

The Brunswickan

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No. 7

Dr. B. F. Priestman...

The tragic death of Dr. Bryan Priestman takes from the University one of its most brilliant minds. Probably the most characteristic thing about his theoretical work—and theory was his main interest—was his desire for complete logical perfection. His emphasis on the logical structure of his subject even more than its material content, was regarded with disfavor by some of his students, but those who were really qualified to follow his thought, it had a truly luminous clarity.

Because he could never be satisfied with anything less than perfection, and had, at the same time, a very active curiosity, it generally happened that the results of his enquiries were never put on record in permanent form. Once a matter had become clear to him, he was faced with the choice of preparing it in publishable form, or going on to the next problem. His unassumed diffidence combined with his mental energy usually led him to choose the latter course.

These characteristics, so strongly marked in his scientific work, were present too in every phase of his everyday life. Underneath his happy-go-lucky manner, his major decisions were made only after carefully pondering the right course of action. Then, having made up his mind, he went cheerfully out to meet his destiny.

On behalf of the student body, the staff of the Brunswickan unites in paying tribute to the late Dr. Bryan Priestman. No words are adequate to express our deep admiration for the unhesitating courage which Dr. Priestman displayed in his brave attempt to save the life of a drowning boy. That his complete disregard for self ended in tragedy is an event that we think of with the deepest regrets.

It is when an example of selfless courage such as this comes so close to all of us, that we must think of all those who did the same during the past World War, and who did so with equally little thought of self-glory. Just as we owe Dr. Priestman our heartfelt admiration, we owe those men who sleep on world-scattered battlefields a ceaseless debt of gratitude. But we owe them more than just our gratitude. They put all they had into the game of life and lost it in the playing. We at home are still in that game. Can we all truthfully say that we are putting our selfish motives behind us and applying our full energies and talents to the work ahead? Probably not, and if not we have broken faith with our dead. What they have given is still ours to give. Shall we rest on their laurels until the time comes for us to enter the bloody fields in our turn to die? We must not, and we need not. It is for us to say whether the next ten or twenty years will see the world blasted beyond recovery by an

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DOIN'S

The college this week has been saddened by the death of Prof. Bryan Priestman, Head of the Physics Department, who lost his life attempting to save the life of a boy that had fallen from the bridge. We extend our sincere sympathy to Prof. Priestman's family and friends who will feel a very deep loss at the death of such a brilliant man.

If you have not already heard, the Fall Formal is postponed until the 23rd and the Junior Cabaret indefinitely. On the 29th the Dramatic Society will present "College Night", an evening of dramatic entertainment. This year the Dramatic Society is putting on "Arsenic and Old Lace", the story of two old ladies whose only thought is "Where will we put this body Dear-r-r?" Also the Glee Club is making its debut the same evening so we think it is an evening not worth missing.

The football game was quite a blow to us, but heartiest congrats to N. S. Tech. who won the series. Thorns to Mt. A. for booting when our kids started a yell for the boys. We heard the game by remote control (radio) and we are sure the boys played a super game. They just didn't seem to have any luck although they had control of the ball most of the time. We cannot, however, pass an absolute judgment because, as we said, we saw the game by remote control. Maybe next year we will be able to peer into a television receiver to watch the games and have a "mike" to shout into which relays our yells to a loudspeaker at the field. A warm fire, a warm woman, and an exciting football game on a screen will add to the enjoyment of future Saturday afternoons. (No shivering in the grandstand.)

The campus was exceedingly dull over the weekend, with everyone going to the show on last Saturday night. Very few lights in the Residence and all well known "Lighters" out at the Rat Race. We decided to start to study as nothing else offered but quickly changed our minds as we cut the pages in our books for the first time. So we put them away and with a smug smile said like everyone else "We will start after the Fall Formal" (the generally accepted date to start). Now however it seems our study date is also postponed so in our back eyes we can see people at the Formal with their books stuffed under their shirts and stealing a look between dances.

We have run out of paper so...

Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

The world's a bubble, and life of man Less than a span.

MARITIME CONCERT

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atomic war. We can follow the self-immolating examples of all those who have gone before, and train our minds and hearts to the task ahead.

That task may seem different to different ones of us. Any problem has more than one method of attack. If we can't agree on method, we do agree on purpose. For an efficient and speedy attainment of that purpose, co-operation is the keynote. This calls for the sacrifice of individual tenets for the sake of the whole.

We have had the very essence of the spirit of sacrifice brought home to us during the past week. Perhaps we can benefit from this. As individuals, we can do nothing less than try.

Dr. Priestman gave his life on the day that we set aside as a memorial to those who died in the service of their country. We will always observe Remembrance Day with a thought also for those, particularly Dr. Priestman, who sacrificed their all in the service of others, whether on the battlefield or in some individual act of mercy.

Letter to the Editor...

The Editor,
The Brunswickan.

Sir,

This epistle is based on one theme, namely those beautiful trails of mud traversing our campus commonly called paths.

I use the paths less than most students and yet even I have a hard time slipping and sliding across to Memorial Hall without landing flat in a quagmire. It is like rambling in a pasty to try to cross our campus. A person has to be an expert swimmer to travel up the main path to the Arts Building in rainy weather.

Our campus could be the most beautiful in Canada, but when one sees ugly footways of mud and slime crisscrossing everywhere, one wonders.

Some say we should use the roads... fine... but I doubt if we will. If we are going to have paths let's

have something we can walk on without sinking up to our knees in muck.

By fixing the paths I don't mean cement walks with escalators (which wouldn't be bad). Just a load of gravel would fix them up 300 percent.

The students expect the University to do everything, but the University is not a mind reader. Why don't the different classes take the matter up and petition the University, then the various societies could do the same and finally the S. R. C. put in a petition. Perhaps when dents really wanted the paths fixed up they would act immediately and not put off for the usual six or seven years.

Lets not be scared to speak for what we know must be done. Lets wake up and do something.

Yours for a better campus.
Eric Teed.

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LOOK

A conversation between N. B. grads in 1965 might look like this:

She: How would you look back to the old Alma Mater?

He: We'd be lost—heard what it's like now there about a month ago up for a visit.

She: No, I haven't the U. N. B. for ages. Tell me.

He: Well for one thing, I rode the hill.

She: But I often got a hill.

He: No, I mean I rode behind the Old Residence member when they got on the path, well now the escalator. It makes a fine building.

She: Wonderful! But they still fall up the terrace at last.

He: No, they've got the terrace at last.

She: Oh, Well, how Square? Is that still ever?

He: Not since they paved.

She: Paved?

He: Yes, when they paved the Square.

She: The rink? But College Field.

He: Not any more, new rink now. A cover put up, complete.

She: What place is it?

He: It was built as II Memorial up on the hold their plays there a big stage and glass prop rooms and library thing. And they can of entertainments the all their dances.

She: That must be to the place. So the a gym now, is it?

He: Yes, they don't anyone living there now.

She: How about Have they been changed?

He: You should see walk into a lecture and are sitting there half.

She: Well that's no.

He: But it is the puts them asleep.

She: Well, that's still.

He: No, no, no, purpose.

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