

Log of the Yacht Hawaii

(Continued from last issue.)

Monday, July 6.—Today has been very much brighter in every way. We have had some wind, the sun has shone and the joyous sound of real laughter has been heard aboard, the first since we started.

I have just come below and the wonderful glamor of the night is still on me. The sky is quite clear, a steel-blue dome in the very center of which hangs a crescent moon. From the west, where the sunset still leaves a brightening haze on the horizon, comes a soft breeze, whispering encouragement and rippling the sea into a million mirrors that dancingly reflect the moon above. The yacht herself seems affected by the night. She seems more alive and dips with a graceful movement to the slight swells as though she would look her best and fittingly mark the only signs of life in the midst of so much placid beauty. "Give me only a little wind," she says, "and I will show you such a dance as would shame the rhythmic movements of Nautch girl, gipsy or houri."

At midnight a light breeze crept through the fog and, by daylight, we were out of sight of Clemente. Captain Harris shot the sun at 5 o'clock and again at noon. The result was highly satisfactory. Lat. 32 deg. 4 min. N., long. 119 deg. 36 min. W. which showed that we were 125 miles out from San Pedro.

We have had some wind all day long and now it is freshening. If this keeps up we should hit the trades tomorrow.

YACHT'S DOCTOR PRACTICES MEDICINE.

There have been two noteworthy incidents aboard today. The captain cheered up sufficiently to play cribbage and Ray remembered that he had the key of the medicine chest. Judging by the cribbage we are certainly going to beat the Lurline. Unwillingly I took the latter yacht while the skipper of course took the Hawaii. I started off with a rush by winning two games. That was supposed to represent the first day. After that the Hawaii jumped in the lead and the Lurline was left with the score 5 to 3 and one "Chicago."

Bill, Ray and I share the after-cabin. Bill and Ray use the port berth as they are in separate watches. I, lucky mortal, sleep away in the starboard berth when I feel like it. In my capacity of official correspondent I am not supposed to stand watch. This morning I asked Ray what a large mahogany chest contained. "That," he replied, "is the medicine chest and, by the way, I have the key." Thereupon he opened the chest to admire the contents and was suddenly taken with a violent ambition to practice medicine.

"Jack," he said, "you have been sick and I am sure that you need fixing up. See, here is quinine, phenacetin and calomel. I think I will prescribe all three for you." I respectfully declined and was only able to satisfy him by taking two soda mint tablets which I religiously swallowed and said that I felt much better.

That started him off. The next victim was the steward. Him, he cornered in the galley and pressed a large dose of quinine on his unwilling patient. Before supper time he had all the crew suffering from different maladies. Charlie had tonsillitis. Al showed signs of chicken pox. Daniel had gastritis and I was thinking seriously of operating on Harry for appendicitis with my new sheath knife. Everybody succumbed to his blandishments except Bill. But he pleaded so hard, with tears in his eyes, begging Bill to save himself from the awful attack of myopia that was ravaging his vitals that, finally, the latter took the prescribed dose.

Twenty minutes later I heard awful groans in the after-cabin. I looked in and found Bill writhing on the bunk. "Are you sick Bill?" I cried in consternation. "Sick," he belatedly, "sick? No. Only that darned would-be doctor has doped me up with kill-quack, that's all." I looked at the bottle whence Ray had taken the dose. It was labeled "Ipecac."

The following rhapsody I think is appropriate:

Now Raymond, would a doctor be
He dosed the crew relentlessly
Each had a different malady
"I'll cure you every one," said he,
"For I'm the good ship's doctor."

Chorus:
"I'll feel your pulse, put out your tongue
Now, let me tap your starboard lung.
Your liver has begun to swell,
Come, take this dose 'twill make you well."
He dosed the crew with might and main
"You're very sick," said he, "That's plain."
He might have done it all again
Save that our William yelled in pain
"Slay me that pesky doctor."

Chorus:
They squeezed his pulse, they pulled
His tongue
They jumped upon his starboard lung;
His eyes and nose begin to swell
"Twill be a week ere he is well."

THE CAPTAIN TURNS POET.

Tuesday, July 7.—It has been foggy all day but we have had more of a breeze than we have seen yet and have made 125 miles from noon yesterday to noon today. Lat. 30 deg. 20 min. N., long. 119 deg. 54 min. W. There is no sign of the trade winds so far but there is almost a spanking breeze this evening and we are logging nearly 8 knots. The night is thick but there is a charm about it not found in the calm beauty of last night. The singing of the wind in the rigging has a cheery echo in our hearts and we are happier than we have been for three days. If this keeps up we must surely hit the trades tomorrow and then the square sail and raffe set and the log spinning merrily to the tune of eleven knots an hour.

I seem to have inoculated everybody aboard with the rhyming virus. This afternoon Bill was at the wheel, the captain walking on the overhang, Ray sleeping peacefully in "Seaman's Home" and I seated in the cockpit at peace with all the world. Bill was grieved about Deep-sleep Daniel. "Say," he complained, "to get that kid to do anything you have to prod in between the sleeps." This started the captain

who began to jingle. He was followed by Bill and, of course, I had to come in. After a time some method made its appearance. The captain started a line. Bill came in with the second and I produced a third. This is the result: I sat in the cabin at lunch one day. I finished and asked for some more. "Oh, Daniel," I said, "please bring me some bread."

But the only reply was a snore.

Chorus:
Oh, Deep-sleep Dan, such a tired little man
He yawns when he passes you the cream
When he's sweeping up the floor
You can hear the beggar snore
For he's walking and he's talking in a dream.

THE HAWAII IN A BREEZE.

Wednesday, July 8.—Lat. 29 deg. 02 min. N., long. 123 deg. 52 min. W. Distance 170 miles. And that is very much more encouraging. 170 miles for the day's run with only twelve hours of steady wind and our sheets hauled aft all the time. Between 8 and 8:30 a. m. we made exactly 4 1/2 miles so that, if the wind had held, we should have been making 9 miles an hour all day.

I have felt the first real encouragement today since we started. Prognostications have been so pessimistical aboard that I have been forced to take the cheerful side and argue learnedly with the others. It all depends on what luck the other yachts have had. If they ran into a good north wester while we were becalmed off Clemente Island, then they have a good day's start of us and it seems impossible that we can make it up. If, however, we are on fairly even terms, I feel certain of victory.

We have not yet reached the trades (7:30 p. m.) but the wind is gradually hauling and we have our sheets slightly started. This morning I saw her in a decent breeze for the first time and I was greatly impressed with her manner of going through it. There is no trace of diving forward and aft her wake is as clean as a mill race. Under the lee counter where one usually finds a hump of water, the sea is quite level and the clean sweep of her rife holds back not so much as a pint. This leads me to believe that when we do get a good breeze over the quarter with her square sail and kites set, she will be extraordinarily fast. Even though the other yachts be ahead a hundred miles, if we can hold a strong north easter into Honolulu, I believe we can catch them up.

We had a few little choruses on deck during the second dog-watch. Bill, Ray, Harry and I. My voice resembles a rusty fog horn, but I know enough to hold the tune and can bluff out a bass in great shape. A very effective one was "Swing round sweet westerly" to the tune of

"Swing low sweet chariot" then
One, two, three, four
There's wind but I wish there were
more

Ein, zwel, drel, vier
The outlook is rather drear
Yip, see, sam, see
Join in the chorus with me
Some captains are deft
But they often get left
And they won't be one, two or three.
The metre is a trifle ragged, but our voices are nothing if not plastic and we easily made it fit in.

I was awakened about 4:30 this morning by a loud order to "Douse the mainsail." I trundled out on deck expecting to find the ravages of some sudden disaster. Fortunately it was only the block of the main topsail sheet that had given way. This had been made fast to the end of the gaff by a wire seizing which had chafed through. I saw a fine exhibition of sailmaking when Captain Harris jumped on the boom and, with both spars swaying crazily, hammered off the old wire and put in a shackle almost before I knew he had left the deck. Six minutes was the elapsed time between the giving of the order to douse and the word "choy" on the peak purchase. That, I think you will agree, was "going some."

Harry, the happy, husky and harmless one is the first real instance I have ever seen of a man being literally as broad as he is long, added to which he is perfectly circular and has a delicious German accent. Today he was narrating his experiences ashore and kept us in roars of laughter. The funniest of all was his description of a ride in Mr. Waterhouse's auto. Harry climbed into the tonneau and sat on one of the swivel chairs so as to show as much of himself as possible. He had a twenty-five cent cigar which he wore unlighted for fear it would burn away too soon and spoil the effect. "Den I trowed out my chest and vaved at all de girls ve passed, and dey vaved back at me. Say, I vould haf gif twenty dollars to haf all my friends dere to see me." A past performance of mine seems very appropriate:

"What, ho, my lads we're going to board
A rummy looking craft
With the engine under the fo'c'stle hatch
And the smoke stack out abaft.
There ain't no rudder on this ship
Though she steers with a kind of wheel
And a flat-bottomed scow she must be
I guess
For I see that she has no keel.
We'll climb aboard the after deck
A roomy sort of place
But there seems to be something missing here
For I see she has no main brace.
And, if there's no main brace aboard
Nor nautical device,
How can we show these lubbers all
A proper main brace splice.
Full speed ahead, now port your helm
She answers, round we go
Steady, steady, astarboard there
Hey, signal down, "Go slow."

Say, every time she strikes a sea,
She shakes from truck to keel,
We're off to sea in a crazy craft
They call an "ottermoel."

A GOOD DAY'S RUN.

Thursday, July 9.—Lat. 28 deg. 46 min. N., long. 127 deg. 21 min. W. Distance 190 miles. And that is very fine business considering that the wind has been none too steady and has not veered to the N. E. All last night we

AS IT SHOULD BE.

The Trill of the Tireless Trades:
"From the dreary north to the sunny south
Neath a blue and cloudless sky
We ruffle in glee the rippling sea.
As merrily we fly:
All sailors hail our favoring gale
And cheer as we pass them by."

AS IT IS.
The Troll of the Trifling Trades:
"With a leaden, sultry sky above
And a sleepy sea below,
No trouble we'll take, only half awake,
To get out of bed and blow.
Those yachtsmen all may whistle and call
To a very hot place they can go."

THE FIRST OF THE TRADE WINDS.

Saturday, July 11.—Lat. 27 deg. 58 min. N., long. 133 deg. 33 min. W. Distance 153. Another fall down in distance but the winds have been very light and variable and we can only hope that the others have been in the same way.

But tonight, oh Joy, we have the real trades. Blowing from due north it is true, but booming into the sails comfortably abaft the beam and taking the good yacht along at a fine speed. It was not till after 4 o'clock this afternoon that it began to breeze up, yet the log shows 35 miles for the two dog watches and the wind is freshening. Provided the Lurline has the same wind we have a distinct advantage over her in that she can not carry her spinnaker while our square sail is pulling like a steam hoist. Of course the Lurline has a big balloon but I am inclined to believe that, with all its size, it can not do the work of our well-fitting square sail and raffe.

Today the high drowsy fog gave place to loose scuds of vapor that whirled and faunted over the sea. The sun came out early and soon had the fog dried up except for a few wreaths that twisted and twined in their efforts to escape the destroying warmth. During the morning the wind was very light but early in the afternoon, a few tentative puffs ruffled the water and brought more scurrying fog clouds. Soon after the watch was changed at 4 o'clock a steady wind was blowing from the north and now we are scudding along before a twelve to fourteen knot breeze. The captain announces that he feels certain the wind will freshen yet more and probably hold for the rest of the way. May his words be true.

MORE THAN ONE KIND OF RAZOR ABOARD.

This was cheat-barber day. Nearly everybody aboard shaved, even Sam. I believe I started the ball rolling by performing my tonsorial operation joyfully and openly in the cock-pit. I heard the captain call for hot water and then Harry began to rub his hand over the luxuriant growth on his chin and ask about the comparative merits of safety and other razors. He borrowed Ray's Gillette and retired to industriously-mow the seven days' crop. Charlie joined the bucket brigade this morning and his initiation into the ranks of the "next to godly" was not complete without a shave. Then I saw

Sam seated on the deck near the fore hatch. He was sharpening his pocket knife and anon would test the edge tenderly on the back of his hand. Presently, he disappeared below and returned in about half an hour with a smooth face and a smile that told of a great accomplishment. Yes we are a very clean shaven lot tonight and the newly-arrived trade winds can not find a single stray whisker to blow through.

THE WIND FALLS LIGHT.

Sunday, July 12.—Lat. 27 deg. 27 min. N., long. 135 deg. 23 min. W. Distance 161 miles.

In the language of the vernacular—"Stung again." Last night everything was as merry as a chime of wedding bells and the light of hope rekindled burned brightly in our hearts. But today sheu, that light has gone out and we have been wallowing in the doldrums of dull despair.

The wind petered out shortly after midnight and the smooth sea and light breeze were just made to order for our three rivals. Eight days out and not half way home. In all those days there have not been twelve consecutive hours of healthy breeze and it now seems certain that the other light weather yachts will slip easily in ahead of us. Tonight it is breezing up again and the log is reeling off 9 knots every hour, but the sky is leaden and loggy and all signs point to more disappointment tomorrow.

I wonder what can be the matter with the trade winds? Instead of the clear sky and steady stream of wind I expected, we have dull, cloudy skies and wind that comes, either in gentleephyra, or miserable little attempts at squalls that would not deceive a land lubber. This then for the trade winds:

AS IT SHOULD BE.

The Trill of the Tireless Trades:
"From the dreary north to the sunny south
Neath a blue and cloudless sky
We ruffle in glee the rippling sea.
As merrily we fly:
All sailors hail our favoring gale
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AS IT IS.
The Troll of the Trifling Trades:
"With a leaden, sultry sky above
And a sleepy sea below,
No trouble we'll take, only half awake,
To get out of bed and blow.
Those yachtsmen all may whistle and call
To a very hot place they can go."

THE HAWAII PROVES EASY 'TO JIBE.

Monday, July 13.—Lat. 26 deg. 48 min. N., long. 139 deg. 24 min. W. Distance 153 miles.

Considering that the wind has been dead aft all day and quite light, also that there has been a mean sea to joggle her round and make her yaw, we have not done so badly. The moon changes tonight and it looks as though this were going to bring us more wind. Tonight the sky has broken up and the moon peers in between rapidly moving clouds.

We have had quite a little excitement tonight. Just after eight bells (8 p. m.) had struck, the captain gave the order to take in the foresail and foretopmast and set the lee side of the square sail. No sooner was this done than all hands were called on deck for a jibe. Then it was that I appreciated physically what I have already stated theoretically, that the Hawaii can be jibed quickly and with a minimum of work.

While the others were hauling out the square sail, Sam and I shifted the two preventer back stays and then all we had to do was take in the slack of the main sheet and ease the boom over with the boom tackle when the helm was put up. The whole thing took less than two minutes and was as easy as the proverbial rolling off a log.

What a difference if we had had a huge spinnaker and balloon jibe to manipulate. First of all we must have doused the balloon, always a mean job and particularly so in the sea that is running. Then the spinnaker must come in and the long boom be unshipped and shifted over. Then, after the mainsail is jibed, the light sails must be hoisted again on opposite sides. Considering that we jibed back in about ten minutes you can appreciate what a tremendous amount of time and labor was saved by the square rigging.

This jibing business is an unpleasant necessity in a race. Of course, it would be easy to hold a point or so of luff but this would take us off our course and the straight line to Honolulu is the one we must follow, no

matter how the wind shifts. The wind has been steadier today than any time yet and if it holds as it is now in force and shifts just a trifle over our quarter (and this is all very probable), we shall be off Diamond Head in five days. What we shall find there is on the knees of the gods. Every fresh puff of wind fans into life the spark of hope that dwindles to nothing with such calm. At any rate we are better off than the watchers at Diamond Head, for we have work to do and they can only wait.

I found an additional spur to hope tonight. It comes from noticing the marvelous steadiness of the yacht in the water. On deck, especially if one looks aloft, she seems to be rolling and pitching mercilessly. Down below I am writing at the table almost as comfortable as though we were at anchor. There is just a slight swaying movement but not enough to joggle the dishes against the fiddles on the table. Now this means that most of her movement is on the pendulum order, that she is swinging easily on her center of gravity. The main "power" of the yacht has only one movement and that is forward. I am not technically adept enough to express well what I mean, but those of you who are will understand and those who are not will please take my word for it that here is an especially good point about the Hawaii.

The steward made some delicious cookies today. He calls them tea cakes. They are shaped something like cheese cakes with a very high rim and they taste like Scotch short bread with the delicate flavor of a sponge cake. To my certain knowledge Ray has consumed seven of them and I am not far behind.

FULL MOON AT SEA.

I was just going to jingle about those cakes but give it up for I have just been on deck to read the log. As I poked my head above the companion way the beauty of the night fell on me almost with a shock. The rising wind had blown away the leaden curtain of clouds and the sky was clear save for a few flying, whirling wreaths of vapor and a black bank of rain clouds on the western horizon. The moon sailed majestically in a sky of the deepest, warmest blue I have ever seen, lighting the world with her silver rays and turning the crest of each following wave to shimmering molten metal. The sea all around was but a shade deeper than the sky and through it all the little yacht fairly danced over the water. The Hawaii had suddenly come to life. So far she has been as one only half awake, going through the water drowsily yet rather sulkily. But tonight there is teeming, singing life in every line of her sails, in every rope and spar and every graceful lift of her dainty hull. Standing there on the after deck it seemed to me that I was in a dream in which God was showing me the most beautiful works of his own and man's hands. Everywhere was the most perfect poetry of light, of sound and of movement. And so I came below to try and tell of it and wonder at the goodness of things out here in the realm of our green girdled mother ocean.

ALL HOPE LEAVES THE HAWAII.

Tuesday, July 14.—Lat. 26 deg. 15 min. N., long. 142 deg. 7 min. W. Distance 150 miles.

Hope is dead—altogether dead—and reverently slipped over the side to a watery grave. In its place is the certainty of a bad defeat. I feel almost happy. It is, after all, uncertainty that is always so racking and, now that there is no possibility of our coming in even second, we can only wait while disappointment is dulled to heavy callousness.

The wind has been dead aft all day, just a moderate breeze, about the same as on July 9 when we made 190 miles almost on the wind. But the Hawaii is sleepy. There is no get up and get about her and she wallows along as though she had till Christmas to reach Honolulu.

It is practically certain that the wind will continue as it is the rest of the way and the most we can look for is a bare 150 miles for each twenty-four hours' run. With nearly 900 miles yet to go this will land us off Diamond Head some time on Monday, the 26th; sixteen days after leaving San Pedro. In this breeze, dead aft, the Lurline is merrily logging 8 to 9 miles an hour and the other two are probably doing nearly as well. We are making about 6 1/4, sometimes not as much as that. If the wind had elected to blow over the quarter and blow hard, there would still have been a remote chance, but there is nothing doing in that line and now it is only a matter of how long after the others we shall finish.

CONSTANT JIBING TO HOLD THE COURSE.

Wednesday, July 15.—Lat. 25 deg. 33 min. N., long. 145 deg. 04 min. W. Distance 165 miles.

It is heart-breaking to think of those watchers out on Diamond Head, waiting there and peering into the night for a sight of a rocket while we are still seven hundred miles away. Well, there is nothing to be gained by brooding over it, so from now on I shall try and keep this log as cheerful as possible.

The wind continues dead aft and periodical jibes have been the result. The captain figured out very carefully on the chart whether it would be worth while to keep her off sufficiently to take the wind over the quarter and found that it would not pay. So we keep off one-half a point on the port jibe for a watch, then change over and do the same on the starboard jibe for the next watch. (Yes, "jibe" is the right word here. "Tack" when you are on the wind and "jibe" when running free).

A piece of clumsiness nearly cost me the loss of a few fingers today. I was manning the boom tackle during a jibe and failed to get a turn on the pin quickly enough. Result—loss of most of the skin from one finger and very lucky at that. Here was a fine chance for a go at the medicine chest and, with Daniel's aid, I made use of antiseptics, gauze and instruments galore, not to mention the insurance case from which I selected three different sizes of shears with which to cut away the skin. I looked longingly at the surgical needles, but there was nothing deep enough to sew up. I have not yet lost all hope that somebody will break a bone or cut an artery so that I can use

the tourniquet and delightful three-cornered bandages. Sam has refused to sustain any further volens, so I must wait until it happens nofens.

There is one optimist aboard, believe in our ultimate victory impossible to shake. Sam only shakes his head when we that we have already lost. "No," says, "I know we win," and then smile gurgles into a little spluttering laugh.

Smiling Sam, the Sanguine Sailor. On watch above or watch below No matter what the weather A smile all full of hope—and Sam Are always seen together.

The log may show a poor day's run The wind around us falling; Sam merrily smiles, as who would say, "To victory we're sailing."

When Sam is standing at the wheel His sunny smile can cheer you out And, as he smiles, we somehow know To victory he'll steer us.

TWO HOURS OF FRESH BREEZE.

Thursday, July 16.—Lat. 24 deg. 10 min. N., long. 148 deg. 17 min. W. Distance 180 miles.

Tonight I can say with all sincerity and in all reverence "Name divine" I have seen the Hawaii in a real breeze and it was worth waiting for. It was worth the weary days of plodding as it almost makes up for losing the race.

For two long, glorious, intoxicating hours the wind blew twenty miles an hour this morning and, as I stood on the deck, I recognized a new bell just as on the night of the full moon but more so in the daylight a stronger breeze. Oh, but she is alive, and she was proud of it. I'll tell you she has been always a finely self-satisfied in a sleep, but today she sang for the pleasure of living and every rise of the wind and saucy dip of her stern, saw awaying rush of her booms, foam-water were but graceful movements of her light, swift dance over the main.

It was after breakfast just four hours that the wind began to rise. At eight o'clock and at the half past eight another log run had made a mile and three quarters. Then the captain brought up his log and we timed the miles.

Five after mile was reeled off in minutes and by ten o'clock we had made 23 1/2 miles. Then the wind steadied to about 15 miles and the Hawaii wall dropped back to her former listlessness and a grudging 9 miles hour.

But during those two hours she was a joy for ever. It was astounding to watch her ride the huge rollers that towered threateningly over her stern only to lift her with a graceful swing and rush angrily on ahead, frothing with rage at the mockery of their power. Not once did she take water over the stern and her bowprit was never within three feet of the waves. Her balance in a sea is something to marvel at. She rolled, of course, but she did so with a timely swaying movement that shook no wind from her sails and there was not a crazy motion in her or in any part of her. If only the wind had been on the quarter instead of dead aft, there is no saying what speed she might have made. But that is not to be apparently, and we can only be thankful that we have a steady breeze and have seen the Hawaii in her glory.

DANIEL FALLS ASLEEP AT THE WRONG TIME.

The ship's clock had just struck four bells this morning and I was wondering lazily whether to turn out or snooze for another hour, when I heard the captain give the order to lower the mainsail. That decided me and I stayed in my berth, for ropes are very much non grata with me until my fingers have regained their accustomed covering of skin. There was much running to and fro and some shouting from which last I gathered that the topsail sheet had carried away. Then I heard the captain shout: "Slack away Dan!" then "Let go of that rope there, let go!" and "Now get below and stay there." Daniel trickled down the companion way. It seems that Daniel had been a dazed snatcher an instant or two of wakefulness in the early morning sunlight. Vaulting ambition urged him to help when the sheet was being reeved, but that same ambition, said he, overleaped itself and fell with a bang on the other side. Daniel got tangled up with a clove hitch around him and immediately fell into a deep sleep. Prompt action saved him from being carried to the end of the swaying gaff, but Daniel does not think he would like to be a sailor.

A GLORIOUS DAY.

Friday July 17, lat. 23.45 N. long. 151.45 W., distance 200 miles.

Here we are thirteen days out on noon today and still 370 miles from Diamond Head. The wind is holding strong and steady, however, and that 370 should be less than two days run, so we may expect to be at anchor some time Sunday afternoon.

This has been a glorious day. For a couple of passing showers' sun has shone brightly and the northeast wind has boomed up behind in great shape. The wind always dies at the advent of rain clouds, but with these interruptions we have up a good average and I look for at least 250 miles by the log and at 225 by the chart for the day's ending at noon tomorrow.

The sea has come up considerably today and is now almost quartering us, so that the Hawaii rolls more than she has before and writing is a matter of some difficulty.

Just after supper we were congregated round the companionway hatch on the weather side. A sprightly little roller saw its opportunity and splashed merrily against her counter and then on to the deck wetting us all very thoroughly. Running before the wind, as we have been, the most water we have taken aboard has been a little dip over her stern. We were entirely unprepared and the confusion resultant on the shower bath was laughable in the extreme.

This will be about all tonight as writing is very strenuous exercise.

THE LAST NIGHT AT SEA.

Saturday, July 18.—Lat. 22 deg. 16 min. N., long. 154 deg. 46 min. W. Distance 188 miles.

So this is the last night aboard the Hawaii! That is unless the unforeseen happens, for we were a scant

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