

Old Days and New

A Few Remarks From An Old-timer To Some of His Class-mates.
by Dr. Oscar Watson

"Old Days and New" was written especially for the Brunswickan by Dr. Oscar Watson, of the Associated Press, a brief sketch of whom is included in this page. It is the first of a series of articles, dealing in pleasant narrative fashion with the U. N. B. of today and yesterday. The series of "Old Days and New" is being presented to Brunswickan readers, through the kindness and courtesy of Dr. Watson, who, although long graduated from the ranks of University of New Brunswick students, still retains a pleasant feeling of loyalty and interest in the old University on the hill, and is an annual visitor to the campus which once he knew so well.

Editor

Do you remember, boy, that day in September in the long ago we boarded the steamer at Indiantown and set forth for the U. N. B.? There were eight or nine of us, and two were left behind, heavy-hearted on the wharf. There was depression even in those days.

Mind the thrill of leaving home for the first time, and the mystery of what was in store for us? Well, the boys are still sailing up the river for the same kind of adventure.

The old Saint John River looks just the same; but I'm wondering if most of the newcomers for scholastic honors are not sweeping along in their high power motors or their baby airplanes. We paid a dollar each for the eight-hour journey to Fredericton, and I recall, one of our crowd was charged only half a dollar because he didn't measure up to the required size. I sat and watched the river recently, and there came to mind that momentous journey—an ancient white steamer, with small boats coming out at various points, putting students aboard who were returning for their second or third year. And they gathered around the piano in the Grand Salon and sang college glees.

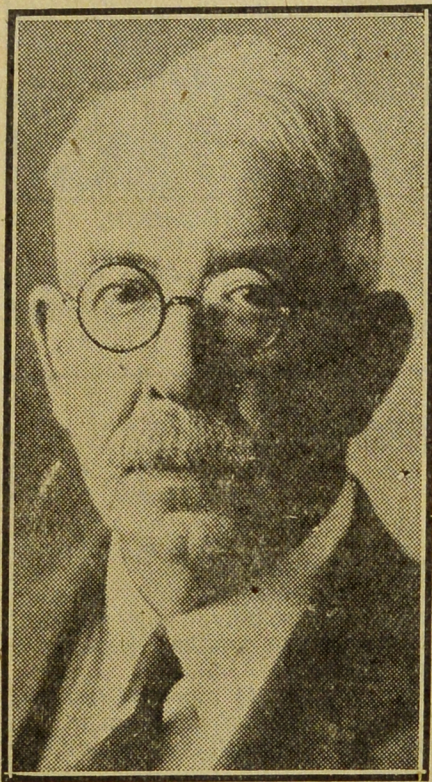
The Capital was a picture when we came steaming in at twilight. I had never seen Fredericton before—I had never been so far from home. You were a lucky man, George. You had been to Boston, and had seen Henry Dixey play "Adonis", and you talked about it ceaselessly during the whole three years of your college course.

Not many of the lads had spanned the world. One of them, who lived at Gagetown, had strayed as far as Oromocto, and a Moncton youth had once taken a flyer by train to Saint John. We didn't have gas-wagons or airplanes in those peaceful years.

Remember how happy we were when we came ashore and found that we did not have to run the gauntlet of sleep-destroying Second Year men! We went then in peace to seek our lodgings. Many years later I drove around to see the house that first sheltered us. It was still in the same spot, and was almost as we had left it. Only — there was a sign on the house. It read "Corsetiere". I wonder what our other side-partner, who, as you know was especially shy of girls, would have thought of that. The sign was hanging out a window of the room he had occupied as a Freshman.

Well, a good many Classes have come and gone since then, and I don't suppose the sign "Corsetiere" would frighten any or us now. Yet it seems only a short time since I was leading you by the arm down over the Terrace after the entertainment the Juniors gave in honor of the Freshmen on Hallowe'en. You were overcome by cigarette smoke. Doesn't that strike you, when even the girlies nowadays

The Author



OSCAR WATSON, B.A. (U. N. B.) '88; M.A. (U. N. B.) '90; M.D. '99 College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York City.

Resided in New York City since 1891, and has been connected with The Associated Press since 1893. Prior to that was a reporter in Saint John and New York on various newspapers. Served for 22 years as Cable Editor of The Associated Press, and the latter part of that period as Acting Chief of the Foreign Service. As Cable Editor Dr. Watson dictated upwards of thirty million (30,000,000) words of copy, bearing on all the great events of world history.

At the same time Dr. Watson engaged in a special practice of medicine, which he still continues. He retired from Active Service with the A. P. in 1929, and is devoting considerable of his time to the writing of books. He owns summer homes at Grand Bay, N. B. and Belleisle, where each year he spends three or four months.

can smoke dozens of them without batting an eye!

Funny isn't it! Remember the long skirts, and how the co-eds used to make the boys go first over the stile leading from the Grove to

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS

Much has been written recently concerning college publications. The writers blatantly declare that they are unnecessary expense, a waste of the student's time, that they give "no fundamental news writing experience to any of the students", and that "their advertising departments make nuisances in the business communities."

If the critics of our students publications would thoroughly investigate the conditions of our local collegiate (and we might add high school) journals, they would find that the college publications presents one of the few extra-curricular activities, both educational and financially, on the campus.

Students papers may not give "fundamental news writing experience to any of the students", as one writer says, but strange to say, there are many alumni of college journalism who are enjoying successful careers in that field.

None of the advertising in our college papers is solicited as the business man's favor to the school. Students provide a live market for the products of modern business and wise business men seek their patronage through the closest medium—the school paper. National advertisers whose exclusive interest is collegiate.

College journalism is not a fad nor a product of adolescent frivolity but an established institution with an enviable record of achievement.

—Notre Dame Scholastic, Notre Dame University

MY GIRL'S A CRACKERJACK

My girl's a crackerjack,
She wears the Red and Black,
She goes to U. N. B.; I go there too.

And in my future life,
She's going to be my wife.
How in the world did you find that out?
She told me so.

She goes to all the games,
With all the other dames,
I furnish all the change, I go there too.
And in my future life, etc.

She goes to all the shows,
Wears all the pretty clothes,
Powers her little nose, what for
Lord only knows.
And in my future life, etc.

When I grow older,
I will grow bolder,
And I will hold her close to my shoulder.
And in my future life, etc.

the car-tracks. Those were the days!

I have been looking over the U. N. B. Year Book for 1933. It gives in some measure an idea of how far Old University has progressed while we have been separated from it and it brings back to the memory of men its early days, and its early struggles and stirs in the heart a feeling of pride that those in whose keeping it has been entrusted have builded so well.

Turn to the pages of the U. N. B. Year Book, 1933, Frank. It is a Book to be proud of, and I hope you will buy one. Gaze upon the smiling faces, and you will realize that there has never been so much as a heart-break among them. Read the all too brief history of their lives; then pay the passing tribute of a sigh that there was none to sing the praises of the Classes of the dim, dark ages. And rest content, for there will be jobs in the world for all of them.

And you will be surprised Charlie, at the number of Societies and Councils and Clubs that have grown up over-night, the Bands, the Orchestra, the Players. Take a good look at some of the teams—I won't mention which; I know you will be able to pick out the best. We were pretty slow not to think of these things when we were climbing the old Hill.

Well, I can tell you a lot of what went on in the by-gone days, if you don't mind what I say. Times have changed and customs have changed, and yet a University that can hold your affection through all the years of life's striving and the fine people of the little town, who are yet well remembered, must have been very kind to you.

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