

get him now, so close to the border, he'd get through that block." Nearer and nearer he came, but the police cars were not giving an inch. There was a blinding flash of light, shattering glass, and a searing pain in his chest, then all was quiet.

—EDMOND LeCLAIR '59

WHICH WAY TO TURN

I stand upon the shore alone, without friend
To show me what lies around the bend.
I stand so; confused without direction
Even as I survey all sections!

To leap into the stream without hope,
Leaves me afraid I might not float.
I might retire to the land,
And be scorned for being a common man.

Yet I might turn upon the right,
And go into the city's light
Or else retire into the quiet,
Away from life's long troublous riot.

AN OBSERVATION

They do not get so far ahead,
Who work hard all the time.
But they who work not at all
Get very far behind.

—A. E. MORRISON '59

THE SEARCH

January 7, 1955, 6:30 P.M.—Frobisher Dignity radar control reported aircraft I.Q.D., C-47, belonging to Arctic Wings, as maintaining 6000 ft. and estimating Fort Chimo at 10:00 P.M.

11:00 PM. Fort Chimo radioed the following message;

"Chimo, Frobisher, aircraft Item-Queen-Dog late on E.T.A. by one hour, repeat—one hour over."

Frobisher radio replied: "Roger Chimo, understand Item-Queen-Dog is missing, will contact Dignity radar to see if it can be picked up. Frobisher over and out."

11:30—Frobisher: "Frobisher, Chimo, Chimo . . . do you read me Chimo?"

"Go ahead Frobisher. Chimo here, read you loud and clear."

"Frobisher here. Re Item-Queen-Dog. Dignity radar can't locate aircraft. Nobody has been able to contact I.Q.D. for the past two hours. Have contacted U.S.A.F. Search and Rescue and search will begin tomorrow at 4:00 A.M. Good night Mike . . . Out."

The next morning four U.S.A.F. Mallards took off for the search. The Air Force requested civilian airlines join in the search, and one hour after the Air Force planes had left, six civilian aircraft in turn set off in quest of the missing airplane. I was part of the search crew on Dorval Air Transport's aircraft F.B.J. Each member of the crew

was provided with a food pack, a parachute and binoculars. While the engines labored to lift the aircraft to its appointed height. We set at the windows eagerly attempting to peer through the still, semi-observed dawn.

The area assigned to us was one hundred miles in diameter in radius a range which included Big Island, Charles Island, the west coast of Ungava Bay and Akpatok Island. We had to fly over Hudson Strait to Charles Island, and during the crossing of the strait we scrutinized in vain every yard of the territory for signs of life. All we could see for miles and miles was a cold, cruel bluish ice pack. When flying over this type of icefield at 2000 ft., one's sense of proportion and distance is deceived because of the lack of objects and things of known proportion to be used as a "meter stick" in determining the true size of the ice packs, bergs etc. One is led to believe that the aircraft is a mere fifty feet above the ground instead of 2000 feet.

A curious thing happened to me on that trip. I was watching a variety of intricately shaped icebergs which seemed so close as to be almost tangible, when I perceived on a flat cake of ice what appeared to be a delicate miniature carving of an eskimo and a dog team. My mind pondered the possibility of such a sight, when all at once the delicate figurine waved at us. Immediately my sense of proportion was jarred back to normal and I no longer felt the urge to reach and touch the blue ice.

We searched Charles Island and found it to be devoid of what we were hoping to find. Finally after searching the island one last time we veered off to the south east to follow the coast of Ungava Bay right down to Fort Chimo. All along the coast we saw successively a herd of caribou grazing on a patch of lichen, a school of whales lazily exposing their backs to the Arctic sun, and one white bear just standing and gazing at us; but still no trace of the missing party.

When we were approximately one hundred and fifty miles out of Chimo the captain called me into the cockpit and told me that one of the Air Force planes had spotted what seemed to be the remnants of the ill-fated aircraft, 28 miles north west of Fort Chimo. That was all the news we could obtain at the moment. The pilot then set course on Chimo, and we sat back munching our sandwiches and anxiously awaiting our arrival. One hour later the co-pilot told us via the cabin loudspeaker that we were entering the area. We rushed over to the windows and peered out anxious to see the aircraft. At first we could not see anything, but after about ten minutes one of the crew members pointed to the east . . . and there it was. Sitting on an iceflow, apparently undamaged. We circled around and hovered over it about a hundred feet up. A U.S.A.F. helicopter was already on the ground and we were told to return to the base as everything was under control. The occupants of the plane, its pilot and co-pilot were dead.

The return trip was a sad one. Our hearts were filled with both grief and fear; grief because all of us knew the victims quite well. Fear, that we someday might suffer the same fate.

We landed at Frobisher airport at 3:30 P.M. Mission completed.

—E. R. BLANCHETTE '61