

BRYN MAWR GRADUATE TELLS OF HER WORK IN AFRICA, PITCHED TENT IN HEART OF THE JUNGLE

(New York Sun)

In the sombre twilight that comes so early upon the hinterland jungles of Sierra Leone, the African wilderness of the Gold Coast, where the rays of the sun are stopped by masses of vine and leaves hung on the branches of great mahogany trees and huge cottonwoods a tall, blond American girl, her hair bobbed in boyish style, and a rifle at her side, sat scribbling in a note book.

She wrote by the light of a crackling big pile of wood. Near it were hung on lines the khaki shorts and the shirt she had worn during the day. They were drying now for the next day's work.

Here and there too, not far from the glare of the flames lay thirty Negro carriers, sleeping. One of them, the watchman, walked up and down, bravely looking into the darkness now and then, but not stepping to far from the embers.

Leopard Comes to Drink

Suddenly he looked frightened down toward the pool where they had taken water for the camp supper. In the gloom he saw the yellow evil eyes of a leopard shining and shifting as the beast crawled towards the pool's edge. He ran to her side and whispered. She listened calmly and then without agitation picked up the rifle and calmly turned toward the pool walked a few steps toward it towards the eyes.

In the dust she saw his little figure, could almost see the blood from his evening kill upon his jaws. She lifted her rifle sighted slowly, held her breath like a good marksman—and plugged him behind the ear. His deathly yell split the murmur of the jungle night and before he made his last clawing slash at the turf every "boy" in the camp was on his feet, chattering with cold terror.

Well, other women shot leopards before then—a year ago, this was. And other women have, perhaps, gone into the hinterlands of Sierra Leone. But no other woman has ever gone alone with such a train of carriers into such a jungle that she saw no white persons for three months and on such an errand for the British government. And such an errand! She was looking for gold and coal and had found them.

More interesting than even those unusual facts is the fact that today the same girl pulled the leopard skin out of her bag at Columbia university and sighed. "I'm afraid it's a little mangy," she said, "but I'm glad it really was a leopard."

A Bryn Mawr Graduate

The blond American is Katharine Fowler Lunn, a graduate of Bryn Mawr with a master's degree from Wisconsin university and a doctorate from Columbia. She is one of the scientists who have come from all over the world to attend the sixteenth session of the International Geological Congress.

She's going to tell them a little something about bauxite veins alluvial diamonds, outcroppings of this and that, all expressed in the polysyllabic diction of the scientist in the field. She's much more interested in such affairs, takes the matter of the leopard and other adventures in a matter-of-fact way.

This is her story: She went to the fifteenth congress that was held in Africa four years ago went from Cape Town to the mines of many African Provinces and met a chap named Lun, who was working for the British government as a geologist on the Gold Coast. That was in 1929. They were married in Edinburgh, Scotland, and then returned to Africa.

Pitched in "the Blue"

"I began to do a few odd jobs," she said today. "I mapped out some areas for certain British companies in Sierra

Leone and now and then did a good job for the British Government. Yes, I went alone into the interior. It wasn't dangerous at all. The natives are like children. Many times I was away for two months at a time—and never saw a white man until I came back again. I'd take twenty or thirty 'boys' to carry my tent and supplies. Yes, I'd pitch my tent in 'the blue' more often than not."

"The blue" is a phrase of the Afri-canders. It means wandering in a jungle so vast so far from the settlements so remote that they give it the name of "the blue," a word that has come to mean any wild place far off, lonesome, an empty wilderness.

Going Back Again

She went there because it was all in the day's work. She was not seeking adventure. She meant simply to use her talents and her knowledge. And she's going back again—because there seems to be nothing else to do in the world.

Shuffling off the scores of photographs—each bearing the film of fog-giness caused by the unending flow of sand particles from the Sahara—pictures in which the narrative is mistily told a narrative of savage dancing the dances of welcome to her, of throngs pressing around to stare at a white woman, of paths leading deep under the darkness of gigantic ferns—she sighs and frankly says she'd like to stay at home.

She looked again at the leopard skin and said: "I'll tell you why I was pleased to find it really was a leopard. In that part of Africa there is a secret society of natives called 'The Leopards,' sometimes 'The Human Leopards.' It is cannibalistic and nothing the government can do is quite enough to stop it. The headmen of that society put on Leopard skins and at certain seasons of the year they creep up to the villages as stealthy as animals. They seize children—boys and girls—and bear them off to some ghastly ritual, a ritual no white man has ever seen. Indeed, he could not very well remain sane if he did see it. I know they kill the children. These are the pagan Africans of Sierra Leone, those who have never been converted to Mohammedanism. The ritual requires the bodies of young children. And they have seized them for centuries. I have heard of men shooting leopards and then finding that they had killed one of these priests of magic."

An Adventure with a Snake

She was never afraid.

"I had an automatic pistol with me. Some men in the interior put them under their pillow, ready to use them. I never did. You know the automatic pistol is 'ju-ju'—magic to the natives. They understand the rifle, but when they watched me practicing with the automatic—so much coming out of so little—they said it was magic. Yet, the fellows I used were all right. They are boys from the northern territories, near the Sahara, and they are anxious to earn enough to eat. Sometimes they get as high as a shilling a day. The bad Negroes are the coastal natives, the men who have been in touch with the white men, know what money is and know how to steal.

"They never stole anything from me. I think they were content to wonder what in the world I was and what I was doing there—a white woman alone in the jungle. Once they cleaned out a magistrate. The poor fellow had just come out from England after leave and had sixteen months to go in the jungle. They took everything—even his false teeth. Probably used them for necklaces. You can imagine the fix he was in. Soup for him."

But wasn't there ever any danger?

"Yes once. The mamba snake. The green mamba is a tree snake. The black travels on the ground. Do you know the mamba can go as fast as a good horse? It's true.

"You have to depend upon your boys. They must see the snake before you do and give the alarm. Once I was in the blue for two months and turned back. I was all in. We were going down a path like this." She showed a trail under the overhanging vines, dark as Hades.

"The green mamba looks like a vine. Protective coloring. I was going along urging the boys, depending on the guide to stop any danger. He missed it. The first thing I knew the mamba was looking me in the face. And he's a chap that won't get out of your way."

"What did you do Mrs. Lunn?"

"Oh, I sacked the guide right there and then. Gave him a kick out."

DEGREES WERE CONFERRED AT SUMMER SCHOOL

Mount A. Had Successful Term—Attendance Reached the Two Hundred Mark.

Sackville, N. B., Aug. 19—The Maritime Summer School, Sackville, N. B., closed Thursday night. By the order of the Senate of Mount Allison University a special convocation was held on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and the following degrees were given:

Bachelor of Arts—John Ray Baile, New Windsor, Maryland; Chas. Sheldon Day, Saint John, N. B.; Edward Donald Logan, Truro, N. S.; Samuel Wesley Jacobs Walsh, Western Bay, Newfoundland.

Bachelor of Science—Alonzo Wentworth Bishop, Truro, N. S.; Winston Edward Hickey, Alma, N. B.

Bachelor of Science in Home Economics—Miss Elizabeth Lorraine Leggett, Newboro, Ont.; Miss Margaret Isobel McMullen, Fredericton, N. B.; Miss Evelyn Marion Woods, New Lis-keard, Ont.

Master of Arts—Robert Harris Chapman, B.A. (Mt. A., 1923) honours in Philosophy, Sackville; William Edwin Harris, B. A. (Dal.) Pictou, N. S.; Claude James Wm. Kedy, B.A. (Dal.) ictou, N. S.

A First Class Honour Certificate in French—Miss Grace Irene Maxwell, B. A. (1933).

President Trueman, in his report, stated that the attendance of the Summer School had reached the two hundred mark. While this was not quite up to the level of the last two years, it was only slightly below the peak, and was highly creditable. Very few of the students were here for spending six weeks of the summer than in a summer school situated in a pleasant community and well organized both for work and play. Dr. Trueman spoke with appreciation of the work of the Faculty, and especially of that of Dr. Spencer of New York, and Prof. Abell of Acadia University, who had given courses in education and in art appreciation.

In reference to the giving of the M. A. degree, Dr. Trueman said that he did not feel that the universities in the Maritime Provinces were at the present time in a position to do justice to graduate work in many faculties. Mount Allison was on record, as favoring a policy whereby one encouraged to give graduate courses, and the others agree to give up the granting of graduate degrees. It had not yet been possible to work out such a plan. In the last five years only three M. A. degrees had been given by Mount Allison, and these were all in the field of education. It is the intention of the Senate to confine degrees to this work, only to accept for the courses those who can show why they cannot attend a regular graduate university elsewhere, and to require a wide general knowledge of the subject of education, in psychology, history, and administration, and a special study of one academic subject, both as to contents and teaching methods. To acquire this it is the opinion of the Senate that a candidate would need to attend at least four summer schools, take extra-mural reading courses, and finally present a thesis, prepared after a careful study of some educational problem, under the direction of one of the Faculty.

A pest from whom I always flee— The one who says: "You're telling me."

New York kidnappers more progressive than most are arranging a cash-and-carry system for their customers and an instalment plan of paying ransom.

But the snake? She laughed and pointed at the holster for her automatic.

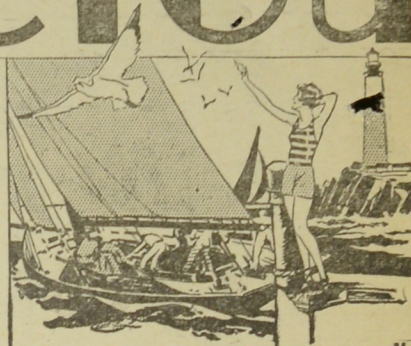
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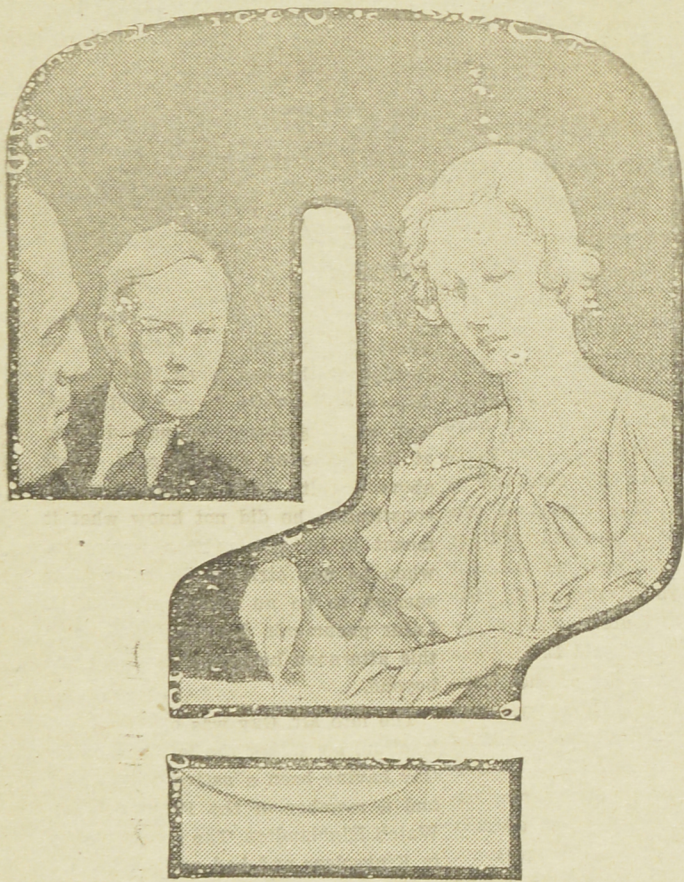
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