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**THE HIDERS**

A One-Act Play

By

L. Decoteau

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*or by the author's agent:*

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## DEDICATION

To the memory of Douglas Nevill Fraser,  
sometime Gunner, Royal Field Artillery.

Born, South Lancaster, Ontario, 1896.

Died of wounds, The Somme, 1916.



## **THE HIDERS**

*By*

L. DECOTEAU

A one-act play in two scenes and a screen epilogue based on an incident in the Province of Quebec during World War I. When the Canadian Conscription Act was made law in 1917, many young French-Canadians took to the woods to evade military service and they remained hidden in underground dugouts while the Northwest Mounted Police searched for them. At the conclusion of hostilities, the Mounted Police were withdrawn and The Hiders returned to their homes, unmolested.

## THE HIDERS

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*First Edition*

*Printed in Canada*

## CHARACTERS

(As they appear)

Jules, 18.

Joseph, 18.

Lucien, 18.

Arthur, 18.

Priest.

Marie, 18, Jules' fiancée.

Margot, 18, Lucien's fiancée.

Corporal Mulholland, Northwest Mounted Police

Movie Announcer.

## TIME

Scene 1, March 30th, 1918.

Scene 2, Armistice Day, November 11th, 1918.

Scene 3, A silent-movie picture screen, Summer, 1919.

— SCENE —

*An underground dugout on an island in the St. Lawrence River rapids near Coteau, 40 miles west of Montreal. The dugout is of rough, moss-caulked logs, complete with bark. The ceiling and floor are of rough, hand-hewed planks. In the center of the dugout is the trunk of a large, live spruce tree, the top portion of which penetrates the roof. Into the tree-trunk have been hammered eight-inch nails, on which hang snowshoes, a coil of rope, a fishnet, a shotgun, windbreakers, fur caps, a torn calendar. A rough ladder, nailed to wall, left, leads to a trap door in the roof, the only entrance and exit to the dugout. The trap door is locked by a bolt from the inside. A wood-burning lumbermen's stove, with smoke-pipe reaching to within an inch of a hole in the ceiling, stands before rear wall. An extra length of smoke-pipe, wired at top to trap sparks, stands next to stove, alongside a stack of kindling and firewood. From strong nails hammered into log wall behind stove hang rough towels, woollen socks, sweaters and moccasins. In one corner of the dugout stand two rough benches and a table, on the top of which are battered kitchen utensils, cheap plates, cups, cutlery, and an alarm clock. A candle stuck in the neck of an empty bottle furnishes the only illumination. Bundles of long-leaf French-Canadian tobacco hang from the ceiling. Throughout the scene the Hiders cut pieces of this tobacco and smoke or chew it. A short canoe and two paddles rest alongside one wall.*

*Two crudely-made double-decker bunks are against wall, right. Two full pails of water in one corner of the room. A half-filled bag of potatoes in another corner. A crucifix and a coloured lithographed picture of the Pope hang on a wall. The Hiders are roughly dressed, Canadian bush fashion.*

*A HEAVY HORSE BLANKET HANGS FROM A WIRE WHICH RUNS ALONG THE CEILING CLOSE TO THE LADDER. BEFORE ANY OF THE CHARACTERS MOUNT THE LADDER AND EXIT, THIS BLANKET IS ALWAYS DRAWN ACROSS WIRE, THUS PREVENTING THE CANDLELIGHT FROM BEING SEEN FROM OUTSIDE THE DUGOUT.*

*AS THE WATER IN THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER RAPIDS NEAR COTEAU NEVER FREEZES, A LOW, CONTINUOUS MURMUR OF FLOWING WATER IS HEARD THROUGHOUT THE SCENES. WHEN THE TRAP DOOR IS OPENED, THE NOISE GROWS LOUDER.*

## SCENE 1

*Nightfall, March 30th, 1918.*

*As the curtain rises, the four HIDERS, clad in heavy woollen underwear, are asleep in their bunks. The suspended horse blanket hides the ladder. Jules is the first to awaken. He points light from small flashlight at the alarm clock and then jumps off the bed, putting on his trousers and windbreaker. Shivering, he lights candle, mounts ladder and cautiously pushes open trap door an inch or so. He then bolts trap door and descends ladder.*

### JULES

*(To his sleeping mates.)* Okay, fellows, up you get, Outside is blacker'n the inside of a cow's belly.

*(The three other Hiders jump from their bunks, shivering, and pull on their trousers and sweaters. Lucien picks up extra stove pipe length with spark guard and exits through trap door. The pipe length is seen being shoved through hole above stove and, aided by Jules, it is joined to the top length of stove pipe. Enter Lucien who bolts trap door, descends ladder and lights fire in stove.)*

### LUCIEN

*(Places coffee pot on blazing stove and warms his hands over heat. He stutters with cold.)* Temperature must be ten below zero outside.

### ARTHUR

*(Also warming hands over stove; shaking shoulders.)* And twenty below inside.

*(Joseph removes fish net from nail on tree trunk and starts to climb ladder, drawing blanket across to shield inside light.)*

### JOSEPH

I'll pull up the fish net I set last night in the bay. Hand up the canoe.

*(Joseph unbolts and pushes open trap door. He exits and the canoe and paddles are passed up to him. He then lowers trap door which is bolted by Jules.)*

### ARTHUR

*(Walking around room; nervously.)* Am I fed up with this dump! More than six months locked in here like a rat. It ain't worth it and I've got a mind to take a chance and return to the farm.

### LUCIEN

*(Roughly.)* Like hell you will! We don't give a damn if the Mounties grab you and stick you in the army but we do give a damn if they should torture you and force you to squeal about our hiding place. *(Takes a revolver from under his pillow and waves it in the air.)* See this? I'll make damn sure you don't leave us until peace is declared. Compris?

ARTHUR

*(Sits on edge of bunk, cowed: dully.)* Yes.

LUCIEN

You'd better, and don't forget that I keep the revolver bullets in my pants pocket so that no one can use this gun but me. Compris? *(Arthur nods yes. Lucien replaces the unloaded revolver under his pillow.)*

SIX SHARP KNOCKS ARE HEARD OVERHEAD.

*(Arthur draws curtain, mounts ladder, and opens trap door. The canoe and paddles are passed down and Joseph follows carrying a dripping fish net with a few wriggling fish entangled in the meshes. The trap door is closed and bolted. Joseph hangs wet net on tree trunk nail.)*

ARTHUR

Fish! Fish! Fish! Every day fish! I'd give my right arm for a big, juicy steak.

LUCIEN

Quit crabbing. You'll probably get a steak or some pork chops tonight when the Priest and the girls pay their weekly visit. *(Looks at calendar.)* That's it, tonight. Any minute now.

*(Joseph presses a mouth organ to his lips and plays a rustic tune.)*

LUCIEN

*(Laughing.)* That music ought to keep the Mounties away.

*(Joseph removes shotgun from nail on tree trunk, breaks it and cleans both barrels. He points gun at candle flame and peers down barrels.)*

JOSEPH

If I were home I'd have a partridge for supper.

ARTHUR

Like hell! It's closed season for birds.

JULES

There never seems to be a closed season for killing human beings. Everybody is shooting everybody these days.

LUCIEN

You can yell that out loud, my friend. Here's one baby they ain't goin' to shoot.

JOSEPH

*(Staring at shot gun.)* What the hell am I cleaning this gun for? We got no shells.

*(Shrugging.)* Anyway, it passes the time; better than moping. *(Hangs shotgun on nail.)* I'd give my left arm for a shot of booze.

## SIX SHARP KNOCKS OVERHEAD

JOSEPH

*(Enthusiastically.)* That's the signal! There they are! *(He runs up ladder, unbolts trap door and pushes it open.)* Welcome! *(Down the ladder come the Priest (smoking a cigar) and the two girls, laden with parcels. The two girls drop their packages and rush into the arms of their fiancés, Jules and Lucien. They murmur sweet words of love, as they kiss and hug.)*

PRIEST

*(Smiling.)* Take it easy — you're not married yet.

JULES

*(Breaking from embrace: to the Priest.)* Marriage is all I'm waiting for, Father, and I pray every day that one side or the other will win the war so that I can return to the farm and claim my bride.

MARIE

*(Grasping Jules' arm.)* And that's all I'm waiting for, dear. My trousseau is ready.

PRIEST

*(Shaking his head.)* I'm afraid you'll have to wait some time yet, children, *(sighs)* for the war is far from over. I had great hopes last week, when the Germans smashed through the British lines.

ARTHUR

*(Eagerly.)* Did they beat the English?

PRIEST

No, the British and French soldiers stopped them cold.

ARTHUR

Damn!

PRIEST

No blasphemy, please, Arthur. Swearing won't help matters.

ARTHUR

Sorry, Father.

*(The girls open the packages and display a large steak, chickens, hotdogs, beer, canned milk and several bottles of cheap Pain Killer.)*

JOSEPH

*(Gaping at food.)* Boy, oh Boy! A real banquet. *(Opens a bottle of Pain Killer and gulps down half the liquid.)* Just what the doctor ordered. Great stuff!

PRIEST

It sure is — 80% alcohol.

MARGOT

*(Hands snapshot to her fiancé, Lucien.)* Here's something you'll like, Lucien. A picture of your new colt born last week.

LUCIEN

*(Staring at photo, in ecstasy.)* What a lovely animal! My little horse, all mine! *(Grasps Margot around the waist.)* What fun we'll have with this beautiful pony after we're married. I'll train him to the buggy and we'll go places.

PRIEST

*(Tapping tree trunk.)* An ingenious idea. *(Points upward.)* The outside branches completely cover the roof; a perfect camouflage and a regiment of Mounties couldn't tell that there was a dugout here. An A-one hideaway. In daylight, when the weather is clear, I often glance this way from the village but I've never seen a whiff of smoke.

LUCIEN

You never will, Father, for we don't light the stove during daylight, when we're sleeping — only at night. Better cold than caught.

PRIEST

By the way, from now on we'll visit you every two weeks instead of weekly, same time, same day. *(Lowers voice.)* One of the villagers who is acting as a spy for me told me secretly at confession yesterday that extra military policemen have been enlisted to search this district for anti-conscriptionists and we must be very, very careful. *(To Jules.)* How's the rheumatism, Jules?

JULES

*(Lifting arm painfully.)* Pretty bad, Father.

PRIEST

*(Takes small bottle from package.)* I think this will do the trick. Take off your shirt. *(Jules removes his shirt and the Priest rubs his shoulder with the liquid.)*

JULES

*(Glancing at bottle.)* What's that stuff?

PRIEST

Snake oil.

JULES

Any good?

PRIEST

Sure cure. *(Laughing.)* Did you ever see a snake with rheumatism? *(The stove starts to smoke and the Priest and the two girls cough. Arthur draws horse blanket to prevent any light being seen from outside. He mounts ladder, unbolts and pushes open the trap door an inch or two and keeps it in that position by inserting a small piece of firewood in the opening, as the smoke escapes. He descends ladder. Lucien adjusts damper on stove pipe, stokes fire, and the escaping smoke diminishes.)*

PRIEST

*(Wiping eyes.)* That's better; you're used to smoke, we're not.

ARTHUR

*(Dangling steak.)* I'm starving. *(To Lucien.)* How about cooking this, chef?

PRIEST

*(Rising from bench.)* Before you fellows eat, I'll say Mass.

*(Lucien carries table to center stage and removes plates and cutlery. The Priest opens a paper bag and spreads an altar cloth on table, on which he places a chalice, two small bottles of sacramental wine, etc. The four Hiders and the two girls, with bowed heads, kneel before the make-shift altar as the Priest intones the opening phrases of the Mass.)*

*(Suddenly, the trap door is yanked wide open and Corporal Mulholland, in full Northwest Mounted Police uniform, darts down ladder, and points revolver at the Hiders.)*

MULHOLLAND

*(Shouting.)* Hands up, everybody! The first guy that makes a move gets a bullet in the head!

*(The four Hiders and the two girls arise from their knees and raise their hands above their heads. The Priest spreads his hands on the altar cloth.)*

MULHOLLAND

*(To Priest, ferociously.)* You, too, you papist bastard! Get your hands up! *(The Priest meekly raises his hands.)* You're under arrest too, for aiding and abetting *(points gun at Hiders.)* these cowards. I've been watching you for a long time, Mr. Priest, but I always lost your trail in the darkness. This time, however, you were stupid enough to smoke and the red glow of your cigar acted as a beacon; I simply

rowed, with muffled oars, fifty feet behind you and you never saw or heard me in the pitch darkness. (*Sneering.*) Smart rube! (*Points to corner.*) Now get over in that corner with the girls and stay put — I'll attend to you later. (*The three move to a corner, keeping their hands up. Mountie points to coil of rope hanging on nail; to the four Hiders.*) One of you grab that coil of rope. (*Arthur takes rope.*) Now listen carefully, mugs. (*Places foot on lower rung of ladder.*) I'm going up this ladder and will wait for you outside. When I yell down you're to come up one by one, (*Takes small flashlight from his pocket and flashes it on several times.*) and don't try to make a getaway in the darkness for I'll have you covered at all times, and I shoot to kill. (*Chokes back a sob; ferociously.*) The Germans bayoneted my brother to death last week in the trenches in France, while he was fighting for you low-life rats, and I'd like an excuse to riddle you. (*Takes a small Mills bomb from his pocket.*) This is an army bomb and if you don't come up when I say so, I'll pull the pin, (*Places bomb pin between his teeth.*) and blow the lot of you into hell! When you get outside, the four of you will get into the Priest's rowboat and (*Points to rope.*) make this rope fast to the bow of my boat and tow me across the river to the mainland, where I'll march you to jail. (*Holding bomb and revolver, Mulholland starts to mount ladder.*)

#### LUCIEN

(*Sharply.*) Can I get my rosary?

#### MULHOLLAND

(*Stands on second rung of ladder.*) Get your goddam rosary and make it quick! (*Mulholland is momentarily glancing upwards at the trap door as Lucien, walking rapidly to his bunk, surreptitiously takes cartridge from his pants pocket. With his back to Mulholland, he reaches under his pillow for his revolver, quickly slips cartridge into the gun breach and, whirling around with great suddenness, fires a shot at Mulholland, who topples from ladder, dead.*)

#### PRIEST

(*Rushing forward.*) Great heavens, you've killed him! Murder!

#### LUCIEN

(*Holding smoking gun.*) Like Hell — self-defence! No goddam Mountie is going to threaten me with a gun! (*To the three other Hiders.*) Come on, let's get him out of here. (*Lucien passes the rope under the dead Mountie's armpits, knots it, mounts the ladder and, with the aid of the three other Hiders, hoists the body through the trap door. The three Hiders scramble up the ladder excitedly and exit. Long pause.*)

(*The Priest and girls, agitated, stand close to the ladder, listening. The faint sound of a splash is heard; pause.*)

(*Lucien appears at trap door and quickly climbs down ladder carrying Mountie's hat, underwear, tunic and trousers, which he rips into pieces with his jack-knife, and stuffs, piece by piece, into the blazing stove, as the Priest and the two girls look on, horrified.*)

(*Joseph's head appears at trap door.*)

JOSEPH

*(Shouting.)* Hand up the axes.

*(Lucien picks up two axes, climbs halfway up ladder and places them in Joseph's outstretched hand.)*

PRIEST

What's that for?

LUCIEN

*(Roughly.)* We'll make firewood out of the Mountie's rowboat and burn every inch of it — that's what it's for, to destroy all evidence.

*(Sounds of men chopping wood, above.)*

PRIEST

*(In a low voice.)* What did you do with the . . . the . . . ?

LUCIEN

Body?

PRIEST

Yes.

LUCIEN

It's floating down the river, stark naked, and lucky for us the rapids never freeze. When the cop gets into calm water below Montreal, he'll find *(significantly.)* the fish mighty hungry at this time of the year.

PRIEST

*(Aghast.)* They'll devour him!

LUCIEN

Every inch.

PRIEST

How terrible! *(He lifts round stove-lid and gazes down at the fire consuming the Mountie's clothing. Suddenly he wheels around and, in alarm, cries.)* The boots!

LUCIEN

Don't worry, I fixed that. The Mountie's boots, stuffed with rocks, are at the bottom of the river.

### PRIEST

May God have mercy on his soul.

*(Joseph climbs down ladder carrying an armful of chopped rowboat wood, which he stacks next to stove. He climbs ladder and exits.)*

### PRIEST

*(Grasping Lucien's arm.)* How terrible! A murder! You must confess now and save your soul from everlasting damnation! *(Leads Lucien to corner of dugout and sits on bench as Lucien kneels beside him. The two girls turn their heads away, weeping convulsively.)*

### LUCIEN

*(In a low voice.)* Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. *(Priest lowers his head as Lucien whispers into his ear, confessing the murder.)*

### PRIEST

*(A few moments later.)* As penance you will say 1,000 Hail Marys. *(Blessing Lucien.) (In Latin.)* Ego te absolvo ab omnibus peccatoribus in Nomine Patri et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

### LUCIEN

*(Makes the Sign of the Cross, rises and wipes his sweating brow. He starts mumbling the Hail Marys.)*

*(The three other Hiders descend ladder carrying armfuls of chopped rowboat pieces and stack them next to stove.)*

### ARTHUR

*(Wiping sweat from his brow.)* That's the lot. *(He removes a round stove-lid and peers into the fire consuming the Mountie's clothing.)* Burning like hell — there'll be nothing but ashes soon.

### PRIEST

*(Agitated.)* Tomorrow I will say a solemn High Mass for the repose of the soul of the poor misguided policeman. *(Pause.)* We'd better be going. *(He nods to the two girls who, weeping and arm-in-arm, walk across room to ladder.)*

### LUCIEN

*(Suddenly rising and extending his arm towards Margot.)* Margot!

### MARGOT

*(Recoiling in horror.)* Don't touch me! *(She then runs rapidly up ladder, followed by Marie.)*

*(Priest is standing at foot of ladder; turns towards Hiders.)*

## PRIEST

I shall pray for you, tonight.

*Priest goes halfway up the ladder, stops, mumbles a few Latin words, and then extends his arm, blessing the four Hiders, who cross themselves. The Four Hiders, standing stock-still, stare upwards at the vanishing Priest. As the trap door is closed, Lucien walks slowly across the room, sits on the edge of his bunk, and buries his face in his hands as*

## THE CURTAIN FALLS

## SCENE 2

*SCENE: Same as Scene One.*

*TIME: Dusk, Armistice Day, November 11th, 1918.*

*As the curtain rises, Jules, Joseph and Arthur are sleeping in their bunks. Lucien is missing.*

### SIX SHARP KNOCKS ARE HEARD OVERHEAD

*Joseph jumps from bunk, runs up ladder and opens trap door. Enter Priest carrying a large glass jar filled with liquid, and other parcels. He descends ladder, leaving trap door wide open.*

#### PRIEST

*(Loudly.)* Great news, lads, the war is over! *(Jules and Arthur spring from their bunks, dress quickly and crowd around Priest.)* Yes, we just got the news. The Germans have been finally beaten and the British, French and Americans are marching into Germany. A complete victory for our side. The Mounties in this district have been given long leaves so you can now return to your homes without fear. *(Reaches into paper bag and withdraws a bottle of dandelion wine.)* Peace, glorious Peace! To celebrate the occasion I've brought you some real dandelion wine made by my housekeeper, so let's all drink to Victory!

*(Jules places some tin cups on the table; the Priest uncorks the wine bottle, fills each cup with wine and they all clink cups and drink.)*

#### PRIEST

*(Looking around room; suddenly.)* Where's Lucien?

#### ARTHUR

*(Hesitatingly.)* He's . . . he's gone, Father.

#### PRIEST

Gone!

#### ARTHUR

*(In a low voice.)* Yes, gone — gone forever. Bad news for you, Father. During the past week he acted queer as hell and we could tell that he was losing his grip on things. He kept mumbling and crying and cursing himself for having killed the Mountie. At early dawn this morning he suddenly jumped out of his bunk and ran screaming up the ladder. We followed, of course, but we couldn't catch him and when we reached the shoreline we could see his body floating downstream in the swift current.

PRIEST

Suicide! How tragic! (*Strides around room, thinking hard.*) Another complication. I've got it! For his parents' sake you'll say that he wandered away to the United States to join the American Army. His father and mother can always live in hope that he will return some day. Many people live in that hope. A terrible tragedy, but then Lucien would have been a very unhappy man had he lived.

ARTHUR

Margot, eh?

PRIEST

Yes. She was married last week to the village blacksmith's son and it was the best way out for the poor girl was completely broken by the murder she witnessed and lived in a state of nervous depression. She told me that she never wanted to see Lucien again and that is why she never came back here. The shooting unnerved me too, and that is why I only paid you a visit once a month.

JOSEPH

(*Interrupting.*) And Marie, Father?

PRIEST

The same reason, Joseph, and I don't think you will ever see her again. She left the village shortly after the . . . the accident and got a job in a munitions factory near Montreal. I heard that she will be married in a few weeks' time.

JOSEPH

(*Sobbing.*) She has deserted me!

ARTHUR

(*Slapping Joseph roughly on the back.*) Forget it, chum. They all desert. There are plenty of other dames in the village and you'll get one as soon as you put on your Sunday clothes. (*Hands him cup of wine.*) Here, drink up and quit slobbering.

JOSEPH

(*Still slobbering.*) All I've got now is my pony. I'm utterly alone.

PRIEST

(*Places hand on Joseph's shoulder; soothingly.*) My friend, don't say that. God is always with you and He is merciful to believers, so take heart and face the future with courage.

JOSEPH

(*Wiping his tears.*) I'll try to, Father.

## PRIEST

Now, all of you listen carefully to what I have to say. In a few minutes we'll leave this place, never to return. No one will see you enter the village because everyone is drunk — they are celebrating the armistice. The three of you, if questioned, can say that you worked in a munitions factory in Detroit — stick to that. (*Extracts some dollar bills from pocket and divides the money between the three Hiders.*) Here's some American money to prove that you were in the United States during the war so don't be afraid to show it. I found the bills in the Poor Box and I think they were put there by one of my parishoners — Sergeant Flynn of the Mounties. Strange coincidence that a member of the Northwest Mounted Police would be unconsciously helping the very men he was trying to arrest. Flynn's parents live in Malone, New York, only a few miles from here, and that's probably how he got the money — when he visited his parents.

## ARTHUR

(*Examining bills.*) Is this real money?

## PRIEST

As good as gold. We'd better get moving. Just take the clothes you stand in and leave everything as is. (*Takes shotgun from hook on tree*) Here, Jules, throw this into the rapids when you get outside. Where's Lucien's revolver?

## JULES

He threw it into the rapids months ago.

## PRIEST

Are you all ready?

(*The three Hiders nod yes.*)

I'm going to set fire to this place just to make sure that all evidence of your hideout is destroyed. If any villager sees the flames he will think it is a bonfire to celebrate Armistice Day. Here, Arthur, give me a hand. (*Places large bottle filled with liquid he had brought with him in the corner of the dugout near the stove.*) This bottle is full of gasoline and (*reaching into paper bag*) I've got twenty feet of cotton wool here. First I'll stuff one end of the wool into the neck of the bottle. (*Walks across stage to footlights unrolling cotton wool as he goes. Takes candle from his pocket and ties end of cotton wool to the base of it.*) When you fellows are safely outside, I'll light the candle and in about an hour it will burn down, ignite the cotton wool, and the flame will run along to the gasoline in the bottle, and bang! The bottle will explode, scatter the flaming gas all over the dry walls, ceiling and floor, and the whole place will burn to nothing in a short time.

## ARTHUR

What an idea!

PRIEST

Yes, I got it from a detective story I read years ago. Now up the ladder you get.  
*(The Three Hiders climb the ladder and exit.)*

PRIEST

*(Removes picture of Pope and Crucifix from wall and tucks them under his arm.  
He lights the candle, climbs ladder, exits and closes trap door as the curtain falls.)*

END OF SCENE 2

## EPILOGUE

### SCENE 3

*TIME: Summer, 1919.*

*PLACE: The Village where the Hiders live.*

*A silent-movie screen is lowered before curtain, with an announcer standing close by. The opening scene of the silent movie shows a crowded village grandstand jammed with politicians, mayors, etc., in frock coats and silk hats. A politician is waving his arms and is addressing the multitude of yokels.*

### ANNOUNCER

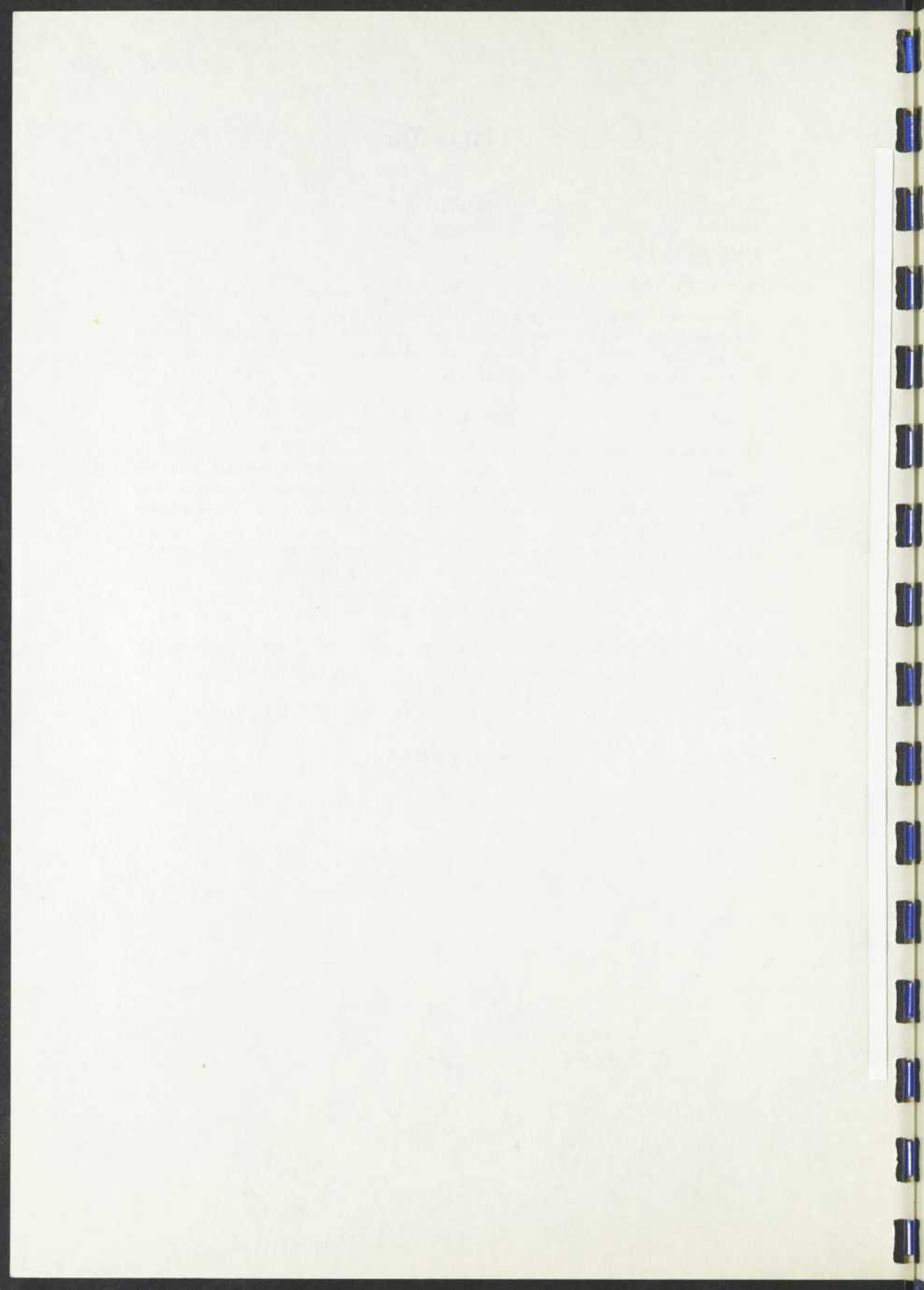
You are now watching Senator P. Frites of Moronville, Quebec, who is addressing the vast crowd before the opening of the Victory Parade, which will start in a few moments. Now listen to the band strike up as our noble and patriotic citizens sing "O, Canada!" Now, here they come — the brave soldiers who defended Canada in the War to End all Wars.

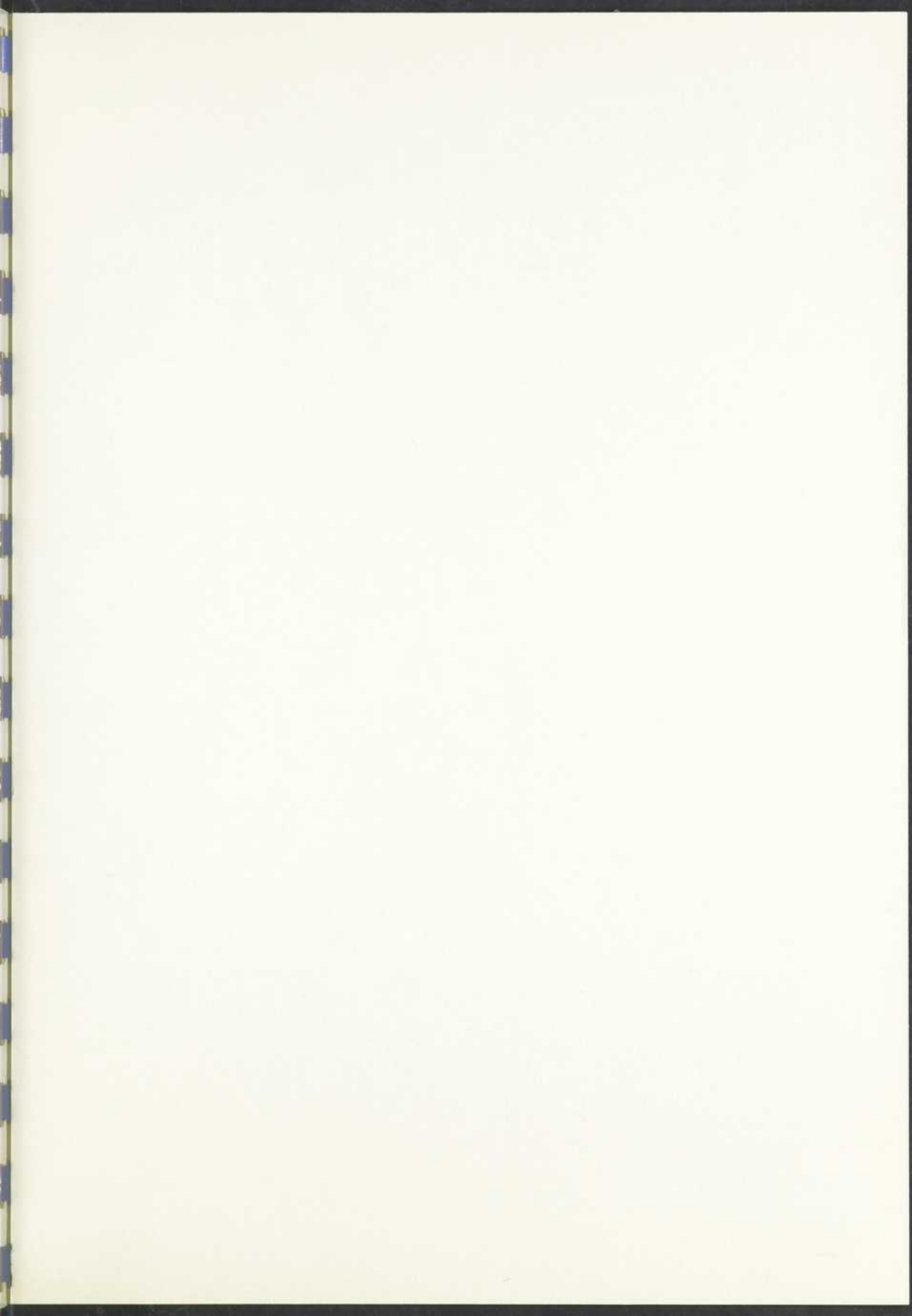
*Marching civilians, dressed in their Sunday finery, are seen on the screen approaching the Grand Stand. Senator P. Frites removes his silk hat in salute.*

### ANNOUNCER

Here they are, our noble fighting men who stopped brutal German aggression. *Movie shows marchers pass Grandstand and right smack in the front line, proudly erect, march Jules, Joseph and Arthur, The Hiders.*

### FINAL CURTAIN





B A n Q



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