

The Greatest Adventure

By Horace Jacobson

Francis Tuttle eased his aching body into the damp under-growth. Moccquitos whined a great singing chant and raised enormous welts on his bruised body. The Stygian darkness of the jungle night closed around him as he lay there listening to the pounding of his heart. He knew the jungle was listening and he knew that it hated him. He could sense the blackness pouring a great black hate on him and he shuddered. But it was not fear that shook him. It was a strange thrill. This was what he had been seeking. The most dangerous game! His own brawn and cunning pitted against the jungle and the little yellow men creeping down the trail. It was the age-old struggle for Survival. Strength and confidence surged through his lean, hardened body. He fingered the sweating barrel of the Bren. A beautiful gun. A gun for a fighting man who knew how to use it. He threw the change lever to automatic....No thought of home for him—soon the fierce joy of battle would seize him. Soon he would know Death. Some men said Death was no adventure. He laughed silently. That was a lie. A

fine fat lie thought up by men who pitied themselves. The little yellow men furtively stalking him pitied themselves. They were afraid. Fear had spread its black wings over them.

A faint padding crept into his ears. A man was near. He could see the man in his mind's eye. He would be clutching his rifle tightly, breathlessly trying to pierce the utter blackness.... The gun was at his shoulder. His finger was slowly pressing the trigger, his eyes distended searching the darkness when like the hollow crack of a rifle, a voice jarred his brain.

"Tuttle, Tuttle," it thundered. He tried to concentrate. The jungle night dissolved and Francis Tuttle beheld his Chemistry professor glaring over gold rimmed spectacles. Light flooded into his brain and he numbly shook his head at the professor's query. The old gentleman spoke again but he was too late. Francis Tuttle was in the sand dunes of Libya, squinting at a grey clad figure through the sights of a high powered rifle. The rifle recoiled, and with a smile on his lips Tuttle watched the grey figure sink into the sand.

WITH IMPETUS BY SKIP

There was no doubt about it. It was a night for romance. The moon and stars were especially high in the velvety night, and made in the town shadows of unusual beauty in clear cut silhouettes. An evening breeze fanned in from the river from whose depths reflected the lazy smoke of the clouds over the face of the unconcerned moon. Poor Peggy walked down the quiet relaxed street, her head a little lower than its accustomed aloof angle, her feet lagging just a little as she walked the familiar route. She pretended not to care that she was alone tonight. What did it matter? Just because there was a little extra beauty in the world, she wouldn't let herself feel any the sorrier for her plight—for that matter, was it possible to feel worse? She indulged in a few minutes of self pity as she remembered the afternoon just spent with Skip. The blissful happy feeling of being perfectly conscience-clear with the world, of lying side by side in the warm summer sun with "him" and feel her very form reach out and prickle for the mere joy of lying in the sun. It had been ideal, lying there without either of them making any sound. There was no need for words—his looks of admiration, his careful selection of a comfort-

able place for her had been all the assurance she had needed. And then—on their way back—he had casually let fall the hint that Timsy had such pretty soft hair. From then on it had been a hectic conversation of Skip telling her that after all he was a free male wasn't he?—he needed the companionship of many friends—After all each suited a different liking or mood of his—didn't she realize she too could have many other admirers beside himself—Well she would show him! She knew where she could find a great party going on right this minute. Of course, she wanted more admirers, too. She was beautiful, she had grace and melody in her walk. People remarked about it. Her head raised to its accustomed height, she walked quicker now, turning down the next street. Maybe she was being too exclusive—this party was a little lower than her usual "set"—but she could enjoy herself thoroughly, and maybe there would still be a little fish left in the bottom of the cans. The moon shone out from behind a cuddled cloud, revealing a white picket gateway. She turned in and was met by her friends with evident surprise and pleasure. Quickly she put aside all thoughts of Skip, and gave in to the enjoyment at hand.

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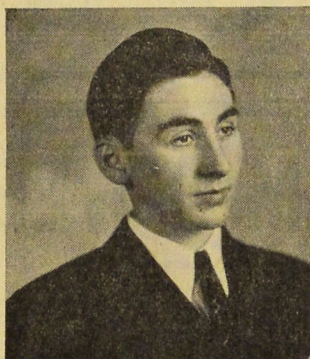
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May We Present



G. HERBERT LOANE

This week we present a well known Junior, Herbie Loane, who has been very active in his three years "up the hill". He came in as a freshman in the Fall term of '39, a Beaverbrook bunny right from the start, and started off his activities by being Assistant Sports Editor of The Brunswickan, and also a reporter in his spare time. In his Sophomore year Herbie became Sports Editor and News Staff Representative on the Brunswickan Managing Board. From here, he has advanced this year to Co-News Editor and Associate Editor as well as Brunswickan representative on the S.R.C. In his sophomore year Herbie was Secretary-Treasurer of his class and this year he was elected President. He is also President of the Glee Club and held this office in his Sophomore year. Herbie is not a silent president, but a very active member of the Glee Club, where he has even taken solo parts in one or two of the choruses. Herbie has always been interested in debating and last year debated against the Normal School. This fall he was football manager, and fought valiantly for his budget as all good managers do. Now he is chairman of the Current Mount Allison Students' Fund Committee, and was in charge of the dance held for that purpose a fortnight ago. If Herbie keeps on at this rate he will have accomplished much in his college career, and we can expect great things from him next year.

The hour wasn't too late, the party wasn't too gay—with the result that the Met. Star yawned openly in her escort's face.

"I hope I'm not keeping you up, darling," said he.

With a bored smile she replied, "Yes, but not awake."—Contributed by Linton Wells.

Mrs. Smythe was making final arrangements for an elaborate reception. "Nora," she said to her veteran servant, "for the first half-hour I want you to stand at the drawing-room door and call the guests' names as they arrive." Nora's face lit up. "Thank you, ma'am," she replied. "I've been wanting to do that for the last 20 years."—Neal O'Hara in New York Post.

The young man had taken too many cocktails and suspected his table partner was aware of it. With careful politeness he offered apology and explanation. "And anyway," he added, "though I may be slightly under the influence of in-kahol, I'm not so think as you drunk I am."

All the average girl expects out of joining a correspondence club is some first class male.

When a dentist is buried he has filled his last cavity.

Teacher: Jimmie, what's a peninsula?

Jimmie—A rubber neck.

Teacher—No it's a neck running out to sea.

Jimmie—Well, that's a rubber neck, isn't it?

After all being the only angora pussy at an alley cat party was distinction enough without being merely Skip's favorite kitten. Good old Tom had even saved her the last sardine just in case she had decided to drop in. Life is fun. Who cares where you find it?



Janus coveted no nymph's embraces:
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POETRY CORNER

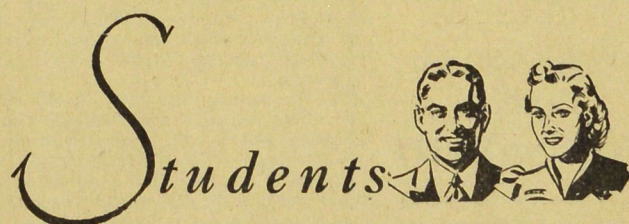
A WISH FOR SUMMER DAYS

Oh! How I long for the summer days
And the zephyrs cool and free
The soft white clouds and the bright sun
Shining down on me.
Oh! How I long for the robin's song
And the flowers and shady trees
And here and there on the scented air
The humming bumble bees.
Oh! How I long for the summer nights
With the bright stars twinkling down,
And the night birds' call by the waterfall
Where the mist 's like thistledown.
Oh! How I long for the snow to melt
And the world of white to disappear
And the water to flow, and the ice to go,
And summer to reappear.

—J.V.C. '45

These living men, or grim or gay,
—These men who know,
Must shortly change to sodden clay
Forgotten then, or sad or gay.
Though friends and cherished scenes and though
All join the dark and silent tide,
It cheers us that the flowers still grow,
And some abide
Who also know.

—Linden Peebles



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