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3 pkgs. 48c.
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CAPT. MITCHELL, NOTED ANGLER LANDS 976 POUND SWORD FISH IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS

Long before Izaak Walton was born or ever dreamed of writing "The Complete Angler" fisherman have always come back with stories of the biggest one of the days mashing their tackle and eluding capture.

Now here comes a story from far off New Zealand of the biggest one of all time being hooked and successfully landed and viewed by enough people to make this tale authentic, says Fred Fletcher in the New York Herald Tribune.

A man weighing 160 pounds equipped with a rod, reel and line that did not total seven pounds brought to gaff, unassisted, a black marlin swordfish weighing 976 pounds. Captain Laurie D. Mitchell, an Englishman, now a resident of this country, was its captor, and thereby gained the honor of being looked upon as the world's champion angler. The former record was held by Zane Grey with a tuna weighing 758 pounds, caught on approximately the same tackle as was used by Captain Mitchell.

Mitchell Expert Angler.

This swordfish was captured near Russell, New Zealand on February 26, but it was no mere man that made the capture of this leviathan possible. Captain Mitchell for years has been regarded as one of the foremost anglers in the world. He has been fighting big tuna in Nova Scotia waters for the last fifteen years and has held the record often, only to have it wrested away from time to time, but has always come back to catch another one just a little bigger.

Killing big fish with rod and reel takes almost unbelievable endurance, incredible courage and nerve. It is different sport than big game hunting in Africa or shooting a grizzly in the Canadian Rockies, for in hunting on land with a high-powered rifle a man sights his quarry, raises the gun to his shoulder, aims and it's all over in the twinkling of an eye. In case he does not bring his game down with the first shot he's got four other shells in his magazine, and his guide or other members of the party are close by to back him. But not so is fighting a gigantic fish off shore in a small boat.

Before a man starts in quest of these big swordfish he must undergo a course of training similar to that of a champion prizefighter about to enter the ring in a championship bout. Weeks before he starts on these big fish hunts he is on the road running five to ten miles a day, pulling at weights, punching the bag, sparring and wrestling and doing everything in his power to put his body in the best physical condition to withstand the terrific strain he must go through in order to land a tuna or a swordfish weighing over 500 pounds.

Big Ones Taken.

Off Block Island, R. I., many big swordfish are captured during the summer months, but not with rod and reel. The professional sword fisherman of Block Island takes out the visitors and from a pulpit built over the bowsprit the harpooner launches his dart. A rope is attached to harpoon. When the fish starts off the rope is played out, a barrell is attached to the rope, which is thrown overboard and is followed by the boat until the fish's struggles diminish and he is hauled aboard, brought to shore and sold as beef. Not very sporty, I should say, but still that's the way they catch swordfish off Block Island.

But Captain Laurie D. Mitchell scorns this method of catching monster, battling, game fish. His equipment is a hickory rod, about six feet long, weighing about eighteen ounces, to which is lashed a reel known in angling parlance as a 12-0 capable of holding from 1500 to 1800 feet or thirty-six strands of linen line that would break at a strain of seventy-two pounds. This line is doubled back for 150 feet to allow the fish to tow the boat. A wire trace, or leader, about twenty-five feet long is attached to the end of the line and on the end of this is a good-sized hook. All the equipment used for the capture of this record fish was made in America. The reel has a tension drag that can be set by the angler at any number of pounds he thinks the tackle will stand.

Strapped to Rod.

The butt of the rod fits into a metal socket screwed in a revolving chair in the stern of the boat. The angler wears a sort of leather vest from which extend straps clamping to either the rod or the reel, for in the capture of a fish of tremendous proportions the entire body must be brought into play to combat these monsters successfully.

It was a calm day beyond the Coralli Island on toward Whangaroa, off New Zealand, when Captain Mitchell struck the monster and the ship's clock struck 11.

On the first rush the quarry stripped off 1200 feet of the captain's line until it fairly smoked with heat, and he realized he had a fight ahead of him. Rushing for the open sea, the huge fish leaped clear of the water, shaking its head in an effort to dislodge the intolerable hook from his case-hardened jaw. It was then that Captain Mitchell knew he had a world's record fish on the end of his line and that the battle might last far into the night.

The big fish sounded and the captain pumped him up. He then started away on another mad dash, towing the launch after him as if it were a mere chip of wood. It is then that the boatman must be skillful and help the efforts of the angler, and all had to be prepared for what seemed at the time an indefinite struggle.

There have been quite a few instances on record where a maddened or terrified swordfish has charged a boat and struck it heavily. A piece of planking with part of the sword piercing it is still preserved in Auckland, New Zealand.

Fish "Walks" on Tail.

Twelve, 1, 2 o'clock in the afternoon and the fish was still as fresh as when he had just taken hold. Repeatedly he would come to the surface, leap clear and seem to walk on his tail. Then he would dash madly for the bottom, circling about the boat, sometimes towing it after him. Consider the strain on the angler's arm and back, for these fish are not sulkers! They do not stop for an instant in their maddened desire to get free. Think of a 976-pound battling fish, which, if it could be properly tested, would have the strength of four truck horses, pulling at your arms and back and legs without a moment let-up—think of the tension on the wrist, forearms and fingers, and the mental anguish a man must go through in fighting a monster of this size, not knowing what instant some part of his tackle will go for the fish will throw the hook from his mouth!

"It's the nerve strain," Captain Mitchell once remarked to me, "that gets a fellow more than the actual exertion. I'll never forget that 710-pound tuna I landed at Port Medway, Nova Scotia, about six years ago. I fought this monster for eight and a half hours the fish towing the boat approximately forty miles. When the fish was finally killed by the boatman and I reached shore I had to be helped out of the boat and practically stayed in bed for a week from strained muscles. But at the time I was fighting the fish it was a far greater mental strain than a physical one."

We can well understand the captain's feelings, for we, too, have been hooked into big fish, not 900-pounders, to be sure, but fifty or sixty-pounders, and we can appreciate this mental torture of the captain's after he had his fish hung for three or four hours.

Battles Hours.

The sun was low on the horizon and the fish's struggles were getting feebler. Five and a half hours after the monster had been hooked he was brought alongside the launch in a very weakened condition. He was securely lashed and towed into Russell, where the trophy was slung from the wharf derrick. It could not be swung over the wharf because it was too long. Neither could it be weighed because the official scales weigh only to 600 pounds. Finally it was decided the fish must be weighed under the supervision of the Deep Sea Anglers' Club; it was cut in three pieces, each piece weighed and the total announced officially as 976 pounds. This was after it had been out of the water for twenty-four hours and had lost considerable blood. It was claimed by experts that had it been weighed immediately after capture it would have tipped the beam at 1000 pounds.

The deep sea fishing grounds of New Zealand have also produced another world's record in the shape of five big swordfish caught in a single day. Captain Mitchell was their captor. These fish weighed 254 pounds, 268 pounds, 236 pounds, 258 pounds and 236 pounds, but these were little fellows according to Captain Mitchell and were brought in in short order.

One of these fish gave Captain Mitchell quite a scare and gave a fine display, broaching and leaping within thirty yards of the launch, when it turned suddenly and headed straight for the boat, leaping over the dinghy at the stern, just missing the launch by inches.

With Zane Grey.

Captain Mitchell was accompanying Zane Grey on the fishing expedition and said that in spite of the most expensive reels, lines and rods that have ever been built, he finds even these are not the right equipment to fight these great fish fairly. As for the tackle used by the New Zealanders

Headache

Made Her So Sick
She Could Not Work

Miss Lola White, Cape Bald, N.B., writes:—"I suffered severely, for a long time, with a bad headache. It would ache and ache until it made me so sick I could not work at all. A friend recommended

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BITTERS

and after using a few bottles of this medicine I feel that I cannot recommend it too highly to all those who suffer from headache of any kind."

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THINKS TRIP TO THE MOON IS POSSIBLE

Buenos Aires, Dec. 15.—Only one thing is lacking to make a visit to the moon possible, according to Dr. Martin Gil, Argentine scientist and popular lecturer.

"Man has already conquered the earth, the ocean, and has definitely commenced to dominate the air. Any new conquests must commence where the air leaves off, and the only thing lacking is an explosive powerful enough to give our aero-projectile an initial velocity of 45,000 feet per second at which speed if aimed at the zenith, it would keep right on going. We would then need some means of retarding and accelerating its motion after interstellar space was reached." Dr. Gil believes that science will be equal to the task of inventing a means of absorbing the initial shock so that the occupants could stand it.

"We have in a very few years developed explosives enabling us to give a projectile a muzzle velocity of 3,900 feet per second," says Dr. Gil.

The Argentine scientist then takes up the question of the much-mooted absolute cold of the outer space, calculated to be more than 200 degrees below zero, centigrade. "If anything is going to bother the flyers," he says, "it will be the heat. Once clear of the earth's shadow, they will travel in eternal sunlight, and this unvarying energy, concentrated, from a space three feet square, upon a quart of water will make it boil in a very short time."

The first venturesome spacemen moon, explains Dr. Gil. They merely want to convert themselves into a satellite and travel in an orbit around the moon say, at a distance of 1500 miles from its surface and so make the necessary observations of that side of the moon that has never been seen by earthmen. By possessing means of accelerating their speed, they could widen their orbit until they came with in the field of the earth's attraction. The shock of landing would hardly be worse than that of starting.

"As for the final problem, that of food," concluded Dr. Gil, "it depends on the season. If they are just ordinary gourmands, any rotisserie in Buenos Aires can fix them up."

and English anglers, he said they are hopelessly inadequate and for that reason Captain Mitchell and Zane Grey broke every known record in these waters.

Captain Mitchell said that the New Zealand waters are without question the most wonderful in the Seven Seas for big game fish and will undoubtedly attract anglers from everywhere.

Commodore J. K. L. Ross, financier and race horse owner of Canada, was the first to start big game fishing, and about fifteen years ago electrified the anglers by catching a tuna weighing about 400 pounds via rod and reel. About ten years ago Captain Mitchell started after Commander Ross' scalp, landing a fish of 500 pounds. Commander Ross retaliated with one well over 600 pounds, and Captain Mitchell the following year, caught one a little larger than the Commander's.

Captain Mitchell served during the World War in the British army where he was given his title of captain. He is quiet, kindly and modest. A great sportsman, the best angler we ever met, he well deserves the title—"world's champion angler."

Zane Grey's 758 pound tuna was caught off the Atlantic Coast near Liverpool, Nova Scotia. The 400 pounder caught by Commander Ross was taken off the Coast of Cape Breton.

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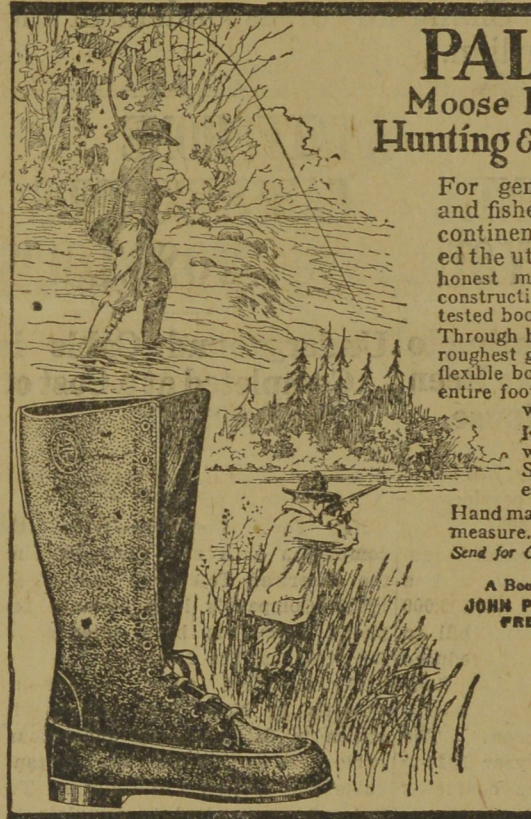
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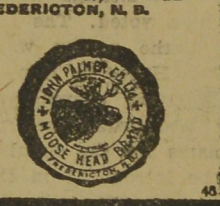
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