



FRANCIS M. RENNER

at the wheel trying to keep her straight, with the booming of the wind and the occasional crash from aloft as a sail blew out, Pamir tore away south with a huge wave of foam at her bow as her speed increased. Wildly she swung from side to side as huge seas swept up behind, lifting her up, roaring past and disappearing into the inky blackness of the night.

"Let go everything! Let go everything!" roared the captain. It was all we could do. Then she ran under bare poles. Still the wind increased. The ship reared and rolled, dipping down, down, into the huge hollows of the sea, only to be flung up, up, twisting and turning with the dreadful pressure of the wind. For a while it seemed she couldn't live; then came a squall which came shrieking over the sea, driving her under. Pamir could run no longer. She turned her shoulder to the wind. The huge foresail gave one shake and was gone—2700 square feet of canvas gone in a flash. She lay over until her bulwarks and her rails disappeared into the boiling seas, her yards trailing in the water; and the wind rose to that high-pitched hurricane shriek terrifying to hear. But as she lay there her heart was staunch. Whenever the wind eased a little she lifted her dripping spars and rose to fight again. She lay there for nearly four hours. There were many bad moments when she might have gone: one particularly, when the main stay's five-inch wire snapped like a carrot and the mast trembled, but it held. What a fight that was! What a gallant ship she was!

PAMIR

WAKEFUL,
Hearing the wind in masts of poplar,
Hearing the rain exult in parched guttering,
And the thirsty drinking of tanks—
Mind leaps dividing seas,
Is one with those who now
Will never know high wind in leafy sails
Or wake at night to rain,
But that they hear, above the rending spars,
Their sons' last crying to the heedless stars.
—Kathleen Mayson



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