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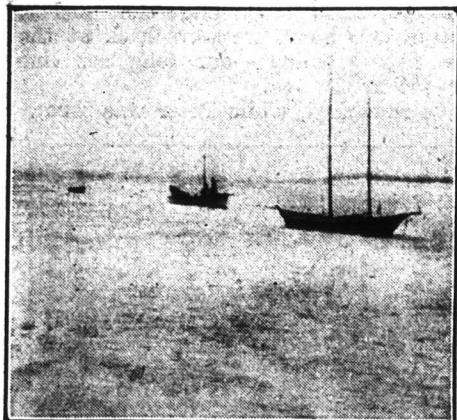
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Deep Sea Trawling as Laddie Sees It

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trawl that day and it was after daylight the next morning before we got out there. Laddie, with the binoculars, was the first to spy the wee white barrel buoy. It was such a tiny thing in so great a scene. There was no windchop, however, and that made it easier. We threw out the anchor, and Peter launched out and hauled the trawl into the dory. Luckily the dogfish had not found it all. In places every hook held a fine, big codfish. Then came more "dogs," but the set was fair; and he brought in over two hundred fish which would weigh some half ton or more. It's a busy life—within another three hours we were headed back for the harbour. Peter and Laddie busily cleaning cod, I steering. These semi-speed motor boats look too



Types of fishing vessels—a sailing "Pink," so called from its narrow stern; the second a gasoline fishing boat

shallow and light for the work. They have no ballast. The "pink" sailing past us as we headed in, a shapely, narrow stern (thus named pink) had fully a ton of ballast in her hold, but she did not make any better weather of it, and did not seem any stiffer.

"I can stay out here with this long, thin shell when all the old solid built ones poke their noses for harbour," said Peter.

"I would think with only a foot keel she'd be tender," said the boy. For answer Peter took the wheel and threw her across the oncoming crest of the great swell—and she took it on even keel like a sea-bird.

Now this little peep that we have taken at trawling is "shore trawling." You want to go out into the great deep—listen to Peter:

"We were a two-master, a bit over a hundred long. A hundred barrels of bait



These fishermen run their boats full speed on to the skids

on ice, bound for Greenland. Took shelter off Newfoundland from a bit of a blow and thought we'd make a "set" just to pass the time away. Put the eight dories over and set all lines. Took a good sleep, and next morning we had our full catch; one big cargo for one set. Every hook held a big black halibut that would go one to three hundred-weight. No, they don't wreck the gear when caught, no matter how many, they just lay low right on bottom, like a line of soldiers in a trench, and come up like logs of wood—yes, they struggle a bit, but we soon had eight doryloads of three thousand pounds a piece, and we made five trips before we took the last fish off. Some hundred and twenty thousand pounds in one set. We should have gone in and flensed and salted, but instead we ran back to "Gloster" and had to sell the whole cargo for three cents a pound. You see they were big fish, from deep water, lots of water in

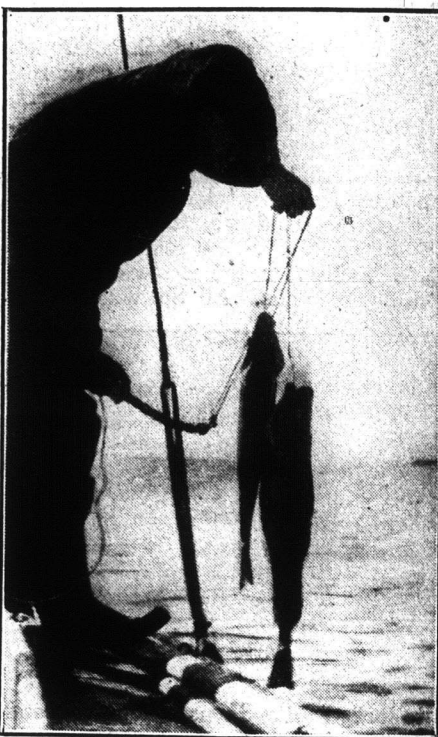
that kind, and they had laid six days; so they were just about skin and bone. A little over fifty dollars a share, when we might have had two hundred easily. The joke was that we baited up again and ran back to anchor off that same cove, and set the eight lines, and never took one single halibut.

"Some great gales out there. I know of one schooner, with the watch on deck, dories all nested; trawls all out; 'cookee' in galley making some late mess; heavy sea running, and a big wind blowing, when—over she went—turned a clean turtle. 'Watch' scrambled over her and got on deck again as she righted. Some job cleaning up and putting out coals. The lids of the galley stove were burned right into the ceiling, some wind that night, eh?"

"Another time we passed a fishing schooner, with her trawl right over her mast-head. She had laid on her beam ends and picked her trawl right up. Odd sight to see the gear over her top-mast. She's no gentle nurse that old Atlantic."

Peter is a grand one to while away the hours with his deep sea yarns. I tell you, my good readers, a man can't very well exaggerate what that old ocean will do to you.

A well authenticated case on this coast is of the crews that went astray in the fog. You see each crew has a certain dory. Two men to a crew, thus comes the word "dory chum." All the eight crews set off with their gear, up came a fog like peasoup. They all "set" alright and after many failures the whole eight crews made the schooner. Everything



Deep sea hand-line fishing: a good couple—a cod and a haddock at one pull

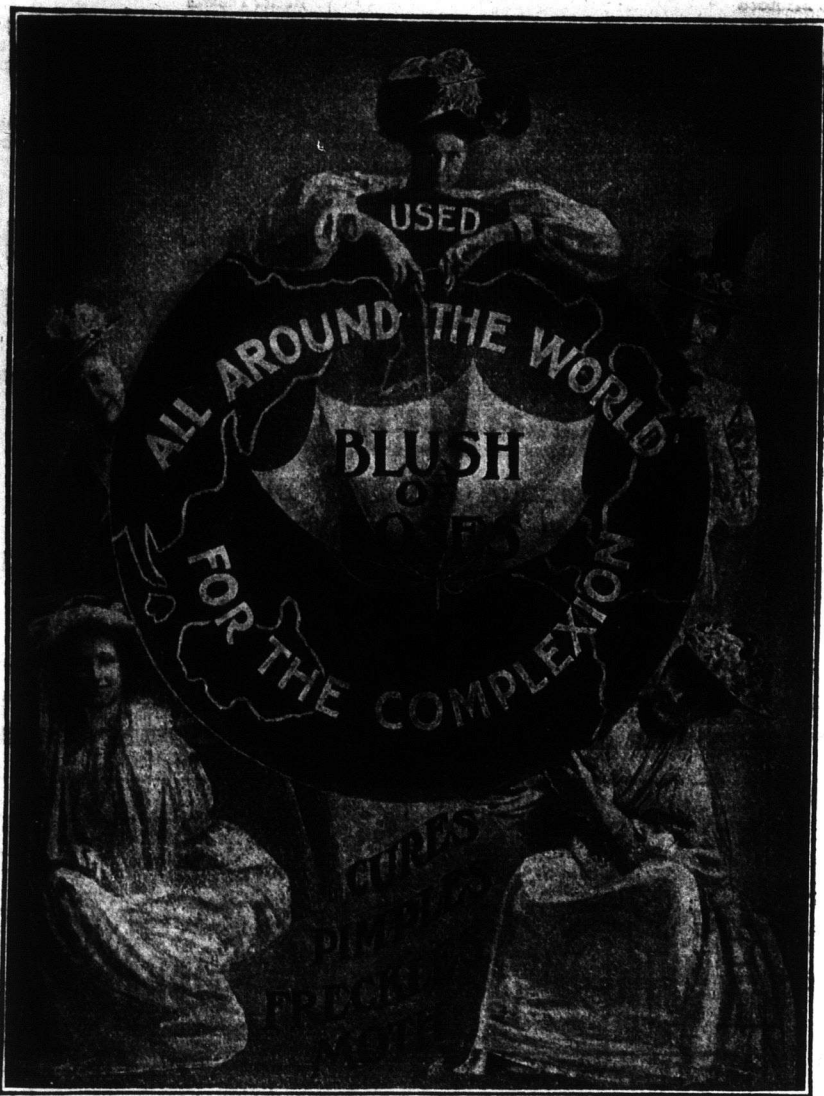
froze hard that night, and the fog rolled off a bit, only to settle down again as thick as ever at the mid-day, when all the crews were off after their gear. The schooner was blowing her horn or banging her gun every few minutes, and number one crew made it late in the day with a good haul—they brought their gear in, everything stiff and hard. By midnight seven cold, weary crews had made the schooner, and the cook warmed them inside, and out. Every crew brought in their gear, showing that tomorrow was going to be a fierce one. The fish were solid; the gear a frozen mass. Twelve, one, two passed, faint dawn came with a salvo of hail, and no sign of number eight dory and her crew of two men.

All that day the schooner cruised, with loudly slatting sails, in zero weather; at night she came to and burned her lights. The next day she cruised all over and finally, at nightfall, gave up and set her bow for home. It fell below zero again during the night, but warmed up the next day, too late! The men had been adrift now over fifty hours. Both dead, no doubt, so the crew made harbour, sold their catch, did the long, cold trip out to "the banks" again, and gave up all hope of ever hearing of their mates.

"Number eight" rowed all day, at times heard the horn or gun, but never seemed to get nearer. All that night they bailed and threw out gear and fish.

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