

The Glass Ship

Evening Telegram—St. John's, Newfoundland—Mystery of Missing Explorer Solved—Diary Found by Fisherman.

Joseph Brown, a Gloucester fisherman, found a bottle in his net while fishing off the Grand Banks today. Little realizing its contents, he threw the bottle on the deck of the ship where it broke open, revealing a few yellow slips of paper. Investigation showed that these pieces of paper were sheets from the diary of the long lost explorer, Dr. Gustav Stephenson. These papers show that Dr. Stephenson has passed to his reward, but not without telling the world of his great battle for life. We believe that the following extracts from the diary which has been found will prove interesting to our readers.

November 19, '19. The intense cold is wearing us out. Only three hundred miles to go. Olaf, my guide, and the only other surviving member is on the verge of collapse. He has a racking cough.

November 21. Olaf is worse. He has, as I feared, a frost-bitten lung. He cannot live long under these conditions. We have reached the edge of the floe-ice at last. Only two hundred and fifty miles to Greenland—and aid. Olaf prays daily for a ship, and I dare not tell him that none come this far North in November. Our supply of food is very low.

November 25. I buried Olaf in the ice this morning. He kept up hope until the last but the struggle was too much for him. It will be only a short time now until I too will die. Last night Olaf refused his food, saying that I could use it to more advantage. God rest his soul! He died as he had lived—A true Viking!

November 29. If my calculations are correct I am now seventy miles from Greenland. My food gave out three days ago. I have been gnawing a sealskin boot for two days, but my stomach cannot stand the strain. I doubt if I shall last another twenty-four hours. It exhausts me to write this—but if it were not for my diary I should go mad. At times I think I *am* mad.

November 30. At last the end is near, and I feel that this is my last day on earth—or ice. Sometimes I feel that I *am* going insane. As I write this I can clearly see a ship approaching. I *know* I am going mad. The ship

is lowering a boat—it is coming towards me—God God ! I am not dreaming; it is real.—But no ! Just as the sailor in the bow of the boat reaches for the ice floe with a boat hook—the whole fantasy disappears. I shout for them to wait—I run to the edge of the floe—but there is no boat, no sailors, nothing but the cold, grey, dreary ocean. My mind has been wandering. No ! It is not *my* mind. It is you, diary. You have deceived me. *You*, my faithless friend, placed the image before my eyes.—For this, I shall torture you ! I, Dr. Gustav Stephenson, weary, hungry, and about to die will torture my diary. Hungry ? Ah ! That is fine. I shall *eat* my wretched diary. Ha ! Ha !—No, you wicked little book, I have a better punishment for you. I shall put you in a little bottle—I shall send you forth on the cruel, cold waters in a glass ship ! And you will vanish over the dreary water. Like that other ship, you will vanish. And then, after I have sent you away from me, you who have deceived me, I shall stretch my body in this soft, warm snow, and I shall sleep, sleep; for I am tired. —F.C., '36.



Ocean

Oh vast, Oh boundless Ocean, wild and free !
 Untamed by age, thy fierce, unbridled tide
 Yields not to man nor mortal's empty pride—
 Almighty is the hand that governs thee.
 Oh how I love to watch thy waves in glee
 And o'er their smiling tufted crests to glide
 And love the more, in raging storm, to ride
 The surging billows on thy foamy lea.
 Though now so far from childhood's happy ways
 On quiet eves I hear, in fancy, still,
 Thy distant rumble on my native shore;
 Then comes a yearning for those by gone days,
 And all impatiently I wait until
 You waft me back to home and friends once more.

—D.S.M., '34