

FEATURES

CLARIFICATION

The Editorial Board of the Gazette wishes to make the following known to its readers in respect of last week's issue of the Gazette. In the makeup of the pages devoted to Remembrance Day there were a number of errors which were not obvious until the finished form was issued, when it was too late to make any changes. In this manner some material appeared in more prominent type than the rest, and gave some of our readers the impression that the Gazette was reflected solely in this material.

The Gazette realizes that there must be many opinions on such a matter, and wishes to state that there was no intention to offend any of these opinions.

While it mourns the sacrifice made by our young men in the war, the Gazette intended to show the evils of war in the hope that there might be an awareness of the dangerous world situation; only through a general effort can a future war be averted. Such a war is not inevitable. In no way were these reflections intended to cast any doubt upon the achievement of the war dead and of the veterans; by whose efforts alone we still exercise the liberties for which they fought and died.

CO-ED NEWS AND VIEWS

Alas, my fine feathered femmes; inspiration and information are nil for yours truly this week. That middle term spread is appearing below les yeux, darkened by sleepless nights of thinking—26—26—26, everywhere is 26. And your guess is as good as mine?

Shirreff Hall formal has come and went. By the sounds of things 'twas a gala event; at any rate, gala-er than in previous years.

On glancing through a McGill Daily, we noticed a picture of a gal-amorous looking drum majorette, described (among other things) as the only drum majorette for a college band in Canada, which of course is incorrect. Just goes to show you, we're not so dumb!

We are seeing 82 thousand "Flash Gordon" jackets on our men friends. Pretty snazzy, don't you think? But we can't let them show us up like that. Let's get out our knitting needles and do something about it. After all, we're from Dal too.

EXIT

He became aware of the rain-drops tinkling against the remaining pane of glass in the dark opening which was the window. The acid smell of brick-dust and gunpowder filled his lungs, and the terrible darkness seemed to press against him. He coughed, the sharp sound echoing through the empty ruins. "Strange", he thought "that coughing should hurt his face so much". Slowly as in a dream he raised his hand to his jaw to probe for the cause of the pain. As he felt his mangled feature, child-like, he whimpered. He cried, softly, and salt tears mingled with the drying blood. The dull ache began to throb and fill his whole being with a pulsing horror and he thought that he would like to pray but he'd tried it before and just then merciful unconsciousness claimed him. The rain continued to beat against the brave little pane of glass.

He awoke with the dull, grey dawn. Rain still fell and he was cold, and hungry. He looked around him. There was the gun in the corner, the barrel twisted, the ammunition mags partly buried under the rubble. Occasionally little avalanches of red dust spilled down from the pile of pink bricks and plaster which had once formed a partition in the two-room building. Streams of water ran down from the shell-emashed roof, and the rain kept up its incessant hammering at the little glass-square, the survivor of the eight panes which had originally made up the window.

Inch by inch, he turned on his side, and raising himself on his arm, looked over the pile of debris. Where the south wall had once blocked his vision, he could now see straight down the hill to the valley where he knew there was help. If only they'd come up and get him. God, how his leg

hurt. Funny, he thought, yesterday, or last night, or last year, or whenever it was, my face hurt, but now it's my leg.

It was quiet in the little house. Too quiet. Only the rain drops, splashing on the little pane of glass interrupted the silence. He had once more passed into insensibility.

Three times during the day he returned to the world of pain and horror, and each time he crawled a few feet closer to the gap in the south wall. Then, as he rested, the realization came that with the advent of evening, the enemy would start to shell again. He peered at his watch, which, miraculously, was working.

"EXIT"

It was late; too late. Desperately he tried to pull some of the debris over on top of himself. Anything for protection. He screamed hysterically as he tore at the pile of brick and timbers with his bleeding fingers.

Then he heard it. A thin piercing scream developing into a full-throated roar. The shell hit the house with a blinding, searing crash.

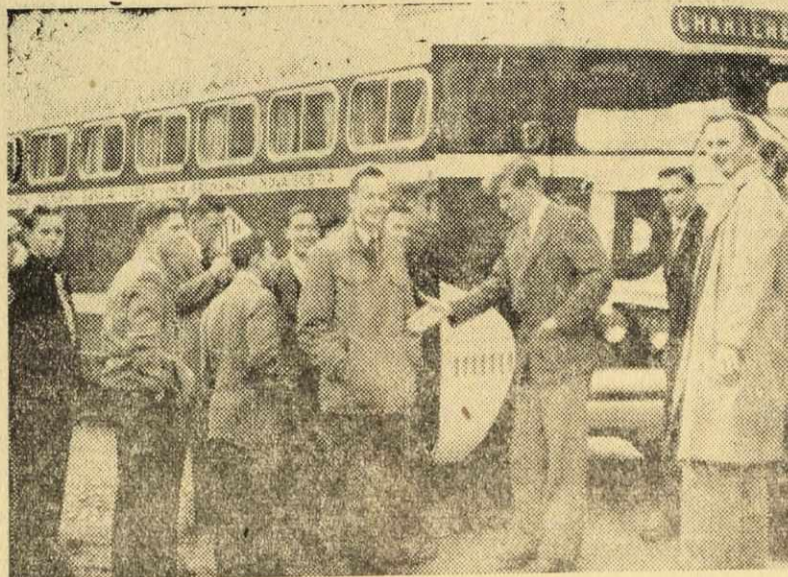
The rain continued to fall, with a soft murmuring sound. The last tinkling sound had stopped.

Nowadays a man must have more than chicken feed to run around with a chicken.

"Well, there goes another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the drain.

Mother: "Daughter, didn't I tell you not to let that strange man come over to your apartment last night? You know things like that cause me to worry."

Daughter: "Don't be ridiculous, Mother; I went over to his apartment. Now let his mother worry."



Boys getting on the bus.

ENGINEERS INVADE LIVERPOOL

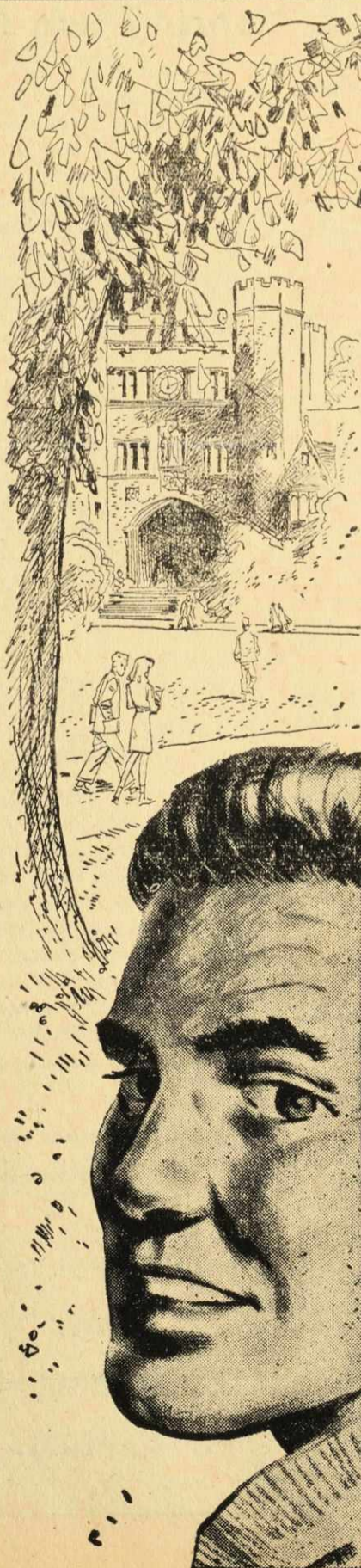
Thursday, Nov. 7 was a lovely crisp autumn morning for the people of Halifax but it was a sad day indeed for the inhabitants of Liverpool, for this was E-day, the day of the Engineers annual trip. When sane people were just considering whether to get up and go to classes or not, a group of 30-odd Engineers met in front of their beloved shack and took their places in the Mackenzie bus, which was appropriately decorated. The first attempt to "get out of town" led us in a blind alley. Our courteous driver, a Cape Bretoner by birth, asked a passing gentleman; "How in hell do you get out of this hole?" The 96 miles to Liverpool were covered in no time and the transit men were in high spirits on arriving at their destination.

The people of Liverpool were frantic. Daughters ran to the safety of their mothers arms and the boilermakers ran after the daughters. Brown, Cameron and Bezanson had pretty good luck — it must be nice to be able to run so fast. Dinner was digested at a local Cafe, where Brown took some angular photos of the scenery.

After dinner the group was conducted through the Mersey Paper Mill and found the tour highly interesting. The kindness of the Company in permitting the tour and in supplying the guides was greatly appreciated. Four of the groups were feared lost in the digestors but a quick call to the gateman showed they were safe in the bus.

The trip home was without accident. Peifhany was an unanimously voted President of the Horizontal Club and several new members were invited. As the bus entered Halifax the driver was given three rousing cheers.

And so the bus bumped into the shack and another trip was over.



Hi There!

right now your grades
are good...

but life holds harder tests

Harder indeed! Life was never a lenient school-master. And making the grade in life demands all a man can muster in the way of knowledge, ability and forethought.

Especially forethought! The sort of forethought that prompts a man to start charting a life insurance program early in youth. The sort of forethought that enables a man to realize that whatever the experiences life holds for him — earning a living, getting married, raising a family, having earning power cut off — he is better equipped to meet them and enjoy them when he has behind him the security and protection provided by life insurance.

Talk to a Mutual Life of Canada representative and get the benefit of his special training and our long years of experience in adapting life insurance to the varied desires and responsibilities of people of all ages and all incomes.

Ask him what policy or combination of policies is best suited to your particular circumstances. Let him show you the special features of Mutual low-cost life insurance.

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