

THE LARGEST NETTED CIRCULATION IN THE OUTDOOR WORLD

FIELD AND STREAM

AMERICA'S MAGAZINE

FOR THE

OUTDOORSMAN

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March, 1919

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Zane Grey

in

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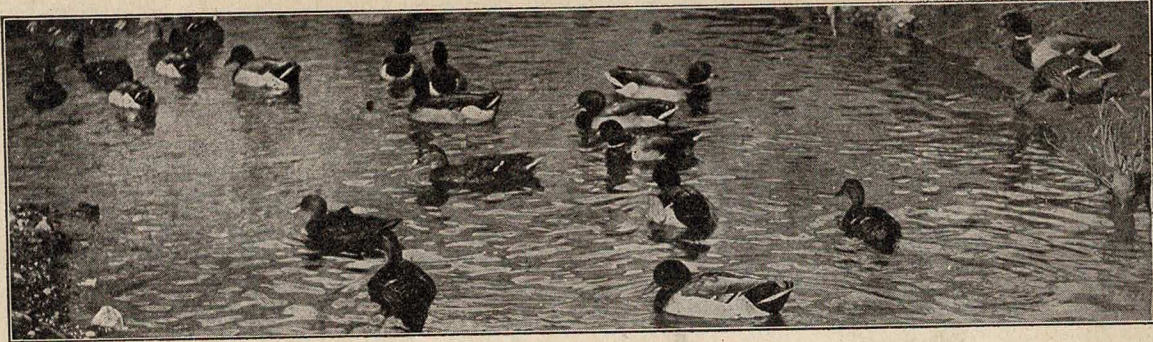
a

wonderful

Swordfish story



FIELD AND STREAM PUB. CO., Publisher—E. F. Warner



March

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Issued Monthly

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00 in advance

Single Copy, 20c

Foreign Postage, \$1.00 additional. Canadian Postage 50c. additional.

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Published by FIELD AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

25 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK

Western Advertising Office, Westminster Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Entered at the New York Post-office as Second-class Matter, March 25, 1898, under act of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Swordsmen of the Sea

By
Zane
Grey

CLEMENTE lies forty miles south of Santa Catalina, out in the Pacific, open to wind and fog, scorched by sun, and beaten on every shore by contending tides. Seen from afar the island seems a bleak, long narrow strip of drab rock rising from a low west end to the dignity of a mountain near the east end. Seen close at hand it is still barren, bleak and drab; but it shows long golden slopes of wild oats; looming gray lichen-colored crags, where the eagles perch; and rugged deep

A BIG, black raven soared by with dismal croak. The wind rustled the oats. There was no other sound but the sound of the sea—deep, low-toned, booming like thunder, long crash and continuous roar.

How wonderful to watch eagles in their native haunts! I saw a bald eagle sail by, and then two golden eagles winging heavy flight after him. There seemed to be contention or rivalry, for when the white-headed bird alighted the others swooped down upon him. They circled and flew in and out of the cañon, and one let out a shrill, piercing scream. They disappeared and I watched a lonely gull riding the swells. He at least was at home on the restless waters. Life is beautiful—particularly elemental life. Then far above I saw the white-tipped eagle, and I thrilled to see the difference now in his flight. He was monarch of the air, king

Seven Marlins
in one day at
Clemente

and sea. It lay out of the latitude of ships. Only a few Mexican sheep-herders lived there, up at the east end where less rugged land allowed pasture for their flocks. A little rain falls during the winter months, and soon disappears from the porous cañon-beds. Water holes were rare and springs rarer. The summit was flat, except for some rounded domes of mountains, and there the deadly choya cactus grew—not in profusion, but enough to prove the dread of the Mexicans for this species of desert plant. It



A Marlin leaping against the dark, wild, lonely background of Clemente.

cañons, cactus covered on the south side and on the other indented by caves and caverns, and green with clumps of wild lilac and wild cherry and arbor vitae; and bare round domes where the wild goats stand silhouetted against the blue sky.

This island is volcanic in origin and structure, and its great caves must have been made by blow-holes in hot lava. Erosion has weathered slope and wall and crag. For the most part these slopes and walls are exceedingly hard to climb. The goat trails are narrow and steep, the rocks sharp and ragged, the cactus thick and treacherous. Many years ago Mexicans placed goats on the island for the needs of ship-wrecked sailors, and these goats have traversed the wild oat slopes until they are like a network of trails. Every little space of grass has its criss-cross of goat trails.

I rested high up on a slope, in the lee of a rugged rock, all rust-stained and gray-lichened, with a deep cactus-covered cañon to my left, the long, yellow, windy slope of wild oats to my right, and beneath me the Pacific, majestic and grand, where the great white rollers moved in graceful heaves along the blue. The shore line, curved by rounded gravelly beach and jugged by rocky point, showed creeping white lines of foam, and then green water spotted by beds of golden kelp, reaching out into the deeps. Far across the lonely space rose creamy clouds, thunderheads looming over the desert on the mainland.

of the wind, lonely and grand in the blue. He soared, he floated, he sailed, and then, away across the skies he flew, swift as an arrow, to slow and circle again, and swoop up high and higher, wide-winged and free, ringed in the azure blue; and then like a thunderbolt he fell, to vanish beyond the crags.

Again I saw right before me a small brown hawk, poised motionless, resting on the wind, with quivering wings, and he hung there looking down for his prey—some luckless lizard or rat. He seemed suspended on wires. There—down like a brown flash he was gone—and surely that swoop meant a desert tragedy.

I HEARD the bleat of a lamb or kid, and it pierced the melancholy roar of the sea.

If there is a rapture on the lonely shore there was indeed rapture here high above it, blown upon by the sweet, soft winds. I heard the bleat close at hand. Turning I saw a she-goat with little kid scarce a foot high. She crossed a patch of cactus. The kid essayed to follow her, but found the way too thorny. He bleated—a tiny, pin-pointed bleat—and his mother turned to answer encouragingly. He leaped over a cactus, attempted another, and failing, fell on the sharp prickles. He bleated in distress, and scrambled out of that hard and painful place. The mother came around, and presently, reunited, they went on to disappear.

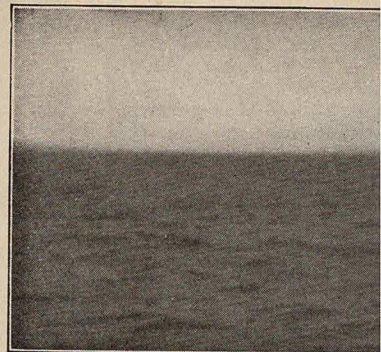
The island seemed consecrated to sun

was a small bush, with cones like a pinecone in shape, growing in clusters, and over stems and cones were fine steel pointed needles with invisible hooks at the ends.

A BARREN lonely prospect, that flat plateau above, an empire of the sun, where heat veils rose and mirages haunted the eye. But at sunset fog rolled up from the outer channel, and if the sun blasted the life on the island, the fog saved it. So there was war between sun and fog, the one that was lord of day, and the other the dew-laden savior of night.

South, on the windward side, opened a wide bay, Smugglers Cove, by name, and it was infinitely more beautiful than its name. A great curve indented the league-long slope of island, at each end of which low ragged lines of black rock jutted out into the sea. Around this immense bare amphitheatre, which had no growth save scant cactus and patches of grass, could be seen long lines of shelves where the sea levels had been in successive ages of the past.

NEAR the middle of the curve on a bleached bank stood a lonely little hut, facing the sea. Old and weather-beaten, out of place there, it held and fascinated the gaze. Below it a white shore line curved away where the waves rolled in, sadly grand, to break and spread on the beach.



The incomparable savor

At the east end, where the jagged rocks met the sea, I loved to watch the great swell rise out of the level heave and come, slow-lifting as if some infinite power, to grow and aloft till the blue turned green and light showed through, and the smooth crest where the seals rode took a sharp edge; to send whiffs of salt in the wind, and rising sheer, the swell, solemn and ponderous and majestic, lifted its volume one beautiful inch, then curled its shining crest, and rolled in and down with a thundering boom—roar—all the curves and contours in a green-white seething mass, climbed the reefs and dashed itself in ruin.

AN extraordinary achievement record fell to my brother R. C. It was too much good luck to come my way. Fame, the fickle goddess. R. C. had no ambition to make a great catch of swordfish. He was a great fisherman, but he was not a fisherman for these big game of the sea. He was a fisherman for me than for other reason. He likes best the good rocky streams where the bronze-black-bass hide, or the swift amber-colored brooks full of rainbow trout.

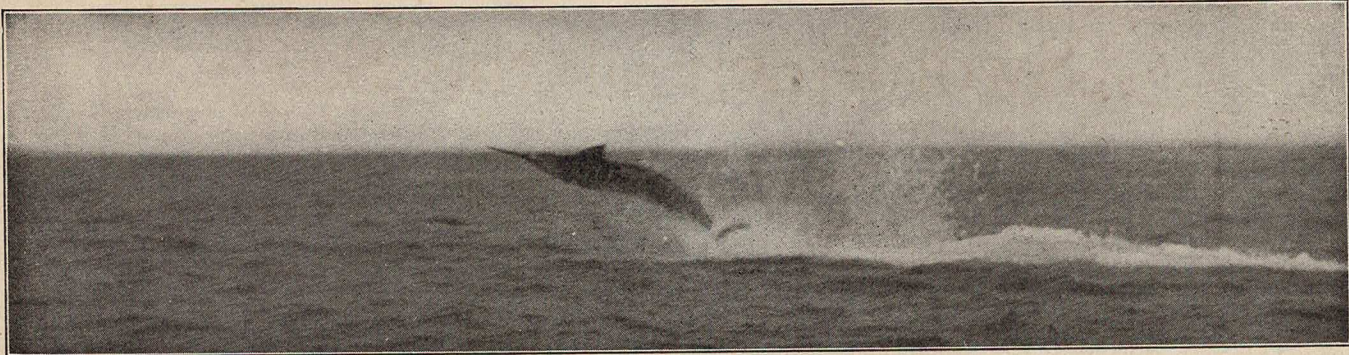
I must add that in my opinion Captain Danielson's also, R. C. is a superior angler, and all unconscious of it. He has not my intimate knowledge of the big fish, but he did not seem to need it. He is powerful in the shoulders and arms, his hands are strong and hard from ball and rowing, and he is practically tireless. He never rested while fighting a fish. We never saw him lean the back on the gunwale. All of which accounts for his quick conquering of the swordfish. We have yet to see him win upon a broadbill or a big tuna; and that is something Captain Dan and I are anticipating with much pleasure and considerable doubt.

August thirty-first dawned fine and cool and pleasant, rather hazy with warm sun and smooth sea.

The night before we had sat in front of our tents above the beach and watched the flying-fish come out in two's and three's and schools, all the way down the rugged coast. I told Captain then that the swordfish were chasing them. But I was skeptical.

This morning I remembered and I was watching. Just at the Glory Hole my brother yelled: "Strike!" I did not see the fish before he hit the bait. It is remarkable how these swordfish can get to a bait on the surface without being seen. R. C. hooked the Marlin.

THE first leap showed the fish to be small. He did not appear to be much of a jumper or fighter. He leaped several times, and then tried to swim out to sea.



The incomparable savageness, speed and power of the Marlin, like the ricochet of an exploding torpedo.

At the east end, where the jagged black rocks met the sea, I loved to watch a great swell rise out of the level blue, heave and come, slow-lifting as if from some infinite power, to grow and climb aloft till the blue turned green and sunlight showed through, and the long, smooth crest where the seals rode took on a sharp edge; to send wisps of spray in the wind, and rising sheer, the whole swell, solemn and ponderous and majestic, lifted its volume one beautiful instant, then curled its shining crest, and rolled in and down with a thundering booming roar—all the curves and contours gone in a green-white seething mass that climbed the reefs and dashed itself to ruin.

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AN extraordinary achievement and record fell to my brother R. C. It was too much good luck ever to come my way. Fame is a fickle goddess. R. C. had no ambition to make a great catch of swordfish. He angles for these big game of the sea more to furnish company for me than for any other reason. He likes best the golden rocky streams where the bronze-back black-bass hide, or the swift amber-colored brooks full of rainbow trout.

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THE first leap showed the fish to be small. He did not appear to be much of a jumper or fighter. He leaped six times, and then tried to swim out to sea.

Slow steady work of R. C.'s brought him up to the boat in fifteen minutes. But we did not gaff him. We estimated his weight at one hundred and thirty pounds. Captain Dan cut the leader close to the hook. I watched the fish swim lazily away, apparently unhurt, and surely to recover.

We got going again and had scarce trolled a hundred yards when I saw something my companions missed. I stood up. "Well, this starts out like your day," I remarked to my brother.

Then he saw a purple shape weaving back of his bait and that galvanized him into attention. It always thrilled me to see a swordfish back of the bait. This one took hold and ran off to the right. When hooked it took line with a rush, began to thresh half out, and presently sounded. We lost the direction. It came up far ahead of the boat and began to leap and run on the surface.

We followed while R. C. recovered the line. When he held the fish well in hand; and in the short time of twelve minutes brought the leader to Dan's hand. The Marlin made a great splash as he was cut loose.

"Say, two swordfish in less than half an hour!" I expostulated. "Dan, this might be the day."

Captain Dan looked hopeful. We were always looking for that day which came once or twice each season.

"I'm tired," said my brother. "Now you catch a couple."

He talked about swordfish as carelessly as he used to talk about sunfish. But he was not in the least tired. I made him take on the rod again. I sensed events. The sea looked darkly rippling, inviting, as if to lure us on.

WE had worked and drifted a little off shore. But that did not appear to put us out of the latitude of swordfish. Suddenly Captain Dan yelled: "Look out!" Then we all saw a blaze of purple back of R. C.'s bait. Dan threw out the clutch. But this Marlin was shy. He flashed back and forth. How swift! His motion was only a purple flash. He loomed up after the teasers. We had three of these flying-fish baits out as teasers, all close to the boat. I always wondered why the swordfish appear more attracted to the teasers than to our hooked baits only a few yards back. I made the mistake to pull the teasers away from this swordfish. Then he left us.

I was convinced, however, that this was to be R. C.'s day, and so, much to his amaze and annoyance I put away my rod. No sooner had I quit fishing than a big black tail showed a few yards out from R. C.'s bait. Then a shining streak shot across under the water, went behind R. C.'s bait, passed it, came again. This time I saw him plainly. He was big and

hungry but shy. He rushed the bait. I saw him take it in his pointed jaws and swerve out of sight, leaving a boil on the surface. R. C. did not give him time to swallow the hook, but struck immediately. The fish ran off two hundred yards and then burst up on the surface. He was a jumper, and as he stayed in sight we all began to yell our admiration. He cleared the water forty-two times all in a very few minutes. At the end of twenty-eight minutes R. C., with a red face and a bulging jaw, had the swordfish beaten and within reach of Captain Dan.

"He's a big one—over two hundred and fifty," asserted that worthy. "Mebbe you won't strike a bigger one."

"Cut him loose," I said, and my brother echoed my wish.

It was a great sight to see that splendid swordfish drift away from the boat—to watch him slowly discover that he was free.

"Ten o'clock! We'll hang up two records to-day!" boomed Captain Dan, as with swift hands he put on another bait for R. C.

"Do you fellows take me for a dray-horse?" inquired R. C. mildly. "I've caught enough swordfish for this year."

"Why, man, it's the day!" exclaimed Captain Dan, in amaze and fear.

"Humph!" replied my brother.

"But the chance for a record!" I added, weakly. "Only ten o'clock. . . . three swordfish already. . . . great chance for Dan, you know. . . . beat the dickens out of these other fishermen."

"Aw, that's a lot of 'con,'" replied my brother.

VERY eloquently then I elaborated on the fact that we were releasing the fish, inaugurating a sportsmanlike example never before done there—that it really bid fair to be a wonderful day—that I was having a great chance to snap pictures of leaping fish—that it would be a favor to me for him to go the limit on this one occasion.

But R. C. showed no sign of wavering. He was right, of course, and I acknowledged that afterward to myself. On the instant, however, I racked my brain for some persuasive argument. Suddenly I had an inspiration.

"They think you're a dub fisherman," I declared, forcefully.

"They?" my brother glared darkly at me.

"Sure," I replied hurriedly, with no intention of explaining that dubious *they*. "Now's your chance to fool them."

"Ahuh! All right. Fetch on a flock of swordfish, and then some broadbills," remarked R. C. blandly. "Hurry, Dan. There's a fin right over there. Lead me to him! See."

Sure enough R. C. pointed out a dark sickle fin on the surface. I marvelled at

the sight. It certainly is funny the luck some fishermen have! Captain Dan, beaming like a sunrise, swung the boat around toward the swordfish.

THAT Marlin rushed the teasers. I pulled all three away from him, while R. C. was reeling in his bait to get it close. Then the swordfish fell all over himself after it. He got it. He would have climbed aboard after it. The way R. C. hooked this swordfish showed that somebody had got his dander up and was out to do things. This pleased me immensely. It scared me a little, too, for R. C. showed no disposition to give line or be gentle to the swordfish. In fact it was real fight now. And this particular fish appeared to have no show on earth—or rather in the water—and after fourteen leaps he was hauled up to the boat in such short order that if we had gaffed him, as we used to gaff Marlin, we would have had a desperate fight to hold him. But how easy to cut him free! He darted down like a blue streak. I had no fair sight of him to judge weight, but Captain Dan said he was good and heavy.

"Come on! Don't be so slow!" yelled R. C. with a roving eye over the deep. Captain Dan was in his element. He saw victory perched upon the mast of the Leta D. He moved with a celerity that amazed me, when I remembered how exasperatingly slow he could be, fooling with kites. This was Captain Dan's game.

"The ocean's alive with swordfish!" he boomed. Only twice before had I heard him say that, and he was right each time. I gazed abroad over the beautiful sea, and though I could not see any swordfish somehow I believed him. It was difficult now in this exciting zest of a record feat to think of the nobler attributes of fishing. Strong, earnest thrilling business it was indeed for Captain Dan.

WE all expected to see a swordfish again. That was exactly what happened. We had not gone a dozen boat-lengths when up out of the blue depths lunged a lazy swordfish and attached himself to R. C.'s hook. He sort of half lolled out in lazy splashes four or five times. He looked huge. All of a sudden he started off, making the reel hum. That run developed swiftly. Dan backed the boat full speed. In vain! It was too late to turn. That swordfish run became the swiftest and hardest I ever saw. A four hundred-yard run, all at once, was something new even for me. I yelled for R. C. to throw off the drag. He tried, but failed. I doubted afterward if that would have done any good. That swordfish was going away from there. He broke the line.

"Gee, what a run!" I burst out. "I'm sorry. I hate to break off hooks in fish." "Put your hand on my reel," said R. C. It was almost too hot to bear touching.



Captain Danielson cutting a swordfish free.

R. C. began winding in the long slack line.

"Did you see that one?" he asked grimly.

"Not plain. But what I did see looked big."

"Say, he was a whale!" R. C.'s flashing eyes showed he had warmed to the battle.

IN just ten minutes another swordfish was chasing the teasers. It was my thrilling task to keep them away from him. Hard as I pulled I failed to keep at least one of them from him. He took it with a "Wop," his bill half out of the water, and as he turned with a splash R. C. had his bait right there. Smash! The swordfish sheered off with the bait shining white in his bill. When hooked he broke water about fifty yards out, and then gave an exhibition of high and lofty tumbling, water-smashing and spray-flinging that delighted us. Then he took to long greyhound leaps and we had to chase him. But he did not last long with the inexorable R. C. bending back on that Murphy rod. After being cut free this swordfish lay on the surface a few moments, acting like he was out of breath. He weighed about one hundred and fifty, and was a particularly beautiful

specimen. The hook showed in the corner of his mouth. He did not have a scratch on his graceful bronze and purple and silver body. I waved my hat at him and then he slowly sank.

"What next?" I demanded. "This can't keep up. Something is going to happen."

BUT my apprehensions in no wise disturbed R. C. or Captain Dan.

They proceeded to bait up again, to put out the teasers, to begin to troll; and then almost at once a greedy swordfish appeared, absolutely fearless and determined. R. C. hooked him. The first leap showed the Marlin to be the smallest of the day so far. But what he lacked in weight he made up in activity. He was a great performer, and his forte appeared to be turning up-side down in the air. He leaped clear twenty-two times. Then he settled down and tried to plug out to sea. Alas! that human steam-winch at the rod drew him right up to the boat where he looked to weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

"Six!" I exclaimed, as we watched the freed fish swim away. "That's the record. . . . And all let go alive—unhurt. . . . Do you suppose any one will believe us?"

"It doesn't make any difference," marked my brother. "We know. That's the best of the game—letting the fish live."

"Come on," boomed Dan, with a flying-fish in his hands. "You're tired."

"Yes, I am tired," replied R. C. "It's early yet," I put in. "We'll set the record for good. Grab the rod. Enjoy the work for you."

R. C. resigned himself, not without some remarks anent the insatiable nature of his host and boatman.

We were now off the east end of Ciente Island, that bleak and ragged corner where the sea, whether calm or stormy, contended eternally with the black rocks and where the green and white movement of waves was never still. Within almost two hundred yards off the yellow kelp beds I saw a shadow darker than the blue water. It seemed to follow the boat, rather deep down and far below. But it moved. I was on my feet thrilled.

"That's a swordfish!" I called.

"No," replied R. C.

"Some wavin' kelp, mebbe," added doubtfully.

"Slow up a little," I returned. "That's purple."

CAPTAIN DAN complied and watched. We all saw an enormous colorful body loom up, take the shape of a fish, come back of R. C.'s bait, and take it.

"By George!" breathed R. C. ten seconds later. His line slowly slipped out a little, and stopped.

"He's let go," said my brother.

"There's another one," cried Dan.

With that I saw what appeared to be another swordfish, deeper down, moving slowly. This one also looked huge to me. He was right under the teasers dawned upon me that he must have eyes on them so I began to pull them.

As they came in the purple shadow seemed to rise. It was a swordfish, he resembled a gun-boat with protruding outriggers. Slowly he came onward upward, a wonderful sight.

"Wind your bait in," I yelled to R. C. Suddenly Dan became like a jumping jack.

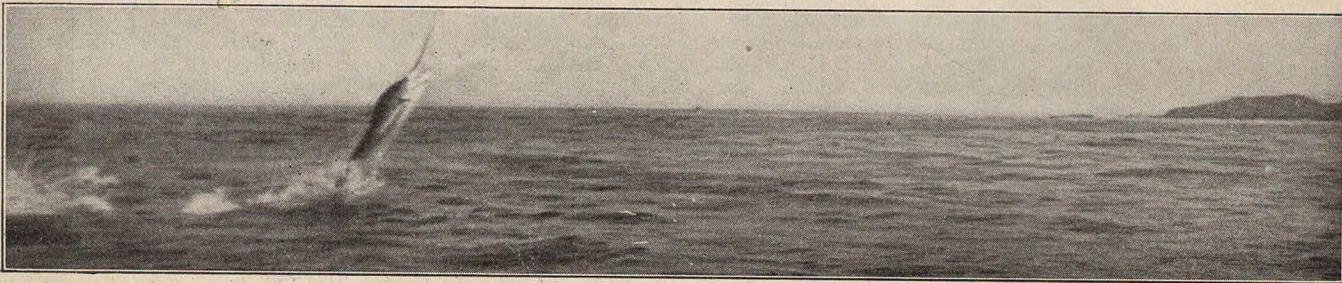
"He's got your hook," he shouted to my brother. "He's had it all the time."

The swordfish swam now right under the stern of the boat so that I could look down upon him. He was deep down, not too deep to look huge. Then I saw R. C.'s leader in his mouth. He had swallowed the flying-fish bait and had allowed us for the teasers. The fact was stunning. R. C., who had been winding in, soon found out that his line was straight down. He felt the fish. With all his might he jerked to hold that swordfish.

Just then, for an instant, my mind refused to work swiftly. It was lost round some sense of awful expectation. I remembered my camera in my hand and pointed it where I expected something wonderful about to happen.

THE water on the right, close to the stern, bulged and burst with a tremendous splash. Upward even with us—above us—shot a tremendously large shiny fish, shaking and wagging, with heavy slap of gills.

Water deluged the boat, but missed me. I actually smelled that fish, he was close. What must surely have been a terror for me, had I actually seen it, realized the peril, gave place to flash of thought of the one and great chance of a wonderful picture of a big swordfish.



A beautiful fish glistering in the sun.

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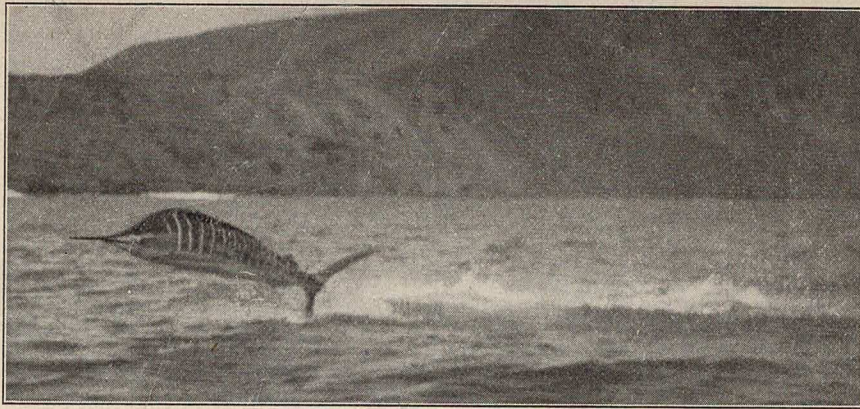
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Just then, for an instant, my mind refused to work swiftly. It was locked round some sense of awful expectancy. I remembered my camera in my hands and pointed it where I expected something wonderful about to happen.

THE water on the right, close to the stern, bulged and burst with a roar. Upward even with us—above us—shot a tremendously large shiny fish, shaking and wagging, with heavy slap of gills.

Water deluged the boat, but missed me. I actually smelled that fish, he was so close. What must surely have been terror for me, had I actually seen and realized the peril, gave place to flashing thought of the one and great chance for a wonderful picture of a big swordfish



A clean-cut greyhound leap, swift as a flash and quartering towards the boat.

close to the boat. That gripped me. While I changed the focus on my camera I missed seeing the next two jumps. But I heard the heavy sousing splashes and the yells of Dan and R. C. with the shrill screams of the ladies.

When I did look up to try to photograph the next leap of the swordfish I saw him, close at hand, monstrous and animated, in a surging up-sweeping splash. I heard the hiss of the boiling foam. He lunged away, churning the water like a sudden whirl of a ferry-boat wheel, and then he turned square at us. Even then Captain Dan's yell did not warn me. I felt rather than saw that he had put on full speed ahead. The swordfish dove toward us, went under, came up in a two-sheeted white splash, and rose high and higher, to fall with a cracking sound. Like a flash of light he shot up again, and began wagging his huge purple-barred body, lifting himself still higher, until all but his tail stood ponderously above the surface; and then incredibly powerful, he wagged and lashed upright in a sea of hissing foam, mouth open wide, blood streaming down his wet sides and flying in red spray from his slapping gills—a wonderful and hair-raising spectacle. He stayed up only what seemed a moment. During this action and when he began again to leap and smash toward us, I snapped my camera three times upon him. But I missed seeing some of his greatest leaps

because I had to look at the camera while operating it.

"Get back!" yelled Dan, hoarsely.

I WAS so excited I did not see the danger of the swordfish coming aboard. But Captain Dan did. He swept the girls back into the cabin doorway and pushed Mrs. R. C. into a back corner of the cockpit. Strange it seemed to me how pale Dan was!

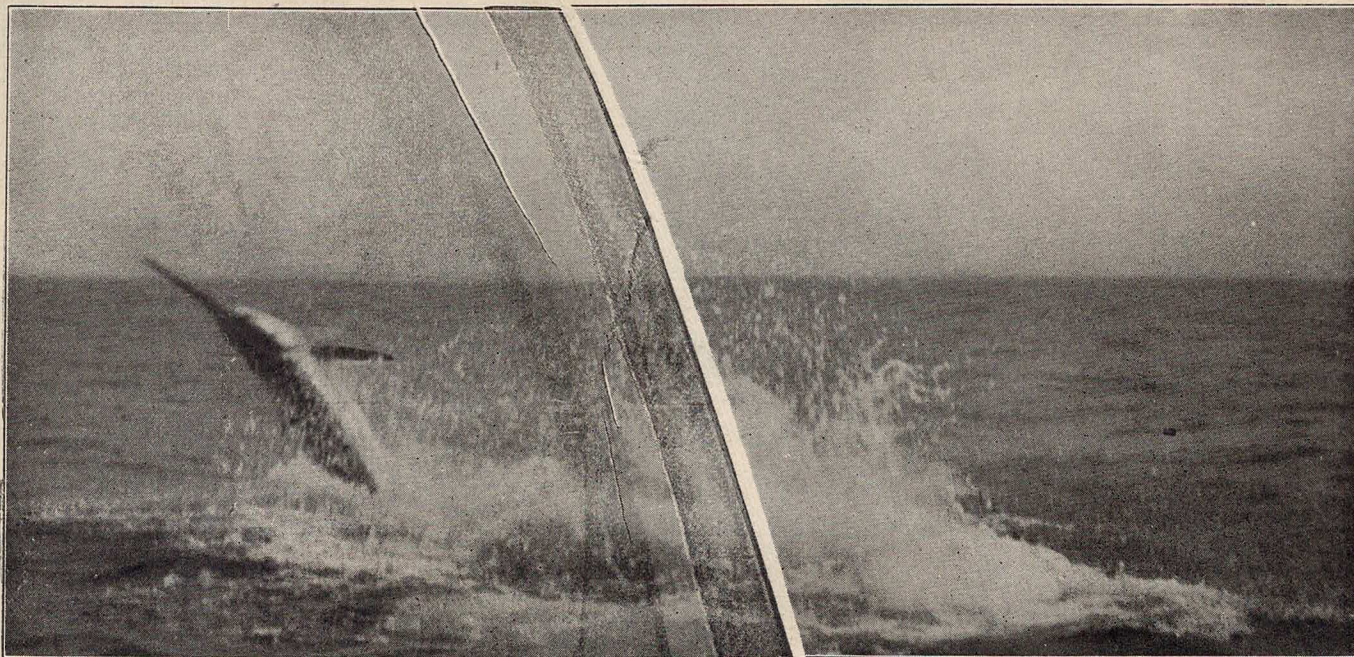
The swordfish made long swift leaps right at the boat. On the last he hit us on the stern, but too low to come aboard. Six feet closer to us would have landed that huge maddened swordfish right in the cockpit! But he thumped back and the roar of his mighty tail on the water so close suddenly appalled me. I seemed to grasp how near he had come aboard at the same instant that I associated the power of his tail with a havoc he would have executed in the boat. It flashed over me that he would weigh far over three hundred.

When he thumped back the water rose in a sounding splash, deluging us, and leaving six inches in the cockpit. He sheered off astern, sliding over the water in two streaks of white running spray and then up he rose again in a magnificent wild leap. He appeared maddened with pain and fright and instinct to preserve his life.

Again the fish turned right at us. This



R. C. at the rod, showing the strain and so hard to maintain which tells on the swordfish.



Monstrous and animated in a surging, sweeping splash.

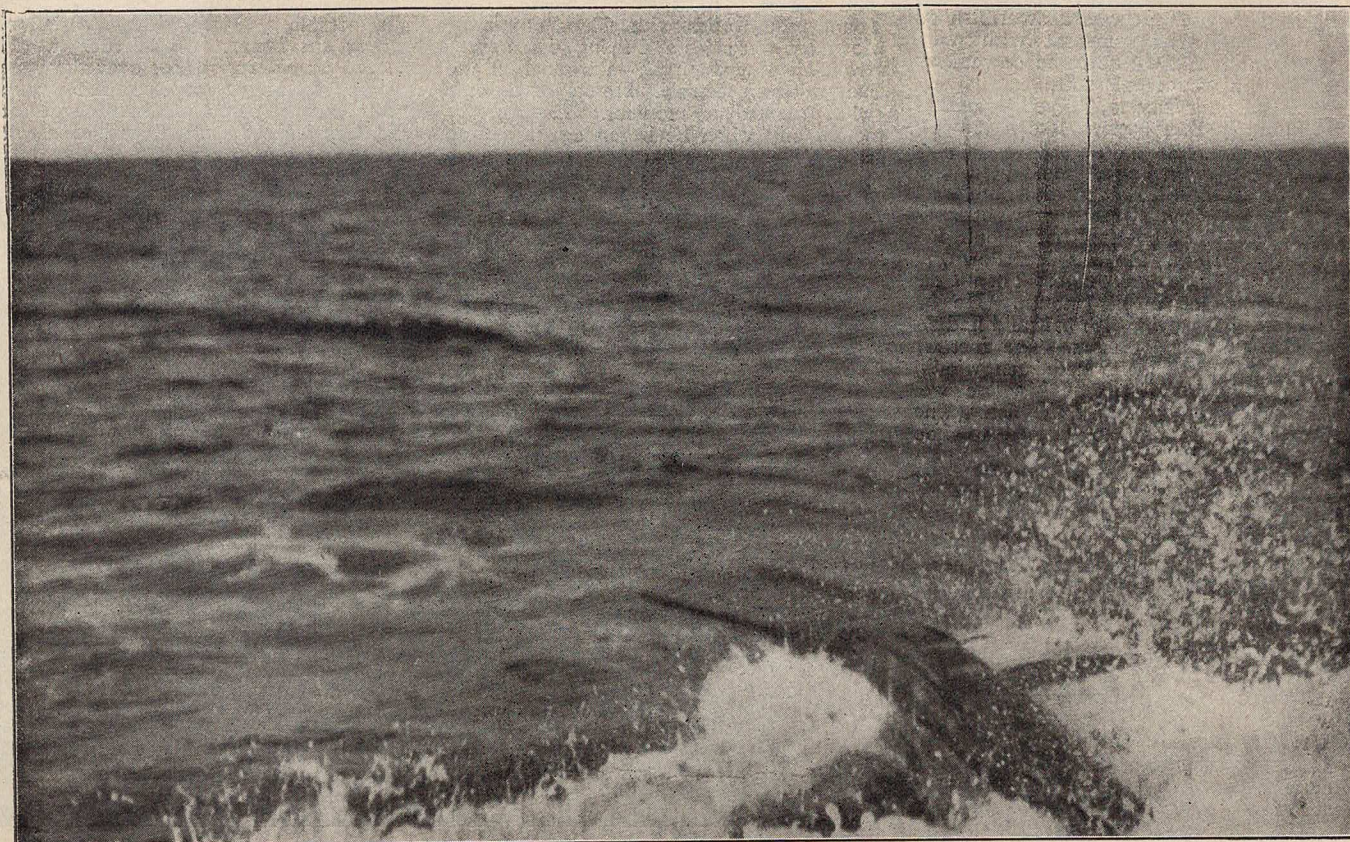
instant was the most terrifying. Not a word from R. C.! But out of the tail of my eye I saw him crouch ready to leap. He grimly held on to his rod, but there had not been a tight line on it since he struck the fish.

YELLING warningly, Captain Dan threw the wheel hard over. But that seemed of no use. We could not lose the swordfish.

He made two dives into the air, and the next one missed us by a yard, and

showed his great glistening striped body, right alongside the cockpit. He passed us, and as the boat answered to the wheel and turned, almost at right angles, the swordfish sheered too, and he hit us a sounding thud somewhere forward. Then he went under or around the bow and began to take line off the reel for the first time. I gave him up. The line caught all along the side of the boat. But it did not break, and kept whizzing off the reel. I heard the heavy splash of another jump. When we had turned clear round what

was our amaze and terror to see the swordfish, seemingly more tigerish than ever, thresh and tear and leap at us again. He was flinging bloody spray and wigwagging his huge body so that there was a deep rough splashing furrow in the sea behind him. I had never known any other fish so fast, so powerful, so wild with fury, so instinct with tremendous energy and life. Dan again threw all his weight on the wheel. The helm answered, the boat swung, and the swordfish missed hitting us square. But he glanced along the



The water on the right, close to the stern, bulged and burst with a roar.

port-side, like a toboggan down hill, and he seemed to ricochet over the water. His tail made deep solid thumps. Then about a hundred feet astern he turned in his own length, making a maelstrom of green splash and white spray, out of which he rose three quarters of his huge body, purple-blazed, tiger-striped, spear-pointed, and with the sea boiling white around him he spun around, creating an indescribable picture of untamed ferocity and wild life and incomparable beauty. Then down he splashed with a sullen roar, leaving a red foam on the white.

That appeared the end of his pyrotechnics. It had been only a few moments. He began to swim off slowly and heavily. We followed. After a few tense moments it became evident that his terrible surface work had weakened him, probably bursting his gills, from which his life blood escaped.

WE all breathed freer then. Captain Dan left the wheel, mopping his pale wet face. He gazed at me to see if I had realized our peril. With the excitement over I began to realize. I felt a little shaky then. The ladies all talking at once, still glowing with excitement. Easy to see they had not anticipated the danger! But Captain Dan I knew that if the swordfish had

Zane

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aboard—which he certainly would have done had he ever slipped his head over the gunwale—there would have been a tragedy on the Leta D.

"I never knew just how easy it could

live and roam the sea again. But R. C. was not impressed. He looked at his hands and said:

"You and Dan put a job up on me. . . . Never again!"

happen," said Dan. "No one ever before hooked a big fish right under the boat."

"With that weight—that tail right after being hooked—he would have killed some of us and wrecked the boat!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Well, I had him figured to come into the boat and I was ready to jump overboard," added my brother.

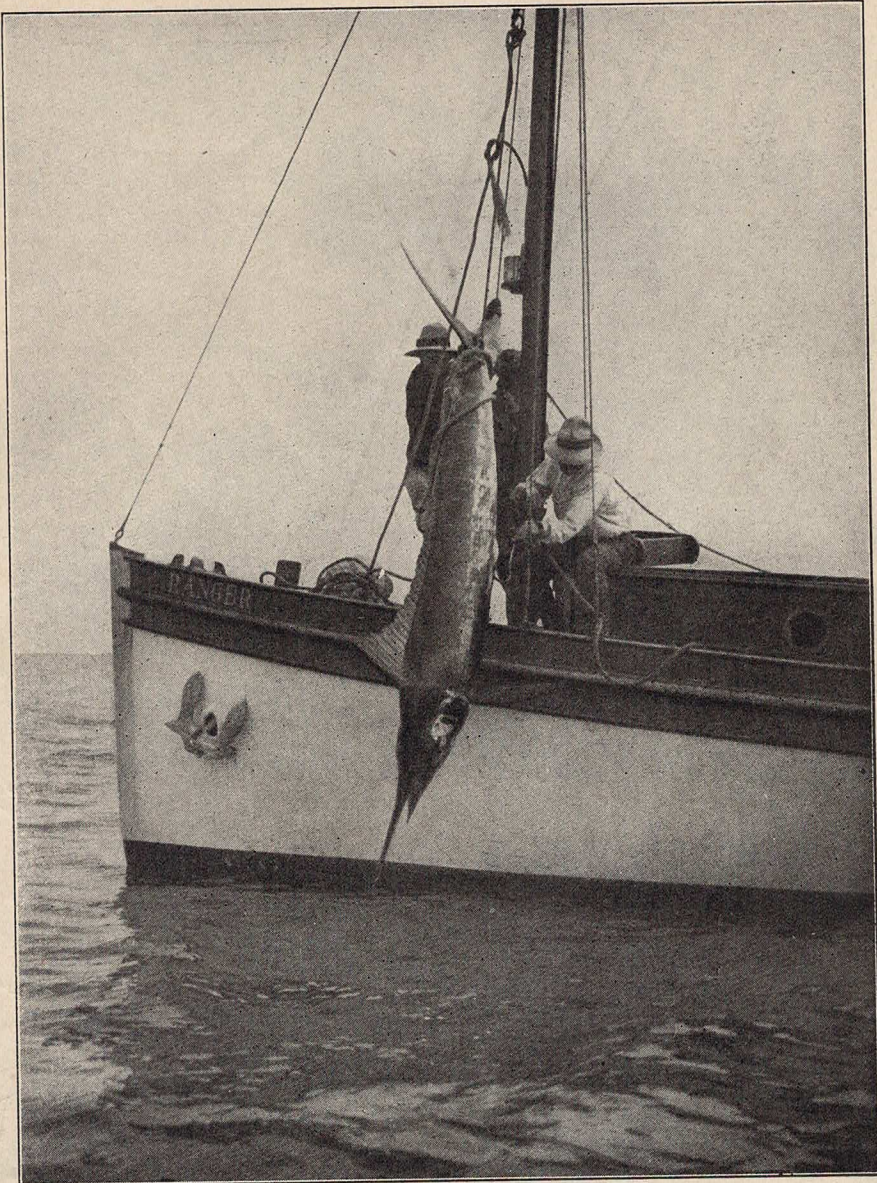
"We won't cut him loose," said Dan. "That's some fish. But he acts like he isn't going to last long."

STILL it took two hours longer of persistent final effort on the part of R. C. to bring this swordfish to gaff. We could not lift the fish up on the stern and we had to tow him over to Mr. Jump's boat and there haul him aboard by block and tackle. At Avalon he weighed three hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

R. C. had caught the biggest Marlin in 1916—three hundred and four pounds, and this three hundred and twenty-eight-pound fish was the largest for 1918. Besides there was the remarkable achievement and record of seven swordfish in one day, with six of them freed to

live and roam the sea again. But R. C. was not impressed. He looked at his hands and said:

"You and Dan put a job up on me. . . . Never again!"



Loading the Marlin by block and tackle.

Zane Grey After Big Tuna!

The Same Author Tells Another Story

In an early issue, this master angler takes us on the most remarkable trip ever recorded, after Pacific Tuna, the gamiest fish in the sea. For an entire day we see him strike monster after monster, only to reel in the broken line and trailing kite. We hear Captain Dan give vent to the same feelings that grip us, in booming tones and sulphurous words. Another day finds us once again on the azure deep among the ferocious bronze-backs of the sea. This time Zane Grey accomplishes the miraculous; he actually . . . but wait, you must read this for yourself.