

It was while Kangy, my kangaroo pal, and I were on a trading cruise to New Guinea with my old shipmate, Tops'l Barney, that Kangy had an adventure that he won't soon forget.

One mornin', as we were sailin' along before a gentle breeze, Barney thought he'd try his luck fishin'. From th' foc'stle head, which is th' high deck in th' bows of a ship, Barney tossed his line and baited hook overboard. He waited, and waited, but nary a nibble did he get. That kind of fishin' didn't suit Barney at all, so he tied th' end of th' line around Kangy's middle, and after cautionin' him to sing out if he got a bite he went aft to 'tend to some work on to 'tend to some work on deck. He'd no more'n gotten to th' break of th' quarterdeck when from up forward came a yip that brought him about in a hurry. Well a'r a strange ry. Well s'r, a strange sight met his eyes when he

looked forward: There was

looked forward: There was Kangy, spread out like a bat in a typhoon, sailin' over th' rail and yippin' fit to raise your hair.

Barney yelled for me and we made for th' boat davits. Just as we were 'bout to lower away we saw what was givin' Kangy a free tow. It was a swordfish, as big as a young whale, and he was travelin' like a three-skys'l-yard clipper, with Kangy yippin' in his wake.

Into th' boat we hopped and took after 'em. Happenin' to look astern, I saw Mr. Swordfish headin' for th' boat. I yelled to Barney, and overboard we went. When we came up for air we held on to th' stern of th' boat, spoutin' water like porpoises.

Well s'r, th' first thing we clapped our eyes on was that dingbusted swordfish in th' bottom of th' boat, and there was Kangy, sittin' on him holdin' him down. When we got back to th' schooner all hands gave Kangy a roarin' cheer.

































