

Two German square-riggers still sail regularly between Hamburg and Chile. Here are some high points from the diary of a professional man of letters who made the trip to recapture in words and movies a lost perilous atmosphere.

By Sail *around* Cape Horn

By HEINRICH HAUSER

THE LAST SQUARE-RIGGER

Translated from *Der Querschnitt*, Berlin Modernist Monthly

‘THE FLYING P LINE’ is what the sailors call the fleet of sailing vessels operated by F. Laeisz and Company in Hamburg. These are the ships that broke all records for speed from Hamburg around Cape Horn and all their names begin with a *P*—*Parma*, *Padua*, *Peking*, and *Pamir*. Only two of these vessels, however, are still seeing active service, the *Parma* and the *Pamir*. The rest have become instruction boats.

The *Pamir* weighed anchor, as they say in novels, on New Year’s Eve, but part of her crew had not appeared and it took the harbor police until four in the morning to bring them all on board. Our company was then counted over and numbered thirty-three men in all. At Lightship Number Three on the River Elbe we dropped our tug-

boat and started our journey to Talcahuano on the coast of Chile, about 15,000 nautical miles away.

Here I must emphasize one point: the extraordinary rôle that the unlucky number thirteen played on this journey. It was the captain’s thirteenth trip. On the thirteenth of January we ran into such a terrific storm in the English Channel that the *Pamir* lost her anchor, her anchor winch, and all but two of her sails. One man was hit over the head with a marline spike and had to be taken later to a hospital with concussion of the brain. We put into Rotterdam in distress.

On the thirteenth of February one of our able seamen, a young fellow of eighteen, fell from the topgallant yard, a distance of some one hundred

and twenty feet. He landed on a steel flight of semicircular steps and was dead an hour later. His skull, arms, and legs had broken. This happened crossing the Equator. On March thirteenth, another sailor, a friend of mine, fell from the forestay. He struck an iron bollard that broke his jaw and right arm. The captain and I worked over him by candlelight for three hours. We fastened his teeth together with wire where the jaw had been broken and sewed up the cuts on his neck and chin with ordinary needles, for we had no others. The jaw bone was dislocated. When we tried to set it, bringing the strength of two men to bear, the young fellow cried out, 'Harder, harder!' for he realized that he had to be willing to bear any pain. His broken arm healed satisfactorily but his broken jaw had to be operated on in Germany. This happened off Cape Horn.

On the thirteenth of April a sailor fell from the slippery metal stay of the mizzenmast, a distance of seventy-five feet, landing on two tight ropes. The elasticity of these ropes saved his life and only twisted a few tendons in his arm, but after his accident he was quiet and serious. All these mishaps occurred in quiet weather on a smooth sea. We also had a case of scarlet fever that worried us greatly for fear of infection. Having no doctor aboard, we wrote down the symptoms and asked for advice by wireless. An hour later the ship's doctor on the steamer, *Minna Horn*, diagnosed the case and recommended treatment.

I shipped on the *Pamir* to find a place that was guaranteed against newspapers, telephones, and bill collectors. During the one hundred and twelve days our voyage lasted the

Pamir put me in this splendid position. In the course of this period I made a moving picture, a moving picture of the last sailing vessel. I shall not attempt to describe how wonderful this life was under the enormous, high-towering sails. It is a secret, a secret that only a few men are worthy to understand.

SAILORS who grew to manhood on great sailing vessels cannot put up with the life on steamships. A steamer is brutal and stupid, unresponsive to the wind, weather, and sea. Steamers have no souls. Men on sailing vessels, who are at home for perhaps a week after a journey of seven or eight months, inevitably seem strange and wonderful people to the average member of the middle class. The observation of wind and sea on which their very lives depend develops keen nerves. The great solitude of the sea and the absence of women make the men more sensitive with one another, and create an exchange of thoughts and experiences that elsewhere only comes out in the society of women.

There are no machines on sailing vessels. All work must be done by hand with the simplest tools, such as blocks and pulleys, windlasses and levers. Things have not changed since Nelson's time, and, since circumstances form a man, these men scarcely differ from Nelson's contemporaries. One soon becomes superstitious, even if one has small inclination in that direction. A list to port means a quick journey. Whistling dispels the wind. Sacrifices must be paid to the sea. In our struggle around Cape Horn, which lasted nineteen days, the captain threw his live dog over-

board. Another man cast off a shirt. These sacrifices must be thrown into the water on the windward side to propitiate the sea. Refuse is always thrown to leeward and if one threw some sacrificial offering over the leeward side the sea might look upon it as refuse and be offended.

The courses sailing vessels pursue lie far from the coast, far from all steamship lines. One is thrown back utterly on one's self and can expect no outside assistance. One man had a stomach ache and had to have fresh eggs. We had hens on board that were not laying. We gave the hens chopped-up rats to eat. Then the carpenter made wooden eggs and painted them white and this caused the hens to lay. It is hard to keep healthy without fresh food, and potatoes always rot in the tropics. There is a limited menu on shipboard and it includes salt meat, bacon, salt cabbage, preserved cucumbers, dried fish, rice, and curry. This sharp, salty food harms the blood. Then there is the lack of water. Each man has about two and a half quarts of water a day for drinking and washing purposes. Stiff, tarred ropes and rusty cables must be handled constantly and injuries frequently

occur. Salt water penetrates the wounds and causes blisters and inflammations. Each day of bad weather I had to cut into at least two or three festering hands, feet, or fingers.

Life on shipboard is hard except in the trade winds, which blow steadily from one direction. On steamships there are three watches, on sailing vessels only two. This means a twelve-hour day. But in almost all manœuvres the whole crew has to participate, cook and cabin boy included, and generally these manœuvres last a long time. During the storm in the Channel one watch remained on duty for forty-three hours and another for forty-eight. During the ice storm off Cape Horn the sails froze stiff as steel. Ice covered the deck and great masses of snow kept falling from the rigging. Fingers began to bleed and the whole scene was one that no landsman can possibly imagine. It was like war.

Yet it was beautiful. It was real life, strong, simple, and uncompromising, and it was enlivened by a marvelous comradeship. And if it lies behind us as we pack up our equipment and go ashore, at least we can still sing the old seafaring chanteys.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S DIARY

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

BECAUSE we are never content with the life we lead, I wanted to find out if each man on board would change his career if he had unlimited means at his disposal. The most interesting point of this experiment was that nobody seemed to want to alter his occupation fundamentally. The cap-

tain, for instance, would like to be a millionaire so that he could build a fleet of big sailing vessels. The first officer would be happy with a little house on the Blankensee and a job as pilot on the River Elbe. The second helmsman had served a long time as a tugboat captain in Sumatra. He knows

of a salt lake in the mountains there and would like to live on it.

The wireless operator would like to change his life a little. He would like to have a first-class operator's license and then continue to follow the sea. All the freedom that he wishes would be to get paid off whenever he struck an agreeable port, remain there a few weeks, and then continue. He made this kind of journey along the coast of Spain, visiting Valencia and Barcelona and then continuing to Genoa and Venice, finally ending up at Trieste on the Dalmatian coast. Most of the sailors want a ship of their own, generally a sailing vessel, a handsome schooner with a motor that would navigate the North Sea and the Baltic and earn them good money. The old sailmaker would rather be an artist and live in peace on shore, painting pictures of sailing vessels and sunsets just as he now does in his scanty spare time. Only the carpenter would like to follow an entirely different profession. He used to be in charge of a station in German Southwest Africa and would like to go back there.

I have a phonograph on board and about a dozen records which I only play on Sunday because if I played them often we should soon get tired of them. The gramophone gives me a means of showing how utterly different the tempo of our life here is from the tempo on shore. I was particularly struck by the fact that all the records seemed to run much too fast, and I found that the machine was set to its present speed in Berlin. Here, however, life runs more slowly.

I especially like Caruso's voice. If one plays his records with a soft needle one can hear him catching his breath through the sound of the music.

But the finest record I have contains no music. It is the recorded announcement of Lindbergh's arrival in America. The record seems to be charged with electricity. I know of nothing more exciting than the way the voice of the announcer trembles as the ship arrives and he says he sees Lindbergh on the gangway. The roar of automobile horns, the shouting of the mob and its applause, the mad handclapping, the shrill voices of the women, and the thunderous music all contribute to the effect.

MARCH 6

THIS morning we are moving not more than two knots an hour and the breeze is light. But it soon blows harder and we speed along at ten knots an hour. The whole morning is devoted to changing the sails. The light-weather sails we have been carrying are replaced with a set for heavy weather, a preparation for Cape Horn. The new sails include a mizzen staysail of enormous size, sewed in accordance with the captain's instructions.

A wild night falls. It is so dark that one can see only the broad mass of spray that the bow of the *Pamir* keeps tossing to one side. Our sails belly in the wind and the phosphorescent spray looks like smoke pouring from the funnel of a fast locomotive. We are going twelve knots an hour. The air is strangely still, for we are flying before the wind. On such a night as this I feel death close by my side. This is not an anxious feeling but a clear recognition of the fact that a wind blows us through life just as this wind is impelling us across the water.

Toward one o'clock in the morning the wind begins to whistle still louder and a storm breaks. The royal, upper topgallant, and lower topgallant sails are all taken in. We are shipping water over our decks. It is always a weird sensation to witness the first, short waves of an oncoming storm and to feel the hull tremble gently just before the ship begins to labor.

MARCH 7

The storm has abated and as I encounter the second officer in the morning twilight he says to me, 'Now we are going to have to climb the fir tree again,' by which he means that we must set more sail. By afternoon a fresh wind comes in from the southwest. This wind tries to drive us from our course along the Argentine coast and we have to make every effort to keep our true direction so that we can save time later at Cape Horn by going through Le Maire Strait. The zigzag course we follow looks on the chart like the design of a fortification on a military map.

Sunset is a brilliant affair. The sun sinks into a wicked-looking sky; the horizon is a poisonous shade of green, but the zenith is white and a huge cement wall seems to rise above us, a wall one could not possibly describe as being made of air or clouds. Then the moon rises, huge and white. The steersmen greet this apparition as they mount the evening watch with a comical formality, removing their white caps and bowing low.

MARCH 8

The nights are foggy now and it is getting so cold that I have to wear my blue sweater again. The thought that it will get colder still and that there

may be ice and snow upsets me greatly. I don't feel the faintest desire to write and the words come to me slowly and without meaning, and one can only write a diary in a personal, frank manner. If I did not have enough imagination to forget at times where I am I should be thoroughly weary of this journey which has lasted so long.

MARCH 20

I never imagined the weather would be so pleasant at Cape Horn. The wind has shifted during the night and a gentle breeze is blowing. A wonderful autumn sun is shining and warms the planks of the deck. The water is smooth and the air so fresh and animated that it seems impossible anyone could be sick here.

SATURDAY

THE breeze has shifted to the north and then increased until now there are little white caps. Fog lies low on the sea and the north wind is warm and the water here very cold. Our fog horn is tooting and I feel as if I were about to return home and meet Lightship Number One on the River Elbe in the North Sea. We can hear sea gulls crying all about us but cannot see them on account of the fog.

We now have a good chance of getting through Le Maire Strait. This strait is a stretch of water about sixteen miles across between Staten Island and the point of Tierra del Fuego. If one can get through this strait the journey around Cape Horn is considerably shortened because then one does not need to go around Staten Island.

The old Cape Horn seamen always

regarded Le Maire Strait with a mixture of hope and fear. A great saving was made in the westward journey if one could get through but there was great danger also. A strong current runs through the strait that may pile a ship up on the rocks. The wind drops in the lee of the land and the rocks of Staten Island do not enjoy a good reputation. Furthermore, the Cape Horn fog can descend and obscure one's view within the space of a few minutes. At the end of the strait on the other side one often encounters quite a different wind from the one that prevailed when one entered the strait and westerly storms kick up a dangerous sea.

The *Pamir* is now going at a speed of about seven knots an hour but the ship is as level as a rock. If we had put a billiard ball on the polished table in the saloon yesterday it would still be in the same place. Never has the ship been so motionless or on such an even keel as here off Cape Horn.

But our chances will dwindle to nothing if the fog doesn't lift and the sun shine through. Unless we know our position exactly we cannot dare to sail through the strait.

During the day the visibility improves but we do not see the sun. The fog is so heavy it drips from the sails like a heavy rain. I can easily imagine the forests in Tierra del Fuego, the 'rain forests' where the twigs are always dripping, where mist rises from the dark valleys all the year round, where the tree trunks are overgrown with lichen, and where one sinks knee-deep into a cushion of moss which is wet with slime. Nowhere in the world is there such luxurious and varied moss as in the rain forest of Tierra del Fuego. The whole ship

becomes saturated with fog and we go down to our cabins to sleep.

SUNDAY

I WAS awaked early this morning by the captain's voice calling out in pleased tones, 'Get up. We are at Le Maire Strait.' It is half past seven when I come on deck and Staten Island lies to our left. Even on the map this island looks almost incredible, like a great crab with long claws, many legs, and a jagged tail. I believe that Staten Island has the longest coast line in the world in proportion to its area. Even the Norway coast cannot compare with it. In reality it looks even more fantastic than it does on the map. It seems to be made of ice rather than land. The mountains are precipitous and the valleys look as if they had been cut with a knife, so that the whole island resembles a tremendous splinter of granite. Cape San Diego lies in front of us. On the other side, fourteen miles away, one sees the coast of Tierra del Fuego. It is flat except for three round hills called the Three Brothers.

The sea is so calm that the *Pamir* glides motionless into the strait. The wind has diminished but still comes from the north. It is rather foggy but we can see well enough. The silhouette of the island has assumed a shade of blue like newly cast iron.

About ten o'clock the weather clears and for some minutes the sun shines through the clouds over Staten Island. The island looks as if it were illuminated. I look through the big telescope and never have I gazed on such a scene. The devil himself must live here or else it is the entrance to Hades. Wilder than any

nightmare are these bare, precipitous rocks, gray as old ice, their surfaces worn smooth by the eternal winds. In the hollows snow glistens like bits of flame. The edges of the rocks are steep and their rounded summits resemble the broken pieces of a cannon ball. Their peaks look as high as the Alps but are really only about three thousand feet.

I begin to take moving pictures. It gives me a proud feeling to point my lens at this country that has never been photographed in this way before. Rarely does one see Staten Island in so clear a light and even more rarely does a ship come so close to its shore.

Never has the wild life of the sea been so openly displayed before me. Great schools of porpoises appear in front of us, swimming across the strait. Huge groups of wild geese arise and fly across the island's jagged profile, circling about the ship and then returning to the shore. These visits occur regularly every two or three minutes the whole time we are in the strait. Albatrosses accompany us and also mollemokes, big black sea gulls that sailors call 'pastors.' Swarms of little sea swallows flit across our wake. They are black but their backs and wings look as if they were covered with powdered sugar.

Sea lions swim out from the island close to our vessel. Their bodies are the color of light tobacco and their undulating way of swimming is a continuous process of emerging and submerging that they seem to regard as a form of play. They look at us in astonishment with big, round eyes as if to say, 'What is that?' and then disappear.

Our journey proceeds slowly. We keep heaving the log in the old-

fashioned, primitive way: throwing a piece of wood overboard, and measuring with a stop watch the time it takes us to go past it. The wind shifts more into the west.

Staten Island comes to a point at its southern end in Cape Bartholomew. Its mountains grow more round and suddenly the country becomes flat. Through the telescope it looks as if it were only a few hundred yards away and I can see grass growing on its round hills. In one place there seems to be a forest with tall, bare tree trunks such as we see depicted in books. I feel a great desire to go walking on that island.

In the afternoon we come so close to the coast of Tierra del Fuego that I can take pictures of it. Bell Mountain is the name that mariners have given to the mountain by which they steer and the cape itself is called 'Good Success.' 'Good luck for Cape Horn'—the English always have had a keen sense for good names. About four o'clock we have come even with Cape Bartholomew and Cape Good Success. On a little hill at the base of Cape Bartholomew stands a lighthouse, but there is no residence to be seen. Apparently this is the light that was built after the War and that functions automatically without attention. The barometer remains high. We have a north wind again and pursue our course of south by west with all sails set. If this luck holds with us the end of our journey will soon be in sight. The sun sets, leaving behind it a bright yellow strip that lies between the sea and a thick bank of clouds. We survey the lighthouse on Cape Bartholomew anxiously. It is a poor little light compared to the big lights on the English Channel yet it

gives to all passing ships as great a feeling of security as any light in the world.

MONDAY

CAPE HORN appears before us soft as lamb's wool. I noticed on awakening that we were steering by an even more favorable wind. Then I heard between the splashing and gurgling of the water the sound of the captain's voice singing the 'Netherlands Hymn of Thanksgiving' and I knew that all was well. We see Cape Horn before noon. It lies like a clenched fist in the sea about sixteen miles away from us, looking very strange and threatening. Cape Horn makes a significant impression upon me. I feel depressed, for the air here is heavy and the swell high.

In sixteen hours the glass has fallen twenty millimetres. A light breeze holds until noon, when it quite dies away. Cape Horn looks more threatening than ever. All of us are somewhat nervous. The air is very lowering and the barometer is dropping 'to the cellar,' as the second officer says. Nevertheless, it remains calm.

Our wireless operator gets in touch with a coasting steamer on the other side of Cape Horn and asks for news of the weather and for its barometer reading. The steamer flashes back that it has no barometer on board. Poor little steamer.

Now that evening has arrived it begins to blow from the south south-east. This is not unfavorable, for we can lay our course to the southwest. At night our good luck is quickly snatched away from us. The wind is shifting to south southwest and the highest we can point is west south-

west. That brings us straight to Diego Ramirez, that lies in the path of all ships rounding Cape Horn to the westward. It has no light. The captain remains on deck all night and is restless and nervous.

MARCH 25

The devil take Diego Ramirez. We saw it to-night about three o'clock in the morning between squalls of rain to our starboard side, two faint clumps of rock emerging from a restless sea. The wind still shifts. We cannot pass and everyone must lend a hand. I stand at the tiller, quite unsure of how to steer by the wind instead of by the compass. We go for five hours on the other tack and then come about, firmly believing that we can get past this island, but the wind again shifts and at noon Diego Ramirez comes in view directly ahead of us, once more in an even more unfavorable position than last night since it is now on our port side. We again tack but in the afternoon the wind comes up from the north north-east and we can steer south by west.

The westward journey round Cape Horn can be divided into four stages. The first stage is Le Maire Strait. That we successfully passed through. The second stage is past Diego Ramirez. That is our present position. The third and most difficult portion of the journey is the westward passage to the eightieth parallel of longitude. Here one has to fight against storms from the west and against a strong head current which keeps setting the ship eastward. The fourth leg of the journey involves going from somewhere between the fifty-ninth and sixty-second parallel of latitude northward to the fiftieth parallel.

The quickest journey around Cape Horn ever made by a sailing vessel from the fiftieth parallel of latitude to the same point on the other side took seven days. The record journey in the other direction, which is generally easier, is six days and twenty-two hours.

MARCH 26

CALM. It seems that we are in the centre of a depression area which is moving with us toward the southwest. The barometer stands very low but there must be wind at the edges of this area since the swell is running high. Cape Horn is mocking us. We have partially reefed our sails. The men at the wheel stand watch ready to give the signal to shorten sail when the storm breaks, for according to the barometer a storm must come, though it has not yet arrived.

The Cape Horn sky encloses us like a deep coffin. Big black banks of cloud, incredibly threatening and heavy, rise above us. Their edges are lined with broad white streaks from which rays of the half-concealed sun shoot forth. At the zenith the sky is white with a thick kind of whiteness, almost milky and something like whipped white of egg.

The swell grows higher, the ship creaks and groans, for it is nervous, too. The night is extraordinarily oppressive and the stars look dim. We are sailing with our foresails and mizzen-sails reefed. The wind has come up again and keeps blowing harder.

MARCH 27

Again, contrary to all rules, the storm has failed to break. We find ourselves apparently still in the calm

centre of a depression area. We are in the seventy-first parallel of longitude and there is every reason to believe that we shall soon reach the eightieth.

There was a wonderful light this morning and the whole sky looked like a big paper lantern. The high swell in which we are rolling made the sun play hide and seek behind our masts and sails. I took pictures, keeping my lens constantly pointed at the misty sun so that the sails seemed to be running past the sun. Then I would focus my machine on the ship and it was the sun's turn to move back and forth. This strange, pale light only exists at Cape Horn and ought to look extraordinary in a film.

I was awakened in the night by salt water and splinters of glass flying into my face. My half-broken porthole had smashed in and I had to screw on its steel lid. Icy cold had penetrated the whole ship and had even crept under my woolen blankets. The *Pamir* was lying far over on her port side. I heard the wind howling, not wildly as it does in the English Channel but with a steady pressure, always blowing at the same speed except that its intensity kept gradually increasing. Terrific strength lay in that wind.

When my books and all my other effects fell from their places I arose. I stood on tiptoe and the boat was lying over at such an angle that I could almost touch the floor with my hands. I then clambered over the precipitous floor of my cabin and up the chart-house stairs to the deck.

A weird scene greeted me. The moment I emerged I seemed to run against a wall of hail and spray. The lights of the *Pamir* were surrounded by red and green clouds of water. Above me in the rigging a torn sail

flapped and crackled. There was nobody on deck, for the captain and steersmen and all the crew could be seen aloft clinging to the yards, attempting to shorten sail. The hail burned my skin. My breath came hard. I could not have made my voice heard above this storm and the men aloft were quite silent. Presently I returned below deck and began preparing my moving-picture equipment, since it would grow light at six o'clock. We were steering south southwest, which meant that we were running toward the South Pole and away from our course. The clinometer in the chart house had stopped functioning. It cannot register an angle of more than thirty degrees. About half past six I came on deck again and was at once soaked to the skin by the seas we were shipping. A faint gray light revealed a devastated deck, tangled rigging and tackle, tattered sails flapping against the masts, and reefed sails white with snow. Both watches were on deck, looking exhausted and played out. Their hands and faces were bluish gray with cold and they were dressed strangely to protect themselves from the cold. Some of them had wrapped blankets around themselves under their oilskins. One had tied about his waist a light blue woolen shirt which hung down over his legs. Another wore an elegant black coat under his short yellow oilskin.

I began to take pictures and after I had reeled off twenty-five yards my fingers were so stiff that I could not hold the camera any longer so I rubbed my hands together and sprinkled a little whiskey on them from my flask.

Gradually the wind abated and our larger sails were set again. During this process avalanches of ice and snow

fell on the deck and the captain's dog barked and played with the icicles. At sunset we were steering southwest but at seven o'clock we veered around to the northwest. The barometer was still 'in the cellar' and the captain prophesied a southwest storm of hurricane proportions. We had reached the seventy-second parallel of longitude and the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude and had now spent eight days at Cape Horn.

FRIDAY

INSTEAD of a hurricane a dead flat calm has fallen overnight. The *Pamir* is rolling so heavily that great masses of water are breaking over both sides. Nevertheless, I sleep soundly and hear in a dream the bottles in my medicine chest sliding about and the sound of breaking china in the pantry.

SATURDAY

A quiet morning. Our course is southwest. The wind is westward and the barometer very low. Most of our sails are reefed for fear of a sudden storm. About one o'clock a severe squall sets in and both watches come on deck. Mainsail, foresail, crossjack, and upper topsail are taken in. In the afternoon we veer to the northwest again. The ocean is seething and a storm brewing. The sun breaks through the threatening clouds, shedding a wonderful light. That is typical of this region: a few minutes before a squall begins the sun breaks through for a few seconds.

SUNDAY

The light here is a constant source of amazement to me; the finest fire-

works in the world are nothing compared to the sky around Cape Horn. We are still tacking against this eternal northwest wind. Twice a day we come about and on each occasion both watches are on deck. What we gain to windward we lose by reason of a head current—a process that has been going on for ten days now.

MONDAY

I awoke to realize that the ship was leaning far to starboard and came on deck at six o'clock. Everything was transformed and all the crew wore happy expressions. We have a southwest wind and are steering northwest with all sails set.

Evening. The wind has become a storm. The *Pamir* is sailing splendidly and is heading southwest under its topgallant sails. She is tipping as much as if she were a yacht and seas are breaking over the deck. All the wire rigging is singing in the wind.

TUESDAY EVENING

I think I know what a hurricane is now, but I am almost too exhausted to write. When it began at about five o'clock the sea was so white that the ship looked as if she were packed in cotton wool. The next thing that happened was quite different from anything I have ever been able to imagine, although I have sailed the seas for six years. Deep silence and strange stillness. That is the essence of a hurricane.

The sea stands still. It is a mountain range with high peaks and deep valleys cut out of steel. It looks like a landscape when the snow is melting. On the peaks of the mountains lie white glaciers and in the valleys there are thin streaks of foaming torrents of

snow. Only the ship moves and its motions are utterly strange. It glides about like butter in a frying pan.

I stand glued to the wall of the chart house. Although I do not move about at all it requires all my energies merely to remain alive. The ship often tips at an angle of forty-five degrees or more. I do not believe that I am exaggerating when I say this. If I try to walk I am propelled like a shot all over the place, from corner to corner. The ship roars as if there were a hundred lions in its masts but the roar is so loud that it is deafening and gives the effect of complete stillness. It is so natural for the sea to keep breaking over the boat that I do not even wonder at it any more. The ship takes mighty buffetings like a defeated boxer and then stands still and quivers. It suffers like a man in pain.

Ropes have been strung at right angles across the deck, for if the sea picks up a man who has no support it beats him to a jelly. There is nothing but cold food to eat, for everything in the kitchen is topsy-turvy. The stove at first poisoned the air with coal gas and then, thank heaven, went out. No stove can burn during a hurricane, for a hurricane cuts off the air, paradoxical as that may seem.

THURSDAY

The hurricane has abated. This morning we all thought that our little pigs had been drowned in their stall but they are still alive, though very wet and unhappy. All our equipment is soaking wet. The crew has no more dry berths and no more dry clothes. All their faces look old. The hurricane has driven us back fifty miles to the northeast.

The flush of an international tennis victory has not blinded all Frenchmen to the fact that sport is only part of life—not the whole of it. A timely essay with a moral for all countries.

Sport *for* Sport's *Sake*

By EDMOND JALOUX

Translated from *Le Temps*
Paris Semi-Official Daily

ONCE MORE THE Davis Cup remains in our hands. It was a great victory, which, naturally enough, has caused infinite rejoicing among our tennis players, and our satisfaction has been all the greater because the competition was so keen and because Tilden, the American champion, showed admirable skill, vigor, and style. But a desire has been expressed to transform this happy event into a triumph on the part of the French nation. This seems to me a most dangerous tendency. To-morrow or the next day, America may well recapture the Davis Cup, in which case we shall be obliged to register a defeat for France. Furthermore, since each match has a constantly growing tendency to excite all the competing countries, national honor will be compromised in every tennis reversal, every lost bicycle race, every failure

at track athletics. Formerly that did not take place except when a frontier was violated, a treaty broken, or when the dey of Algiers flicked his fan. Thus we find ourselves asking whether countries cannot play each other politely without involving their honor and without threatening world peace.

But, you say, we have not yet reached that condition. Wait a moment. The condemnation of the French athlete, Cuvelier, has not been devoid of consequences and one of our deputies has just demanded that as soon as our compatriot is acquitted our sport societies shall refuse to enter into relations with German sporting societies. In short, this episode shows quite clearly how bicycle riders or football players tend to become the official representatives of their nation. Shall we witness the day when the