

Adventurers' Club

There comes a time in the affairs of man when the ordinary and commonplace becomes innocuous and the dull and distasteful affairs of daily existence become fatiguing and productive of mental unrest. The bonds of convention and the years of precedent are as shackles of steel, and it is then that the restless mortal seeks an outlet for the primal instinct for change. The drab, every-day existence palls upon one then, and the lure of new scenes and of new experiences becomes unbearable. The course of written history and the fate of nations and empires have rested upon this spirit of adventure. Well nigh innumerable are the undertakings of man which owe their origin and consummation to the adventurous spirit of a few.

It was for the purpose of keeping alive this latent spark that the Adventurers Club was formed; and the original adventurers are now scattered far and wide. All had served in the World War, all had roamed this country and others, and all had relied upon their own initiative and resources in so doing. The freight train and the road were as open books to them; they formed the club in the hope that others of their ilk would in later years partake of the benefits they derived. The one surviving adventurer returned to the Institute to complete his studies, and he soon leaves in search of new fields.

It is the hope of the club that the spirit of change and new experiences will rise where now it is lifeless. The prerequisites for membership in the club are not too rigid. All members must have served in the World War, and all must have traveled at least 30,000 miles on their own initiative, and preferably, have knowledge of freights and shacks. Our members in the past have heard the call of the open road, the far places, the out-bound drag, the western front, and have answered. They shall answer the call in the future. The crash of everyday life is not for their ears, they have heard the song of the poet and have answered:

“South to the Falklands and thru the Straits,
And west to the Island where Romance waits;
I'm shaping my course for that South Sea shore,
And I ain't a gonna come back no more.”

They have left a heritage of thought behind them, and to their brother adventurers the work to carry on. The seed has been nurtured and shall bear fruit.

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