

They would stake their lives if they were able, boys.
 Amundsen, again,
 Looks at these two men,
 Shakes his head and sadly goes to bed, boys.*



A LIVELY GAME OF CARDS

(From a Photograph)

Sverdrup, Blessing, Hansen, and our Mohn,† boys,
 Say of "marriage," "This game is our own," boys;
 Soon for them, alas!
 The happy hour is past;
 And Hansen he says, "Come away, old Mohn!" boys.
 "It is getting late,
 And the stars won't wait,
 You and I must up and out alone," boys.

* Refers to the fact that Amundsen hated card-playing more than anything else in the world. He called cards "the devil's playbooks."

† Nickname of our meteorologist, Johansen, Professor Mohn being a distinguished Norwegian meteorologist.