

Music represents in the psychology of man the cross-section of life and its experiences, for it means many things to many people. A. G. Spalding once said, while the delights of music were pouring into his soul,

"My mother used to say that a hearing of Bach's 'Chaconne' always reminded her of the Sermon on the Mount, and that the introduction of the major variations represented the Beatitudes".

—R. ST. JOHN, '58

## NEIGES D'ANTAN . . . NEIGES DU QUEBEC

Toute impression subite ou toute nouvelle expérience exigent un certain recul . . . il faudra alors pardonner à un étudiant en mal du pays ce retour sur le passé. . . .

Il me souvient, à certains moments, de ces radieuses après-midis de l'hiver québécois, charmes d'une enfance envolée. Il me souvient encore de ces excitantes et . . . épuisantes randonnées en skis à travers bois et champs.

Et, ainsi, s'enrole mon imagination: le soleil s'était levé gaillard et brillant ce matin-là . . . désireux, peut-être, de se faire pardonner l'humeur triste des jours précédents. Tout était calme, tout était beau. Dans les vitres, les petiotis collaient leurs minois encore mal éveillés, qui pour admirer ce grand dehors, qui pour s'amuser au spectacle des lutins de givre qui dansaient dans les vitres. La nuit durant, la neige avait tombée, laissant un tapis immense et immaculé, comme pour cacher toutes les saletés de la veille . . . Déjà, se découpaient trois silhouettes à l'horizon. La nature et mon cœur chantaient . . . et mes deux copains n'étaient pas moins enthousiastes. L'un dans la trace de l'autre, nous coupions d'abord à travers champs, nous amusant à décapiter les piquets de clôtures de leur capuchons de neige ou encore à agiter les branches lourdes de ouate sur la tête et dans le cou des copains.

Les épaulements de terrain étaient de plus en plus accusés, et, des skieurs tantôt avançant à foulées rapides, il ne restait plus que trois gamins essouffés. Quand même! La montagne était là, droit devant, immobile et comme écrasée par la charge de neige qui reposait sur ses épaules. A peine pouvions-nous distinguer ici et là des traces de lièvres. Quelle escalade! Tantôt, montant avec facilité, tantôt, nous accrochant désespérément à une branche sèche, nous dégringolions avec elle et tout était à recommencer. A la fin . . . tout un spectacle à nos pieds. Le soleil faisant briller nos yeux et les milliers d'étoiles minuscules qui s'entassaient partout. Les ombres que dessinaient nos silhouettes sur la neige semblaient des jeux chinois. Tout en bas, des champs, des arbres, des champs et des arbres encore. Plus loin, les maisons du village blotties les unes contre les autres comme un groupe qui a froid et se resserre pour mieux braver le danger. Calme, calme était le spectacle de la nature; le calme d'un sanctuaire. Un instant, nous nous taisions aussi, pensant que les choses sont plus sages que les hommes. . . . et que nous étions quelqu'un parce que libéré de tout.

C'était alors la descente vertigineuse. Qui riant, qui criant, nous goûtions la récompense de nos efforts, tout en frolant le danger et les souches. Notre descente sensationnelle souvent gâtée par une chute qui ne l'était pas moins, se heurtait à toutes sortes d'imprévus: nous roulions dans la neige, la neige nous roulait aussi.

Les joues rouges de plaisir et de sang frais, nous regagnions le foyer. L'ombre envahissait la forêt; des arbres dénudés tendaient leur bras dans une éternelle prière. Ça et là des tâches vertes de sapins, sentinelles silencieuses. Bonhommes de neige, nous voyions déjà la fumée s'élever en spirales des cheminées, nous entendions déjà crépiter un feu de bois sec dans l'âtre. Fatigués et fourbus que nous étions, le repos serait délicieux et le lit aussi épais et doux que la neige des champs. Peut-être rêvisions-nous encore d'un sourire de . . . jeune fille, aussi chaud au cœur que les plus brûlantes caresses du soleil.

Et voilà pourquoi, il a fallu pardonner toutes ces choses à un étudiant en mal du pays.

—ALBAN BERUBE '59

## PURSUIT

Long shadows licked the wet ledges of Trinity mountain where the two men had taken refuge. Sitting glumly on a rock, Flint watched the flames of the small fire sear his knife-blade, his gray sleepless eyes shifted pensively to the dawn as it streaked along the sloping timberline. He heard the faint gurgling of the cold water as it drained down the arroyo below. He became tense. "They're coming, Barter," Flint said as the distant howling of sirens wafted up from the misty highway. "Don't you want me to sneak down and get a doctor? the bullet's pretty deep, kid". "Use your knife." Barter groaned.

"I don't know," the older man grunted dubiously. "I could feel the bullet with my fingers before, but not anymore."

Dick Barter's lean body twisted with pain and rage. Flint shrugged, turned the knife over in his hand, and leaned over to gently dab at the thick, slowly-welling blood which was oozing from his friends shirt. Overhead the last of the July moon was obscured under a fast-rolling thunder cloud. He took a slug at the whiskey bottle and then pried open the other's mouth and poured the rest down his throat.

"Whatever you say, Dick," Flint shrugged. He opened the faded blue shirt fully to ponder the operation. Barter groaned and the other man touched his mouth slightly.

"Kid, I'm going to put a piece of pine bark in your mouth. Bite on it as hard as you can, bite hard, but don't scream. They're coming, do you hear?"

Dick Barter nodded. "Put out that fire, Flint. They'll see it," he whispered.

"When I'm done with this operation, and not before," Flint replied. He carefully took the knife out of the fire. With his left hand he placed a short round piece of pulpy pine bark between Barter's teeth. "These stupid cops can't even kill a man clean," he thought grimly. "This will take some help on your part, kid."

"Start cutting." Barter ordered. "Remember there's a hundred thousand dollars out in these hills somewhere and it's all ours. The rest are all gone now."

"Sure thing, Dick," the older man soothed. For a few minutes he had forgotten the stolen money. His mind wandered over the events which had taken place in the past few months.

Five of them, himself and Dick, Louie their driver, and Ravenhill and Blackie, the two look-outs. Everything had gone along fine. They had arrived in Kingsley one night, had planned the robbery of the Fifth National and next afternoon they had taken their posts. The lookouts remained outside while He and Dick strolled casually into the bank and at the appointed minute, stuck up the clerk. They had got all the money and were out the door, but Louie was two minutes late with the car and by the time they made their getaway, the clerk had sounded the alarm. They managed to get out of town and were rolling along toward San Francisco. It was Louie's bad day, he couldn't get any speed out of the car and when he saw the cops getting close he became nervous and crashed the car into a tree. Only Flint and Barter came out of the wreck alive. They shot into the woods before the police could catch up with them and hid the money under a rock and kept on running. There had followed several days of being hunted by the police and their dogs. Finally they were caught and after a quick trial, were both sentenced to twenty years in prison.

Several months of hard labour had toughened both of them. On Tuesday night, April fifteenth, they broke out.

During their imprisonment, Dick had learned the routine of the prison. The guards stood over them while they worked on the rock-piles. At meal-time there were guards all around the tables. At night guards were at every post and the search light was kept trained on the court-yard. Dick had drawn up a plan of the grounds and he and Flint carefully plotted their escape. They worked feverishly and with only one thought in mind, the money which would be theirs when they got back to those hills.

Very late one night, Flint and Dick managed to get the turnkey interested in conversation and in a careless moment the turnkey brushed up against the bars of their cell. This was perfect. Dick grabbed him by the throat and held his other hand over the turnkey's mouth, while Flint always ready with his knife, drove it into the man's heart. He slid soundlessly to the floor while Dick got the keys from his pocket. Without a sound they made the prison walls, but there were still two other guards to get rid of, these two were watching the gates. All at once there was a shrill whistling sound and they knew immediately that their escape had been discovered. The two guards, alerted, ran to their positions inside the door of the main house-block. Dick in that moment threw up the rope which he had taken with him, in the form of a lasso and it caught on one of the cement posts on top of the wall. He and Flint scaled the wall pirate fashion. The lights came searching, this time closer. In a blinding flash of lights and bullets the two men headed for the swamps outside the grounds. One of the bullets hit Dick in the right shoulder, but he kept pace with Flint who had got a head start on him.

They ran all night long and managed to escape the dogs and the police following them. By morning however, the pain was getting worse in Dick's shoulder and he was becoming weak from loss of blood. Just before sun-up, they came to an old shack in the woods, probably used in winter by a hunter. They need not worry about the

police now, for they would have lost their tracks and the dogs would have lost their scent in the swamps and brooks which the two fugitives had used to such good advantage.

The problem of clothes had arisen. Dick being too weak to do anything about it had left it to Flint. They slept all during the day and by night fall Flint had formulated a plan. After walking for several hours he arrived at a small village called San Moreno, it was very late and all the towns people were sleeping quietly. Flint found the drygoods store without any trouble. He walked around to the back of the store and found a window, with his knife he cut a slit in the screen, bending it back, he lifted his large frame up with strong hands and pulled himself into the dark musty store-room. Making his way stealthily to the front of the store, he spied what he was looking for. He picked out several suits of clothes, shirts, socks, ties and two pairs of shoes all of which he tied up into a bundle. Hurriedly he left the store through the window and accidentally caught his shirt on a nail as he slid down, tearing his shirt.

Arriving back at the shack some hours later, he saw that Dick was still sleeping. The blood had clotted on the wound and for the present at least there would be no great danger. He took off Dick's clothes and put the new ones on him, then he himself changed clothes and proceeded to bury the prison garb with a makeshift spade. This done, he felt much safer and decided to sleep for a while also.

About noon Flint awoke with a start, the sun came streaking in through the cracks and knotholes in the wall of the shack, then he noticed Barter who was sitting up and seemed to be wondering how he had got into the new clothes. After taking time to explain, Flint decided that it was high time they were getting along toward their loot. Just two hundred miles and they would be sitting comfortably in those hills counting their money.

"There's a road about a mile down there," Flint said pointing to some timber land, "if we can get out there we should be able to get a ride without any trouble, here's the way down, I'll help you.

A half hour later, they were on the main highway, headed for Kingsley. Several minutes later, a black sedan came cruising along the highway. Flint put up his hand and the driver stopped, offering the two men a lift. The two men got into the car and before the driver could start up again, Flint knocked him unconscious. He picked him up off the seat and dragged him off the road.

A few minutes later the two men were in the car headed toward Kingsley. Dick fell back against the softness of the seat and before he went to sleep he warned, "Remember, no doctor, Flint. We can't have anybody suspecting us, any doctor would know by now that one of the cons who slipped the pen the night before last is carrying around a junk of lead in him and he'll alert the cops as soon as he gets a case like mine."

It occurred to Flint to turn on the radio to see what the news was on the latest prison break. The radio took several minutes to warm up and then. . . .

"About the breakout that occurred at Las Almos Prison two nights ago. The two unarmed convicts who outwitted the guards and their dogs . . ." It went on to



give the details of the escape. The announcer went on to advise the people in the area "to be on the lookout for two men wearing prison garb."

Flint turned off the radio and concentrated on his driving.

"Too bad this guy didn't listen to his radio," thought Flint to himself, "but it's all the better for us."

Twenty minutes later, Dick awoke feeling refreshed. "Where are we Flint?" he asked.

"We're about a hundred and fifty miles east of Kingsley," said the other without looking at him.

"Turn on the radio, there might be some news."

"O.k.," said Flint, "you just sit back and relax now."

Another flash told of the robbery at the store in San Moreno, and in addition it announced that a man who had been found dazedly walking along the highway, had been picked up sometime ago by a cruiser, had told of how he had offered a lift to two men and had been slugged.

"Damn it, shut that thing off," snapped Dick sitting up startled, "the next side road you come to, turn off, we have to keep this car on the back roads or we may be spotted and they'll shoot on sight."

They came to a cross-road and Flint skidded the car sideways on two wheels making the turn with only inches to spare. Only then did he seem to realize the seriousness of their situation. They left clouds of dust behind them all along the dirt roads coming nearer and nearer to the mountains. They still had some distance to go, probably another hundred miles if they kept taking side roads, but it would be worth it.

By evening they arrived at a small out-of-the-way restaurant. Flint carefully parked the car out of sight and walked up to the counter. He ordered sandwiches and coffee, stating that he would like to take them with him as he was travelling and had no time to stop. He got his sandwiches and a bottle of home-made whiskey which the proprietor insisted on selling him.

Arriving back at the car he found Dick eagerly waiting for him.

"Hurry up, what kept you so long?" he snapped nervously.

"Here take a swig of this and have something to eat. Last stop is the mountain, I hope we'll be able to find the loot without too much trouble," said Flint earnestly.

"We have nothing to worry about, two more hours and we'll be heading for the border into Mexico," answered Dick.

An hour later, they pulled up at the side of the road.

"Well here we are on the main highway," said Flint, "what do we do now?"

"We'll have to take a chance for the next twenty miles," said Dick, "I don't think the cops will spot us, let's go."

They drove on for sometime and finally Dick spoke up.

"Let's stash the car in those bushes over there. We had the loot somewhere near here."

Flint drove the car off the slight incline which led into the bushes and the two men got out.

"It's over here somewhere, let's go."

Flint caught Barter as he began falling to the ground.

"What's the matter Dick?" he asked him.

"I don't think I can move, here help me up and we'll try to make it together." They walked on stumbling over branches and sticks in the darkness.

"Find a place so that I can lie down Flint, this shoulder's paining so badly that you'll have to take that bullet out right now."

"But you know that you'll need a doctor for that?" pleaded Flint.

"Never mind that," retorted Dick winching with pain, "make a small fire and heat your knife."

Flint did as he was told, this was something entirely new to him he didn't know anything about taking a bullet out of a man's shoulder.

Suddenly Flint came out of his reverie and found himself sweating, kneeling over the man who was now unconscious. He began working on his partner. The bullet was lodged deep and it was rubbing against the bone. The fire flicked and almost went out, I must have been day-dreaming for five minutes' he thought to himself. Now he worked on as if everything depended upon him in the next few minutes.

Suddenly Flint stood upright, 'had he heard the faint sound of a dog barking? were they finally catching up with him and his partner? Instinctively he blew out the fire, but it was too late, surely they would have seen his fire from down below. He could see them moving down there, several cars were parked with their lights on. His only chance now would be to leave Dick here and make a break for it.

He found the money ten minutes later under the large rock and for a while he crouched down on a ledge. It began to rain, but the police and their dogs kept coming and soon they would be on the scene.

Soon the dogs found the prostrate form of his wounded partner. The police came up.

"It's Barter alright," said one of the men to the others. "Looks like his Pal's been around here too, they've been trying to get that bullet out of Barter's shoulder. Take the dogs and start searching, though by now his tracks have probably been washed away."

Flint began working his way as silently as possibly to the car that was still hidden in the bushes. If he could just make the car before the cops saw him.

Twenty minutes later he arrived at a clearing and spotted the car, it was as he had left it, no one had seen it, he opened the door and slipped in, nervously turning on the ignition. The car started with a roar, Flint reversed the gears and backed out onto the highway. He felt safer now and drove more easily.

Suddenly from out of the darkness loomed many lights, and instantly Flint knew what was happening, that was a roadblock up ahead, he gunned the motor and went careening down the highway, 'They weren't going to

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