

put to sea. In her crew of forty, Finland still has one representative. There is also one Dane. But the other thirty-eight, including the master, are New-Zealanders.

Since the "Pamir" fell to New Zealand she has made slow passages and some not so slow. Her shortest period at sea has been fifty-eight days; her longest eighty-two days. And in all her voyages under the New Zealand flag she has seen not more than three or four ships at sea. For the crew, life on board is very good when the trade winds help the ship along, but in the doldrums the men have to work most of the time swinging the yards to catch whatever wind there is. Most of the spare time they do get in the doldrums they spend in sleeping, but they do take time out sometimes to fish and play.



Water on the deck !

Besides sharks, they catch a fish called bonita, which probably holds the speed record among the aquatic population. The bonita is a streamlined fellow, blue on both sides and silver underneath, and he's very good to eat. His flesh is like fresh steak, so you can imagine how welcome a few meals off him would be after some weeks at sea. He needs his speed to live because he eats flying-fish, which he will follow, and catch, above the surface of the sea. All that's needed to land him is a piece of cotton on a hook dragged just above the water.

Occasionally, to help pass the time in the doldrums, the sailors catch an albatross. The trap for these birds is a triangular piece of tin with meat fastened round it. This is tossed overboard on the end of a line, and the albatross obligingly puts his beak through it. Since the beak is soft, the tin sinks into it and the albatross is a prisoner. He is hauled up on board; perhaps his wing span is measured, and presently he is allowed to fly away again. Sailors don't kill albatrosses. Apparently they still remember the fate of the Ancient Mariner!

An interesting fact about the Common or Wandering Albatross, apparently, is that the only place it is found north of the line is in the seas that wash the coast of Asia to the south of Behring Strait. According to the sailor off the "Pamir," you can't take an albatross alive from the southern to the northern hemisphere. He says the National Geographic Society offered a useful sum of money to any one who managed to do this, and attempts had been made, by aircraft and by ship, but the albatrosses always died once they had crossed the line.

What is it like to go aloft in a sailing-ship? "Well, you're scared stiff at first. You think everything you touch is going to break. You think that every roll is going to pitch you to the deck or into the sea. But nothing breaks, and nobody gets hurt."