Waterfront Whiffs

Doings of the Mosquito Fleet Which Is the Chief Source of Prince Rupert's Prosperity

The Admiral of the Mosquito fleet has a new slogan flying from the mast of the flagship of the fleet this week and the slogan is "Keep on fishing" which is being lived up to in great style by his merry men. The weather on the high spots is reported as ideal for the fishing business and the arrivals have kept up a steady clip.

The prices have been, on the whole, very steady and satisfactory to the boys in fact everyone seems happy.

The Cow Bay base has taken on quite an animated appearance this week with the record influx of the Indians and their families, who pulled into port early in the week for the purpose of visiting the city during the Fair. The floats are alive with every conceivable floating conveyance ranging from a chicken halibut box propelled with an umbrella to a 50 h.p. palatial launch.

The success of the Exhibition this year is the talk of the waterfront. Everybody votes it the best yet. A whole raft of nautical celebrities have paid several visits to it. There is only one criticism which the fishermen have to make and that is the absence of any fish exhibit therein.

The secretary to the Admiral has pleasure in stating that the halibut catch this week has reached the healthy figure of 425,000 pounds, and that nineteen carloads have been shipped over Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The prices have averaged from 10c to 12.30c.

S. V. Christian of the Pacific American Fisheries, who is one of the pioneers of the Vanderhoof district was in the city during the week on a business trip for his company. The Pacific American Fisheries are operating eight canneries in Alaska. Mr. Christian says that Vanderhoof, like many other places, is having its little troubles, but that the citizens have implicit faith in the fuure of their fair town and mean to hang on as long as British Columbia is termed B. C.

Natives have arrived en masse to visit the exhibition from Kitimaat, Hartley Bay, Metlakatla, Port Simpson, Kitkatla, Kincolith, Greenville, Aiyansh and many other district points.

The Pride of Japan, owned by W. Suga, was an entrant for the power boat race for the championship of the northern B. C. Challenge Cup which was scheduled for Thursday afternoon. The race was called off, however, as the Miss Rupert II, owned by George Frizzell, was the only boat that had an engine with a kick in it. Both the Ponsietta, R. E. Benson, and the Japanese boat had their engines fall asleep during the day and could not wake them up.

The Wigwam returned on Wednesday from a trip up the Skeena with a scow load of fish offal for the Rupert Marine Products Ltd. of Tucks Inlet.

The power boat P.R.T. returned from Porcher last night with scow load of gravel for the Ketchum bunkers.

The waterfront boys were shocked on Thursday to learn of the double shooting tragedy which took place on Fourth Avenue East, when George Green a well known fisherman, shot his wife dead and then turned the weapon upon himself inflicting injuries from which he died at 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon in the general hospital. The deceased man was a well known character in nautical circles and was working for some time on the halibut boat Bethune. He is spoken well of and appears to have been a quiet living, hardworking man. Jealousy is thought to be the motive for the crime. A little boy is the survivor of the family. Green was a native of Newfoundland, 36 years of age.

The sportsmen of the waterfront jumped into action on Tuesday afternoon when the croak of wild geese was plainly heard. Everyone around the floats woke up with a start and rushed for double barrelled guns and rifles, in fact the Cow Bay vicinity had the appearance of the landing of the Swiss navy in the year 909. Someone suggested that perhaps it was the engine of the seaplane misleading them but just upon it the wild goose noise was plainly heard, and every eye drew a bead on its respective fowling piece. After a little while it began to dawn on the armed mob that there was nothing doing, in the air at any rate. Upon a close examination of the boats tied at the floats it was discovered that an Indian had two wild geese in a box, and these were the birds that were making all the fuss. The mob retired without having fired a shot.

The Indian launch Kemano arrived in port from Kitimaat on Monday with several Indian families aboard.

The power boat Bobby with a couple of old timers from Porcher Island left port on a trapping expedition to the head of Gardner Canal on Tuesday. A quantity of provisions and lumber was aboard and the trappers are not expected to return to port until the spring of 1923.

The Virginia C., an Indian launch from Port Simpson, came into port on Tuesday morning with several happy families aboard who were bent on spending a few bright days at the Exhibition.

Geo. Bryant is figuring on leaving for a hunting trip to Kitkatla Inlet with a party of sportsmen, on Saturday night aboard his launch Harla.

Flossie Flirt is having quite an exciting time in the Wheat City but this time it is trouble with Sandy Slush. It appears that Sandy has written Flossie demanding the return of the presents he promised her, failing which he has threatened to use the arm of the law. Flossie has written the Admiral for advice in the matter, and the letter reads as follows:

"Dear Admiral:—Please excuse my not writing you last week but I have been up against quite a proposition. It's easy enough to get a guys goat but when he wants me to return the presents he promised me well that's another thing ain't it? Now I want your fatherly advice on this ere stunt because he promised me a lot of things such as a Ford car with silver wheels and a set of false teeth set with diamonds which I don't remember ever getting. That's the worst of this ege love stuff. A guy gets so rash and says and does such stupid things. I forgot to say as I have returned the 35c Woolworth diamond ring and do you know that cost me 50c for postage and registration and there ain't no money in that sort of business. You can bet your sweet old life that I'll tread very careful when I get through with this mess. Say, I've just had a brain storm, and don't need no advice now. I'll just waylay him, now that the nights are nice and dark, and clip him over the brainless bean with a big brass baseball bat. I think that should end the discussion sort of satisfactory don't you? I heard about the Exhibition that you were pulling off and would have been tickled all down the spine to have seen it. Think if I had been in Rupert you and I might have pulled off the sailor's hornpipe for em or something just as rash. Don't forget about that loose change that's not working because I'll be through with Sandy tonight as its nice and dark, just the night for dirty work."

The Dreamer left port on Thursday morning with Capt. H. Walford on the bridge. Hidden in spray kicked up from the wonderful one man power propeller she hit out for Lawyer Island where the well known skipper will consult with E. H. Shockley who has the contract for the new fog alarm building at that point.

The waterfront is all up in the air these days. The great centre of interest has been the seaplane, which has been blessed with remarkably fine weather and has been doing a thriving business with passenger flights. A number of the fishermen and their wives have been up for a flight and those who have participated in this thrilling sport are all het up about their experiences. Although as one man said "It ain't much of an idea for Saturday night shopping stunts."

On Tuesday afternoon Bob Connor, aged 83, one of the oldest of old timers took Rosario Soriano aged 13 up in the plane with him. Bob says that he hasn't got a great deal longer to live and means to see high life while he has the chance. Bob thinks flying is a great sport and says if he was ten years younger he'd make a plane for himself and give the youngsters the time of their lives.

The tug Hanaco, Capt. Brennan, was down south during the week with a party of business men on a mystery trip. Only the secret service know what the stunt was and of course they won't tell.

Here's one on Joe Jack the skipper of the Birdie B. Joe has been very busy this week hammering up signs, etc., etc., at the exhibition building and of course time has been the essence of the contract. The other day at noon he turned up unexpectedly for lunch, about 15 minutes ahead of time. This caught his loving spouse napping and there was little doing in the eats line at the moment. Naturally Joe wanted to get back to work, he loved work, and said a few impolite things which he got back with interest. The sequel was that he was no match in the argument and something was said that really annoyed him. At this moment his eye lit upon some sandwiches and grabbing these he hiked down to the basement and joined the cat in a hearty lunch, much to the enjoyment of the cat. However, all is harmony once again and the cat has since left home.

The Bob, Capt. Svedmark, arrived in port on Tuesday night from his sawmill interests on Porcher Island bringing in a load of boat lumber. Cap. always dishes up a special brand of boat lumber which is eagerly snapped up locally and he had to pay no commission to a salesman on this trip.

The launch Wyerll of Ocean Falls, owned by the Whalen Pulp and Paper Company, was in port for a few days on company business.

The tug Marion arrived from Anyox early in the week with 60 drums of Benzol for the Ruperi boathouse interests.

With apologies to Walt Mason. Dedicated to Bill Knight:

Come on said Bill and let us go, down town and see the picture show. Alright says Steve that's some idea, we'll just do that and don't you fear. And so togged up in neat array, these two young men down town did stray, and Bill just like a sporting man coffed up the dough and in they ran. The picture set poor Steve a whirl, for 'twas about a chorus girl. The heroine whose name was Pegs, had certainly got some lovely legs. While Steve was having lots of fun, old Bill was fairly on the bum. In fact 'tis said that Steve did weep when turning round found Bill asleep. He says its lack of brains you know to pay to sleep in a picture show. When Bill woke up and heard what he'd missed he cursed poor Steve and told him this, that if he'd finished out his nap he'd have got a fortune from his Uncle Jack.

The halibut boat Imperieuse is having a new 30 h.p. N. & S. engine fitted in her hull to replace the old 30 h.p. Union which has been doing service for some years. The N. & S. engine is made by the N. & S. Engine Co. of Seattle and is rated by fishermen as one of the most compact, and economical pieces of machinery on the market. With this addition and after completing her hull overhaul the Imperieuse will be one of the most modern halibut boats working out of this port.

W. J. Cash, Pete Solem, and W. W. Knight, civil lords of the Mosquito fleet paid a semi-official visit to the Exhibition building on Tuesday evening. The band had been requested to play "A life on the Ocean Wave" but unfortunately a stray dog ran off with the music and this honor was given the go by.

The Regal B. with Skipper J. Boyd on the bridge, hove into port from Bella Bella early in the week and after taking on fuel returned to her home port.

The Provincial, Capt. Larsen, returned from Kwinitsa during the week with a boom of logs for the Georgetown mill.

The Admiral has received the following message from Flossie Flirt. Pleas note that Flossie the baby whale on the Midway at your Fair is no relation of mine."

W. T. Muse says his pile-driving outfit will remain on the ways only during overhaul. After that the outfit will again be ready for business.

Ten Years Ago in Prince Rupert

September 16, 1912.

C. V. Evitt and A Stowell went on a brief hunting trip across the harbor at the week-end and were successful in bagging a fine big buck, Mr. Evitt being the successful marksman.

Smith Block on Third Avenue.

The trim power boat "Polaris" equipped with a new engine and generally renovated, left at the week-end for Massett with H. Edenshaw and daughter and Mr. Brownlee and Fred Nash, surveyors, on board.

Fisher & Warton, the pioneer lawyers, have moved their office from Second Avenue to the

Teacher—Who can tell me why we should always be neat and clean,

Cathleen—In case of accident, teacher!—"Topics of the Day" Films.

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