

INSIDE EUROPE FROM THE OUTSIDE

by CAMERON MacMILLAN

CHAPTER II.

The Marine Marlin turned into Le Havre, France on July 2nd. The harbour was dotted with half sunken ships, the Town with battered shells of buildings, and the hill above the town with vacant pill-boxes and gun emplacements. Le Havre was bombed by the Allies during the Invasion of France the day after the Germans had withdrawn on the sly. According to a citizen, three thousand people were killed in the 20 minute raid.

We docked at one in the afternoon and waited until seven in the immigration line. Only after our passports had been checked and our money counted were we allowed to disembark and go through customs. Another hour and that was over.

George and I then hired a taxi to take us to Hotel Southampton. As we were about to leave the dock area, a gendarme stepped up and stopped us. With a gleam in his eye he ordered us out of the cab and into the guard-room. He helped us drag in our luggage. This he had us open for inspection. Somehow he was annoyed when he found 14 cartons of cigarettes. In my colorful Quebec bush-French I tried to explain that the four extra cartons belonged to a friend who was now on the boat-train for Paris, that we had been through customs, and everything had been examined and passed, that we were only students, that we were going right on to England and that Mackenzie King would hear about this. Maudlin! Apparently he was unconvinced of our innocence. With a wry grin he suggested that we dismiss the waiting taxi and stick around for a few minutes. We agreed and gave the driver the \$1.25 he wanted, though he had only driven us five hundred yards or so. We returned to the guard-room and waited.

When he had examined the effects of a few more immigrants he came back and invited us to the dock headquarters. This we found to be an almost bare room on the second floor of a dilapidated building. We met four more of these friendly people. One of them evidently in charge. We were then asked to re-open our bags. The gendarmes helped us considerably by scooping out cigarette cartons and chocolate bars and dumping them on a table.

The proceedings were interrupted by the appearance of a Moroccan sailor who had been more or less dragged in by the scruff of the neck. He looked miserable. The constables searched him, tearing his shirt in the process. They punctuated their questions with kicks and buffets. Then while two of the boys kicked the poor lad downstairs the others turned to look hungrily at our cigarettes. French cigarettes are atrocious, expensive and scarce, American brands sell for a dollar or more a package.

With an hour of explanations and curses behind us, George and I finally got down to business. They wanted cigarettes, well we knew that, but how many? Were they satisfied with a package? No! How about two? No! Nor were they satisfied with a carton. Our new found friends wanted nothing less than 15 packages. Remember, in France that represents \$10 and would keep a family for a week.

Let us not be too hard on the underpaid Securite National. The Moroccan episode was unfortunate however necessary. These sailors drift into the country under the port authorities noses carrying contraband weapons. According to the police, Moroccans value life quite cheaply, especially some one elses and so the gendarmes attempt a show of power whenever the opportunity appears. Countries may differ but police methods are universal.

We said goodbye to the now happy men in uniform and went wearily out, half expecting to be called back at every step. We flagged another taxi and resumed our journey to Hotel Southampton, "English spoken." Paying the driver five hundred francs—a little less than five dollars for a trip costing 70 cents in Fredericton, we went into the building. Building is almost the wrong word to use. The Hotel was situated behind battered walls and beneath a roof of sorts. However it was the only entire edifice left standing in that district. About it lay acres of rubble, and across a now vacant block stood the remains of a church.

Reconstruction is slow in France. Wages are low, the government is disorganized and there is so much to be done. The man in the street is a pessimist when asked about the future. The French have no great love for Americans, their money is something else. Europeans in general think that everyone on this continent has a car or two, refrigerators and radios galore. When America is seen from a bomb battered house by a man with an empty belly what other picture is there?

We went in. The proprietor was dear and crochety but he had a daughter who was pleasant and helpful. We were allotted the maid's room, the only one available. It was her night to sleep by the front door to receive late callers. George and I slept well though the pillow was a thick hard roll stretching the width of the bed. We woke with stiff necks. A maid brought us black coffee and buttered bread.

When we were up and dressed we made a cursory inspection of the town while we exchanged money and bought our tickets to England. Our first impressions of poverty and destruction were proven correct. Le Havre is a Provincial town dependent on its large port for existence. The surrounding districts are de-

STUDENTS ISSUE PROF REPORTS

They're instituting a novel twist in the old report card system at University of Michigan—the professors will get the report cards.

Students in the literary college will make out the report cards on teachers at the end of each semester as part of a plan for faculty evaluation.

They must rate instructors and professors on clarity of assignments, presentation of subject matter, ability to lecture effectively, and will ingness to help students after class.

There's one difference, the students will remain anonymous—for obvious reasons.

voted to agriculture. The people are quite busy and fairly well fed, but seem to be hanging to a shroud of bitterness which dates back to the Allied raid. Foreigners are only welcomed with open arms by the tradesmen.

At 8.00 P. M. we boarded the "Hantonia." At 7.00 A. M. the following morning we reached Southampton. The customs inspectors were very pleasant. We immediately got on the train and in an hour and half we were in London.

The scenery visible from the train window has been described in prose and poetry too often to be repeated. Let it be sufficient to say that the hills and vales are there in their rich green. The English village houses all have their little gardens and their chimney pots. The commuters with whom we shared our compartment were friendly, pointing out places of interest, asking polite questions about Canada and offering us their morning newspapers.

London is grand to see, exciting to visit but difficult to describe. Perhaps it had best be left to the next time.

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

P.M.KING & WALLACE Invited to Debate at HART House

Invited to take part in this year's Hart House Debates at the University of Toronto are Prime Minister Mackenzie King and former Vice-President of the United States, Henry Wallace, a recent report from U. of T. stated.

Each year distinguished men of both Canada and the United States are invited to take part in the Hart House Debates. In the past such men as the late Viscount Bennett, Premier Drew of Ontario, and M. J. Coldwell, C. C. F. leader, have accepted these invitations. The main theme in the debates is political and the debates are sponsored to stimulate an interest in debating and an intelligent attitude in political activities.

The lectures are under the direction of the executive committee of Hart House, Varsity's equivalent of the McGill Union. They are conducted on the British Open Parliamentary system, a system long used in English schools, which is unlike the American system in that in the debates both the speaker and the audience partake.

Oxford To Debate

40 Universities

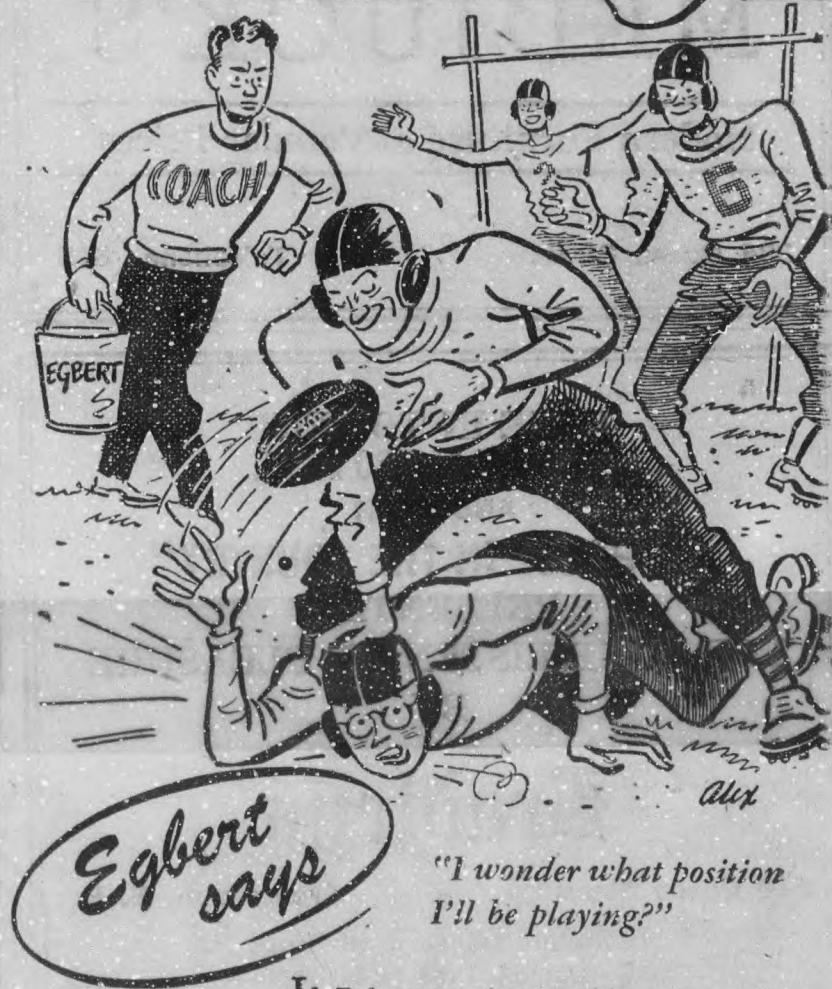
A visit to some 40 Canadian and United States Universities by three Oxford debaters is now under way.

Arranged by the Institute of International Education, the tour will be of great interest to all student bodies. Members of the debating team are Sir Edward C. G. Boyle, David K. Harris, and the Hon. Anthony N. W. Renn. These speakers have been carefully selected at Oxford to represent accurately, the whole body of the students and to provide vivid entertaining speeches to their audiences.

Subjects debated by two of the visitors (against two students from each university visited) will be "Resolved: The Working of a modern democracy demands a liberal rather than a vocational education."

The third Oxford man will then discuss "The British Social Picture" in a short semi-formal talk.

Around the Campus with Egbert...



If Egbert carries anything over the touchline this year, it apparently won't be the ball — but students everywhere know that what really counts is pulling your weight, in the stands or on the field, as water-boy or quarter-back.

Are you pulling your weight in your personal finances? One way to keep in scoring position is to save regularly. Then you'll have the money for the things you want — when you want them.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 1)
years. Late in the 20's, a rugby game at U. N. B. of its high points a team was Montreal in an attempt to MacTier Cup. U. N. B. 16, Rugby Club 0, was result. enough. The team which high tributes in the Montr of the day, then decidedly to many features of rug brilliant jerseys and stock scarlet except for narrow bla on sleeves and stockings. form continued for some y change for first team was of an English pattern of str seys in vertical scarlet and. The adoption of the black which could well be the ji later. It is still with us.

The bare-legged fashion ball is of comparatively rece tion. U. N. D. teams have various times harred stockin let stockings with one broa band, scarlet stockings with black bands. The wearing ings in team colors was rec an aid to referees.

It can be noticed that the predominated or got at least break. The old teams neve like undertakers.

Hoping that there is enou est to provoke some discussi main,

Sincerely,

SAPERE

Fredericton, N. B.,
November 2, 1947.

SO YOU WANT

(Continued from Page 1)
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