

I rushed inside and sat right down
 And filled my pen with ink.
 I mopped my brow and glanced
 about
 And tried in vain to think.
 I read the paper through again
 To see just what I knew,
 But all the questions that were
 asked
 Were things I couldn't do.

 I shuffled in my straight backed
 chair
 I loosened up my tie
 Invigilators and my profs
 Were there with watchful eye.
 I wrote my name upon the page
 Oh, would I could do more.
 The fools-cap looked so awfully
 thick
 And both my eyes were sore.

The Optimist

And sitting there across the way
 Was one of my old pals,
 Who used to go on dates with me
 And take out all the gals.
 I squirmed to see him writing so;
 Two books of his were done.
 How could he ever go so fast
 Ere I had scarce begun?

 I counted faces that I knew,
 Old friends with me at Joe's;
 They didn't seem at all afraid
 And so my story goes.
 And there was Bell who lived with
 me—
 He added to my gloom;
 I never saw him through the year
 Out in the common room.

And there's the girl who went out
 with me,
 The one with all the looks,
 But unlike me she's blessed with an
 Affinity for books.
 I'd linger at her door at night
 Her studies couldn't wait,
 She told me she had work to do
 And it was getting late.

 But there's that girl from Sherriff
 Hall;
 The studious little wench,
 Refused a date with me last week,
 To study up her French.
 And there my answers short and
 sweet,
 And none to share my doom,

While scratching pens re-echoed
 back
 And forth across the room.
 Oh, knowledge, do not leave me
 now
 In this my hour of need;
 If I am going to get a pass,
 I'll have to write with speed.
 Then someone cried, "Your time
 is up."
 I woke and with a start
 I passed my meager paper in
 Both weak and sick at heart.

 Oh, gentle Prof, oh, learned Prof,
 'Tis time you did relent,
 I might discourse with you at
 length
 Upon the hours I spent
 On this your subject, and I was
 Attentive in your class;
 So all I ask of you is that
 You spare me just a pass.

Let's Act Now

By MIKE STEEVES

Dalhousie, as my alma mater, is but one institution of higher learning in a Canadian university community of some 35 individual units. Outside of the Maritime provinces and Quebec, Dal itself is little known, save in legal circles for the very high reputation of her Law School.

The students here at Dal, generally speaking, are typical of those on the campi across the Dominion. They are motivated by the same general impulses with a common desire to do many of the same things.

They are, in other words, tightly locked up within their own little shells, and have erected an almost irremovable barrier against any and all external forces. They are selfish, petty, and immune to even the most humanitarian of all pleas. To the occasional drives for money that appear periodically around the campus, they do donate, but without caring a tinker's dam about what they are giving money to or for.

However, this statement must be qualified to some extent. College students, supposedly the cream of the Canadian intellectual crop, seem only the manifestation of our society as a whole, a depraved, materialistic society at its best.

The recent case of 150 Hungarian students awaiting execution for their actions in the abortive revolt of 1956, is one good example of this. Most university students are represented on the national level by an organization which calls itself the "National Federation of Canadian University Students." These same students are willing to leave many things to the discretion of the organization. Students may be, and frequently are, ignorant of the full facts concerned. But NFCUS, in the preceding weeks, has done nothing to alleviate this ignorance in this one particular situation. "Go slow," they say. "Find out what its all about, then we might act."

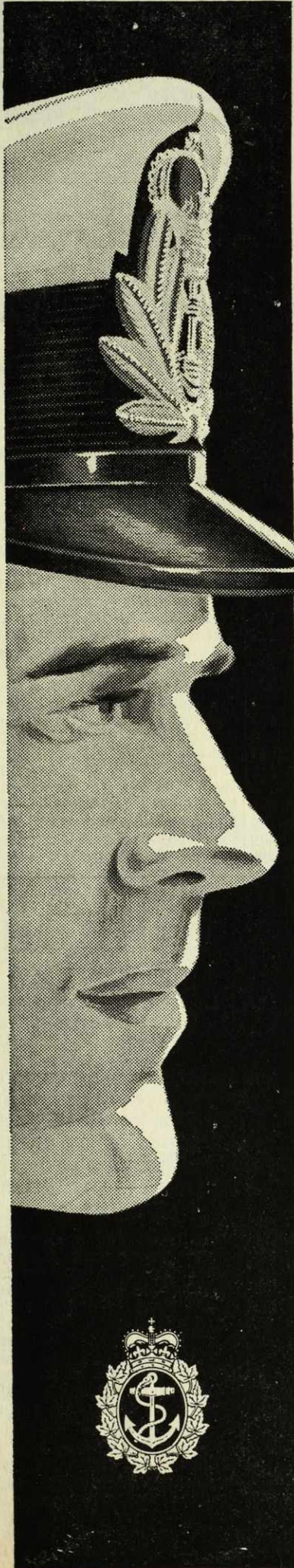
In saying this, they appear like the trio of monkeys, who see nothing, hear nothing, and don't want to know anything. Ed Sullivan, in a rather over-dramatized manner, announced his Hungarian fight for right on one of his Sunday amateur shows. This, I admit, requires a great deal of evaluation before any action should be taken, but at the same time, *The Times* of London, normally an impeccable, reputable newspaper, announced the same thing. Their source? None other than the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, Foreign Secretary of the United Kingdom, reporting it to the British House of Commons. But NFCUS said, "Go slow. We must find actual confirmation. "What more do they want?"

This week, a report was published by Sir Leslie Munro, former president of the United Nations General Assembly, stating that six executions had already taken place, and that more were about to. The report was so comprehensive that it could even state the places where the student prisoners were being held and the type of food that they were eating.

I suppose that NFCUS will now once again say "Go slow. After all, how could Sir Leslie or Mr. Lloyd get their information? We must wait for actual confirmation from the Premier of Hungary himself."

NFCUS, by its previous actions, seems nothing more than a nebulous organization, fighting, as Bob Scammel said three weeks ago, "for its own preservation."

Now is the time for action, if action is indeed going to be taken.



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