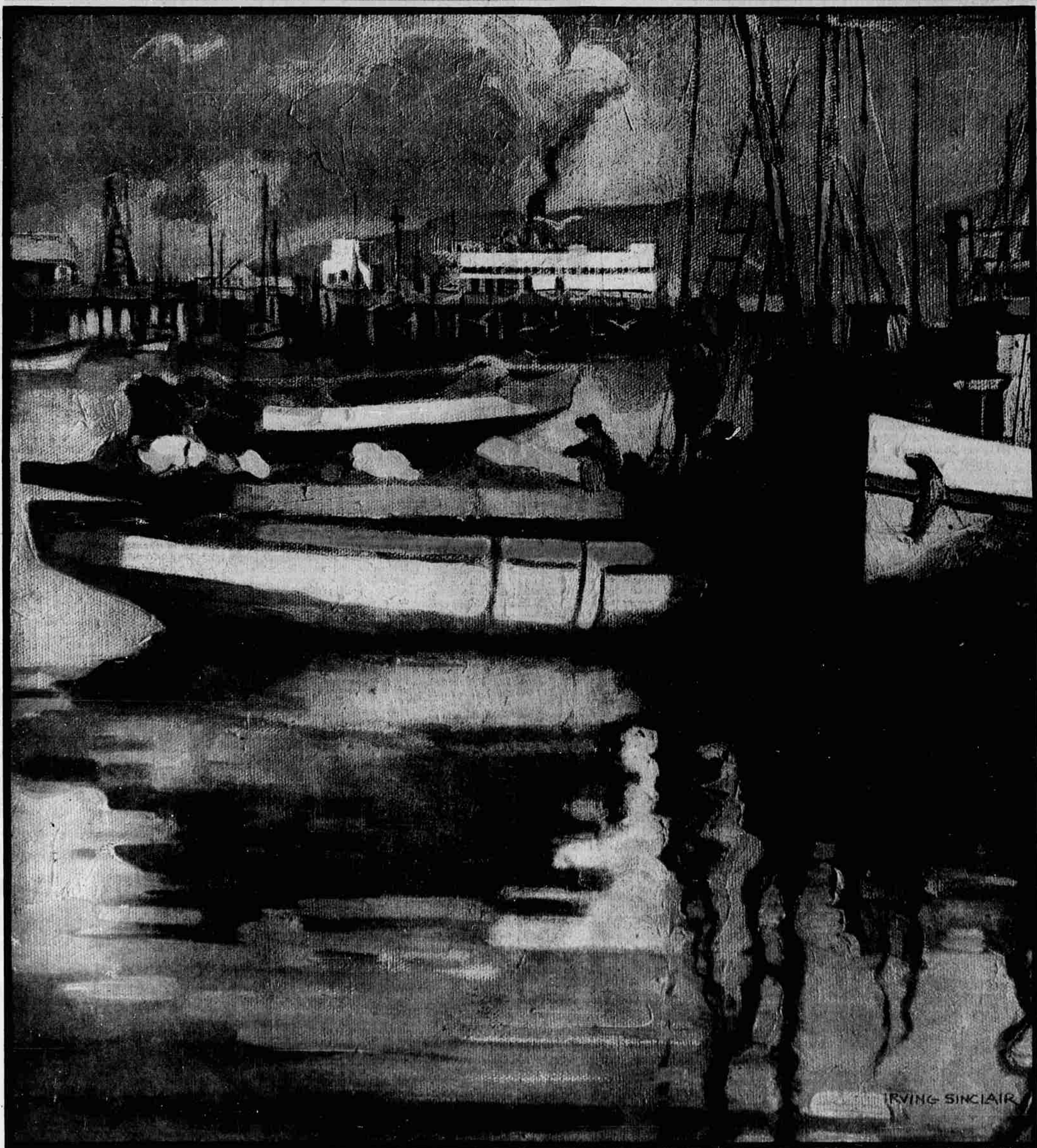


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IRVING SINCLAIR

FISHING FLEETS

SPLASHED with the color of vivid sunsets and the fierce blue of the sea, fishing fleets around the world hold a magnetic glamour that spells out the adventure and romance of the deep. In snug harbors, tucked behind a network of old wharves and pilings, barnacled, salt crusted, the tiny crafts that bring the wonders of the sea to thriving markets, ride at anchor, resting after days at sea, or poised for some new adventure. Great nets, red-brown in the sunlight, are piled high on the decks, or stretched on the rigging, like tawny webs of fancy.

MEN, burnished by wind and sun, stalk the decks — men, who, like the boats they sail, belong to the sea. Great steamers, engines thrashing, speed by in the harbor beyond, like grotesque dragons, spitting smoke and fire. From the quiet security of their anchorage, the fishing boats bob and nod, dreamily, contented—a reminder of days when tall sails belled the winds of the seven seas. On the Pacific Coast are many such colorful anchorages — as glamorous as Zanzibar, Nagasaki, or Singapore — the same red sails in the sunset.