

at us and we couldn't stand it any longer; we jumped up and flagged him down. We were lucky he stopped, but I was so disgusted with the day that when he opened the door for us, I said, "He probably doesn't know where he's going either."

"But I do!" he said in English, smiling at us. His accent was French, but familiar. "Where are you from?" He said, "I am a French-Canadian."

He took us from Port-Bou up and through the mountain road we had first come down. I spoke to him of the problems of Quebec, of the culture conflict, of separation. For an hour we spoke of Canada, and although he was a separatist, and I believed Canada could only succeed as a whole, unified country, I was impressed with his convictions and he with my optimism. He could not take us to the main road, he had already gone out of his way, but he left us at a crossroads where one arm was a connection to the highway. In five hours we had back-tracked fifty miles. We were ninety miles from the median.

It was 3:30 a.m. as we sat on the side of the road at the edge of a gully. We were 18 miles from the highway. I sat alone sipping the tea Jon had made for us. We had no bread left. He came back saying there was an old barn in a field where we could sleep. It was not far, but first we would have the tea. The night was very quiet except for the wind, and we resigned ourselves to the cold. As we sat, a car passed and we did not bother the hitch. But it stopped and backed up to our spot. In rapid Spanish the driver spoke to us, pointing up and down the road, smiling, and opening his arms. We pointed in the direction of the highway and he nodded his head and laughed. "Si, Si, amigos," he said. He shared a cup of tea with us and we climbed into his old car. As it rattled its way to the highway, we sat sleeping while he spoke constantly, unconcerned that we could not understand.

At the highway we said our good-byes and stood bracing ourselves against the wind. We followed a little road which lead to a campsite. It was 4:30. and without words we spread out our sleeping bags between two large tents. Perhaps they could protect us from the wind. I looked up at the stars; they looked friendly ever at this distance. I wondered of Barbara and Clark, for we were to have been in Sete by 6 or 7. They must be there, I thought as the stars closed their eyes.

At 8:30 we were out of the campsite. People were beginning to stir and a sign posted in six languages had accented payment for the use

of the facilities. On the road there was a long stream of cars. Most were German or French, returning from holidays. We were not far from the border.

The morning went slowly. We had tea at the campsite, but nothing to eat. Our stomachs howled like the wind. People in cars drove by and peered solemnly at us; some would wave, others slowed down to take a better look. I began to resent everyone of them and let them know as they went flying past. It was eleven o'clock and the stream of cars was steady. We spoke very little because it was hard to hear above the wind. We had little to say. We saw a car approaching and stood up at the same time. It was difficult to look pleasant when hundreds of cars had driven by indifferently. When the car was closer we realized the plates were from the U.S. I jumped up and down and waved frantically. Surely a North American would recognize one of his "own". The car past quickly, almost speeding up. My reserve optimism was extinguished. I could feel tears welling up, but Jon looked so stoic I didn't want to appear weak. "Come on, Charlotte," he said, and lead me to the base of a hill where the cars would have to slow down to make the climb.

We were alone except for the cars until we saw a single figure coming from the opposite side of the incline. First his head, then shoulders and arms. And then there was an accordion slung over his back and the pale pink shirt of the tall figure seemed to be the only color in the day. We recognized him as the couple's friend. When we had exchanged notes and stories, he hanked us and turned back the way he had come. He had money and would try to find them.

When we were finally picked up it was by the American who had hurried by us. He awkwardly opened the door, bandages protecting his right arm and his chest, we realized, when we were in the car. He had gone for gas and come back for us. He told us the story of his accident. The night before (in Barcelona) he had had his money stolen, the American Embassy there had given him enough to get back to Paris. But when he started out, the car quit unexpectedly. Opening the hood to search for the problem, the radiator cap had blown off, the stream burning his chest and arm. The car, he told us, might not make it to the border.

But it did. There he had to leave us because of the condition of the car. The customs building was congested. Surely we would get a ride here. We stopped to have lunch in the lit-

tle town and then walked to the other side away from the restaurants and businesses. Here the line of hikers was longer than it had been at the median.

"Good luck!" a Scot called to us in passing.

"You too! Any luck?"

"The stream of cars is never-ending...I've been here since yesterday noon."

Each face told the same story. We walked to the end of the line, (there were twenty-odd people), and put the packs down to sit on them. It was one o'clock. At two, a car stopped by us, passing all the others. They waved good-naturedly as we were getting in. "I will take only one," he said, looking me up and down.

"Here's a ride for you." Jon called to the next person in line, but before he reached us the car had sped off. Both men swore.

It was four o'clock before we gave up. Again people had smiled and waved, dangling arms out windows. We were glad they were in cars and moving away; any closer and we felt we could have strangled everyone of them. The lunch had been good but we were ravenous and ate for an hour. At five we were back on the road. This time in town traffic was crawling and you could call out sympathetically to people, hoping they could understand you. Most did. None stopped.

Half an hour later a Volkswagen bus pulled into the curb a block ahead of us. The occupants looked North American. On impulse I ran through the milling sidewalk crowd to where they were. My guess was right. I explained the situation and the distance we wanted to go. Sete was about 30 miles away. They said nothing. I was impressed with their inhumanity. "O.K." they said finally, "get your friend." On the road they explained their hesitation.

"You don't know who you might be picking up these days," he said. He couldn't have been 25. They drove us within 3 miles of Sete. He was a veteran and was willing to talk about the war.

"But don't you oppose Vietnam?" I asked.

"Hell no!" he said, "If you're an American you gotta act like one. Why, when I gave my boys and order..."

We walked the three miles into the town. Our feet simply carried us, there was no propulsion. We asked directions to the hostel and found the streets easily. A block from it we saw Barb and Clark coming up a parallel street. It looked like they were just arriving. There was no need to meet them, but we did.

Charlotte Harper



"You don't expect me to drink that shit!"

RULES FOR "THE UNIVERSITY GAME"

Number of Players:

Any number of students can play, thousands are already playing it at UNB, and several hundred thousand more are playing it across Canada.

General Rules:

Each player takes a turn throwing the dice. But, he or she, has to throw a number greater than 12 before he is allowed to join the game (this corresponds to an approx. \$1,200 that a student must obtain from the government in order to get into college!) O.K. if the player is lucky enough to get in to the game (and thus college), he then proceeds the number of squares which correspond to the throw of '1' di. Each player then takes his or her turn, doing whatever the square says, that they land in. Note: if you land on any of the squares where you have to quit, you may re-enter the game by throwing 12 on the dice.

Object of Game:

To remain in the game (and thus college) as long as possible. The first player to reach the end and get his or her B.A. loses. Thus one can see that cheating is not punished in this game. (In fact, we encourage it!)

The last player left in the game is the winner.

note: miss 1 means player misses 1 turn, miss 2 - 2 turns and so on. go ahead means go to next square ahead.