? A cannibal in Paris? The gendarmes arrived and poor Balderdash was whisked away.

"Phrases Utiles"

But why "la tante de Pierre"? Because it was the most prominent expression in Tadpole's list of "phrases utiles". Such was the stifled tone of his French classes back home in Canada.

Although the main aim in teaching French should be to give the student on eventual speaking knowledge of same, should be to concentrate on "every-day usage", on the ear and mouth rather than pen and paper technique—Tadpole belonged to the official "Tante de Pierre" school of instruction. He was chained to the nonsensical, archaic expressions of the language grammarian.

Even though such sentences as "My grandmother's sister is my father-in-law's god-child's second cousin," may not be genetically possible, they are grammatically sound. So say the pedagogues. "Give some of it to her for him" is an old favorite—as is "the garbage-man's tooth-brush is pink, but the pruning-fork of my great-uncle's hired man is red."

"Tante De Pierre" Methods

Fact that the student cannot say "bonjour", "bonsoir" and "comment-ca va?" doesn't matter, as long as he can translate the imperfect subjunctive in his sleep and know umpteen exceptions to umpteen rules.

It's also vital to know that "rotule" is the word for knee-cap and that Voltaire had three and one-half cups of coffee before he expired.

Yes, poor Z. Balderdash Tadpole had been taught by the "Tante de Pierre" methods. And look at him now!

McGosh is gratified to learn, however, that another Canadian in Paris (also a victim of the "tante de Pierre" system) has escaped the ironic fate of poor Balderdash. Possessing a larger stock of standard "phrases utiles", he was better equipped for the fray.

When asked: "Que voulez-vous manger, monsieur?" . . . he swallowed hard, perspired profusely, wriggled frantically and gulped: "La plume du jardinier."

Which is a step in the right direction.

COSTUMES WANTED

● THOSE with costumes suitable for use in the forthcoming Musical Comedy, or who are interested in making such costumes, please contact either Nita Sideris, Erma Geddes, or Jim Bell; or call at the Glee Club office in the Gym.

CAPITOL

Friday-Saturday-Monday
November 16-17-19

ABBOTT and COSTELLO
"IN HOLLYWOOD"

Tuesday-Saturday
November 20-24

BING CROSBY
BETTY HUTTON
— in —
"DUFFY'S TAVERN"

ORPHEUS

Fri.—Sat., Nov. 16-17
"BEHIND CITY LIGHTS"
"THE LOST TRAIL"

Mon.—Tues.—Wed., Nov. 19-21
"AND THEN THERE WERE NONE"
with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward



The right note

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