

Old Days and New

A Few Remarks From An Old-timer To Some of His Class-mates.

by Dr. Oscar Watson

SECTION TWO

I SEE men, that The Brunswickan thought enough of our last talk to put it into print. Perhaps other men of the old days will get together and let the newcomers have the benefit of their big moments up the Hill, happy or unhappy, as the case may be.

Every College, every University, nowadays keeps in touch with the men who have gone out from its halls. No alumnus should be allowed to escape, for no matter how far he has wandered, or how many years have passed, there is deep within him remembrance of the place where he spent the summer days of his life. And there is a practical side to the mutual regard, for such a great educational institution as Columbia University receives from its alumni each year not less than \$200,000, contributed in dribblets of five and ten dollar bills.

Have the boarding houses changed since our day, James? I wonder. That was a compact little house we lived in when we were Freshmen at U. N. B. Our room had just enough space for a double bed, a bureau, a table and a couple of chairs. And yet on several occasions we kept two or three belated travellers overnight. Remember the night we piled the piece of carpet, a mat and three overcoats on a wayfarer who lay on the floor and slept in his clothes, put an old head-gear on him and opened the window. It snowed that night, but he slept serenely, and in the morning we shovelled him out of the drift.

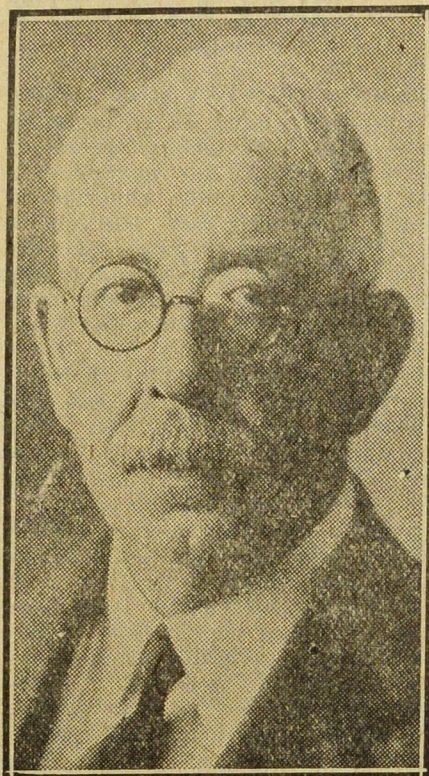
It is quite an idea to leave your window open in the winter. Passers-by used to throw snowballs in through ours, and in this way not infrequently helped us to get to lectures on time.

One thing about those days. We couldn't burn the candle at both ends. Board and lodging amounted to about \$3.50 per week, with three meals a day—and we never missed any of them, except when you were lucky enough to get a bid out to a nice Sunday dinner. And speaking of candles—we burned oil lamps. Gas was in its infancy and electricity had not been invented so far as we were concerned. It was fortunate for us there were no radios, movies or motor cars. We couldn't have had any of them, anyway.

Things have changed since then, I fancy, and the girls need more attention. The dear old girls of our day were quite satisfied, or seemed to be, when we could take them to a Church Fair, or for a walk across the long wooden bridge spanning the river, or up the Hermitage way. Remember when the parson preached a sermon, denouncing the iniquity of strolling across the bridge with your best girl on a Sunday afternoon, after Bible class. That was a shock. We had thought we were doing pretty well.

After we were settled in our boarding house, you will recall, Frank, we had to go up for matriculation. Some way the Exams seemed harder than at school; they were different, and I am afraid some of us only staggered in. Not with

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you, though. You won a scholarship, and scholarships were mighty scarce in those days. I suppose the answer to winning prizes of this kind is "Be prepared." And here I think we all should call to the attention of the youth entering college that the days he has in store for him are the happiest and easiest days of his life. There is no work attached to your preparatory studies compared with what will be required of you in after life.

Think of it! A few hours of lectures each day, and the rest of the time for study or play. The lips of the Goddess touch you only lightly. It reminds one of the beatific and familiar song: "A little kiss each morning; a little kiss each night." But I know that lecture-rooms are gloomy and that the sun shines over the hills, and the trees and grass smell sweet to the youth who is waiting—merely waiting—for the hour in Greek to pass. I have been there. And some of us have been in the dissecting-room and the laboratory and the hospital, which were anything but sweet; but the hours passed too swiftly for the work that had to be done, and which we wanted to do.

There was an unwritten law that if a Freshman failed to attend the Juniors' Hallowe'en affair in honor of the new students he would forthwith receive a visit from a Junior delegation. This held out the

Detroit Editor Praises College Newspaper Work

Lexington, Ky. — "College men are making more outstanding contributions to the field of journalism and especially to newspaper work now than ever before", was the opinion expressed by C. O. Wagoner, Sunday editor of The Detroit Times, in an interview yesterday.

Mr. Wagoner arrived in Lexington Sunday night, and left yesterday on a trip through the south. "The experience gained by students in work on campus newspapers, perhaps, has aided more than any other one thing. It is no longer necessary for graduates to spend several years as cub reporters before specializing", the distinguished newspaperman said.

Mr. Wagoner firmly believes that textbooks and classes in journalism can only lay a foundation, and must be accompanied by actual reportorial work. It is because many college newspapers are serving as the only news organs in many cities with the realization or responsibility that college editorial staffs are becoming more efficient.

"I could name a dozen young outstanding newspapermen whose rise to important posts in the last few years is a result of intense work on college papers. The college man has a broad outlook, a basic knowledge that is necessary to one who is to go very far in the field", Mr. Wagoner said.

"The development of women reporters in college is extremely important. Women still have their own field in newspaper work which frequently demands more than anything else a tactful personality, and ability to accustom themselves to any situation," was the opinion of Mr. Wagoner. "However, they are constantly called upon to do every kind of reporting and therefore must be thoroughly trained," he added.

"I am confident that journalism and reporting taught by experienced newspapermen, and supplemented by constant reportorial work will produce the outstanding men in the field tomorrow," concluded Mr. Wagoner.

promise of a kind of Inquisition right in your own room. Remember our surprise, George, when after we had faithfully and proudly fulfilled our obligation, two Seniors were announced as calling on us. They came in smilingly, and gave us the hand of friendship. We suspected some hidden motive; but there was none — except kindness and thoughtfulness for the welfare of the very young.

We have not forgotten those men. One of them is the head of a great University; the other, a distinguished physician, not long since gone to his rest. I am not naming them—you know who they were. But I am mentioning this incident in order to show how the Upper Class men can help. That, after all, is one of the privileges of the Senior. Just a word from him reaches right into the heart of the boy who has left home and is lonely.

"OLD DAYS AND NEW"

This is the second of the series of articles, "Old Days and New", contributed to the Brunswickan by Dr. Watson. The first of the series appeared in No. 4 of this volume and we should be only too pleased to forward back numbers in order that readers commencing this interesting series at the present time, might obtain the opening section. In a recent letter, Dr. Watson intimates that the succeeding section of the series will be forwarded from time to time so, it is with the greatest of pleasure that we look forward to presenting more of Dr. Watson's memories of College Days, in future numbers of the Brunswickan.

Editor.

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