

# OLD DAYS and NEW

DR. OSCAR WATSON

## SECTION TEN

**P**ICTURE if you can the old U. N. B. in the Eighties, when it was composed of one building, five professors and some thirty or forty students, who moved along in the footprints of the past without deviation. To peer back farther than that might strain the eyes. The course was purely academic. Preparing men for greater things.

Fredericton was then a city of quiet homes and shaded streets. It had its Parliament Building and its fine Cathedral, as now; its Normal School, its Infantry School and an atmosphere of contentment and hospitality. The sound of the bugle sent the boys in the red coats scampering back to barracks about 9.30 P. M., and soon all was quiet along the river.

The city has grown since then, and the University has branched out into an institution of many buildings, a score or more of professors and several hundred students. Some day there will be a thousand. But Fredericton has lost something of its sylvan air, for in the march of time the automobile, the bane of cities, large and small, of towns and vil-

lages, has come to mar its beauty, though yet it is an ideal spot for a College.

Once a single wooden bridge spanned the river, and no railway cut across the broad road that follows the water upon which not so many years ago huge trees cast their shadows. Many of these are gone, not to be replaced, and the soft clean soil of mother earth has given way to hard cement.

It would be difficult for the present generation to think of a land without automobiles. If there were such a conception, the natural question would arise: "How did you get around; how did you go places?" And the answer would be: "We got around on foot; we didn't go places, that is, not many places."

Once anchored at the U. N. B., you stayed anchored until the end of your college year, unless removed for cause—and that has happened. There was Christmas, to be sure, and some of the boys managed to get away for the Christmas holidays, if the folks didn't live too far off. A railway train ran occasionally to Saint John, and back again, and probably one to Woodstock. And on one of these Yuletide excursions, the half dozen Saint John lads, in response to a dare, remained most of the journey on the rear platform of the last car in a blinding snow storm, with the mercury down to zero, and let the snow lie where it fell. For that unheroic age this was voted a great adventure.

One thing remains practically unchanged. The solid stone building—The College—still stands on the Terrace, reaching out its arms to the young. And the young are coming in increasing numbers, and, whether consciously or unconsciously, there will be implanted in them an indefinable something which is to be the vital moving force of their future.

The old days and the new—are they so very different? The old order was placid, perhaps more contented and less sophisticated, and there was less to learn. More is required of the present-day students at the colleges, and they have, too, more diversions. A great surgeon once declaimed smilingly, but dangerously, to the Class going up for the Final what he had probably said many times to other Classes:

"I understand this is a particularly brilliant Class. I am glad of that. When I was a student, there wasn't so much surgery as there is now; so we had rather an easy time. But you men are going to have it hard, and I am glad I am not

in your shoes. I am handing you a number of questions; I want those questions answered. Something just as good will not do."

He was not applauded, and the result of the examination was a crash. But as a tribute to common sense, it may be told that this Professor, after a tempestuous protest had been registered, was required by the Board to give another examination to those who had failed, and thus a number of lives were saved. As anyone knows, there is a type of examination intended only for the students' undoing, and means nothing as a test of ability.

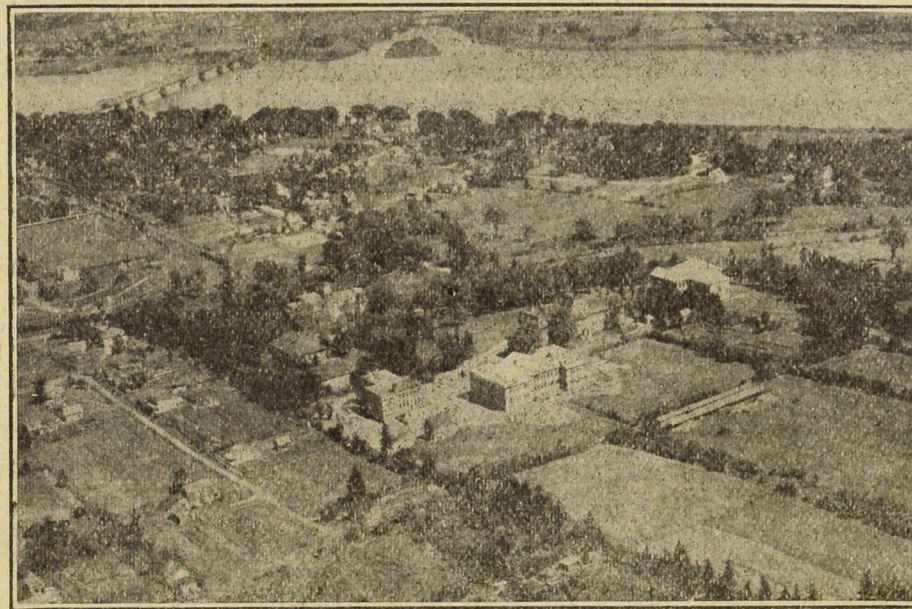
Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, head of a famous Barnard College for women, has a word of cheer for girls searching for their marks on the Bulletin Board. But first she gives a word of advice, and it is this:

"Do not weep in a man's office. It is not sporting. It is really taking advantage of a man."

Then cheerfully she tells them that they could fail all their examinations and not wreck their lives. But she added that examinations have great educational value, since "life itself consists largely of examinations, of crises, of moments at which you have to pull together all your knowledge, all your brains, all your powers, to meet the test and stand or fall by the way you meet it."

There were scholars in the old days, too. The names of Pickhard, Duff and Murray, all winners of the Gilchrist, which ante-dated the Rhodes by many years, are held deep in the memories of the men who knew them and their brilliant scholarship that brought honor to the U. N. B.

Few men attained so great a prize under such adverse circumstances as Herbert Pickhard. A fortnight before the examinations for the Gilchrist he broke his right arm in the University Sports. He obtained permission to accept the offer of a friend to act as his amanuensis—a course subsequently approved by London



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"OLD DAYS AND NEW"—Dr. Oscar Watson



## With the Alumni

— by —

RUTH HANSON

**T**HE death occurred last week in Ottawa of John Duffy, a son of the late Charles A. Duffy, of Fredericton, at the age of forty years. Deceased was born in Fredericton and received his early education here. With his parents he removed to Ontario and later returned to enter the University, from which he graduated in 1914. He later graduated from Osgoode Hall Law School, Toronto. For some time held a position on the reparations commission at Ottawa. He is survived by his widow, formerly Miss Mary Calder, Chatham, and his mother, formerly Miss Allie O'Brien, Fredericton.

Mac McNally '30 who was in the city to attend the State Ball has gone to his home at Keswick before returning to La Branche, Quebec, where he is

University — and won the Scholarship. For the next five years he studied abroad, taking many prizes; then returned to his home in Fredericton, and died within a few weeks.

Another pathetic ending to a promising young life was that of Arthur Wilkinson, who having graduated from U. N. B., passed a distinguished course at Edinburgh, and died soon after his return to Fredericton. The mothers of these men later became the foster mothers of many boys of the U. N. B., who were starting up the long hard trail their own sons have travelled, and had fallen by the way.

The University on the Hill has been kind to its men and has given them a worthy foundation on which to build. They owe their Alma Mater more than they ever can repay.

And now the old Class shall call an adjournment for a little while, sit back, and see what the other fellows have to say.

THE END

## 70-Year-Old Frosh To Enter College

Washington's oldest "freshman" is due to enter the University next week. That is if J. H. Dennis, city claim agent for over 32 years, follows his present inclination to sit in on some of the law school discussions.

Mr. Dennis, who at 70 is as hale and hearty as any underclassman, scoffed at the idea of retiring. "Why, I'm just beginning all over again," he declared. According to Dennis he has no regrets at leaving the office which he has occupied for over three decades. There should never be regrets when a job is well done, is his maxim.

—Manitoban.

in the employ of the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Company.

Mrs. Lawrence F. Hashey entertained at tea for the pleasure of her sister, Alice Caughey '29 of St. Andrews, who attended the State Ball last week. Margaret Scott '30 poured and Lib Clark '31 and Margaret Hughes '31 assisted in serving.

Friends of Miss Magdalene Scott, ex '28, will regret to hear that she has left her position as intermediate teacher at the Andover Grammar School and is leaving for the Montreal General Hospital for observation and treatment.

Earl Hickson ex '30, is leaving to-day for Fort Erie, Ont., where he has accepted a position as passenger transport pilot.

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