

before we turn the corner off Cape San Roque in South America, we will have travelled eastward nearly 40 degrees of longitude from 74° E. to almost 34° E. and we will have dropped to 6° below the Equator.

FIFTH DAY—This is the life! The live wire spirits in the Coffee Delegation have organized the Gin Tonic Club which meets 11:30 mornings in the Smoke Room. All kinds of deck games are being promoted by a sports committee. The swimming pool is well patronized. There are movies, horse racing, dancing or bridge parties every night; also Keno or Bidou, "for them as likes 'em." Being an overcast day I found time to read Somerset Maugham's, for me, long neglected "Painted Veil," as also his altogether delightful series of sketches entitled, "On a Chinese Screen." The ship's run was 374 miles. This, from Barry Cornwall, fits today's mood:

"The Sea! The Sea! The open Sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies."

SIXTH DAY—By noon today, after a run of 368 miles, the ship's track chart showed our position to be about opposite Barbados and the Windward Islands. The temperature holds at 76° and I have started Sinclair Lewis' "Work of Art."

SEVENTH DAY—This boat's a forthright craft in which to sail a summer sea. Again dipping into Kipling:

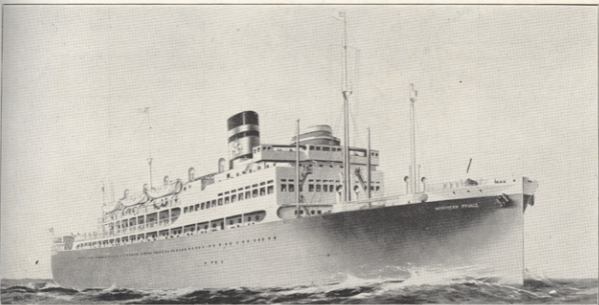
"Her plates are scarred by the Sun, dear lass,  
And her ropes are taut with the dew;

For we're booming down on the old trail, our  
own trail, the out trail,  
We're sagging south on the Long Trail, the  
trail that is always new."

That's the marvel of it. This skipper and his navigator assistants seem to have an intimate knowledge of every square foot of ocean between the eastern and the western hemispheres. They can lay a course and make a given point without varying so much as a hair's breadth—or so it seems to me after spending some time in the chart room off the bridge today. Tonight the Southern Cross arose in all her brilliance to welcome us to her hemisphere. On deck there was a colorful costume ball. Acting as one of five judges I shall probably be cordially disliked by all the non-winners for the remainder of the voyage. Today's log read 358 miles.

EIGHTH DAY—The Long Trail is leading us far from the madding crowd, and there are only the wireless bulletins posted each day to remind us that the landlubbers and their doings matter a hoot. Also we are discovering a new world, for places like Cape Town, Lima, Santiago, and Buenos Aires begin to appear in the news and we are finding them much more important than New York and Washington. However, the baseball scores still pursue us. The day's run of 375 miles places us in line with the Guianas, although we've had no glimpse of the land since we left Bermuda. We are now in the so-called doldrums.

What a world of water! Sometimes it's blue, darkly blue. Again, it's purple, turquoise; but always eloquent, even in its calmest moods. Of course, it speaks a varied language, but ever it seems to call out the best that humans have to give,



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