

only a few steps to narrow paths through bush, to the sandy beach. The obelisk erected to the memory and honour of Captain Cook—*Nil Intentatum Reliquit*—was surrounded by blue sea, deep bush, sandy beach, galvanized-iron buildings, empty beer bottles, pineapple tins, old newspapers. A picnic ground. As a memorial to Captain Cook I prefer to remember the wild pig we heard angrily rooting in the bush at dawn the next morning, or the glowworms we saw in the bush that night.

At dusk on Monday, after four days, we still had no sardines. Back at Fishburn Bay Zi threw overboard a long drifting line with no sinker. Perhaps there would be the chance of a few barracouta, enough to set the proper lines on the way home the next day. In a second there was a tug to that line, and a long slimy barracouta lay writhing on the deck. In twenty minutes there were fifty of them, knocking their tails desperately on the planking, almost lifeless, but still waiting their chance to sink the three  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. teeth in the front of their mouths into human arm or leg. They are the scavengers of the sea; they are also the fish you have to be most careful of. But next to sardines they are the most satisfactory bait. We landed four cases. We washed down the decks, had a meal, and went early to bed. At 3 o'clock in the morning we would be off, in time for a making tide, and the chance of groper.

Two chocolate-coloured whale-chasers were lying still in the dawn at the entrance to the Sound. In Picton we had tied up alongside their mother ship.



This ship's anchor is on the top of the Captain Cook Memorial Obelisk.

Sardines and whales. We hoped their season had been more successful than our four days.

Off we chugged through the swell and choppiness. Could Cook Strait never be still and calm? Not directly across to Island Bay, but north-west to the reef, we steamed. The fishing bank. The catch was poor, not worth the extra fuel we burned. Soon after noon we were on the beach, the "Rex" tied to her moorings. The sardine cases were empty, two 45 gallon drums of Diesel oil had been emptied, five days had been wasted, the catches for two weeks would probably be poor because of inferior bait. But the crew of the "Rex" were still cheerful, as shouting with laughter as they had been on the journey over, and eager for news, too. In fishermen's lives anything can happen in five days. But there was nothing worse than a broken wrist and one of the boys in hospital with a fish hook through his leg.

The ground, the road, the buildings, even the sky rocked with the motion of the fishing boat we had left behind in the bay. For five days we hadn't been out of our clothes, hadn't shaved. We caught our reflection in a shop window. All we needed to complete the picture, we reckoned, was a parrot on our shoulders, a hook for an arm, a treasure chest on our back.