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114. May 16.

GOOD FARE FOR SCH. PONTIAC.

LANDED TRIP OF 100,000 POUNDS, MOSTLY COD AT T WHARF, BOSTON, THIS MORNING.

With one of the best trips brought into Boston for several days, sch. Pontiac is at T wharf, Boston, this morning with a big fare, hailing for 100,000 pounds mostly cod.

Four of the shore fleet are in with average fares, also the steamer Bessie M. Dugan, Capt. Jerry Cook from the Rips with 13,000 pounds of fresh pollock.

Haddock sold at \$2 to \$4.50, a slight advance over yesterday's prices, large cod \$2.50 to \$3.75, market cod, \$2.50 to \$3, hake, \$1 to \$2.25, pollock \$3 and halibut, 15 cents a pound right through for white and gray.

Boston Arrivals.

The fares and prices in detail are:

Sch. Pontiac, 8000 haddock, 90,000 cod, 2000 hake, 4000 halibut.

Sch. Edith Silveria, 7000 haddock, 1000 cod.

Sch. Albert W. Black, 4000 haddock, 2000 cod, 1000 hake.

Sch. Rose Cabral, 2500 haddock, 3000 cod, 500 hake.

Sch. Sadie M. Nunan, 2500 haddock, 3000 cod, 17,000 hake, 8000 cusk.

Steamer Bessie M. Dugan 18,000 pollock.

Haddock \$2 to \$4.50 per cwt.; large cod, \$2.50 to \$3.75; market cod, \$2.50 to \$3; hake, \$1 to \$2.25; pollock, \$3; halibut, 15 cents for white.

THE SALADIN AND HASKINS.

AT FULTON DOCK THIS MORNING, FORMER HAS 2600, LATTER 600 FISH.

A despatch to the Times this morning states that sch. Margaret Haskins is there with 600 large fresh mackerel, and sch. Motor, one of the fleet of netters with 500 fish.

This is the Haskins' second fare of the season, Capt. Cameron having arrived at the dock last Sunday with 7000 fish.

Another despatch to the Times from Fulton Market this forenoon states that sch. Saladin, Capt. John Matheson, has arrived with 2500 fresh mackerel.

Mackerel are selling in New York this morning at 35 cents apiece.

Edgartown on the Vineyard received its first mackerel of this season Tuesday when a fleet of four netting sloops docked there and haled a total of nearly 300 fish in count. The sloops were the Just Right with 150 fish, the Myrtle with 60 fish, the Perseverance with 30 fish, and the Ellis M. with 25 fish. Block Island, too, had mackerel late Tuesday, a netter calling in there with 200 fish.

Will Carry No Asiatics.

At Victoria, B. C., the British Columbia Fisheries Ltd., recruiting fishermen for the northern fisheries, is engaging only white men and has signed about 75, who will be sent north on the company's fishing vessel Edrie, which is nearly ready to start. The company is offering \$70 per month and positively refuses to engage Asiatics.

A kick comes from San Francisco bay that the industrial plants using oil for fuel, by discharging their refuse into the bay, are destroying it as a fishing ground. State and Federal laws forbid this, but the laws seem to be a dead letter.

To Better the Cure.

A meeting of the St. John's, N. F., fish exporters was held recently at the Board of Trade rooms to consider the question of improving the cure of fish during the coming season. No definite action was taken and another meeting will be held shortly to further consider the matter.

Bait For Newfoundlanders.

Advices from Placentia, N. F., state that herring have struck in abundance at Dunville and that fishermen are taking advantage of the occasion to secure bait.

Gone Seining.

Sch. Stiletto sailed on a mackerel seining trip yesterday.

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SEALING SEASON WAS A FAILURE.

The sealing season on the Atlantic Coast is about over. Only one steamer is out, the Neptune. She is reported as having 3,200 old hoods and 1,500 young seals. The season has been a comparative failure owing to the fact that the sealers went to the westward while the seals were to the eastward. Only one sealer came across the herd. She got 35,000 old and 9,000 young. After the sealers found that the seals had gone to the eastward they changed their course, but arrived too late, as the seals had gotten into the water. The catch is estimated at 146,000 all told, as against 304,000 last year and 333,000 the year before.

The crew of the auxiliary sealing vessel Ysabel May have arrived at Halifax by train from Victoria, B. C., having been paid off at that port. She is owned by J. H. Beckwith. She left Halifax last August, in company with one-half dozen others, to pursue the sealing industry in the South Seas. She had a fair trip, each skin averaging \$35 to \$40. It is estimated that this one vessel has netted her owner \$30,000 during the past two years. She is now at Vancouver, being fitted for halibut fishing. The remaining six of the Nova Scotian vessels to make the sealing trip are now on their way back.

The revenue cutter Manning, the first of the Behring Sea patrol vessels, has sailed from Seattle for the north, and will guard the eastern section of the Alaska Peninsula, from Unimak Pass to Kodiak Island, until the fur seals enter Behring Sea, when the cutter will follow. The Tahoma will sail in a few days, and the McCulloch and Bear will go later.

The Russian and English governments are co-operating with the United States. It is expected that it will not be necessary to keep close watch at the rookeries, and the cutters will carry mails to fishing vessels, schools and missions and hold court at the settlements and do other useful work.

It is declared by naturalists that the seal herd in a few years will be as large as it was before the pelagic sealers began their slaughter.

Off the Columbia river recently the crew of the Pacific whaler Paterson report seeing a school of ling cod, pursued by fur seals and porpoises, almost filling the water with a solid mass of fish. Fully a thousand porpoises were in evidence. The fur seals were on their way north to the rookeries of the Alaska peninsula.

The total number of seals landed at St. Johns, N. F., for the steel fleet—Beothic, Adventure, Bellaventure, Stephano, Florizel, Fogota, Nascope, and Seal—is 110,389, valued at \$196,934. The Beothic hails for the largest catch—34,651—and the Bellaventure the smallest, 2,183.

Bowring Bros.' Viking, of St. Johns, N. F., was recently at Cape Harrington, in the Gulf, clean. She reported for no seals, and was then bound west. She has been jammed near Cape Harrington the greater part of the spring. The sealer Eagle, of the same firm, has arrived at St. Johns, hailing for 11,000 young and 500 old seals. She spoke the Diana but there was no improvement. The Eagle had three days coal left.

Portland Fish Notes.

The U. S. fish commission steamer Gannet came up from the Boothbay hatchery Tuesday to Portland and went out again with the fishing fleet yesterday morning. Capt. Greenleaf reports on Friday of last week over 35,000,000 cod and flounder eggs were secured from the fishermen, being a record day's work for the steamer. A good haul was also made on Saturday, about 15,000,000 eggs, all of which were taken to the hatchery. The Gannet and Sneldrake will both vigorously keep up the work of gathering eggs for propagation, and in view of the result already accomplished, it is believed that the season of 1912 will be a record one at the Boothbay hatchery.

Among the few fishing arrivals reported at Portland Tuesday was the Portland schooner Angie B. Watson, coming from a 16 days' cruise on the Le Have Banks. She brought in 13,000 pounds of halibut, and 4000 pounds of salt cod, the former selling at 7 and 9 cents.

With the Gill Netters.

Steamers Bethulia and Geisha have abandoned the gill netting fishery, and the latter has gone to Maine where she will engage in netting.

Steamer Margaret D., another of the gill netters will go pollock seining.

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POLLOCK STILL ON THE RIPS.

STEAMER JAMES N. GIFFORD LANDED FINE FARE OF 60,000 POUNDS THIS MORNING.

Pollock are still schooling on the Rips, steamer James N. Gifford being at this port this morning with a nice trip of 60,000 pounds.

The only other arrival is sch. Muriel, the first of the Cape North shackers to arrive, with a nice fare of 60,000 pounds of salt cod, and 90,000 pounds of fresh cod.

The gill netters are finding a few fish, but most of the fleet have pulled out now until another fall. The total landings of the steamers yesterday was less than 20,000 pounds.

Today's Arrivals and Receipts.

The arrivals and receipts in detail are:

Sch. Muriel, Cape North, shacking, 90,000 lbs. fresh cod, 60,000 lbs. salt cod.

Steamer James N. Gifford, pollock seining, 60,000 lbs. fresh pollock.

Steamer Alice, gill netting, 2500 lbs. fresh fish.

Steamer Rough Rider, gill netting, 2500 lbs. fresh fish.

Steamer Prince Olaf, gill netting, 2000 lbs. fresh fish.

Steamer Hope, gill netting, 2200 lbs. fresh fish.

Steamer Roamer, gill netting, 1200 lbs. fresh fish.

Str. Naomi Bruce, gill netting, 7500 lbs. fresh fish.

Sch. Reliance, shore.

Sch. Mary Emerson, shore.

Sch. Dorcas, shore.

Vessels Sailed.

Sch. Senator, mackerel seining.

Sch. Waldo L. Stream, halibuting.

Sch. Thalia, salt drifting.

TODAY'S FISH MARKET.

Salt Fish.

Trawl bank cod, large, \$3.75, mediums, \$3.25; snappers, \$2.25.

Handline Georges codfish, large, \$4.12½ per cwt.; medium, \$3.75; snappers, \$2.50.

Eastern halibut codfish, large, \$3.87½; mediums \$3.50; snappers \$2.50. Georges halibut codfish, large, \$4.12½; mediums, \$3.50.

Haddock, \$1.50.

Pollock, \$1.50.

Cusk, large, \$2.50, medium, \$2 snappers, \$1.50.

Hake, \$1.50.

Fresh Fish.

Haddock 70 cents per cwt.

Peak cod, large, \$1.75; medium, \$1.55; snappers, 75c.

Western cod, large, \$2; mediums, \$1.65; snappers, 75 cents.

All codfish not gilled, 10 cts. per 100 pounds less than the above.

Hake, 70c.

Cusk, large, \$1.30; medium, \$1.00; snappers, 50c.

Dressed pollock, 80c.; round, 70c.

Bank halibut, 8c per lb. for white, and 6c for gray.

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Fishing Fleet Movements.

Schs. A. Piatt Andrew and Rex arrived at Canso Monday.

Sch. Gladys and Nellie arrived at Liverpool Monday and cleared for fishing.

Sch. Moanam arrived at Shelburne, Monday, and cleared for fishing.

Sch. Fannie Belle Atwood arrived at Hawkesbury, Monday.

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FIRST OF CAPE NORTH FLEET HOME.

Capt. McComisky of Sch.

Muriel Brings News

of Banks.

Sch. Muriel, Capt. Thomas McComisky, the first of the Cape North shackers, to arrive home, came yesterday afternoon after a very successful trip with 90,000 pounds of fresh cod and 60,000 pounds of salt cod.

Capt. McComisky was the first of the fleet to get away this year and sailed March 28 with a baiting of frozen herring. The craft did not strike very good fishing, however, and as soon as the ice commenced to clear from Gulf, Capt. McComisky headed her for the Magdalen Islands, where he secured a fresh supply of the early spring herring, being the first American craft to arrive there.

Capt. McComisky reports speaking with Capt. Fred Morrissey of sch. Hazel R. Hines, one of the Bank fleet. The bulk of the salt trawl bankers and dory handliners have been fishing off Scatteri and on Mizzaine Bank, and have struck fair fishing. All the fleet have been to the Magdalens and secured a second baiting.

Capt. McComisky reports that herring are in abundance at the Magdalens.

The fare of the Muriel sold to Cunningham & Thompson this morning at the market figure.

BIG GAMBLE OF THE NEW



Annual Chase After Wily Mackerel. Great Time for Gloucestermen.

In the spring lots of things occur—according to locality. Down in the big fishing port of Gloucester, from whence fishermen have come and gone for nearly three centuries—and many

have gone and never come—the spring means the rejuvenation of the fleet. The spring marks the getaway for craft bound on all kinds of fish-catching expeditions, and the limit of their destinations is bounded by the water and cheery semi-tropical skies of the Virginia coast to the ice-chilled waters of far-away Greenland, where the great flocks drift with the arctic current and icebergs reign in silent, deadly, threatening majesty.

But of all the fleets that go, the greatest interest centres in the seiners, the mackerel catchers—the race horses of all the hundreds of long, speedy fishing craft which are the admiration of the world. Swift and staunch, built on yacht lines, sparred and canvassed like a cup defender, some of them fitted with the most approved types of gasoline engines of 100-horse power, they skim out of the harbor on the bright spring days, with everything set and giving Norman's Woe a wide berth, haul up sharp on the wind, set a course to clear the Peaked Hill bars of Cape Cod's tip and are off for southern waters—off on the greatest gamble on the fisheries stock board.

And the men that go, the skippers and hands, as well as the owners who stay ashore, what boots it that the last season or two were failures? Who thinks of the craft that sunk money and the men who didn't make enough last summer to buy a haddocking fit-out in the fall. Hope springs eternal in the seiner's breast and every season looks bright at the opening.

So they sail away to the capes of Hatteras and down to Old Point Comfort go the hustling mackerel agents, all hoping to get the first handful the craft may bring in, standing ready to pay the dollar for each individual fish.

At home—in Gloucester—in the meanwhile, the "folks" families, business men on the street, fish dealers and even the school children, talk mackerel and mackerel prospects and the big plate glass windows of the board of trade are dimmed and dewy from the hundreds of faces pressed

A Fascinating Lottery.

Rightly has the mackerel fishery been called a lottery and of late years few indeed have been those who have drawn a grand prize.

Much honor is attached to the landing of the first trip of the season, as well as to the name of swinging up by Sandy Hook and into New York with the initial fare there. Second only to the high line blue ribbon for season's greatest stock are these two credits.

The fishing for mackerel by the seiners in southern waters is practically all done by night, when there is no moon, or in the night hours when the moon is not shining, the "schools" as they move along being seen very clearly when the water "fires" as the seiners say, because of the phosphorescence which renders them very clearly visible against the background which the dark depths of the sea provide.

It's ticklish business, this night fishing. Just imagine yourself bundled up in oil clothes and with a dozen others sitting in a seineboat while the vessel tows the outfit along until a school is sighted—it may be for hours and then, at an eerie cry from the man on the masthead, whose keen vision has sighted what you are out there after, you find the boat adrift and you, with the others, pulling for dear life—all in accordance with the orders from the same unseen ruler on the masthead. You hear him yell "drop your end" and then you row as never did a member of a college varsity eight. You see nothing, but you keep rowing, and as it seems the fish must be gone, again you hear that piercing cry from aloft, "turn 'er in!" The man at the big stern sweep does turn her in and then you make the circle which you hope and pray will encompass the school.

"Pursing the Seine."

At last the circuit is completed—you meet the dory which has picked up the end of the seine you first hove over and in a twinkling the purse line, both ends of it, is caught around that wonderful machine by which all fishermen swear, the patent purser. Then soon you are grinding away for dear life to draw the bottom of that great long seine together so it will form a bag hauled under the fish and prevent their escape.

And to prevent their escape is the great end and aim. It is what you dreamed of before you left port and what you had been figuring on ever since. You feel, as does every other man in the boat, that it depends on you personally and you work and grind and haul—and swear too—and all the time you think of what that school of fish means to you.

According to your make up, or disposition, or condition, you can see a pocket full of coin and a good time around South and Beekman streets when you strike Fulton Market, with a trip up the Great White Way if you have to stay in over night; or you can figure where there is a nice check goes home to the "woman" and the rent is paid and the brood is fitted out with clothes and there will be no big store bill when you get home. It's velvet if you make it on this southern trip; that's just what it is.

A mackerel seiner's life afloat has been called the yachting of fishing, minus the shining of brass and discipline, which simply means it's a lazy, easy way of making money; but take it from one who has been there, no class of fishermen going uses any more headwork or pulls and hauls and works as hard, when the case requires, as do these same "dandy liners."

The "Sports" of the Fleet.

They may lie about the decks or in the bunk for days and perhaps for a week or more have nothing more strenuous to do than hoisting the balloon, shifting the topsail sheet, reading the current literature or playing a good stiff game of poker; but let that magical cry "Get into the boat!" come ringing down from aloft and no transformation scene ever seen on a stage is a more complete metamorphosis. Every man is alive to his toes and ready for action. He must be. That is how mackerel money is made—all in an hour or so, and for this it takes the men who know how to act and think quickly when the moment comes. Great men, these seiners. The sports of the fleet, taking the gambler's chance and knowing how to take it.

As the fish work to the northward, toward the spawning grounds on Georges and the cold water off the Nova Scotia peninsula and even beyond and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the seiners follow them with varying success, but always optimistically—always sure that "Well, we didn't get 'em today, but just wait till tomorrow and then if they show—well that's when we'll do the trick." Great courage; lots of time more courage than judgment.

The mackerel season generally lasts from early April until late October, and sometimes into November, if there are any fish going. After the fleet leaves the southern waters and begins to work north, Newport, Boston and Gloucester are the principal marketing places, the Hub, without doubt, being the greatest fresh mackerel port in the world, while the salted product is brought to the Cape Ann city.

Fighting Fog and Dodging Liners.

From off Montauk Point and Norman's Land the fleet works out to the South Shoal lightship and along the southern end of Georges, and there for weeks the seiners fight fog and dodge ocean steamers, wearing out more good muscle working the fog-horn than they do hauling on the seine and purse line. The Cape Shore, as the Nova Scotia coast is called, gets the major portion of the fleet in late May

and early June, and there, in the cold water, and almost ready to spawn, the fish get sort of logy and benumbed, and are more easy to catch than when they come racing up from the southward, or in mid-summer, when they are fat and frisky, swishing along on top of water with the August sun just filling them with real fishy delight.

Along the Maine coast, down in the Bay of Fundy, right off Minot's here, off Cape Ann and Provincetown are also good fishing spots—if the fish strike there, and right here is the great trouble with mackerel fishing, right here is what makes it the gamble of the fisheries. "Oh, yes," you may say, "but why don't the vessels go where the fish are?" All fish have fins and tails, and mackerel have more than that; they have the most unusual good judgment on matters relating to their self-preservation and they exercise it most exasperatingly—to the mackerel catcher.

Go to the Smithsonian Institute and afterward talk with the learned, studious and really splendidly posted men in our bureau of fisheries on the habits of almost anything that wears fur, wings or fins and instanter they will tell you all about its habit and migration and accurately mark out for you its almost beaten track of centuries. Then casually you might say, "Well, what about mackerel?" And they will tell you that mackerel has a way—several ways in fact—of its own and isn't particular about following any of them for any known length of time; in short, they will tell you that very little can be told with scientific accuracy of the mackerel and its movements.

The fishermen have a saying, "It's hard telling the mind of a squid." Well the squid has nothing on the mackerel in keeping his present business and future movements to himself.

Your mackerel catcher isn't much of a chap for statistics. The only mackerel figures in which he is interested are, "How many do you think we'll get?" and "How much will we get for them?" He isn't concerned with the fact that some 25 years ago the year's catch of mackerel reached the almost unbelievable amount of 650,000 barrels. If you should tell this to him he would probably ask you dryly, "Well, how many were caught in 1897?" and you would have to own up that the catch of that year was only 90,000 barrels.

If you should happen to remark to him that in 1884, the New England Fleet landed nearly a half million barrels, he would be more than likely to look at you pityingly and say, "Yes yes, and what a lot were caught two years ago," which would force on your memory the sad fact that the New England catch of 1910 was a beggarly 3000 barrels of salted fish and perhaps 20,000 half-filled barrels of fresh ones. No, these mackerel seiner chaps are not strong on mackerel figures.

And all the while these mackerel catchers are scouring the coast, from Hatteras to the Magdalen Islands, no matter whether the fleet be large, or a mere remnant of the once noble 400 sail which used to go, no matter whether it is getting few or many fish, the interest on shore continues without abatement. Mackerel news takes precedence of all else on "change and "Fishermen's corner," and the board of trade rooms are the principal places where do congregate those interested. There they tell the marvelous mackerel tales of what happened in years gone by and what they hope may happen right now. There the movements of the fish and what the fleet should do to catch them are asserted with greater cock sureness, even if not with

ENGLAND FISHING FLEET.

as much accuracy as the men out on the fishing ground.

The Wise Ones Ashore.

It is said that every man secretly believes he could easily run a hotel or a newspaper. Be that as it may, hundreds of men in Gloucester, whose salt water experience has been most meagre do not hesitate to tell what to do and where to go to catch mackerel, when men who have wrung more salt water out of their mittens than they ever salled over are wearing out blocks and tackles, sails, yes and brains filled with years of mackerel experience, trying to locate the elusive fish.

But this goes all right in Gloucester, for the simple reason that everybody realizes there is no harm done. These landsmen, like hundreds of others, are simply suffering from the malady which strikes Gloucester in the spring and continues at fever heat until the last mackerel seiner has hauled up and the winter winds begin to blow. "Mackereletis," they call it, and few there be in Gloucester who at some time in their lives have not been badly afflicted. It is contagious and virulent, but never fatal.

The pictures with which this article is illustrated were taken by the writer while on an August trip with one of the smartest skippers who ever steered a boat. On the trip, with old Seguin, on the Maine coast, one beautiful morning in August, shortly after sunrise, a set of the seine was made which resulted in the taking and saving of one of the largest and most remunera-

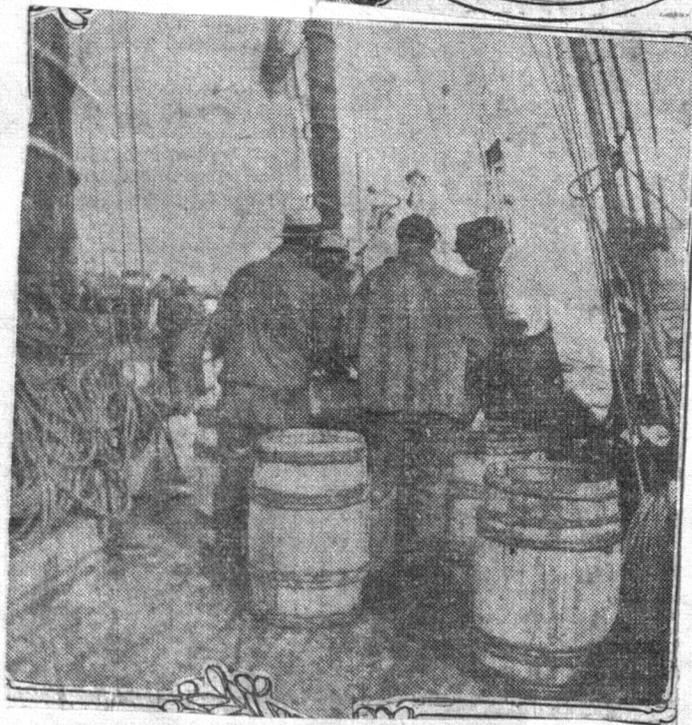
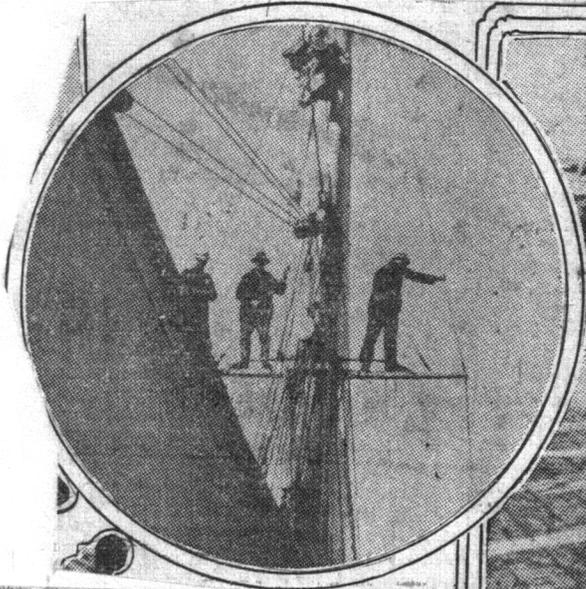
tive schools of mackerel ever caught, as far as known. As will be noted in one of the illustrations, so large was the body of fish that it was necessary to lace the seine and the pocket (a big heavy bag into which fish are spilled for safe keeping, after being caught), together, in order to handle it and also to use the fore throat halliard to help hold the strain.

A Single Haul of \$9000.

So many fish were in the seine that part of them were given to a near-by craft. This single haul was valued at between \$8000 and \$9000 and the 36 men (the two crews), received to each man from \$100 to \$135 for this one day's work. But this does not happen every day or every season. Big trips are not frequent and your mackerel fishermen doesn't get too much on the average and works hard for what he does get.

But there is still the lure of the uncertain to the business and those hardy, daring fellows whose hearts respond to the call of "take a chance" are always around in the spring when the seiners fit away, forgetting, or not caring to remember perhaps, that last summer their mackerel cash account figured up many dollars to leeward.

He looks ahead, your mackerel man, and not behind. He is looking ahead this year and with that never-give-up spirit in his breast and has visions of big schools in his mind's eye. Here's hoping that his vision may come true and his spirit be rewarded.—Arthur L. Millett in Boston Traveler.



Excitement When Run Starts North With Its Promise of Riches.

These pictures show various phases of the mackerel chase that is now beginning. Left to right, \$9000 worth of mackerel in this seine, the fish secured alongside and ready for bailing; bailing mackerel on deck from the seine; the masthead lookout on the watch for schools; an idle hour on deck. Below, dressing down the catch.